

# RADICAL EROTICA

-REVOLTING PORN-

The city goes about its work. Suited men and women stream along the cobbled streets, ants attracted to sugar.

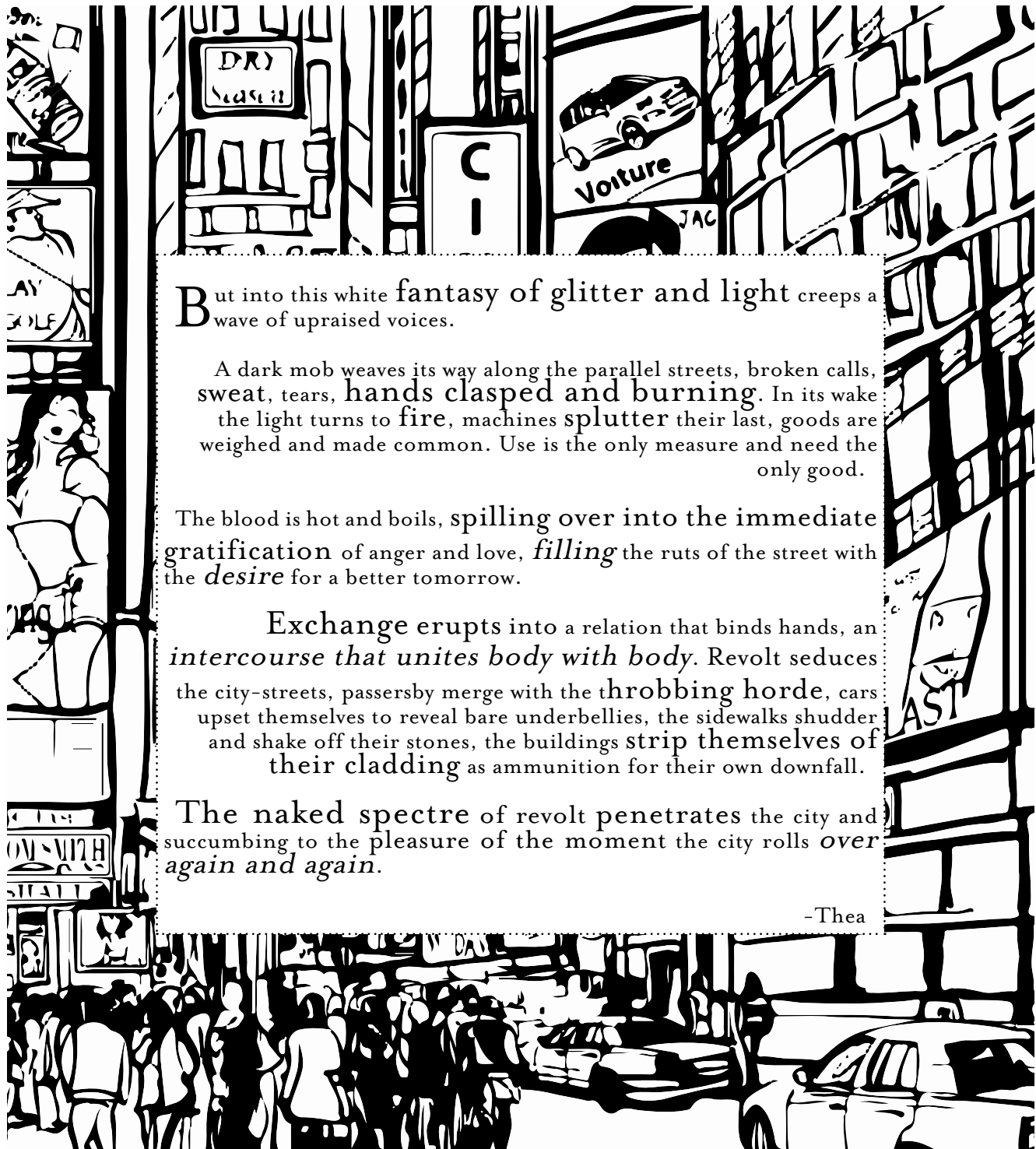
Shopfronts *flash and jingle*. The stark light of wealth gleams off the teeth of over-keen saleswomen. A boy places a pamphlet in your hand recommending a new bath-cleaner, Spanish lessons, the latest model of Mercedes Benz.

The dull hum of cash registers keeps the heart beating and the electric whir of receipts printing circulates the blood. We shit to the sound of automatic tellers spewing out cash. We choke on our credit cards and *swallow harder*.

The city is constructed on the myth of exchange, a giving taking without gift, an *infernal intercourse without flesh*. Every desire can be gratified except desire itself. Desire remains eternally unsatisfied so that the organs of pleasure, hands, mouth, arse can take more.

Consuming goods without respect to the good. A massive-scale machine of impersonal self-gratification, the old *inout inout* devoid of the challenging gaze of the other, the slick of sweat on rippling flesh, the rich whiff of bodily humours. There is nothing like the *sanitised sex of the market*.





But into this white fantasy of glitter and light creeps a wave of upraised voices.

A dark mob weaves its way along the parallel streets, broken calls, sweat, tears, **hands clasped and burning**. In its wake the light turns to fire, machines splutter their last, goods are weighed and made common. Use is the only measure and need the only good.

The blood is hot and boils, **spilling over into the immediate gratification** of anger and love, *filling* the ruts of the street with the *desire* for a better tomorrow.

Exchange erupts into a relation that binds hands, an *intercourse that unites body with body*. Revolt seduces the city-streets, passersby merge with the **throbbing horde**, cars upset themselves to reveal bare underbellies, the sidewalks shudder and shake off their stones, the buildings strip themselves of **their cladding** as ammunition for their own downfall.

The naked spectre of revolt penetrates the city and succumbing to the pleasure of the moment the city rolls *over again and again*.

-Thea