

# TEN REASONS

(and more)



to say **no** to  
**PORN**

Mercedes Carrera

# Ten Reasons (and More) to Say No to Porn

MERCEDES CARRERA

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*To Gavin McInnes—No Wanks was  
an idea ahead of its time!*

“For this is the will of God, your sanctification: that you should abstain from sexual immorality; that each of you should know how to possess his own vessel in sanctification and honor.”

—*1 Thessalonians 4:3-4 NKJV*

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## Foreword

I met Mercedes Carrera in 2015, shortly after she released a video called “[Why We Must Take Action-The Porn Charity](#).” She was raising money for a fellow porn star named Cytherea, who’d been raped by three black teens at gunpoint during a home invasion with her husband and children present. After the rape, they forced the mother of two to shower to erase DNA, and they even poured bleach on her. They threatened to kill the children if she didn’t cooperate. Finally, they brutally assaulted her husband, who died from his injuries a year later.

The “women’s rights” community was completely silent about this. Porn stars are sluts, so who cares? Mercedes was livid. “Anybody who even dares insinuate that a sex worker doesn’t deserve the same type of defense,” she yelled to the camera, “can go fuck themselves!”

She was right. At the time, feminists claimed the video-game community did not see women as equals, which led to a right-wing backlash known as [Gamergate](#). Activists such as Brianna Wu and Anita Sarkeesian demanded that nerds care about incompetent creators such as Zoe Quinn, whose game *Depression Quest* was little more than a Word doc. These bourgeois feminists complained about rude comments online as if it were the Spanish Inquisition. They were touted as heroes, invited to important academic seminars, and Wu even ran for office. However, when women were in danger in real life, everyone shrugged.

“I contacted Anita about the home invasion,” Mercedes yelled in a rage, “NOTHING!” The hypocrisy was alarming, and it wasn’t just gamers. Carrera also brought up *Rolling Stone*’s scandalous cover story, “A Rape on Campus,” where activist Sabrina Erdely insisted that members of the UVA fraternity Phi Kappa Psi gang-raped a student named Jackie Coakley. The story went viral because it fit the prevailing narrative. *Rich, white frat boys are out of control and live above the law*. Cytherea’s brutal assault didn’t fit that narrative, so it didn’t make it beyond local news. Of course, like the Duke lacrosse case, the story turned out to be a hoax, and the accused sued the liars who destroyed their reputations (a story that also fell on deaf ears).

I appreciated Mercedes’s righteous indignation and regularly hosted her on *The Gavin McInnes Show* over the next five years. She put the truth over the narrative, which is rare in the era of Trump Derangement Syndrome. We disagreed about porn, but it’s healthy to argue with friends (or at least, it was). I told her porn destroys marriages. She said it could improve marriages if both watch together—fair point. Mercedes makes a great guest because she’s intelligent, charming, and, most importantly, curious. The more she argues, the smarter she sounds. And while most of us incurious louts are complaining and sitting on our asses during our downtime, she’s learning Chinese and studying Russian history. This self-educated scholar is constantly evolving.

Mercedes became more influential during Donald Trump’s presidency and was invited to conferences to discuss Gamergate and the general



state of cancel culture. She became dangerous to the radical left because she was pretty, charming, and liked by young people. The deep state doesn't care about you if you're old and ugly. Its biggest fear is a non-liberal who appeals to the youth. *Such "right-wing influencers" must be stopped at all costs.* I've seen this with other friends, such as Proud Boys jailed for four years for a 17-second fight with Antifa that they didn't start, J6ers sentenced to decades for little more than vandalism, and even my cancellation, where groups such as the SPLC converted my reputation from Internet comedian to neofascist gang leader.

Despite the persecution, Mercedes keeps championing what's right. She warned the establishment that she would never stop fighting. As she said in the charity porn video, "You can hang me by my skin." Her latest battle is against her former career. After embracing the Bible, she has concluded that the sex industry is a satanic vice. It has destroyed thousands, if not millions, of marriages and has brainwashed young men into thinking they don't need to meet girls in real life. It pays female victims of sexual abuse to continue their depraved sacrifice.

I started #NoWanks before I knew what #NoFap was, but both movements encourage men to get away from the computer and stop jerking off to strangers. You're not watching two people in love start a family. You're watching a gay meth head pound some poor woman who was abused as a child and is also on meth. Imagine you saw two severely abused drug addicts having sex in public, and

suddenly 20 guys showed up and started masturbating to them. That's what porn is—just more private.

I'm thrilled Mercedes has come around to this way of thinking. Of course, if she hadn't, we'd still argue about it, and I wouldn't respect her any less. This is what America used to be like. You could have discussions with people without losing friends for life. Mercedes is one of the most intelligent people I've ever met, and I'm sure you'll agree after reading the first few pages of this book.

—*Gavin McInnes, host of Get Off My Lawn on Censored.TV*

**NOTA BENE:** About five years after I met Mercedes, she was accused of the most heinous crimes imaginable and, since then, has been in jail awaiting trial. I believe in her innocence the same way you would if your sister were accused of something horrific. In this country, we are innocent until proven guilty. If Mercedes is guilty, I will renounce our friendship and even call for her execution. That is how I feel about her alleged crime.

However, with the evidence I have seen so far, I believe that she was framed by her ex-husband and a corrupt justice system that simply doesn't work (the same justice system that allowed Cytherea to be gang-raped). I believe her persecution was aided by the influence she had in the MAGA community, with her adept attacks on the feckless radical left. I'm not saying she was thrown in jail for being pro-Trump, but I do think it was a factor. However, time will tell, and with what we know so far, I'm still in her corner.

—*Gavin McInnes*

# Introduction

If you had told me a decade ago that I would write this book, I would have called you insane. I never in a million years thought I would feel like this, but life has a way of changing a person. Some call it circumstance; I call it Divine Providence. When my career as an adult film actress was at its peak, I didn't consider myself a bad person. I didn't think I was hurting anyone. I even ran an organization called The Porn Charity, which I created to help people in need and to fund various causes via webcam shows.

In February 2019, my arrest on false allegations upended my life. I couldn't understand why this was happening. In short, I hadn't read the Bible.

Thrown into a disgusting, unsanitary jail cell, I did what prisoners throughout time immemorial have done—I prayed. I hadn't prayed for years. I had no real relationship with God, so I didn't expect Him to hear me. But I did it anyway.

One of our Christian inmates was friends with the Muslim girl in the unit, and we fasted in solidarity during Ramadan in remembrance of the transmission of the Holy Quran. It meant little to me then, but now I believe it is meaningful. (I have read the Holy Quran, and I believe all Jews and Christians should read it, too. It's a wonderful holy book that should unify, not divide.)

At the time, I was not religious. I did not expect an answer from God. I don't know what I expected. In my infinite self-absorption, my biggest concern was the injustice of my situation. At that moment, I was a victim persecuted by a corrupt system and a

vindictive ex. I was angry, hurt, and scared. So was my cellmate. But misery loves company, and I was grateful for her knowledge of the jail system.

I remember sitting on the top bunk of the dingy white cell—which, if we are completely honest, is really a bathroom a little more than the size of my old walk-in closet. A jail cell contains a toilet, sink, and bunks along the back wall. The cells have two large windows; like most, these were covered with scratched graffiti. At that time, my cellmate was asleep.

“Why, God? Why is this happening to me?”

Suddenly, there was a rap at the door. I looked up and saw a woman who looked to be in her 60s. She had a friendly, smiling face with slightly Asian eyes—a warm and loving presence. My cellie (jail slang for “cellmate”) received regular visits from medical staff for her myriad physical and psychological ailments, so people coming to the door at all hours of the day was nothing new. As I went to wake her, the kind woman smiled, shook her head slightly, and said, “No, for you,” and pointed at me.

She was one of the church ladies—the kind, religious women who take time out of their lives, usually on Sundays, to pray with us. I was a little unnerved and stunned that I had been praying (silently), expecting nothing, and at that moment, she appeared at my door.

She touched the filthy window, and I did the same. She looked at me straight in the eyes, teared up, and began to cry.

“I have a message for you, straight from God.

You are going to write a book that will bless many, many people. And I am going to see you again outside of these walls. Oh, make haste, make haste! And God, please bless this woman on her journey!”

She then prayed for my safety and a few more things. I wrote down the date and the ministry, but I’ve since lost it, and my memory isn’t what it used to be. But I had just received my answer from God. This is why I’m here. To write.

Recalling this encounter still makes me emotional. I get shivers—I’m brought back to the exact moment it happened and feel negligent for not writing sooner. My stubbornness and pride would not allow me to take a stand for a long time, and I wasn’t bold enough to publicly state my change of faith. Maybe I wasn’t even willing to accept it privately.

Now, it’s time to openly and honestly embrace my future, conveying the truth as it needs to be told. I was one of those “stiff-necked” Jews the Bible speaks of. Many of us are. It is important to see the errors of our ways, repent, and change.

I cannot claim to be an expert on much, but I can tell you that pornography ruins lives. It wrecked mine as it does the lives of almost everyone it touches. I will provide many examples of this throughout this short book. I will also debunk common fallacies about porn being cool, hot, or a part of the normal human condition. For a long time, I was one of pornography’s greatest advocates, which is why it is so important for me to correct the record.

I know many professionals who the industry swallowed. In the last five years, I have also met

many people whose lives pornography ruined. I know exactly how the industry uses and destroys people. It is truly the Devil's endeavor, designed to drain the living lights and souls of beautiful young women.

# How and Why I Ended Up in the Porn Industry

It seemed like the porn industry was everywhere you looked in Southern California in the early 2000s. When I was 18, I socialized with the “cool” and attractive people in Orange County. I was a fashion commercial print model; to me, a model didn’t exist if she hadn’t been in *Vogue* magazine. I thought the most famous models were Kate Moss, Naomi Campbell, and Cindy Crawford.

My perception first changed at a party in Newport Beach. Upon disclosing my profession, a partygoer enthusiastically replied, “Oh, you’re a model? Do you know Jenna Jameson?” I had no idea who she was, but that was the first time I realized how influential porn could be. This guy was shocked that I was unfamiliar with Jenna. “She’s the most famous model in the world,” he declared.

When I accepted a job in corporate America, I thought it would insulate me from porn, but no! E, my boss at Toshiba, designed pornographic websites with his twin brother. I liked E. He was a talented Filipino telecom technician and good at all things tech-related, but he was burning the candle at both ends, working all night on websites. E’s brother managed the page for “McKenzie,” one of Jenna Jameson’s girls. Porn sites made a fortune at the time; they were all the rage. This was about 2004, when those sites had pay-per-access with fluffy landing pages and scrollwork in tacky pink font.

He worked himself to the bone for them, and I



heard later he was hospitalized with kidney disease. Trying to work a full-time job and moonlight in the porn underground is too much for any mere mortal, even on the tech side.

I saw McKenzie on set one time. We are about the same age, and I wanted to talk to her because our lives had overlapped in so many ways she didn't even know about. But she looked tired, worn-out, and sad. Maybe she was just having a bad day. (She is beautiful, so this isn't a negative commentary on her appearance.)

I never knew what happened to McKenzie until years later, when I discovered her story ended similarly to mine. The husband, the oh-so-supportive, in-charge-of-the-website "father of the children," took the kids from her when she tried to go home to Britain with them. According to a mutual friend, the ex used "the law" against her because he had been a cop. I don't remember the full story, but it involved custody disputes.

I recently watched a video on social media of McKenzie in a convertible with her husband. I believe they are still together. It's not only women who trap spouses with children.

According to our mutual friend Marcus, McKenzie is a great mom. Industry girls usually are. But the perception is that we aren't. And once we set foot in the godforsaken industry, we are stuck.

A porn career precludes you from doing almost anything else. How many times has Lisa Ann retired and then returned? I had a friend, a sweet and talented artist, who left the industry to teach art classes at a school in Long Beach. The kids loved

her, but a parent discovered her former profession, and she was fired.

And, you know, if you “look” like a porn actress with porn “enhancements,” good luck getting a normal job. You’ll stand out everywhere you go.

In my heart, I’ve always been a free spirit. I spent my earliest formative years in the Peace Love Unity Respect (PLUR) era. We had a very “save the world,” “we are all one” vibe. I met my daughter’s father while suffering from a serious case of post-corporate burnout and working at a vegan food company in Orange County. He was a photographer for high-end automotive race cars. He was almost 15 years older but “hipper” than I was. He rode vintage motorcycles and wore trendy newsboy caps. But what he didn’t tell me was that he also produced low-end pornography and engaged in global sex tourism on the side.

He was always on the move: here today, gone tomorrow. I started to suspect I was being played. I should have gone with my gut, but I was naive and good-natured and wanted to see the “best” in people. But finally, after being blown off for the fourth time, I called it off.

Not to be deterred, he sat outside my work looking like a sad puppy in his super-cool vintage gear and with his awesome vintage bike. He had taken beautiful photos of Good to Go’s gorgeous, fresh, organic food. The owners were charmed. “Give him another chance,” they urged. So I did.

In hindsight, I don’t think that I had the greatest self-esteem. It wasn’t terrible, but I wasn’t raised to expect much from life. I was raised to expect “good enough.” I wasn’t told I was “Daddy’s little

princess” or that I was precious and deserved the world. Instead, my family’s message was, “Don’t set your sights too high. You’re not more special than anyone else, and don’t you forget it.”

My parents taught me that life is hard, and I should expect to suffer. My father never mistreated me, but as the oldest and without a brother, he often enlisted me to help with household chores and his “honey-do” requests.

I always felt my mother didn’t like me. I think she just didn’t like being a mom. Some women aren’t cut out for it. I tried to be useful, to earn my keep. I had to please everyone everywhere I went, which is probably why I chose men who treated me poorly.

My ex discovered this about me. He masked his lies with a few vague words. I desperately wanted to believe him and earn the approval of my work sisters, who meant more to me than anyone else. In my desire to please them, I accepted his words without question. And in a few careless months, I ended up pregnant. I didn’t know about his porn yet, or the sex tourism. That’d come.

Whether to have my daughter wasn’t a question for me. I knew in my heart that abortion is wrong. However, I sought advice from a local tarot card reader (that’s how skewed my beliefs were at the time). She was a kind old lady who probably enjoyed giving advice. When I realized she wasn’t going to catch on that I was pregnant, I broke down and started to cry.

Of course, tarot card readers are not psychic. This is why the Bible says not to consult them. But you know what? That woman gave me advice that

seemed divinely inspired. She was so sweet—she held my hands and said what an absolute gift children are and that her son was the best blessing of her life. So, I was sitting in this little closet of a card shop in Costa Mesa, CA, being comforted by a psychic telling me all would be OK.

Then she said, “Have you told your mom yet? Go tell your mom.”

Famous last words. That’s how I knew for sure she wasn’t psychic.

I drove to tell my mother. She was at home doing whatever real-estate agents in Newport Beach do in their free time. She looked at me pointedly and said, “Well, you can’t have it.”

That’s it. No thought of whether this is a baby or a child—her first grandchild. I was stunned, hurt, and crestfallen. Evidently, this response is acceptable and even comedic in modern society. It still hurts me today.

Years later, I would see a scene in the movie *Knocked Up* that almost perfectly mimicked my experience. I’m crying as I write this because I can’t imagine a world where my daughter doesn’t exist.

No matter. My ex made it clear he would not marry me and would leave “if you get fat” (his exact words) but promised to help with the kid. I had no support except for him; that much was clear. And myself, of course.

Something about my ex’s behavior didn’t sit right with me. Call it woman’s intuition, but I knew, just knew, he was hiding information of import from me. It’s not my proudest moment, but I snooped. I read the travel journals he kept and discovered he contracted HSV2 (genital herpes) from a prostitute

in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. And, what's worse, the girl was only 16 years old!

I was so naive that I didn't know the term "pretty girl" meant "prostitute." My friend Stacie spelled it out. I was devastated. My ex hid something harmful to me and our unborn child and showed a disgusting, depraved character.

There was more, I'd find. Videos upon videos of very low-end pornography of streetwalkers doing obscene things with him, with toys, with a friend of his. All very low-budget. All very gross.

I suffered debilitating morning sickness and lethargy for the first three months of my pregnancy and felt even worse by the fourth. The lymph nodes in my groin swelled and grew hot to the touch, and I felt like I had the worst flu ever. Walking or standing for too long hurt, which was a problem as I was typically on my feet all day at work. I felt like I was being punished for something out of my control. I was incredibly healthy—my diet then was organic, vegetarian, and heavy on raw fruits and vegetables. I practiced yoga and meditated.

Fortunately, my immune system fought the infection, and the pregnancy ended in a cesarean. That was fine by me. I refused all heavy medications and survived on ibuprofen because I was breastfeeding. Giving codeine to breastfeeding mothers is negligent in my opinion.

My ex's supposedly religious family members were very cruel to me because we weren't married. They made it seem as though having a child out of wedlock was my choice alone, as though the father had no part in it.

I planned to stay in the relationship for only a few years. I knew I couldn't trust this guy. I kept my daughter around me at home as much as possible, and I didn't trust anyone enough to leave her with them.

Unfortunately, being out of the job market took its toll on my CV. I enrolled in certification courses and tried to open a small business, but it wasn't enough to pay the bills as a single mother. I still modeled part-time and made almost as much money as I did at my other job. Then, pornography offers started pouring into my modeling profiles.

At first, I resisted. Is this the path I want to take? There's a segue here I'm neglecting to mention: a nonstable relationship that had gone sour. Coming out of that, I was convinced men only wanted women for sex. At that point, I was 29 or 30, and I thought I might as well make my money while I could. This might be my last chance.

It's easy to encounter people who will use you in life and lead you down destructive paths. I met a succession of them. They were happy to make a few bucks from my skin. In some weird way, I thought I was getting back at my ex. My career began out of spite. Even the stage name I chose was automobile-related, so when he googled "Mercedes" or "Carrera," he would see degrading pictures of me. A part of me thought, *Oh you like porn, do ya? How about this? Enjoy!*

But when you do things out of spite, you only hurt yourself. And that's the problem. He hurt me, so to get back at him, I hurt me as well. Does that make sense? As a result, he took away the only person he knew I cared about, the only one I fought

for.

It wasn't until I'd been in jail for several years that I read the Bible all the way through. People in jail read it a lot, talk about it, do Bible study, "get God." I resisted this as a form of hypocrisy. My experiences with so-called religious people had been largely negative, like with my ex's family. I couldn't see what the Bible could offer me. Wasn't it just an outdated book of rules for stupid people?

My father was an atheist who viewed the Bible as a flawed document. My mother's negative experience in Catholic school scarred her for life. We didn't attend church except briefly during one of my father's aerospace projects in the Mojave Desert. We never spoke about God at home.

Aside from my memory of participating in a Passover pageant at the Lutheran church (I still remember the song), I don't recall learning much. Granted, we weren't attendees for more than six months, and I don't think we attended all that consistently.

As I languished in jail on Rosh Hashanah, a Jewish holiday, a female deputy locked me down 15 days for not wearing my green scrub shirt under my sweatshirt and over my T-shirt. Nobody had ever seen such a nonsensical punishment. But what she meant for evil, God meant for good—suddenly, I had only a Bible and ample time to read it. So, I did.

I read it. Really read it. And you know what? In the Bible, I saw myself and all of society. Because that's what the Bible is. It's the story of humankind's failures and triumphs. It's the guidebook that I wish I'd had years ago.

For the first time, the Bible struck me as a living document full of history, wisdom, guidance, and prophecy. It was also clear that each generation must pass it to the next, or catastrophe will befall us all. We have failed in this task.

(As I searched for the scripture passage to reinforce this message, my Bible opened to Deuteronomy 8:11. God is good! Read this passage!)

Hindsight is everything. After reading the Bible, I realized all my problems and most of our societal ills result from ignoring God's word. Had I known to respect myself enough not to fornicate and have a child out of wedlock, I would not have ended up in the desperate predicament where pornography seemed like a solution. You see how one sin leads to another?

A lot of people these days are put off by so-called "religious" people because they condemn without providing solutions. The solution, of course, is repentance and acceptance of God's grace and mercy. Repentance means changing one's actions and turning away from sin and toward God and His instructions. But, of course, many "religions" are as corrupt as any of man's industries. I am not advocating a specific church. I am advocating God's word.

Most people have heard of the Ten Commandments. I read that at one point in American history, the Ten Commandments were posted in every classroom and public building nationwide. I don't know if that is 100% true, but it would explain why America in the past was so different from America today.

Over the last five years, I've read hundreds of



books, many about history. One thing that stands out about America in the 19th century is our people's sense of honor and civility, which is no longer evident. We can blame many factors, but the biggest change is that America was once a God-fearing nation, and now it's not. That's a problem. A country without a moral foundation is sure to fall.

The Bible contains many examples of this. Whenever a civilization prioritized money, power, or war over God, a collapse wasn't far behind. If you don't want to read the Bible, read about Soviet Russia or Communist China to see what so-called "secular values" (an oxymoron) do to a nation. Atheism destroys.

When Eve ate the apple, sin entered humanity. When you click on the link, Satan enters your bedroom.

I'm going to detail the effect pornography has on your soul and on society. Trust me, it is so insidious and horrifying that you'll never want to visit those sites again.

I'll also give you a look into dirty secrets the porn industry doesn't want you to know, which will make you view those videos (and video actors) in a brand-new way. You'll get to see past the industry's illusions and lies. Because, after all, Satan is the master of lies, and it is his industry.



# The First Commandment

*You must not have any God but me.*

You might wonder what the First Commandment has to do with you. Wasn't it a stipulation for ancient Israelites to keep them from worshipping Moloch or whoever?

Um, no! What is a "god?"

A god is anything we worship!

For most of us, it's the desire for the material and the ephemeral. Many men pursue money and success in the hope that women will find them attractive. And pornography, in some perverse way, fills that gap for those lacking. It allows men to feel sexually satisfied the way a bag of Doritos curbs your appetite for about 10 minutes.

What occupies your thoughts? Is it gratitude? Or is it something else? Be honest. What do you chase? If you're reading a book about pornography, then you probably struggle with lust.

It's all a scam. It's junk food. Junk sex. It's not real!

I'll tell you a little (big) secret that theologians have known for centuries. Ready?

"The purpose of life is to give glory to God."

That's it. Simple.

Crazy, right? I read it in a footnote of a Bible,

and it clicked for me. That's why the most enduring art and music, the most magical of humanity's creations, make us feel like we are touched by a bit of heaven itself. All was created to give glory to God.

You'll never feel at the MOMA what you'll feel at the Sistine Chapel. Think about it.

Why?

Go back to Genesis, at the very beginning—what did God do? (Read Genesis 1:1.) God created! He is a creator.

Humans have an inherent feeling, a knowing, that we were created. This isn't an accident. We are conscious of being conscious. As such, we are like the God who created us. We are also creators.

If you spend enough time in nature, you'll notice the trees and animals are naturally glorious. They don't need to be told to give glory to their designer. They do this by their very being, and we are blessed with their glory by observing them.

Right now, I am sitting by one of the few windows in the jail that hasn't been frosted over to obstruct the view. I can see a tree in full bloom—just a week ago, fresh green and brownish mauve shoots barely began to sprout from its limbs. Springtime has now given way to summer. Sparrows flutter about, nagging one another, consumed with their mating rituals. I enjoy watching them tease and chase each other. They line up on the roof's edge adjacent to the window, constantly rearranging themselves—one male will place himself next to a female, then she'll move, and he'll chase her, undeterred. This goes on for a while.

There is a divine order to all of this, which the

Divine bestowed. We don't need to tell the tree to sprout or the birds to flutter—they do it all naturally and with great glory.

This is a little segue, but back in college, someone (probably my parents) gave me a book called *Why Evolution Is True*. It only demonstrated that humans share some basic physiological similarities with lower-order animals, which proves nothing significant. At that time, I wasn't religious, but the sudden appearance of *Homo sapiens* around 300,000 years ago seemed inexplicable. I discovered that many intelligent individuals share my concerns. However, most choose to remain silent about it, as disagreeing with the prevailing theory of evolution can be career suicide in academia.

So where did we go wrong? Something went awry with humanity. Think about humans making pornography, or worse, sitting behind a computer screen, masturbating furiously. Does that seem glorious? Beautiful? No! It seems weird, bizarre, perverse, and pathetic. So why do people do this?

I have received multiple letters from men who have what they describe as a “porn addiction.” For them, pornography has become a “god.” They have deified it. The spirit of lust enters into them, and porn becomes a primary form of entertainment. It develops into a compulsion, like the desire to consume drugs or alcohol.

Therapists have already written books on porn addiction that focus on dopamine, serotonin, and other chemical reasons people become addicted to things. You can read those if you want. The issue is spiritual and far more insidious.

In Ephesians 2:2, Apostle Paul calls Satan the “prince of the power of the air.” And as with all of Satan’s guiles, snares, and traps, humans are very susceptible to his lures.

When you read scripture carefully, you realize Satan is actually the “god” of most things on this planet that humans idolize, especially these days. Think about the popular movies, TV shows, and music that are easily accessible through digital broadcasts.

I’ll wait.

Now, there’s a prohibition in the Bible about spilling your seed. Your seed—your semen—has your life force in it.

If Satan is the god of this planet, when you “jerk off” to pornography, which is his tool, you are, in essence, worshipping him.

I know this sounds “out there,” but it’s true!

Have you ever noticed how depleted, how drained you feel after jerking off to porn, yet you want to do it again anyway? For hours? Many of the guys who wrote to me would tell me this. They just couldn’t stop.

That’s because they were in a demonic, one-sided energy pact with Satan. And Satan will take and take and take until he destroys you. That’s his game. He has no energy, so he needs yours to live.

God doesn’t need your energy—He created humanity—He wants us to be glorious beings. And He guides us toward stable, loving relationships, to produce more of ourselves to glorify His handiwork.

Satan hates humanity and wants to steal our life force from us because he has no way to create the way God does. Case closed—Satan is the ultimate

destroyer.

The Bible mentions Asherah poles frequently. Asherah was a goddess of the Mesopotamians, and her temples were centers of prostitution, idol worship, and child sacrifice. The Israelites had decrees against these depraved practices. Yet here we are again in a society where it has become trendy to pole-dance just like the adherents of the Asherah cults. Because that is what the Asherah poles of the Bible were—stripper poles!

Satan has been at this for a very long time! Don't be deceived! He has used pretty young women to destroy men for centuries! And don't worry—he destroys the women, too!

Satan's goal from the beginning has been to undermine humanity. And the easiest way to do that is through sex!

In the Garden of Eden, after Eve ate the apple and gave it to Adam, they both felt “ashamed” of their nakedness. They suddenly were aware of their sexuality! Satan has exploited this!

When we performed, fans often referred to us as “goddesses.” This is especially common in the BDSM world, which I was never a part of, but which is a spooky, dark, demonic world—people in leather and bondage, abusing one another, all in the name of “erotic consent.”

But Satan tries to get into everyone's head, into everyone's ego, through vanity, igniting thoughts like, “Surely you are an exalted goddess! Surely this isn't degrading!” In reality, you're doing Satan's bidding by participating in these reprehensible videos. And while the pay might seem enticing, the

negative impact on your life will far outweigh the benefits. Satan is the only real beneficiary in the transaction, as he corrupts souls.

One failing of the human brain is that it cannot always distinguish between fact and fiction through observation alone, which is part of the reason porn can be so addictive. Visually oriented people often cannot fully separate a screen's "false reality" from real life.

I feel sorry for the men who become obsessed and lose their ability to discern between reality and make-believe. They don't understand that I am not interested in meeting them for X-rated encounters. But when porn becomes a person's "god," his go-to, he loses all sense of reality.

Some fans would plead and beg in creepy ways, asking to "worship" me. This is terrifying! It wasn't sexy or cute or flattering. It made me realize just how insane the industry is.

Our worship should be reserved for our Creator, God. There is a reason that the most eminent and talented greats throughout human history—Mozart, Bach, Michelangelo, Da Vinci, etc.—were so influenced by God, the Great Divine, or by nature.

In many ways, nature is a miracle of God's creative power. We should use our creative force to further glorify Him at all times. God did not design us to sit in front of a computer screen, spilling our seed to demonic acts of fornication, acts which will generate curses for the actors and the viewers (more on this later).

All actions have consequences, and God is the grand viewer.

He sees what you think He doesn't.



God is the ultimate reality, but Satan will try to pull you into his machinations on a plane of Vanity—the Vanity Faire—of greed, lust, violence, and destruction. Don't let him!

He's insidious! Of course, Satan doesn't appear as an ugly demon spewing fire with horns and a tail! He shows up through beautiful women who will lead you to sin. He deceives them, too! Satan hooks them through vanity (ego), and snares them into his traps by telling them, "They'll all love you. You'll be beautiful, rich, and famous, darling."

Then he destroys them. Yes, you'll see. It ends in despair for all.

How many of you pray daily? I mean really, truly pray? Have a relationship with God? Talk to Him? Not just ask Him for stuff or complain to Him. I know it's hard to do.

Do you remember to thank God for your food before you eat? Do you say prayers before you sleep? Do you thank God for your health, your family and friends' health, the air you breathe, and the water you drink?

I'm not an expert at this. Like you, I am a human trying my best. But the foundation of this is remembering God, prioritizing Him, and praising Him for all He does.

Let nothing be God but God. Put prayer first. Notice where you rank things—lust, vanity, ego, money, success—in relation to God.

Read your Bible!

Where the Holy Spirit resides, nothing else may enter!

## The Second Commandment

*You must not make for yourself an idol of any kind or an image of anything in the heavens or on the earth or in the sea. You must not bow down before them or worship them. For I, the Lord your God, am a jealous God who will not tolerate your affection for any other gods. I lay the sins of the parents upon their children; the entire family is affected—even children in the third and fourth generations of those who reject me.*

Wow! I remember how these words affected me the first time I read them. I grew up in a home where work and alcohol were idols. As a result, I grew up believing that only working hard mattered, because getting ahead is difficult. That is true, of course, for people who work at a grind all day and then come home to an unfulfilling existence. This could include any vice, but the one I have observed most is alcohol. I don't even like alcohol (I got lucky!). But I can walk into a room where there are 99 normal people and one alcoholic, and by the end of the night, the alcoholic will have proposed. That is the definition of a generational curse! Both of my grandfathers died in their 60s from cirrhosis of the liver.

Have you ever noticed that people who have an addiction always seem to go deeper and deeper into it, and it gets worse and worse as it consumes them? It doesn't matter what the addiction is: alcohol, drugs, gambling, pornography, or even work. It will slowly consume that person until he is a shell of who he once was.

Compare that to the person involved in a

healthy, life-affirming activity. It could be white-water rafting, mountain climbing, singing in a church choir, or volunteering. The person who lives a good, healthy, and wholesome life, with positive connections to friends, family, and community, is resilient and alive.

Porn is an industry of idolatry. Its people crave money, fame, and validation, usually in that order. It's a black hole of energy—the more you give, the more it takes.

We all know this, but people make bad choices anyway. TV shows and movies glorify the “fast” life—people involved in crime, drugs, sex, murder for hire, and car theft.

Before jail, I was never a TV or movie watcher, aside from the occasional children's film with my daughter. In jail, the TV is on from 6 a.m. until 10 or 11 p.m., usually with the volume set to 100. Until being forced to watch (well, really, hear) it all day, I didn't realize that almost every movie involves sex, violence, drug use, or something of that nature. That's all Hollywood makes now!

As a former pornography actress, I know I sound like a hypocrite, and maybe I am, but to me, the porn industry was meant to exist online, and mainstream movies were (should be!) far tamer! I didn't realize how far they had fallen.

When I worked in the industry, my life was compartmentalized. Sure, I had my knee-jerk, spite-filled reasons for joining, but those wore off quickly, and the industry soon became just work. That's all it was to me and most of the women in it. I'd go to set, do my “job,” and leave without worrying about its

effect on society. I was not a producer—I rarely saw the end product of my scenes and didn’t want to.

One guy used to visit me in jail to ask for insider information about scenes or actors I enjoyed working with. I didn’t remember most of the scenes he was talking about. Unless they were highly unusual, I just didn’t remember. Why would I? It was a blur. Porn scenes are all the same. Four positions and a “pop.” We’re just going through the motions.

We’d go, “OK, which four positions?” Let’s go doggy, mish (missionary), cowgirl, reverse (reverse cowgirl). Finish with a BJ. Okay.

Then off we’d go. Same ol’ same ol’.

I also come from a family of blue-collar laborers. I justified sex work as honest “work.” That’s the push in sex-worker circles now—that it’s a job, like roofing or driving a cab. But let’s be real. Nobody gets emotionally attached to their roofer or their cab driver. There is a very emotional component to sex.

Plus, the purpose of sex is to produce life! This is very, very important. We can pretend it’s not true, but it is true! Anything else is an aberration.

That’s why there are a lot of single mothers in the porn industry—in the sex industries in general—as strippers and prostitutes. Because sin tends to snowball.

(The answer, of course, is more support for single mothers and a society that holds men accountable for irresponsible behavior. Encouraging women to be sex workers isn’t the solution to this economic and moral problem. Encouraging stable, two-parent families is.)

Edmond Taylor made a great point in his book

*The Fall of the Dynasties*. Society can tolerate some vice and prostitution, but beyond a certain point, it leads to social rot and inevitable collapse. It's like any contaminant in a metal or fluid—it can be tolerated to a certain point, but after that, it weakens the metal beyond repair or renders the fluid toxic.

Our society has made idols of everything under the sun, and we wonder why we're in the state we're in. We idolize money, we deify everything except God, and most of what we worship is satanic.

God prohibits idols because they are enticing. This isn't just for ancient Jews—this is a modern prohibition because humans haven't changed! God knows us! He knows our weaknesses, our egos, and how Satan will exploit us! Idols make sin seem cool, fun, and exciting, but they lead to disaster. They are Satan's tools.

Due to the influence of the media, especially social media, many people aspire to be idols and achieve fame. For many young and impressionable people, porn seems like an easy pathway.

God also knows that once the habit of idolatry has taken hold in a family, it is difficult to remove. I am fortunate not to be an addict, but like I said, I attract them like bees to honey.

And because I was raised without God's word, it took me until I was almost 40 to figure this out! I spent years trying to survive alone when the answer was God's Holy Word the whole time!

Satan is a liar. Have you ever noticed how empty and depleted you feel after you satisfy the urge, the craving for porn? Be honest with yourself for a minute.

Like I said—it's the equivalent of eating a bag of Doritos for a meal. It's not very satisfying.

I was once on set with a young, attractive, well-spoken blonde who seemed out of place compared to the more desperate-seeming younger women in her age range. I overheard her complaining that her parents had cut her off financially since she decided to go into pornography. She had been a student at a prestigious university in Southern California. I couldn't for the life of me understand her logic. Porn was a career most of us chose out of desperation. She did it because she thought it looked fun.

I can tell you right now—there's nothing fun about having sex on top of a hot car, in six-inch heels, in a kitchen, on tile, on a desk, or whatever hard surface the sadistic or mindless producer thought up that day. Not fun. But our job was to make it look that way. So that's what I did.

Let me clue you in—the porn actresses are not there for the sex—they're there for money, for fame. Validation maybe. Never sex.

But it's fool's gold!

The only real gold in life is God's love. And that's why so many porn actresses live and die in despair, heartbreak, drug overdose, suicide, addiction, mental hospitals, jail, homelessness, even murder.

The industry is destructive because everyone inside of it is unhappy. And why? Because you can't fake love for a few hours. And you shouldn't.

It's all unnatural.

Performing (and that's what it is—performing) was novel for a few months. Then I realized that everyone in the industry was as clearly unhappy as I

was. I regularly worked with a morose but brilliant atheist producer-director with decades in the industry. He frequently made off-color jokes about suicide, which I found to be incredibly unnerving. It struck me how the industry also affected its peripheral participants: the producer, director, and even the makeup artist.

One such artist got mixed up with a male talent, C, who was competent but a live wire. He would get violent off set. I believe drugs were involved (usually when there's chaos at porn parties, especially at AVN—drugs are involved). He beat her up. She called the cops. He went to jail.

C, when sober, was a nice guy. But the industry destroys people psychologically. He didn't date other talent because he couldn't handle the jealousy that came with it. He was one of the few straight ones. I'll discuss this later.

In my time in the industry, I knew several bright, beautiful women who lost their lives to drugs. The ego boost wasn't enough of a high to keep them alive. Being a porn idol doesn't mean much if you're in the grips of a drug addiction.

I was friends with Yurizan Beltran, a beautiful, sweet, and successful woman. She had some minor setbacks, but nothing abnormal for a girl in the industry. She had been feature dancing. We'd worked together before and were friendly. We planned to have lunch, but she never replied to my DMs to set a time and day. The next thing I heard, her mother had found her dead. She was 30 years old, I think. So beautiful, with so much potential and life still to live. Just like that—gone. I loved Yuri. We

all did.

I've noticed drugs and porn go hand in hand. In jail, I've met users with major porn addictions. Evidently, the primary use for the state-funded "Obama" phone is downloading Pornhub. Your tax dollars are hard at work!

Some of the addicts here seem to have completely lost their minds. Methamphetamine in particular seems to open the portals of hell. The crimes I've heard about committed on that drug I won't dare repeat. It is worth mentioning the Japanese synthesized it before WWII, gave it to Nazi Germany, and both regimes committed some of the worst crimes in recorded history while high on methamphetamine. (The book *The Rape of Nanking* documents some of Japan's crimes. I recommend it. It's terrifying.)

The Ten Commandments have been the cornerstone of Western civilization for thousands of years, and the first two are the foundation for all the others. When we worship or idolize anything other than God, we set ourselves up for disaster.

Spilling your seed, your life force, your essence, to damaged women and men—people who have decided to sell their morals on camera for a quick buck—has consequences. Every time you do this, you lose a bit of yourself to the idol of porn, a bit of your soul, and the Devil wins. You've just made a quick pact with Satan himself!

When you visit porn sites, they often contain viruses that "infect" your computer. Satan infects your energy, as well as your PC. Satan is a virus. Hidden in plain sight.



## The Third Commandment

*You must not misuse the name of the Lord your God. The Lord will not let you go unpunished if you misuse His name.*

“Oh God! Oh God!” she moaned. Yeah. That’s how this relates to porn.

Show me a porn video where they don’t use the Lord’s name in vain, and I’ll show you a porn video that doesn’t exist.

Look, it’s normal for people to cry out to God while in true ecstasy. But—and here’s the catch—porn is fake! Yes, that’s right. It’s fake.

Porn. It’s not real. The actors can’t even orgasm. It’s not real passion, real love, because—shocker, right?—people who barely know each other aren’t going to be able to create love/passion/real orgasm! After reading a nonsensical, weird script, they sprawl out on a kitchen counter, all under bright lights while a bored guy who can’t wait to go home films them. The male actor gets paid \$500, while the woman earns \$1,200.

Doesn’t it all sound so sexy? (*eyeroll*)

MindGeek (now Aylo) started scripting in the “Oh God” or “It’s so big,” by the way. So whenever you see that in a Brazzers scene, know it was a script that forced the actors to say those stupid things. If you don’t follow the script, you don’t get paid.

When people have sex in real life, do they push “away” from each other so they can (a) cum and (b) “catch” the “insertion” shot? (I certainly hope not!)

That's not natural, and it's not normal! But that's what they do in porn, and then they pull away and cut to the actress' face for the "Oh my God!"

Now, I know I'm telling you not to watch porn, but if you watch it with a clinical, cynical eye, you'll see they do this. Every. Single. Time. Every scene is the same. Different actresses, same roles, same positions. Same shots. Same "Oh my God" over and over and over. This is why directors, producers, and talent often become depressed and bored. Because something that is supposed to be beautiful, sacred, special, and intimate has now been stripped of that. It has lost its humanness.

The purpose of life is to give glory to God.

Part of that, one of God's gifts to us, is sex—sacred sexuality.

And when we profane sexuality, we make it satanic.

The Hebrew word for Satan—a "satan"—means "adversary," by the way.

So, when we stop glorifying what's good and use the Lord's holy name for the profane, we mock the sacred and condemn ourselves.

And just like the sex is fake, yes, the erections are enhanced or are "supplemented." If not by Viagra™ or Cialis™, then by injections like Caverject™, a prescription medication urologists use to create artificial erections for several hours, usually for surgical purposes. Eventually, if Caverject™ is overused, it stops working, and the male talent will need what is colloquially called a "dick pump" installed. It has an air pump like Reebok's™ "Pump" shoe that feels like a third testicle as it inflates to create an insta-erection.

So, it's not just the female porn actresses who have fake body parts!

The fake moans, the fake body parts—it's all fake!

The most frequent question fans asked was about authenticity, and when you're a talent, you're instructed to answer that it's genuine—all of it! That it is fun and enjoyable.

It's not! It's work. Period. As I said before, sex on uncomfortable surfaces in weird locations, with people you may or may not like, just isn't fun, no matter how much you fake it!

A Christian friend pointed out to me that using the Lord's name in vain these days is not considered a big deal, but in the past, swearing was considered ill-mannered, especially if it was against the Lord. This person served multiple tours in Iraq and has more verified kills than your favorite first-person-shooter video-game avatar. He's no pussy. He's also a God-fearing man, and he knows that careless language contributes negatively to our society. That gave me something to think about.

I think the problem is that in a world where everything is fake—everything is simulated—nothing is real or meaningful to us anymore. Words, in general, no longer carry the weight they once had.

In the past, people took oaths seriously. When they swore by something, those words had value. When people stood in front of family, friends, and God in a church and promised to love and obey until death did them part, they meant it.

Words have lost their meaning in modern society. Politicians, celebrities, and media

personalities lie regularly, which is the norm in a godless era. The divorce rate has, of course, been well over 50% since the 1970s.

Misusing the Lord's name isn't just calling upon it in a fit of fornication or anger. This is a bigger issue. We must understand the power of our words as creative beings bestowed with God's Holy Spirit. We, like our Creator, can build or destroy. Christ Himself is the Word.

We become creators when we engage in activities that the Holy Spirit sanctions. But when we call upon the Lord's name in vain and engage in satanic activities of vice and destruction, we become agents of demonic forces on this planet, and we don't even realize it.

All the people in porn, no matter how much money they make, are always broke. That's because ill-gotten gains are rarely kept. Eventually, they disappear.

There's a wonderful book by the Russian author Mikhail Bulgakov called *The Master and Margarita*, in which Satan visits Bolshevik Moscow and exposes the Muscovites' attachment to vice. While he is there, Satan holds a séance, and at this séance, 10-ruble notes fall from the sky. People climb all over each other, fighting to collect their 10-ruble notes, but the next day, the cash turns to trash—to bottle labels and other garbage. So it is with ill-gotten gains from Satan. Money procured from any of the vices—pornography, theft, drug dealing, prostitution, and even white-collar crime—will eventually disappear.

A convict sent me a letter telling me he was in jail for having a so-called “chop shop”—a place where

they steal cars and sell them for parts. This is the third time he will be in prison, and he's only 30 years old. He said he has a money symbol tattooed on his face "cuz I see money everywhere."

His family has been in and out of prison his whole life, too.

He also has a drug problem.

The saddest part is that his family cares about him. The tragedy, to me, is that he's from a close family who could have it all if they could know God and put God first. They're probably good people who just have bad habits. (A lot of the Latino gang-banger people I've met in jail are like this. A lot of heart.)

See how it all fits together? I'm not judging. I don't have room to judge people, but letters like this reveal how deep the problems go. Maybe I was naive before—I had my own problems, my own agenda for the adult industry, and I never directly interacted with people like the young man I mentioned above.

When you consider what's acceptable in public discourse—who and what you can mock and what you can and can't say—you'll see the ways that Satan is in charge! I recently saw a comedy bit on late-night TV mocking God. Clearly, God doesn't run our society. One of my earliest associations with the Ten Commandments is from an old sketch where a comic dressed like a poor imitation of Moses comes down from the mountain with three tablets in his hands instead of two. Then he drops one and says, "Here are the 15, uh, I mean the 10 Commandments!"

I think I remember this because it bothered

me—I didn't realize until later that it was blasphemy! Satan makes us question the Bible's veracity through so-called comedy. "Oh, look at Moses, that bumbling fool! Oh, there probably weren't even 10 commandments. Tee-hee!"

That's what Satan is! He is an insidious mocker, an adversary. He comes for the truth and undermines it in any way he can! And it doesn't manifest in spooky, scary ways; instead, it presents itself as comedy or as a "sexy, cool, or fun" subversion.

"Surely you will not die," the serpent said.

## The Fourth Commandment

*Remember the Sabbath day by keeping it holy. You have six days each week for your ordinary work, but the seventh day is a Sabbath day of rest dedicated to the Lord your God. On that day, no one in your household may do any work. This includes you, your sons and daughters, your male and female servants, your livestock, and any foreigners living among you. For in six days, the Lord made the heavens, the earth, the sea, and everything in them, but on the seventh day, he rested. That is why the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and set it apart as holy.*

It's no secret that modern people are workaholics, especially now that many work remotely. But without a break, people become depressed, anxious, and antisocial.

Porn use is symptomatic of a society of overworked, anxious, artificial people who have lost their connection to regular, normal social support systems and relationships in their communities.

In the past, people worked all week and worshipped with their family and friends on the Sabbath, establishing rapport and connections in the community.

These days, people isolate and alienate themselves from others while yearning for personal connection. People have abandoned worship and social communities in favor of digital ones, which hardly count as real-life interactions.

Many people work non-traditional hours, making

it hard to connect with others. Single people struggle to establish relationships through traditional paths (church and family), which has left them feeling isolated and adrift.

More than a few male porn fans tell me things like “Relationships are too much trouble” or “Why date a three when I can get a 10 in porn?” That’s so sad! Those video girls aren’t real (and they aren’t 10s in real life). Take off the makeup and remove the flattering lighting; you’ll discover it’s all a mirage! Besides, you aren’t getting any of them! You’re only “getting” your own hand!

I have a friend who used to work at a company that manufactures the “male supplement” called “Alpha.” Well, he thought it would be “alpha” to take a picture of Kendra Lust, a top MILF performer, in front of one of its exhibits with her “pocket pussy.”

But there’s nothing less “alpha” than taking a male enhancement product, turning on some porn, grabbing your Fleshlight, and jacking off for hours to porn of Kendra or whomever! That’s about as beta incel as it gets! Porn is incel! True alpha men do not watch porn! They just don’t!

Alpha men have a community of real people. Many men (and women) miss real-life connections because it’s easier to turn on a computer. How lonely!

I recall reading that Andrew Jackson’s devoutly religious wife encouraged him to mandate that a specific local community observe the Sabbath and close its businesses. I’m not sure that government involvement is the best solution to any of life’s problems. Still, I think a society that understands



that humans aren't machines and values connection is important.

That's part of what affected me so much when I read the Bible. God loves us and wants us to be happy. I was raised with the lie that the Bible is an old, outdated book full of rules for ancient people, designed to keep humans unhappy and oppressed. Nothing could be further from the truth. God makes rules for us because we need guidelines and structures to succeed, just like the children we are.

It's similar to when you look at really wonderful art—there's an underlying structure to its beauty, a form, a perfected mastery in the finished product. The work didn't come from the hands of a novice. So it is with the rules for a life well-lived.

Before I was in the porn industry, I attended plenty of so-called self-help workshops, most of them with a somewhat New Age flavor. I learned a smattering of psychology and helpful practices from some of them. Still, none of it impacted me enough to avoid life choices such as having a child out of wedlock or joining a terrible, degrading industry.

Had I read Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and other parts of the Old Testament, I would have received a fair warning about poor life choices such as fornicating, prostituting, and allowing oneself to be used for male convenience. But I had nobody in my life to give me this advice, and society says that the Bible is outdated and quaint when it is anything but. I could have saved myself many hours of “rebirthing breathwork” therapy and crying on the floor with strangers if I had picked up a Bible!

A funny thing happens to you when you read the

Bible all the way through. It fills you with the Holy Spirit of God. The world felt different—my thoughts and feelings changed. Gratuitous violence on TV and in movies seemed abhorrent. The constant avaricious greed in every rap song and commercial made me sick.

I gained a deeper understanding of most people, recognizing that they, like me, have human flaws. We all bear the heavy burden of living on a planet that often seems hostile to goodness and rife with evil. Choosing to do good in a broken world is difficult. I feel profound empathy for those who struggle.

In jail, I became an observant Jew. It started with the Orthodox kosher diet. The benefit of eating kosher in jail is that you observe the Sabbath by default. If you're on the kosher diet, no cooked food on the Sabbath. Also, you can't order non-kosher food items in the commissary.

Soon, I began covering my arms and hair as well. At first, I did these things partially for convenience, but my faith grew as I practiced outward observance. I believe this is why many religious orders have special garb—to outwardly and inwardly show they live for God. I had always been so exposed—for years, I was nude on camera. Now, I was more covered up than the other inmates, a testament to my faith. This changed me significantly. Small things like this have a big impact.

I've come to believe modesty is a virtue, especially after being in a women's jail. The showers here are open. There are no curtains. They open to the dayroom, and we can see each other shower. This is not a good thing. When a male deputy enters

the unit, the women rush to cover themselves with an inadequately sized bath towel.

The toilets in the cells are about two steps away from the bunk. When you live with someone, you have no privacy. None.

After living in jail, I can very strongly add my voice as an opponent of anything that can be construed as “sex-positive” or “body-positive.” The human body is not beautiful in its natural state. It should be mostly covered up. That is the truth. Please, America, cover it up. All of you. Modesty is a virtue.

Sometimes, God puts you in hell just so you’ll look for Him. At one point in my time in jail, I was housed with a truly miserable person—a very large, obese, mentally ill Black woman who had either paralyzed or killed a toddler (nobody knew the full story). We were in a lockdown-type unit, so I was trapped for 21 hours a day in a cell the size of an ADA bathroom with this ill-tempered, ill-mannered behemoth. She bathed, on average, maybe once a week and would become needlessly aggressive if you tried to breach that or any issue with her.

She was just so awful—a demon incarnate. She oozed negativity and criticized everyone all the time. She undermined you at every turn. For example, I decided to observe Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the Jewish calendar. I planned to stay in the cell during my rec time to pray and meditate. I cleaned the day before, prepared everything for myself, and shared my plan with her.

Yom Kippur came, and she made a big deal of going downstairs, getting the broom and the mop,

bringing them up to the cell, and then acting put out when I told her I had already cleaned and was deep in prayer. Now, this was a woman who never cleaned. Never. Not once. In fact, she complained that I cleaned too much.

So, she went downstairs huffing and puffing and started saying how I'm crazy and how she'll "beat my ass" all because I wanted to pray.

Being with this negative woman helped me turn to my Bible. I noticed the more I decided to change, to take my faith seriously, the more Satan attacked. He'll do it to you, too. Expect this.

However, once you have the habit of prayer, God will speak with you through whatever means are available. For me, the library cart answers many prayers.

I have a good rapport with the librarian, a friendly Hispanic lady, due to my eagerness to donate my used books. This jail has little selection—whatever former inmates or local libraries donate. I even heard her say she would "dumpster dive" for books. That's how bad off they are.

Usually, I read history or literature. So, when I received the perfect book from this sad little cart, *The Pilgrim's Progress* by Bunyan, I knew it was heaven-sent.

You might have read about *The Pilgrim's Progress* in *Little Women* and *Little House on the Prairie*. When I was a child, a neighbor loaned me her cherished Little House books, and I loved them so much that I asked for the whole set for my ninth birthday. I wanted the wild, open prairies and blue skies. Laura Ingalls Wilder appealed to my little suburban heart. I craved that magic, that freedom. I still do.

Bunyan wrote the book in the 16th century while jailed for his religious beliefs. It is about a man, the Pilgrim, who leaves everything, even his family, behind to journey to the “narrow gate” of salvation. He encounters many pitfalls, traps, monsters, and even demons. At one point, he’s imprisoned by Despair and Gloom, two miserable, smelly monsters who try to make him kill himself. They cannot harm him, but they can convince him to harm himself.

A lot of the girls in the porn industry (or any of the media industries Satan runs) aren’t harmed by others, but they harm themselves by way of suicide, drug addiction, and living “on the edge.”

It occurred to me that this was Satan’s new game. I felt tremendously depressed—suicidal, even — despite my new faith. Though practicing as a Jewish Orthodox, I had been reading the New Testament and conversing with the jail minister, Rev. Mickel, about Messianic Judaism and the acceptance of Christ Jesus. And it seemed I was attacked nonstop.

People were so “good” in times past because they studied books like *The Pilgrim’s Progress*. Some of Laura Ingalls Wilder’s most memorable childhood stories were from the local church, the local pastor, and her family. Community meant something. That is what made America great. And we’ve lost that.

America will never be a great country if people sit behind screens watching filthy porn. A great world requires us to unite the community to build a better world as God intended. On the Lord’s Sabbath.

# The Fifth Commandment

*Honor your father and mother, then you will live a long, full life in the land the Lord your God is giving you.*

I will admit I've struggled to reconcile with this one for a time. How are we supposed to honor our parents if they aren't God-fearing people? Should I have honored my mother who told me to have an abortion by following her command? If our parents are atheists, agnostics, or Satanists, should we honor them by living their way?

The purpose of life is to give glory to God, to the Creator, to harness the creative force of the Universe within you, but you will be hard-pressed to do so as an atheist, an agnostic, or a Satanist.

Have you ever noticed the Bible is very concerned with genealogy? The Books of Chronicles deal almost exclusively with who begot whom. Who we are and where we come from are very important to us.

It's easy to brush aside genealogy in the Bible as an ancient concern. But look at the modern interest in DNA! People are fascinated by this, and not just for crime-solving purposes. They want to know where they come from and who they are related to, both past and future. I recently read a book about genetics called *She Has Her Mother's Laugh*. It states that if you have European DNA, you are likely related to Charlemagne. Imagine that.

Okay, so how does this relate to pornography? Pornography is a matter of sexual opportunity—choosing porn over real-life sexual congress with a

partner in a committed, hopefully married, relationship. And every time you choose pornography instead, you deprive yourself of the opportunity to either:

1. Form a real-life connection with a partner/spouse
2. Create a child

This deprives your ancestors of their lineage and dishonors your family line. Modern people don't think this way because child creation and childbirth seem so easy. But life is precious, and the human childbearing window is quite short.

For centuries, childbirth was a dangerous process, and early childhood was a precarious time. If you were lucky enough to live through birth, you might not make it through the myriad childhood diseases. I read that the Nordics didn't name their children until age 5, so many cemetery headstones listed "Baby" and the last name only.

Of course, there was also war, famine, and blight. Life in the past was hard, but it was worth striving for. It wasn't until 100 years ago that many modern conveniences we take for granted were invented!

Heck, I'm writing this book on paper with golf pencils! When I tell my friends this, people who use computers and iPhones for everything, they're astonished! But I don't have access to a computer. Imagine! The founders drafted the Constitution of the United States on parchment with quill pens and created a whole country before electricity and

running water were available.

We are only a few generations beyond covered wagons, horses, and buggies. Despite our technology, our bodies haven't changed since Adam and Eve!

A lot of women learn this lesson too late, as they put off childbearing to focus on careers and try to make up for lost time and lost fertility with new techniques like in-vitro fertilization and other cutting-edge procedures. However, nature's optimum window is brief for a reason, and there are unintended consequences, health and otherwise, when doctors attempt to play God with human fertility.

The fact that you are reading this is a miracle and a statistical anomaly. Your ancestors had to survive history's trials, travails, hardships, and perils to produce you. That you could be here, alive and breathing today, healthy enough to worry about the well-being of your eternal soul, is truly remarkable.

Wouldn't it be a shame if thousands of years of human history, all the struggles and joys, love and sorrows, wars survived, and bonds formed were gone in a generation because some fools couldn't get off Pornhub?

Every time you spill your seed, your literal life force, to some video on the internet, you deprive your ancestors of offspring. This is why the Bible prohibits the spilling of seed.

Watching porn dishonors that performer's family line as well. For most, that is exactly the point. Many performers enter the industry with a desire to exact revenge. It's a way to intentionally dishonor your family by abusing yourself. Why would anyone want



to jack off to that? When did dishonor become sexy?

Violence against women is an abundant theme in porn videos, and if you are into that, you're broken, too. There is a reason for the "woman hate" and the overtly abusive scenes the industry produces. Few people discuss it within the industry; it's only spoken about in hushed whispers.

Ready?

The majority of male talents are homosexuals. And I'll tell you another thing—most of them don't like women! That's why the scenes have gotten so degrading, disgusting, and humiliating! It's an open secret, and tenured female talents know this. (This is what Jessica Drake was hinting at when she tweeted at August Ames before Ames's untimely death.) The reality is most porn actors are escorts, and their clients are not female.

Now, I can be nice and say the male talents are "bisexual," but who are we kidding? Men who practice sodomy are homosexuals. That's the truth.

"Hot" men who like women aren't rough and don't choke them, slap them, or spit in their faces. They just don't. But that's standard fare in your modern run-of-the-mill porn scene. And no—the women don't like it! They tolerate it!

Also—anal sex. The industry is overrun with sodomites! The average male talent is more familiar with buttocks than with vaginas!

And you want to take sex tips from porn? Yeah, take tips from a bunch of misogynistic, closeted homosexuals on how to rough up a woman in bed! What could go wrong? (*eye roll*)

Not having been a porn fan, I was not aware of

this part of the porn industry, but I wised up quickly. It only took a few shoots for me to realize that most of the guys were just “playing it straight.” I was just there to work, so I didn’t care—but I made a point to avoid rough scenes if possible.

At my first shoot for “Net Video Girls,” it was clear the male talent was, at the very least, bisexual and very bored with his job. And they all are, because straight men can’t do the job. Or rather, very few can.

Here’s why—the straight men can’t handle the fact that the women don’t want to be there. It messes with their heads. Most heterosexual men, with few exceptions, need women to be in love or at least attracted to them to do the job. Only a man who is disconnected from his natural sexuality can be good at such a bizarre, unnatural act. It is not natural to have sex for money, male or female.

You’ve seen the push for “trans” female porn. The male performers prefer them—they hit them up privately. I know. I’ve seen the messages.

Again—when you jack off to porn, you’re just watching homosexuals abuse women who don’t want to be there.

At the pinnacle of my career, I was deeply involved in fitness and bodybuilding. I even started taking anabolic steroids and looked more masculine as a result. The male performers, as well as some of the directors and producers, loved it! They relished the sterile, gender-neutral look I was sporting! Even my costar, Seth, was suddenly nice to me.

You know why?

Because porn is—say it with me—Satan’s industry! And Satan wants you to be sterile!

I stopped menstruating on anabolic steroids.

Satan's goal is to end the human bloodline. To sterilize us, to get us to spill our seed, and to waste our fertility. Do you see it now? The porn industry rewards what Satan enjoys!

It has taken me years to recognize this and gather the courage to speak openly. When I was part of the industry, disclosing these truths would have resulted in an immediate blacklist. Now, I feel indifferent about that potential backlash and understand the significance of sharing my story. You must grasp the considerable harm that may arise from the energies you emit.

# The Sixth Commandment

*You must not murder.*

I'm sure you think I'll speak now about how pornography is murder for your soul. While that is true, some things are more important to discuss. Pornography and promiscuous sex in general lend themselves to the epidemic of abortion in society today.

I remember one of the porn actresses, Missy Martinez, making light of this on Twitter (now X) in a very off-color joke for Mother's Day when she was "pouring out a 40" for all the babies she aborted. Knowing a bit about Missy's unhappy personal life, I could tell she was hurting. However, I am horrified by how casually people discuss it these days.

There's a reason that, historically, couples courted before they were permitted to date. Back then, supervised dating occurred before they were affianced and allowed to wed. After marriage, they moved in together and started a family. A proper order to these milestones exists for a reason! Reversing it causes chaos and social distress. My story is one example of this and is hardly the worst. Jail is full of women who have children with multiple men or men who sired children with women they barely knew. It is a social and economic catastrophe of epic proportions, especially in low-income areas.

Actions have consequences, and we know babies result from fornication. Children should always be a blessing, a welcome addition to the family. But if

your actions aren't well-thought-out, they can lead to tragedy.

OK, but porn? Didn't we say it causes sterility? Yes, for the end-user. But...

Well, I'm going to be blunt: you're watching murderesses fornicate. How about that? Is that sexy? Is it sexy to think you're watching women who will kill their unborn children (if they haven't already)—children sired by God-knows-who on God-knows-what porn set—just for the convenience of continuing to make money? To keep a so-called “career,” “sucking-and-fucking” a bunch of herpes-ridden homosexuals on camera.

Hot, isn't it?

I'm probably one of the few ex-porn actresses who is happy to see a national trend against abortion for convenience. You know by now that I became a single mother due to my initial refusal to consider it. It was also due to fornicating with a man who was irresponsible, callous, and feckless. (And vindictive, I'd later learn.) But I share my portion of the blame for having sex before marriage.

The porn industry will coerce you to do many things you don't want to do—I didn't want to do GG (girl, girl), then anal, but I did. Finally, it convinced me to have an abortion, too.

I had a copper IUD that worked for years. Until one night, I felt unwell and started to bleed heavily. By the next night, I took a pregnancy test, and sure enough, it was positive. My OB-GYN confirmed it was an ectopic pregnancy of only a few weeks. (That's when the embryo is in the fallopian tube—fairly dangerous.)

I received a shot of methotrexate, a chemotherapy-type compound with horrific side effects that stops cell replication, and a new hormonal IUD. Despite my OB-GYN's warnings, I continued to work all month. I was reckless and felt invincible.

My symptoms returned the next month, so I scheduled another appointment with my OB-GYN. An ultrasound confirmed that I had gotten pregnant again! I couldn't believe my bad luck! Given the fact that I recently received two shots of methotrexate, I felt I couldn't keep the baby. It would develop without a head, brain, or both if I allowed it to grow. Its parentage was also a question mark. I scheduled an abortion.

The likely father was a French male porn actor, a "Don Juan"-type personality with a penchant for cheating on his wives, who were also in the porn industry. He was at least one of the few straight ones (although it could just be a serious case of overcompensation).

I did a *Fifty Shades of Grey*-type scene with the guy. His wife, whom I like, was meant to direct it. (I also liked his former wife; he has good taste in women.) She was talented and pretty cool to work with on set. I'm not sure what she sees in this guy, but honestly, I often shake my head in disbelief at what we do in this industry.

I felt more comfortable with her presence to keep "Don Juan" in check. However, he suddenly decided to film the sex without her on the set. I wasn't OK with this, but it wasn't my set, so I didn't say anything. During the intimate scene, he started acting strange, saying in French that he wanted to

“put a baby in me.”

Wait, what?

I’m offended. I’m weirded-out.

I replied in French that I wanted him to piss on my face or something like that. That turned him on even more.

I was so disgusted that I avoided working with him again. I’m pretty sure it was his brainless baby I aborted because he ejaculated in me without warning. After that whole experience, I numbed myself to the industry. I’d told myself I’d never have an abortion, but now I had.

Everyone in the porn industry is killing themselves a little bit each day. When you constantly have sex with people you don’t care about, it takes its toll on you.

Part of what makes sex enticing and appealing is the feeling of mutual attraction that stems from deep affection, which is built into relationships between men and women. On a porn set, when everyone is paid to be there (and that’s the only reason they’re there), you lose that.

A straight man whose ego is naturally tied to being desired can’t get over the feeling that he isn’t. The women are just there for the paycheck. That kills the excitement for the average guy.

It murders the spirit of attraction.

So, many of them fail their scenes. (To fail a scene is to be unable to get an erection or complete it.) The women try their best to help the guys—if the guy fails, nobody gets paid.

The only men who can consistently do the job are the ones who don’t care about women, don’t like

them, and who are abusive. It is evident in the scenes that the industry produces these days.

Notice how at the end of every porn scene, the guy spills his seed, usually in a degrading way, on the woman's face? It's the murder of life-giving seed! This is symbolic!

Years ago, I studied tantric yoga, a centuries-old and sacred Indian art form. A cornerstone of its belief system is that energy transfers during sexual acts. Yogis even practice retaining semen because they believe that dispensing it needlessly is bad for the body's *chi*, the life force.

There is good reason to be discriminating in your sexual partners and your exchange of sexual fluids. Porn claims to be a "healthy" industry due to its mandate of 14-day STD testing, but it's not. In my four years in the industry, I contracted chlamydia eight times and gonorrhea three.

The constant STD risk is always a problem. Outbreaks and infections can consistently take you out of the game. Antibiotic treatment every few months takes its toll on your immune system. Herpes, of course, is an ongoing problem, and antivirals like acyclovir don't work for everyone.

Everyone in the porn industry has herpes. Everyone. (Actually, 80% of college coeds do, too.) When you watch oral sex scenes, you are watching someone's mouth on herpes-infected genitals.

The herpes problem was so bad that we didn't even call off scenes for it. A few times, I attempted to cancel due to an outbreak, but the producer or director would ask about the "location" and see if it was noticeable. Since the other talent wasn't concerned, they would decide to "just shoot around



it."

One time, I was on set with a girl, a newbie, and about three-quarters of the way through a BGG (boy, girl, girl) scene, I went down to do a position where the male talent goes "doggie" with me while I "eat her out." I got down there and saw a wide-open herpes sore about an inch long. I pretended I didn't see it and moved to do something else to avoid embarrassing her. But yeah, everyone has it.

Syphilis made a comeback around the time I was (ironically, fortunately) arrested. Male actors in the porn industry working in Eastern Europe were allegedly exposed to it. A PR agent informed me, but these guys were so-called "big names," so to "no-list" them (a.k.a., say you won't work with them) was career suicide. How crazy is that? To be more worried about your "no-list" than your health, your life! That's how warped the industry is!

People are scared of HIV, but I am 10 times more scared of syphilis because if (when) it becomes antibiotic-resistant, it will cause batshit insanity and neurological disorders like locomotor ataxia. Then, it is fatal. It has re-emerged in the prostitution community in a very big way, so if you like to visit prostitutes, you are very much at risk. In the past, doctors treated it with a shot of penicillin, but they now realize it takes months of antibiotics. Incidentally, I have met several women (streetwalkers, but also women with just loose morals) in the jail who had it.

(Not for nothing, syphilis is probably responsible for the mania of some of the 20<sup>th</sup> century's worst despots—especially Josef Stalin and Adolf Hitler. It

is a progressive disease and makes people more insane with time. A lot of the Bolsheviks and Nazis had it.)

The porn industry panicked about COVID-19 and mandated every vaccine the government pushed. There is a tremendous irony to herpes-infected people (who willingly slurp on one another's genitals) receiving experimental vaccines when they are otherwise so reckless about their health.

The cognitive dissonance is palpable.

# The Seventh Commandment

*You must not commit adultery.*

This one should be self-evident. Watching pornography is adultery. Lust is adultery. Jesus said in Matthew 5:28, “Anyone who even looks at a woman with lust has already committed adultery with her in his heart. So if your eye—even your good eye—causes you to lust, gouge it out and throw it away. It is better for you to lose one part of your body than for your whole body to be thrown into hell. And if your hand—even your stronger hand—causes you to sin, cut it off and throw it away. It is better for you to lose one part of your body than for your whole body to be thrown into hell.”

Yes, that’s a direct quote. And that’s the “turn the other cheek” (Luke 6:29) Christ Jesus. He’d rather have you blinded, with one hand, in heaven with Him, than in hell with the other guy.

But wait!—you’re thinking, what about people who use pornography together? Those “super cool” couples. Those “lifestylers” that allegedly “aren’t the jealous types”? (You think you’ve got me there, right?)

Most people don’t realize that pornography is filmed with the exclusive purpose of stimulating the male audience. This is why when couples say they watch porn “together”—let’s be honest—the guy is watching, and the woman is participating so she can

seem “cool.” Like a “down girl.” Women do not enjoy gratuitous penis-in-vagina close-up shots.

Let me tell you a story about a woman I’ll call Carol (not her real name) and how porn essentially ruined her life.

Carol is one of the best people I’ve encountered in jail. When I met her, it was quickly clear she didn’t belong to the criminal element of society. She’s sincere, she’s funny, and she’s well-educated. Looking at Carol at first glance, you see a tall, thin, pretty woman in her mid-40s with a spunky haircut and a few hip tattoos. She was always very discreet about her “case,” as people say in jail, and it’s considered poor form to inquire.

As circumstances had it, we bunked together, and she showed an interest in my former profession. I was used to the “homegirls” wanting to talk porn—you know, the street girls, the girls who have been a part of the underworld, so to speak. (Those girls, ironically, tend to be closer to God. Hardship does that to people. I like those girls a lot, by the way.) But Carol seemed so straitlaced, so different, so “normal.” I finally had to ask her, “OK, what gives?”

It turns out she and her husband were porn enthusiasts! And when I say that, I mean her husband was a porn enthusiast, and, as a supportive wife of almost three decades, she was along for the “ride.” His particular fetish was watching White women with well-endowed Black men.

Carol lacked sexual experience before her husband. I believe she’d married him fresh out of high school. Can you imagine the damage it does to the psyche of a woman with little to no sexual

experience when the father of her children encourages her to watch such trash as he goes on about how it “turns him on” and “gets him off”? Can you imagine the insecurity it caused? The total damage to the relationship, sexually and otherwise? To be inundated, year after year, by a person you love, who allegedly loves you, with videos of women doing insane things while telling you he “needs” these things to “get off”?

After years of indulging his wild fantasies and with a bit of resentment, Carol found an opportunity to cheat in real life. The problem? The young man was a minor—he was 17½. It was illegal. She went to jail. She ruined her life due to very poor judgment. I’m not excusing her behavior! But Carol is deeply remorseful for her actions. Still, I see it as a final act in a long list of sins.

News flash: there’s no such thing as a human who isn’t jealous! I can’t tell you how many times I received private messages from even the porn performers complaining to me, “Mercedes, my boyfriend ‘cheated’ on me by doing content behind my back with this bitch he knows I don’t like! Can you pretty please no-list him for me?”

These are people who have sex for a living, but their feelings are still involved in everything they do! The porn industry is full of drama like this. Even when the “boyfriends” are gay, they get very upset when high-end escorting clients wine-and-dine the actresses. Many of the performer couples would put restrictions on each other, such as whom they could work with, whom they could kiss, etc. It’s all absurd when you think about it.

Of course we are jealous! We are like our creator, and He is a jealous God!

Also, due to the current influx of homosexuals in pornography, there's an over-emphasis on the "big dick" or the "BBC" (the "big Black cock"). This was not the case before the 21st century. (Hopefully, recent stories about homosexual rappers prove my point—it's been this way for years—the "downlow" community—that's what saggy pants signified originally! That a guy in prison was a homosexual!) The reality is the average vagina neither wants nor needs a "BBC."

When gay men took over porn, they started fixating on big dicks. Take a look at old '80s and '90s porn. The penis size was far more average. The normal vagina can't take a very long penis. I hated working with those very large guys. I'd do it, but I'd take an ibuprofen and a baclofen to get through it. Not fun. Also, please do not try to jackhammer real women like you see in porn scenes! It's very annoying in porn and even more uncomfortable in real life. You're not a porn actor. Do NOT do this! It does not feel good!

(Also, stop comparing your penis to a porn penis. It's gay. You only have one penis. It's fine; it's the penis God intended you to have! Stop watching porn and looking at other dudes' dicks.)

Stoney, a producer since the '80s, confirmed that back when performers were straight, they weren't as fixated on penis size. A lot of this has to do with sodomy—anal sex. Gay men who pride themselves on being called "butt sluts" have brought their obsession with an extra-large dick to the porn industry.

The only part of the anus with nerve endings is the sphincter. The rest of the rectum is like a balloon with no feeling. Doing “large toys” is only possible once the sphincter stretches.

And, by the way, the sphincter tears. One Russian performer required a surgical repair that cost more than \$25K a decade ago. Tears must be fixed, or anal prolapse (meaning your rectum falls out of your anus) occurs. Gross.

An anal pornography scene is quite a task. I used to starve while undergoing a two-hour, extremely complicated series of enemas to ensure I’d have no “waste” problems on set. Many girls live on gummy bears because they are pure sugar and turn to liquid in the stomach—it’s a high risk for the blood sugar and metabolism. Many end up so shaky they’re almost falling down by the time the scene starts.

Modern people like to dismiss these consequences because they feel the biblical prohibition against sodomy is hateful. As someone who has unfortunately had more than my share of anal sex, I can tell you firsthand it is a filthy practice, and there is a reason it was biblically prohibited. Sexually transmitted diseases easily spread when the rectum tears, especially blood-borne diseases such as HIV. From a basic hygienic standpoint, there is no good reason to put the human penis in the hole from which one defecates. It’s disgusting.

One of my greatest regrets about being in the industry is the people it exposed me to. When I was online, I had a diverse “fanbase.” Instead of using my platform to speak about only pornography (like

most performers), I chose to speak about my personal interests—science, technology, politics, and gaming. As a result, I had an interesting, well-rounded group of followers.

In jail, I received letters from guys who are more typical of your standard porn watcher. Some were just fans across the country, offering support or words of encouragement. For those few, I was grateful. But for every five of those, I'd receive a stack of letters from convicts now inside the jail, who assumed I'd send them pictures and smut letters *gratis*.

At first, I was somewhat amused because I had no idea this dynamic existed in jail. But I quickly became disgusted with it. Initially, I'd send a signed picture and a short note. But at 80 cents an envelope, that quickly became expensive and tedious. As it became evident I'd be here longer than anticipated, I realized these guys had their own "game." Many are married or have a "baby mama" supporting them! Yet these guys use the money their women on the outside send them to get postage for smut letters instead of buying soap, soup, or phone time. Unbelievable.

This isn't like hitting someone up on IG or chat, etc. This is real postage, snail mail. It costs real money. And every cent counts in jail!

It seems to me that adultery has become a big joke in modern society, when it's stable families that largely set humans apart from animals. It's really what distinguishes a civilized society from an uncivilized one.

I've noticed that many uneducated people come from homes with myriad half-siblings, many have



more than a few “baby daddies,” and many of those “baby daddies” have more than a few “baby mommas” of their own. This is becoming more normal than not in American society, and the policies of the so-called “welfare state” aren’t helping (as they incentivize single motherhood). Men know they can act recklessly, and the “state” will pick up the tab for their progeny. A system originally designed as a stopgap has become a way of life and a de facto excuse for too many people. And a lot of these men feel no guilt about walking away.

My parents, bless them, for all their faults, were married until my father’s death from cancer, and my father was not a philanderer. Despite my parents’ lack of religious values, I was very fortunate that they worked, fulfilled their tasks, and kept the family intact.

One guy had the nerve—the nerve!—to send me a picture of himself with his wife! Wearing a wedding ring and everything! Then he started writing to me every day. His bizarre, one-way conversation made it sound like we were making romantic plans. I’m not kidding. I saved some of the notes because they were so weird. I was very clear that this wasn’t romantic. I thanked him for the legal information he sent and told him about a book about Russia.

I didn’t understand why he was doing this until he let it slip that he had seen me in a video in 2017 while he was in prison. He is a fan—they all are. But I’m not real.

This is the world porn wrought for me, and in an attempt to regain some self-esteem, I inadvertently became the very kind of woman that I hated. And I

hate myself for that. I don't want that kind of attention.

Even when I wrote back to that guy and told him, "Hey, I'm out of the business; I'm a changed person," all he did was invent new tactics. They don't believe me, even though I've been in jail longer than I was in the adult industry. And jail will change a person!

And, again, I remind you: Porn actresses are not in porn for the sex! Money, yes! Attention, maybe. But sex—no way! Know how you can tell?

Tell them you're having an orgy—you can't pay, but the dick will be great! See how many show up...  
...told you so!

# The Eighth Commandment

*You must not steal.*

If you've ever watched porn on a tube site online, you've stolen. Period.

Pornhub started as a piracy site like Napster. Over the years, it has tried to legitimize itself. Still, its business model is to steal content from legitimate adult producers, post it online for free, bankrupt the company, and then purchase it for a song. Pornhub destroyed the fundamentals of the adult industry's profit model and created a de facto monopoly.

When I started in 2014, the tube sites began their fever pitch of dominance. Personal websites, which had been very profitable in the 2000s (like Club Jenna and McKenzie), were on the outs. MindGeek (now rebranded as Aylo) was in the process of bankruptcy and purchased all the reluctant production studios.

As a result, the porn industry became a monster, a multi-headed Hydra, and it all feeds the same sources. Moreover, the tube sites are, at their core, extremely corrupt and have a nefarious agenda. Unless you have worked inside the industry, it seems extremely illogical. Because it is.

I was not an industry enthusiast, so I didn't watch pornography. Remember, I was a mainstream model and a SAG member. As weird as Hollywood is, it is very different. There are hundreds of times

more people, and everything is far more produced. There is also a lot more money on the line.

Even when I performed, I rarely watched the finished product. Most of what I learned about the industry resulted from talking to producers and directors. They'll tell you how the industry works behind closed doors, usually through complaints.

The kind of content MindGeek pushed seemed odd. Everyone on set, from producers to talent, would wonder, *Who watches this?* They were very heavy on "step/incest" scenes, a gimmick that didn't seem sexy to us. It seemed bizarre. Brazzers instructed the male talent to pull out his obscenely large penis and act "shocked" at the size. They also specialized in finding talent that looked very, very young.

Though these actors were in their mid-20s, it was creepy. However, the producers assured us it was "SEO"—search engine optimization—approved. They had done the research, they had the numbers, and none of it was sexy.

If you said anything negative about MindGeek, you were placed on a blacklist. MindGeek had the power to make and break performers. Yet it was a pay-to-play system! Their ranking system was artificial—all bought and paid for!

During the "Pornhub Awards," fans tweeted at some well-known, active performers—asking them why they weren't there. These were people like the guys who had won "AVN Performer of the Year" multiple times at the Adult Video Awards. Well, Pornhub didn't invite them because they didn't pay for their ranking! It only invited its contracted girls at Brazzers and the cam girls who pay for placement

on Pornhub. Most of the industry people weren't invited! Yet it made its "business" by stealing the industry's content!

But let's talk about time for a minute. Every minute that you spend jerking off to stolen pornographic content online is a minute of your life you will not get back. Many people waste time because they don't realize its value. But the thing about time is that you cannot borrow it, and even with all the riches in the world, you cannot purchase it. We all have a finite amount. The time you lose is gone forever, and you never know exactly when your time will run out.

Take it from someone who has had her liberty stripped from her senselessly. Even from the inside of a jail cell, or maybe especially so, the last thing I'd ever want to do again is see a porn video. Hence, my disgust with the men who write me expecting I'll be "down" to reply with smut. No! Once you've had everything taken from you, you realize—if you're normal—that you miss the sun, the plants, the trees, the sounds of birds, and the sky. I miss the people I love. But porn? No way! It is one of humanity's worst inventions.

Why would you waste your day doing something so mind-numbingly stupid as jerking off to disgusting videos online? Why don't you go for a walk? Or read a book? Or visit a valued friend or cherished family member? Or volunteer in your local community? I can think of a million better things to do with my time or yours, for that matter.

There's an errant belief that "sex is as necessary as food," but as someone who has been celibate for

five years, I can tell you that is untrue. It is very possible to live without sex and have no ill effects. But to live without feeling the sun on your face, without the sounds of nature or the smell of freedom, that will affect the soul. To live away from the people you love will erode the spirit in ways you can't quite imagine.

There's nothing beautiful or joyful about pornography. It is grotesque and sordid. If porn were beautiful and joyful, people would watch it in the open. But they don't—they watch it behind closed doors in shame. It is a thief.

You already know that Satan's goal is to steal your life force, as well as your time, happiness, choices, and family. Grotesque videos of degenerate sexual encounters that are unnatural and abnormal are his tools. Do you see this now?

# The Ninth Commandment

*You must not testify falsely against your neighbor.*

Everyone who uses porn lies about it or hides it unless they're psychopaths. This fact suggests that people are aware they're doing something wrong. If it were OK, why lie?

Most of my “fans” throughout the years have been single men. But occasionally, married men tried to entwine me in their webs of bullshit, lies, and subterfuge. This perplexed me until I realized that, like the porn Don Juans, these men sought the emotional high they lacked at home.

One of these guys, I'll call him Ronnie, popped in and out with ever-changing numbers and backstories, and the more I heard, the more disgusted I got. He had multiple children (possibly multiple wives, as he was in the Navy), and when he started “catching feelings,” I dropped him like a bad habit. He was playing a game with a secret double life and porn habit all to make his normal life feel more exciting.

Now, remember, this guy has a wife or girlfriend (maybe you do, too), and was willing to sacrifice a real-life relationship for a fantasy that doesn't exist! A relationship in his head! A woman who only exists on a computer screen! How bizarre is that?

And that's the problem with porn—it robs the viewer of his ability to discern between fantasy and

fiction. Thus, many viewers often find a way to escape into a fantasy world. And they'll lie to everyone to cover their tracks. I was a victim of this! This is how it all started! My ex is a porn fan!

"But Mercedes, they are real people," you say! "The girls on webcams, on OnlyFans, etc. They talk to me!"

Well, I'll let you in on a secret—the sex industry is going to blow its top, but I don't work for it anymore, so I don't care.

Whenever you're talking to some "horny" porn actress or cam girl or OnlyFans star who is "so wet" and "wants to play," there's a good chance you're actually chatting with some fat, sweaty, smelly guy in a warehouse in Las Vegas who is managing about 50 accounts at once. Real women don't talk like that. They just don't. But men who are pretending to talk like women do.

I know a successful male porn star named Johnny who is also a great businessman. He set up a very successful hustle for himself, and all the girls in the industry help him.

Most girls dislike interacting directly with the fans, so Johnny came up with a brilliant idea. He already had a sizable production team and thought, "I know! I'll have the girls send me pre-recorded content once a month. My team can film it. Then, my guys can manage the accounts, engage in the flirty conversations the fans want to hear, and profit from it."

Worked like a charm. The girls didn't have to talk to "the creeps," and Johnny took a sizable cut. He comes from an old-school mafioso family, it's rumored, so this is right up his alley.



The female performers were happy to farm out the responsibility of talking to the creeps online. After all, some money is better than no money, especially for pre-canned content.

So now you know. The entire industry is essentially a vast web of “false witnesses.” Why? Because it’s Satan’s industry, and Satan is a liar!

You may think I’m being dramatic or even positively medieval when I attribute the porn industry and its machinations to Satan, but I have good reason for doing so. Aside from the war machine, few industries on this planet perpetually destroy as much as this one does.

Yet, unlike in war—where people are destroyed by others, and sometimes for very good reasons—the people in the porn industry destroy themselves. Why is this? What is it about the industry that makes people so miserable?

A pastor I watched a few weeks ago discussed the “urge to live,” explaining that life is a struggle for existence. He repeatedly emphasized, “Say yes to life,” which I found amusing because I often tell that to the girls here. It was an uplifting, affirming sermon. We can observe this theme throughout nature: Life persists even in the most challenging circumstances.

From my jail window, I can see a spot on the top of the building where dandelions grow. Life sprouted even in the most unlikely, most hostile of places. It goes against the natural order to self-destruct, to not want to live.

I was woefully ignorant of what the industry entailed when I became a porn actress. I had no idea

how strange and contrary the scenes were to the natural order. I assumed, wrongly, that I'd be having sex with mostly heterosexual males. Instead, most of my scenes ended up being either "GG" or with homosexual men in weird "step" setups. There is very little that is "normal" or "natural" about what the porn industry produces.

The industry lies about what is "sexy" and normalizes bizarre and unnatural acts like anal and multiple-partner sex. It's a lot of work for not much payoff. Even as a porn actress, I would joke that the only way to get any of us to do "porn sex" was to "pay our rate." None of us would do any of it for free. Male or female.

Satan is lying to you, pushing his agenda of abnormal sex because it is sterile, and he wants humanity to be sterile.

God said, "Go forth and multiply." Our God gifted humans the ability to procreate. Satan and his minions don't have that ability. God wants us to have healthy, happy lives and bodies to create families. He does not lie to us. He does not tell us that depraved, unnatural encounters will make us happy.

Satan does.

Satan also told Eve to disobey God in the Garden of Eden, and from there, humanity knew sin. Satan encouraged sin from the beginning of the human story.

"But Mercedes—it's just acting! Surely you don't really believe in Satan?"

How much proof of Satan in society do you need? He doesn't even hide his presence anymore! He flaunts it! Our society swims in the Devil's grip,

and it is because we are foolish enough to think we are so modern, so advanced, so scientific, that there is just no way that “Satan” or demonic forces exist!

Oh really? Have you ever seen people possessed, truly possessed, by the demons of drugs or alcohol? I have. It is a terrifying thing. I have seen people so gripped by these evil spirits that it is not clear they will ever return. Jail is full of people like this.

Why do you think tent cities continue to pop up across America, no matter how many untold billions of dollars the states pour into the homeless problem?

The problem isn’t “homelessness”—it’s spiritual! Most of the homeless are in the grip of a drug problem that secular counseling cannot treat. Without a spiritual sense of self-worth, people cannot change their lives. The spirits of demonic drug addiction hold people and won’t let go!

That’s why believing in God and turning to Him changes people. The Holy Spirit denies the Devil entry. That’s also why AA and other similar recovery programs require a belief in a higher power as a central tenet of recovery.

Once, a group of church ladies visited the jail. They were all bubbly and wonderful, but one stood out. She was an older Hispanic woman who looked much younger than her age. She wore a stylish blue skirt suit and bright red lipstick, highlighting her warm smile. While it was clear she was filled with God’s love and the Holy Spirit, she also had a vibe about her that signaled she was “one of us”—“from the streets.” And so it was. She started to tell her story of being one of the “homegirls” from the

neighborhood and being so high that her friends had to physically drag her into church.

God pulled her back to Him.

We are never truly lost. We might stray, but God knows where to find us. So it was with this beautiful woman. She was always one of God's anointed.

She had been clean for more than 20 years, and her radiant joy showed it. She spoke and spoke, getting increasingly animated and excited, and while I'll never remember everything she said or her whole testimony, I'll always remember the feeling of listening.

As she neared the end of her story, I noticed she became a bit self-conscious. We were completely captivated by her, and she had been speaking for longer than she likely intended. She began to wrap up her remarks, aware of the time. At that moment, I thought, "No—please keep going!" I could have listened to her all day. Usually, I don't let anything interrupt my three hours of recreational time each day, but this woman's testimony was an extraordinary experience that I will never forget.

I still had a little way to go on my path of faith—there's a parable in the New Testament about seeds being thrown on shallow vs. fertile soil (Mark 4:1-9). I was not yet fertile soil. But this lovely woman spoke to my heart because she spoke God's truth and was living proof of His love. Without plastic surgery, without a bunch of "extras," she was one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen because she was filled with the Holy Spirit. Nobody in the "adult industry" comes close to this woman's beauty, despite the thousands spent on Botox™, Restylane™, and surgery. The Holy Spirit makes you

more beautiful than any surgery men could devise.

This is why we cannot lie against ourselves, others, or the world. We must live in the truth, in God's Holy Word. People may say, "But it's just porn," or "It's just a drink!" No! These habits will lead you down the path to hell!

Dance with the Devil, get burned. But choose God's way—be beautiful.

## The Tenth Commandment

*You must not covet your neighbor's house. You must not covet your neighbor's wife, male or female servant, ox or donkey, or anything else that belongs to your neighbor.*

This should be clear, but to modernize:

*You must not covet your neighbor's house. You must not covet your neighbor's spouse, workers, business, ideas, boat, electronics, or anything else that belongs to your neighbor.*

Do not covet—do not envy!

Wait—how do we reconcile that in a society of materialism? How can we be—gasp!—happy with what we have? The very point of capitalism is to make you unhappy with what you have, so you'll buy more stuff, right?

“But won't you be happier with more stuff?”  
Satan asks.

Have you ever noticed that the happiest people in the world do not have the most stuff? How many stories have you read of billionaires who finally get everything, only to give it all away? Or rich celebrities who seem to have it all, yet commit suicide?

People even watch pornography and think, if only I had a sex life like that, like this, I'd be happy. Or, if I could have sex with women who act like that, I'd be content!

Here's a story about a young man who joined the

industry because he was a fan. He was peripherally associated with one of the agents linked to the mafioso business. This young man was kind of a hoodlum—rumors had it he was on parole in his home state on the East Coast for drug trafficking, and his parole officer told him to get a “legal” job. So, to thumb his nose at the system, he became a porn actor. It’s legal work. He was thrilled.

Once he got in, he found the world he envied wasn’t “greener” pastures. It’s not glamorous work! Most female talent doesn’t want to be there most days if they show up at all! Some have questionable hygiene in real life. (Even ringworm became a problem for a while, courtesy of the younger girls in the industry! Disgusting! Yuck!)

After a few months of performing, our hoodlum had enough! I think he realized drug trafficking was easier than being a “porn stud.” He quit. And he was one of the few heterosexuals. The straight ones always leave.

I once heard envy means judging your insides by someone else’s outsides. That’s very true. You never know the truth of a situation until you live it.

The porn industry is going to be very unhappy with me for disclosing all of this, but part of the reason I feel so compelled to do so is due to a young woman I met in jail. I’ll call her “K.”

K was briefly my cellmate after she had been arrested for possession of pornography depicting minors. But in this bizarre story, things were not what they seemed!

K had set herself up online as a “content creator,” which was a keyword phrase for “girl who

makes custom X-rated videos” in this case. She was barely 20 but looked much younger, so she attracted an especially creepy fanbase. Men contacted her on various online platforms, inquiring about her “rate” for custom videos, and some perverts sent her child sexual abuse videos. She would then block, report, and delete. But to do so, it is necessary to “screen” the “content.” So, the content remained traceable on her phone even after she removed it. And it is illegal. She is now in possession of illegal content. What a mess.

In talking with K, I realized how normalized pornography has become with this younger generation and how catastrophic this is. “Content creation” and “OnlyFans” have become mainstream among very young women. This is horrifying. Before, only a fringe subset of women went into “sex work,” mostly out of desperation. They were rebels, drug users, or people already on the fringes of entertainment who dared to work in pornography.

This new generation of young women is “content creating” while they live at home, go to college, or, God forbid, high school. They do not realize the danger they open themselves to or the damage they do to their futures. Once that content has been on the internet, erasing it is almost impossible. Many OnlyFans girls learn the hard way that the internet is forever. So-called fans will steal your content and put it online for free, while the tube sites steal it for the ad revenue. Once you create content online, you’ll have difficulty securing a “normal” future for yourself. Say goodbye to that career in teaching or nursing.

I feel awful because part of the reason these



young women think the industry is cool is women like me, the porn actresses who ran around doing interviews about “free speech” and “sex positivity.” I made it seem that way. Realistically, we were all overcompensating. I’m very sorry for that.

One of my biggest regrets, and I still feel awful about this, is that one of the young women in the industry approached me at an event. At the time, I appeared on numerous conservative podcasts and talk shows. She had decided to do porn, and her father was (rightfully) displeased. However, he changed his mind after watching me on a conservative show he liked. That has always weighed heavily on my heart. I’d never encourage anyone else to do porn. I’m very sorry I made it seem OK for anyone to do.

K told me “the guys” online make it seem like “you’re the hottest thing” if you’re a porn star. When she said that to me, I sensed a tinge of sadness in her voice. It was the same sadness I felt when I realized my ex had cheated on me (repeatedly with women like “Double D Dee Dee,” the name he used in his phone for the alcohol sales rep with the huge breast augmentation who made me feel so very inferior. Years later, I would also get myself a pair of double Ds).

I felt awful hearing how defeated and inferior pornography made this beautiful young girl feel. It is ruining this generation. And I had become part of the problem without realizing it. The whole industry is. It’s corrupting everyone’s minds.

The industry also puts girls in constant competition with each other. Divide and conquer. I

mean, “Best Anal Scene”? Really? You’re kidding, right? But by keeping the women in competition, they won’t unify, come together, and say—hey, wait a second! Why don’t we get royalties, like in Hollywood? Why do we have our content stolen? Why are we used and discarded like trash? We are the faces, bodies, and products of this industry. Why are we abused on set? Why can’t we decide on the themes, the cost, and the filming? It’s our industry!

Even though many of the girls, deep down, hate the industry, the desire to compete and win is so fundamental to the human condition that it keeps the women focused on who this year’s “AVN” or “XBIZ” winner will be, rather than demanding real change. So, nothing changes. It keeps getting worse.

The women thus continue in a never-ending cycle of Botox™, Restylane™, Juvéderm™, and the myriad surgical procedures from breast reshaping, labia reshaping, lip reshaping, buttock reshaping, and on. All to keep up with each other. Yet most remain insecure, as there’s no real end to the surgical merry-go-round!

The women are objects. And objects don’t have feelings. Poor K had been deeply traumatized by what she saw online and even by the “play-acting” she had willingly agreed to do. This happens to a lot of girls in porn. It’s why drug use is such an epidemic. When I was in, most of the girls used Xanax. It was legally prescribed so frequently that they could have it on set. Still, they were zoned out. Look, asking a very young woman to enjoy sex with a man twice her age is weird. She will choose to be high. (I’ll talk more about this in the next chapter, “The Curses.”)

For K, none of it was worth it. Fortunately, the district attorney saw the big picture in her case. They let her go home on OR. I did my best to convince her to stop “content creation.” I hope it sank in. I think it did. Jail is a scary place. Being here made it all very real for her. Yes, the money was fast, but the psychological trauma of it all wasn’t worth it.

I didn’t go into the industry until I was 30. These days, young women are joining at 18. They are still children psychologically. When I was in the industry, many wished the minimum performing age was 21 because 18 is so young. I still think that’s a good idea. But with the internet and independent platforms now, there’s no way to stop this trend unless women like me expose the industry for what it is. It’s not cool! It’s not fun! It will ruin your life!

# The Curses

The first time I read a section called “The Curses from Mount Ebal,” it struck me that the vast majority of the porn industry’s scenes are cursed. We could take it a step further and include most modern media, but for now, we will limit it to porn.

The Bible has many rules and prohibitions regarding right living and sexual practices. (You can find these in Leviticus, especially 18:1-30.) The Bible also specifies practices that are cursed. You can find them in Deuteronomy 27, and they are surprisingly specific:

*27:20: Cursed is anyone who has sexual intercourse with one of his father’s wives, for he has violated his father.*

*27:22: Cursed is anyone who has sexual intercourse with his sister, whether she is the daughter of his father or his mother.*

*27:23: Cursed is anyone who has sexual intercourse with his mother-in-law.*

Can you believe these curses are the theme of most porn industry scene “set-ups” these days?!

My first “real” scripted scene was for a company called New Sensations. It produced DVD content, which I was told was “vanilla”—no rough sex, nothing “weird.” Um, OK. I quickly learned the porn industry doesn’t provide talent with any real information except call time, location, and maybe instructions on wardrobe. This is very different from Hollywood, where you typically receive a script, information on the talent, and contact details. Porn

flies by the seat of its pants. However, the day rate was the same as a SAG day rate, offering same-day pay. Great!

When I arrived at the set, the people included the director, his assistant, and eventually the talent. The director was a burned-out Hollywood type; he reminded me of a union lighting grip on a mainstream set. He seemed competent with cameras and lighting but almost bored with the job. OK, cool.

The talent was, well, weird. He was a macabre, pale, out-of-shape, goofy-looking, awkward guy named Tommy. I would later find out he is considered one of the industry's top "actors"—he's a frustrated actor and excels at BDSM scenes. I didn't know, as I avoided that world like the plague. When I signed up for porn, I imagined I'd be having sex with buff studs with '90s-style tribal tats, and this wasn't it.

Whatever, I'm here now, I thought. Years of Hollywood professionalism and a seriously depleted bank account kept me on set. I had no idea what I was doing, but whatever. Fake it till you make it, right?

I expected they would cast me as a bored housewife and Tommy as a pizza or pool guy. That's how these scenes go, right?

Wrong!

I'm going to be Tommy's "sister"! Well, his "stepsister." But yeah, "sister." Wait, what? WTF?

This is nothing new to the director or Tommy. They've probably done five "step" scenes this week. But I was seriously perplexed.

They shot a setup about laundry. Because, as we all know, laundry is sexy!

The sex was horrible. (I worked with Tommy many times in my career, and it was always awful. He's just, well, awkward.)

It was especially awkward because Tommy ran the whole scene. And, of course, the setup was just unsexy.

I got through it. I collected my paycheck and recorded a promo video. I don't think the company liked me because I didn't work for it again soon after.

I remember leaving in my car, thinking, What the hell was that?!

Oh, Mercedes, just you wait!

Because I started performing at an in-between age for a performer (18 to 21 is the "college girl" category, and 40+ is the "MILF" category), there wasn't really a market for me. I have it on good authority that the agent I signed with, Mark, didn't initially want me on his roster. In hindsight, I should have shopped around. However, consistent with my tendency to try to prove I am "good enough" in environments where I am ultimately unwanted, I decided to work hard and prove myself.

Eventually, my agents learned they could book me as a young-looking "MILF." The "stepmom" and "dad's hot wife" roles rolled in. The irony, of course, is that the same male talent who had just played my stepbrother now played my stepson.

While I was grateful for the money, everything about the scenes felt wrong. I wasn't the only one who thought so. Several of us on set would joke, "Is this what people are really into?" Did everyone

suddenly become very perverse in just one generation?

We tried to explain it. Maybe it was the new fans; they were perverted basement-dwellers. Or it was the international market—isn't incest more normal overseas? Or, well—I mean, what demographic can we blame it on today?

The industry veterans would reminisce about the good old days—back when porn was still hot chicks sunbathing and pool boys and pizza guys or plumbers coming around for a house visit. Those were the days! They even sometimes included Puerto Vallarta, bikinis, and gratuitous amounts of suntan oil!

The big X-factor that seemed to change everything was the internet. Digital media. The good old days were done on film. Back when porn was on video, “movies,” as the old-school producers called it, may have been smutty, seedy, and in poor taste, but they weren't filled with uncomfortable themes like “incest” or the demented BDSM you see today. Anal was considered incredibly “hardcore.” Now, it's standard practice. As bizarre as it may sound to us today, theaters once showed X-rated videos. Can you imagine seeing some of porn's current productions in the privacy of the theaters?

*Anal Destroyers II—Ripped-Apart Sluts.* Theatre B, 7 p.m., 9 p.m., 11 p.m., 1 a.m.

Who would take a date to see that?

Around the time I exited the industry, a company called Gamma produced some experimental movies. It was trying for higher-end productions, but many had a creepy, horror-flick vibe. I remember thinking,

what kind of creep would jerk off to this? Who wants their pornography to include murder and torture? One of Gamma's actors offered me a role in one of its next productions, but I declined. I never did any kind of violence. Maybe I'm superstitious, but I hate gore and blood. I often received offers and invites to B-movies because I looked like Vampirella, but I always turned them down. The fanbase in that world creeps me out.

A lesbian ran Gamma at the time, and I remember thinking she was out of touch with what men wanted, but the industry funded her projects anyway. Directors and talent were thrilled to be doing something "different" and "creative"—many of them are horror movie fans and frustrated actors. They seemed to forget they were supposed to create sexy content. To me, it was spooky. You'd have to be psycho to jerk off to themes of horror and murder.

There was a talent I knew in the industry who performed BDSM scenes, the intense ones for Kink and similar sites. As a result, she generated a very bizarre fan base. One of them became obsessed to the point of stalking her, coming to her home, breaking in, and almost assaulting her. Fortunately, her husband arrived and rescued her, but it could have been all bad.

She paused her career briefly but eventually returned to the industry. A lot of the women do. No matter how much damage it does to their lives, they can't stay away. I'm unsure if it's the excitement, the thrill, or the money. It is a fact that working in the industry paints a big scarlet letter for the rest of your life, whether you like it or not. You can't do anything



else. You're stuck.

This lends itself to the addiction problem in the industry. A lot of the performers use drugs to cope. There is, of course, a chicken/egg aspect to this problem. When I was performing from 2014 to 2018, the main drug of choice on set, besides legal marijuana, was Xanax. It was easy to get a prescription for Xanax. A prescription was important because otherwise, the performers legally could not consent to the activity they were engaging in.

Realistically, the girls were zonked-out all day. Yes, maybe on legal compounds like Xanax, other psychiatric meds, or legal marijuana, but they were high. Especially the young ones. And how could they not be? You're asking them to have sex with ugly guys twice their age and call them "Daddy." They need to be high to do this. They thought porn would be fun, and it's not fun. And now they're here, and it isn't cool, and they're stuck. Remember—they come for the money, the glamour. They might get some money, but it's not glamorous!

And even if they thought they came to Porn Valley for the sex, after a few shoots, they'll learn that, yeah, the sex isn't good, either. Porn sex isn't fun. It's work. So, to cope, they get high.

Except the problem now is fentanyl, which will kill you. In the last five years, fentanyl has become an outright epidemic. According to *The Trumpet*, an informative magazine and website that I highly recommend, 200 people die in this country every day from fentanyl overdoses.

Fentanyl enters the country through our porous

southern border, often hidden in counterfeit prescription pills and street drugs like cocaine and methamphetamines. Only 2mg of fentanyl is enough to kill a person, and more than 70,000 people died last year of fentanyl alone.

The porn industry is crazy if it thinks it can legislate away a problem like drug use by mandating drug testing. It expects naive young women to traipse into Satan's lair and emerge unscathed. The porn industry, by its nature, destroys these women. The problem is systemic.

The young performers, in particular, use drugs because they cannot psychologically cope with what they do on set. They expect to work with their "porn idols" and instead end up doing incest scenes with older talent.

The male talents are homosexual, don't like women, and are very, very rough. Alternatively, they're greasy older men trying to overcompensate by dating very young female talent. (I've seen that, too—nothing worse than an aging hipster!)

So, the young performers feel as bad about themselves as they did before they joined the industry. And they compete with each other. The fans exploit them, and so does the industry. There's no winning.

Early in my career, I met a porn actor, Mark Ashley, who the industry had utterly destroyed. He had been wildly successful as AVN's "Male Performer of the Year" for multiple years.

He tried to warn me about the Devil's playground I was entering. Mark had an unfortunate accident on set—his dick broke. Yes, broke. Technically, a female talent broke it. She was in

“reverse cowgirl,” came down the wrong way, and it snapped. That happens.

If a male talent’s dick breaks on set, it can be fixed, but it never really works right again. And then, of course, the guy is a bit gun-shy. Plus, it takes time to heal. And there’s no unemployment insurance for porn actors.

Mark expected a bit more support from his friends than he got. Instead, he found everyone turned on him when he needed them most. Porn is a weird industry because people seem like friends due to the close, intimate nature of the job, but in reality, everyone waits for others to fall.

Mark is good-looking: tall, blonde, and well-built with a slightly lazy eye that adds to his charm. Our work together marked his first and last return to the industry. He decided that it had changed, or maybe he had. He couldn’t do it anymore. He said he was glad to work with me, and I felt the same. Then he warned me that only the worst people will last in the adult industry long term. He knew. He’d seen it. He warned me, “You’re a good person. Get out. It’ll destroy you.” He was right.

Ultimately, the loss of his career was a blessing, as it enabled him to move close to his young daughter in a different country. God’s plan for Mark was not pornography.

The people who last in porn for decades are indeed those who have no qualms about doing Satan’s bidding. And those who are incompatible with the industry don’t end up there long. Many of the performers I liked most quit the soonest.

Digital porn quickly became the domain of the

Prince of the Air—Satan himself. This is why Paul said in Ephesians 6:12, “For we are not fighting against flesh and blood enemies, but against evil rulers and authorities of the unseen world, against mighty powers in this dark world, and against evil spirits in the heavenly places.”

Every time you sneak away to jerk off to some of the depraved Pornhub content, your energy feeds the beast and its demonic forces.

For a long time, I scoffed at ideas such as these, and that was all Satan needed to enter my life. The greatest trick the Devil ever played is convincing the world he doesn’t exist!

This is why Paul said, “Take no part in the worthless deeds of evil and darkness; instead, expose them.” (Ephesians 5:11)

And that’s what I’m doing now. As horrible as being unjustly detained in jail has been, I believe God meant it for my good. It gave me time to write this, to expose the industry for what it is!

The adult industry is surprisingly legalistic. Every time I went to set, even if I had worked for a company 100 times, I had to sign a packet of forms they call a 2257 legal document file. It included two forms of identification verifying that the performer is over 18, billing information, a Social Security number or tax ID, and proof of a clean STD test within the prior 14 days. The producers film consent videos before and after the shoot, verifying that the performers are sober, that they know what they are doing, and no one is coercing or forcing them to do anything they don’t want. These are all legal formalities.

Even in the last five years, the adult industry has

engaged in unprecedented lobbying and lawsuits. I'm not OK with this. I'm fortunate not to be an active performer, as I would have had to sacrifice my morals or income over the last several years if that were the case. Several issues come to mind.

The lobbying arm of the adult industry is called the Free Speech Coalition, or FSC for short. Recently, several states, such as Utah and Texas, wanted the porn tube sites to require age verification. That seems reasonable, right? Well, the FSC doesn't think so. Under the banner of "free speech," they want children to be able to access pornography!

There also was, in the case of Ashcroft vs. FSC, a particularly disturbing lawsuit regarding the legality of computer-generated child pornography. The FSC argues that it should be legal because no one was harmed in its production.

Um, what?

I don't care how you try to "legally" justify it; it's still sick and wrong.

But the FSC is the industry's mouthpiece. And if you go against it, you are a porn *persona non grata*.

I lost a "friend" in the industry because I don't believe that porn is free speech. That simple disagreement was enough for him to ignore me and stop answering my calls. However, I also had five years to read about Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, the Federalist Papers, and the U.S. Constitution. You cannot convince me that pornography is "free speech." Because it isn't.

Hamilton and Madison codified free speech in the United States Constitution because they foresaw

a time when the government would become so corrupt that it would attempt to silence dissent. A time when voicing the opinion that maybe an election was rigged, or maybe voting machines were managed without integrity, could land one in prison after subjecting him to lengthy, costly litigation and the issuance of libel, slander, personal attacks, and denunciations.

Pornography was weaponized against the president. If pornography is, in fact, freedom of speech, how can it be used against someone who talks about it?

I just got whiplash.

Pornography is, in fact, obscenity. It always has been classified as such.

“Speech,” the act of speaking—that’s the definition.

I don’t see anything about obscene videos in that definition, do you?

The Supreme Court that ruled that pornography is “free speech” must have been high. It was the 1970s.

The irony is that pornography would make more money if it were behind paywalls. I’ve had people explain the “ad-click” model to me. It doesn’t add up. MindGeek learned this when it bankrupted the production houses and purchased them, running them at a loss. The math stopped working.

A serious agenda to undermine American values is underway, disguised as “freedom of expression.” It’s happening in porn, “urban music,” media, entertainment, and academia. If you even whisper a conservative thought, you’re canceled.

The irony, to me, is that I was always a

“conservative.” I hold conservative political values. I support the military and consider myself a patriot. My political beliefs put me on industry blacklists. Like Hollywood, most of the porn industry is “progressive.”

In the end, my conservative friends have stayed with me through this hellish process. Most of them are people of great faith. They know my heart, and they know God has a plan. They are great blessings in my life.

That is why it is so important to always “Be strong in the Lord and in his mighty power. Put on all of God’s armor so that you will be able to stand firm against all strategies of the Devil.” (Ephesians 6:10-11)

The greatest trick the Devil ever played is convincing the world he doesn’t exist. He’s real, and he’s on your computer.

I know it’s tempting to dance with the Devil. “Click the link,” he says.

But wouldn’t a walk in nature be nice? Try it. Freedom is a terrible thing to waste.

## Epilogue

As soon as I had finished the first draft of this manuscript, a wonderful little pamphlet called “Overcoming Satan” by Gerald Flurry from the Philadelphia Church of God was delivered to me.

In it, Flurry quotes the same verse from Ephesians as I did earlier in this book, calling Satan “The prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.” (2:2)

You can visit the Philadelphia Church of God website (PCG Church) and download or request free literature. I highly recommend you do that. Christians believe that Jesus is going to return. Maybe that’s the solution to humanity’s mess. Is it? I’m not sure, but I don’t think it should prevent us from identifying the guises of evil now and turning away from them.

I am not a theologian. I am just a woman who has read the Bible from cover to cover a few times and wept after reading it. There is something seriously wrong with the world we live in. It’s not just porn, although, of course, pornography is a major problem. At this point, though, I’ve been isolated from the internet for five years. Part of my “aha” moment was related to all the garbage on mainstream media. It seems like every single movie, every TV show, every commercial, breaks at least one commandment. And then I realized that’s what media is: anti-biblical. Being stuck with the TV on 18



hours a day started to drive me mad, and I couldn't figure out why until I got into my Bible and learned Satan's motives and methods.

Many movies and TV shows depict crime, violence, and rebellion as hip, cool, and fun. Think about it. Entire franchises are set up around "cool" car thieves or hit men (another of the curses of Mount Ebal, by the way, from Deuteronomy 27:25). If not these, then sorcery or envy are go-to topics, especially for so-called "youth movies" (vampires, witches, mean girls).

How can we be shocked that our society is collapsing, slowly rotting from within? The media fills everyone's heads with negativity all day. Even if people don't watch pornography, other forms of media have the same detrimental effect. And our "music" culture (rhyming incoherently to the background of noise is not music; I don't care what anyone tries to tell me) is designed to confuse and destroy your brain.

What force is behind it?

As our country has become secular, it increasingly takes on satanic characteristics. Technology has improved our standard of living, especially by eradicating disease and hunger. However, the lack of a firm moral foundation has led our society to a rapid decline into neo-barbarianism. We see evidence of this in tent cities and with homelessness, drug addiction, and children born to single mothers. I read that in California, 80% of public-school children live below the poverty line despite all efforts to prevent this. This is unsurprising, as a society cannot prosper without a

moral framework.

We must reject Satan's nefarious message of violence, chaos, death, destruction, and disunity and return to the values that once made America great. Anyone who claims America wasn't once a God-fearing nation has never read the Founders. From George Washington to Alexander Hamilton, people attributed the Great Creator and Divine Providence to the freedoms enshrined in the Constitution of the United States of America.

May we all resist the Devil's snares and reclaim our place of victory and glory on the global stage and in our homes and communities.

May God bless you, your families, and your loved ones, and keep you safe.

Glory be to God in the highest!

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