

Lost Extremes

Written by Miguel Santos

“Most Internet users are looking for knowledge and the latest theories on the origin of the universe, not pornography at all... That’s nonsense.”

“That’s nonsense” Radio Campaign, XHOF-Reactor 105.7 FM, IMER, 2010.



Monitors and the like know all about the world in images. In the face of this hyper-abundance, I have intuitively reacted with cautious distrust, due to the ease with which my senses are deceived.

In a world full of images chasing desire, eroticism and/or porn and/or whatever, the subject is irrelevant. What does matter is that if I look for them or if they find me, they will set off my sensual behavior.

What I know about porn x.0, prolific and profitable industry, is that it can serve as an example and model of objectivization, stereotypes, illegality, risks for public health and mistreatment that can be brutal and even (according to urban legends) lethal. Others praise its role as a source of information on eroticism and its therapeutic use in dealing with sexual dysfunction. Its main goal is, I admit: self-indulgent pleasure.

Everyday, work, school and leisure activities are facilitated through access to technologies, computers, Internet connections, and search engines that help me sort out the main results from among hundreds of millions of pages and/or websites. Determination, precision, years of experience and innate advantages (a generational issue) bring you closer to a successful search. A page you've downloaded, seven tabs opening up at the same time, results that turn up out of nowhere or by mistake, more searches, Wikipedia pills, quasi-reading, a video downloading, one, two, three four, x number of windows, the glut before the pause. Review, surprise at a thumbnail that attracts my attention, click and I give in to my hedonistic impulses of an impassioned aesthete. Solitary electricity. Period. The sudden, self-serving decision to postpone the original objective. God, I'm easily distracted! Anticipation triggers the licentiousness: ego-fantasies, easy beauty, catalyzed pleasure, delirium in the flesh, drum beats, intense orgasm.

Momentary calm in the face of the cyber-window, a slight inclination to go back to square one. The lack of bashfulness and another compulsion, the ghosts of that greedy, old addiction. The edition-salvation of what one has collected, it is always a pity to throw it into the sea, when fishing is so wonderful. Hah! My fondness for value, reverse value, as my father would say, for impetuous, arbitrary value. Clicking on the mouse every which way, a symphony of growing accumulation. Tidbits that are unlikely to be consumed again, the tongue in my eyes barely licks them before they have been put away again. Wary of my neglect, the familiar, greedy Next!

And therein lies the start of a peculiar, lucid instant in the midst of the hours that have elapsed. The perception of the common denominator: the urge for *more*...much more. More! More!! More!!! Much, much more!!! And a host of companions file by: rawer, littler, more retches, more subjected, more transgressive, more animal, more mutilated, more dead, more etc.

When did limits go out of focus? If my lustful appetite had sublime aspirations, how did I start surfing through images with tentacles and worms each to drill holes and excrescences? Who's responsible for these images that I could include in my collection with nothing more than a "Save Image"? They belong to humankind. The ends have got lost, I no longer have them in sight. I break out in a cold sweat.

Exposed and out of sorts, I have a need to believe, at least, in an inversely directional rather than proportional possibility, as the setting that is profusely admitted as Apocalyptic proves.