

A Theory of Sexual Sublimation and Devestment

Rather than confront your foe, you would slay him. Rather than see his face, rather than see his eyes, rather than sit with him and understand his motives and his pains and his pleasures, rather than know him, you would sooner strangle the life from his body.

Rather than understand your desire and your will, you would put a quick and ultimately temporary end to the same. Afraid of the darkness of your will, and perhaps more afraid of the love you would immediately find for it, you would transform it into something else, and swallow it forever... oh, would that it didn't return every full moon... if only that... if only then... you'd be okay.

The simple explanation: 'sex' is a tool used to veil painful confrontations with the void, oblivion, or the brightness. Nakedness is a concept used to veil the body, to turn it into an object, instead of a locus of energies and consciousness.

Nakedness is the costume people wear beneath their clothes. A human body itself is never naked--the nakedness sits outside of it, just beyond it, is used to map out its boundaries. Consider: Animals are not naked. Nakedness is a sexually loaded concept, the necessary counterpart of being dressed. Beneath your clothes you are naked. But beneath your nakedness you are human. The two sides of the coin, nakedness and vestedness, jointly form a crucial pillar of the foundation of "sexuality."

Sex and sexual reproduction are *not* co-extensive. Sexual reproduction and the reproductive act are necessary elements of our biological situation. Animals reproduce sexually, but they do not "have sex." This isn't to say that animals wouldn't engage in various acts related to sexual reproduction for pleasure or other generally social purposes. They do [examples? "we are probably all quite familiar with the bonobo by now... dolphins... etc."]. They just don't "have sex."

Sex is a culture. Sex is a movement. Sex is the societal canonization of a certain set of defense mechanisms used to protect an individual's psyche. In other words, sex is the byproduct of freedom of thought. Can you stand on a precipice and note your strange desire to fling your body into it without wondering why this is so? Can you watch hundreds flinging themselves down the faces of the cliffs without telling yourself a story about why this is happening? Early peoples had stories about the elements, about lightning, for instance; early people gave names and personalities to otherwise very natural phenomenon. So you too give it a name and a reason. And so you give it a meaning. Adam's act of naming the animals wasn't the end. Conceptualization is a very useful tool [see considerations on science and scientism]. But the ossification of classification into truth, into religion is a very different, very questionable step.

At the moment at which you would struggle with the gargantuan task of telling your loved one everything they mean to you, you find it easier to kiss them. The physical expression of intimacy itself is in no way problematic. The body could be a temple through which we commune with the Other. The problem comes when, 300 years from now, the term love becomes wholly (instead of just partially) synonymous with sex. When we've lost that tiny sliver of a moment in which we consider the depths of our relationship with our beloved other, the moment at which we seek, desperately, new ways to reach the dream of true union with that person. When instead of seeing other people, whole unto themselves but also so interconnected with us through the matrix of oblivion, instead of seeing human beings divested of networks of social interest, we see only "naked" bodies... we see not a people but ten thousand opportunities carved into the currency of skin... this is how it ends. With bodies stuffed into pockets like shiny coins.