

Darko Milošić

Creationist pornography

Translated by Vesna Marić

Rather than worry about a lack of an income during a recession, some American housewives have, in the last two to three years, decided to start writing. They of course saw how successful 'mummy pornography' was in the style of *Fifty Shades of Gray*, but they thought they would take it a few steps further, deciding that a market that was always looking for new products might need something more radical than the - by now quite mainstream - sadomasochistic relationships between rich businessmen and shy students. Boring! But when it comes to sexuality, human imagination knows no bounds: the contemporary offer of internet pornography has hundreds of sub-genres, which is a phenomenon in itself that can be discussed on a different occasion.

When it comes to the sexual imagination of middle aged women who write under original pseudonyms such as Emerald Ice, Virginia Vade or Alice Xavier, one would get worried if they didn't realise that they were just ordinary, polite housewives - this is quite clear in the author interviews - who had found their niche in the publishing industry and started producing that which sells - and see how far it could take them. Maybe 'worried' is too strong of a word in this context; basically, even though their work is about really quite perverse and dark fantasies, it's enough to see the cover illustrations or read the titles in order to realise that these role model wives and mothers of sons and daughters who need their studies paid for, simply have, along with a good nose for finding ways to bump up the family budget, a pretty twisted sense of humour. Mrs Virginia Vade thus worked out a way to introduce an ape-like creature into a (sexual) relationship between Bigfoot or Sasquatch, from the dark American forests - the idea of which is deeply seated in the national psyche - and a group of contemporary urban women, who want to go camping in the wild. The introductory images are pretty visual: the women set up the tents, relaxed, swam in a nearby lake, barbecued and drank beer, when - 'What the hell is this?' 'It's fucking Bigfoot', hissed Shelly. 'He's fucking real.' Her eyes filled with terror. 'With a huge d...' From the tufts of sticky hair, the creature pulled out a big pale d... which begged belief.

You can see from this quite representative excerpt that it is not the kind of literature that has high artistic aims. It is of course, only about the fact that there are enough women and men in the US who will pay money to buy a book and read about the way the wild Sasquatch kidnaps and sexually uses naive mountaineers. And there is clearly a wide readership because the author, who self-published her book via Amazon's Kindle Direct Publishing, states that during 2012 her work, *Cum for Bigfoot*, was downloaded over one hundred thousand times. And without any promotion. At her peak, she was earning around 30,000 dollars a month. It is clear

also that anyone who wants to read explicit descriptions of sex between a non-human male and a human female will want to buy all the follow-ups, with new main characters... and the sub-genre of erotic literature known as 'monster erotica' was born. Of course, if Bigfoot could work, anyone, or anything can work.

This sub-genre is also known as 'cryptozoological erotica,' or 'erotic horror' (with further sub-genre branches of 'sci-fi porn' and so on) since there are other characters such as Sasquatch's Himalayan cousin Yeti (Yeti Love), mermen - a male counterpart to a mermaid (hm...?) (Seducing a Merman), cyclopes (Stolen by the Cyclops), trolls (Christina and the Trolls), minotaurs (The Horny Minotaurs), monsters from lakes (Fu.ked by the Lake Monster), random aliens who impregnate women on space ships (Alien Seed) and of course, robots. For example: Sex with my Husband's Anatomically Correct Robot, K.J. Burkhardt, a novel which is advertised as 'mechanical sex at its best' on Amazon. The summary: Angie is an 'ordinary housewife' whose beloved husband is paralysed from the waist down after a terrible accident. Considerate of her needs, and not wanting to bring her to a position where she has to cheat, he makes her a humanoid robot who would fulfil her ever need. The question is whether Angie will be able to control herself or might she fall under the spell of this charming robot every time she has a dirty thought? I mean, who wouldn't want to read that? But, this is not all: among the main characters are werewolves, unicorns, centaurs, toys (?), gargoyles, and demons (an anthology bears a title: Demons Love Ass)... and hm, dinosaurs. Yes, dinosaurs. 'Dino-porn'. Don't ask me why. There is a whole range of novels by a certain Christie Simps with titles such as Taken by the Pterodactyl, T-Rex Troubles, Mating with the Raptor, Ravished by the Triceratops... who are, basically, set in prehistoric times, ignoring the fact that humans and giant reptiles did not live in the same period. (The author might be a creationist.) Here is one typical plot sample. Paola is the eldest child in the family, and according to the laws of her country she is entitled to free studies at the university in the capital. But, the family decides to send her younger brother to study instead. She is angry but has to accept the decision, and stay on the farm to feed the animals and work the land, and she also has to defend the farm from the hungry predators such as foxes and wolves, and occasionally, dinosaurs. And sure enough, a velociraptor turns up at some point. Paula thinks that it will immediately attack her and rip her skin off, but the beast has other ideas about her... (Ravaged by the Raptor). One has to ask, can it get any more stupid (yes, it can!) - the illustrations on the covers are already incredibly dumb (a pterodactyl and a girl in a bikini, or a small triceratops and a girl in a bikini), but the author has her readers, and the author earns well, which is all she cares about.

We can ask ourselves what it's all about. Some might think that it is yet another bizarre postmodern micro-trend. And it is, to a certain extent: the combination of the laws of demand and offer, pornification, self publishing, the phenomenon of middle aged housewives who have discovered that they are gifted writers and that they have an endless imagination when it comes to sex. But in some way, the motivation isn't new. Parts are taken straight from Classic mythology (such as the cyclops or the minotaur), or Scandinavian myths (trolls

and ogres) or from Medieval imaginations (demons, incubes) which are all then reinterpreted into a lusty story. Another part of the genre uses the very popular American topic of alien abductions; there's a great number of people who claim that they were abducted by aliens who dragged them to their ships and experimented on them. Add to that the good idea that the experiments would offer cosmic-power orgasms and impregnate you with alien semen, and the sales are guaranteed. There have been rumours for a long time about the sexual exploitation of robots.

So while there is not much originality there, it's probably more about the fact that these ladies got to work like all best American entrepreneurs, and combined and recombined already known themes and motives. It is interesting that these authors are mostly women; one might even ask how feminist circles might have reacted if it had been a man writing a story that bore a cover with two good looking young women in underwear, eight months pregnant, while two hairy Bigfoot stood beside them. Finally, one may ask who wants to read a series of novels in which one can read about women being impregnated by aliens, beasts, unicorns, or who knows what. I don't know a single man who might be interested in this. What the psychoanalysts might ask is where this need to read about descriptions of sexual violence stems from. These are basically rape fantasies, and some of these stories touch upon themes of incest, child abuse and so on, masked by quasi-historic or sci fi decor. This is digging around the reptilian parts of the brain, among the deeply buried, taboo desires.

It could be said that the authors are parasites of human pathology or our dark sadistic and masochistic drives, but judging by the comments on Amazon, part of the readership is having a great time laughing at the writing. The phenomenon is attracting attention in a strange way, if for no other reason but for its bizarreness. In any case, I hope that it will not become popular here. We have enough trash as it is.