

People who hide their sexuality despise their innate capacities without being able to rise above them. They deny their mortality. However, they are unable to extricate themselves from the sad merry-go-round of life which is produced and guaranteed by the human genitals, and thus to reach the immortality of mythological Gods. Even though they maintain the illusion of immortality and rid their behavior and psyche of the sexual element, they will never be able to free themselves of the physical evidence of their animality. Their body insists on demonstrating the human fate of mortality. Therefore, any suggestion of animal nature in humans makes uneasy precisely those who dream so strenuously about the opposite. Any allusion to their animality, not only in life, but also in science, literature and art, wounds them because it disturbs their day-dreaming, exasperates their rationalist airs and their social conceits. Each and every forced awareness of excremental and sexual acts demolishes their superhuman fantasies and renders vain their effort to extricate themselves from the power of nature, which, due to their mortality, has armed them with sexuality and with an irrepressible need to satisfy sexual hunger.

Nothing may depress those elevated above the materiality of the body so much as when their animality involuntarily announces itself. Just imagine how dispiriting it must be for the hero during a triumphant conquest to feel the signs of an uncontrollable urge to shit or how bitterly the nabobs endure their lust for a disdained subordinate. Their own bodies drag these imperious persons back to animality and destroy the illusion of their superhuman self-esteem. The bodily processes of which they cannot rid themselves are their Achilles' heels, whose vulnerabilities have been ingeniously recognized by pornophiles.

Pornophilia has at its foundation a militant and sadistic character. Through their activities, pornophiles attack the imperious persons who feel above and untainted by any animalistic nature. By calling attention to human nature, pornophiles do away with all kinds of artificially created inequality. However, due to this new criterion, they create new castes at the same time that, though not differentiated by social criteria, are distinguished by vital potency. Pornophilia thus destroys the illusion of the conceited about their God-like qualities and, at the same time, puts on trial their lack of physical prowess and the inferiority that they alone bring on themselves through the loathing of their bodies. The body constitutes the ultimate recourse of those who are unjustly neglected and slighted. For, with the body, they demonstrate without any discussion the groundlessness of all social distinctions in the face of the power of the nature. Through the body, pornophiles not only destroy the social barriers among people; they also rise, in prowess and wholeness, above those others who, from their different perspectives, loathe them. It is precisely from this position that pornophilia may become above all an expedient weapon of the socially weaker—the materially and culturally oppressed—who can exert, at least in this manner through the potency of their healthy bodies, their significance and power. It is therefore understandable that those who succumb to pornophilia are individuals with revolutionary inclinations. It is unlikely that pornophilia would become a passion of those who dwell in the prejudices of the withering bourgeoisie.

Pornophiles attack sadistically the arrogant psyche of the ruling snobs. The targeted then react to the attacks that demolish their dreams in the same manner; with a sadistically motivated prudishness, with puritan persecution of the allegedly immoral degenerates. You may yourself experience the motivation for the origin of pornophilia when, in the company of arrogant snobs, you have a pressing urge to interrupt the prevailing, idiotic idyll with a thunderous scream: "Shit! Fuck!"

The original reason for the engagement with obscenity is impossible to discount even in the primitive manifestations of the cave-men in their representations of vaginas and penises, notoriously reproduced, even to this day, on our urban walls. The sadistic character of these productions is not aimed at the arrogant snobs, but at women—at the inferiority of their penisless sexual organ—whom they threaten to punish with penises depicted in huge drawings and sculptures. Nowadays pornophilia, whose psychological value consists in the disclosure of obscene works and manifestations rather than their meticulous concealment, has also become a weapon against those of the same sex—those unjustifiably arrogant individuals—so, that in the place of misogynist characteristics, it has acquired misanthropic ones.

Since, after all, the consequences of the biological effects of sexuality affect the pornophiles annoyingly too—who, like all humans, do not want to acknowledge their mortality—the pornophile's predilections acquire a special veil which conceals the general unpleasantness evoked by the reminder of our animality. The obscene content of a work, depending on its treatment, may then serve as a surrogate satisfaction of sexual needs, of direct sexual arousal, or it may be treated artistically. It is true that the latter still retains its aggressive character, although in a special sense. The sadistic nature of a work with pornophile character, and particularly of an artwork, is of course usually latent, hidden in the creator's unconscious, without ever becoming conscious, and it is the same with the ferocious rejection of it by the puritans. Both for the pornophiles and the puritans, the true motivation of their actions is unknown and therefore wrongly understood. The sadistic sense of pornographic works indeed has no bearing on their aesthetic value and in no way constitutes a more unconventional motive for creation than the mimetic motivation associated with more traditional genres.

In a pornographic work of an artistic nature, sexuality is dissociated from its actual biological function and is conceived solely from the hedonistic point of view; it is therefore devoid of its reproductive consequences. That is to say, such an artwork does not point out the animality of the arrogant, but rather assaults the relative inferiority of their animality. The artist does not provoke the puritans for their transience and mortality, to which he himself is also subject, but rather for the impotence and sexual inferiority that they bring on themselves in their unwise desire to be superhuman, thereby letting their sexuality degenerate. Pornography as art does not attempt to hide the sadistic character of pure obscenity; it only curbs the mode of its aggressiveness by excluding the biological aspects of sexuality and excretion from its content. In art motivated by pornophilia, one combats arrogance not with the biological sense of sexuality, but with its hedonistic sense; so that what is mainly targeted is the less than perfect humanity of the arrogant, rather than their imperfect deity. The desire for immortality can be mocked merely for its adverse

consequences—sexual degeneration. Art therefore weakens the sadism of the pornophile only with regard to the biological aspect of sexuality, which is as unpleasant for the pornophile as for the pornophobe.

When we also encounter an inclination to pornophilia in those who are actually threatened by it, they usually have a predilection for the kitschy variety whose function is sexual arousal. That is to say, pornographic garbage—through its treatment rather than content—completely suppresses the sadistic motives of pornographic works, by which it makes them accessible precisely to that caste of people against which pornophilia at its essence aims. Pornophilia tends to immorality only in the eyes of puritans, who persecute combative, sadistic pornophilia, and to which they ascribe the same meaning that pornographic literature and pictures have—to be hidden carefully in closed drawers for the use of occasional arousal which their usually frumpy wives cannot provide anymore. This is the only branch of pornophilia that does not need an audience. On the contrary, it keeps it away because the vast majority of people, and not only the puritans, have difficulty in reaching orgasm in the company of others.

Free of all prejudice, we prize solely the artistic value of pornographic works. If for some the obscene content in itself diminishes the value of the works, they could as easily reject the art of Strindberg or Tolstoy for its misogyny. Pornophilia cannot be accused of pathology, for it is as pathological as other cultural manifestations and no more so than the sadistic puritanism of its adversaries. To the extent that a work of art is pornographic, it is as much of a cultural phenomenon as humanistic art. If it restricts itself purely to libidinal manifestations unconnected with other cultural or economic values, pornophilia is as much neurotic as a petty compassion. In a purely pathological way, pornophilia can manifest itself in erotomania and scatology, or as anthropophilia in the masochism of the martyrs. Our humanity, culture and civilization are a mere qualitative sublimation of our neurotic conflicts and therefore, to the extent that our pathology gives birth to works of value, we cannot be reproached for this characteristic. Sublimation of the neurotic libido is creative, while the normal libido leads only to playfulness. Both types of libido then participate in obscurely-motivated creativity. The neurotic libido determines the content of creations, while the form of its treatment depends on the normal libido. If the normal libido looks for the surrogate of direct sexual satisfaction, it produces kitsch from the obscene material. If its demands are sublimated, however, it leads to the work of art.

The arousing, kitschy treatment of pornography has no other function and value than that of an artificial doll made for masturbation. Such works are geared to real sexual acts and cannot dissociate themselves from the air of secrecy unless they cease to perform their function, which consists in fantasizing a real partner and copulation. On the other hand, the artist whose work is not bound in the same manner to reality does not need to have naked women urinating into a chamber pot. He may choose to hold out an Alpine valley to them. Not bound to letting the semen perish in the yellowish stain on the sheet, he may choose to split a Gothic dome with it, having transformed the ejaculate into lightning. He may replace the lovers' bed with a universe and under the woman's ass he may choose to place a globe. From her genitalia let then the sun rise; it will make the most resplendent abortion.

The artist, unrestricted by the rational coordination of representations, liberates sexuality through genuine proportionality and syntax from its biological function—the breeding of new generations. This function is evoked all too awkwardly in pornographic kitsch, whose purpose is mere arousal and which ends with the orgasm. Pornography as art is never to be looked upon ironically or labeled cynically as a real sexual act or its representation, with their associations of sheets and bed.

If in other places they have arrived long ago at a new evaluation of art, the censorship of the puritans has impeded the explicit treatment of sexual motives, since the obscene content arouses and provokes them insofar as it provides evidence of a healthy sexuality. Their sexuality has been pitifully wasted away under their flies. They become aware, even though unconsciously, of their sexual inferiority and they envy the mighty perises and healthy asses of others, while their own have been deformed by hemorrhoids. Therefore, a work of art with an obscene content torments them much more than pornographic kitsch, as the artist has expanded the reign of sexuality to cover the world. The kitschy pornophile remains within the realm of the secret alcoves. The artist, on the other hand, has spread himself over the entire earth. He lets the oceans urinate, the Himalayas shit, the cities undergo a birth, and the factory chimneys masturbate. Nothing is too sacred for him; everywhere he establishes sexual associations.

His pansexuality has a double meaning. First, it attacks the impotent puritans; second, it dissociates sexuality from its reproductive function. It conceives of sexuality from a purely aesthetic point of view, from the principle of pleasure. He does not spoil the pleasures provided by the libido with the banal truthfulness of everyday realism. The created erotic scenes neither begin nor end in depressing everyday commonality. However, the ordinariness and dumbness of sexual gratification cannot be removed through perverse fads. These too are simple-minded and banal. For libidinal games, it is necessary to find an environment which deflects our senses from the sad post-coital state and which restrains the rational speculation that poisons our pleasure. Our eroticism must be delivered from the depressing association with fat wives and the marital beds underneath which chamber pots hide.

It is true that poetry constitutes an art of discovering the exotic in the quotidian. Yet, it is not necessary to reject ordinary objects, but only ordinary situations. This is possible to do by means of subjective evaluation of objects and actions, by extricating them from their usual arrangement. Poetry, by negating the biological and economic sense of reality, disturbs its rational coherence and, with the help of a new syntax, endows the old content with a new meaning, a new plot. The ordinary, the awkward, thus becomes the unexpected, the emotive. Poetry is the art of finding the emotive perspectives of everyday life. The art of living is the art of where and when to drink a cup of coffee or, in the field of sexuality, the art of where and when to ejaculate. If the puritans want to call this a pathology, we will help them. It is a situational partialism.

The modern artist makes his way from the realm of dreams and hallucinations to that of the most delirious lunatics who, exhausted by the adventure to which they were taken by their reason, have renounced it and made do with the adventure that the liberated libido provides for them through the liberation of the senses. The adventure of reason, of

rationalism, is pathologically enclosed by psychosis, which negates the intellect and which, through autistic isolation, deprives people of rational evaluation of their perceptions and actions. The liberated libido can manifest itself freely in this pathological state. Psychosis puts an end to the raging neurosis in a negative way, through a gradual impediment of psychic and bodily functions. When psychosis limits itself to the negation of rationality and does not impede perception and movement, then the natural modes of our behavior and our emotional, aesthetic and non-rationalistic perception finally come forth.

The realm into which the lunatics have arrived through the benumbing of their spirits, the artist has reached while sane insofar as he has managed to harness artistically the natural, purely pleasurable attitude towards reality. If ancient art is analogous to neurosis, modern art can best be likened to the creations of psychosis. From the realm of dreams, hallucinations, alcoholic deliria and exuded, forced symbolic phantasms, the contemporary artist has arrived at a natural, purely emotive evaluation and perception of reality that itself creates phantasms which were not dreamt of by ancient art. Modern poetry has spread a magical, dream-like studio atmosphere all over the external world. It has enabled the artist to disparage the socioeconomic values of life and to think and perceive exclusively from the hedonistic point of view. The liberated senses and psyche can thus perceive the whole world in its emotive state, no matter how fleeting and transient. In artistic conceptions, the pornographic work provides life pleasures detached from everyday ends. The artist frees our bodily acts from their biological purpose and lets us enjoy fully what has been granted to us by nature, while having carefully alleviated our animality from the depressing vision. Asceticism and any kind of shunning of the reminders of sexuality make no sense. Let us experience and enjoy everything of which we are capable—for every human being comes to the world as an appendix of the umbilical cord and, ultimately, will turn necessarily into dust.

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