

The Porn Stash

A rite of passage of any boy – at least any American boy – is his first encounter with pornography.

Usually this is due to an older male relative, friend, or neighbor who has a stash... combined with the boy's own curiosity and mischievousness.

I was, of course, no exception. My father kept his stash in the upstairs bathroom vanity. One day, at a suitably young age, when exploring around the house (I may have been being naughty and trying to find hidden Christmas presents), I found it. Top of the stack: Hustler. My first centerfold was of a blonde giving herself a golden shower. "Why is that lady peeing on herself?"

A few years later when I was 12-ish, the neighbor boy and I were downstairs in the cellar of their house. There was a room off to the side which was used as a root cellar – that's not the name they used for it though (and I can't remember what it was now), but that's what it was. I think it was in a cabinet or something down there: in it, amongst other things, were these... magazines. Roughly the size of a Playbill. Except they were black & white, thinner, and had photos of not-so-svelte women engaged intimately with other not-so-svelte women. He, of course, being fourteenish at the time, insisted on showing them to me.

A couple years ago, following the passing of both of his parents, he began the process of remodeling the place to live in with his family. My old man specifically asked him about those Tacky Little Pamphlets – I guess he got rid of them, which is kinda sad.

Somewhere in the attic there's a box of old Playboys – presumably my father's. I should probably look for them – they may even be worth some money.