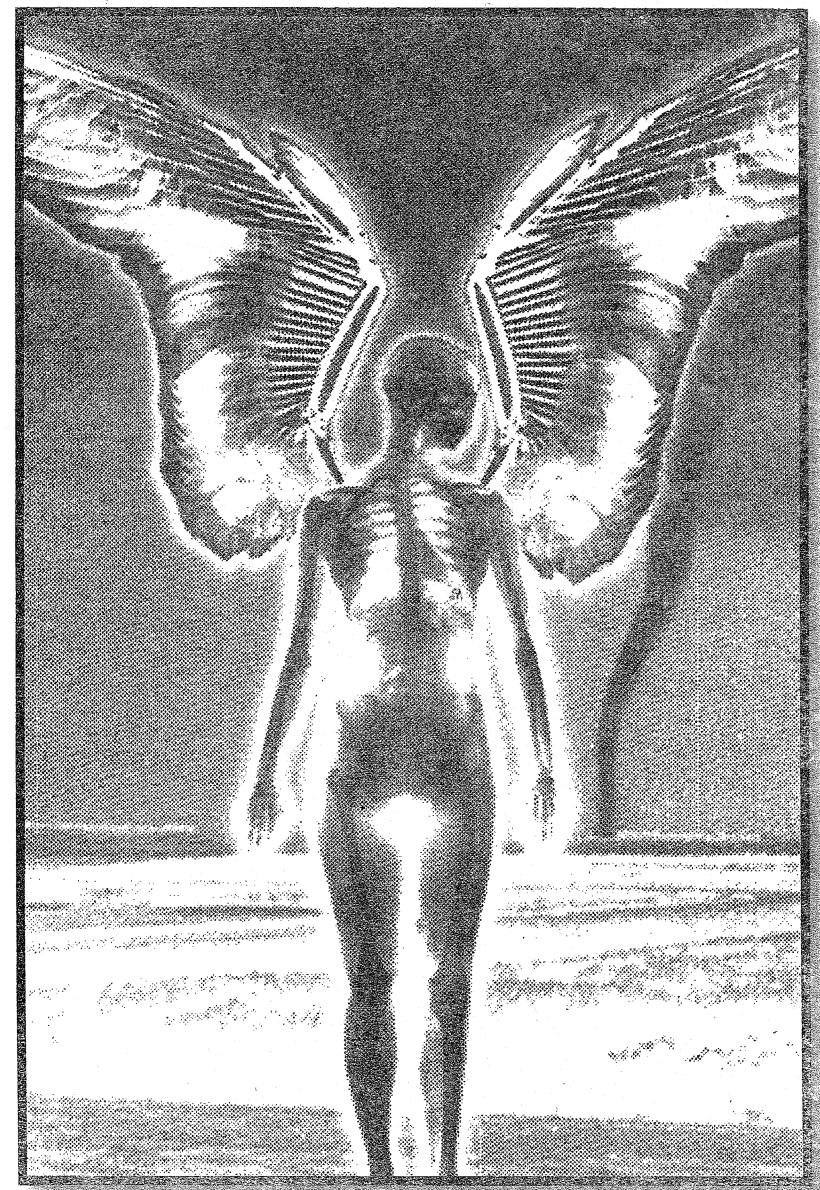


# *The Logic of the Passions*



Enemy Combatant Publications



Grand Mound, Iowa

Writings by and about the Marquis De Sade

**"The thinking man who scorns the prejudices  
of simpletons necessarily becomes the  
enemy of simpletons. He must expect as  
much, and laugh at the inevitable."**

**-Donatien Alphonse Francoise, Marquis de Sade**

refuse all imposed spirituality. And while we're at we demand the destruction of all prisons, since they are the most explicit expression of imposed morality.

The essential premise of religion has always been the annihilation of the individual; and so we, as individuals, demand the annihilation of religion.

MARQUIS DE SADE BRIGADE-2011

## The Logic of the Passions

Writings by and about the Marquis De Sade

The Marquis de Sade was the first modern atheist who openly declared in writing his willingness to push atheism to its logical conclusions. He certainly embraced the arguments put forth by Diderot, d'Holbach and their like, but he wasn't willing to stop where they stopped. Rather he applied the wickedly cutting logic of passion to get to the heart of what a godless reality would be.

The other atheists of the 18th century insisted on maintaining a concept of universality even though they had rejected its basis. For them, there was a universal reason that all could come in time to understand, and thus a universal moral order (even if it had freed itself from some of the more personal intrusive aspects – Diderot in particular had no use for the absurd and hypocritical sexual morality of his time) based on this reason. Sade recognized that a reality without god couldn't possibly have a universal reason – there was no basis for it. Rather each of us has her own reasons, which Sade was convinced sprang from our passions.

Passion is the key to Sade's concept of atheism. If he accepted the logic of the arguments of Diderot, d'Holbach and La Mettrie, this was because they agreed with the logic of the passions. And Sade, with a psychological perception far exceeding that of Kraft-Ebing, Freud, Havelock Ellis and their like, recognized that the passions were utterly singular (thus doing away completely with the concept of perversion – if each passion is unique, none can be any more or less perverse than any other) and that thus their logic, though quite rigorous, was like the passions specific to particular unique individuals. This does not mean that broader conclusions cannot be drawn from this logic; it simply means that those conclusions will mainly involve the undermining of all alleged universal values. If we are capable of imagining limitless variations of the passions, an infinity of desire, then there is no place for an infinite being who places limits on them. Such a being becomes an absurdity, simply an expression of the fear human beings have of the surging power of their own passions. This theme threads through all of the better known works of Sade, and is far more important to understanding his atheism than the rational arguments he puts into the mouths of his characters.

But it is precisely this which makes Sade frightening. This infinity of the passionate imagination is an abyss into which Sade plunges us showing us the darkest possibilities of our own imaginations without offering us the safety nets that the sexologists and psychoanalysts offer with their identities grounded in the concepts of perversion or neurosis. Sade makes it very clear that these concepts are also attempts to deny the true singularity of passion which, for him, with the infinity it grants to the human imagination, is the greatest

guarantee that there is no god, no infinite being capable of placing boundaries on the human mind.

But though Sade takes us into this abyss, he does not lead us out. For Sade, though we are each unique, with passions and proclivities that cannot be classified because they have no precise correspondence in anyone else, we remain slaves to these passions and proclivities. They are not so much ours as we are theirs. In this, Sade is very much a child of his age (though in a quite unique way). His atheism also tends toward a sort of determinism in which one cannot help but carry out the passions "nature" has given them. Though this does not undermine Sade's atheism, it does weaken it, in that it still leaves you and I stuck in the hands of things apparently greater, more powerful, than ourselves... If these seemingly greater things—our own unique passions and proclivities—do not need to be destroyed, they do need to be mastered and made our own. Otherwise the question remains open: have we really overcome all gods?

## The Real de Sade

by Ixigrec

(translated by Vincent Stone)

If, akin to the fabled phoenix, the deceased Marquis de Sade<sup>1</sup> were to be reborn from the ashes, borrowing an ironic smile from Voltaire, who he admired, he could sit and contemplate the most perfect justification for his pessimistic views upon examining our wise and depraved humanity.

Never has the critical mind been more lucid, more clairvoyant in revealing the true depths of human nature, and it is that de Sade that one should know, the real de Sade, the realist writer who dared, in the face of a social class terrified by his verist truths, to depict his brothers as he saw them and in spite of the hypocritical ethics with which they masked their behavior.

Minds of this quality horrify reactionary souls as well as those who, studying his writings, sought to discover something other than his own thought in them, though he strove to make himself clear throughout his most striking writings.

[1] Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade was born in Avignon on June 2nd, 1740. Among his ancestors was Laure de Sade, the woman Petrarch illustrated in his sonnets (14th century). He belonged to a family of true gentlemen, military and ecclesiastic for the most part, of whom most were scholars; he studied at Lycée Louis-le-Grand, where he left, according to J. Janin, the same year that Maximilien Robespierre entered. François de Sade spent 27 years of his life in prison, in particularly at Vincennes, at the Bastille, and at Bicêtre. Finally interned at the insane asylum in Charenton, he died on December 2nd 1814 at age 72. We have no authentic portrait of the "divine marquis."

## We Demand:

That the blight of religion (if it's a religion, it's "organized") be utterly eradicated from the face of the planet. This will necessitate the immediate removal from every church, synagogue, mosque, temple, ashram, cathedral, etc. of any and every self-styled "representative of god on earth" including nuns, priests, ministers, rabbis, mullahs, ayatollahs, etc., and their forced (if necessary) dispossession of all the enormous wealth and power they have accumulated throughout centuries of domination and exploitation. Let the wealth and the buildings be used for the creation of playgrounds, abortion clinics, free pubs, libertine sodalities, or whatever the individuals who take hold of them for their own purposes, rather than those of some mythical spook in the sky, desire.

That the pope – that shrunken, shrivelled, ex-Nazi would-be masturbator who personifies more than any other the domination of death over life in this world (and who, if we are to believe him, has never known the splendors of physical love, even at his own hand) – make nothing less than a full public recantation, an open declaration of his and the church's central role in two thousand years of human destruction. We demand this not just for all of those who have died for their refusal to kneel before inquisitions, missionaries and crusaders, but for all the individuals who have ever anguished over any expression of their natural and innate desire for the most intimate human contact and glorious sexual satiation; for all the individuals who have ever been brow-beaten into surrendering their curiosity, their autonomy, their humanity and their individuality to the demands of others' sanctified and sanctimonious hallucinations.

That the final smashing of religiously-induced sexual repression be ushered in in Topeka, Kansas, by the public staging of an orgy at the Westboro Baptist Church, involving Rev. Fred Phelps, Madeline Crabb, Michele Bachmann, Archbishop John Nienstedt, Sarah Palin and the Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, all fucking until their teeth fall out. We demand extravagant sex play involving every conceivable variant of oral/genital/anal contact and every conceivable combination of the so-called "sexes." We demand that the self-identified men start the orgy in flimsy, lacy negligees to be ripped off in pieces as passions rise. We demand that the congregation of the Westboro Baptist Church join with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir in reciting the most lurid passages from Philosophy in the Bedroom as encouragement to those fucking. The orgy will be videotaped as it is going on and shown live on the internet. We demand that this orgy go on for at least twenty-four hours since these god-haunted fanatics will need at least that long to fully break down their character armor.

We demand freedom for all of the prisoners of religion throughout the world, and particularly those who were imprisoned for having the spirit to

B.F. Skinner envisions a world without punishment. Nobody is interested.

Guns are now available — they are used in Africa by game wardens — that will stun without killing. Armed with these, an army could capture a town without shedding one drop of blood. Have you heard of any government plotting to wage its future wars with these guns?

Punishment, discipline, obedience—these are the keys to such mysteries, and to the mystery of war itself, and to all oddities of behavior in Man and the other domestic animals. Sade saw it, and was banned for 150 years. He saw the genital fever, the need for embrace, dammed up at the center of man. Another reason he was banned.

The actors are going nuts playing in Marat/Sade. "There is not a single member of the cast who does not hate with a deep loathing every single performance he is required to do of this play," says Ian Carmichael, who plays Marat. "It gets harder and harder," says Patrick Magee, who plays Sade. So far, the company has had one case of acute depression, one fit of "raving screaming" after the show, one actor who almost lost control on stage (Dick Schaap, N.Y. Herald Tribune, March 4, "Inmates of the Asylum").

I dreamed I called D.A.F. de Sade on the phone and asked him, "Jesus told me that he and you agree on at least one thing and it explains freedom. What is that one thing?"

"Quite simple," he replied, "don't be afraid of the Cross. The fear of death is the beginning of slavery."

And the line went dead with a triumphant click like a barred door falling open.

1 Quotations identified as Sade are from Marquis de Sade, Grove Press, 1965. Those identified as Marat/Sade are from The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum at Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade, by Peter Weiss, Atheneum, 1965.

2 "Two of the commonest types of hallucinations are the obscene epithet and the deadly injunction. Both the accusation 'You are homosexual' and the command 'You must kill them!' may be safely regarded as revived and not very much distorted memories of parental utterances." Transactional Analysis in Psychotherapy, by Eric Berne, Grove, 1961 (italics added).

(Thirteen Choruses for the Divine Marquis was originally published in Paul Krassner's legendary satiric journal *The Realist*.)

For some interpreters of his genius, it was absolutely necessary that the divine marquis be a reckless monster, a roguish writer, a sex maniac; or that, even despite his writing, or contrary to his writing, a sort of thinly veiled moralist in his real life, distilling some subtle ethics that must be known with the aid of an erudite and penetrating interpretation.

And yet, de Sade, such as his thought has appeared to me in the works that established his shining reputation, is nothing of the sort and never so much as sketched an ethic of any nature. He was a Voltairean pamphleteer, a man who decided to say what he thought about his contemporaries.

Few commentators, except Georges Bataille, have explained the mystery of this long and interminable justification for cruelty. They slip over this aspect of his argument, as if it were totally natural to garnish a dozen books with such terrifying invention, sprinkled with philosophical reflections, many of which are contradicted a few pages later. They have argued that his long incarceration was the determinant cause of this rather rare literature, while many other prisoners have been subjected to one more painful than his and produced nothing of the sort. And for that matter this still does not explain why his eroticism is so deliberately repellent.

It also doesn't explain why he passes, without transition, from one idea to its complete opposite — and through the mouths of his puppets, mixes the wisest, the most penetrating, and the most logical philosophical dissertations with the most extravagant psychological theories, closely brushing past truth all the while.

Where is the Marquis' real idea in these grand-guignolesque accounts?

In my opinion, nowhere in his more or less reprehensible erotic descriptions. His detractors have dwelled on this part of his writing, and, only able to see the atrocities, they distorted an understanding of his theory of evil, which was a veritable accusation against the celebrated universal order whose destructive mechanism he demonstrated.

It was easy, and quite comfortable, to draw attention to the erotic antics of his accounts and to evade the terrible truths of this pitiless critic. Thusly he can be condemned for affronting public decency, but can he be condemned for affronting truth, he who depicts nature and man — and the product of his imagination, which is to say the phantom God — in their indisputably genuine aspect of ferocity and evil?

De Sade is an accuser, and a formidable one.

But he is no moralist; there is deliberately no ethic in his stories, for an ethic can only aim for optimistic ends and orient man to harmonious realizations.

Which is not the case with him. He's a destroyer, an outlaw, an exception.

I will attempt to demonstrate that the core of de Sade's thought hinges on the problem of evil; that his erotic cruelties are nothing but antics without any significance, easily comparable to the exploits of Rabelais' Brother Jean of Entomeure; that the horrors are simply de Sade's explosive reaction against social hypocrisy, a reaction determined solely by his incarceration; that this combative literature reflects the angst he felt and that he charged headlong into ideas and acts without regard to unity or coordination; which indisputably demonstrates that he cared not for any moral aim, but that this extravagant looting, these excursions into the psychology of beings, his judicious observations led him to discover many truths, banal today, but prophetic in his time.

He can be credited for the rather exact description of conditioned reflexes that transform, by association, pain into pleasure – the ravaging effects of overpopulation, or the necessity to balance all populations with available food resources – the diverse influences of sexual passions on individual behavior – the prominent role of egoism, making each living thing a unique being, alone against all. And all this well before the Darwins, the Pavlovs, the Malthuses, the Freuds, the Le Dantecs. What an ardent genius this marquis was to have surreptitiously strewn, in these monotonous abominations, these grains of truth, unacknowledged in his time! Whether he was inspired by Plato's Republic, the Man-Machine of Le Mettrie, Holbach's System of Nature, the Voltaires, the Rousseaus, the Diderots, the Encyclopedists – that they all contributed to the formation of his materialist and atheist philosophy, that much is certain: but how to explain this sudden virulence, the aggressiveness, this charge that at base was against everything his contemporaries, with a certain reserve, still respected?

That his detention made the powder keg explode, that much is obvious, but still, that powder keg had to exist beforehand, the prison didn't create it. Long before his arrest, De Sade's ideas ripened, he noted the ferocity of the struggle for life and came to understand the double determination of the individual – hereditary determination and learned determination – he also understood the isolation of each individual enclosed in its subjectivity, in its incommunicable consciousness, making each person an exception, a unique, a conqueror, a being who is naturally, and at its origins, without faith and without law.

Thus Sadist thought begins with a solid foundation: the existence of evil, the destruction of all things, the struggle of all against all. No doubt he would have continued with this were it not for his arbitrary imprisonment. But picture this man as accustomed to freely expressing himself, surrounded by epicureans, believing neither in God nor the Devil, a skeptic, a man of

#### ELEVENTH CHORUS

*"If you are timid enough to stop with what is natural,  
Nature will elude your grasp forever."*

- Sade

There is much sadism in popular culture these days, but little Sadeanism. One rare example of Sadeanism is the old movie, *The Most Dangerous Game*, and another is Ken Kesey's novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

The heroes of both of these works are trapped in situations where superior power seeks remorselessly to destroy them. Both heroes, pure Sadeanists, accept the situation at once — without complaining about its "immortality" or "injustice" — and set out systematically and cold-bloodedly to turn the tables.

This is the doctrine of the bandits in *Justine* — "Nature has caused us to be equals born, Therese; if fate is pleased to upset the primary scheme of things, it is for us to correct its caprices" (Sade, p. 481) — and the doctrine of Stirnerite anarchism. DeSade's proletarian heroes, like the glorious anarchist bandit, Ravochol, believe instinctively that "crime alone opens to us the door to life" (Sade, p. 482).

To anyone who doesn't like this doctrine, Sade's answer is blunt: "The callousness of the Rich legitimates the bad conduct of the Poor; let them open their purses to our needs.... We will be fools indeed to abstain from [crimes] when they can lessen the yoke wherewith their cruelty bears us down" (Sade, p. 481). This sounds horrible, it seems, only to those whose conscious or unconscious wish is to be oppressors. Sadean man merely refuses to be oppressed; he can only be killed, but never subjugated.

I dreamed I called Adolf Hitler on the phone and asked him, What was your gimmick?

"They believed it was wiser to obey anyone, even me, than to risk anarchy," he said with a ghoulish laugh.

And the line went dead with a sharp click like boot-heels snapped together.

#### TWELFTH CHORUS

*"I'm a mad animal  
Prisons don't help  
Chains don't help  
I escape through all the walls"*

- Marat/Sade

effective communication running one way only. The essence of a libertarian system, as he also saw, was Contract — that is, mutual agreement — that is, effective communication running both ways. ("Redundance of control" is the technical cybernetic phrase.)

Sade saw this, before Proudhon. "The rule of law is inferior to that of anarchy; the most obvious proof of what I assert is the fact that any government is obliged to plunge itself into anarchy whenever it aspires to remake its constitution. In order to abrogate its former laws, it is compelled to establish a revolutionary regime in which there is no law; this regime finally gives birth to new laws, but this second state is necessarily less pure than the first, since it derives from it" (Sade, p. 46).

The conflict, Marat/Sade (which should really be Marx/Sade, except that the ingenious Mr. Weiss was not quite ingenious enough to devise a historical conjunction between uncle Karl and the Marquis), is the conflict between anarchy and tyranny. Sade, not Marat or Marx, is the true revolutionary, for he aims at a world outside the crucible of punishment-and-submission, while they aim at a new world still within that crucible.

I dreamed I called Ignatz Mouse on the phone and asked, why do you always throw bricks at Krazy Kat?

But Krazy answered instead and said, "Little Dahlink . . . he's always faithful."

And the line went dead with a dreadful click like Captain Queeg rolling his little marbles together.

#### TENTH CHORUS

*The guillotine saves them from endless boredom  
Gaily they offer their heads as if for coronation  
Is not that the pinnacle of perversion?*

- Marat/Sade

I dreamed I called Batman on the phone and asked, any truth in those rumors about you and Robin?

"Our relationship is 100% platonic," he replied stiffly. "We sublimate. Why do you think we're always out looking for 'bad guys' that we can punish?"

And the line went dead with a quick click like handcuffs closing on a thin wrist forever.

reason, a bon vivant, suddenly deprived of his freedom, of his friends, his sexual fantasies, of everything that made him who he was and already biased him against human malice and the perversity of all existence. That's when his rage burst out: he took vengeance, he vomited atrocities, he took relief in painting his peers in the blackest colors; he brutalized grace, massacred innocents, tortured virgins and the naïve, ridiculed virtue, martyred phantoms and through all of the discordant voices of his stunning characters, he put his race, and even the universe, to trial.

It's gigantic, unreal, unbelievable, monstrous, it surpasses Rabelais. It's at once tragic and caricatured. It is the drama of existence itself.

To only see erotic jokes and cruelty in this strange work is to misunderstand the nature of the divine Marquis. In reality, he was a very honest, good man; he proved this by saving his principal torturer, the president of Montreuil, from the guillotine, and he showed it again with his moderation during the Terror. And it's enough to read his criminal descriptions to understand the vengefulness, the rancor, and even a certain tendency to mystify the reader. For this good marquis recounts all of this in such a way that he makes more use of antics than pangs of horror.

These victims who get cut up in a thousand ways without ever passing away and who survive so that the narrator can stretch the scene to the extreme limits of his fantasy: these passive puppets who get cut into slabs just as in a butcher shop, these inexhaustible, stupefying, excessive, monotonous and boring erotic and scatological exploits — none of it can be taken tragically or seriously.

How could you not immediately discern the enormity of these scenes, their impossibility, the unlikelihood, for all the grotesqueness in them, the desire to stun, offend, shock, and terrorize the unknown but potential readers? Everything in this literature reveals the writer's care to overwhelm, to scandalize the day's opinion and to spit truths at it. Ideas spring up tumultuously, without unity, without order, sometimes one scene in opposition to another. His dishonest, lazy, and deceitful characters all flounder in the same horrors, cheat each other in kind, despite their fraternity in crime and, casually killing one another, never achieve justification for anything. His interminable erotic tirades, constantly beginning anew, take place between two philosophical discourses that are estranged from the action, can continue indefinitely without introducing the slightest innovation to what has already been said. Finally the care of presenting virtue, beauty, innocence, and purity constantly martyred by the cynical villains, and above his whole extraordinary theory of evil which is inevitably tied to the existence of everything that is, this all demonstrates that he flaunted all these monstrosities at his contemporaries to serve as a mirror, without ethical or moral intention.

Had he been a moralist, he avoided demonstrating law and religion in opposition to crime, which would have done a considerable favor to the two bêtes noires that he fought. And otherwise, he would not have developed his maxim: DO UNTO OTHERS WHAT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU, a maxim adopted by all humans and which denotes a penetrating objectivity on the part of our author, but which doesn't lead to anything constructive and immediately clashes with the human instinct of self-preservation.

But in place of a constructive ethic he did, amidst his dissertations, demonstrate the perfidy, the imposture and the lies of social and religious conventions, the insignificance of humanity in the face of cosmic forces, and gave a sinister interpretation of human behavior that is strongly inspired by reality.

It is impossible to cite all of the really interesting passages of his works but the few following excerpts will clarify the essential points. First, here is a Voltairean aspect of his atheist flair on the subject of Christ:

*One might picture celestial skies, a cortège of angels, a scene visible to the whole universe where this sublime creature might emerge... nothing of the sort: it is in the belly of a jewish whore, in a pig shed where God heralds his arrival to save the earth! Here are the dignified origins he is leant! But will his divine mission indemnify us? Let us follow this figure for a moment. What does he say? what does he do? What sublime mission do we receive from him? What mystery will he reveal? What dogma will he prescribe for us? And finally in what acts will his grandeur burst forth?*

*First I see an clouded childhood, a few services, very libertine without a doubt, rendered by this street urchin to the preachers of the temple of Jerusalem: and then a disappearance lasting fifteen years, during which the scoundrel will poison himself with all the fantasies of the egyptian school, which he will eventually bring back to Judea. He had barely returned when his foolishness first lead him to claim that he is the son of God, equal to his father; he associates this alliance with a third fantom which he calls the Holy Spirit and these three individuals, he assures, make but one! The more this ridiculous mystery shocks reason, the more the wretch assures the merit of adopting it, the dangers of abolishing it. It's to save us all, the imbecile assures, that he has taken flesh, as God, appearing in the womb as a child of men; and the dazzling miracles that we will see him perform, will soon convince the universe! In a drunkard's feast, indeed, the swindler will change, as they say, water into wine; in a desert, he will feed a few crooks with a some hidden provisions prepared by his sectarians; one of his friends plays dead, he resuscitates him; he appears on a mountain, and there, before only two or three friends, he performs a sleight of hand that would embarrass the worst busker today.*

And what happens in a Playboy Club? Have you stood there, like me, vodka-and-tonic in hand, looking down a bunny's cleavage and thinking suddenly of Lon Chaney as the Wolf-Man: "Even a man who is pure of heart / And says his prayers by night / Can turn to a wolf when the wolfsbane blooms ? and the moon is full and bright.... " If you turned the fantasies of each person in the room onto the wall in LSD stereo what would it look like — a friendly little orgy, the Rape of the Sabine Women, or Mass Murder?

I dreamed I called a bunny on the phone and asked her, dig de Sade?

"But the most, darling," she cooed.

But, but — I asked — what do you really think of men?

"But, hon," she said innocently, "what do cattle think of butchers?"

And the line went dead with an abrupt click like a diaphragm falling from a purse onto a cold metal floor.

#### NINTH CHORUS

*"My neighbors' passions frighten me infinitely less than do the law's injustices, for my neighbors' passions are contained by mine, whilst nothing checks the injustices of the law."*

- Sade

A civilization based on authority-and-submission is a civilization without the means of self-correction. Effective communication flows only one way: from master-group to servile-group. Any cyberneticist knows that such a one-way communication channel lacks feedback and cannot behave "intelligently."

The epitome of authority-and-submission is the Army, and the control-and-communication network of the Army has every defect a cyberneticist's nightmare could conjure. Its typical patterns of behavior are immortalized in folklore as SNAFU (situation normal—all fucked-up), FUBAR (fucked-up beyond all redemption) and TARFU (Things are really fucked-up). In less extreme, but equally nosologic, form these are the typical conditions of any authoritarian group, be it a corporation, a nation, a family, or a whole civilization.

Proudhon was a great communication analyst, born 100 years too soon to be understood. His system of voluntary association (anarchy) is based on the simple communication principles that an authoritarian system means one-way communication, or stupidity, and a libertarian system means two-way communication, or rationality.

The essence of authority, as he saw, was Law — that is, fiat — that is,

a hole in a card somewhere in the vast and infinite halls of bureaucracy.

#### SEVENTH CHORUS

*"Although the prodigious spectacle of folly we are facing here may be horrible, it is always interesting."*

- Sade

I called the world up on the telephone and I implored them:

How much of you belongs to the Combine? If they can take your money in taxes and your sons in wars, how do you differ from the cow who is milked or the pig who is eaten? Do you breed for them like a stallion in a pasture? Is the get of your loins theirs to dispose of? Even a no-good shit afraid that Daddy will come and slice it off has some rights, doesn't he? Or does he? Is there any sacrifice you will not make? Is there any discipline you will not accept? Is there any order you will not obey? Is there any shit you will not eat?

Who got the Indian Sign on you? How did it start? At age 12, worrying that J. Edgar Hoover was watching you jack off through his Washington telescope? Was it the bogey-man they scared you with? "Don't make dirty-dirty in your pants or ogres will come and eat you"? Circumcision the most cruel and inhuman attack on the genital accepted by your doctors; why? Schedule feeding that fucked up the minds of a generation; why? Is that how they get the soldiers for their wars? The whip-and-belt boys, the uniform-and-discipline boys, the Pentagon boys, all one big happy spanking-orgy?

And the operator said, "I'm sorry, sir. The world is not answering the phone anymore. It's watching television."

And the line went dead with a loud and unearthly click like the sound of a boy pulling his zipper up when he hears Father's footstep in the hall.

#### EIGHTH CHORUS

*A mad animal  
Man's a mad animal  
I'm a thousand years old and in my time  
I've helped commit a million murders*

- Marat/Sade

Rita Hayworth's picture on the Bomb.

What do we really want from them? What drove Garbo into hiding, Monroe into suicide, Lamaar into shoplifting, what struck Harlow down and sent Garland into the booze bottle?

*Enthusiastically cursing everyone who didn't believe in him, the rogue promised the heavens to all the sots who would listen to him. He wrote nothing, pursuant to his ignorance: spoke very rarely, pursuant to his stupidity; did even less, pursuant to his weakness and, wearing down the magistrates, who were tired of his seditious speeches, if they were quite rare, the charlatan got himself up on a cross, after having assured the rascals who followed him that, each time they invoked him, he would come down to them to give them something to eat. They tortured him, and he let them. His daddy, this sublime God, from whom who he dared to say he descended, didn't give him the slightest bit of help, and so the rogue was treated like the rest of the thieves, of whom he has the dignity of being the boss...*

And now here is how he esteems the all-mightiness of God:

*What do I see in the God of this notorious cult, if not a reckless and barbaric being, creating a world today the construction of which he will regret tomorrow! What do I see?... A weak being that can never make man bow as he wishes! This creature, though it came from him, dominates man; man can then trespass against it and thereby deserve eternal torture! What a weak being this God is! How! He could create everything that we see, and yet he cannot make man in his own image! But, you will respond, if he had created such a man, then that man wouldn't have been worth anything. What obsequiousness! and out of what necessity does man have to prove his worth to his God! In making him completely good, he never could have done evil, and in that case alone would the work be worthy of a God. It was in order to tempt man to give him choice. And yet God, in his infinite wisdom, knew quite well what would result. At that moment then, he willfully loses the creature he himself formed. What a terrible God this God is! what a monster! what a rogue more worthy of our hatred and implacable vengeance! And yet, not content with such a sublime task, he drowns man to convert him, burns him, he curses him...*

*Is a God so filled with wrath a being in which you can find the shadow of clemency or good will? According to standard theology, it seems clear that God created as many humans as possible just so that he could make them risk eternal tortures. Would it not have been more in line with good will, reason, and equity to only create rocks and plants than to form men whose conduct could bring them endless punishment? Such a devious God, wicked enough to create one single man, and to then leave him exposed to the peril of damning himself cannot be regarded as a perfect being: he could only be so as a monster of folly, injustice, malice and atrocity. However, God knows that man will be lost, he along with his race, if he eats this fruit, and not only does he give him the ability to give in, but he takes his malice to the point of seducing him. He gives in and is lost: he does what God has given him the power to do, what God*

*tried to make him do and now he will be eternally miserable. Is there anything more absurd and cruel in the world?*

And here are a few of his reflections on nature:

*Without destruction, there is no food on planet earth and consequently no possibility for man to be able to reproduce. A fatal truth, without a doubt, since it invincibly proves that if war, discord, and crimes are all banished from the planet earth, then the empire of three reigns, becoming too violent, would destroy in its turn all the other laws of nature. Celestial bodies would all stop: influences would be suspended by the exceeding power of one among them: there would be no more gravitation nor movement.*

*In his first moments man receives direct laws which he cannot escape: these laws are those of self-preservation, multiplying: laws that apply only to him, that depend on him but which are in no way necessary to nature, for he is no longer a part of nature, he is separate from it. He is entirely distinct from it, so much so that he is completely useless to its own functioning, nor necessary to its combinations, so much so that he could either quadruple his species or completely annihilate it and the universe would not feel the slightest shift. If he destroys himself, he is wrong, but still according to himself. But in the eyes of nature everything is different. If he multiplies, he is in the wrong, for he takes the honor of a new phenomenon from nature, the result of its laws necessarily being creatures. If these are commenced and do not propagate at all, it will create new beings and enjoy a faculty that it no longer has. Not that it couldn't still have it when it wanted, but it never does anything useless and just as the first beings that existed procreated on their own, nature will not propagate in this situation: our own procreation, which is but one of the laws inherent in us, decidedly harms the phenomena of which nature is capable. So in this way what we look upon as virtues are seen by nature as crimes. To this you may object that if this faculty of procreation it gave us harmed it, then it would not have given it to us. But observe then how it is no master, it is restrained by laws, that it cannot change anything, that one of its laws is the *élan* of existing creatures and the possibility that they will to procreate. But if these creatures procreate or destroy themselves, nature will enter into its first rights which nothing will fight against, but instead in propagating or not destroying ourselves, we bind it to its secondary laws and deprive it of its active power...*

*Does it not prove this to us beyond question by scourges that it endlessly crushes us, by divisions, by the discord it sows between us? With the penchant for murder that it inspires in us at every moment: these wars, these famines, with which it overwhelms us, these plagues it sets forth on the globe from time to time in order to destroy us, these scoundrels it multiplies, these Alexanders, these Tamerlances, these Gengis Khans, all of these heroes who devastate the*

coming, ever, anywhere, anytime, in any way?

"Arggggh!" he said, like the dying villain of a comic book, and I couldn't tell if he was having an orgasm or a heart attack.

The line went dead with a weird like a bomb-bay door opening to drop Rita Hayworth's picture. Gilda, the whore, beckoning from her golden bed . . . on little bronze heathens who didn't believe in Jesus.

#### SIXTH CHORUS

*Marat  
forget the rest  
there's nothing else  
beyond the body*

- Marat/Sade

So: after 150 years, we are ready to look de Sade in the face, eyeball to eyeball. He comes on, always, like a Zen Master, shouting right into our ears: "Tyranny or Anarchy — you must choose. Answer now!"

He was the first one mad enough and sane enough to accept the given, the immutable, to start from man-in-history rather than from man-in-theory. Well, he says, I don't believe in the "noble savage," I even doubt that he is "inherently good," but taking him as he is I still say: Freedom. He deserves liberty because nobody else is good enough to take it away from him.

He looked into anarchy, he looked past the voluntarily organized anarchy of Proudhon and Tolstoy, he looked into chaos itself, and he said, yes, even that, I will accept even that, before I will bend the knee to any Authority that claims to own me.

I dreamed I called LBJ on the phone and I said, look, man, you're not taking my son for one of your damn-fool wars.

"You are mistaken," he said smoothly. "That boy is not your son. He belongs to society and the State, and I am society and the State. I will take him anywhere I want, I will order him to do anything I care to have done, and I will shoot him if he disobeys."

But, but, man—I said—like, wow, man—do you think you own us?

"Read your law books, son," he chuckled. "Ownership is the right 'to use or abuse.'"

And the line went dead with a cold little click like an IBM machine punching

to the scene in the brothel in which he buggered and was buggered, whipped and was whipped. That scene, and the seven years imprisonment it cost him, has given his name to perversion, and yet one feels there has been a mistake somewhere, Sadeanism isn't Sadism, the two forces met head-on, but Sade was going in one direction and the true Sadist is going in the other.

Open any schlock newspaper and read the personal ads in which S-M people grope for each other: "Docile young man seeks woman experienced in discipline . . . " "Male, interested in leather and uniforms, seeks male of dominant disposition . . . " "Interested in leather on women...."

But this is not Sade's direction, my God, it is the direction of General Hershey and LBJ; it is the direction of our civilization; it is the essence of our civilization, dragged out into hideous visibility. Uniforms and discipline. "Kill for freedom, kill for peace, kill Vietnamese, kill, kill, kill!" The hallucinatory parental voice that says "You are homosexual" and "You must kill him." Uniforms and discipline. The blind leading the blind.

Albert Ellis is more general than Dr. Berne. According to Dr. Ellis, in a lecture at the N.Y. General Semantics Society, most neurotics — i.e., most civilized people — go around with a little internal voice saying "You are a no-good shit." ("You are homosexual," "You are a coward," and "You are a helpless neurotic" are only three variations on the main theme. The main theme is always "You are a no-good shit.")

Eric Frank Russell, the science-fiction writer, propounded a riddle once: "If everybody hates war, why do wars keep on happening?" Remember the S-M ads: "seeks discipline," "seeks uniforms," "seeks leather and rubber."

Authority-and-submission is the chief structural fact about feudal, capitalist and socialist society. Punishment-and-obedience is the defining gesture, as Stanislavsky would call it, of such societies. To illustrate it in one flash: Orwell's "boot stamping on the human face forever." And that is de Sade's theme, always.

I dreamed I called Fulton Sheen on the phone and asked him, I read in your column that "A child needs a pat on the back to encourage him — provided it is applied hard enough, low enough and often enough." You believe that crap, man?

"Without discipline," he intoned, "our whole civilization would fall into anarchy. I will chastize him with my rod," says the Good Book."

But, but, man — I protested — you're supposed to be anti-sex. Don't you know some cats get their rocks off that way? Ain't you read about spanking orgies and people coming in their pants during it? Ain't you against anybody

*earth, all that I say, does it not prove in an invincible way that all of our laws are contrary to its own and that it seeks to destroy us? The greatest rogue of the earth, the most abominable murderer, the most ferocious, the most barbaric, is thus the system of its laws.*

*So do you believe that civilization, or morality have made the human better? Don't suppose it, restrain yourself from believing: each of them have but brought about a softening, have only caused a forgetting of nature's laws that made him free and cruel; from this moment the whole species deteriorates, ferocity becomes treachery, and the evil that man has done only becomes more dangerous to his peers.*

*The principle of life in all beings is none other than that of death: we receive it and feed on it at the same time. At the moment that we call death, everything seems to dissolve, we believe this because of the extreme difference found then between this portion of matter that no longer appears to be animated; but this death is nothing but a fantasy, it only exists figuratively and has no reality. This matter, deprived of the subtle portion that give it motion is not destroyed for all this; it simply changes form, it begins to rot and there is already proof that it still has motion; it provides sap to the earth, fertilizing it and offering the regeneration of other reigns as well as its own. In short there is no essential difference between the first life we receive and the second one that we call death. Which allows us to see that death is as necessary as life and that all these plagues that we've spoken of, the cruelty of tyrants, the crimes of scoundrels, are just as necessary to these three reigns, as the act that invigorates them.*

*I maintain that the horror of death that nature inspires in us is simply the fruit of absurd fears that we develop in ourselves from the moment of birth, fear of total annihilation springing from religious ideas, the stupidity of which we fill our heads. Once recovered from these fears and reassured of our fate, not only should we no longer see death with repugnance, but it becomes easy to demonstrate that it is really a sensual pleasure. You will first concede that no one can cast doubt on the fact that it is one of the necessities of nature, which created us for this alone; we do not begin but to end; every moment leads us to this last limit. Everything proves that this is nature's only end. And yet I wonder how it is possible to doubt, after learned experience, that death, as a need of nature, should not become then, a sensual pleasure, since we have convincing evidence before us that all of the needs of life are nothing but pleasures. Thus there is a pleasure in death; so it is possible to imagine that with reflection and philosophy we can change all of the ridiculous frights of death into very sensual ideas, that one can even think of it and expect it while exciting oneself with the pleasures of the senses. .*

This does not at all prevent the marquis to say at some point:

*In a word, fear is in nature, it is born of its intimate care of self-preservation, a care that is impossible not to have, as it is engrained in us by the driving force that started us on this globe, which is to say by nature.*

He is for that matter against the risks of the duel and prefers to have he who wronged him assassinated. Here is how he justifies his viewpoint:

*Honor is a chimera, born out of human customs and conventions which are never based on anything but absurdity; it is as wrong that man is honored for having assassinated the enemy of his homeland as it is wrong to dishonor him for committing a massacre against his own; never have fair proceedings come out of unfair situations; if I do good in avenging my nation of wrongs it has received, I would do much better in avenging myself of those addressed to me. The State, which bribes four or five thousand assassins to serve its cause each year, cannot naturally, or legitimately punish me, when I, following its example, pay one or two people to take vengeance for the infinitely more real insults that I receive from my adversary; for in the end the insults made on this nation never personally affect it, while those that I have received directly reach me myself; and the difference is huge. But should a man try to say these things in the world? he is called weak, a coward, and the reputation as a man of intelligence or wisdom he has worked his whole life to develop will be taken from him in an instant by a few miserable jackanapes, as lowly as they are imbecilic, whom three or four prudes, who should be spanked in the streets, have persuaded that there is nothing greater than to go and risk one's life when one is allowed to go and take that of others...*

Elsewhere he comes back to nature, his preferred topic, and to God, his bête noire:

*Abandon man to nature, this would do him much better than our laws. Above all, destroy these vast ghettos, where these vices you subject to repressive laws accumulate. Out of what necessity does man live in society? Put him in the middle of rustic forests where he was born and let him do whatever he likes there. Then his crimes will not inconvenience anybody, isolated as he is, and your reins will become useless: the wild man knows only two needs: mate and eat: both of which come to him from nature. Nothing he does in order to achieve either of these two needs could be a crime to anybody. Any other passion born in him to do otherwise are owing solely to civilization. And yet as soon as these new offenses, which are but the fruit of circumstance, become inherent ways of being for the social man, what right do you have, I ask you, to reproach him? But is it not enough to cast a quick glance at our wretched human race to convince oneself that there is nothing in it that heralds immortality? What*

"Verily, verily, I say unto you," he replied, "I made my position on authority-and-submission as clear as I could: 'You know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you.' — Matt. 20:25. 'Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation.' — Matt. 12:25. 'If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.' — Matt. 15:14. 'For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them upon men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.' — Matt. 23:4. They be blind leaders of the blind, baby, and mechanical laws of punishment-and-conditioning lead them in little grooves of robot-life."

But, but — I protested — is there anything outside conditioned behavior? Is there a real freedom, Man? Is there?

"Find the place where Sade and I agree," he said, "and there you will find the beginning of a definition of liberty."

And the line went dead with a sudden click like the sound of a bedroom door closing as a little boy is pushed outside.

#### FIFTH CHORUS

*"They declaim against the passions without bothering to see that it is from their flame philosophy lights its torch"*

- Sade

The Castle, somebody pointed out, is a Sadean novel: Kafka's scene is a typical lair of Sadean monsters lying in wait for the innocent traveler. The Trial is even more Sadean I would argue, because the two thugs who haul Joseph K. off to an empty lot to slit his throat "like a dog" are, like Sade's images, revelations of the reality of our civilization. Capital punishment presented as a more nudely naked lunch than even Burroughs has fed us.

What happens to Joseph K., what happens to Justine, are very slight distortions of what happens to each man, each woman, in a society based on authority-and-submission.

What Sade saw — what Marat did not see — the hidden meaning of Peter Weiss's noisy and Sophoclean circus of a play — is that Man as we know him, Man in historical time, is entirely the product of punishment. That punishment defines his character, contours and structures his character, is his character. That sado-masochism is not a perversion, or a "way of life," but the meaning of our civilization.

Sade's drive for liberty — i.e., his attempt to understand himself — led him

Nothing could be more explicit than his actual words:

Laws should be "flexible," "mild" and "few" (Sade, p. 310).

We must "get rid forever of the atrocity of capital punishment" (Sade, p. 310).

Women must be equal with men: "Must the diviner half of humankind be laden with irons by the other? Ah, break those irons, Nature wills it" (Sade, p. 322).

Property should cease to be monopolized by a few (Sade, p. 313-314).

The present system of property-and-power rests on "submission of the people . . . due to . . . violence and the frequent use of torture" (Sade, p. 11).

He gave up his post as magistrate rather than administer capital punishment — "They wanted me to commit an inhumane act. I have never wanted to" (Sade, p. 29).

His principles are, as he says, quite correctly, not those that lead to tyranny but "principles to whose expression and realization the infamous despotism of tyrants has been opposed for uncounted centuries" (Sade, p. 311).

Even against the clergy, he maintains a solidly libertarian position: "I do not, however, propose either massacres or expulsions. Such dreadful things have no place in the enlightened mind. No, do not assassinate at all, do not expel at all.... Let us reserve the employment of force for the idols; ridicule alone will suffice for those who serve them" (Sade, p. 306).

But these words are ignored. Because he committed one crime — the crime of reporting accurately the secret day-dreams and longings of the psyche of men and women in this civilization, men and women reared in the crucible of authority-and-submission, discipline-and-punishment — he has been portrayed as the endorser of these extremities.

More truly than Flaubert said "Je suis Bovary," Sade could have said (did say, for those who read between the lines), "Je suis Justine." It is his voice that cries out continually in Justine's speeches, "Oh, monsters, is remorse dead in you?" Just as it is his voice, undeniably, in the "Dialogue Between a Priest and a Dying Man" which says simply, "Reason, sir — yes, our reason alone should warn us that harm done to our fellows can never bring happiness to us . . . and you need neither god nor religion to subscribe to [it]" (Sade, p. 174).

I dreamed I called Jesus Christ on the phone and asked him, say, Man, did you really forgive them for they knew not what they did?

*could this divine quality, let's put it more clearly, this quality that is physically impossible, have to do with this animal we call man? He who eats, drinks, perpetuates himself like a beast, who for all his good deeds has nothing but a slightly refined instinct, who can play at a fate supposedly different than that of beasts: could he accept that even for a minute? But man, they say, has come to the sublime knowledge of God: through this he declares himself worthy of the immortality he thinks he's got. And what is sublime about this knowledge of a chimera, if it's not that you want to claim that it's because man has come to raving about one object, he has to at all costs rave about them all. Ah! if the wretch has a few advantages over animals, how many do they have over him? To how many more infirmities or maladies is he subject? To how many more passions is he victim? All told, does he really have a greater advantage? And this slight advantage, does it confer enough pride on him to believe that he will outlive his brothers? Oh! wretched humanity, to what degree of extravagance has your self-love taken you? And when released from all these chimeras, won't you see yourself as but a beast, won't you see your God as the last word in human extravagance and, in the course of this life, but a passage that allowed you through the heart of all vice and all virtue?...*

This is how de Sade presents, in the words of his characters, the possibility of a God, served with sadist sauce:

*I raise my eyes upon the universe, I see the despotic reigns of evil, disorder, and crime everywhere. I lower my eyes to the most interesting being in the universe, and I see him too shaped by vices, infamous contradictions: what ideas come from this examination? That which we improperly call evil isn't really that at all, and that this mode is so necessary in the eyes of the being that created us that he would cease being master of his own work if evil didn't exist universally on the earth. Quite convinced of this system, I think: God exists: some hand must have necessarily created everything I see, but it only created it for evil: it takes pleasure only in evil: evil is its essence and all that it makes known to us is essential to its plans.*

*Let's not doubt it, evil, or at least what we call evil, is absolutely useful to the vicious organization of this sad universe. The God that formed it is a very vindictive, very barbaric, very wicked, very unjust, very cruel being, and that because vengeance, barbarism, wickedness, iniquity, roguishness, these are the necessary methods of the workings of this vast system and about which we don't complain until it harms us: to its victims, crime is bad; to its agents, good. And yet if evil, or at least what we call evil, is the essence of this God that created everything, and the individuals formed in his image, how can we know that the succession of evil is not eternal? It is in evil that he created the world, it is through evil that he supports it, it is through evil that he perpetuates it, and it is steeped in evil that each creature must exist.*

*When you have seen that everything on the earth is vicious and cruel, the Supreme God will say spitefully to virtuous creatures, why did you lose your way on the paths of virtue? Did I somehow lead you to believe that this world was made to please me? And the eternal sorrows with which I shower the universe don't convince you that I like disorder alone and that you must imitate me to please me? Have I not given you an example of destruction every day? why do you not destroy? The scourges with which I crush the world in proving to you that the evil is my supreme joy, should they not convince you to begin serving my plans for evil? They will say that mankind must satisfy me and yet when have you seen me engage in acts of kindness? Was it in sending you plagues, civil wars, diseases, earthquakes, storms? In perpetually dumping serpents of discord on your heads - did this convince you that good was my essence? Imbecile, why didn't you imitate me? Why do you resist these passions I have placed in you simply to prove how necessary evil was to me?*

Finally here are a few of his thoughts on laws:

*It is much more important that government actions be effective on corrupt beings rather than on moral beings. For they reason and you will never have a sturdy governance wherever man reasons: for the government is a bridle to man and the thinking man wants no bridles.*

*And this is why the most adept legislators want to bury the men he wants to govern in ignorance; they were aware that their chains subjugate the ignorant man much more consistently than they do the man of genius. In a free government, you will respond, the legislator cannot have this desire. And what is this free government, according to you: is there a single one on earth? Is man not everywhere a slave to laws? And by the same token is he not chained up? As soon as he is, his oppressor, whoever he may be, should he not like that he be kept in the state in which he is easiest to capture? And yet this state, is it not obviously that of immorality? The type of drunkenness in which the immoral and corrupt man perpetually vegetates, is it not the state in which the legislator can pin him most easily? Why then attribute any virtues to it? It is only when man purifies himself that he can shake off his reins, that he will examine his government and that he will change it.*

*Without laws and religious, we cannot imagine the degree of glory and grandeur that human knowledge would have achieved today; it is amazing how these lowly chains have slowed progress; we don't owe it anymore gratitude than this. They dare to denounce passions; they dare to chain them in laws. But let us compare the two: let us see which, passions or laws, have brought the most good to man. Who doubts that passions are, to morality, what movement is to physics? Invention and artistic wonders come out of passion alone: they must be regarded as the productive seeds of the mind and the powerful*

Simple as a proof in geometry.

But there is something in mankind which profoundly resents Prof. Skinner and his rationalism and his technology and his simplicity. The name of that something is the name of the divine Marquis, Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade.

I dreamed I called J. Edgar Hoover on the phone and asked him, hey, dig, man, what do you think of a world without punishment?

"(Get a tap on this line)," he said away from the phone, "(I got a pinko bleeding heart here.)"

"I'll tell you, sir," he said, "we are just a fact-finding agency; we don't draw any conclusions. But I Will Say This! There Is Only One Language the Godless Communists Understand And That Is The Language of Superior Power."

But, but — I cried — can you put the whole world over your lap and spank it?

"If the world had one ass, you can be sure we would," he said. "As it is, the spankings will have to be administered jointly and severally."

And the line went dead with an empty click, like a whip being pulled from its sheath and flicked, testingly, in the air.

#### FOURTH CHORUS

*Marat  
these cells of the inner self  
are worse than the deepest stone dungeon  
and as long as they are locked  
all your revolution remains  
only a prison mutiny  
to be put down  
by corrupted fellow prisoners*

- Marat/Sade

Eventually we begin to realize that Sade has never been understood. He cried out for liberty, and we accuse him of being a forerunner of Hitler. He dreamed of a world without punishment, and we attribute brutality to him. He spoke for the spirit of love, and we project every viciousness onto him.

We are afraid of being seduced by him, we Hiroshima-makers.

He showed us our own face in a mirror and we have screamed for 150 years that it was his face.

## SECOND CHORUS

*Why do the children scream  
What are the heaps they fight over  
those heaps with eyes and mouths*

- Marat/Sade

And we, we Hiroshima-makers, are now finally, more than 150 years after his death, tentatively beginning to look at the unexpurgated de Sade.

I dreamed I called Dwight Eisenhower on the phone and asked him if de Sade should be banned.

"I don't know," he said. "I'll have to ask Postmaster General Summerfield. If he says it's a filthy book, then of course it should be banned. America must maintain its purity and its God-given heritage."

And I dreamed I called him back two nights later and he had consulted with Summerfield and the verdict was n.g. "Summerfield says dee Sayd was a pinko pervert."

And the phone went dead with a sudden dull click like the last sound Hemmingway heard when he put the gun to his head and said, ah, shit, now, not any other minute but this minute, right now.

## THIRD CHORUS

*... and as if I were a naughty little boy, the idea is to spank me into good behavior? "*

- Sade

Prof. B.F. Skinner of Harvard, ripe with years and wisdom, rich with degrees and honors, says that a world without punishment is operationally conceivable. That is, speaking as a scientific psychologist, Skinner does not know of any behavior that can't be increased or decreased without the use of punishment.

Desirable behavior (from your point of view, whatever your point of view is)? — reinforce it through a system of rewards. It will increase.

Undesirable behavior (again, from whatever your point of view is)? — no need to punish it; just reinforce incompatible behavior, again through a system of rewards. The incompatible behavior will increase, and the "undesirable" behavior will decrease.

*spring of great acts. There will never be anything but great passions that can give birth to great men.*

*Let us compare the centuries of anarchy to those in which laws operated to their fullest effect, under whichever government we like, one will easily be convinced that it is only in that silence of laws that the greatest acts burst forth. Returned to a state of nature, man would be happier than he can be under the absurd yoke of laws. I do not want man to renounce the slightest portion of his force and his power. He has no need of laws to bring about justice; nature has given him the necessary instinct and energy to get it for himself, and that which he gets will always be more prompt and more potent than that which he can hope for from the laws of a people who are nothing but the masses and the results of the interests of the legislators who have cooperated in the erection of these laws.*

*The men who believed that out of the need to come together came the need to make laws fell into the gravest of errors: they had no more need for laws united than they did isolated. A universal sword of justice is useless; this sword is naturally in the hands of everyone.*

*It is the excess of laws that leads to despotism; the despot is he who creates the law, who makes it speak or who uses it for his own interests. Remove this means of excess from the despot, there would be no more tyrant. There isn't a single tyrant who has not propped himself up with laws to exercise his cruelties; anywhere where the rights of man are regularly rejoined so that each can take his own revenge for the insults he's received, no despot would arise, for he would be brought down by the first victim he tries to immolate. Tyrants are never born out of anarchy; you only ever see them rise up in the shadow of laws or justify themselves with them. The reign of laws, thus, is vicious; it is inferior to that of anarchy.*

I end the citations here but one will realize when he forgets his role as bogeyman, our marquis gives in to his attraction to the good, toward the moral values that are useful to his species, in a word, toward virtue. And perhaps he hides, in the depths of himself, a profound spitefulness for his path to nothingness. Surely, for him the world is essentially and definitively bad but to what point does he defend and admit evil? Certainly, his bizarre interpretation of nature's will opposed to human will and his definition of egoism shock our understanding of things but, in the end, his critique is exact insofar as it holds to the observation of facts. It is no longer so when he glorifies evil and grants ambivalence on the equivalence of good and evil.

In denouncing the barbarity of nature and its hostility to man, he had dissipated the illusions of the worshippers of universal Harmony and

demonstrated the necessity of this unrelenting struggle which the human being meets with adversity, struggle against all causes of destruction that endlessly compromise his security and his existence and which, despite his efforts, end up being right. Indeed, man never ceases to oppose natural forces, disease, infirmities, death; all of these manifestations are destroyed by time, his worst enemy, and, in this unfair fight, he remains eternally defeated despite his knowledge and energy.

Finally de Sade's frank and furious maxim: "do unto others what you would not have them do unto you" is the very expression of the struggle for life, the ferocious struggle in which the eater wants to eat the others without being eaten himself. But, one will say, this maxim leads humanity to suicide and anyway he does not practice it, for man knows better. Obviously, in theory, but in practice we see that it is the only maxim in effect on the surface of our planet. No one treats his peers as equals, for in that case there would be no exploitation, no disagreements, nor wrongs of any sort; even less violence between individuals and no crime at all. And yet this is in no way the case and all of the continents offer us the spectacle of the strict application of this maxim that de Sade offered his contemporaries like a mirror to their own conduct.

I would have loved to have known this marquis, who must have been a jolly companion, and to converse with him about this famous question of good and evil. Did he really see things as he depicted them, he who did not practice his own maxim? Did he come to accept and recognize this transformation of egoism into altruism through the development of our conditioned reflexes and this sense of imitation which places us, through imagination, in the place of our neighbor, and with which we share our sufferings and joys? Would he have admitted this concern for security, necessary to the strongest to whom mutual aid is more advantageous than struggle? Would he have granted that even among animals, in nature, this mutual aid is obvious? And would he have realized that these sexual anomalies that he defended, mainly because they were dangerously forbidden, were not at all natural needs but on the contrary products of this civilization, that he himself described as vile, perverting those who it enslaved? Would he not have recognized that these horrors, far from destroying laws and bringing ruin to religion, on the contrary created them, recognized as indispensable to avoid them? And the problem of consciousness, what would he have had to say about that? Would he have held that Archimedes being true or Archimedes turned into lies amounts to the same thing? What a rare pleasure it would have been to discuss these subjects with a man of this quality!

We need a collection, pieces chosen among his most original dissertations, to be published (in the vein of "Pages curieuses" edited by Balkis and "L'Œuvre du Marquis de Sade" written by Apollinaire, works that are impossible to find

today), which could make de Sade known in his most caustic, wisest spirit, collecting prophetic and brilliant treasures, and his inexhaustible good sense.

Waiting for that, it goes without saying, a great statue, in robust bronze, showing him smiling, calm and ironic, scoffing at those he called "the imbeciles" from the height of a granite pedestal on which I'd like to see his famous maxim, carved in golden letters, thrown at passersby like a challenge and a rebuke: "do unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

(From a Lecture given at the "Friends of E. Armand" Center on July 7, 1957)

### Thirteen Choruses for the Divine Marquis

by Robert Anton Wilson

#### FIRST CHORUS

*"You are afraid of the people unrestrained—how ridiculous!"*

- Sade

I dreamed I called Rita Hayworth on the phone and asked her if she hears the babies of Hiroshima screaming in the night.

"No," she said, "I useta have kinda kooky problems like that but my analyst cleared them all up."

But — I insisted — after all, it was your picture that was painted on the Bomb. Not Harry Truman, or Einstein, or even Marilyn Monroe. You.

"Well, yeah, if you wanna look at it that way," she said. "But, Christ, they was sticking my picture on everything those days."

But, but — I shouted — don't you feel any sense of responsibility?

"Waita-minit, Mac," she said, "what are ya, some kinda nut? Nobody ever asked me nothing about it. They just went ahead and dropped it."

But, but, but — I screamed — all those people — 550,000 of them, according to one estimate I read — blown apart by a picture of you —

"Look, Clyde," she said firmly. "My analyst told me it don't do no good to brood over such things."

And the line went dead with a hollow click, like a coffin closing snugly on Dracula as the morning sun throws its white and ghastly nuclear radiations into the cool darkness of dream.