IN THE AGE OF INSTANT GRATIFICATION, PORNOGRAPHY PRESENTS ITSELF AS A SHORTCUT TO INTIMACY, YET IT STRIPS AWAY THE VERY ESSENCE OF CONNECTION. THE IMAGE REPLACES THE SOUL.

THE BODY, ONCE A VESSEL OF PRESENCE, BECOMES MERE CONTENT. IN PORN, THERE IS NO PERSON—ONLY PERFORMANCE. THE OTHER IS NOT RECOGNIZED BUT CONSUMED.

THE SPECTACLE OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT INVITE TOUCH; IT DEMANDS DISTANCE. IT TEACHES THE VIEWER TO DESIRE WITHOUT ENGAGEMENT, TO WANT WITHOUT GIVING.

THE LOVER DISAPPEARS. THE BELOVED DISAPPEARS. WHAT REMAINS IS A MECHANICAL CHOREOGRAPHY OF BODIES SEVERED FROM MEANING, A RITUAL WITHOUT SPIRIT.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT AMPLIFY DESIRE; IT FRACTURES IT. THE MORE ONE WATCHES, THE LESS ONE SEES. THE REAL, NO LONGER ENOUGH, IS REPLACED BY THE ENDLESSLY NOVEL.

THE BRAIN ADAPTS. NEURAL PATHWAYS ARE REWIRED. LOVE, ONCE A SLOW-BURNING FIRE, IS TRADED FOR THE QUICK SPARK OF THE ARTIFICIAL. THE RECOGNITION OF THE OTHER DISSOLVES.

THE BODY IS FRAGMENTED. THE EYES NO LONGER SEE A WHOLE PERSON, ONLY PARTS. THE MIND NO LONGER ASKS, WHO ARE YOU? BUT INSTEAD DEMANDS, WHAT CAN YOU DO?

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT REFLECT INTIMACY; IT REPLACES IT. IT CONDITIONS A GENERATION TO APPROACH SEX AS CONSUMPTION, NOT COMMUNION.

THE SEARCH FOR THE ESSENTIAL NATURE OF THE OTHER IS ABANDONED. INSTEAD, ONE SEEKS ONLY AN IMAGE, AN ILLUSION, AN ESCAPE.

IN PORNOGRAPHY'S WORLD, PRESENCE IS ABSENT. THE PEOPLE ON THE SCREEN ARE NOT THERE. NEITHER IS THE VIEWER.

THE SPECTACLE OF PORNOGRAPHY THRIVES ON DETACHMENT. IT DOES NOT ASK FOR CONNECTION; IT ASKS FOR COMPLIANCE. THE BODY OBEYS, BUT THE HEART FORGETS.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THAT DESIRE IS INFINITE BUT ATTENTION IS FLEETING. THE MORE ONE INDULGES, THE LESS ONE LINGERS. INTIMACY IS MEASURED IN SECONDS, NOT IN PRESENCE.

THE VIEWER BELIEVES THEY ARE IN CONTROL, BUT THEY ARE CONTROLLED. EACH CLICK, EACH SCENE, EACH NEW FACE DEEPENS THE DEPENDENCE ON ILLUSION.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT SATISFY; IT ESCALATES. WHAT ONCE INTRIGUED SOON BORES. THE CHASE FOR THE NOVEL REPLACES THE LONGING FOR THE REAL.

THE ESSENTIAL NATURE OF THE OTHER CANNOT BE RECOGNIZED WHEN THE SELF IS FRAGMENTED. ONE CANNOT GIVE PRESENCE IF ONE HAS FORGOTTEN HOW TO BE PRESENT.

THE LOVER RAISED ON PORNOGRAPHY STRUGGLES TO MEET THE GAZE OF ANOTHER. EYE CONTACT FEELS TOO INTIMATE, TOO REVEALING. IN THE SCREEN'S WORLD, THE EYES ARE NOT MEANT TO BE SEEN.

THE BODY BECOMES AN OBJECT TO BE OPTIMIZED. THE SOUL, IRRELEVANT. THE SPECTACLE OF PORNOGRAPHY TURNS ALL INTO COMMODITIES, EVEN THE SELF.

THE MORE ONE WATCHES, THE LESS ONE KNOWS. WHAT IS INTIMACY? WHAT IS LOVE? WHAT IS A PERSON? PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT ANSWER. IT ONLY DISTRACTS.

THE EMBRACE OF ANOTHER NO LONGER FEELS LIKE HOME BUT LIKE FOREIGN TERRITORY. WHEN THE BODY IS CONDITIONED TO PIXELS, THE WARMTH OF SKIN BECOMES UNFAMILIAR.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT KILL LOVE OUTRIGHT; IT STARVES IT. IT REMOVES THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH LOVE CAN GROW —PATIENCE, DEPTH, MYSTERY, DEVOTION.

THE SCREEN TRAINS THE MIND TO SEEK STIMULUS, NOT STILLNESS. YET LOVE, REAL LOVE, IS BORN IN STILLNESS—THE QUIET RECOGNITION OF ANOTHER'S PRESENCE.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT TEACH HOW TO LOVE, ONLY HOW TO WANT. AND WANTING WITHOUT LOVE BECOMES AN EMPTINESS THAT NO IMAGE CAN FILL.

THE REAL DISSOLVES IN THE FACE OF THE ARTIFICIAL. THE MORE ONE INDULGES IN ILLUSION, THE HARDER IT BECOMES TO ACCEPT THE IMPERFECTIONS OF THE REAL.

THE PERSON WHO HAS SPENT YEARS CONSUMING PORNOGRAPHY ENTERS A RELATIONSHIP NOT AS A LOVER, BUT AS A SPECTATOR. THEY WATCH, EVEN IN INTIMACY.

TO TOUCH ANOTHER'S BODY IS AN ACT OF TRUST. PORNOGRAPHY ERODES THIS TRUST BY REDUCING THE BODY TO A TOOL, A MEANS TO AN END RATHER THAN A PRESENCE TO BE CHERISHED.

IN THE SPECTACLE OF PORNOGRAPHY, THE ACT IS EVERYTHING, THE PERSON IS NOTHING. BUT WHERE THERE IS NO PERSON, THERE IS NO INTIMACY.

THOSE RAISED ON PORNOGRAPHY OFTEN STRUGGLE WITH SILENCE IN RELATIONSHIPS. THEY HAVE BEEN TRAINED FOR NOISE, FOR SPECTACLE, FOR THE ENDLESS SWITCHING OF SCENES.

THE DESIRE FOR NOVELTY BECOMES INSATIABLE. THE SOUL LONGS FOR DEPTH, BUT THE MIND HAS BEEN CONDITIONED TO SKIM THE SURFACE.

PORNOGRAPHY PROMISES PLEASURE BUT DELIVERS DETACHMENT. THE BODY IS EXCITED, BUT THE HEART IS COLD.

THE GREATEST LIE OF PORNOGRAPHY IS THAT IT IS HARMLESS. WHAT APPEARS AS PRIVATE INDULGENCE HAS PUBLIC CONSEQUENCES—ON LOVE, ON RELATIONSHIPS, ON THE SOUL ITSELF.

PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT WATCHED; IT WATCHES. IT SHAPES THE MIND, MOLDS DESIRES, AND DICTATES WHAT IS DEEMED ATTRACTIVE, DESIRABLE, AND WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

THE CONSUMER OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT CONSUME ALONE. THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY THE INVISIBLE ARCHITECTS OF DESIRE—ALGORITHMS, INDUSTRIES, AND PROFITDRIVEN INTERESTS.

THE LOVER SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY SEES BODIES, NOT BEINGS. THE SOUL IS IGNORED, THE EMOTIONS ARE DISCARDED, THE PRESENCE OF THE OTHER IS LOST.

THE MORE ONE INDULGES, THE MORE ONE WITHDRAWS FROM REAL INTIMACY. PORNOGRAPHY CREATES SPECTATORS WHO ARE AFRAID TO PARTICIPATE.

SEX IS NO LONGER DISCOVERED THROUGH LOVE BUT THROUGH SEARCH RESULTS. THE INFINITE SCROLL REPLACES THE INFINITE MYSTERY OF ANOTHER PERSON.

LOVE REQUIRES PATIENCE. PORNOGRAPHY THRIVES ON IMPATIENCE. THE TWO CANNOT COEXIST.

A BODY REDUCED TO PIXELS BECOMES A BODY WITHOUT HISTORY, WITHOUT FEELINGS, WITHOUT LIFE. THIS IS THE ILLUSION: THAT A PERSON CAN BE SEPARATED FROM THEIR ESSENCE.

THE ONE WHO LIVES THROUGH PORNOGRAPHY WILL STRUGGLE TO LIVE THROUGH LOVE. LOVE IS UNPREDICTABLE, COMPLEX, AND REQUIRES SURRENDER. PORNOGRAPHY OFFERS THE OPPOSITE—CONTROL, PREDICTABILITY, AND ESCAPE.

THE MORE ONE OBJECTIFIES OTHERS, THE MORE ONE FEELS OBJECTIFIED. IN THE WORLD OF PORNOGRAPHY, NO ONE IS HUMAN.

THE TRAGEDY IS NOT JUST THAT PORNOGRAPHY ERASES THE OTHER'S ESSENCE. IT IS THAT IT ERASES ONE'S OWN ABILITY TO RECOGNIZE IT.

PORNOGRAPHY TRAINS THE MIND TO EXPECT INTIMACY WITHOUT VULNERABILITY, PLEASURE WITHOUT PRESENCE, AND BODIES WITHOUT SOULS.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY BELIEVES THEY ARE FREE, BUT THEY ARE CHAINED. THE ALGORITHM DICTATES THEIR DESIRES, THEIR FANTASIES, AND ULTIMATELY, THEIR LONELINESS.

PORNOGRAPHY IS A MASTER OF ILLUSION. IT PRESENTS ABUNDANCE, YET BREEDS SCARCITY. IT PROMISES CONNECTION, YET DEEPENS ISOLATION.

LOVE IS AN ACT OF DEVOTION. PORNOGRAPHY IS AN ACT OF CONSUMPTION. THE FORMER REQUIRES GIVING, THE LATTER ONLY TAKES.

THE VIEWER OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT DESIRE A PERSON, ONLY AN EXPERIENCE. THE OTHER IS INTERCHANGEABLE, DISPOSABLE, REPLACEABLE.

WHAT IS SACRED CANNOT SURVIVE IN A WORLD OF ENDLESS OPTIONS. THE CONSTANT SEEKING OF NEW IMAGES LEAVES ONE UNABLE TO CHERISH THE IRREPLACEABLE.

THE MIND SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY RESISTS STILLNESS. THE NEED FOR STIMULATION BECOMES GREATER THAN THE DESIRE FOR UNDERSTANDING.

IN PORNOGRAPHY, NOTHING IS PERSONAL.
THERE IS NO HISTORY, NO FUTURE, NO DEPTH.
THERE IS ONLY THE MOMENT, AND EVEN THAT
IS HOLLOW.

THE SEARCH FOR NOVELTY BLINDS ONE TO THE BEAUTY OF FAMILIARITY. LOVE DEEPENS OVER TIME, BUT PORNOGRAPHY REJECTS TIME ITSELF.

THE DEATH OF RECOGNITION IS SLOW. THE MORE ONE WATCHES, THE LESS ONE SEES—NOT JUST OTHERS, BUT ONESELF.

PORNOGRAPHY REDUCES THE INFINITE DEPTH OF A PERSON TO A FLEETING IMAGE. IN DOING SO, IT REDUCES THE VIEWER AS WELL.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY SEEKS CONTROL OVER DESIRE, BUT IN TRUTH, DESIRE CONTROLS THEM. THE CRAVING IS NO LONGER THEIRS; IT BELONGS TO THE SCREEN.

LOVE IS UNPREDICTABLE. IT REQUIRES SURRENDER TO THE UNKNOWN. PORNOGRAPHY ELIMINATES THE UNKNOWN, REPLACING IT WITH SCRIPTED ILLUSIONS OF CERTAINTY.

THE MORE ONE WATCHES, THE LESS ONE FEELS. OVERSTIMULATION NUMBS THE SENSES, TURNING PASSION INTO ROUTINE AND CURIOSITY INTO COMPULSION.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT JUST DISTORT SEX; IT DISTORTS THE SELF. ONE BEGINS TO SEE THEMSELVES NOT AS A LOVER, BUT AS A CONSUMER, NEVER FULFILLED.

IN REAL INTIMACY, PRESENCE IS EVERYTHING. IN PORNOGRAPHY, PRESENCE IS ABSENT. THIS ABSENCE LINGERS, EVEN WHEN FACED WITH REAL LOVE.

THE ESSENCE OF ANOTHER CANNOT BE RECOGNIZED WHEN DESIRE HAS BEEN HIJACKED. THE MIND, TRAINED BY PORNOGRAPHY, NO LONGER SEES, IT ONLY SCANS.

THE LOVER CONDITIONED BY PORNOGRAPHY SEEKS NOT TO EXPLORE ANOTHER'S SOUL BUT TO RECREATE WHAT THEY HAVE CONSUMED. THEIR IMAGINATION HAS BEEN OUTSOURCED.

PORNOGRAPHY ISOLATES. EVEN IN A ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE, ITS ADDICT IS ELSEWHERE, LOST IN A WORLD THAT IS NOT REAL BUT STILL GOVERNS THEM.

THE TRAGEDY OF PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT JUST IN WHAT IT DESTROYS, BUT IN WHAT IT PREVENTS. THE LOVE THAT COULD HAVE BEEN NEVER BEGINS.

THE RECOGNITION OF THE OTHER'S ESSENCE REQUIRES PATIENCE. PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES URGENCY, LEAVING NO ROOM FOR DISCOVERY.

THE CONSUMER OF PORNOGRAPHY BECOMES INCREASINGLY ESTRANGED FROM THEIR OWN BODY. THEY NO LONGER FEEL, THEY REACT.

PORNOGRAPHY PROMISES TO FULFILL DESIRE, BUT IT ONLY INFLAMES IT. THE MORE ONE CONSUMES, THE FURTHER THEY DRIFT FROM TRUE SATISFACTION.

THE SOUL LONGS TO BE SEEN, NOT WATCHED. THE DIFFERENCE IS EVERYTHING.

LOVE REQUIRES EFFORT, COMMITMENT, AND PRESENCE. PORNOGRAPHY OFFERS A SHORTCUT, BUT LIKE ALL ILLUSIONS, IT LEADS NOWHERE.

THE REPETITION OF IMAGES BREEDS INDIFFERENCE. THE MORE BODIES ONE CONSUMES, THE LESS ANY SINGLE ONE MATTERS.

THE ABILITY TO CHERISH ANOTHER IS LOST WHEN NOVELTY BECOMES THE ONLY SOURCE OF EXCITEMENT.

PORNOGRAPHY DISCONNECTS SEX FROM LOVE, PLEASURE FROM MEANING, BODY FROM SOUL. THE RESULT IS NOT FREEDOM, BUT FRAGMENTATION.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY BELIEVES THEY ARE IN CONTROL OF THEIR DESIRES. IN TRUTH, THEIR DESIRES HAVE BEEN MANUFACTURED FOR THEM.

THE ULTIMATE DECEPTION OF PORNOGRAPHY IS THAT IT OFFERS INTIMACY. BUT INTIMACY REQUIRES PRESENCE, AND PORNOGRAPHY ENSURES THAT ONE IS NEVER TRULY PRESENT.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THAT THE BODY IS FOR CONSUMPTION, NOT CONNECTION. THIS BELIEF LINGERS LONG AFTER THE SCREEN IS TURNED OFF.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT SEEK A PERSON, ONLY A SENSATION. THE OTHER BECOMES AN INSTRUMENT, NOT A PRESENCE.

REAL LOVE UNFOLDS OVER TIME.
PORNOGRAPHY COLLAPSES TIME INTO AN
INSTANT, ERASING THE SLOW REVELATION OF
INTIMACY.

THE EYES TRAINED BY PORNOGRAPHY NO LONGER RECOGNIZE BEAUTY IN THE ORDINARY. THEY SEEK EXAGGERATION, DISTORTION, SPECTACLE.

PORNOGRAPHY REDUCES SEX TO A SERIES OF ACTS. LOVE REVEALS SEX AS AN EXPRESSION OF BEING.

THE FANTASY OF PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT JUST THE IMAGE—IT IS THE BELIEF THAT ONE CAN HAVE PLEASURE WITHOUT CONSEQUENCE, DESIRE WITHOUT RESPONSIBILITY.

THE MORE ONE CONSUMES, THE LESS THEY UNDERSTAND THEIR OWN DESIRE. THE SPECTACLE DICTATES WHAT IS AROUSING; THE SELF IS NO LONGER CONSULTED.

IN PORNOGRAPHY, THE BODY IS AVAILABLE ON DEMAND. IN LOVE, THE BODY IS GIVEN FREELY OR NOT AT ALL. THE FORMER ENSLAVES, THE LATTER LIBERATES.

THE MIND ADDICTED TO PORNOGRAPHY STRUGGLES TO BE STILL. SILENCE IS UNBEARABLE BECAUSE IT DEMANDS PRESENCE, AND PRESENCE HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN.

THE LOVER SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY NO LONGER ASKS, WHO ARE YOU? THEY ASK, WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR ME? LOVE CANNOT SURVIVE THIS QUESTION.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THAT THE OTHER EXISTS FOR PLEASURE, NOT FOR COMMUNION. LOVE WITHERS IN THE SHADOW OF SUCH A BELIEF.

THE MORE ONE OBJECTIFIES, THE MORE ONE FEELS OBJECTIFIED. WHAT IS DONE TO OTHERS IS DONE TO THE SELF.

PORNOGRAPHY NUMBS THE SENSES, DULLS THE EMOTIONS, AND MAKES REAL INTIMACY FEEL INSUFFICIENT. THE ARTIFICIAL REPLACES THE AUTHENTIC.

LOVE THRIVES ON MYSTERY. PORNOGRAPHY ELIMINATES MYSTERY. WHAT IS FULLY EXPOSED CEASES TO INVITE WONDER.

THE PERSON ADDICTED TO PORNOGRAPHY BECOMES BORED WITH REALITY. THEIR EXPECTATIONS HAVE BEEN SHAPED BY FICTION, AND REALITY CAN NO LONGER COMPETE.

THE IMAGE ON THE SCREEN IS LIFELESS, YET IT COMMANDS ATTENTION. THE LOVER IN FRONT OF YOU IS ALIVE, YET THEY ARE IGNORED.

PORNOGRAPHY MAKES SEX MECHANICAL, REDUCING TOUCH TO TECHNIQUE, STRIPPING AWAY THE SACRED.

LOVE ASKS FOR DEVOTION. PORNOGRAPHY ASKS FOR NOTHING—EXCEPT THAT YOU RETURN, AGAIN AND AGAIN.

THE MIND SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY SEES NOT A PERSON BUT A ROLE. THE HUMAN BEING DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE SCRIPT.

TRUE INTIMACY REQUIRES PATIENCE, TENDERNESS, AND PRESENCE. PORNOGRAPHY ENSURES THAT NONE OF THESE REMAIN.

PORNOGRAPHY CREATES A HUNGER THAT IT CANNOT SATISFY. THE MORE ONE CONSUMES, THE DEEPER THE EMPTINESS GROWS.

THE EYES TRAINED BY PORNOGRAPHY NO LONGER SEE WITH LOVE. THEY SCAN, ASSESS, AND COMPARE—BUT THEY DO NOT TRULY SEE.

LOVE REQUIRES SURRENDER. PORNOGRAPHY REQUIRES CONTROL. WHERE CONTROL DOMINATES, LOVE CANNOT ENTER.

THE LOVER SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY STRUGGLES TO STAY PRESENT. THEIR MIND HAS BEEN TRAINED TO SEEK ESCAPE, EVEN IN MOMENTS OF CLOSENESS.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THAT NOVELTY IS MORE EXCITING THAN DEPTH. BUT DEPTH IS WHERE LOVE LIVES.

THE BODY IS SACRED, YET PORNOGRAPHY TREATS IT AS DISPOSABLE. THIS BELIEF SPREADS BEYOND THE SCREEN, INFECTING REAL RELATIONSHIPS.

THE GREATEST CASUALTY OF PORNOGRAPHY IS WONDER. THE AWE OF DISCOVERING ANOTHER HUMAN BEING IS REPLACED BY THE DULL REPETITION OF CONSUMPTION.

THE HEART LONGS TO BE MET, NOT USED. PORNOGRAPHY TRAINS ITS VIEWER TO USE, NEVER TO MEET.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY BELIEVES THEY ARE SEEKING PLEASURE. IN TRUTH, THEY ARE RUNNING FROM PRESENCE.

THE RECOGNITION OF ANOTHER'S ESSENCE REQUIRES STILLNESS, PATIENCE, AND REVERENCE. PORNOGRAPHY ELIMINATES ALL THREE, LEAVING BEHIND ONLY A VOID.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES DETACHMENT, YET LOVE REQUIRES DEVOTION. THE TWO CANNOT COEXIST.

THE MORE ONE CONSUMES, THE MORE REALITY APPEARS DULL. THE SUBTLE JOYS OF REAL CONNECTION ARE DROWNED OUT BY ARTIFICIAL INTENSITY.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT SEEK LOVE. THEY SEEK ESCAPE FROM THE VULNERABILITY THAT LOVE DEMANDS.

IN PORNOGRAPHY, THE OTHER EXISTS ONLY TO BE WATCHED. IN LOVE, THE OTHER EXISTS TO BE KNOWN.

THE CONSUMER OF PORNOGRAPHY BECOMES A SPECTATOR IN THEIR OWN LIFE, WATCHING BUT NEVER FULLY LIVING.

PORNOGRAPHY SEPARATES SEX FROM MEANING, REDUCING WHAT IS SACRED TO WHAT IS SIMPLY AVAILABLE.

THE MIND SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY LOSES ITS ABILITY TO WAIT. LOVE UNFOLDS WITH TIME, BUT THE ADDICT DEMANDS IMMEDIATE GRATIFICATION.

REAL INTIMACY ASKS FOR EFFORT.
PORNOGRAPHY REQUIRES ONLY A CLICK.
THIS EASE BECOMES THE PRISON.

THE HEART STARVED OF TRUE CONNECTION CLINGS TO ILLUSION. BUT ILLUSIONS DO NOT NOURISH, THEY ONLY DISTRACT FROM HUNGER.

THE TRAGEDY OF PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT JUST IN WHAT IT DESTROYS, BUT IN WHAT IT PREVENTS—LOVE THAT WAS NEVER GIVEN A CHANCE TO GROW.

THE LOVER SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY STRUGGLES TO EMBRACE SLOWNESS. BUT LOVE, TO BE REAL, MUST UNFOLD AT THE PACE OF TRUST.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT JUST SHAPE DESIRE —IT NARROWS IT, STANDARDIZES IT, AND MAKES IT PREDICTABLE. TRUE DESIRE IS WILD, MYSTERIOUS, AND UNIQUE TO EACH SOUL.

THE ILLUSION OF CONTROL IS THE MOST SEDUCTIVE LIE OF PORNOGRAPHY. LOVE REQUIRES SURRENDER, BUT THE ADDICT FEARS LETTING GO.

IN PORNOGRAPHY, THE BODY IS ENDLESSLY REPLACEABLE. IN LOVE, THE BODY IS IRREPLACEABLE, BECAUSE IT CARRIES THE SOUL.

THE LOVER TRAINED BY PORNOGRAPHY FEARS REALITY, BECAUSE REALITY DEMANDS PRESENCE. THE SCREEN ASKS FOR NOTHING BUT ATTENTION.

THE ADDICT DOES NOT CRAVE SEX, NOR EVEN PLEASURE. WHAT THEY CRAVE IS RELIEF—FROM LONELINESS, FROM ANXIETY, FROM THEMSELVES.

THE MORE ONE OBJECTIFIES OTHERS, THE MORE THEY BECOME ALIENATED FROM THEIR OWN HUMANITY. A HEART THAT CONSUMES CANNOT FULLY GIVE.

LOVE IS AN ACT OF COURAGE. PORNOGRAPHY IS AN ACT OF RETREAT. THE ADDICT RETREATS FURTHER WITH EACH INDULGENCE.

PORNOGRAPHY'S GREAT DECEPTION IS THAT IT OFFERS VARIETY, BUT IT ONLY LEADS TO REPETITION. LOVE IS WHERE TRUE NOVELTY IS FOUND, BECAUSE EVERY SOUL IS A WORLD OF ITS OWN.

THE MIND ADDICTED TO PORNOGRAPHY ASKS, WHAT ELSE IS THERE? THE HEART DEVOTED TO LOVE ASKS, WHO ARE YOU? ONLY ONE OF THESE QUESTIONS LEADS TO FULFILLMENT.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT SEEK CONNECTION; THEY SEEK STIMULATION. BUT STIMULATION WITHOUT CONNECTION LEADS ONLY TO EMPTINESS.

LOVE IS AN UNFOLDING MYSTERY.
PORNOGRAPHY IS A CLOSED LOOP. THE
ADDICT WATCHES THE SAME STORY IN
DIFFERENT FORMS, NEVER ARRIVING
ANYWHERE NEW.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT REVEAL NEW DESIRES—IT MANUFACTURES THEM. THE VIEWER'S WANTS ARE NOT THEIR OWN; THEY ARE PROGRAMMED.

THE LOVER SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY STRUGGLES WITH TOUCH. THEIR HANDS KNOW HOW TO TAKE BUT NOT HOW TO HOLD.

LOVE INVITES US INTO THE UNKNOWN.
PORNOGRAPHY OFFERS A FALSE CERTAINTY,
WHERE EVERY SCENE IS SCRIPTED, EVERY
MOMENT PREDICTABLE.

PORNOGRAPHY SEVERS THE BOND BETWEEN MIND AND BODY, MAKING DESIRE MECHANICAL RATHER THAN SOULFUL.

THE MORE ONE CONSUMES, THE HARDER IT BECOMES TO FEEL. THE IMAGES INTENSIFY, BUT THE HEART GROWS NUMB.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THAT INTIMACY IS ABOUT PERFORMANCE. BUT REAL INTIMACY IS ABOUT PRESENCE, NOT PERFECTION.

THE ADDICT BELIEVES THEY ARE ALONE IN THEIR STRUGGLE, BUT MILLIONS SHARE THE SAME SILENT WOUND. PORNOGRAPHY ISOLATES EVEN AS IT ENSNARES.

THE ONLY WAY TO TRULY SEE ANOTHER IS TO PUT DOWN THE SCREEN. RECOGNITION BEGINS WHERE THE SPECTACLE ENDS.

PORNOGRAPHY WHISPERS THAT DESIRE IS ENDLESS, BUT LOVE PROVES THAT DESIRE DEEPENS WHEN ROOTED IN DEVOTION.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY SEEKS NOVELTY, YET WHAT THEY TRULY HUNGER FOR IS MEANING.

THE BODY, WHEN SEEN WITH LOVE, IS A CATHEDRAL. PORNOGRAPHY REDUCES IT TO A PROP, STRIPPING IT OF ITS SACREDNESS.

THE EYES TRAINED BY PORNOGRAPHY SCAN, ASSESS, AND JUDGE. THE EYES TRAINED BY LOVE SOFTEN, LINGER, AND UNDERSTAND.

PORNOGRAPHY THRIVES ON DISCONNECTION. LOVE FLOURISHES IN UNITY. ONE FRAGMENTS, THE OTHER MAKES WHOLE.

THE PLEASURE FOUND IN PORNOGRAPHY IS FLEETING. THE FULFILLMENT FOUND IN LOVE ENDURES.

PORNOGRAPHY REDUCES INTIMACY TO A TRANSACTION. BUT LOVE IS NOT SOMETHING TO BE BOUGHT OR SOLD—IT IS SOMETHING TO BE GIVEN AND RECEIVED.

THE MIND CONDITIONED BY PORNOGRAPHY FEARS IMPERFECTION. BUT LOVE IS ONLY REAL WHEN IT EMBRACES THE IMPERFECT.

LOVE REQUIRES PATIENCE. PORNOGRAPHY OFFERS IMMEDIACY. THE FORMER BUILDS, THE LATTER ERODES.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARD LOVE IS LEARNING TO SEE. THE FIRST STEP AWAY FROM PORNOGRAPHY IS UNLEARNING HOW TO LOOK WITHOUT SEEING.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY BELIEVES THEY ARE CHASING PLEASURE, BUT WHAT THEY ARE TRULY AVOIDING IS PRESENCE.

IN LOVE, THE BODY IS AN EXPRESSION OF THE SOUL. IN PORNOGRAPHY, THE BODY IS SEVERED FROM THE SOUL, REDUCED TO FUNCTION ALONE.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT ASK, WHO IS THIS PERSON? IT ONLY ASKS, WHAT ARE THEY DOING? IN THIS, IT ELIMINATES THE POSSIBILITY OF TRUE CONNECTION.

THE MORE ONE CONSUMES PORNOGRAPHY, THE HARDER IT BECOMES TO RECEIVE LOVE. THE HEART, CONDITIONED TO TAKE, FORGETS HOW TO OPEN.

LOVE UNFOLDS IN STILLNESS, IN QUIET MOMENTS OF RECOGNITION. PORNOGRAPHY REJECTS STILLNESS, REPLACING IT WITH RESTLESS SEEKING.

THE BODY ADDICTED TO PORNOGRAPHY CRAVES AROUSAL. THE HEART UNTOUCHED BY LOVE CRAVES BEING SEEN. ONLY ONE OF THESE LEADS TO WHOLENESS.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT PREPARE ONE FOR LOVE—IT PREPARES ONE FOR LONELINESS.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY SEES MANY BODIES BUT NO FACES, MANY ACTS BUT NO EMOTIONS, MANY PLEASURES BUT NO JOY.

THE GREATEST LOSS IS NOT THE HOURS SPENT WATCHING. IT IS THE LOVE THAT COULD HAVE BEEN CULTIVATED IN THAT TIME.

TO RECLAIM LOVE, ONE MUST RECLAIM SIGHT—THE ABILITY TO LOOK AT ANOTHER AND SEE MORE THAN THEIR FORM.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY SEEKS INTENSITY, BUT TRUE INTIMACY IS FOUND IN DEPTH, NOT EXCESS.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THAT AROUSAL IS THE GOAL. LOVE REVEALS THAT PRESENCE IS THE DESTINATION.

THE SCREEN OFFERS AN ILLUSION OF ABUNDANCE, BUT IN REALITY, IT CULTIVATES SCARCITY—OF CONNECTION, OF TENDERNESS, OF MEANING.

THE BODY, WHEN TRULY LOVED, IS NOT AN OBJECT BUT A PRESENCE. PORNOGRAPHY TURNS PRESENCE INTO ABSENCE.

THE ADDICT BELIEVES THEY ARE IN CONTROL, YET THEY RETURN TO THE SAME CYCLE, UNABLE TO STOP. CONTROL IS THE LAST ILLUSION TO FALL.

LOVE EXPANDS THE HEART, BUT PORNOGRAPHY CONTRACTS IT, TURNING DESIRE INTO COMPULSION AND AFFECTION INTO INDIFFERENCE.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THE MIND TO EXPECT PERFORMANCE FROM THE OTHER, BUT LOVE ASKS FOR PARTICIPATION, FOR MUTUAL SURRENDER.

THE SEARCH FOR STIMULATION NEVER ENDS, BECAUSE STIMULATION IS NOT WHAT THE SOUL TRULY SEEKS. THE HUNGER IS FOR SOMETHING DEEPER, SOMETHING REAL.

THE HEART CANNOT BE NOURISHED BY IMAGES. ONLY LOVE, FREELY GIVEN AND FREELY RECEIVED, CAN SATISFY.

THE RECOGNITION OF ANOTHER'S ESSENCE IS IMPOSSIBLE WHEN ONE IS LOST IN ILLUSION. TO LOVE, ONE MUST WAKE UP.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY CONFUSES EXCESS WITH FULFILLMENT. BUT FULFILLMENT IS NOT FOUND IN MORE—IT IS FOUND IN MEANING.

PORNOGRAPHY OFFERS A PERFORMANCE, BUT LOVE OFFERS A PRESENCE. THE FORMER DISAPPEARS WHEN THE SCREEN FADES; THE LATTER ENDURES.

THE MORE ONE CONSUMES, THE LESS ONE APPRECIATES. OVEREXPOSURE NUMBS THE SENSES, DULLS DESIRE, AND EMPTIES PLEASURE OF ITS DEPTH.

LOVE ASKS FOR PATIENCE, BUT PORNOGRAPHY REWARDS URGENCY. THE TWO CANNOT BE RECONCILED.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT SHOW PEOPLE; IT SHOWS BODIES. LOVE, IN CONTRAST, SEES A PERSON FIRST AND THE BODY SECOND.

THE ADDICT DOES NOT REALIZE THEY ARE BEING TRAINED—TRAINED TO SEE WITHOUT SEEING, TO WANT WITHOUT LOVING, TO TAKE WITHOUT GIVING.

PORNOGRAPHY SEPARATES PLEASURE FROM RELATIONSHIP. BUT PLEASURE WITHOUT RELATIONSHIP IS HOLLOW, AND RELATIONSHIP WITHOUT PRESENCE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

LOVE ASKS US TO GROW. PORNOGRAPHY KEEPS US STUCK. ONE IS AN ASCENT, THE OTHER A LOOP.

THE VIEWER OF PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT FREE. THEIR DESIRES HAVE BEEN HIJACKED, THEIR IMAGINATION CAPTURED, THEIR ATTENTION ENSLAVED.

TO ESCAPE PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT TO REJECT DESIRE—IT IS TO RECLAIM IT. TRUE DESIRE LEADS TO UNION, NOT ISOLATION.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT DRAWN TO WHAT IS REAL, BUT TO WHAT IS EXAGGERATED. REALITY THEN APPEARS DULL IN COMPARISON.

LOVE REQUIRES PRESENCE. PORNOGRAPHY TRAINS THE MIND TO BE ABSENT EVEN IN THE ARMS OF ANOTHER.

THE MORE ONE CONSUMES PORNOGRAPHY, THE HARDER IT BECOMES TO TOUCH WITH REVERENCE. THE SACRED IS LOST, REPLACED BY HABIT.

PORNOGRAPHY DEMANDS NOTHING BUT ATTENTION. LOVE DEMANDS EVERYTHING—TIME, CARE, VULNERABILITY.

THE EYES TRAINED BY PORNOGRAPHY SEEK STIMULATION, NOT CONNECTION. THEY DO NOT LINGER TO RECOGNIZE THE SOUL.

TO RECLAIM LOVE, ONE MUST FIRST RECLAIM ATTENTION—THE ABILITY TO SEE, TO LISTEN, TO BE STILL.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT SEEK PLEASURE ALONE. THEY SEEK ESCAPE—FROM BOREDOM, FROM LONELINESS, FROM THEMSELVES.

THE LONGER ONE INDULGES IN PORNOGRAPHY, THE MORE THE BODY BECOMES A STRANGER, THE HEART A DISTANT ECHO.

PORNOGRAPHY REDUCES PEOPLE TO IMAGES, BUT LOVE REVEALS THEM AS WORLDS—VAST, MYSTERIOUS, AND UNREPEATABLE.

THE FIRST STEP TOWARD FREEDOM IS SEEING CLEARLY—BOTH WHAT PORNOGRAPHY IS AND WHAT IT HAS STOLEN.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT EXPAND DESIRE —IT NARROWS IT, TRAPPING THE MIND IN PREDICTABLE PATTERNS OF CRAVING AND DISSATISFACTION.

LOVE GROWS WITH TIME, BUT PORNOGRAPHY WITHERS IT. THE HEART, OVERSTIMULATED YET UNTOUCHED, FORGETS HOW TO LONG FOR SOMETHING REAL.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT SEE THE OTHER AS A PERSON, BUT AS A FUNCTION—A MEANS TO AN END, RATHER THAN AN END IN THEMSELVES.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THE EYES TO DEVOUR RATHER THAN TO CHERISH, TO TAKE RATHER THAN TO RECEIVE.

THE LONGER ONE WATCHES, THE LESS ONE FEELS. WHAT ONCE EXCITED SOON DULLS, AND THE SEARCH FOR SOMETHING NEW BECOMES ENDLESS.

LOVE CALLS FOR SURRENDER.
PORNOGRAPHY THRIVES ON CONTROL.
WHERE ONE FLOURISHES, THE OTHER
CANNOT EXIST.

THE HEART LONGS TO BE MET, TO BE SEEN, TO BE KNOWN. PORNOGRAPHY ENSURES THAT IT REMAINS UNSEEN, EVEN TO ITSELF.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY MISTAKES STIMULATION FOR SATISFACTION, BUT SATISFACTION IS NOT FOUND IN MORE—IT IS FOUND IN MEANING.

PORNOGRAPHY HIJACKS THE IMAGINATION, REPLACING SPONTANEOUS WONDER WITH PRE-SCRIPTED ILLUSION.

TO RECOVER FROM PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT SIMPLY TO ABSTAIN—IT IS TO LEARN, ONCE AGAIN, HOW TO TRULY SEE.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY SEEKS EXCITEMENT, BUT EXCITEMENT WITHOUT CONNECTION LEADS ONLY TO EXHAUSTION.

PORNOGRAPHY TURNS THE SACRED INTO SPECTACLE, MAKING WHAT IS MEANT TO BE CHERISHED INTO SOMETHING MERELY CONSUMED.

LOVE IS AN ART, BUT PORNOGRAPHY MAKES IT A PRODUCT. AND WHAT IS MASS-PRODUCED CAN NEVER BE TRULY MEANINGFUL.

THE BODY LONGS FOR CLOSENESS, BUT PORNOGRAPHY ISOLATES. THE HEART LONGS FOR LOVE, BUT PORNOGRAPHY OFFERS ONLY FANTASY.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT FREE. THEY BELIEVE THEY ARE CHOOSING, BUT THEIR DESIRES HAVE ALREADY BEEN SHAPED FOR THEM.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT TEACH HOW TO LOVE. IT TEACHES HOW TO WATCH, HOW TO CRAVE, HOW TO DEMAND—WITHOUT EVER GIVING.

TRUE INTIMACY IS BUILT ON TRUST, BUT PORNOGRAPHY ERODES TRUST, MAKING EVEN LOVE FEEL SUSPECT.

THE LOVER SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY EXPECTS PERFECTION BUT FEARS IMPERFECTION. AND YET, LOVE IS FOUND ONLY IN THE IMPERFECT.

PORNOGRAPHY OFFERS AN ESCAPE, BUT EVERY RETURN TO IT DEEPENS THE PRISON. LOVE, BY CONTRAST, OFFERS FREEDOM THROUGH SURRENDER.

TO STEP AWAY FROM PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT TO LOSE PLEASURE—IT IS TO REDISCOVER JOY, CONNECTION, AND THE BEAUTY OF TRULY SEEING ANOTHER.

PORNOGRAPHY PROMISES VARIETY BUT DELIVERS REPETITION. LOVE, THOUGH ROOTED IN ONE PERSON, OFFERS ENDLESS DISCOVERY.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT SEEK A LOVER BUT A STIMULUS. IN THIS, THEY LOSE BOTH LOVE AND THEMSELVES.

PORNOGRAPHY SEPARATES THE ACT FROM THE MEANING, THE BODY FROM THE SOUL, AND IN DOING SO, STRIPS SEX OF ITS DEPTH.

LOVE IS A MIRROR, REVEALING THE DEPTHS OF THE SELF. PORNOGRAPHY IS A MASK, HIDING BOTH THE SELF AND THE OTHER.

THE EYES CONDITIONED BY PORNOGRAPHY LOOK BUT DO NOT SEE. THE HANDS TRAINED BY IT TOUCH BUT DO NOT FEEL.

THE LONGER ONE INDULGES IN PORNOGRAPHY, THE MORE INTIMACY BECOMES A PERFORMANCE RATHER THAN A PRESENCE.

LOVE IS BUILT ON RECIPROCITY—GIVING AND RECEIVING. PORNOGRAPHY TRAINS THE MIND ONLY TO TAKE.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY SEEKS CONTROL, YET WITH EVERY INDULGENCE, THEY SURRENDER MORE OF THEIR FREEDOM.

TRUE BEAUTY IS FOUND IN PRESENCE, IN THE LIGHT OF A SOUL. PORNOGRAPHY, BLIND TO THIS, SEES ONLY THE SURFACE.

TO UNLEARN THE GAZE OF PORNOGRAPHY IS TO RELEARN HOW TO LOVE—TO SEE, TO CHERISH, TO RECOGNIZE THE SACRED IN ANOTHER.

PORNOGRAPHY DOES NOT CELEBRATE DESIRE; IT DISTORTS IT, TURNING WHAT IS NATURAL INTO SOMETHING MECHANICAL AND COMPULSIVE.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY NO LONGER KNOWS HOW TO WAIT. LOVE REQUIRES PATIENCE, BUT PORNOGRAPHY CONDITIONS THE MIND FOR IMMEDIACY.

TRUE INTIMACY IS ABOUT DISCOVERY—OF ANOTHER, OF ONESELF, OF THE SPACE IN BETWEEN. PORNOGRAPHY REMOVES DISCOVERY, LEAVING ONLY CONSUMPTION.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THAT THE BODY IS AN OBJECT. LOVE REVEALS THAT THE BODY IS A LANGUAGE, SPEAKING THE TRUTH OF THE SOUL.

THE MORE ONE INDULGES IN PORNOGRAPHY, THE MORE THE REAL TOUCH OF A LOVER FEELS UNFAMILIAR—REALITY HAS BEEN OVERWRITTEN BY ILLUSION.

THE ADDICT DOES NOT REALIZE THAT PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT FEEDING THEIR DESIRE, BUT HOLLOWING IT OUT, MAKING REAL CONNECTION FEEL INSUFFICIENT.

PORNOGRAPHY TEACHES THAT PLEASURE IS THE GOAL. LOVE TEACHES THAT PLEASURE IS A LANGUAGE—ONE THAT SPEAKS OF TRUST, CONNECTION, AND PRESENCE.

THE GAZE SHAPED BY PORNOGRAPHY IS RESTLESS, ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR THE NEXT THING. THE GAZE SHAPED BY LOVE IS STEADY, ABLE TO REST IN THE BELOVED.

THE ADDICT OF PORNOGRAPHY FEARS DEPTH, BECAUSE DEPTH REQUIRES VULNERABILITY. BUT ONLY IN DEPTH CAN LOVE EXIST.

TO LEAVE PORNOGRAPHY IS NOT TO LOSE SOMETHING, BUT TO RECLAIM EVERYTHING—DESIRE, INTIMACY, AND THE ABILITY TO TRULY LOVE.

THE END OF PORNOGRAPHY IS THE BEGINNING OF LOVE. TO WALK AWAY FROM THE SPECTACLE IS TO STEP TOWARD REALITY—TO RECLAIM THE ABILITY TO SEE, TO FEEL, AND TO RECOGNIZE THE SACRED IN ANOTHER. LOVE IS NOT FOUND IN WHAT IS WATCHED, BUT IN WHAT IS LIVED.