



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 1, first edition v1.2f; released: 9/11/2024 — ©2024 [vanderWaardart.com](#)

Disclaimer

"If it was not good, it was true; if it was not artistic, it was sincere; if it was in bad taste, it was on the side of life."

—Henry Miller, on criticism and the Supreme-Court-level lawsuit he received for writing *The Tropic of Cancer* (1934)

Regarding This Book's Artistic/Pornographic Nudity and Sexual Content: *Sex Positivity* thoroughly discusses sexuality in popular media, including fetishes, kinks, BDSM, Gothic material, and general sex work; the illustrations it contains have been carefully curated and designed to demonstrate my arguments. It also considers pornography to be art, examining the ways that sex-positive art makes iconoclastic statements against the state. As such, *Sex Positivity* contains visual examples of sex-positive/sex-coercive artistic nudity borrowed from publicly available sources to make its educational/critical arguments. Said nudity has been left entirely uncensored for those purposes. While explicitly criminal sexual acts, taboos and obscenities are discussed herein, no explicit illustrations thereof are shown, nor anything criminal; i.e., no snuff porn, child porn or revenge porn. It does examine things generally thought of as porn that are unironically violent. Examples of uncensored, erotic artwork and sex work are present, albeit inside exhibits that critique the obscene potential (from a legal standpoint) of their sexual content: "ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated, masturbation, excretory functions, lewd exhibition of the genitals, or sado-masochistic sexual abuse" ([source](#): Justice.gov). For instance, there is an illustrated example of uncensored semen—a "breeding kink" exhibit with zombie unicorns and werewolves (exhibit 87a)—that I've included to illustrate a particular point, but its purposes are ultimately educational in nature.

The point of this book isn't to be obscene for its own sake, but to educate the broader public (including teenagers*) about sex-positive artwork and labor historically treated as obscene by the state. For the material herein to be legally considered obscene it would have to simultaneously qualify in three distinct ways (aka the "Miller" test):

- appeal to prurient interests (i.e., an erotic, lascivious, abnormal, unhealthy, degrading, shameful, or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion)
- attempt to depict or describe sexual conduct in a patently offensive way (i.e., ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated, masturbation, excretory functions, lewd exhibition of the genitals, or sado-masochistic sexual abuse)
- lack serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value

Taken as a whole, this book discusses debatably prurient material in an academic manner, depicting and describing sexual conduct in a non-offensive way for the express purpose of education vis-à-vis literary-artistic-political enrichment.

*While this book was written for adults—provided to them [through my age-gated website](#)—I don't think it should be denied from curious teenagers through a supervising adult. The primary reason I say this (apart from the trauma-writing sections, which are suitably intense and grave) is that the academic material can only be simplified so far and teenagers probably won't understand it entirely (which is fine; plenty of books are like that—take years to understand more completely). As for sexually-developing readers younger than 16 (ages 10-15), I honestly think there are far more accessible books that tackle the same basic subject matter more quickly at their reading level. All in all, this book examines erotic art and sex positivity as an alternative to the sex education currently taught (or deliberately not taught) in curricular/extracurricular spheres. It does so in the hopes of improving upon canonical tutelage through artistic, dialectical-material analysis.

Fair Use: This book is non-profit, and its artwork is meant for education, transformation and critique. For those reasons, the borrowed materials contained herein fall under Fair Use. All sources come from popular media: movies, fantasy artist portfolios, cosplayer shoots, candid photographs, and sex worker catalogs intended for public viewing. Private material has only been used with a collaborating artist's permission (for this book—e.g., [Blxxd Bunny's](#) OF material or custom shoots; or as featured [in a review of their sex work on my website](#) with their consent already given from having done past work together—e.g., [Miss Misery](#)).

Concerning the Exhibit Numbers and Parenthetical Dates: I originally wrote this book as one text, not four volumes. Normally I provide a publication year per primary text once per text—e.g., "[Alien](#) (1979)"—but this would mean having to redate various texts in Volumes One, Two and Three after Volume Zero. I have opted out of doing this. Likewise, the exhibit numbers are sequential for the entire book, not per volume; references to a given exhibit code [exhibit 11b2 or 87a] will often refer to exhibits not present in the current volume. I have not addressed this in the first edition of my book, but might assemble a future annotated list in a second edition down the road.

Concerning Hyperlinks: Those that make the source obvious or are preceded by the source author/title will simply be supplied "as is." This includes artist or book names being links to themselves, but also mere statements of fact, basic events, or word definitions where the hyperlink is the word being defined. Links to sources where the title is not supplied in advance or whose content is otherwise not spelled out will be supplied next to the link in parentheses (excluding Wikipedia, save when directly quoting from the site). One, this will be especially common with YouTube essayists I cite to credit them for their work (though sometimes I will supply just the author's name; or their name, the title of the essay and its creation year). Two, concerning YouTube links and the odds of videos being taken down, these are ultimately provided for supplementary purposes and do not actually need to be viewed to understand my basic arguments; I generally summarize their own content into a single sentence, but recommend you give any of the videos themselves a watch if you're curious about the creators' unique styles and perspectives about a given topic.

Concerning (the PDF) Exhibit Image Quality: This book contains over 1,000 different images, which—combined with the fact that Microsoft Word appears to compress images twice (first, in-document images and second, when converting to PDFs) along with the additional hassle that is WordPress' limitations on accepting uploaded PDFs (which requires me to compress the PDF again—has resulted in sub-par image quality for the exhibit images themselves. To compensate, all of the hyperlinks link to the original sources where the source images can be found. Sometimes, it links to the individual images, other times to the entire collage, and I try to offer current working links; however, the ephemeral, aliased nature of sex work means that branded images do not always stay online, so some links (especially those to Twitter/X accounts) won't always lead to a source if the original post is removed.

Concerning Aliases: Sex workers survive through the use of online aliases and the discussion of their trauma requires a degree of anonymity to protect victims from their actual/potential abusers. This book also contains trauma/sexual anecdotes from my own life; it discusses my friends, including sex workers and the alter egos/secret identities they adopt to survive "in the wild." Keeping with that, all of the names in this book are code names (except for mine, my late Uncle Dave's and his ex-wife Erica's—who are only mentioned briefly by their first names). Models/artists desiring a further degree of anonymity (having since quit the business, for example) have been given a codename other than their former branded identity sans hyperlinks (e.g., Jericho).

Extended, Book-Wide Trigger Warning: This entire book thoroughly discusses xenophobia, harmful xenophilia (necrophilia, pedophilia, zoophilia, etc), homophobia, transphobia, enbyphobia, sexism, racism, race-/LGBTQ-related hate crimes/murder and domestic abuse; child abuse, spousal abuse, animal abuse, misogyny and sexual abuse towards all of these groups; power abuse, rape (date, marital, prison, etc), discrimination, war crimes, genocide, religious/secular indoctrination and persecution, conversion therapy, manmade ecological disasters, and fascism.

For Harmony, whose support helped turn Volume Two, part one into my favorite part of the book; here's to building cathedrals together, comrade!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

To [Bay](#). I wanted to include a small addendum, acknowledging your contributions once per volume; i.e., what attracted you to the project, me to you, and what we appreciate about each other as partners in its making (and as lovers). For this volume, here is the third slice of the pie:

We had a discussion recently about the word "savage," and how one of my exes, Cuwu, used to say the word was historically genocidal, thus should never be used by anyone; yet, they were white, and in your opinion didn't really have room to speak for Indigenous Peoples about their own terms of genocide and how they should use them. It bothered you that white people¹ get so high and mighty about the oppression of other peoples. And yet when I described frisky behavior from you as "savage" (attached to you being a cute little fuck-goblin), I gave myself pause and asked you what you thought about me using it (remembering Cuwu all the while); you replied matter-of-fact that the term "savage" was accurate and you weren't bothered by it, but that it boils down to personal preference per person and those they interact with regarding overlapping axes of oppression and language thereof. To that, you are my feral little gremlin, my trickster in the forest, and I love you with all of my heart.



¹ What you call pākehā—a Māori word used to describe non-Māori people, but generally in reference to white New Zealanders; it isn't a slur any more than "gringo" is or "gaijin," but white people don't like to be "othered"—i.e., called "cis-het," "white," or otherwise not recognized as being of the in-group in some shape or form.

Abstract

"This castle is a creature of Chaos. It may take many incarnations." —Alucard, *Castlevania: Symphony of the Night* (1997)

My book, *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism: Liberating Sex Work under Capitalism through Iconoclastic Art*, examines the various differences between sex positivity and sex coercion in sexualized media. Its "Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism" combines a wide variety of theories in order to critique capital and capital's sexualization of all workers: anarcho-Communism, Marxism and fourth wave feminism with the sharpness of Gothic academic theory, the immediacy of online political discourse, as well as postcolonial, posthuman and queer theory, ludology, sex education, antifascist (thus antiwar/anticapitalist) sentiment, poetry and a variety of ironic, xenophilic sex worker illustrations and negotiated labor exchanges that illustrate mutual consent in Gothic/BDSM language. As such, it employs these theories (and their respective language) holistically and intersectionally to dialectically-materially examine and combat unironic xenophobic mental enslavement during the Internet Age.

Specifically *Sex Positivity* tackles how neoliberal state-corporate proponents, TERFs (trans-exclusionary radical [fascist] feminists) and cryptofascists use canonical imagery created from coerced sex work to affect imagination as a socio-material process; i.e. using canon to generate complicated linguo-material arrangements that

- continuously exploit sexualized workers through widespread xenophobia under late-stage Capitalism; i.e., Capitalism sexualizes all workers to heteronormatively serve the profit motive, commonly through harmful Gothic poetics and BDSM theatrics.
- canonically exploit said arrangements to enshrine their abuse in abject, cryptonymic-hauntological crypts/chronotopes that "incarcerate," "lobotomize," "infantilize" and "incriminate" the public imagination; i.e., Mark Fisher's Capitalist Realism, or myopic inability to imagine a world beyond Capitalism even when Capitalism is in decay (whose maxim regarding Capitalist Realism reads: "It is easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of Capitalism"; [source](#): *Capitalist Realism*, 2009).
- simultaneously condemn sex-positive artists who seek to liberate sexualized workers through their own iconoclastic, ironically xenophilic praxis; i.e., camping the canon to escape its brutal historical materialism through their own creative successes, achieving praxial catharsis regarding systemic abuse and generational trauma.

Sex Positivity illustrates, similar to how oscillation is a key component of the Gothic, that Gothic Communism is the oscillation between Capitalism and anarcho-Communism as dialectical-material forces felt in Gothic language by real people: oppositional praxis, or the practical application/synthesis of theory in dialectical-material opposition. To combat nation-states as the ultimate foe, Gothic Communism's chief aim is to be campier (thus cooler, sexier and funnier) than Marx; i.e., camping *his* ghost to develop a holistically intuitive anarcho-Communism begot through a widespread, collective and solidarized emotional and Gothic intelligence/awareness that recultivates the Superstructure and reclaims the Base through intersectional resistance and *de facto* (extracurricular) reeducation.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism:



Liberating Sex Work under Capitalism through Iconoclastic Art

written and illustrated
by
Persephone van der Waard

(with her original artwork [& art
for this book] made in
collaboration
with fellow sex workers
and artists)

edited and co-written by
Bay Ryan

1st edition

**contains
academic/erotic &
triggering materials!**

for purposes of critiquing
capital/organized religion; for
promoting
non-coercive sex education, and for providing
parody/transformation of canonical works

over
2600 illustrations
& exhibits!

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(artist: Persephone van der Waard)

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism: Liberating Sex Work under Capitalism through Iconoclastic Art

**Volume Two (volume 3 of 4; from 0 to
3): Monsters, part one: Gothic Poetics,
Their Usage; 1st ed. (v1.2f²)**

written and illustrated

by

[Persephone van der Waard](#)

**(with her original artwork [& art for this book]
made in collaboration with fellow sex workers and
artists)**

edited and co-written by [Bay Ryan](#)

**This book is strictly non-profit/not for resale.
Originally released [on her 18+ website](#) for
purposes of sex, gender and art education,
transformation and critique.**

² Updated "What I Will and Won't Exhibit." Added several paratextual sections: "The State: Its Key Tools; re: the Monopolies, Trifectas and Qualities of Capital" and "Abridged Manifesto Tree (of Oppositional Praxis)."

Two Essential Halves: Dividing Volume Two in Two

We speak of Time and Mind, which do not easily yield to categories. We separate past and future and find that Time is an amalgam of both. We separate good and evil and find that Mind is an amalgam of both. To understand, we must grasp the whole.

—Isaac Asimov, foreword to *Light Years* (1988)

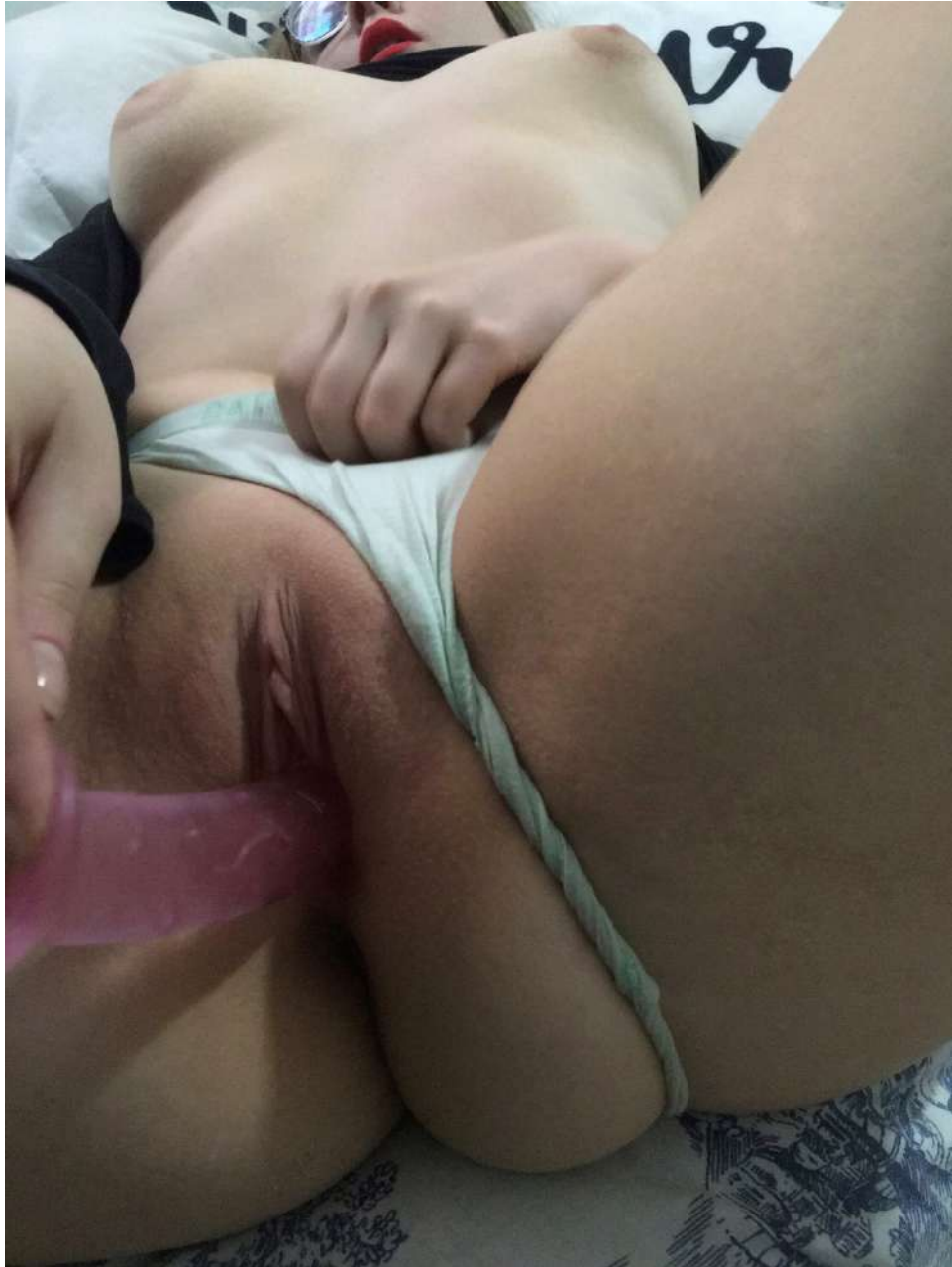
The size of Volume Two has required that I divide it in two, if only because doing so has made it easier to work with and transport. It's still very much a single volume, but one composed of two essential halves: the usage and history of Gothic poetics. Part one provides the Volume Introduction and Poetry Module, the latter of which discusses the poetic usage of monsters versus their historical evolution; and part two supplies the Volume Conclusion preceded by twin monster modules, the Undead and Demon Modules, which invert the focus from poetry to history—i.e., focusing on the historical usage of undead, demonic and animalistic monsters. Each half will contain the usual paratextual documents (with images swapped out for each), but their unique content works in harmony and must be combined to grasp the whole of oppositional praxis, *mid-poiesis*. *Technically* this is a six-book series, but I still prefer to consider it four volumes where two of those volumes have been divided in two. But, just as the Gothic concerns manmade (Cartesian) divisions that alienate us from nature and ourselves—i.e., as black-and-white beings to battle against one another in service of elite aims; e.g., Ripley the centrist warrior-maiden defending her virtue from the Communist, intersex Medusa—we must consider how liberation occurs by subverting these dichotomies to upend worker abuse within



state territories being reclaimed by us. Doubled during oppositional praxis, Ripley and the alien become things to canonize *or* camp. To camp canon, you will need both volume halves: the medieval (Gothic) poetry of monsters and the revived (Neo-Gothic) history of its use. Just as Ripley and the alien aren't separate from each other, but form two essential halves torn asunder and going to combat with multiple versions of themselves, the spectres of Marx and capital haunt the same cathedral and its inhabitants across space and time; they *cannot* exist without each other in some shape or form. As *Galatea*, we can free them from Pygmalion's mind, making each our own.

(artist: [BTG Art](#))

Note, 8/6/2024: Due to length issues, I've decided to divide Volume Two, part two in two, effectively treating each module—the Poetry Module (from part one), and the Undead and Demon Modules—as its own sub-volume with its own release, but also its own online promo series (where you can download the exhibit images at full resolution): "[Brace for Impact](#)," "[Searching for Secrets](#)," and "[Deal with the Devil](#)." For organizational purposes, all sub-volumes are considered part of the same volume; each module will actually have a longer page length than Volumes One and Zero, and each will feature a unique front and back cover with Harmony on it:



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Volume Summaries

Sex Positivity is composed of four volumes: Volume Zero, One, Two and Three (arranged numerically as "volume [1, 2, 3, or 4] of 4, from 0 to 3" on their text-only title pages). Each has a proper title and ordinary noun(s) with which it is referred to; e.g., Volume One is also called "the manifesto," and Volume Two is also referred to as "the Humanities primer," etc. Currently my thesis volume, manifesto volume, Poetry Module and Undead Module are all live; the remaining volumes/modules are planned to release over the remainder of 2024, and will be accessible through my website's 1-page promo (below).

These summaries are short and basic. To access the entire list of volume/chapter summaries for Sex Positivity and its full table of contents, a separate PDF can be downloaded from my website. [Click here to access my website's 1-page promo, which contains all relevant download links/information regarding my book.](#) —Perse

Paratextual Materials (per volume)

The paratextual materials concern the entire book, and come with each volume. The front of every volume will have: its front and rear cover images, its first disclaimer (legal information, citation facts, and trigger warnings, etc), the abstract, the inner cover image for the entire book, the text-only title page for the current volume, the volume/chapter summaries; an essay about "making Marx gay" and a small explanation on one of this book's oldest and chief aims, illustrating mutual consent; the second disclaimer (what I will and won't exhibit), an address to the audience, essential keywords, and (for Volumes One, Two and Three) a heads-up section with various reminders from Volume Zero, including reading comprehension pointers; and, of course, the table of contents per volume. There's also (for Volumes Two and Three) a small section about losing our training wheels and relying less on theory as we push into the second half of the book; and (for Volume Three, parts one and two), a brief explanation on why that volume was ultimately divided in two. Finally, the back of each volume will include the keyword glossary and the Acknowledgments and About the Author sections.

approximate³ length: ~57,000-62,500 words/~204-220 pages⁴ and ~17 unique images (including the front and rear covers)/~95-104 total images

³ The length of the paratextual documents vary slightly per volume. All approximations are subject to change as the volumes are finalized.

⁴ ~75-95 pages for the front of the volume, and ~128 for the rear.

Volume Zero⁵: Thesis



The thesis volume contains my author's foreword, a small essay on the performance and paradox of power ("Notes on Power"), as well as my book's manifesto tree (scaffold of oppositional praxis), thesis argument⁶ on Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism, "camp map" and symposium; it uses them to encompass, then articulate, the entirety of my book's

theoretical content, using a variety of cited material and keywords (e.g., the Gothic, monstrous-feminine, and *Amazonomachia*) to delve into its broadest/most common arguments as deeply as possible. Written based on years of independent research—as well as older blogposts, essays, [and my master's thesis](#)—Volume Zero essentially operates as my PhD but also my total curriculum, which can be simplified as needed when being taught to others in more anecdotal, everyday forms.

approximate volume length (minus the paratextual documents): ~200,000 words/603 pages and ~282 unique images

⁵ When writing the thesis volume, I just called it "the thesis volume"; I also wrote it after initially writing Volumes One, Two and Three (out of order, and revisiting each in turn after my thesis was completed and put online, followed by Volumes One; Two, part one; and Two, part two's sub-volumes, etc). For my own sanity I have decided to continue preserving the original nomenclature: the thesis volume, Volume One (the manifesto), Volume Two (the Humanities primer) and Volume Three (on proletarian praxis). The thesis volume is technically Volume Zero in relation to them and I sometimes call it that in the book; I also call it "my thesis," "the thesis argument" or "the thesis volume," etc.

⁶ (a summary of the thesis paragraph from the thesis volume): "Capitalism dimorphically sexualizes everything under a heteronormative, settler-colonial scheme, one whose Cartesian myopia of Capitalist Realism must be escaped from; i.e., via a deliberate iconoclasm that liberates sex workers (or sexualized workers) under Capitalism through sex-positive art."

Volume One: Manifesto and Instruction



Volume One contains my Gothic-Communist manifesto and outlines a teaching method for synthesizing praxis; i.e., through an *introduction* to simplified Gothic-Communist theory. Written before my thesis but updated in light of its construction, the manifesto takes a more conversational approach to my thesis argument; i.e., presenting said argument through my original preface, manifesto, sample

essay and synthesis roadmap as a potent means of teaching others how to develop Communism through the Gothic mode.

To this, Volume One merely *begins* exploring the application of my theories when trying to achieve development through praxial synthesis and catharsis; i.e., power and trauma as things to interrogate (and negotiate/play with) by writing about and illustrating them through Gothic poetics in the shared dialogs of contested spaces: ludo-Gothic BDSM serving as a flexible, campy and productive means of teaching empathy and class/culture consciousness through anecdotal evidence merged with dialectical-material scrutiny and analysis—where survival and healing from state abuse (and generational trauma) must be expressed through what we create ourselves as stemming from said abuse and its complicated spheres. While the reduction of pure theory to more comprehensible forms remains vital to achieving emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness, their instruction is nonetheless informed by workers living with trauma who inherently distrust the state: the oppressed. Heeding *their* pedagogy remains essential when synthesizing praxis in our own daily lives; i.e., through our personalized learned approaches to Gothic instruction being assisted by those with less privilege merging their poetics (and theatre) with ours.

approximate volume length ("): ~187,000 words/497 pages and ~326 unique images

Volume Two: Monsters

Volume Two is the Humanities primer, whose three modules—the Poetry, Undead and Demon Modules—explore the complex usage and history of Gothic poetics during oppositional praxis; i.e., its (un)ironic manifestation as xenophobic and/or xenophilic: creatively interpreting and negotiating with the Gothic

past/Wisdom of the Ancients to better understand our own alien, fetishized world and the exploitation we face within it as dehumanized workers. We will demonstrate how to think like a Gothic poet/Renaissance person (through monstrous poetics), then examine two basic monster classes—the *undead* and *demonic*—and include *anthropomorphic* examples from the natural world as further hybridizing these already intersecting modules (furries, chimeras, composites); e.g., zombie-vampire werewolves, or undead fox demons, etc.

We'll also reconsider Mark Fisher's notion of Capitalist Realism; i.e., inspecting how it fosters a plethora of cyberpunk and other dystopic/operatic "canceled futures," whose canonical, myopic hauntologies and cryptonomy must be challenged with iconoclastic monsters operating as a counterterror device: to help people radically imagine, and empathize with, a world beyond Capitalism (and state terror). Instead of simply viewing the current world as ending and labor to blame for it, we can learn why the state is ultimately to blame for a) its own decay and b) its scapegoating of said decay onto dehumanized monstrous-feminine workers of decreasing privilege/socio-material advantage. In turn we can portray the Medusa (nature-as-alien) as something to hug, fuck and love, not rape, kill or otherwise harm for profit *vis-à-vis* Cartesian thought.

Due to Volume Two's overall length, each module has actually been released as its own sub-volume; each has its own promo series, where you can read a given module, piece-by-piece, as individual blogposts; re: "[Brace for Impact](#)" (the Poetry Module), "[Searching for Secrets](#)" (the Undead Module), and "[Deal with the Devil](#)" (the Demon Module).

Volume Two, part one: Poetry Module



Whereas the Monster Modules focus on the *history* of Gothic poetics—i.e., as something to learn *from* when poetically articulating our *own* pedagogy of the oppressed—the Poetry Module focuses on Gothic *poetics* as a historical-material process whose history we contribute *towards*. Its emphasis lies in teaching with Gothic poetic devices by applying them, the module explaining said devices while going over them, one-by-one; i.e., in a series of poetry-themed sections: "Time," "Teaching," "Medicine," and "the Medieval." Last but not least, the module includes a sizeable extension that goes over different ways to play with the imaginary past; i.e., per ludo-Gothic BDSM and rape play.

approximate length ("): ~300,000 words/~795 pages, ~625 unique images

Volume Two, part two: Undead Module



This module explores the poetic history of the undead; i.e., as creatures driven less by active intelligence and more by a desire to freeze and feed in the buried presence of trauma and harmful conditions. It explores how the state's monopolies lead to a state of exception within its sites of settler-colonial violence, which in turn create a violent upheaval/silent

scream among the oppressed and oppressors alike; i.e., the voice of colonial trauma and the vengeful, desperate feeding on the living by the undead as the genocided dead, having come home to roost—zombies. However, the alienation and feeding also affect the ruler class, leading to vampirism as a canonical effect that must be personified in healthier forms of medieval nostalgia that, for their using logical motions, become ghost-like, copied and imperfect. Reclaiming these modules requires embodying and subverting the very traumas the state relies on to control us by keeping us hungry and braindead (a process I call "lobotomization")—to, as the undead generally do, paralyze *our* prey and feed on *their* frozen bodies, albeit in ways that pointedly develop Gothic Communism.

approximate length (""): ~430,580 words/~1,055 pages and ~832 unique images

Volume Two, part two: Demon Module (WIP)



This module explores the poetic history of demons; i.e., as actively cunning-yet-alien shapeshifters, presented canonically as treacherous within forbidden knowledge and power exchange: as untrustworthy beings made deceitful and torturous through the ghost of the counterfeit's process of abjection. As such, they are manmade, presented as occult

beings that are summoned, composite bodies that are built (cyborgs, golems and robots), or overtly natural totems that are hunted down within nature-as-alien in either case: something to present as demonic, then isolate, dehumanize and invade

under Cartesian duress. Reclaiming them requires embodying and subversively humanizing the Satanic transformative power they provide, generally in defense of nature as made alien by state forces (the trifactas, monopolies and their proponents)—to imbue with transformative fatal power that, in some shape or form, targets us for state abuse, which we subvert mid-exchange away from Capitalism's usual tortures and towards Gothic Communism's unknown pleasures.

approximate length ("): ~117,000 words/~348 pages and ~191 unique images (under construction)

Volume Three: Praxis (WIP)



Volume Three is the informed, continuous application of successful proletarian praxis as we reinterpret the Gothic past moving forward. Striking a careful, intuitive balance between pure theory and taught instruction, its introduction/summation takes Volume Zero's theoretical backbone, Volume One's simplified teaching approach and

Volume Two's past lessons, then outlines the dialectical-material objectives through which to apply our central Gothic theories—i.e., in a dialectical-material way using updated, posthumanist models (expanded beyond Cartesian thought) in order to achieve Gothic Communism one step at a time. This includes the creative successes of proletarian praxis, which the volume explores in relation to state forces who resist their transformative power to keep things the same; i.e., the state vs workers, generally by pitting the latter against each other. A huge part of proletarian praxis, then, involves a gradual development of emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness during our updated teaching approach and labor negotiations when expressed through Gothic poetics and demonic BDSM; i.e., to counterattack state forces in service to our larger goals—our six Gothic-Marxist tenets—thwarting Capitalist Realism.

The praxis volume divides in two halves:

Volume Three, part one



Lays out sex positivity *and* sex coercion—but also the liminal areas between them—in a two-part introduction, followed by three chapters.

Volume Three, part two



Concerns sex positivity *versus* sex coercion. It contains Chapters Four and Five plus the Conclusion, which concerns the creative successes of proletarian praxis versus state praxis. Time to fight!

approximate volume length ("): ~234,000 words/795 pages and ~394 unique images (under construction)

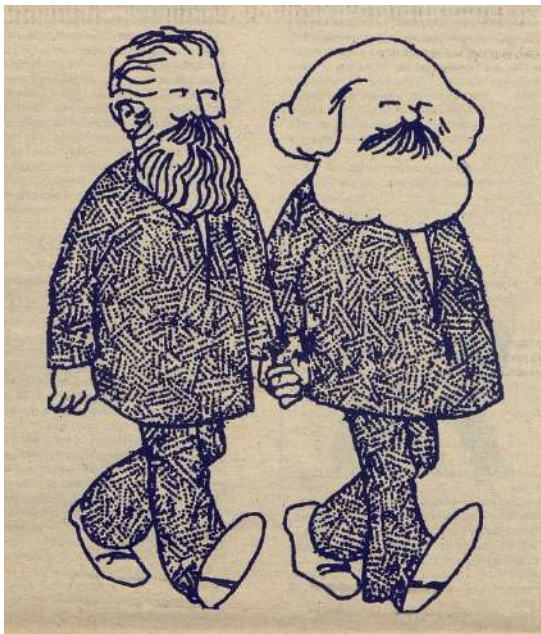
approximate total book length: ~1,531,000 words/4,313 pages and ~2,667 unique images

Making Marx Gay

"Why camp canon?" you ask? Because we have to! Canon is heteronormative, thus foundational to our persecution as built into capital out of antiquity's Drama and Comedy into more recent inventions of the staged gimmick; i.e., of the back-and-forth wrestling match versus the Greek play's chorus and musical numbers, but also the opera and castle as an operatic site of forbidden, extreme desire, guilty pleasure and possessive love. Capitalism needs enemies to fight who are different from the status quo and we fit the bill. In short, we fags "make it gay" for our own survival.

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume Zero* (2023)

This short, five-page essay aims to address several key points: a) about Marx's homophobia, and b) inability to say as much about queer rights that we, while camping canon, must address by camping Marx, hence making *him* (or rather, his ghost) gay. I wrote it after thinking on Marx's underlying bigotries and other shortcomings in Volume One (which I mention in that volume's preface). While I had focused on his lack of a conscious Gothic critique [and active anti-Semitism](#) (source: "Karl Marx in the Ludwig Rosenberger Library of Judaica," 2006), I also wanted to address his homophobia, insofar as to camp something is to make it gay *using Gothic poetics*. We must do this to Marx's ghost, lest Communism remain stuck in place, unable to develop away from Capitalist Realism.



([source](#): *The Gay Liberator*, no. 42, 1974)

Fascists tend to say, "make something great *again*," arguing as they do for a return to greatness that is inextricably tied to a conservative imaginary past. Conversely, Marx and his ilk tended to look to the future to escape the ghosts of the past, except their banishment under Capitalist Realism has led them—as Derrida pointed out—to haunt language through spectres of the man himself: his nebulous, shapeshifting reputation. It is *this* version of Marx that we must contend with, because it is the one that we can transform out of the actual man himself as a complicated fixture of history.

To that, this brief reminder stresses something that my thesis discusses repeatedly and should likewise be kept in mind throughout the entire book: Marx

wasn't gay in the functional sense⁷; he *was* to some degree *homophobic*, and bigoted in ways his epistolary correspondence with Engels reveals. And while I think it's entirely worth noting that homosexuality and its formative history merit valid criticism insofar as men with power have often sexually abused children (which Foucault dubiously called "everyday occurrence in the life of village sexuality [and] inconsequential bucolic pleasures," notably lamenting their ending of, following the rise of the bourgeoisie⁸), we must also remember that until the late 1800s gender-non-conformity was entirely synonymous with *criminal activity* (for men, because women and slaves weren't legally considered people at this point); i.e., "sodomy" as a breaking with the ancient canonical codes that stress PIV sex, thus sexual *reproduction*. To this, those who abused children and those who did not were clumped together in the same messy sphere, say nothing of important but tardy modern distinctions such as "trans," "intersex," and non-binary," etc.

Moreover, this malnourished trend (and its inherited confusions) stemmed from socio-material conditions that are *not* set, but rather can change and transform as time goes on. Just as the word "homosexual" didn't spring into formal, written existence until 1870—and words like "transsexual" and "transgender" emerged later still—the *oral, Gothic* traditions that informed them are as old as Humanity itself (certainly far older than Enlightenment thinkers and their disastrous Cartesian models) and have only continued to evolve over time (which Volume Two shall demonstrate). So our praxis (which Volume Three shall cover) must take heed

⁷ I.e., not openly, anyways. Heteronormativity certainly has closeted men endlessly overcompensating for their perceived "lack" of straightness, to which we can only speculate about Marx being closeted or not. What matters is what he said or didn't say regarding the liberation of GNC people from state control. His problem, as we shall see, lay less in how he focused primarily on class and material conditions instead of class and culture combined through socio-material conditions, but that the language hadn't "caught up." As Sherry Wolf points out in "The Myth of Marxist Homophobia" (2009): "It is insufficient, however, to argue that Marx and Engels were merely prisoners of the era in which they lived, though they were undoubtedly influenced by the dominant Victorian morals of the early Industrial Revolution" ([source](#)). Indeed, they fought progressively for the Cause regarding those scandals and crises-of-the-day that society published most openly and clearly. Among these, homosexuality had yet to emerge, and indeed would not until Oscar Wilde's infamous trial (1895) twelve years after Marx had already kicked the bucket (1883).

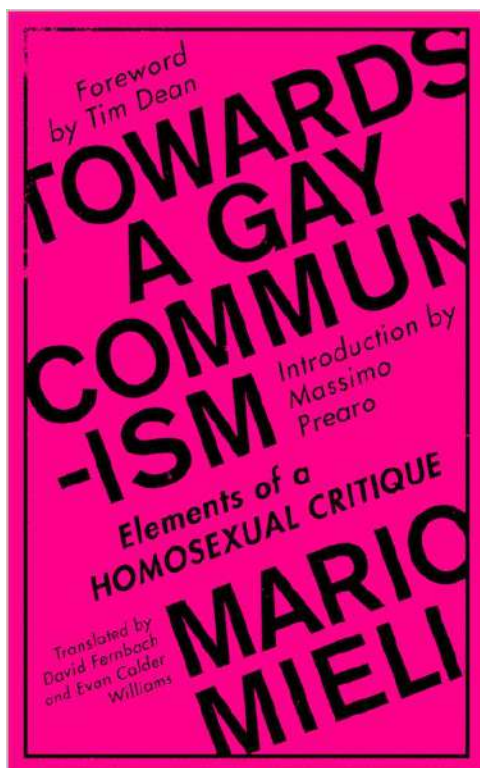
Wolf raises concerns about American slavery and anti-Irish racism, to which Marx and Engels fought for the oppressed; what injustices they saw and had the language for, they fought for the side of workers on *social issues*:

All this refuses definitively the argument that Marxism is interested only in questions of class. Marx and Engels' body of writings and life's pursuit have influenced generations of revolutionaries who have fought for a better world, including a sexually liberated one. Yet there is no reason to defend every utterance and act as if they were infallible gods instead of living men, warts and all (*ibid.*).

I'm inclined to agree with Wolf, but won't apologize for the societal ignorance that informed Marx and Engel's private homophobia. Clearly there is room for improvement, which neither man lived to see, and this is best expressed through Gothic poetics; i.e., the open, popular language of monsters and aliens as fetishized by the state, but also workers for or against the state and the bourgeoisie.

⁸ From *A History of Sexuality, Volume One* (1980).

of the updated jargon, but also the imaginary past as something to revive in the present by making *Marx* gay in ways the man himself could not.



([source](#): Pluto Press)

The idea isn't exactly new—Mario Mieli's *Towards a Gay Communism* established the basic idea in 1977 and the Revolutionary Communist Party's admittedly incomplete 2001 "On the Position on Homosexuality in the New *Draft Programme*" discussed the idea towards homosexuals and women⁹, first and foremost, while not having the most comprehensive understanding of trans people¹⁰. My approach takes things much further through a *holistic Gothic methodology* meant towards ending Capitalist Realism (which hadn't crystalized in 1977, let alone the 1800s). *Sex Positivity* camps canon by "making it gay" using monsters to consciously humanize, thus liberate, workers with; i.e., cooler, sexier and more fun, etc, and in ways that—unlike Foucault or Marx—actively and effectively diminish the state's capacity to inflict harm in service to the profit motive through *Gothic poetics*.

In other words, the state commodifies oppression through monsters, which we must challenge by making our own. Our "making it gay" includes Marx and his ghostly reputation as something to debate with (and improve on) in spectral forms

⁹ The New *Draft Programme* raises a series of rhetorical questions for which no immediate answers are supplied:

Should our goal be to put an end to the subordination of all women, and to liberate all humanity, or to be satisfied with some women laying claim to a few prerogatives historically reserved for privileged males and with groups that have been discriminated against and 'marginalized' achieving some 'self-expression' within a self-limited subculture or community? Should we be seeking to find individual solutions and pursuing illusions like 'inner peace,' or to collectively raise hell and, with the leadership of the proletariat, unite all who can be united, to tear down the old society and build a new one with the goal of uprooting and abolishing all oppression? ([source](#)).

In short, their stance is less hard than it should be.

¹⁰ "More recently a movement has emerged to take up the rights of transgendered people (people who live or 'pass' as the opposite gender as well as people who actually become transsexuals via medical and surgical intervention). This is a development our party needs to understand better" ([ibid.](#)). Clearly.

that hold these once-living men accountable *now* for their bigotries *back then* (from my author's foreword in the thesis volume):

Marx wasn't gay enough for my tastes, thus could never camp canon to the amount required. In camping him, I'm obviously doing this through the Gothic mode, specifically its making of monsters—their lairs, battles, identities and struggles—through a reclaimed **Wisdom of the Ancients** that represents ourselves during shared dialectical-material struggles that take what Marx touched on before going further than he ever could

However private they may have kept them, it doubtless affected their ability to speak out loud concerning the rights of gender-non-conforming persons and their divergent sexualities. So we, by camping their ghosts, must not be silent like theirs were/are; we must use any means at our disposal to "cry out," including novels and movies, but also videogames and their franchised material (a neoliberal phenomenon)—e.g., *Metroidvania* (which *Volume Zero* will expand upon).

Just because Marx and later, Foucault, were "of their times" and indeed regressing to some degree towards an imaginary (thus possible) world—one where the past-as-problematic informed their incomplete visions of the future—this doesn't mean we must do the same; i.e., blindfolded and crossing our fingers. Indeed, we can openly acknowledge a queerness of the historical past in imaginary forms that speak to a better future than what Marx dared imagine. For he and Engels, queerness was "sodomy" and the third sex (a problematic term) was "Uranians," but *that* view was informed by the present availability of information *at the time*. Even so, Engels—despite calling sodomy "abominable" in "Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State" (1883) and lacking the ability to distinguish harmful forms from non-harmful forms—tries in the same essay to imagine a world beyond his own that speaks to our goals:

What we can now conjecture about the way in which sexual relations will be ordered after the impending overthrow of capitalist production is mainly of a negative character, limited for the most part to what will disappear. But what will there be new? That will be answered when a new generation has grown up: a generation of men who never in their lives have known what it is to buy a woman's surrender with money or any other social instrument of power; a generation of women who have never known what it is to give themselves to a man from any other considerations than real love or to refuse to give themselves to their lover from fear of the economic consequences. When these people are in the world, they will care precious little what anybody today thinks they ought to do; they will make their own practice and their corresponding public opinion of their practice of each individual—and that will be the end of it ([source](#)).

In response, Sherry Wolf writes in "The Myth of Marxist Homophobia,"

While here Engels is explicit about how heterosexual relations would undoubtedly be transformed by a socialist revolution, his broader point is that by removing the material obstacles to sexual freedom the ideological barriers can fall. This raises far-reaching possibilities for a genuine sexual revolution on all fronts ([source](#)).



(artist: [Mugiwara Art](#))

Again, I am inclined to agree, but want to critique Engels a bit more than Wolf does. The people he's discussing aren't those born into a world where Capitalism simply "doesn't exist" *when the person is born*. To posit that is to kick the can down the road and shrug one's shoulders. Instead, the *current* generation must try to imagine a better future while developing Communism in the bargain. To that, hearts, minds and bodies *can* change while people are alive, and the trick, I would argue, is through Gothic poetics; I was in the closet once and have needed to work hard while alive to become a better, more authentic person. It's certainly far too late to rescue Marx and Engels the *historical figures* from the embarrassing grave they admittedly dug for themselves, but we *can* transform their *spectres* as living entities inside society and ourselves. Take what is useful and leave the rest. Marx will understand. And if he doesn't, to Hell with him!

Illustrating Mutual Consent

Sex Positivity was founded on informed consent through negotiated labor exchanges. By extension, the book's entire premise is to illustrate mutual consent (and other sex-positive devices) through dialectical-material analysis; i.e., something to learn from when regarding the *products* of said labor whose iconoclastic lessons nevertheless cannot be adequately supplied by singular images (or collages) alone, but must instead be relayed through subtext in an educational environment where these things are being displayed: a gallery. In other words, sex positivity becomes something to exhibit and explain during dialectal-material analysis of sex-positive works prepared in advance by mutually-consenting parties.



(model and artist: [Casper Clock](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Every volume for this book is full of exhibits like the one above; every exhibit that features artwork made in active collaboration amounts to a conscious attempt between myself and others to negotiate our respective boundaries in open cooperation, and each was made while interrogating personal and systemic trauma as something to mark and negotiate with using monstrous language. Regardless of the exact poetics used, a large part of any exhibit made in collaboration is the deeper context for its construction: that the sex work and artwork being displayed

remain just that—work, which requires payment in ways that both parties agree is fair from *fairly argued* and *fairly implemented* positions.

In keeping with the anarchist spirit of things, nothing was arranged from positions of unfair advantage on my end; everything was spelled out up front. In turn, the various permissions that other workers granted me were executed by those who had total say over the material being used/featured: in essence, they controlled how I represented their labor, bodies, and identities. From the cropping of the images and monster design choices per illustration, to the aliases being used and the services being plugged, every personalized exhibit has been devised according to how the models-in-question decided while navigating these exchanges. To that, each transaction goes well beyond commercial goods traded for money and includes whatever we bartered, insofar as labor for labor amounts to a great many things: photographs for art, sex for sex, sex for photographs, art for sex, and acts of friendship and displays of shared humanity and kindness that we discovered along the way.

To all of the people involved, I give thanks; this book could not exist without you. For a comprehensive thanksgiving to all the sex workers involved in this project, please refer to the Acknowledgements section at the back of the volume.



(artist: [Casper Clock](#))

Defining Sexualized Media/Sex Work, and Regarding Hard Kinks: What I Will and Won't Exhibit

"What's in the box?!"

—David Mills, *Se7en* (1995)

Comrades,

These remaining paratextual elements (and their footnotes) are lifted directly from Volume Zero. Given how they discuss the entire book, I've decided to include them in every volume purely for convenience. You may skip them using the hyperlinks, below.

The table of contents for the Poetry Module doesn't appear until page 118, preceded by the heads-up on page 103. Until then, this second disclaimer explains what I will and won't artistically exhibit in the book

- [What I Will Exhibit \(and related terms\)](#)
- [What I Won't Exhibit](#)

followed by several more small paratextual sections:

- [A Note on Canonical Essentialism](#)
- [The Six Gothic-Marxist Tenets and Four Main Gothic Theories](#)
- [The State: Its Key Tools; re: the Monopolies, Trifectas and Qualities of Capital](#)
- [Abridged Manifesto Tree \(of Oppositional Praxis\)](#)
- [About the Logo \(for Gothic \[gay-anarcho\] Communism\)](#)
- [Concerning My Audience, My Art, Reading Order and the Glossary](#)
- [Essential Keywords, a priori](#)
- [Written Backwards: A Ship of Theseus, a Gothic Castle](#)
- [Into the Void: Losing the Training Wheels](#)
- [Concerning Monsters](#)
- [We Are Legion: So Many Monsters, So Little Time](#)

[Click here](#) to skip to the heads-up (a small section of things to keep in mind from the thesis volume); [click here](#) to go directly to the table of contents and the rest of the volume.

Love,

—Your "Commie Mommy," Persephone

The monster volume is the third of four volumes for *Sex Positivity* and contains ~1,400 unique images (subject to change); all four volumes, when they release, will contain over 2,000 unique images (subject to change) and hundreds of collage-style exhibits. These invigilate, interrogate and weaponize sexualized media for proletarian purposes of class/culture war during oppositional praxis (competing applications of theory during dialectical-material exchange, or opposing *material* forces), but especially fetishes, kink and BDSM common in Gothic poetics: monster art/porn and yes, hardcore sex. Given the taboo nature of these things—and that Gothic media habitually explores taboo subjects like dehumanization, murder and rape, we're left with a thoroughly loaded equation whose variables have specific definitions:

Capitalism sexualizes all labor for the profit motive in a heteronormative (thus colonial, dimorphic) theatrical scheme: "sexualized media = sex work as sex-positive vs sex-coercive in the fight for basic human rights centered around debates of universal correctness/ethics and reactionary purity arguments."

To address both the equation and the taboos that Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism wrestles with, I wanted to provide some definitions and disclaimers, right out of the gate.

To start with, we need to define **kink**¹¹, **fetish**, and **BDSM** as forms of **roleplay** that we'll expand on (e.g., **chaser/bait**, exhibit 1a1a1h1) in the thesis volume and elsewhere in the book (normally block-quoting keyword definitions is restricted to the thesis volume, but these terms are some of the most vital in the book. As such, these four definitions will not be abridged, nor will any of the others in this second disclaimer as it appears in all four volumes):

roleplay

¹¹ In this disclaimer and the entire thesis volume, I have **boldened** and **color-coded** keywords (rather than opt for italics/underlining, which I generally utilize for *emphasis*). Generally this is done when first introducing them, but also when I am about to define/am currently defining or otherwise stressing their involvement (I will also do this as a graphical aid to showcase when a bunch of keywords are being used in tandem, especially during the thesis statement). Regardless of when I do, it's meant to clue you in that we're discussing words that have specific definitions that are about to be expanded on or otherwise invoked (at the present time or later in the document) or *reinvoked* after they have already been explained. Also, while this only happens a few times, a couple of phrases aren't in the glossary because I haven't been able to define some of the more niche or incidental expressions (usually idioms or figures of speech); this is something I'd like to address in a future, second edition.

The playing of roles in social-sexual situations, usually with a dominant/submissive element (as many come from classic stories which tend to be heteronormative; but even iconoclastic stories transmute BDSM, fetishes and kinks to be sex-positive within dominant/submissive models).

kink

Nontraditional forms of sexual activity that don't necessarily involve forms of power exchange between partners (unequal or otherwise).

fetishization

A fetish, or the act of making something into a fetish, is "a form of sexual desire in which gratification is linked to an abnormal degree to a particular object, item of clothing, or part of the body." Generally, fetishes are pre-existing social-sexual trends that people either embrace or reject. They aren't explicitly sexist (e.g., mutually consenting to show feet), but become sexist when used in exploitative ways (e.g., sex workers forced to show their feet to generate profit for someone else).

(demon) BDSM

Bondage, discipline, sadism, and masochism—seemingly nontraditional forms of sexual activity that involve unequal power exchange that has actually been canonized and must be camped in doubled forms. Both involve power, but non-consensual (sex-coercive) variants canonically involve power *abuse*—generally of women and other marginalized workers by white, cis-het men/arguably token queers in romanticized tales thereof (e.g., Stoker's vampire, Barker's Cenobite) that often, according to Susan Sontag's "Fascinating Fascism" (1974), invoke not just the "master scenario" whose purely sexual experience is "severed from personhood, from relationships, from love," but also the fascist language of death: "The color is black [and red], the material is leather, the seduction is beauty, the justification is honesty, the aim is ecstasy, the fantasy is death" ([source](#)). In a sex-positive sense, such rituals regularly invoke demons as a Gothicized means of catharsis, but also practicing impulse and power control during non-harmful euphoria whose painful, physical, emotional, and/or sexual activities occur between good-faith participants; i.e., ironic variants of Ann Radcliffe's classically **xenophobic** and dubiously "consensual" **Black Veil** (hiding the threat badly), **demon lover** (the xenophobic/xenophilic threat of unironic mutilation and rape), and **exquisite "torture"** (rape play).

We'll further unpack Radcliffe's tricky torture tools in the thesis volume (and lay waste to her sacred memory in the process). There's also **dom(inator/-inatrix)**, **sub(missive)**, "strict/gentle," **topping/a top** vs **bottoming/a bottom**, **regression**, **rape fantasies**, and **aftercare**; but we will likewise unpack these in the thesis volume when we discuss subverting **rape culture** and "**prison sex**" **mentalities** *vis-à-vis* **Man Box**, **good play vs bad play**, and other germane theatrical factors (*ahegao*, *moe*, chasers/bait, etc).

Now that we've outlined the basic ideas of Gothic fetish and kink, the rest of the disclaimer will provide some definitions for what I will exhibit, followed by what I *won't* exhibit. This goes beyond basic nudity like the image below but will involve nudity in either case:



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

What I Will Exhibit (and related terms)

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas, Nocturnos lemures, portentaque.

Dreams, magic terrors, spells of mighty power, Witches, and ghosts who rove at midnight hour ([source](#)).

—the pre-preface epigram to Matthew Lewis' *The Monk* (1796)

Matthew Lewis was a very queer and very educated young man when he wrote *The Monk* (which despite the lack of open queer discourse at its inception, is a tremendously queer apologia written in Gothic camp *par excellence*). Like him, I am very queer and educated (though not as young or closeted, I think); also like him, I like to parody sex in the Gothic mode—i.e., write about campy monsters in sexualized media. Here are some glossary definitions and exhibits to give you an idea of what I mean:

sexualized media

Media that contains sexual and gendered components—of cis-het men and women, but also queer persons/other marginalized groups for or against the state. However, the treatment of sexuality and gender—how it is sexualized by "the Media" or in media more broadly—depends on if it is sex-positive or sex-coercive (some examples, below):



(from the companion glossary, exhibit 3a1: Artist, top-left: Frank Frazetta; top-middle-to-right: [Sveta Shubina](#); bottom-left: J. Howard Miller; bottom-middle: Norman Rockwell; bottom-right: Michelangelo.

Artistic mimicry through homage is a common phenomenon of art, with women being illustrated historically by men for various purposes. A common reason for doing so was to illustrate their place in a

man's world; e.g., as wives, mistresses [the Virgin or the Whore] but also as workers. Whereas open fascism historically relegates women to traditional modes of women's work, American propaganda temporarily made various concessions during WW2. These occurred to support the overall war effort and the material interests of the elite. After the war ended, women's rights were quickly rescinded in favor of a return to the status quo, female workers being demonized by the same male employers and patrons who formerly promoted them [and fetishized by the likes of Frank Frazetta, who started his career during a regression towards female re-enslavement after the war].

Mimesis is a back-and-forth process, borrowing images and symbols for new purposes during oppositional praxis. In Rosie the Riveter's case, promotions of female "equality" were themselves guided by an American sense of righteousness that went on to be co-opted for social movements long after the original pieces aired. Indeed, Rosie only became a cultural icon of feminism in the 1970s—i.e., as a symbol of female empowerment that eclipsed Rockwell's Christianized mimesis of Michelangelo's Isaiah. On Rockwell, Christina Branham writes in "Rosie the Riveter" (2016),

The pose she strikes seems a bit awkward, but it too conveys a message: it was inspired by Michelangelo's portrayal of the prophet Isaiah on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Why? As stated during a Sotheby's 2002 sale of the original art, "Righteousness is described throughout Isaiah's prophecy as God's strong right arm." Rockwell's Rosie is certainly sporting some strong man-arms, but I would say the bigger message is that America was on the side of righteousness [[source](#)].

After Rockwell's upstaging by Miller's latter-day revival, the image of Rosie took on a life of its own. The image itself went on to convey the nostalgia of a reimagined past: the rights of cis-het white women [which second wave feminism primarily represented through its arguments]. In the works of future artists, nostalgia becomes something to reclaim, but also regress towards depending on the context and political leanings of the creator.)



(from the companion glossary, exhibit 3a2: Assorted pieces by Milo Manara and Luis Royo; middle-right: Olsen; far-top-right: [Morry Evans](#). Hauntology presses women into different forms of transgressive servitude—i.e., more about titillating the cis-het male gaze within risky positions of appropriative peril and high imagination/adventure that women are expected not just to perform but compete for under male Pygmalions. Indeed, white, cis-het women assimilate and promote these roles, focusing on the unironic torture of a highly specific and prescriptive industry body type, versus catharsis for women forced to do certain forms of coercively humiliating labor regardless of the genre. Reduced to blind pastiche, these can perpetuate various harmful stereotypes within transgressive media as a means of submitting to formal power rather than resisting and reclaiming it through the same rituals as subverted; e.g., Morry Evan's work of a servile giant for the counterfeit of a nun; or Sveta Shubina's Bowser and Peach, below. We'll examine more iconoclastic subversions throughout the book; e.g., the aforementioned size difference as something to appreciate in different monster types, such as the Amazon/mommy dom, exhibit 51d2.)



(from the companion glossary, exhibit 3a3: Artist, left: [Sveta Shubina](#); right: Don Bluth. The desire to separate the art from the artist and aesthetics from ideology is understandable/possible, but it remains important to remember that when emulating a given style, said style in the past was associated with a problematic belief system and its symbolism; e.g., Don Bluth's damsel-in-distress, Princess Daphne, "needing" to be rescued from the dragon by a man who is still draconian themselves [the knight and the dragon being dichotomized variations of the "walking castle"/human tank]. Shubina is clearly emulating Bluth's visual style but subverts the relationship between the princess and the dragon—i.e., like King Kong but seemingly negotiated through the topos of the power of women [to attract men] as something to toy with. This context, of course, is difficult to glean from the base drawing itself, all but requiring a bit of imagination from us to reinterpret the same old clichés. But even if these stereotypes are subverted, their own work will remain haunted by the sexism of past idols that people unironically love in the present.

The woman as "emasculator" ties to the ironic cuckold of men, having them figuratively "by the balls": "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." This historically unenviable position becomes canonically enviable among women forced to compete for limited husbands with wealth, being judged by men as "gold diggers" and judged by other women jealously fighting over the same heteronormative prize. Conventionally pretty women become viewed through various double standards: the treacherous beauty as a user of everyone around her to get what she wants; i.e., sex as a weapon. While the narrative reduces the woman to a singular role and personality type, it's one where their intelligence is treated like a concealed weapon behind their sexuality as front-and-center. They're forced into uncomfortable clothes and pitted against other women wearing the same princess-style uniform; i.e., the historical-material reality of women competing for the same bloodline: to be the king's prized broodmare.



This includes Bowser in BDSM circles, [a prime candidate for the "daddy dom" or queer "bear" stereotype](#) [artist, above: Taran Fiddler]. The paradox of the spiked collar is canonized as the master's sigil that simultaneously is an anti-predation device for a large, powerful pet in iconoclastic circles.)

sex work

Any work centered around sexuality and gender roles, including *artwork*. More commonly thought of as "prostitution," patriarchal sexism under Capitalism extends sex work to the broader division of sexualized labor within a colonial gender binary: men's work versus women's work. While the former focuses on war, violence and promotion through socio-material dominance, the latter involves submissive, traditionalized modes of sexual-reproductive labor towards a male authority figure—often a boss, parent or husband. So, while many sex workers perform strictly eroticized acts in this manner, many more are secretarial or marital in nature, performed inside traditional sites of women's work like kitchens, bedrooms, or laundromats, but also banks or hospitals. In the creative world, sexist employers compel female creators (musicians, models, illustrators and writers, etc) to promote prescriptive notions of coercive sexuality and gender tied to heteronormative beauty standards, fashion and music. Regardless of the work, sex-positive workers will resist sex coercion through their own labor.

sex positivity

Sexual/asexual expression that enables individual self-expression (thus self-empowerment) by relatively ethical means—the right to do sex work or partake in sexual activity *if one so desires*. In other words, it is a *positive freedom*; i.e., freedom *for* people to do what they want, specifically "the possession of the power and resources (material conditions) to act in the context of the structural limitations of the broader society which impacts a person's ability to act." Apart from being morally good and materially beneficial, sex positivity empowers marginalized communities (who, amongst other things, are generally exploited for sex as a form of labor); it does so by arguing for mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation using historically regulated language: bodies and biology, gender identity/performance and (a)sexual orientation.

sex coercion

Sexist, heteronormative argumentation, work and artistry that compels and upholds sexual and gendered norms by abolishing others through various unethical means. This includes corporations downplaying their harmful actions as benign, or fascists framing their openly harmful actions as justified. This freedom to act is a *negative freedom*; i.e., freedom *from* external restraint on one's actions. It is generally repressive towards marginalized communities, the elite exploiting them on a material level while also denying them their basic human rights.

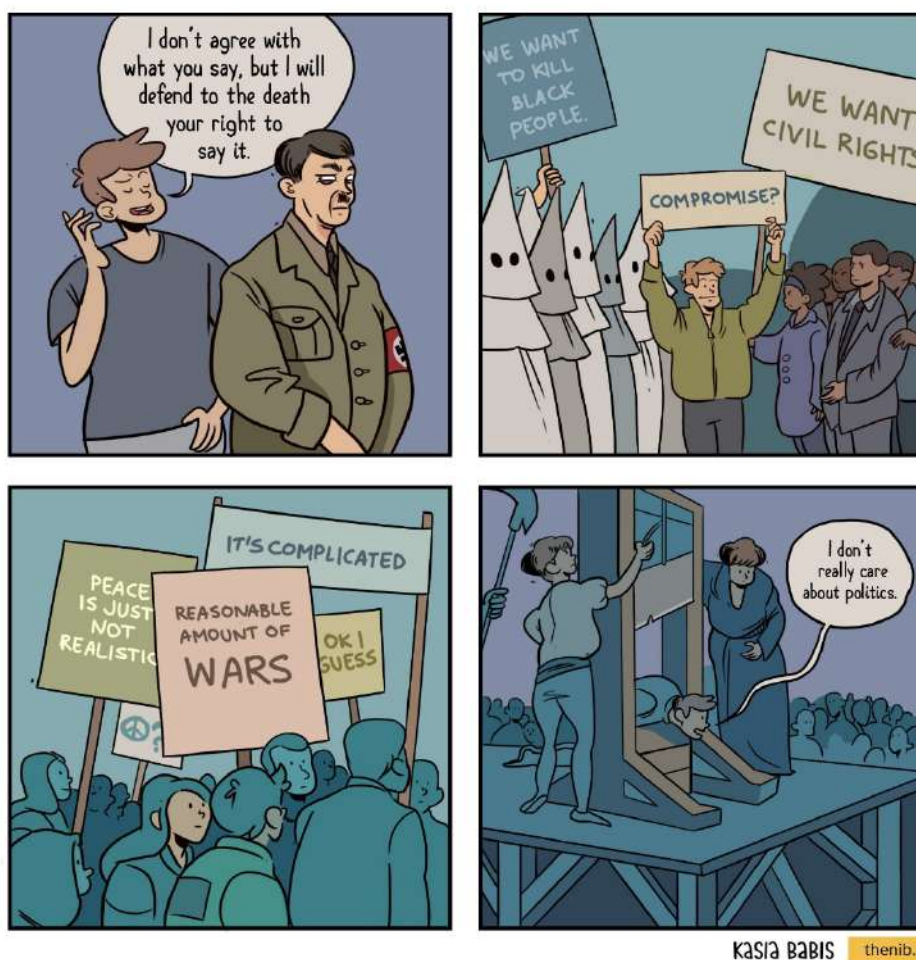
Small idiosyncrasy in terms of my writing: When using "sex positivity" or "sex coercion" (nouns) as adjectives, they will be hyphenated; e.g., "The sex-positive fog crept in on little sex-coercive feet." This is completely arbitrary but my aim is to be consistent. —Perse

basic/civil human rights

The Communist idea that all human/animal workers deserve fair and equal treatment, which nation-states and corporations historically do not give (they are bourgeois and exploit workers). In Marxist terms, these rights are administered through Communism not according to profit, but "From each according to [their] ability, to each according to [their] needs." According to LeiLani Dowell at the Worker's World Forum in 2012, [this existence is planned and achieved through the development phase, aka Socialism](#): "...to each according to their *work*."

ethics, ethical, ethicality

This book treats *universal ethicality* not as canonical societal norms (what is prescriptively "correct" or "morally right" according to canon), but that humans, animals and the environment have basic, unalienable rights. The universality of these rights is what is correct. Anyone's hypothetical ability to systemically "question" or undermine these rights—including the bourgeoisie—is fundamentally incorrect/unethical (what moderates call "compromise").



KASIA BABIS thenib.com

(artist: [Kasia Babis](#))

-phobia/-philia

In Gothic-Communist terms, a *phobia* isn't raw, animal fear—e.g., fear of death or the unknown—but an actionable, social-sexual stigma, bias or taboo assigned to a particular out-group or historical-material victim under the

status quo/inside the state of exception: xenophobia, pedophilia, necrophilia, etc. This extends to various moral panics—e.g., Satanic panic, Red Scares, or the fascist revenge phobia of the backstabbing Jew, etc. Phobias are canonically fetishized. Phobias are often deliberate/accidental misnomers insofar as abuse euphemisms are concerned (again, necrophilia, pedophilia, zoophilia); i.e., used to describe acts of abuse wherein the abuser is acting on a sexual attraction or otherwise abusive compulsion but is acting it out on a party that cannot actually consent (the dead, children, or animals; slaves, wives and other humans legally regarded as property in some shape or form).

purity arguments

A type of reactionary, fascist argumentation tied to manufactured scarcity, consent and conflict as radicalized during moral panics under police states/ethnostates. Think "boundaries for me, not for thee," but attached to limited-time waivers for those who best fit whatever soldiers those in fascist seats of power are looking for (with Himmler anything but "Nordic"). This tends to historically-materially manifest in racial-purity pseudoscience and aggressive recruitment tactics, defending the "purity" of a nation (and its children and women) through racialized supermen, generally with the descriptor "ethnic" attached to them—e.g., ethnic Germans (in Nazi Germany) or Jews (in Israel).

In short, my exhibits and general writing/illustrations concern sexualized media, sex positivity vs sex coercion according to basic human rights (and animal rights/environmental health) according to various xenophobia/xenophilia (whose distinctions—of monster-slaying and monster-fucking—I'll expand on more during the thesis volume) and purity arguments. All are generally relayed through roleplay during kink, fetish and demon BDSM theatre and power/death aesthetics, and while there's room to communicate trauma of all sorts, I have my own comfort levels in terms of what I'll invigilate, exhibit-wise.

What I Won't Exhibit

But my grief was unavailing. My Infant was no more; nor could all my sighs impart to its little tender frame the breath of a moment. I rent my winding-sheet, and wrapped in it my lovely Child. I placed it on my bosom, its soft arm folded round my neck, and its pale cold cheek resting upon mine. Thus did its lifeless limbs repose, while I covered it with kisses, talked to it, wept, and moaned over it without remission, day or night. [...]

Sometimes I felt the bloated Toad, hideous and pampered with the poisonous vapours of the dungeon, dragging his loathsome length along my bosom: Sometimes the quick cold Lizard roused me leaving his slimy track upon my face, and entangling itself in the tresses of my wild and matted hair: Often have I at waking found my fingers ringed with the long worms which bred in the corrupted flesh of my Infant. At such times I shrieked with terror and disgust, and while I shook off the reptile, trembled with all a Woman's weakness ([source](#)).

—Agnes de Medina, *The Monk*



Lewis' camp is violent in the tradition of the Elizabethan/Jacobean theater (e.g., *Titus Andronicus*, c. 1594; and *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1614). As such, he had a thing for the abject, the grotesque as hyperbolic and necromantic—dragged

up and carted about in a thoroughly campy danse macabre. I'm not partial to combining sex and abject gore, and its exclusion from *Sex Positivity* doesn't mean it *can't* be sex-positive¹²; it's just "not my bag." I'd like to quickly explain why.

¹² Consider the postcolonial critique of colonized peoples' being openly raped onscreen during Jennifer Kent's hard-boiled historical drama, *The Nightengale* (2019). The film unflinchingly explores the intersectional complexities of class, race and gender during Australia's colonization by the British empire; i.e., of the Irish indentured servant and Indigenous slave of color by white Englishmen. It's not meant to be entertainment and that's the point. It also doesn't celebrate the rape of the heroine or the various other people who are raped and/or murdered by the villain as an extension of the white, European (Cartesian) status quo. Despite their brutal nature, these frank depictions of rape aren't exploitative, but expressed through a historical drama meant to educate us about the generational trauma that has been whitewashed in recent years; thus, they are abjectly violent and harmful, but patently designed to be sex-positive by expressing the sex-coercive nature of the abusers towards the abused.

Everyone has limits when it comes to kink, BDSM and the Gothic¹³. What I explore in this book is informed by my own kinkster's/artist's bias—my artistic **hard limits** regarding **hard kink** (scat, gore, vore, loli, actual rape) intersecting with my gender identity, orientation (demi-pan, polyamorous) and chosen kinks, but also my Gothic writings about these things. So, while I *could* easily write an entire book about "male humor" or literal shit, extreme torture porn and "Male Gothic" abjection, hard kink is not something I prefer to explore in my own sex work, artwork or writing (except for consent-non-consent, which we'll cover a fair bit). Likewise, while I am a "gore hound" when it comes to horror movies ([I once interviewed Vancouver FX for their effects work in "Alien Ore," 2019](#), for example), I don't enjoy exhibiting those things as abjected, then fetishized by capital—e.g., acts of unambiguous rape, but also intensely private things put on display like female bathroom antics as a means of publicly degrading the subject as an unironic object of total humiliation, or demonizing literal human excrement/bodily waste.

Art is shared negotiation, and all the content in this book has either been negotiated or is Fair Use. As a whole, *Sex Positivity* doesn't curate itself to please everyone; it exhibits sex positivity by blurring the lines between porn and art, asexuality and sexuality, pain and other pleasurable responses, trauma and catharsis, lover and associate, etc. Couples and friends can make art. Enemies can, too (friendly and unfriendly). Sometimes I've slept and played with models, but also have friends-with-benefits and platonic friends (my best friend, Ginger, is strictly platonic though we're very open with each other). I engage with all of these things to reflect on praxial synthesis: life drawing and modeling, performance art, homemade porn, cosplay, makeup tutorials, asexual exhibitions of nudism, etc). All this being said, there is no hardcore porn of me in this book (though I generally play with my muses and friends in some shape or form; *that* context is for you to infer through my writing about certain exhibits).

This book constitutes the cathartic exploration of trauma through Gothic Communism; i.e., through iconoclastic, pornographic art made by workers in exhibitionistic-voyeuristic collaboration: exhibits that feature and highlight the context of negotiation, for the monstrous-poetic expression of our rights and pedagogy of the oppressed¹⁴ (this book features a small number images to critique data theft under the AI boom, but otherwise consists entirely of artwork made by actual humans, not generated by unthinking machines). Even so, while I feel

¹³ The Gothic mode/imagination. For our purposes, the making of monsters, though I will unpack other definitions for context in the symposium: "the 'Gothic' [is] a common point of contention as something that historically remains difficult to define that nevertheless is plastered over everything and used off-hand for centuries according to aesthetics whose ownership is equally imperiled among different media types."

¹⁴ Radical empathy. [Coined by Paulo Freire in his 1968 book of the same name](#), the text is a warning to closeted (and active) moderates to stop talking down to people who know their own trauma far better than moderates do.

thoroughly uncomfortable exhibiting canonical art as a source, endorsement or perpetuation of unnegotiated trauma,

- animal exploitation or abuse (my stepfather forced me to watch as he killed our pet rabbits in front of my brothers and I, then cooked and ate them) but also frank depictions of animal butchery under Capitalism (e.g., *Our Daily Bread*, 2005, and its unflinching examination of an ordinary abattoir)
- abuse, exploitation and fetishization of children and/or persons with physical or mental disabilities
- unironic torture porn in general (e.g., *A Serbian Film*, 2010; *Martyrs*, 2008; *Funny Games*, 1997; *Kidnapped*, 2010)
- necrophilia exploitation films (e.g., *Nekromantik*, 1988)
- the grotesque; e.g., the "geek show" gross-out exhibit from William Lindsay Gresham's 1946 novel, *Nightmare Alley*, or Katherine Dunn's *Geek Love* (1989)

I *do* discuss things like chattel/canonical rape, public shame/self-hatred, murder and unironic psychosexual violence (meaning "battle sex," or warring notions of sex in terms of theatrical codifiers for a belief system, but also coded instructions executed by arbiters of an unironic and ironic nature: cops and victims)

psychosexuality ("battle sex")

The adjacent placement of pleasurable pain and other euphoric sensations next to unironic harm; i.e., rape fantasy or theatre. Just as canon and camp exist in the same shadow zone, performative irony and its absence are equally liminal using the same shared aesthetics of power and resistance, death and rape, heroic (monstrous) violence: the colors of stigma, vice, power and sin. Canonical psychosexuality conflates pleasure with genuine harm, including bigoted stereotypes that further this pathology. These result in widespread misconceptions about healthy BDSM as a result of sex-coercive BDSM (through unironic "demon BDSM" examples, including criminal hauntology news cycles or "true crime" in other mediums besides television), and genuine pluralities that seek out dangerous sex (hard kink) due to confused pleasure responses resulting from extreme prey mechanisms/posttraumatic stress disorder that compel victims to unironically spifflicate; i.e., "to be self-destroyed or disposed of by violence" in an unironic sense. As something to unironically or ironically seek out on and offstage, abuse manifests differently per person relative to congenital and environmental factors which are often accident-of-birth. But general psychosexuality manifests through the Destroyer persona and their utterly devastated victim as part of the same social-sexual equation; i.e., a cultural

pathology or ironic, informed interrogation regarding the proliferation of this extremism in normalized, canonical depictions of heroic sexuality as embattled: as sex-coercive, hence unironically violent and rapacious through warring factions thereof (and against camp in the larger meta conversation).

in writing throughout the book; and there's certainly a place for all of these things in iconoclastic art (trauma needs to be communicated in as many ways as it can); i.e., the digging up of dead things when we feel—in the classic Gothic sense—"buried alive" according to the enforced relationship between sexuality and gender as Gothicized in canonical works:

live burial

The Gothic master-trope, live burial—as marked by Eve Segewick in her introduction to *The Coherence of Gothic Conventions* (1986)—is expressed in the language of live burial as an endless metaphor for the buried libido within concentric structures as something to punish "digging into" (which includes investigating the false family's incestuous/abjectly monstrous bloodline; [source](#)). To move beyond psychoanalytical models and into Marxist territories, I would describe live burial as incentivized by power structures in ways that threaten abuse (often death, incarceration or rape) to those who go looking into hereditary and dynastic power structures, especially their psychosexual abuse and worker exploitation: the fate of the horny detective, but also the *whistleblower*.

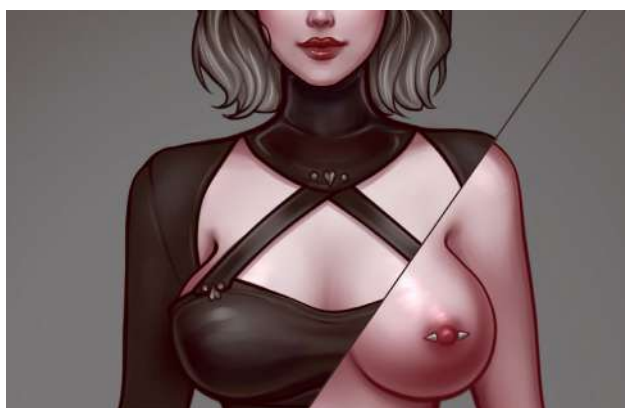
This poetic disinterment and its paradoxical examination of ourselves as abjectly undead *is* critically valid; it's just not the kind of necromancy I care to communicate through, first and foremost. As the kids say, it "gives me the yuck."



For example, porn under Capitalism becomes synonymized with gore and other taboo displays as looked at a particular way—*clandestinely* or otherwise in trashy, "forbidden" stories that communicate through vibes, raw pastiche, recycled conventions, and aesthetics first and foremost. Parody is common, but optional (especially "perceptive"

parody, which goes against the profit motive). As such, I thoroughly recognize several key foils, including the fact that a) non-painful pleasure and harmful/non-harmful pain elide in classic Gothic aesthetics¹⁵ and fiction, but also *apparel* as a core part of these stories; and b) often rely on humiliation kinks that cheerfully play with dead things in a *memento mori*, "happy Gothic"¹⁶ approach to "dead body positivity"—i.e., of the Tim-Burton *Corpse Bride* (2006) sort (to be frank, I prefer

¹⁵ E.g., nipple piercings, which often appear in the shape of spikes—as "phallic," but also as anti-*predation* devices (see, below); they work within human physiology as something to fetishize at various erogenous points that explore "forbidden" sites (and means) of pleasure; i.e., the *pierced* female nipple or clitoris as a visually intense and physically playful means of pleasurable pain that *isn't* automatically linked to biological reproduction, while supplying the viewer, player and owner with liminal cosmetics of death and exquisite "torture": the woman-in-black's heart-adorned fetish gear commonly made from leather and lace (the classic damsel/demon or virgin/whore binary).



(artist: [Honey Lavender](#))

¹⁶ The term "happy Gothic" has been lifted straight from Catherine Spooner's [Post-Millennial Gothic: Comedy, Romance and the Rise of Happy Gothic](#) (2017).

the less-gory-and-more-moody gloomth of the Mancunian postpunks, or Edward Smith's The Cure), but also more "strict" BDSM: "marathon sadism," electrocution, knife play and hard-choking¹⁷ or simulated drowning exercises, etc. These *can* be transgressively sex-positive as a means of psychosexual catharsis—especially when dealing with regressive trauma or confused pleasure and pain responses; i.e., seeking pain for its own sake, or having death fantasies (towards oneself or others in a gradient of unironic and ironic forms) that launch a knee-jerk (so to speak) orgasmic response/*jouissance*¹⁸ that stems from surviving hardcore sexual abuse (and emotional/physical abuse, or intersections of all three).

Yet, despite their validity as provably cathartic within the Gothic mode, abject sexuality and strict BDSM still aren't "my bag" in terms of what I like to study or explore; that is, despite having performed sadistic exercises on an ex-partner by request, said person also traumatized me, making future requests of performing "strict" pain on new partners a potentially unpleasant task. Not my thing. Sex and full-on gore? I'll pass. But sleep sex (exhibit 11b2), societal collapse/Gothic castles (e.g., the danger disco, exhibit 15b1), Numinous consent-non-consent (exhibit 39a2), voyeurism (watching consenting couples fuck [exhibit 101c2] or having others consent to watch *me* fuck) and graveyard sentiment (exhibit 37b)? Hell yeah, sign me up (I hesitate to quote Coleridge because he's a racist prude, but he was absolutely on the money with this snippet from "[General Character of the Gothic Literature and Art](#)" [1818]: "...the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral, I am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left, is, 'that I am nothing!'")!

Porn under Capitalism is always a liminal proposition, one where canon conflates gore, rape, and general harm with supposed acts of love (e.g., *Squid Game*'s gratuitous 2021 violence illustrating a generalized violation of human rights through misdirection and pornographic force presented as a "cute" game). As the title might suggest, then, *Sex Positivity* is largely about sex positivity as something

¹⁷ These kinks are classified as "hard" for a reason: They're potentially dangerous and require not just experience but *expertise*, meaning if you don't know what you're doing when performing them, you could easily harm or even kill someone. For example, choking is fine when a professional sadist is working with someone they trust, while both parties know the ropes and have safe words (the traffic light system is a safe bet). But experience *is* the teacher of fools and informed consent requires just that—for people to be informed *correctly*. The problem is, many people learn from entertainment, *especially* regarding BDSM as canonically harmful. So while Gothic media can *potentially* yield critical power within discourse about systemic abuse, it won't actually teach you proper choke technique in terms of giving or receiving erotic asphyxiation (any more than watching James Bond will show you correct espionage). Never try it by yourself and always have someone who won't harm you by accident (or on purpose). Just ask [David Carradine](#) or [Richard Belzer](#)!

¹⁸ E.g., *frisson*, aka "the skin orgasm" (often felt during so-called Numinous, or "religious" experiences).

to replace canonical forms of abuse with; i.e., *liminal* expressions of sex and trauma that lean towards, and help lead survivors away from, the status quo using cathartic monster poetics and sex-positive "demon BDSM," *not* Radcliffe's demon lover (more on them, in the thesis statement and Volume Two)!

Whether sex-positive or not, monsters are liminal, but their iconoclastic reclamation coincides with ironic rape fantasies and complicated symbols of recovery (fetishes) that reverse-abject state-sanctioned, social-sexual violence through transformative, even pornographic Gothic embellishment. Abject sexuality and exploitation exist squarely outside my invigilator and creator comfort zones, hence won't be featured in this book. That being said, I *will* have plenty of monsters that approach these subjects comfortably for me; i.e., to a *healing* degree, not a "geek show" insofar as the exhibiting and voyeurism of peril are concerned. To that, camp and schlock allow for "rape" to exist in quotes using fetish aesthetics—often with a fair amount of Gothic nostalgia and expertise. Weird nerds tend to know their stuff, and can push into abject spaces in ways that still account for the boundaries of others:



(exhibit -1a: Artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#). They aren't just a stone-cold fox; they're an incredibly passionate and knowledgeable filmmaker and performer when it comes to schlock and camp! Both genres are equally worthy of study and consideration as things to recreate and learn from.)

Of course, I *am* discussing the Gothic mode in a sex-positive light; there are some liminal/grey-area exceptions I'll need to make, exhibit-wise. For example, I repeatedly discuss Mercedes's awesomely schlocky creations (and other campy monster artists reclaiming heteronormative stigmas), featuring her "tromette" performances in our book's first exhibit, as well as exhibits 67 and 78, among

others; despite having *some* gross-out qualities, her content is something I'm comfortable recreating in my own work/exhibiting in this book with her permission (she's also incredibly sex-positive, which makes working with her a snap).

So while this book displays and analyzes "vanilla" porn (exhibits 32a or 32b), it tries quite hard to examine dozens of cases of sex-positive *monster* porn (too many to easily list, but Mercede's previous exhibit counts, as does exhibit 1a1a1h3a2). I also exhibit several contentious subjects: one, several drawings of naked, pre-pubescent children/teenagers from Robie Harris and Michael Emberley's 1994 sex-education book for children ten-and-up, *It's Perfectly Normal* (exhibits 55 and 90a); two, [the problematic moe art style](#) (meaning either a child-like appearance, or sexualized children/teenagers in non-erotic media) featured in neoliberal, American-aligned media like *Dragon Ball* and *Street Fighter 6* (1986 and 2023, exhibit 104b) but also canonical porn (exhibit 104c)—albeit as something to be wary of; three, [ahegao or "rape face," which is also examined](#) in the same section, in exhibit 104d towards the end of the book; and four, one example of straight-up murder and torture performed by the Male Gaze of an evil superman called Homelander (exhibit 1a1a1h3a1a1) and several examples where unironic rape scenes are discussed, but not shown. Excluding the Homelander collage, unironic rape and violence aren't openly displayed in this book's imagery (and even then, it's featured to make a point about Man Box culture).

This book has over 250 collages, some of which include liminal, complicated examples of sexualized media that ultimately have something to salvage or transmute away from canonical, sex-coercive forms mid-resistance; e.g., ironic psychosexuality (exhibit 0a1b2b) and catharsis (exhibit 0a1b2a1). For our book's second exhibit (exhibit -1b), here's an example to give you an idea of what you should largely *not* expect moving forward:

- abject, gross-out gore—either as an exploitative dissection of the human form, or as eroticized, psychosexual variants (e.g., Phedon Papamichael's excellent, but hard-to-watch exploitation film, *Inside* [2008]—a movie about a Gothic impostor forcing her husband's killer to have a C-section during an utterly gross scene which makes *Alien's* "birth scene" look positively ordinary by comparison).
- any bathroom hijinks and overt, aggressive rape scenarios involving animals, disabled people, dead bodies, or "non-consenting" persons (excepting *moe* and *ahegao* and some appreciative rape scenarios; i.e., consent-non-consent).



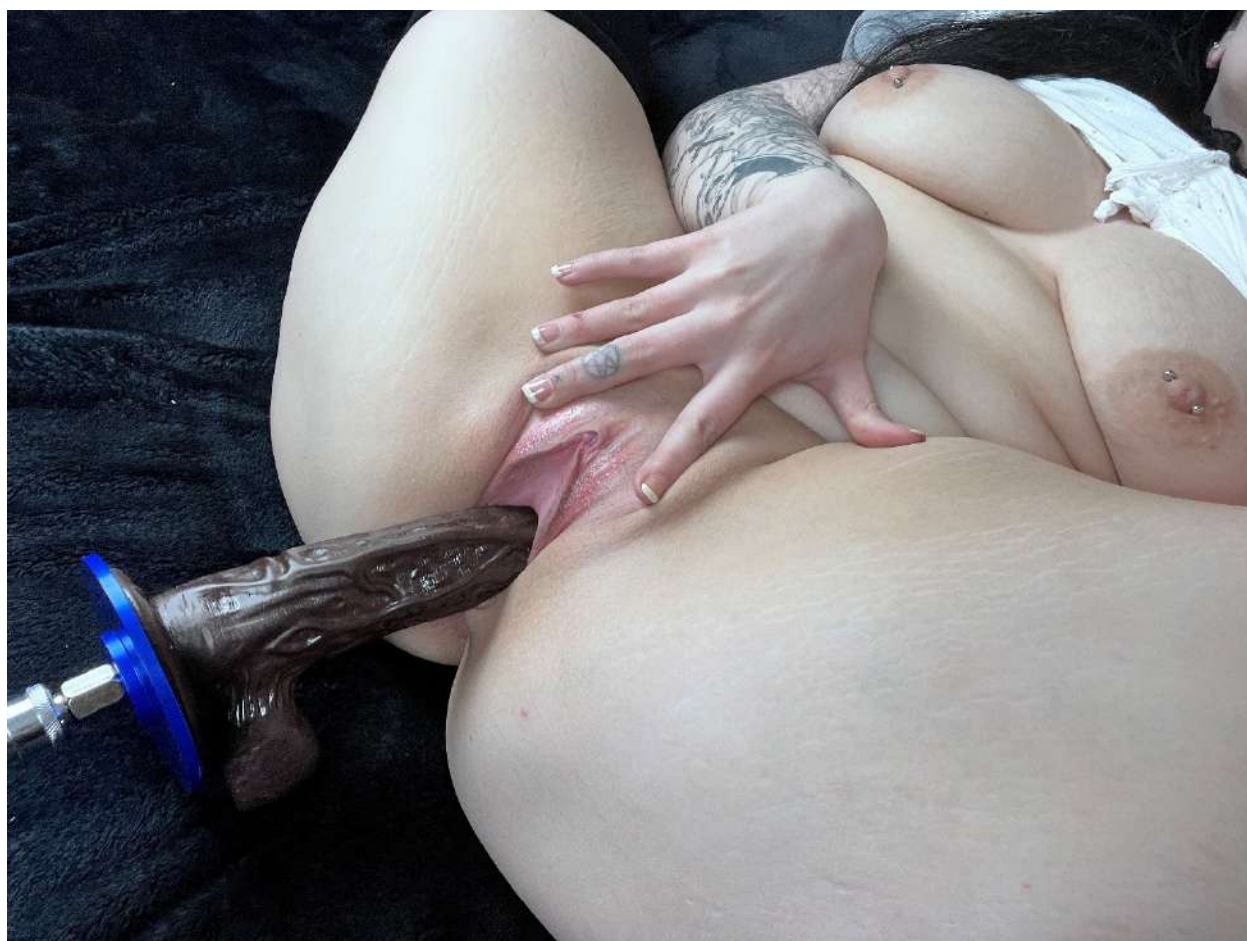
(exhibit -1b: Various scenes of gore from classic horror movies, as well as abject merchandise and gory props, aka [memento mori](#): "remember that you [have to] die." Most are shots of the 2018 *Halloween* [from "[The Horrors of Halloween](#)"] or screencaps from *Alien*, 1979, middle strip; however, the far-mid-left shot of Reagan from *The Exorcist*, 1973, is from [EllimacsSFX](#). Such Gothic craftsmanship tends to form a tradition of recreating death and disgusting things, but also female vulnerability through the Male Gaze—with the bathroom not simply being a place of abject activities like taking a shit, but also a place of profound vulnerability where one's pants/panties are literally down: easy pickings/the sitting duck. These grotesque exhibits have been canonized by male Pygmalions like Stanley Kubrick and Alfred Hitchcock, who both made their lengthy careers by needlessly terrifying/torturing women—so much so that after 180+ takes on *The Shining* [1981] Shelley Duval became a decades-long recluse, [only returning to break the silence in the 2020s](#)¹⁹ [the same "tortured saint" effect happened to Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio [being tortured on the set of *The Abyss*](#)²⁰, 1989; but also

¹⁹ Cody Hamman's "The Forest Hills Star, Shelley Duvall, Sits Down for an Interview with Grimm Life Collective" (2023).

²⁰ Brandi Yetzer's "Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio Never Worked With James Cameron Again After Filming a Torturous Scene" (2022).

Maria Falconetti [being forced to kneel for hours on stone during *The Passion of Joan of Arc*²¹, 1928; and taken to awful diegetic extremes with the aforementioned *Martyrs*\]. These Pygmalions also tended to take the mastery of suspense away from earlier female examples—e.g., suspense girl-wizard, Ann Radcliffe, who admittedly had her own problems—but also any notion of informed consent regarding their own workers' basic human rights.\)](#)

There are plenty of specialized terms in here that I will explain more during the essential keywords paratext, and many more still during the thesis volume (all are defined in the full keyword glossary per volume) but for a quick, handy idea about Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism, refer to the next two sections: "The Six Gothic-Marxist Tenets and Four Main Gothic Theories" and "About the Logo."



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

²¹ Chadwick Jenkins' "Suffering the Inscrutable: The Ethics of the Face in Dreyer's 'The Passion of Joan of Arc'" (2018).

A Note on Canonical Essentialism

...latitude, like genetics and ecology, is not destiny. We echo earlier concerns about the perils of single factor explanations and suggest that chance, and perhaps factors that promoted colonial empires, need to be more seriously considered as potentially important drivers of human inequality ([source](#)).

—Angela M. Chira, *et al*, "Geography Is Not Destiny: A quantitative Test of Diamond's Axis of Orientation Hypothesis" (2024)

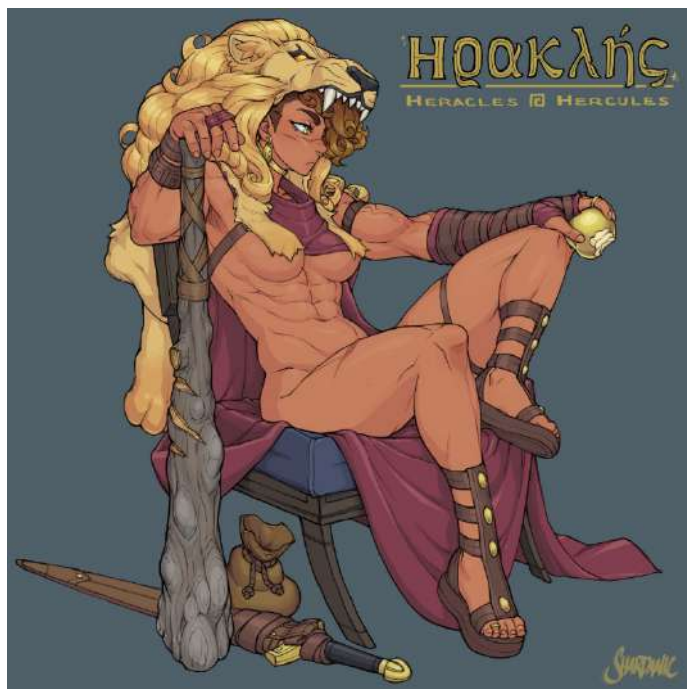
Watching Rebecca Watson first discuss the widespread critical backlash received by Jared Diamond's *Guns, Germs and Steel* (1997) after its debut, [then offer up various counter studies since the book's publication](#) ("Study: Guns, Germs, and Steel was Wrong," 2024), I thought of my writings on Capitalism and canon; i.e., as things to oppose through iconoclastic art when developing Gothic Communism, mid-opposition. For the next four pages, I want to quickly mention and reflect on the essentializing nature of canon within Capitalist Realism—both why the latter requires the former to succeed, but also how it manifests in ways we should routinely keep in mind.



(artist: [Alexey Lastochkin](#))

Per my thesis statement, Capitalism sexualizes everything in a heteronormative (vertically arranged, sexually dimorphic) scheme; *canon* achieves heteronormativity by essentializing biology, ecology and geography (economics, etc) in equal measure in order to achieve and maintain a *Cartesian* outcome:

domination of the natural world (and workers) to serve profit. This happens through the routine gendering of Nature vs Society (*vis-à-vis* Raj Patel and Jason Moore) by Cartesian thinkers; i.e., in ways that men like Francis Bacon and René Descartes started, but continue to remain relevant under Capitalist Realism as a more recent affair that neither patriarch lived to see: a raping of nature as Promethean, meaning in this case "primed for abuse, *ad nauseum*." Nature is Medusa; Medusa must obey *and* die (over and over).

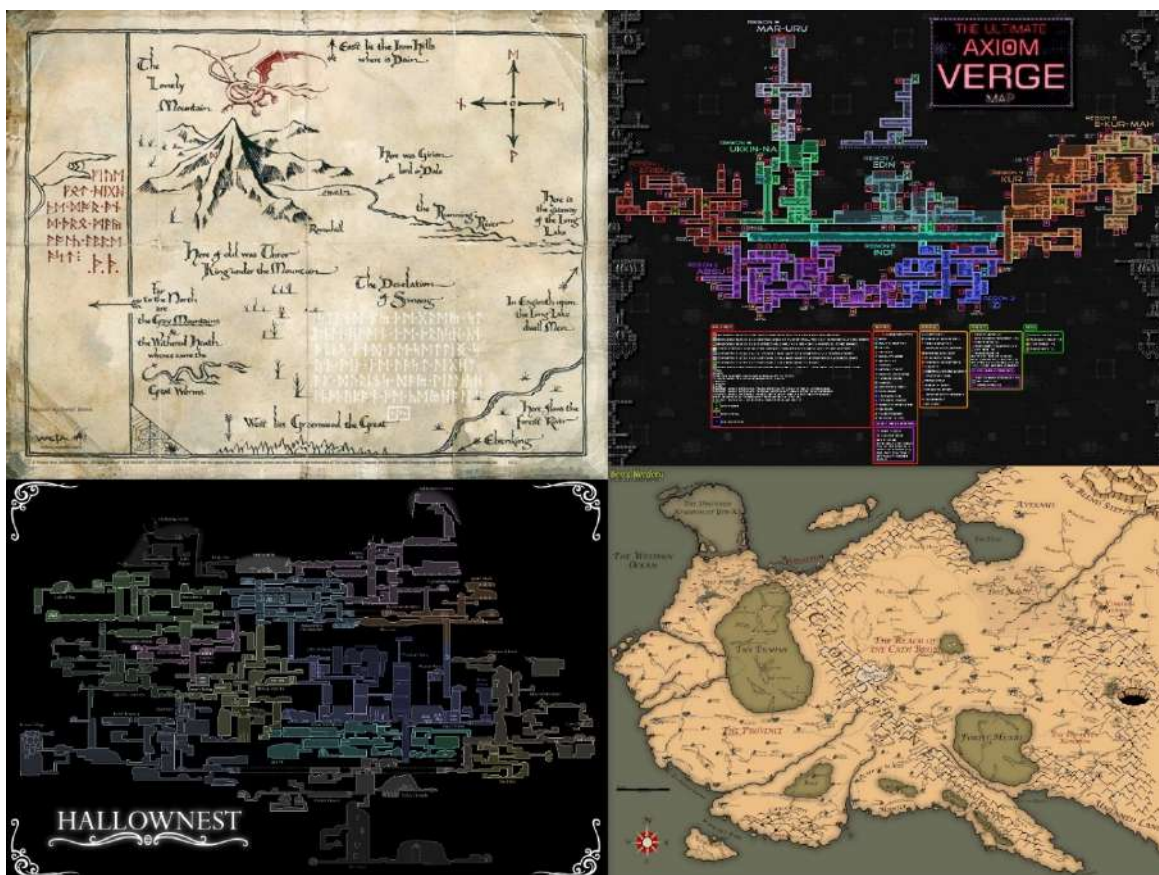


(artist: [Shardanic](#))

In turn, said Realism yields neoliberal fantasies (often videogames) that present nature as good or evil in essential terms, and by extension, gendered ones that are biologically and ecologically divided along problematic moral categories whose territory is geared towards a settler-colonial outcome: the mapping and execution of conquest, thus genocide through us versus them, reliably framing "us" as *human* and "them" as *inhuman* through various black-and-white binaries that serve capital, thus

empire (or humanizing inhuman groups—e.g., white cis-het women [above]—to recruit them harmfully into a centrist story that *prolongs* settler-colonial conflict; i.e., for profit's sake, instead of permanently ceasing hostilities by actually addressing the socio-material conditions that historically lead to them: pro-state workers triangulating through the equality of convenience ["boundaries for me, not for thee"] to unironically punch down in *defense* of the state *against* intersectional solidarity and workers, animals and the environment at large).

It bears repeating that said execution of conquest involves a map of a location, the latter filled with enemies (e.g., orcs) who must be cleared by human agents or token enforcers, doing so step-by-step, person-by-person, room-by-room to effectively "sweep" the entire area of perceived hostilities. Doing so is meant to achieve one cycle of capital in miniature; i.e., moving money through nature to achieve profit as expressed concentrically on *all* registers. Likewise, the basic categories of land, sexual biology and ecology manifest in a variety of refrains canonizing Cartesian dualism (and its harmful divisions) through Capitalist Realism. My book pointedly highlights two: Tolkien's and Cameron's.



(the map exhibit [1a1a1h2a1] from Volume Zero: "...Videogames are war simulators; in them, maps are built not merely to be charted and explored, but conquered through war simulations. The land is an endless site of conquest, war, rape and profit carefully dressed up as "treasure," "liberation" and "adventure," but in truth, brutalizing nature during endless wars of extermination borrowed from the historical and imaginary past as presently intertwined:

- top-left: Tolkien's refrain, "Thror's Map" from *The Hobbit*, 1937
—source: [Weta Workshop](#)
- top-right: Thomas Happ's map of Sudra from *Axiom Verge*, 2015
—source: [magicofgames](#)
- bottom-left: Team Cherry's map of Hallownest, from *Hollow Knight* 2017
—source: [tupkam1](#)
- bottom-right: Bungie's map of the West from *Myth: the Fallen Lords*, 1997
—source: [Ben's Nerderly](#)

[...] Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth [or an Earth-like double]—a black fortress threatening state hegemony during the inevitable decay of a colonial body. Its widening state of exception must then be entered by the hero during the liminal hauntology of war as a repeatable, monomythic excursion...)

Tolkien's refrain gentrifies war in a fantasy-themed cartography (the map of conquest in novels, movies and games, video or otherwise), which neatly and consistently divide land and occupant between good and bad, human and orc (or spider, demon, ghost, etc). Cameron's refrain, the shooter and the Metroidvania, was first inspired by Robert Heinlein before likewise being injected into popular media as conducting *military optimism*²² abroad: insectoid places to go and bomb/shoot into oblivion. Doing so happens while simultaneously popularizing it back home through military urbanism and urban warfare inside the Gothic castle (versus the land *around* the castle, as Tolkien tends to do; i.e., the *open* battlefield). There is always an enemy of nature to kill and destroy in ways that fetishize the larger alienating process, turning "empowerment" into a Promethean Quest through a Faustian bargain. It becomes Romanticized, nostalgic, endlessly remediated (a Cycle of Kings, ruins, graveyards). By extension, war is dimorphically sexualized as us-versus-them, the hunt (and its associate tensions, reliefs and anxieties) celebrated with a lucrative fakery to maintain the lie of Western sovereignty through the ghost of the counterfeit's usual process of abjection. The West, including its fantasies, remain haunted during the liminal hauntology of war as a routine appearance within a structure; e.g., Dracula's castle.

On this generic spectrum and its assorted cartographic architecture, one thing remains constant between the two refrains (and their imitators and offshoots): nature is monstrous-feminine, queer, non-white and non-Christian, etc. This includes its land and various human and non-human occupants being deliberately prepared for endless invasions and harvests by Capitalism's architects and usual benefactors: white cis-het men (and token agents) of various monomythic positions. There is a good land and a bad, a good people and a bad, a good nature and a bad, and the centrist nature of the larger structure sanctions and essentializes canonical violence by the good against the bad; i.e., reliably justifying the former invading and brutalizing the latter to move money through nature by *cheapening* nature. Nature becomes Hell by design, amounting to a documentation process required by Capitalism to function in essential perpetuity.

In short, nature becomes canon, a mandate for how to think, thus behave regarding the usual benefactors and victims within a settler colony and the state of exception found in or between its surrounding areas of influence. There must

²² From Persephone van der Waard's "The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*," (2021):

Just as *Alien* evolved into *Aliens*, the *Metroid* franchise has become increasingly triumphant over time. Abjuring the Promethean myth, it instead offers military optimism—the idea that seemingly unstoppable enemies can be defeated with patience and, more importantly, military resources; the more victories, the more resources there are to use (even if these are little more than looted plunder in the grand scheme).

Samus repeatedly embarks on the Promethean Quest. Over time, this quest has become less cautionary and more professional. The Promethean past isn't something to fear or avoid; it's something to shoot. This attitude removes the quest's cautionary elements, especially where the military is concerned. This creates a franchise much more fixated on Samus as a neutral figure with military ties. Rather than fight them, she does their bidding and is celebrated for it ([source](#)).

always be a good and bad land, but also good and bad occupants according to biology as essential (and connected to gender) in terms of a heteronormative ordering of workers within nature as something to control, thus dominate; i.e., there are white cis-het men and anything else is alien to varying degrees; e.g., white women are alien, but *not* as alien as trans people *provided* they behave within the structure. "Rocking the boat" through intersectional solidarity against capital invites collective (and selective) punishment through reactive abuse to keep these dichotomies not only installed, but constantly enforced through physical, mental and/or socio-ideological forms of menticial violence; i.e., dogma insofar as canonical *essentialism* aids and abets in Capitalist Realism concealing capital functioning as it always does. As something to criminalize and dominate, nature is always alien, fetishized, incorrect, criminal, outside, black, etc...



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

The proof is in the pudding. Or rather, it appears in the "pudding" of people as expressed through commodities that—when reclaimed by active, emotionally/Gothically intelligent and conscious workers synthesizing praxis—assist in said workers' chaotic liberation (camp) as part of the natural-material world enslaved and exploited by Capitalism through routine, orderly conquest and genocide (canon); i.e., by dissolving the very boundaries, thus binaries, that trap and exploit us in home as foreign: a settler-colonial project for which we are *not* strictly welcome and for which internal and external tensions hyphenate clean divisions like inside/outside or correct/incorrect into something far more liminal, messy and grey. "There is no outside of the text," insofar as people and their interactions with each other (and the various cultural markers of coded behaviors that lead to or resist genocide) become something to acknowledge *ipso facto*. We see the *aesthetic* of torture, for instance, in calculated risk as a proletarian function; i.e., a Gothic fetish that aims to express power through its theatrical absence/disparity as an informed means of negotiating state trauma. In viewing it, we must learn to recognize the human, thus autonomous, person involved in defense of nature, of workers, of our land, sexualities, bodies, genders, etc, as constantly under attack by capital.

My friend, Harmony Corrupted, is but one example. Consider how this book is full of similar people, places and things. Seek them out, but also recognize the ones I do not have time to list. Then achieve class and culture war yourselves; i.e., as a cathartic sexual undertaking with non-heteronormative (thus non-Cartesian) results. We're in this together, comrades!

The Six Gothic-Marxist Tenets and Four Main Gothic Theories



(model and artist: [Itzel Sparrow](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Gothic Communism has six Gothic-Marxist tenets (the Six Rs) and four main Gothic theories (the Four Gs). They operate in conjunction, and their collective idea is (to borrow from/rephrase our abstract)

to make Marxism a little cooler, sexier and fun than Marx ever could through the Wisdom of the Ancients (a cultural understanding of the imaginary past) as a "living document"; i.e., to make it "succulent" by "living deliciously" as an act of repeated reflection that challenges heteronormativity's dimorphic biological essentialism and bondage of gender to sex, thus leading to a class awakening at a countercultural level through iconoclastic (sex-positive), monomorphic Gothic poetics.

I've written the Gothic-Marxist tenets *to keep in mind*, not cite each and every time. In short, they provide general teaching objectives that sit between theory and application, and their interpretation and scope is meant to be fairly broad and conversational regardless of your exact approach. They are as follows:

- **Re-claim/-cultivate.** Seize Gothic art as the means of emotional (monstrous) production, tied to cultural symbols of stigma, trauma and fear that abject workers or otherwise emotionally manipulate them to surrender the means of production—their labor, their intelligence and control—unto canonical productions that normally make workers ignorant towards the means of reclaiming these things: the ability to produce, appreciate and cultivate a pro-labor, post-scarcity Gothic imagination, including theatrical implements of torture; i.e., shackles, collars, whips and chains, but also undead, demonic and/or animalized egregores in service of Gothic Communism. As part of their complex, warring praxis, minds, monsters, history and sexualities, workers must hone their own reclaimed voices—a dark poetics, pedagogy of the oppressed, splendid lies, etc—to challenge the status quo (and its war and rape cultures) by attaining structural catharsis during oppositional praxis, thus limit the systemic, generational harm committed by capitalist structures (abuse prevention/risk reduction behaviors).
- **Re-unite/-discover/-turn.** Reunite people with their alienated, alienizing bodies, language, labor, sexualities, genders, trauma, pasts and emotions in sex-positive, re-humanizing (xenophilic) ways; an active attempt to detect and marry oneself to what was lost at the emotional, Gothic, linguistic and materially intelligent level: a *return* of the living dead and the creation/summoning of demons and their respective trauma and forbidden knowledge. This poetic coalition should operate as a sex-positive force that speaks out against Cartesian division, unironic xenophobia and state abuse, while advancing workers towards the development of Gothic-Communism.
- **Re-empower/-negotiate.** Grant workers control over their own sexual labor through their emotions and, by extension things (most often language, symbols or art) that stem from, and relate to, their sexual labor as historically abjected and privatizing under Capitalism; to allow them to renegotiate their boundaries in regards to their trauma through their sexual labor as their own, including their bodies and emotions as a potent form of power interrogation, *re-negotiation* and *re-exchange* amid chaotic and unequal circumstances (worker-positive BDSM and Satanic rebellion, in other words) that fight for conditional love and informed, set boundaries during social-sexual exchanges that heal from complex, generational trauma: the "good play" of conditional offers and mutually agreed-upon deals—not unconditional, coercive love compelled by pro-state abusers; i.e., "bad play" and "prison sex" within rape culture. This doesn't just apply to deals with institutions (e.g., [where I had to make conditional/unconditional offers set by a \[money-making\] university](#)—linked arm-in-arm with financial [money-

lending] institutions exiting as a part of the same student-exploiting business); it applies to our own lives as sexualized workers, synthesizing our principles with those we work/set boundaries with in relation to our labor, bodies, emotional bonds, etc. Setting individual and collective boundaries is important towards protecting yourself and others during activist behaviors, which automatically pose some degree of risk under capital; don't be afraid to impose your own limits to minimize risk of abuse, even if that means "losing" someone in the process. If they're holding *that* over your head, they weren't really your friend to begin with.

- **Re-open/-educate.** To expose the privatization of emotions and denial of sex-positive sex/gender education to individual workers, helping them reopen their minds and their eyes, thus see, understand and feel how private property makes people emotionally and Gothically stupid; Marx's adage, "Private property has made us so stupid and one-sided that an object is only ours when we have it—when it exists for us as capital, or when it is directly possessed, eaten, drunk, worn, inhabited, etc—in short, when it is used by us." This applies to *de facto* education as a means of facing systemic trauma and dismantling it through Gothic paradox and play teaching workers to be better on a grand intuitive scale.
- **Re-play.** Establish a new kind of game attitude and playfulness during development towards Communism, one that dismantles the bourgeoisie's **intended play** of manufactured *scarcity*, *consent*, and *conflict* in favor of a post-scarcity world filled with "game" workers who can learn and respond creatively to the natural and person-made problems of language and the material world with unique solutions: **emergent play**, or player-developed approaches in games (e.g., [including Communist videogames like Dwarf Fortress](#), 2006) but also game-like environments (our focus is Gothic poetics and BDSM theatrics); i.e., to be willing to try negotiating for themselves through playful forms during social-sexual scenarios of all kinds; to reclaim, rediscover, and relearn, but also teach lost things using iconoclastic monsters that critique the status quo in controlled/chaotic settings; *to enjoy but not blindly enjoy, thus endorse* cheap canonical "junk food" by re-inspecting them with a readiness to critique and reinvent. As Anita Sarkeesian explains, "It's both possible, and even necessary, to simultaneously enjoy media while also being critical of its more problematic or pernicious aspects" (source: [Facebook](#)²³). The idea in doing so is to understand, mid-enjoyment and critique, that development is *not* a zero-sum game, but as Jesper Juul puts it

²³ Original source: The Guardian, 2015—which has since been removed (undoubtedly to appease "Gamergate" misogynists because The Guardian are moderates at heart; i.e., they don't take hard stances against capital, thus can't push back against fascists).

in his eponymous book, is "a **half-real** zone between the fiction and the rules" that allows for emergent, at times *transgressive* forms of good play (me) as a transformative device ([source](#)). To borrow and mutate three more ludic terms, then, the "**ludic contract**" is whatever the player negotiates for themselves inside the natural-material world, acting like a "**spoilsport**" by redefining the terms of the contact within and outside of itself²⁴; i.e., as a half-real, "**magic-circle**" space where, as Eric Zimmerman explains, the game takes place in ways that aren't wholly separate from real life²⁵—except for us, games occur along Gothic, liminal routes, wherein workers playfully articulate their natural rights in linguo-material ways between reality and fabrication that go beyond games as commodities but are nevertheless informed by them as something to rewrite; i.e., through play as a general exercise that involves a great many things: a *reached* agreement of power and play in Gothic terms, whose luck/odds are defined not through canon, but iconoclastic *poiesis* that can be expanded far beyond the restrictive, colonial binary and heteronormative ruleset of the elite's intended exploitation of workers to challenge the profit motive and all of its harmful effects in the bargain; e.g., genocide, heteronormativity and Max Box culture. The sum of these concepts in praxis could be called "**ludo-Gothic BDSM**"²⁶."

²⁴ (from the glossary): The ludic contract is an agreement between the player and the game to be played; or as Chris Pratt writes in "[In Praise of Spoil Sports](#)" (2010): "the more traditional definition of the ludic contract [is] an agreement on the part of players that they will forgo some of their agency in order to experience an activity that they enjoy." Yet, inventive players like speedrunners (which Pratt calls "spoilsports") converge upon intended gameplay with unintended, emergent forms. In other words, the ludic contract is less a formal, rigid contract and more a negotiated compromise occurring between the two; i.e., where players have some sense of agency in deciding how *they* want to play the game even while adhering to its rules and, in effect, being mastered by it (see: Seth Giddings and Helen Kennedy's "[Little Jesuses and *@#?-off Robots](#)," 2008, exhibit 0a2c).

²⁵ (abridged, from the glossary): The magic circle is the space where a game takes place, be that a social game, a sport, a dialog or gender performance onstage, and videogames, etc. The founder of the idea, Eric Zimmerman, writes in "Jerked Around by the Magic Circle" (2012):

The "magic circle" is not a particularly prominent phrase in *Homo Ludens*, and although Huizinga certainly advocates the idea that games can be understood as separate from everyday life, he never takes the full-blown magic circle point of view that games are ultimately separate from everything else in life or that rules are the sole fundamental unit of games. In fact, Huizinga's thesis is much more ambivalent on these issues and he actually closes his seminal book with a passionate argument against a strict separation between life and games... ([source](#)).

²⁶ (from the glossary, abridged): My combining of an older academic term, "ludic-Gothic" (Gothic videogames), with sex-positive BDSM theatrics as a potent means of camp. The emphasis is less about "how can videogames be Gothic" and more how the playfulness in videogames is commonly used to allow players to camp canon in and out of videogames as a form of fairly negotiated power exchange established in playful, game-like forms (which we'll unpack during the "camp map" in our thesis volume).

- **Re-produce/-lease.** To disseminate these tenets through worker-made sex-positive lessons that we leave behind; i.e., egregores, "archaeologies" and other Gothic-Communist "derelicts." As the oppressed, our pedagogy should be centered around the continued production of communal emotional intelligence as a Gothically instructional means of transforming the material world and, by extension, the socio-natural world for the better—by healing from generational trauma by interrogating its structural causes *together*.

I call these tenets the Six Rs because they constitute six things to reclaim from Capitalism through the Gothic imagination; i.e., *vis-à-vis* our own bodies and labor as things to weaponize against capital during praxial synthesis: through our creative successes, whatever they may be.



(artist: [Crow](#))

Underpinning our six tenets are four central Gothic theories, the Four Gs:

- **abjection** (from Julia Kristeva's process of abjection, *vis-à-vis* Jerrold Hogle's "ghost of the counterfeit")

Coined by Julia Kristeva in her 1981 book, [The Powers of Horror](#), abjection means "to throw off." Abjection is "us versus them," dividing the self into a linguistically and emotionally normal state with an "othered" half. This "other" is generally reserved for abjected material—criminal, taboo or alien

concepts: good and evil, heaven and hell, civilization and nature, men and women, etc. Through Cartesian dualism—the rising of a dividing system of thought by René Descartes that led to settler colonialism—nation-states and corporations create states of normality (the status quo) by forcefully throwing off everything that *isn't* normal, isn't rational, masculine or even human, etc. Through the status quo, normal examples are defined by their alien, inhuman opposites, the latter held at a distance but frequently announced and attacked (a form of punching down); the iconoclast, often in Gothic fiction, will force a confrontation, exposing the viewer (often vicariously) to experience the same process in reverse (a form of punching up). Facing the abjected material reliably leads to a state of horror, its reversal exposing the normal as false, rotten and demonic, and the so-called "demons" or dangerous undead as victimized and human: "Who's the savage?" [asks Rob Halford](#). "Modern man!" Descartes was certainly a massive dick, but the spawning of endless Pygmalion-generated undead and demons scarcely started and ended with him. Instead, it expanded through the ghost of the counterfeit as wedded to the process of abjection in Gothic canon; or as Dave West summarizes in "[Implementation of Gothic Themes in The Gothic Ghost of the Counterfeit](#)" (2023):

In [the 2012 essay] "The Gothic Ghost of the Counterfeit and the Process of Abjection," Jerrold E. Hogle argues that the eighteenth-century Gothic emergence from fake imitation of fake work is the foundation of what is defined as modern Gothic today. He maintains that Horace Walpole's 1765²⁷ *The Castle of Otranto*, which is considered as the groundwork of the modern Gothic story, is built on a false proclamation that the novel was an Italian manuscript written by a priest. [...] Hogle argues that modern Gothic is grounded in fakery. [In turn,] Hogle's observation of the history of *The Castle of Otranto* forms the basis for understanding the concept of counterfeit as a result of the abjection process.

²⁷ Walpole actually published the original manuscript in 1764 under a pseudonym without the qualifier "a Gothic tale" (which he added a year later after people pitched a fit that he—the son of the first British prime minister—had effectively forged a historical document and passed it off as genuine). The story was based off his architectural reconstruction (thus reimagining) of medieval history, Strawberry Hill House (a cross-medium tradition carried on by Gothic contemporaries/spiritual successors—e.g., William Beckford's *Vathek*, 1786, and subsequent "folly," Fonthill Abbey, in 1796—but also videogame spaces inspired by the cinematic and novelized forms previously build on real-life "haunted" houses: the *Metroidvania*).

Gothic Communism, then, reverses *xenophobic* abjection through *xenophilic* subversion as a liminal form of countercultural expression (camp). Sex work and pornography (and indeed *any* controlled substance—sex, drugs, rock n' roll, but also subversive oral traditional and slave narratives) operate through



liminal transgression; e.g., subversive monster-fucking Amazons (exhibit 104a), werewolves (exhibit 87a) and Little Red Riding Hood (exhibit 52b) or Yeti (exhibit 48d2), etc. Reversing the process of abjection, these monstrous-feminine beings allow their performers to not only address personal traumas "onstage," but engender systemic change in socio-material conditions; i.e., by performing their repressed inequalities during arguably surreal, but highly imaginary interpersonal exchanges that are actually fun to participate in: as a process of *de facto* education in opposition to state fakeries (thus refusing to engender genocide within the common ground of a shared—indeed, heavily fought-over—aesthetic).

(artist: [John Fox](#))

- **chronotope/parallel Gothic space** (from Mikhail Bakhtin's "Gothic chronotope")

Mikhail Bakhtin's "time-space," [outlined posthumously in *The Dialogic Imagination*](#) (1981), is an architectural evocation of space and time as something whose liminal motion through describes a particular quality of history described by Bakhtin as "castle-narrative":

Toward the end of the seventeenth century in England, a new territory for novelistic events is constituted and reinforced in the so-called "Gothic" or "black" novel—the castle (first used in this meaning by Horace Walpole in *The Castle of Otranto*, and later in Radcliffe, Monk Lewis and others). The castle is saturated through and through with a

time that is historical in the narrow sense of the word, that is, the time of the historical past [...] the traces of centuries and generations are arranged in it in visible form as various parts of its architecture [...] and in particular human relationships involving dynastic primacy and the transfer of hereditary rights. [...] legends and traditions animate every corner of the castle and its environs through their constant reminders of past events. It is this quality that gives rise to the specific kind of narrative inherent in castles and that is then worked out in Gothic novels.

For our purposes, Gothic variants and their castle-narratives have a medieval/pre-Enlightenment character that describes the historical past in a museum-like way that is fearfully reimagined: as something to recursively move through, thus try to record in some shape or form; e.g., the Neo-Gothic castle (*Otranto*, 1764) to the retro-future haunted house (the Nostromo from *Alien*, 1979) to the Metroidvania (1986, onwards; my area of expertise). Canonical examples include various "forbidden zones," full of rapacious, operatic monsters; i.e., *canonical/capitalistic* parallel space. Expanding on Frederic Jameson, the *iconoclastic* Gothic chronotope is an "archaeology of the future" that can expose how we think about the past in the present to reshape the future towards a Utopian (Communist) outcome. Although we'll expound on this idea repeatedly throughout the book, a common method beyond monsters are hauntological *locations* housing things the state would normally abject: the crimes of empire buried in the rubble, but also contained inside its castle-narrative as an equally hyperreal, "narrative-of-the-crypt" (from Hogle: "The Restless Labyrinth: Cryptonomy in the Gothic Novel," 1980) *mise-en-abyme*. Iconoclastic parallel spaces and their parallel society of counterterror agents, then, align against state-corporate interests and their "geometries of terror" (exhibit 64c) which, in turn, artists can illustrate in their own iconoclastic hauntologies (exhibit 64b) and castle-narratives; i.e., ironic appreciative movement through the Gothic space and its palliative-Numinous sensations.

- **hauntology** (from Jacques Derrida's "spectres of Marx" and Mark Fisher's "canceled futures," *vis-à-vis* Jodey Castricano's *cryptomimesis*):

A basic linguistic state between the past and the present—[described by Jacques Derrida in *Spectres of Marx*](#) (1993) as being Marxism itself. Smothered by Capitalism, Marxism is an older idea from Capitalism's past that haunts Capitalism—doing so through "ghosts" in Capitalism's language that haunt future generations under the present order of material existence. In *Cryptomimesis: The Gothic and Jacques Derrida's Ghost Writing*, Jodey

Castricano writes how Marx, though not a Gothicism, was obsessed with the language of spectres and ghosts—less as concrete symbols sold for profit in the modern sense and more as a consequence of coerced human language expressing a return of the past and of the dead as a repressed force; she also calls this process *cryptomimesis*, or "writing with ghosts," as a tradition carried on by Derrida and his own desire to express haunting as a feeling experienced inside Capitalism and its language. [The concept would be articulated further by Mark Fisher as *Capitalist Realism* \(2009\)](#); i.e., a *myopia*, or total inability to imagine the future beyond past versions of the future that have become decayed, dead, and forsaken: "canceled futures" (which Stuart Mills discusses how to escape in his 2019 writeup [on Fisher's hauntology of culture, Capitalism, and acid Communism](#), "What is Acid Communism?"). While all workers are haunted by the dead, as Marx states, this especially applies to its proponents—cops and other class traitors, scapegoats, etc—as overwhelmed by a return of the dead (and their past) through Gothic language/affect in the socio-material sphere. For those less disturbed by the notion, however, this can be something to welcome and learn from—to write with; i.e., in the presence of the dead coming home as a welcome force in whatever forms they take: not just ghosts, but also vampires, zombies, or composites, the latter extending to demons and anthromorphs as summoned or made; but also all of these categories being modular insofar as they allow for a hybridized expression of trauma through undead-demonic-animalistic compounds. As Castricano writes of *cryptomimesis*

Although some critics continue to disavow the Gothic as being subliterate and appealing only to the puerile imagination—Fredric Jameson refers to the Gothic as "that boring and exhausted paradigm" [what a dork]—others, such as Anne Williams, claim that the genre not only remains very much alive but is especially vital in its evocation of the "undead," an ontologically ambiguous figure which has been the focus of so much critical attention that another critic, Slavoj Žižek, felt compelled to call the return of the living dead "the fundamental fantasy of contemporary mass culture" ([source](#)).

in regards to ghosts, I would argue the same notion applies to *all* undead, demons and animalistic egregores; i.e., writing with both as complicated theatrical expressions of the human condition under Capitalism.



(artist: Zdzisław Beksiński)

- **cryptonymy** (from Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok, *vis-à-vis* Jerrold Hogle's "narrative of the crypt" and Jodey Castricano's *cryptomimesis*)

In Cynthia Sugars' entry on "Cryptonymy" for David Punter's *The Encyclopedia of the Gothic* (2012), Sugars writes, "Cryptonymy, as it is used in psychoanalytic theory and adapted to Gothic studies, refers to a term coined by Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok [which] receives extended consideration in their

book *The Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Cryptonymy* (1986)." Sugars goes on to summarize Abraham and Torok's usage, which highlights a tendency for language to hide a traumatic or unspeakable word with seemingly unrelated words, which compound under coercive, unnatural conditions (the inherent deceit of the nation-state and its monopolies). For Sugars and for us, Gothic studies highlight these conditions as survived by a narrative of the crypt, its outward entropy—the symptoms and wreckage—intimating a deeper etiological trauma sublimated into socially more acceptable forms (usually monsters, lairs/parallel space, phobias, etc; you can invade, kill and "cure" those. In my 2021 writeup, "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*](#)," I call this false optimism the "puncher's chance" afforded to pro-Capitalist soldiers and *de facto* killers for the state; the odds suck and are either disguised or romanticized through heroic stories/monomyths). Described by Jerrold Hogle in "The Restless Labyrinth" as the *only* thing that survives, the narrative of the crypt is a narrative of a narrative of a narrative to a hidden curse/doom announced by things displaced from the former cause: Gothic cryptonyms; illusions, deceptions,

mirages, etc. Sugars determines, the closer one gets to the problem, the more the space itself abruptly announces a vanishing point, a procession of fragmented illusions tied to a *transgenerational* curse: "a place of concealment that stands on mere ashes of something not fully present," Hogle writes of Otranto (the first "gothic" castle, reassembled for Horace Walpole's 1764 "archaeology"). In regards to the *mimetic* quality of the crypt, this general process of *cryptomimesis* draws attention to a writing predicated upon encryption: the play of revelation and concealment lodged within parts of individual words tied to Gothic theatrical conventions and linguistic functions, but also patently ludic narratives that can change one's luck within a pre-conceived and enforced set of rules; i.e., rewriting our odds of survival, thus fate, inside *exploitative* ludic schemes by pointedly redictating the material conditions (through ludo-Gothic BDSM) that represent "luck" as a variable the elite strive to manipulate for profit under Capitalism.

Unlike the Gothic *mode*—which tells of legendary things (undead, demonic and/or animalized monsters or places) *with, as or within* Gothic media as things to *perform, create, or imagine/reimagine, wear, inhabit, occupy or pass through* (we'll explore all of these variants throughout the book)—Gothic *theory* explains the process behind all of this while it's going on, has gone on, will go on. Guided by these theories, the re-education of sex worker emotions achieves the Six Rs through instructed critical analysis of sexualized art, but also *praxial synthesis* of good social-sexual habits; be it their own, someone else's, or something to cultivate together, these collective sex-positive lessons are designed to teach emotional intelligence through a Gothic mode whose cultural imagination, when used in an iconoclastic sense, becomes a vulgar display of power in defiance of the state: it raises class and cultural awareness mid-struggle.



(artist: [Crow](#))

The State: Its Key Tools; re: the Monopolies, Trifectas and Qualities of Capital



(artist: Angel Witch)

In service to the profit motive, the state requires the ability to defend itself through absolute means; i.e., us-versus-them dogma, cops-and-victims propaganda (re: copaganda), and terrorist/counterterrorist arrangements of privilege, authority and status/class flowing power towards the state. This basically happens by antagonizing nature as monstrous-feminine and putting it to work as cheaply as possible; i.e., to move money through nature, thus reify and maintain capital until the end of time. But the state accomplishes the movement known as "capital" using three basic things: the state *trifectas*, *monopolies* and *qualities of capital*.

These ideas first introduce in Volumes Zero and One, but are so ubiquitous that I feel you should have access to their basic definitions regardless of which book volume you're reading. I'll list, then define them:

- the *monopolies*: of violence, terror and morphological expression.
- the *trifectas*: manufacture, subterfuge/deception, coercion—with a neoliberal "handle": the profit motive; i.e., *infinite growth*, *efficient profit* (meaning value through exploitation, regardless if it is ethical or materially stable) and *worker/owner division* as disseminated through the three tines.
- the *qualities of capital*: heteronormative, Cartesian, and setter-colonial (refer to the glossary definitions for these terms)

If, at any point, I say "the monopolies, trifectas [and/or] qualities of capital" moving forwards, these are what I'm referring to; i.e., the control of worker bodies and the violence, terror and morphological poetics orbiting them.

Defining them, let's start with the monopolies:

- of *violence*; re: Weber's maxim, "a state holds a monopoly over the legitimate use of violence within its territory, meaning that violence perpetrated by other actors is illegitimate" ([source](#)).
- of *terror*; re: Asprey's paradox, from *War in the Shadows: the Guerrilla in History* (1994): "Not only can terror be employed as a weapon, but any weapon can become a weapon of terror: terror is a weapon, a weapon is terror, and no one agency monopolizes it" ([source](#)). Even so, the state will try to monopolize it. Anyone who uses violence against them is a "terrorist" and anyone who uses violence in service to state aims is either a "counterterrorist" or at least not a terrorist.
- of *morphological expression*; re: of my arguments regarding the state control of Gothic dialogs during the other two monopolies, animalizing workers in harmful predator/prey relationships (from Volume One):

the medieval character of state violence and terror cannot be destroyed during morphological expression, only subverted or contained through linguo-material "traps" we put into motion during revolutionary cryptonomy as an essential means of counterterrorist liberation; i.e., by throwing the setter-colonial character of heteronormativity into dispute through a rebellious medieval, *postcolonial* imaginary. Taking Hell back while doubling its colonial [forms; i.e., through] morphological²⁸ expression when using *animalized* Gothic aesthetics (with undead and demonic elements too, of course). To that, I want to quote a snippet from our thesis volume that will prove germane as we proceed:

As a kind of deathly theatre mask, something else that's equally important to consider about demons and the undead (and which

²⁸ I'm specifically focusing on morphological expression, here, because state forces will try to control it in relation to other variables; i.e., in monopolized opposition to workers' manifestations of monstrous bodies during countercultural dialogs that stand up for their basic human rights (and that of animals and the environment). While we obviously want to separate human biology from sexual and gender expression (and allow sex to divide from gender during said expression), it nevertheless remains tied to them during morphological expression as part of overall worker struggles; i.e., to liberate themselves from capital in morphological language that challenges the heteronormative standards normally proliferated in canonical Gothic stories.

we'll bring up throughout the entire book) is that *animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms*; i.e., stigma animals relayed through demonic BDSM and rituals of power expression and exchange that embody hunters and hunted, predators and prey that play out through the ongoing battles and wars of culture, of the mind, of sexuality and praxis as traumatized: marked for trauma or by trauma that parallel our green and purple doubles onscreen ([source](#)).

So when I say "animalized" *vis-à-vis* Gothic aesthetics, this is predominantly what I mean [...]

As something that predictably rises during material instability and societal unrest, emotional turmoil is very much at home in the Gothic. This includes anxieties about physical bodies and their hauntological uniforms as often having a sexualized, animalistic, psychological element that overlaps with half-exposed, unburied trauma acquired generationally under state domination. This domination occurs within regressive, medievalized positions of crisis and decay that defend and uphold the status quo, but *can* be reclaimed by proletarian agents within weird-nerd culture; e.g., workers embodying knights to reclaim their killing/raping implements inside the state of exception, while simultaneously dealing with state infiltrators fighting to recapture the same devices *back* for themselves and their masters; i.e., Amazons and furies, etc, as forms of *contested* morphological expression that can assist or hamper gyno/androdiversity within Gothic poetics under state monopolies. To that, heroes are monsters, and monsters go hand-in-hand with animals being for or against their own abuse to varying degrees.

The resultant middle ground of this duality grants words like "demon," "zombie," or "animal" a double purpose for which the rest of the subchapter is divided: predator and prey. [...] Domestication invokes a sense of the wild that is reclaimed by state forces to serve the profit motive, which rebellious agents must challenge and reclaim *while being animalized*. The larger struggle involving animalization constitutes an uphill battle that obscures one's vision in the same crowded sphere. Inside it, space and time become a violent circle, one where endless war over state nostalgia constitutes ongoing dialectical-material struggles to keep with, or break from, *current* historical materialisms under Capitalist Realism: state violence dressed up as dated "protection/shelter" during our aforementioned emotional turmoil (stemming from *criminogenic* conditions; i.e., manufactured

shortages, crisis and competition tied to images of the decaying fortress and its unholy armies) [[source](#)].

Second, the trifectas (also from Volume One):

The first bourgeois trifecta is the *manufacture trifecta*:

- **Manufactured scarcity.** Not enough resources, space, sex, etc; cultivates a fake sense of supply/demand, but also fear of missing out (FOMO) through exploitative business maneuvers that, in turn, engender fragile, deregulated markets; e.g., games—micro transactions, live-service models, phone games; [manufactured obsolescence](#) (Hakim's "Planning Failure," 2023), hidden fees, privatization—i.e., pay more for less quality and/or quantity and so on.
- **Manufactured consent.** [From Chomsky's book *Manufacturing Consent*](#) (1988); cultivates a compliant consumer base, but also workforce confusion, obedience and ignorance. Chomsky's theory is that advertisers are beholden to their shareholders, aiming consumers towards a position of mass tolerance—tacitly accepting "negative freedom" as exclusively enjoyed by the elite exploiting them: "Boundaries for me, not for thee." In Marxist terms, this amounts to the privatization of the media (and its associate labor) as part of the means of production. They shape and maintain each other.
- **Manufactured conflict/competition.** Endless war and violence—e.g., the War on Drugs, the War on Terror, the Jewish Question, assorted moral panics, etc; cultivates apathy and cruelty through canonical wish fulfillment: "the satisfying of unconscious desires in dreams or fantasies" *with a bourgeois flavor*. To this, nation pastiche and other blind forms encourage us-versus-them worker division, class sabotage and false consciousness/mobile class dormancy ("somnambulism"), *not* collective labor action against the state by using counterterrorist media to rehumanize the state of exception.

Through the manufacture trifecta, neoliberals appropriate peril using *economically* "correct" forms, socializing blame and privatizing profit, accolades, and education as things to normalize the way that neoliberals decide; it's about control—specifically *thought* control—through the Base as something to leverage against workers through bourgeois propaganda: "War and rape are common, essential parts of our world; post-scarcity (and sex-positive monsters, BDSM, kink, etc) is a myth!" Fascists de-sublimate peril in incorrect forms, going "mask-off" yet still running interference for the state;

i.e., in defense of the status quo until their true radical nature becomes normalized: the black knight.

Eternal crisis and cyclical decay are built into Capitalism and the nation-state model; the state is inherently unstable and leads to war and rape on a wide scale, but also politically correct/incorrect language selecting state victims for the usual sacrifices that profit demands: the grim harvest. These are dressed up through a particular kind of cryptonym: the euphemism. For the state, political language becomes synonymous with whitewashing or otherwise downplaying the usual operations of the state with inoffensive, sleep-inducing phrases; e.g., "extreme prejudice" and "military incidents" (false flag operations) as directed at the state's usual victims. The state, but also pro-state defenders and class traitors, reliably use these and other linguistic manipulation tactics (e.g., obscurantism) to routinely make war and profit from it; i.e., by raping or otherwise exploiting workers like chattel.



(artist: [Seb McKinnon](#))

As a site of tremendous cryptonymy (trauma and linguistic concealment), the Gothic castle symbolizes the function of the state doing what the state always does: lie, conceal and destroy. A swirling accretion disk of husk-like chaff orbits ominously around an awesome, concentric illusion: an

illusion of an illusion, a fakery of a fakery whereupon the closer to the center one gets, the more entropic the perspective. Like a spaghetti noodle, one is stretched out (and ripped apart) by how perfidious and unstable every step is; the floor becomes eggshells, a flotilla of chronotopic trash surrounded by danger and oblivion, gravity and shadows, but also gargoyles whose exact function remains to be seen.

This presence of tremendous obscurity inside the infernal concentric pattern/narrative of the crypt's *mise-en-abyme* brings us to our second bourgeois trifecta: the *subterfuge/deception trifecta*

- **Displacement.** Conceal or dislocate the problem.
- **Disassociation.** Hide/detach from the problem.
- **Dissemination.** Spread these bourgeois practices through heteronormative canon.

through which neoliberals maintain the status quo by concealing war as a covert enterprise that has expanded exponentially since Vietnam into the 21st century's own wars and lateral media (copaganda). Whereas *that* war failed by virtue of showing American citizens too much, war has increasingly become a fog through which those in power control the narrative by outright killing journalists, [but also "failing" to report where their mercenaries operate](#) (GDF's "How the US Military Censors Your News," 2023). In other words, neoliberal illusions involve outright skullduggery and lies to keep their hegemony intact. Much like the lords of old, they rule from the shadows, but have more material power and control than those former monarchs could dream of; i.e., a mythologized existence hinted at by the displace-and-dissociate stratagem of neoliberal copaganda; e.g., *Lethal Weapon's* 1987 "Shadow Company" reflecting on [the very-real Phoenix Program](#) and so-called "advisory" role of the CIA: "We killed everybody."

[...]

the third bourgeois trifecta—the *coercion trifecta* that results from these kinds of manufacture and subterfuge:

- **Gaslight.** A means of making abuse victims doubt the veracity of their own abuse (and their claims of abuse).
- **Gatekeep.** A tactic more generally employed by those with formal power, denying various groups gainful employment (thus actual material advantage) or working platforms that allow them to effectively communicate systemic injustices perpetrated against them.
- **Girl-boss.** Tokenism, generally through triangulation: of white, cis-het or at least cis women towards other minorities.

This trifecta is used more liberally by neoliberals (or centrists, *vis-à-vis* Autumn), as fascists tend to default to brute force. However, deception and lies—namely fear and dogma—are commonplace under fascism, as are token minorities (though these will swiftly disappear as rot sets in).

As Gothic Communists, our aim is deprivatization and degrowth—not to abolish everything outright, but move consumption habits gradually away from the neoliberal "Holy Trinity" within Capitalism's fiscal end goals

- **Infinite growth.** Pushing for more and more profit.
- **Efficient profit.** Profit at any cost.
- **Worker/owner division.** A widening of the class divide.

as disseminated through the three bourgeois trifectas. Rejecting all of these, Capitalism becomes something to transmute, proceeding into Socialism and finally anarcho-Communism through Gothic poetics. This isn't possible unless sex work becomes an open discussion, not a private means of enrichment and control. As Autumn demonstrates, said enrichment and control are things to embody and live by according to a brand image; i.e., an aesthetic with a bourgeois function tied to individual workers punching down with zero empathy inside a dog-eat-dog structure. It's precisely that kind of thing that monstrous aesthetics need to challenge, not support as Autumn does (while encouraging them to charge through "constructive criticism" guided by sound theory).



(artist: [Nat the Lich](#))

To stand against the bourgeoisie and capital is to resist their trifectas and financial end goals, thus stand against "Rome's" self-imposed, endlessly remediated glory as inherently doomed to burn by design (the strongman's toxic stoicism a mask behind which madness historically reigns; and elsewhere, the elite under American hegemony sit far away from the flames). However, like Rome itself, even *that* activity of resistance by us is far more complicated than it initially appears. The basic concept involves our "creative successes" that occur during oppositional praxis, synthesized into proletarian forms within our daily lives as workers; i.e., according to how we treat each other as weird nerds who can come to blows over the confrontation of trauma, but also its interpretation through Gothic poetics, mid-exchange. Rebellion isn't simply refusing to obey the state; it's being kind to each other as a means of monstrous instruction that camps canonical renditions of sex work as monstrous. Doing so liberates workers from systems of socio-material control by first allowing people to imagine the changing of these structures, then implementing said changes in highly inventive ways that are respected and upheld during intersectional solidarity [[ibid.](#)].

Again, all of these come into play during capital; i.e., as the state alienates, sexualizes and gentrifies/decays everything in service to profit, doing so through us-versus-them police violence, terror and morphological expression legitimized by state forces in state territories against state enemies/targets (anything the state needs them to be).

Abridged Manifesto Tree (of Oppositional Praxis)

Despite their poetic nature, performance and play are an absolutely potent means of expressing thus negotiating power through the Gothic mode (its castles, monsters and rape scenarios); a polity of proletarian poets can negotiate future interrogations of unequal power within the Gothic imagination as connected to our material conditions: one shapes and maintains the other and vice versa.

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume Zero* (2023)

Proletarian praxis revolves around camping canon, which goes something like this (abridged, from Volume Zero's manifesto tree):

Camp's assembly and production of cultural empathy under Capitalism happens according to **the "creative successes" of proletarian praxis** (manifesto terms intersect and overlap; e.g., "good sex education is sexually descriptive")

- **mutual consent**
- **informed consumption** and **informed consent**
- sex-positive **de facto education** (social-sexual education; i.e., iconoclastic/**good sex education** and taught gender roles), **good play/emergent gameplay** and cathartic wish fulfillment/guilty pleasure (**abuse prevention/risk reduction patterns**) meant to teach good discipline and impulse control (valuing consent, permission, mutual attraction, etc); e.g., **appreciative peril** (the ironic **damsel-in-distress/rape fantasy**)
- **descriptive sexuality**

as things to materially imagine and induce (often through ironic parody and "perceptive" pastiche) through Gothic poetics; i.e., inside the "grey area" of **cultural appreciation** in countercultural forms (making monsters)

- the culturally appreciative, sexually descriptive irony of Gothic counterculture's reverse abjection with sex-positive, demon BDSM, kink and fetishization; as well as asexuality and the ironic ontological ambiguities of trans, non-binary, intersex, and drag existence

[...] to foster empathy and emotional/Gothic intelligence by **weird iconoclastic nerds** reversing the canonical, unironic function of the Four Gs

- reverse abjection
- the emancipatory hauntology and Communist-chronotope operating as a **parallel society**—i.e., a parallel space (or language) that works off the *anti-*

totalitarian notion of "parallel societies": "A [society] not dependent on official channels of communications, or on the hierarchy of values of the establishment."

- the Gothic Communist's good-faith, revolutionary cryptonymy

[...] On the flip-side, our would-be killers collectively lack emotional and Gothic intelligence; they do not respect, represent or otherwise practice our "creative successes." As we're going to establish by looking at the definition of weird canonical nerds (in the thesis statement), their conduct is quite the opposite of weird iconoclastic nerds; **weird canonical nerds** don't practice mutual consent; they canonize, thus endorse

- uninformed/blind consumption through manufactured consent
- *de facto* bad education as **bad fathers**, cops (theatrical function: knights) and other harmful role models/authority figures; i.e., canonical sex education and gender education, **bad play/intended gameplay** resulting in *harmful* wish fulfillment/guilty pleasure (**abuse encouragement/risk production patterns**); e.g., appropriative peril (the unironic damsel-in-distress), uninvited voyeurism, etc
- prescriptive sexuality

through their own synthetic toolkits during oppositional praxis. They endorse

- the process of abjection
- the carceral hauntology/parallel space as a capitalist chronotope (e.g., the "blind" cyberpunk)
- the complicit (thus bad-faith, bourgeois) cryptonymy

to further Capitalism's crises-by-design, hence its expected decay, according to a variety of bourgeois trifectas that lead to the banality of evil [through state arrangements of power relayed through the usual neoliberal stores: books and movies, but also videogames.]

There is also **the basics of oppositional synthesis** from our synthesis symposium in Volume One: girl talk (anger/gossip), monsters, camp. Refer to said symposium if needed; and "On Twin Trees" from Volume Zero, which talks about the manifesto tree more at length.

In a nutshell, Gothic Communism is "camping and recultivating the twin trees of Capitalism—the Base and Superstructure—during oppositional praxis, including its synthesis and catharsis [regarding the confrontation of generational trauma]" ([source](#): Volume One). These are ideas that will appear more in Volume Three, aka the Praxis Volume; but it doesn't hurt to have an in-text copy within Volume Two's modules!

About the Logo (for Gothic [gay-anarcho] Communism)

If I say that my somewhat extravagant imagination yielded simultaneous pictures of an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature, I shall not be unfaithful to the spirit of the thing. A pulpy, tentacled head surmounted a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings; but it was the general outline of the whole which made it most shockingly frightful.

— H.P. Lovecraft, "The Call of Cthulhu" (1928)



(model and artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

For much of this book's construction, I was using the Laborwave hammer and sickle insignia over a red-and-yellow cover to represent the book's concept of

Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism. However, I decided on 8/26/2023 to design, thus give, the ideology its own symbol (the full PNGs for the Gothic [gay-anarcho] Communism logo by itself—with three different versions [full version w/flame and w/o flame, and the "skeleton key" simplified version] are available [either on my website](#) or [on my DA Stash](#)).



(artist, left: [Leonardo Galletti](#); top-right: [Eyeliner](#); bottom-right: [Esprit 空想 \[Esprit Fantasy\]](#))

When crafting my own symbol, I wanted to progress further beyond the Vaporwave aesthetic ([which emerged in roughly in 2011](#)) than Laborwave had, which, [in 2016](#), combined Vaporwave's signature corporate mood/neoliberalism-in-decay with Marxist-Leninist icons divorced from their historical-material past. I wanted to not simply reflect on corporate/neoliberal fallibility and decay within dead/dystopian postpunk-tinged nostalgia, nor wax nostalgia on the undead pastiche of Marxist-Leninism, but inject a Gothic-queer presence to evoke an anarcho-Communist potential towards ending Capitalist Realism in the eternal drive towards developing Communism.



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

So I took the iconic hammer and sickle, found an anarcho-Communist variant with the same nostalgic/trans color scheme, and embossed a skull with it over a Wiccan pentacle; the skull I treated as the circle of the transgender symbol, fashioning it from black bones and horns (to symbolize the undead and demonic of Gothic poetics fused with the aesthetics of power and death; i.e., the green flames and purple slime as reclaimed colors of canonical stigma and persecution). If I was going to simply it, I thought I'd lose the flames and pentacle, turn everything black,

and make the an-Com symbol negative space in the forehead. The thought process was, I wanted the embellished version for the book cover (like a monk's monasterial tome) to give it a thoroughly medievalized flavor (the embossed codex). But as part of a logo guide, I included the simplified version of the symbol simply called "the skeleton key." I thought about using just the "A" in the forehead or the hammer and sickle, but that verges on too simple (the "A" being for Anarchism and the hammer and sickle being for Communism); so I went with the more complex an-Com symbol to preserve its meaning. That + the skull and crossbones + the horns + the trans icon = Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism. It can be drawn all in black with a simple marker in a simplified "bathroom stall" form, but also has a fancier black logo that can be further embellished with ornaments and color if needed. Also, completely by accident, it kind of reminds me of Mercyful Fate's Melissa skull + the Grateful Dead logo, the latter being one of the most famous counterculture rock 'n roll bands of all time: sex, drugs and rock 'n roll all in one package!



(artist: [Bubi](#))

Concerning My Audience, My Art, the Reading Order and Glossary

What should I do with your strong, manly, spirited Sketches, full of variety and Glow? – How could I possibly join them on to the little bit (two inches wide) of Ivory on which I work with so fine a Brush, as produces little effect after much Labour?

—Jane Austen, in a letter²⁹ to her "favorite" nephew, James Edward Austen.



(artist: [Henry Fuseli](#))

For most of recorded human history, women (or beings perceived either as women, or simply "incorrect"; i.e., "not white, cis-het Christian men"; e.g., eastern

²⁹ [source](#): Zoe Louca-Richards' "Two Inches of Ivory: A New(ish) Jane Austen Acquisition" (2020)

cultures, people of color or Indigenous Persons, genderqueer entities, etc) have been reduced to sex objects, sources of fear and/or (especially in the case of white women) accomplished pieces of property that could do little tricks, like sew or play the piano (what Mr. Darcy, in *Pride and Prejudice* [1813], smugly calls "female accomplishments"). Generally women were prized possessions, not people, and this reflected in how they were shaped in media as it became more and more widely available (in short, when Europe transitioned from an oral society to a written one): through the gaze of men, or according to women who—in some shape or form—served men by acting like/for them under Capitalism as a developing enterprise. The colonial standard, then, has certainly complicated itself in recent times, but the apples don't fall far from the tree; i.e., allowing the feminisms of older times—the first and second waves—to fight for their (white, cis-supremacist rights) while throwing everyone else under the proverbial bus (or stagecoach, in those days). The equality of convenience during older historical periods became a defense of the status quo enacted upon by women-of-letters, which continues into the present: Britain's "TERF island" is a mirror into the imaginary past, one whose fear and dogma continually uphold its tyrannical historical materialism, thus mass exploitation and genocide; i.e., "Yes, Austen belonged to a slave-owning society³⁰."

If the above paragraph is any indication, books are generally written (and illustrated) with an *intended* audience in mind; apart from that, there's the *ideal* audience (who simply "gets" or understands the material) and the *actual* audience (whoever actually reads the book, regardless of what they know beforehand). *Sex Positivity* was intentionally written for a *holistic* audience, with an emphasis on non-academia/non-accommodated intellectuals (as per Edward Said's notion of the "accommodated intellectual" from *Representations of an Intellectual*, 1993); it doesn't expect you to know everything and provides as much secondary material as it can to help you along. However, because of its size, I've had to cut the book into four volumes, the thesis volume being the volume that actually unpacks the companion glossary's terms (though all four volumes contain the glossary in their rear pages). Even when it was shorter, though, I had written and organized *Sex Positivity* to be read in order—as in, from top to bottom for first-time readers. This fact remains constant. The entire book (all four volumes) is meant to be read as: Volume Zero, Volume One, Volume Two, and Volume Three, head to toe. From there, if you want to jump around, the volumes have been structured and organized to make doing so as easy as possible. Go wild, my little angels.

If you choose to jump around, I'll assume that you've read my thesis volume (or at least browsed its unpacking of the keyword glossary terms). Apart from Volume One, whose full manifesto outlines my book's central thesis on sex-positive, social-sexual activism, Volume Two acts a kind of "prelude" to Volume Three, providing a "Humanities primer" that adjusts you to a more open-minded way of

³⁰ From Edward Said's "Jane Austen and Empire"; [Culture and Imperialism](#) (1993).

thinking that is useful to our thesis argument: "Capitalism dimorphically sexualizes everything under a heteronormative, settler-colonial scheme, one whose myopic Capitalist Realism must be escaped from; i.e., via a deliberate iconoclasm that liberates sex workers (or sexualized workers) under Capitalism through sex-positive art." The primer does so through numerous "monster art" exhibits that show how to think (and how past people thought) openly during oppositional praxis, using specific terms, theories, and formatting devices which apply to various topics broached later in the book when proletarian praxis (and its synthesis) is articulated chapter-by-chapter (and art exhibits are *slightly* less frequent, at least in the first edition).

However, as any artistic exhibit (not just mine) is idiosyncratic, this book is indulgently "me" to make *that* point abundantly clear. This includes iconoclastic porn as something that I've often explored and cultivated in my own body of work—with me actually preferring to cultivate erotic, sex-positive art displays during my own creations. As I write in "My Art Website Is Now Live" (2020):

In my work, I don't like to treat sex separate from everyday life. Instead, I emphasize sexuality and intimacy as being part of the same experience. Not only do you have the intense, raw close-ups during sex one might encounter in a VHS porno; there's also the tender, little details: the smiles, excitement, and other factors that make up everyday sex for people in relationships. I try to communicate all of this in a fantasy or sci-fi setting populated by my favorite videogame characters. It might be a regression of the quotidian into the Romantic, but being a Gothicism I'm not against liminal forms of expression. My work is erotic, forming a balance of the raunchy and tender inside a videogame milieu. These characters aren't fighting dragons; they're having sex, but there's so many different ways this can go about, and I have my own special blend I like to try and capture in my art ([source](#)).

In other words, my campy artistic creations invite you to imagine ordinary behaviors from extraordinary-*looking* people—e.g., Link and Nabooru less as representations of the status quo, and more as a highly flexible performance that can interrogate and subvert, thus negotiate, power using the same-old aesthetics on and off the usual stages where these performances take place. Imagine as I would, then, that Link and Nabooru "save" Hyrule, then talk about laundry and what's for dinner while having sex in a half-real, incredibly playful scenario. Except in our case, there never actually *was* a war to be fought (thus no genocide)—just a roleplay had and costumes worn by two workers who, for all intents and purposes, really look the part but whose function has subtly (or not so subtly) shifted away from the heteronormative scheme to undermine, thus weaken, the state's grip on the Superstructure:



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Bear in mind, these portfolio samples come from 2020, when I was still in the closet and trying to uncover/understand my own identity and struggle as a trans woman. But they still contain a certain iconoclastic playfulness that I've since built upon after coming out as trans (as the rest of my exhibits will hopefully demonstrate); i.e., in the dialectical-material context, subverting what's expected in favor of delineating away from traditional heroic activities (such as genocide): make love, not war (except class/culture war). While my focus is often on videogames (the dominant canonical medium under neoliberal Capitalism), the same idea goes for *any* heroic-monstrous character borrowed from a particular franchised narrative: Midna and the Great Fairy from different *Zelda* games (a crossover); Link and Minda from *Twilight Princess* (2006); Squall and Quistis from *Final Fantasy 8* (1999), and so on:



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

If this basic thought experiment feels too difficult to visualize or understand, it will get no easier from here on out (we'll focus primarily on non-heteronormative/non-tokenized and gender-non-conforming media). Likewise, if you're unfamiliar with the Gothic, ludic/queer theory and/or Marxist thought (and

the glossary keywords), chances are the rest of this book (after Volume Zero; i.e., from Volumes One, Two and Three onwards) will seem incredibly alien and confusing to you; all are either lost and forgotten concepts in relation to Capitalism, reduced by capital to pulpy canon this book does nothing but dissect, or swim around in the grey areas of (which Capitalism and its heteronormative colonial binary discourage). For first-time readers, then, this book *really* is meant to be read in order.

That being said, the thesis volume (as per the heads-up refresher) *is* more academic, thus inaccessible. If you haven't read it yet or found it too difficult, Volume One's more conversational/instructional approach unpacks the same basic ideas in a less dense, but also less *developed* dialog concerning the manifesto tree ideas (the scaffold of oppositional praxis). If you feel lost when reading my thesis, the manifesto (and its additional chapters on instruction and praxial synthesis) may be a better place to start. Try reading it first, familiarizing yourself with the manifesto's iconoclastic ideas, visual aids and various guides, signposts and roadmaps. Then, consider *returning* to the thesis volume, which unpacks these ideas far more intensely and completely. Once you comprehensively understand what Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism is, try moving onto Volume Two, which explores the *historical* development of the Gothic imagination and its complicated past—of flawed, conflicting poetic expression as something to learn from moving forward. From there, Volume Three outlines the goals and objectives of Gothic Communism as a means of attacking Capitalism and its ideologies directly through solidarized worker *poiesis*.

The goal of Volume One is to outline a *general teaching method* that explains complex things in commonplace ways, which Volume Two expands on through the poetic history of monsters as a dehumanizing tool that must be reclaimed. Everything tied to proletarian praxis is re-summarized after the introduction in Volume Three: in the summation section before Chapter One of that volume. You will need what the manifesto contains when you read the synthesis roadmap in Volume One; you will need what both (and the thesis volume) contain when you read the primer from Volume Two; and you will need the introduction, summation and Chapter One from Volume Three when you Chapters Two through Five of that volume, etc. Last but not least, familiarize yourself with my "artistic exhibit style." First shown during the second disclaimer during exhibit 3a1, 2, and 3 (and exhibits -1a and -1b); and during exhibit 0a1a during the foreword, my exhibit style is utilized throughout entire the book in over 200 similar exhibits covering a broad range of artistic subjects (and monsters).

Last but not least, you do not need to read the entire glossary up front, simply because I wrote the thesis volume to introduce keywords to you, step by step. There's a lot of them, but it explains the most vital one at a time and in (I feel) the most logical order demanded by my arguments. Even so, my book has still had to alter or simplify academic language, terms and theories by combining them

with everyday language. It also deals with groups (fascists and centrists) who frequently employ obscurantism—often through general/Gothic cryptonyms (words that hide), used in bad-faith to control others through sexualized and gendered language that isolate the mind (with isolation being a predator's tactic). So while most of these terms *are* defined in some shape or form inside my thesis statement, word count (and flow) remains an issue. I could only recite the most important in full, and summarize the rest in the thesis volume itself. Therefore, I want to provide all of their full definitions (modified and expanded on/narrowed by me) in the companion glossary, which you can access in the back of whichever volume you're currently reading.



(artist: [Mikki Storm](#))

The keywords are divided into separate sections and you can access individual terms via the bookmarks located on side of your PDF. While the most central are quoted in part or in full within the thesis proper, I recommend familiarizing yourself with all of them before moving onto Volumes One, Two and Three (which again, shall henceforth continue being referred to as such; the thesis volume was written last and I don't feel like changing the names. Instead, think of it as four volumes: One, Two and Three, with the thesis volume as *Volume Zero*). *Do not assume you know what they mean*. A good few are less central but still useful when grappling with these larger topics.

In conclusion, while the keywords are all important to know and understand, there aren't too many that need to be understood *a priori*—as in *before* reading my thesis statement (and the rest of the book). This

being said, there *are* a few I won't be able to unpack in the thesis proper—the simple reason being the unpacking of my Gothic, ludology and genderqueer terms was written with a presumption that you have a modicum of understanding regarding basic queer and Marxist theory. So before we proceed, please peruse the below list to make sure you're familiar with the more essential terms from the "Marxism and Politics" and "Sex, Gender and Race" sections of the glossary.

Essential Keywords, *a priori*

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

—Hamlet, *Hamlet* (c. 1599)



([source](#): Clyde Mandelin's "*How Symphony of the Night's 'Miserable Pile of Secrets' Scene Works in Japanese,*" 2013)

Through its motley crew of assorted keywords, Gothic Communism aims to describe sexuality and gender within Marxist, Gothic and game theories. Sexuality and gender are not complicated, then; it's just *not* a binary like heteronormativity expresses, insofar as a gradient is simply a different (and more accurate) arrangement to what sexuality and gender actually are. In the presence of state power and its defenders, thoroughly stupid questions get asked, kettling the oppressed into an asinine, deadly game; e.g., "What is a woman?" in Matt Walsh's

"documentary" of the same name (it's fascist propaganda, my dudes). Well, I certainly *can* humor fascists with my own definition

a woman

That depends ("Beware the elves for they will say both yea and nay"). Keeping the [below] terms in mind, a woman is multiple things at once. On the *bourgeois* side, she's anything a man isn't—i.e., a cis-het sex slave/employee/girl boss, etc (note the gradient of euphemisms to disguise the deliberate marital role of unpaid women's work under Capitalism); on the proletariat side, she's however someone identifies in relation to the state³¹ as a worker—for or against it to various, liminal degrees (this includes personas, alter-egos, egregores and various other disguises). To reduce it to "an adult, human female" is super gross, Nazi-level shit (and while I *want* to seriously feel sorry for Matt Walsh's probably-battered housewife, assuming she's entirely ignorant of her husband's abuse would assume that she actually puts in the work; however, if she does, it would take total isolation of anything not supplied to her in advance by her "big, strong, powerful, caretaker" husband. That's quite sad and pathetic). I hate Nazis, Matt Walsh; my grandfather fought them during WW2 after they raped and destroyed his homeland and killed most of his friends and family. They prey on fear yet instantly run away like Brave Ser Robin when they're outed as perfidiously and ignominiously stupid. You're cut from the same cloth, you giant, callow man-child.

but that's not really the point of them asking, is it? Their doing so is an invitation for moderates to belittle gender-non-conforming persons, then look the other way while fascists normalize vigilante violence against minorities (which translates to state/police violence when Imperialism comes home to roost). In short, Hamlet—when viewed as the male action hero—is a real "piece of work," alright. He's an absolute, unironic monster³²; i.e., mad with grief over the death of his father until

³¹ (from the symposium): Whenever I say "the state" in this book, I am referring to the state as both a current mechanism for capital, but also the status quo more broadly—a state of affairs that has evolved into its current form (including the Gothic castle as a hauntological advertisement for state hegemonic displacement and dissociation): nation-states, whose sense of national identity in relation to capital had to evolve into itself from the Cartesian Revolution onwards (bringing with them modern war and globalization as they currently exist).

³² "Hamlet begins the play as a possible tragic hero, but as he interacts with corrupt characters, his traits become increasingly tainted until his potential for heroism disintegrates completely. Although Hamlet is depicted at first as a seemingly normal, depressed man, he is influenced by his relationships with Claudius, the ghost, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern until his old virtues are no longer recognizable. His evil actions, whether

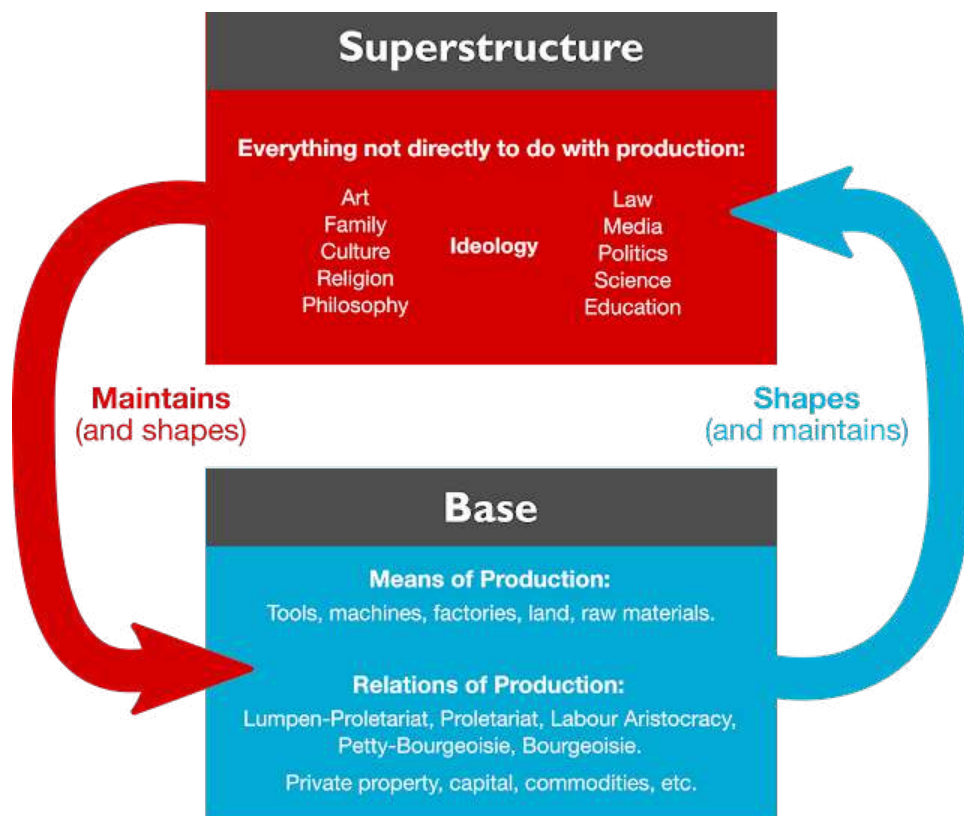
he becomes the anti-hero³³ who must be unironically sacrificed (along with everyone else) at the end of the play. In modern language, it's a murder-suicide committed by the usual suspect: the entitled "man of the house" acting like a total incel who kills his mother, sister and best friend (Shakespeare is hardly perfect, but absolutely satirizes heteronormativity—i.e., similar to *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, or *Titus Andronicus*).

The keywords in this list, then, are skeleton keywords; i.e., utterly essential to following my arguments on Gothic-Communism, except I won't have time during the thesis volume to unpack them to the degree that I do the Gothic material (which is hard enough to unpack on its own); in other words, the book assumes you've already read the glossary definitions (at least these terms) ahead of time, or otherwise know them *a priori*. While all of the glossary keywords are useful to some extent, absolutely make sure you have these ones down pat (which I've abbreviated in case if you can't be arsed to actually look at the glossary. You should because many of these shorthand definitions are inadequate; simply click on the in-text links to be taken to their full definitions):

- **[Marxism](#)**: Schools of thought stemming from Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, trying historically to achieve Communism through the state first (Marxist-Leninism) instead of direct worker solidarity and action operating in opposition to the state and establishment politics (anarcho-Communism).
- **[material conditions](#)**: The factors that determine quality of life from a material standpoint.
- **[historical materialism](#)**: The normalized, vicious cycle that history is predicated on the material conditions that routinely bring it about.
- **[dialectical materialism](#)**: The study of oppositional *material* forces in relation to each other—i.e., the bourgeoisie vs the proletariat, canon vs iconoclasm, sex positivity vs sex coercion.
- **[the means of production](#)**: Marx' Base, owned by the elite; the ability to (mass)produce material goods within capital/a living market.

with Polonius, Gertrude, or Ophelia, further ingrain his corruption. Horatio's steady, honorable personality emphasizes the demoralization of Hamlet's character. By the end of the play, Hamlet no longer has any traits of a hero but seems more of a villain, full of immoral, evil thoughts and devoid of his former inner goodness" ([source](#): Reverie Marie's "Hamlet Is Not a Tragic Hero," 2016).

³³ "Anti-hero" can mean different things; it can mean "tragic hero," in the sense of state apologetics; e.g., Oedipus Rex's "feel sorry for me even though I killed my dad and boned my mom" schtick. It can also mean "tragic rebel"; i.e., Satan from *Paradise Lost* (1667) as the rebel devil-in-disguise fighting against the Christian idea of heroism, thus being revered under British Romanticism for being revolutionarily heroic *against* the villainy of state tyranny.



**This moves in a spiral pattern.
The base is generally dominant.**

- **propaganda**: Marx's Superstructure, or anything that cultivates the Superstructure; for Gothic Communists, this means in a sex-positive direction.
- **private property**: Property that is privately owned, generally by the elite through privatization via state-corporate mechanisms; i.e., capital.
- **privatization**: The process that enables private ownership at a systemic, bourgeois level.
- **functional Communism**: The eventual (centuries from now) abolishment of privatization/private property. This process is called development, or Socialism.
- **nominal Communism**: Canonical depictions of Communism—i.e., Communism in name alone, sold to workers through canonical propaganda to scare them into upholding the bourgeois status quo.
- **Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism**: Coined by me, Gothic Communism is the deliberate, pointed critique of capital/Capitalism using a unique marriage of Gothic/queer/game theory and Marxist ideas synthesized by sex-positive workers during proletarian praxis.

- **[anarcho-Communism](#)**: The gradual disillusion and transmutation of Capitalism into Socialism and finally Communism through direct worker solidarity and collective action, whereupon power is horizontally restructured.
- **[neoliberal Capitalism](#)**: The dominant strain of Capitalism operating in the world today—i.e., Capitalism employed by neoliberal canon, centrism, moderation and personal responsibility rhetoric to achieve the greatest possible division between the owner/worker classes (a re-liberalization of the market through the abuse of state power), as well as infinite growth and efficient profit (more on these during the manifesto proper). Neoliberal Capitalism is founded on a vertical arrangement of power through national-state-corporate leaders operating against worker interests by exploiting them to the fullest using capital.
- **[capital/Capitalism](#)** (a super-important term and often incredibly misunderstood, so I'm giving the full definition, here; it's the longest in this entire list): A system of exploiting workers, nature and the world, whose resultant genocide and vampiric devastation is synonymous with *profit* for capitalists/the elite. The elite parasitize everyone/thing else to generate profit through Capitalism; or to quote directly from Raj Patel and Jason Moore's *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things* (2017):

Money isn't capital. Capital is journalism's shorthand for money or, worse, a stock of something that can be transformed into something else. If you've ever heard or used the terms *natural capital* or *social capital*, you've been part of a grand obfuscation. Capital isn't the dead stock of uncut trees or unused skill. For Marx and for us, capital happens only in the live transformation of money into commodities and back again. Money tucked under a mattress is as dead to capitalism as the mattress is itself. It is through the live circulation of this money, and in the relations around it, that capitalism happens.

The process of exchange and circulation turn money into capital. At the heart of Marx's *Capital* is a simple, powerful model: in production and exchange, capitalists combine labor power, machines and raw material. The resulting commodities are then sold for money. If all goes well, there is a profit, which needs then to be reinvested into yet more labor power, machines and raw materials. Neither commodities nor money is capital. This circuit *becomes* capital when money is sunk into commodity production in an ever-expanding cycle. Capitalism is a process in which money flows through nature. The trouble here is that capital supposes infinite expansion [growth] within a finite web of life ([source](#)).

For our purposes, this "web of life" concerns the privatized, social-sexual exploitation of workers in monstrous language—something to be unironically defended by class traitors preserving Capitalism, thus the state as a means of maximizing capital for the elite (infinite growth); i.e., to serve and protect capital, not people, through the means of production/propaganda's current bourgeois hegemony under neoliberal Capitalism's personal responsibility rhetoric—to regulate the market and empower the state through concealed abuses that accrete out from the center in all directions. As anarcho-Communists, we much critique this canonizing process' profit motive through our own iconoclastic material.

- **capitalists**: Those who own capital, the bourgeoisie (the owner class).
- **Rainbow Capitalism**: Capitalism appropriating queerness, generally through surface-level, inauthentic representation and queer-baiting.
- **recuperation/controlled opposition**: The process by which politically radical ideas and images are twisted, co-opted, absorbed, defused, incorporated, annexed or commodified within media culture and bourgeois society, and thus become interpreted through a neutralized, innocuous or more socially conventional perspective.
- **sublimation**: The process by which socially unacceptable impulses or idealizations are transformed into socially acceptable actions or behavior. Normalization.



- **prescriptive sexuality (and gender)**: Sexuality and gender as prescribed according to various explicit or tacit mandates; i.e., sex, orientation and gender performance/identity are not separate and exist within a cis-gendered, heteronormative colonial binary.

- **descriptive sexuality (and gender)**: Sexuality and gender as describing actual persons, be they sexual and/or asexual. This includes their bodies, orientations and identities, etc, as things to appreciate, not appropriate (thus exploit).
- **praxis**: The practical execution of theory.
- **appreciative irony**: A descriptive sexuality (or gender) that culturally appreciates the irony of queer existence (and other minorities) in various forms.
- **asexuality**: A gradient of expressions that includes *demisexual/grey ace* and *aromantic* persons, asexuality displays orientations and performances or gender identities that diverge from sexual attraction, generally in favor of romantic, spiritual and emotional connections; i.e., a neurodivergent condition, not a disease that needs to be repressed, shamed or attacked.
- **neurodivergence**: A spectrum of atypical brain conditions that diverge from neurotypical persons and brains. Neurodivergent people canonically tend to be demonized, but also shamed as disabled, insane or mendacious.
- **sex-repulsed**: Not to be confused with *sex-negative*/reactionary politics, *sex-repulsed* is the quality through which persons—whether through nature or nurture; i.e., hereditary or environmental trauma factors (these tend to overlap)—are repulsed by sex. This can be partial—can amount to gradient indifference or outright trauma/triggering status depending on its severity. *Important: Sex-repulsion is not strictly a symptom, but a neurodivergent condition with congenital/comorbid factors operating within the brain as neuroplastic.*
- **comorbid/congenital**: The simultaneous presence of two or more diseases or medical/psychological conditions in a patient—congenital meaning "present at birth," inherited.
- **LGBTQ+**: Lesbian, Gay, Bi, Trans, Queer, and various other non-gender-conforming groups.
- **queer**: A general, all-purpose label reclaimed from its colonizer origins. For example, I identify as queer/am a queer person. While terms like trans, queer, gay and so on most certainly have specific definitions, in everyday queer parlance they tend to be used *interchangeably* (with idiosyncratic boundaries being drawn up when the need arises); forced conformity/division is to "make things weird" (though marginalized gatekeeping/sectarianism is definitely a thing).
- **genderqueer**: Challenging gender norms; also called "questioning" or "gender non-conforming."
- **monogamy/-ous**: The performance of a singular, happy relationship, canonically structured around marriage, reproductive sex and the nuclear

family structure. In Gothic canon, this structure is often threatened by a Gothic villain—e.g., Count Ardolph from Charlotte Dacre's *Zofloya* (1806).

- **poly(amour-ous)**: Non-normative family/open relationship structures that break with the heteronormative structure/cycle of compelled marriage. Historically conflated with swinging or serial monogamy (which are really their own heteronormative practices; i.e., "We're not *poly*, we're *serially monogamous!*"). Note how poly relationships tend to be framed as *polyamorous*, not polygamous.
- **beards**: A relationship of convenience to appear straight, heteronormative, monogamous, nuclear, "Roman," etc. The nuptial variant of a beard is the *lavender marriage*.
- **heteronormativity** (a big one; I will provide its full definition with the thesis paragraph): The idea that heterosexuality and its relative gender norms are prescribed/enforced to normalized extremes by those in power—i.e., the Patriarchy.
- **gender trouble**: Coined by Judith Butler, gender trouble is the social tension and reactions that result when the heteronormative, binary view of sexuality and gender is disrupted. This trouble can happen through the parody of social-sexual norms through ironic or appreciative (counterculture) media.
- **girl-cock (exhibit 7c) or boy pussy (exhibit 52c)/gender parody**: Genitals or genitalia-like artifacts (and various other modes of performance) that fulfill an ironic/gender parody cultural role that interrogates heteronormative gender assignment, performance or identity, as well as sexual orientation.
- **natural assignment**: Accident of birth—i.e., the natural assignment of one's biological sex (and conditions to form one's gender identity around, whether through conformity or struggle); one's birth sex/genitals: male, female, and intersex.
- **AFAMs/AMABs**: Assigned-Female/Male-at-Birth—i.e., one's birth sex. Can be used as a noun or adjective; e.g., "AFABs dislike this" or "an AFAB person," etc. Intersex people are their own category.

what is INTERSEX?

The term "intersex" is used to describe an individual whose chromosomes, hormones, or sexual organs are not in line with the perceived male/female sex binary.

SEX is not binary: **SEX is a spectrum:**

Sex is determined by a doctor upon birth using the following guidelines:
(according to the infant's genitals)

it's a girl! (under 3/8") it's a boy! (over 1")

Phall-O-Meter®

unacceptable!

Babies with "ambiguous genitals" often undergo inhumane, dangerous, and unnecessary surgeries to "normalize" their genitals, many times without parental consent!

INTERSEX PEOPLE...

- >> are about as common as redheads!
- >> can have any sexual orientation or gender identity.
- >> should never be called "hermaphrodites."
- >> should have their privacy respected.
- >> should not have to be ashamed of their bodies.
- >> deserve to be treated like anybody else.

INTERSEX AWARENESS DAY // october 26

SOURCES: isna.org, actuallyintersex.tumblr.com, sexandgender.net, apcdaily.wordpress.com

(from the glossary, exhibit 3c1: [source](#))

- **intersex:** The existence on a biological gradient between the qualifiers male and female, amounting to a variable "third sex" that presents mixed features of either sex to varying degrees; except, the umbrella term doesn't represent one particular manifestation as a strict third, but all of them together on a vast, complicated spectrum of genotypical and phenotypical elements. They are often depicted as angels or demons in the classically androgynous sense, or stigmatized/fetishized in porn as "shemales," "he-shes" and other canonically pejorative labels; a common, non-insulting label is "androgyne" (though this can apply to trans people and mixed gender performance, too). A common intersex example in Gothic media is the phallic woman or Archaic Mother—e.g., the xenomorph.
- **non-binary:** "An adjective describing a person who does not identify exclusively as a man or a woman. Non-binary people may identify as being

both a man and a woman, somewhere in between, or as falling completely outside these categories. While many also identify as transgender, *not all non-binary people do*. Non-binary can also be used as an umbrella term encompassing identities such as agender, bigender, genderqueer or gender-fluid" ([source](#): Human Rights Campaign's "Glossary of Terms," 2023).

- **sexual/asexual orientation**: How people orient (a)sexually/"float their boats" in relation to gender identity and performance. A double helix of two gradients, each having two theoretical "poles," wherein both ribbons descriptively intertwine/intersect within the socio-material world (more on this in Volume Three, Chapter Three).
- **heterosexuality**³⁴: Orienting towards the *opposite* gender. Classically called "opposite-sex attraction," gender-non-conformity (GNC) treats heterosexuality as orienting towards the gender opposite to *oneself*. This being said, pure opposites do not generally exist outside of heteronormative enforcement (which compels binaries in service of the profit motive/process of abjection) so heterosexual people also tend to be cis; i.e., cis-het, or "straight."
- **homosexuality**: Orienting towards the *same* gender. Classically called "same-sex attraction," gender-non-conformity treats homosexuality as orienting towards the same gender as *oneself*. No binary is required, and the term is generally synonymous with "gay" or "lesbian."
- **bisexuality**: Orienting towards *two or more* genders. Classically called "both-sex attraction" (or something along those lines), gender-non-conformity treats bisexuality as orienting towards the gender opposite to and the same as *oneself*.
- **pansexuality**: Orienting towards someone else *regardless of* their gender. However, this does not preclude exceptions and the phrase is generally used interchangeably with bisexuality in everyday parlance.

³⁴ Traditional orientation terminology is classically binarized, which GNC usage complicates by introducing non-binary potential. Traditional usage ties a specific orientation to sexuality—e.g., *heterosexual*—but descriptive orientation can just as much involve an emotional and/or romantic attraction and generally includes gender and biology as interrelating back and forth while not being essentially connected. So whereas heteronormativity forces sex and gender together and ties both to human biology as the ultimate deciding factor regarding one's gender and orientation, sex-positive usage is far more flexible; orientation isn't strictly sexual or rooted in biology at all. Those variables *are* present, but neither is the end-all, be-all because sexuality and gender are things to *self*-determine versus things the state determines for us (to exploit workers through binarized stratagems; e.g., "women's work"). To compensate for this flexibility inside GNC circles, orientation labels are generally shorted to "hetero," "bi," or "pan" (homosexual is commonly referred to as "gay" or "[a] lesbian"), allowing for asexual implications. Even so, classically binary terms like "hetero" and "homo" tend to be used more sparingly and are often swapped out for more specific identities or umbrella terms; e.g., "I'm queer/gay" or "I'm bi" as something to understand with some degree of intuition, which can later be explored in future conversations if the parties in question are interested in pursuing it. This pursuit is not automatic, though, so neither is the language denoting what can be pursued; instead, sexuality is an option, not a given.

- **heteronormative assignment (gender roles)**: Accident of birth in relation to one's "birth gender" as socially constructed by the state in relation to one's genitals.
- **transgender reassignment (transgender identity)**: Being trans is gender identity wherein one feels, and hopefully one day decides to recognize, that one isn't cis.
- **gender identity**: One's conforming or nonconforming gender identity as a (sub)conscious act; i.e., how one identifies, be that passively or actively.
- **gender performance**: Gender performance is coded in relation to oneself, their identity/orientation, and to society's in-groups and out-groups, aka formal/informal gender roles. Whether one's gender *identity* is assigned to them at birth, or is self-assigned through various non-gender-conforming types—e.g., trans man/woman, non-binary, femboy, agender, etc—their gender *performance* amounts to a coded set of social behaviors (and corresponding materials and language) that adhere to performative rules meant to reinforces one's gender as either self-assigned, or assigned heteronormatively by the state. To that, these concepts do not exist in a vacuum, but intersect and often conflict (which leads to iconoclastic gender parody³⁵ and gender trouble during subversive exercises).



(artist, left: [Mark Bryan](#); right: [Cursed Arachnid](#))

³⁵ Classic, canonical gender parody would include cross-dressing in Shakespearean theatre, whereupon (arguably) cis-het men would have played both men and women, the latter often by teenagers/prepubescent boys wearing various costumes and makeup. All the same, Shakespeare was debatably not straight (see: all the gay shit in his work), and the theatre remains a classic site for gender-non-conforming fulfillment and expression.

- **[gender performance-as-identity](#)**: Some identities involve broader gender performances to identify around or as; e.g., drag queens or femboys.
- **[the \(settler-\)colonial³⁶ binary](#)**: Nadi Tofighian writes in *Blurring the Colonial Binary* (2013) that, having evolved beyond Rome's master/slave dynamic, colonialism and Imperialism "separated people into different classes of people, ruler and ruled, white and non-white, thereby creating and widening a colonial binary" ([source](#)). To this, the cis-het, white European/Christian male is superior to all other workers. This binary extends to token marginalizations and infiltrated and assimilated/normalized activist groups, thought/political leaders or public intellectuals, who serve as class traitors, but also functional police for their respective domains.
- **[poiesis/poetics](#)**: "To bring into being that which did not exist before." Art. A commonplace example is "poetry," which historically has granted impoverished, exploited people idiosyncratic voices/parallel societies in times of struggle; i.e., making monsters that voice our trauma and concerns.
- **[canon \(dogma\)](#)**: Marx's Superstructure as normally cultivated by the elite through official/unofficial, state-corporate icons and materials designed to control how people think, behave and feel: heteronormative propaganda/dogma.
- **[iconoclast/-clasm \(camp\)](#)**: Marx's Superstructure, counter-cultivated by an agent or image that attacks established variants, generally with the intent of transforming them in a deconstructive, sex-positive manner. Such a

³⁶ Since Alexander the Great's famous conquests or those of the Roman Empire (a safe starting point, let's call it), so-called "Western colonialism"/Imperialism (the highest stage of Capitalism, *vis-à-vis* Lenin) has existed on the global stage; since the *Enlightenment*, it has—starting with Ireland* and spreading elsewhere around the world—adopted a racialized settler-colonial flavor whose latter-day fantasies' hauntologies help perpetuate (e.g., *Aliens*, 1986). For our purposes, heteronormativity *is* settler-colonial, insofar as there is always a settler-colonial *bias* within Capitalism as it currently exists through nation-states; but that bias also executes differently depending on where and who you are as the story's intended/tokenized audience: the Global North's military urbanism/Imperial Boomerang versus settler colonialism conducted abroad. I confess the words "colonial," "imperial/Imperialism" and "settler-colonial" will be used synonymously and that the word "(settler-)colonial binary" is more or less functionally synonymous/synergetic with "heteronormativity." I will do my best to give nuanced examples throughout the book, but freely admit that settler-colonialism is not its chief-and-only focus.

*"The British Empire began developing its colonialization tactics in Ireland and Canada, before exporting them throughout the world. / From the sixteenth through the nineteenth century, Britain developed an empire on which the 'sun never set,' subjugating local peoples from North America to East Africa to Australia. But as three University of Manitoba scholars, Aziz Rahman, Mary Anne Clarke and Sean Byrne, wrote in 2017, it developed many of the methods it used in its colonization much closer to home: in Ireland. [...] Unlike previous invaders, the authors write, these British Protestants regarded the Catholic Irish as racially inferior. The newcomers rarely intermarried with the locals. In 1649, when Oliver Cromwell's forces arrived in Ireland, the result was a brutal genocidal campaign" ([source](#): Livia Gershon's "Britain's Blueprint for Colonialism: Made in Ireland," 2022).

manner is treated as heretical by the elite, but also workers sympathetic to bourgeois hegemony.

- **[centrism](#)**: The theatrical creation of good vs evil as existing within politically "neutral" media—a dangerous preservation of orderly justice whose "moderate," white (or token) voice-of-reason/cloaked racism and discrimination pointedly maintain the status quo: Capitalism.
- **[war pastiche](#)**: The canonical remediation of war as something to sell to the audience (for our purposes) as canon, generally in centrist forms (which we then subvert through performative irony of various kinds).
- **[nation pastiche](#)**: Any kind of pastiche that ties war and combat to national identities; e.g., *Street Fighter*.
- **[heels/babyfaces](#)**: The centrist heroes and villains of staged, professional wrestling and American contact/combat sports—i.e., war personified—but commonly employed through combat e-sports like the *Street Fighter* FGC. Heels normally wear black, fight dirty and talk trash; babyfaces (often called "faces" for short) tend to wear white, fight fair and refuse to talk trash.
- **[kayfabe](#)**: The portrayal of staged events within the industry as "real" or "true," specifically the portrayal of competition, rivalries, and relationships between participants as being genuine and not staged.
- **[neocons\(ervatism\)](#)**: Neoconservatives are liberal hawks who, exposed to menticultural propaganda over time, [despise war protestors and promote peace through strength](#), including neocolonialism and proxy war. It's the centrist, oscillating phenomena of so-called Liberalism turned bloody, routinely demanding its blood sacrifice on the so-called "altar of freedom."
- **[menticide/waves of terror](#)**: From Joost Meerloo's *The Rape of the Mind* (1956), menticide is the animal, "Pavlovian" conditioning through various forms of torture, namely "waves of terror" to achieve an ideal subject just not complacent with state abuse, but *complicit*. Of *menticide*, Meerloo writes (abridged),

The core of the strategy of menticide is the taking away of all hope, all anticipation, all belief in a future [which aligns with Mark Fisher's "hauntology," or inability to imagine a future beyond past forms supplied by Capitalism; i.e., a *myopia*]. It destroys the very elements which keep the mind alive. The victim is entirely alone ([source](#)).

Meerloo describes *waves of terror* as

the use of well-planned, repeated successive waves of terror to bring the people into submission. Each wave of terrorizing cold war creates its effect more easily—after a breathing spell—than the one that

preceded it because people are still disturbed by their previous experience (*ibid.*).

- **Liberalism**: Not to be confused with neoliberalism (though the two generally go hand-in-hand), Liberalism is the disingenuous language of the Enlightenment becoming Americanized, then used alongside Cartesian dualism to obscure genocide under settler colonialism.
- **neoliberalism**: The ideology of American exceptionalism (which extends to allies of America like Great Britain) that enforces global US hegemony through deregulated/"re-liberalized" Capitalism as a structural means of dishonest wealth accumulation for the elite. Laterally enforced by state/corporate power abuse through a public conditioned by these groups to worship the free market, neoliberalism seeks to foster a centrist attitude.
- **fascism**: Capitalism-in-decay aka "zombie Capitalism." When Capitalism starts to "fail" (which it does by design), it creates power vacuums whose medievalist regressions reintroduce scapegoat mentalities on a state level; i.e., the Imperial Boomerang, or "Imperialism come home to empire."
- **pre-/post-fascism**: Pre-fascism is the Gothic imagination that historically was obsessed with the inheritance of a decaying system prior to the rise of fascism in the 18th and 19th centuries, which in turn has become *post*-fascism: the fear of fascism and systemic decay entertained through popular discourse and Gothic poetics in the 20th and 21st centuries, post-WW2.
- **eco-fascism**: The turn towards fascist rhetoric, stowed away inside nature conservatist rhetoric.

Also, familiarize yourselves with [Umberto Eco's 14 Points of Fascism](#) (from "[Ur-Fascism](#)," 1995). It's a really handy guide for spotting fascism, which tends to conceal itself or idiosyncratically manifest within centrist/neoliberal media. We don't go over all fourteen points in this book to nearly the same degree, but there are a few that I like to focus on; e.g., "The enemy is always weak and strong," the obsession with a foreign/internal plot, and the cult of machismo, etc.

Regarding the rest of the keywords not included in these paratextual documents: It would be very difficult and in fact counterproductive to list and define all of them at once. There's simply too many to realistically do this. Instead, I have provided the broadest and most germane/productive before this point—a trend I will now continue. As we proceed into the rest of the volume, the keywords I provide have been given first and foremost to stress their priority while also trying to keep the volume as short as possible. Some that aren't defined in the thesis proper will be defined during the "camp map" and symposium, but please refer to our Four Gs, manifesto tree, and the book's companion glossary for all of their complete

definitions (and for a few smaller terms that I've probably missed or left out for the sake of time).

I've tried to include all of the keywords for Sex Positivity in this volume, and it might seem like both not enough and too much information, but I promise we'll unpack all of these ideas as gradually as we can, and expand on them in the rest of the book (which aims for holistic, recursive nuance over singular brevity). I've done my best to avoid wholesale repetition, but admit and embrace that intersectionality demands a bit of cross-examination; i.e., regarding previously examined ideas from different points of view and theoretical stances that are applied practically and personally in our own lives through Gothic social-sexual expression; e.g., monsters, BDSM and artwork. If that proves to be poor consolation ahead of time, then I'll simply say what Zeuhl told me while we were at MMU: "Embrace chaos." Indeed, it's a process to be enjoyed and explored from a variety of angles, intensities and positions. —Perse



(artist: [In Case](#))

Written Backwards: A Ship of Theseus, a Gothic Castle

[...the infernal concentric pattern has] in Gothic one and the same function: to destabilize assumptions as to the physical, ontological or moral order of the cosmos [... It is like a Mandelbrot set:] finite, and yet from within we cannot reach its end; it is a labyrinth that delves 'down' instead of pushing outwards ([source](#)).

—Manuel Aguirre, "Geometries of Terror" (2008)



(artist: [TMFD](#))

In light of releasing Volume One, changes to the original manuscript have led me to address a fundamental aspect of my book's (re)construction: *Sex Positivity* was written backwards. For a fuller detailing of exactly how, refer to the foreword from Volume Zero, but otherwise just know that I wrote Volume Three first, followed by Volume One, Two, and then Zero. Except the writing of Volume Zero led me to reconsider Volume One as something to *rewrite*, simplifying my thesis in ways that I couldn't do until there was something *to* simplify (that was, itself, based on a previous argument: the original manifesto). This required me expanding on

Volume One to account for these changes, but also rewording older portions of it to account for synonymous terminology that, in my mind, better conveyed the manifesto's original points; i.e., swapping out old "boards" for new ones; the new timber represents the same fundamental arguments, except it has been fine-tuned—honed for further precision and specificity than when I had initially started out. In short, my humble vessel towards the end of its journey will have had most, if not all, of its original parts replaced, while more or less resembling what it once was; i.e., a Ship of Theseus, or better yet, a "flying" Gothic castle with fresh bricks. Unlike a *traditional* Gothic castle, *my* chateau's renovations aren't meant to primarily confuse and overwhelm, but reconsider my own work from new perspectives in a holistic manner through the same chambers, vistas and corridors, but also bodies.

A huge part of this reorientation owes itself to my partner, [Bay](#). His contributions led me to reconsider my own arguments—not to completely *change*

them, but view them from different angles and vantage points. I became inspired to expand on my manifesto and crystalize it into a pure thesis, from top to bottom over and over until I felt satisfied ...except this led me to revisit my manifesto, Humanities primer and praxis volume, leading to our aforementioned Ship of Theseus/Gothic castle! That's holism for you; or, as my thesis puts it, "Returning and reflecting upon old points after assembling them is a powerful way to understand larger structures and patterns (especially if they're designed to conceal themselves through subterfuge, valor and force). It's what holistic study (the foundation of this book) is all about." Alongside my other contributors, then, Bay's presence is felt throughout the entire book, haunting it from within. Having grown and developed inside my original construction, I reflected on Bay's haunting having joined me inside. Piece by piece, said structure changed until all the bricks were new (and stamped with Bay's friendly influence alongside my original mark).

The same idea, then, pertains to bodies as expressed between people, with you viewing a shot of a given individual under circumstances that, while similar to before, are by no means identical. Two bodies can assume the same pose and look vastly different; the *same* body can adopt a previous pose and yield up exciting new discoveries. Combined with my subtle retooling (and adventuresome expansions) of Volumes One, Two and Three through a sharpened thesis *and* manifesto, I think the benefits of applied hindsight should speak for themselves (for a point of comparison, though, compare the manifesto [to the original, unmodified blogpost](#)). Of course, you needn't recognize this hindsight to appreciate my work, but it *does* illustrate the subtleties of change amid consistent arguments that survive over time. For Communism to develop into itself, it will *have* to survive older changes that shift into future forms hitherto unimagined. To that, I am merely



at the starting point of something grand, of which has already changed and evolved into something that, at its inception, I could scarce hope to imagine: a mighty cathedral, represented by our bodies, labor and relationships, abstracted into architectural forms and back into bodies again, but also theatrical exchanges held somewhere in between. Instead of spelling our doom, its "trauma" offers up the knowledge needed to set us free.

(artist: [Doxxasix](#))

Into the Void: Losing the Training Wheels

"The future, once so clear to me, had now become like a dark highway at night. We were in uncharted territory now, making up history as we went along."

—Sarah Connor, *T2: Judgement Day* (1991)



As we described in the conclusion to Volume Zero ("A Gay New World"), the book so far has been a series of "booster rockets"—slowly igniting their fuel to propel you into the increasingly unknown Elsewhere of a homeland-turned-foreign:

Beyond the thesis argument and its symposium, *Sex Positivity* takes its time—gradually launching into its complex (ergodic) arguments through concentric, staged roadmaps. Imagine a rocket launch into space: This requires multiple stages and "boosters," meaning there's always time to abort the launch if things get hairy ([source](#)).

Except now the rockets have launched and we're hurling into deep space!

To that, I now want to take the training wheels off (for me as well as you) and explore the remaining volumes minus a tether while in free fall; i.e., not covering all my bases by including total theory (simple or complex) and instead

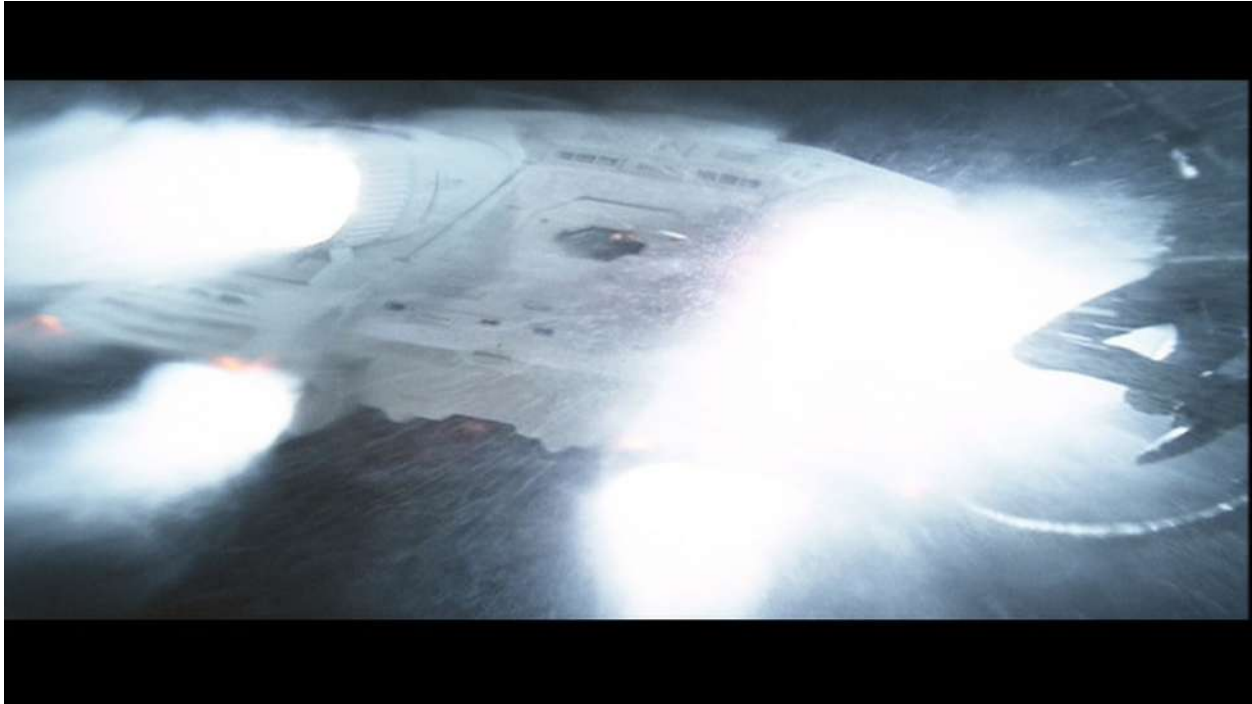
looking at examples of Gothic poetics (old or current) with a checklist to keep in mind. Otherwise, if I try to include all theory each and every time, the volumes will start to feel the same, which I don't want; but also, I want *you* to grow accustomed to being modular within a holistic approach that allows for intersectional solidarity while still being focused, practical and efficient, but also honest and reflective on our praxial realities.

Volume Two will examine monsters in a historical sense, and Volume Three will consider praxis in a current framework that accounts for dialectical-material struggles and scrutiny during oppositional praxis. As we move through both, I'll be covering the modules of monster classes and subclasses, and the creative successes of proletarian praxis vs state praxis. I will mention theory conversationally but also in pieces and modules that draw upon select terms. I will try to stress the ones that feel most relevant, and include additional footnotes and citations whose ideas you can trace back to my older theory-heavy volumes if you wish. But provided you have a good grasp of theory already, that shouldn't be necessary.

Instead, I want you to use Volumes Two and Three to try and focus on cultivating emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness during the struggle to liberate workers under Capitalism through iconoclastic art; i.e., by focusing on confronting and interrogating state/Cartesian trauma with Gothic poetics to end Capitalist Realism with. Capitalism alienates and sexualizes everything to serve the profit motive; we must reclaim these devices through the Six Rs, thus reclaim and recultivate our socio-material conditions (camping the twin trees of Capitalism) to reunite with nature and our own alienated, fetishized bodies, labor and power as things to play and perform with. But you must go where power is, thus paradox: through chaos, darkness visible, Satanic rebellion, Athena's Aegis, etc, as a ludo-Gothic, BDSM means of reversing the historical-material process of abjection (and unironic variants of the Shadow of Pygmalion, Cycle of Kings, infernal concentric pattern, narrative of the crypt, hyperreality and astronoetics, etc) through parallel societies (chronotopes), emancipatory hauntologies and revolutionary cryptonymies.

Of course, these occupy the same shadow zone as unironic forms, so being conscious and aware is vital to dodging and upending those who would harm you and enslave the future; i.e. with an imaginary past whose Wisdom of the Ancients serves the same-old settler-colonial system of medieval abuse—its cycles of crisis and decay amounting to endless blood sacrifices that move money through nature, workers, sex and monsters, etc, as cheap, disposable; i.e., a heteronormative commodifying of worker struggles that we must change inside of itself. To liberate ourselves, we must take said struggle—and its violent, terrifyingly hellish language—back from state monopolies/trifectas, making our own pedagogy of the oppressed.

Provided you have a roadmap and some sense of competency and direction when synthesizing praxis to achieve systemic catharsis, the darkness isn't something to fear inside liminal space and its limitless ergodic motion. Instead, the change of rebellion happens through conflicting thresholds and on the surface of shared images; it becomes, like the stars, something to shoot for while rescuing Hell and its performative darkness from bourgeois forces. This must become second-nature and intuitive, hence without a harness (and rigid gameplan) anchoring you down.



To that, the boosters so far have not only given you the energy needed to rush into the raw chaos of unknown spheres; they've supplied you with the know-how to both survive and foster sex positivity in dangerous places, making them habitable/pleasurable in ways yet unimagined while striving for transparency in the face of tremendous opposition. The vast, yawning abyss needn't be terrifying if you know more or less how to proceed: without set shape but instead, like a constellation, connecting the dot-like stars, lighting up the sky.

A Heads-Up (a brief refresher)

"Maybe you haven't been keeping up on current events but we just got our asses kicked, pal!"

—Hudson, *Aliens* (1986)

This seven-page heads-up grants several important reminders as we segue into the current volume: to give a small, two-paragraph history of the remaining three volumes after the thesis volume; a refresher on poetics and mimesis (essentially a tiny excerpt from the thesis volume's symposium); and a small selection of things to keep in mind from the thesis volume overall—namely how this book synonymizes and synergizes its terms and arguments; i.e., reading comprehension pointers.

Reminder one, our volume histories: This volume was initially written *before* my thesis volume, which now serves as the formalized argumentation on which these more conversational volumes presently stand: Volume Zero (which I wrote in roughly a month [from August 31st to October 8th, 2023] based on years of independent research; older blogposts, essays, and my master's thesis; and the three previous volumes' rough drafts). If you haven't read my thesis argument already or found its more academic approach too dense (it's essentially the independent-research equivalent to my PhD), you should find these volumes more conversational and poetically engaging; i.e., they literally apply my PhD's theories to Gothic poetics' application and history of application unto ludo-Gothic BDSM and different topical areas of research; e.g., Amazons, Metroidvania, zombie apocalypses, etc, but also the tokenization of those things (especially in Volume Two, part two, and Volume Three).

The manifesto/Volume One was written as a looser document that introduces our Gothic-Marxist tenets, manifesto tree coordinates (the scaffold for oppositional praxis) and main Gothic theories that, for the most part, [have been on my old blog since mid-2023](#); but its instruction portion has been expanded on to better account for and help articulate praxial synthesis and catharsis through the cultivation of good social-sexual habits (during oppositional synthesis) that we can develop to better confront and process systemic trauma with.

The second volume, the Humanities primer/Volume Two, is largely about undead/demonic and animalistic monsters and is currently being released in pieces (sub-volumes, per module, and in on-site, per-post promo series; re: "[Brace for Impact](#)," "[Searching for Secrets](#)," and "[Deal with the Devil](#)."). Considering how the application and history of Gothic poetics is nigh-endless, I've spent a lot of time expanding on Volume Two, dividing it into three modules with separate releases,

each containing a plethora of close-reads, symposiums and mini-thesis arguments; e.g., [expanding extensively on my Metroidvania research](#)³⁷.

Our final volume—Volume Three, which covers the executing of proletarian praxis in opposition to state forms—was the first volume I actually wrote, and has expanded since initially writing my manifesto and Humanities primer; i.e., it was on my blog until around April 2023, when I separated it from the manifesto along with the primer (then wrote my thesis argument). Until I started expanding Volume Two, Volume Three was the book's longest volume, and is still intended to be the most conversational and applicable in our day-to-day lives.

Newer volumes cite older volumes; e.g., Volumes One, Two and Three all borrow quotations from the thesis volume, and Volume Two, part one will cite Volumes One and Zero, and Volume Two, part two will cite part one, as well as Volumes One and Zero, etc. They also introduce new material *in relation* to the cited works, but generally will not introduce new foundational ideas that were not previously introduced in the thesis volume; they merely unpack said ideas and explore them further (especially during close-reads, in Volume Two, part two).



(artist: [Jean-Baptiste Regnault](#))

Reminder two, poetics and mimesis (quoted from my thesis symposium): To be clear, as I am a ludologist, Gothicist, anarcho-Communist, and genderqueer trans woman, *poiesis* wasn't simply a structure for my pedagogic narrative, like Mikhail Nabokov thought of Jane Austen's novel, *Mansfield Park* (1814),

in *Lectures on Literature* (1980):

all talk of marriage is artistically interlinked with the game of cards they are playing, *Speculation*, and Miss Crawford, as she bids, speculates whether or not she should marry [...] This re-echoing of the game by her thoughts recalls the same interplay between fiction and reality [...] Card games form a very pretty pattern in the novel.

³⁷ Persephone van der Waard's "'She Fucks Back'; or, Revisiting *The Modern Prometheus* through Astronoetics: the Man of Reason and Cartesian Hubris versus the Womb of Nature in Metroidvania" (2024).

Nor was it **echopraxis** ("the involuntary mirroring of an observed action") according to the kind of "blind" pastiche³⁸ that plagues canonical thought and proponents of capital; i.e., an empty kind of "just playing" sans parody that stems from what Joyce Gloggin in "Play and Games in Fiction and Theory" (2020) calls "a 'traditional' understanding of **mimesis**" (which we repeatedly alluded to earlier when we mentioned Plato's cave/shadow play during the thesis argument):

Mimesis or imitation therefore, as one form of play, is an essential element of *poiesis*, or the "making" of art, which in turn is instrumental in creating what some now refer to as possible or imaginary worlds, that is, fiction.

This traditional understanding of mimesis as an essential element of *poiesis* places mimetic play at a more distant remove from reality than even the shadows in Plato's famous allegory of the cave from book VII of *The Republic*. Related in the form of a dialogue between Socrates and Glaucon, book VII allegorizes the human perception of reality, likening our reality to shadows projected on a cave wall. These shadows are perceived by human subjects, shackled around the ankles and neck and unable to turn their heads to see the puppeteers who cast shadows on the cave wall before them, which they mistake for reality. In other words, what mortals see and know is merely shadow, and this is what mimesis mimics — not reality.

Importantly, this version of mimesis and reality has long informed the marginalization or trivialization of mimetic arts as "mere play," "just games," or insignificant ludic imitations of reality. Likewise, the marginalization of play and its rejection as a serious object of study are motivated by the suspicion that play and ludic cultural forms are treacherous and capable of rendering us the dupe ([source](#)).

My own mimesis challenged these traditions. As I consumed and learned from older artists/thinkers (and their odes and homages), my own Galatean creations started to change, as did my way of thinking about the process of making them; my countless allusions and allegory became a far less traditional and far more subversively and transgressively playful mode of engagement with others— not just my family in the world of the living but also those long gone, echoing their arguments from beyond the grave: *cryptomimesis*, or the playing with the dead through *perceptive* pastiche and reclaimed monstrous language that is then used in place of the original context; e.g., queer people calling everything "gay" (space

³⁸ Pastiche is simply **remediated praxis** (the application of theory) during oppositional forms. This book covers many different kinds of pastiche types under the Gothic umbrella as canonical or iconoclastic: Gothic pastiche, of course, but also blind and perceptive forms of war pastiche, rape pastiche, poster pastiche, monster pastiche, disguise pastiche, Amazon pastiche, and nation pastiche, etc.

Communism) or black people using the n-word for everything versus white people wanting to do the same thing in an ignorant or hateful context.

The same basic idea applies to monstrous language and materials as things to reclaim from their original carceral/persecutory monomythic functions (which we will thoroughly examine in Volume Two) or from covert/dishonest regression towards this old medieval sense of compelled BDSM and lack of consent/trust; e.g., witches as traditional scapegoats (exhibit 83a) versus regressive "cop-like" variants (exhibit 98a3) that iconoclasts subvert through various sex-positive BDSM rituals, ironic peril and Gothic counterculture (exhibit 98a1a); i.e., as a general practice that turns the death fetish or state officer/thug into something *other* than a fascist-in-disguise through transformative context (e.g., subversions of Shelly Bombshell or Zarya, exhibits 100c2b and 111b).

This Gothic-Communist paradigm shift reclaims the unironic imagery at all levels of itself—of actual, non-consenting and uninformed enslavement, torture and rape through their associate handcuffs, leather uniforms, whips or collars; but also insignias and color codes: green and purple as the colors of envy and stigma (exhibits 41b, 94a3) but also black-and-red as pre-fascist (the Roman master/slave dynamic), anti-Catholic dogma (exhibit 11b5) eventually applied to 20th century fascists and Communists during and after WW2 in videogames (exhibit 41i/j) and other neoliberal propaganda (Vecna's *D&D* Red Scare schtick: exhibit 39a2). All exist together in the Internet Age along with their assigned roles—as subverted in liminal, transgressive, formerly exploitative ways (exhibits 9b2, 101c2) that often yield a campy (exhibits 10a) or schlocky flavor married to whatever unironic forms they're lampooning (exhibit 47b2). This exists in duality *and* opposition as a rhetorical device—a conversation, but also an argument.

For example, you've probably noticed said duality in how I alternate between labels or play around or within them when it suits me (which is often). The reason is to accommodate their natural-material functions. Language is fluid in its natural, uncoerced state; there is no "natural order" of the state's design, no "transcendental signified" that "just happens" to favor the profit motive. *That* is installed and enforced through a particular belief system and portioning of codified space and behaviors useful to the elite. Instead things flow in and out of each other quite organically.



Reminder three, how this book synonymizes and synergizes its terms and arguments: Regarding the above organic relationship, I've made a little heads-up guide. It includes a few useful reading-comprehension pointers when exploring my work, which has been included in Volumes One, Two and Three from Volume Zero (indented for clarity):

We'll be code-switching a lot throughout this volume when talking about some very chaotic things. So try to remember that function determines function, not aesthetics. Also remember your *parent dichotomies*—bourgeois/canon/sex-coercive vs proletariat/iconoclasm/sex-positive—as well as your various *synonyms/antonyms, orbiting factors* and *related terminologies* that follow in and out of each other during oppositional praxis; i.e., the productive idea of power as paradox and performance, wherein said performance's games, rules and play remain incredibly potent ways of interrogating and negotiating power yourselves; i.e., through liminal expression's doubles thereof, existing inside the Gothic mode's shadow zone: (sequenced here in no particular order):

the essentialized connecting of biology (sex organs and skin color) to gender and both of these things to the mythic structure as heteronormative/dimorphic, thus alienizing (to weird canonical nerds and everyone else) in service of the state/profit motive > a lack of dialectical-material analysis > willful ignorance/"rose-tinted glasses" to achieve class dormancy through blind "darkness visible" > Capitalism's monomyth/good war > Beowulf, Rambo > the infernal concentric

pattern/Cycle of Kings and Shadow of Pygmalion > carceral
 hauntology/dystopia (myopic chronotopes/Capitalist Realism) > good
 cop, bad cop or cops and victims > assimilation > class traitor/weird
 canonical nerd > Man Box/rape culture > state espionage and
 surveillance/complicit cryptonomy > babyface/heel kayfabe > war
 hauntology > subjugated Amazon/mythical copaganda (female
 Beowulf, Rambo) > TERF > unironic ghosts of the counterfeit and the
 process of abjection's symbols of harm > profit, rinse and repeat

versus

the separation of gender and sexuality from each other and both of
 these things from the heteronormative mythic structure; i.e., Gothic
 Communism's monomorphic subversion of all of the things listed
 above through class war as enacted by our own weird iconoclastic
 nerds > spectres of Marx > deliberately active, class-conscious/campy
 "darkness visible" and dialectical-material scrutiny > shadow of
 Galatea > pro-labor espionage, revolutionary cryptonomy,
 emancipatory hauntology/parallel societies and chronotopes > reverse
 abjection > the pedagogy of the oppressed > reclaimed symbols of
 harm > post-scarcity

As a point of principle, I've left out some stuff and these lists in the heads-up
 are asymmetrical; also, I'm not going to try and include or string everything
 into a grand necklace/dichotomy that I then trot out each and every time a
 given topic comes up; i.e., the oppositional praxis of canon vs iconoclasm (as
 explored during the body of the thesis volume). Instead, I'm using them
 from a position of internalized intuition that I expect readers to learn,
 including relating them to *parallel* parent dichotomies like sex-positive vs
 sex-coercive, canon vs iconoclasm, bourgeois vs proletarian, as well as their
 orbiting factors—e.g., iconoclasm emphasizing mutual consent, informed
 consumption, *de facto* education, descriptive sexuality and cultural
 appreciation as things to materially imagine (often through ironic parody and
 "perceptive" pastiche) in subversive/transgressive Gothic poetics that
 challenge their canonical doubles during oppositional praxis.

If you can't parse all of this intuitively then I suggest you familiarize
 yourself with the thesis proper and "camp map" from the thesis volume
 (which is available on my website; [click here to access my website's 1-page
 promo, which contains all relevant download links/information regarding my
 book](#)).

The above heads-up guide should be useful, I think, as the organic nature of existence and human society and language is aptly symbolized and demonstrated by chaos. It also, in Gothic circles, elides the organic and inorganic in ways that confound the Cartesian Revolution's chief aim: divide and conquer, map and plunder the land and its inhabitants, all while quaking at the witch as an object of revenge (in both directions) or the pumpkin rotting after the harvest as intimations of Capitalism's own superstitious mortality. The occupying army is both weak and strong.



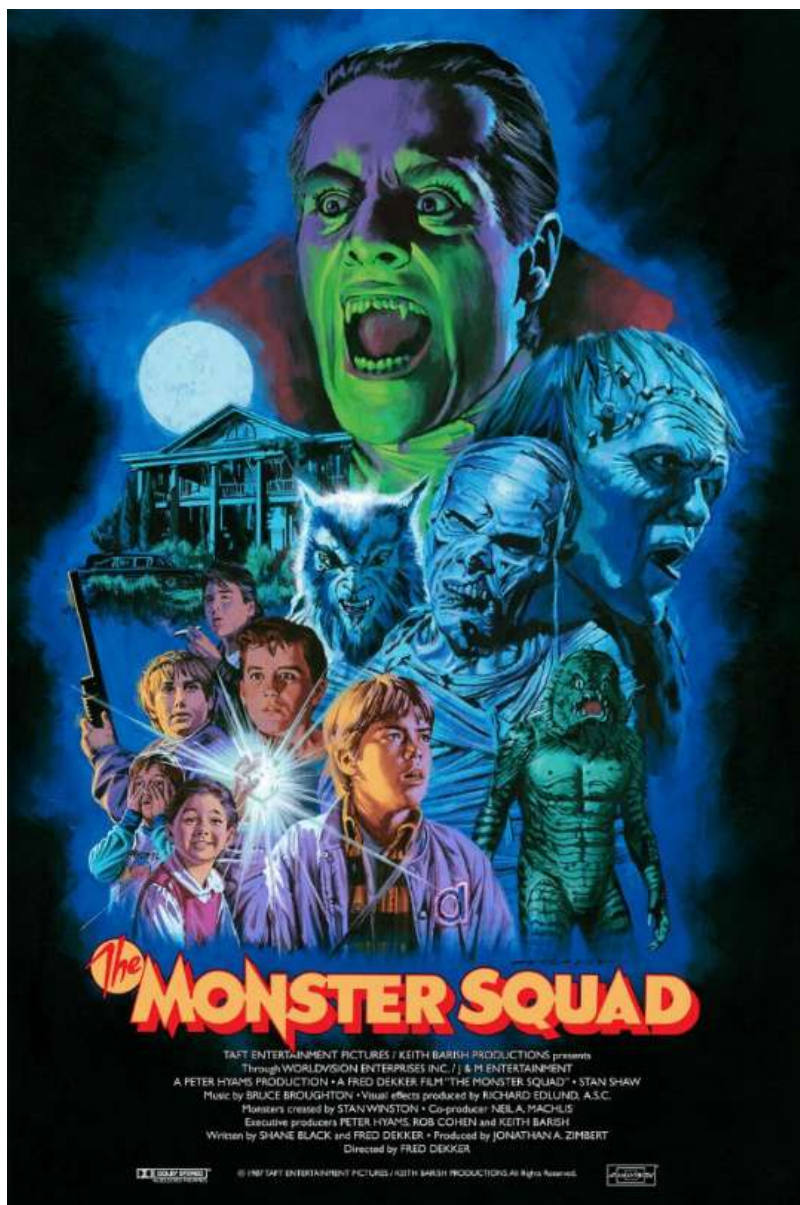
(artist: [Karl Kopinski](#))

Concerning Monsters

"Science is real! Monsters are not!"

—the Principal, *The Monster Squad* (1987)

(artist: [Paul Mann](#))



As the title might suggest, Volume Two is entirely about monsters. Specifically it concerns the modularity of monsters during oppositional praxis as a historical-material concern that evolved into present-day forms under Capitalist Realism: the state vs workers by monopolizing monsters to exploit workers with (and, per my thesis statement, sexualizing everything to serve the profit motive behind state myopias). This historical-material arrangement is profoundly ubiquitous, requiring workers to reclaim monsters (undead, demons and totems) away from the usual state monopolies of violence, terror and hellish morphological expression; i.e., during our own pedagogy of the oppressed—our anger and

gossip, monsters and camp—having evolved into itself: a dialectical-material process whose oscillating interrogations (and myriad interpretations) of trauma took centuries while monsters were already evolving into state implements and canonical, singular interpretations thereof. Iconoclastic monsters, then, become

flexible and productive critical lenses that raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness as something to "turn into"; or, as Volume One argues:

Contrary to Pygmalions and canonical weird-nerd culture, monsters aren't just commodities; they're symbolic embodiments of speculative thinking tied to larger issues. You don't simply buy and consume them (commodifying struggle) but use them as a means, if not to put yourself directly in the shoes of those being oppressed, then to think about things differently than you might normally. It's an opportunity to empathize with the oppressed and contribute to their pedagogy in ways that, to be frank, make you less stupid, nasty and cruel ([source](#)).

Monsters are often seen as "not real" or "impossible," relegated to the lands of make-believe and pure fantasy. Except this isn't true. In Gothic Communism, they constitute a powerful, diverse, and modular means of interrogating the world around us as full of dangerous Cartesian illusions meant to control workers by locking Capitalism (and its genocidal ordering of nature and human language) firmly in place. Good monsters become impossible, as do the possible futures they arguably represent.

Instead of saying "in a perfect world," then, we should say "a possible world"; i.e., in a better possible world, nudity (and other modes of GNC sexual and gender expression) can be exposed and enjoyed post-scarcity and not be seen and treated as inhumanely monstrous (a threat; e.g., bare bodies being a threat to the pimp's profit margins). Rather, the monstrous language remains as a voice for the oppressed to flourish with; i.e., a *de facto* (extracurricular) means of good education, deliberately raising awareness and intelligence among intersectional, solidarized workers in the face of state tyranny. As I write in "Bushnell's Requiem: An Ode to a Martyr" (2024):

terror is a weapon. So is counterterror. The elite mandate and control these voices through violence, which they will use to silence those who speak out; i.e., with the thunder and prolificity of arms. Except you can't kill monsters, merely adopt them to causes that suit your aims. Like Medusa and her immortal, severed head, Bushnell's doom isn't something the elite can ever hope to control because it reverses the [anisotropic] *function* of terror and counterterror normally envisioned and entertained by Western dogma; i.e., *vis-à-vis* Weber's monopoly of violence and Joseph Crawford's [invention of terrorism](#), but also Asprey's paradox of terror as a proletarian weapon in a postcolonial age informed by past struggles surviving under modern empires ([source](#)).

Monsters cannot be destroyed, then, only repurposed towards different anisotropic³⁹ aims that guide the flow of power in a given direction, mid-polarity. For the state, a particular arrangement will always come back, and proletarian forms—the spectres of Marx—are equally die-hard. We must replace the former with the latter, camping canon through monsters that channel the status quo as a flow of information, materials, power and education, etc.

Open monstrous sexuality, then, isn't the end of the world as Capitalist Realism would treat it as (a world where such things are impossible save as shackled commodities that uphold the status quo), but the start to what the elite want us to think is "perfect," thus "impossible": humanizing the harvest of fruit-like bodies laid low by Capitalism's habitual reaping.



(artist: [EXGA](#))

Another point I wish to make before we jump into the primer is the value of monsters, of Gothic poetics during oppositional praxis/synthesis. When limited to singular, essential interpretations, we become inflexible and rigid, but also alienated

³⁹ From Volume One:

I've repeatedly said that function determines function. Another way to conceptualize this is flow determines function. That is, during oppositional praxis' dialectical-material struggles, terror and counterterror become anisotropic; i.e., determined by *direction* of flow insofar as power is concerned. Settler colonialism, then, flows power *towards* the state to benefit the elite and harm workers; it weaponizes Gothic poetics to maintain the historical-material standard—to keep the elite "on top" by dehumanizing the colonized, alienating and delegitimizing their own violence, terror and monstrous bodily expression as criminal within Cartesian copaganda ([source](#)).

Humanizing monsters challenges the flow of power in service of workers, not the state.

from what else exists that we could become. Instead of one essential option that never changes, then, we open ourselves up to the realm of infinite possibility with endless potential and options to choose from, insofar as humanizing ourselves through Gothic poetics is concerned (this is my longest volume for a reason; the modules are easy enough to organize, but the number of monsters, like the human imagination, is without limit). It should be enjoyed and appreciated as such, not shunned and punished. Indeed, it is our greatest strength⁴⁰—to transform and resist canonical subjugation by liberating ourselves (and our judgement as trustworthy) with iconoclastic art; i.e., by subverting the means of domination through our own prolific, variable confrontations with and interrogations of psychosexual trauma, a pedagogy of the oppressed: to teach the world to be better



by disobeying state mandates, taking control of our own bodies and their potent ability to express our concerns to the world while developing Gothic Communism. Rape is everywhere; so are the monsters we need to free ourselves with—from constraints, from shame, from oppression.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

⁴⁰ From my thesis volume:

State proponents are straw dogs (throwaway effigies)/sacrificial roosters, believing themselves immune to the elite's gain while the owner slits the faithful worker's throat sooner or later. Their "greatest strength" is actually what dooms them to an ignominious death: complete alienation driven by a dimorphic connecting of everything to biological sex, skin color and their canonical-monstrous connotations in service of the profit motive but refusing to scrutinize things at a dialectical-material level (willful ignorance/"rose-tinted glasses"). Conversely *our* greatest strength as class-/culture-conscious **class warriors** is our "darkness visible" doubling theirs through the Wisdom of the Ancients as something to cultivate relative to the modern world; i.e., *our* deliberate, cultivated ability to critique capital and its agents/trifectas through dialectical-material scrutiny and iconoclastic, campy behaviors that synthesize the Superstructure to *our* purposes (rehumanizing ourselves by separating from the colonial binary in monomorphic fashion) all while suffering the fools of canonical tragedy and farce within canonical historical materialism. Our aim is to "make it gay" by reclaiming the Base through our **Four Gs: abjection, hauntology, chronotopes and cryptonymy**—but also our **Six Rs**, or **Gothic-Marxist tenets of Gothic Communism** during oppositional praxis as something to synthesize.

We Are Legion: So Many Monsters, So Little Time

*I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain*

—Hamlet, *Hamlet* (c. 1599)

I love monsters and sex (who doesn't?). I also think they're the ticket to solving the thing that ails us (Capitalism). Except, while time is of the essence and I want to list all the monsters that I can, we simply won't be able cover them all. There's just too many to even remotely consider that. However, I will try to cover as many as possible in liberation of sex workers. In fact, I was trying to, and wanted to limit it to modules, but through my typical backward and holistic approach eventually thought of different ways that monsters can be applied. So already large, the volume ballooned; I wanted to quickly put that into perspective.



(artist: [SGT Madness](#))

I've spent my life consuming monsters and later studying them ("benefits of a classical education"), so we'll definitely cover the classics from different centuries the way I was taught at MMU—in modules. We'll also go over the Humanities; i.e., as a means of critical thought that predates Capitalism but survives inside it through monstrous signifiers:

indicative of schools of thought that, not just promoting a delivery style (the Schools of Terror and Horror from Radcliffe and Lewis), but also more recent critical theories (the Four Gs) with which to look through monsters as critical lenses.

In other words, if monsters are the lenses, then the theories are points of view with which to apply them. Except we'll also involve non-academic ways to look at, and identify with, monsters; i.e., monsters as emblematic of sex worker

identities from different time periods, commercialized by capital mid-crisis through the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection (for us, this mainly concerns the monstrous-feminine, but *that* manifests in a billion different ways—next page...).

So yeah, there's a lot of ground to cover—a fact not aided by the book's holistic nature. I could, if I chose, write an entire book about just *Frankenstein* (1818) or *Alien* (1979), or just zombies, demons, or anthromorphs; but diversity is strength amid intersectional solidarity so I want to include a lot of different hermeneutics (study approaches) *and* schools of criticism, to boot! It's enough to make a girl weep... but I love it! Being a weird nerd obsessed with death rituals designed to relieve stress, fuck hard, and further class war through cultural Gothic signifiers is *just* my game:



(artist: [SGT Madness](#))

Normally this is manageable, as theory is knowledge to apply in the real world and knowledge is limited. The problem is, the Gothic applies knowledge through *imagination*, which knows no boundaries *a priori*, but is *further* enlarged by Capitalism's measureless cruelty and Humanity's sexual desires (which are also endless) as enslaved by capital or at least under it; i.e., the ghost of the counterfeit and the process of abjection tailoring the Gothic towards the British and American middle class; e.g., during hijacked village-life rituals that scapegoat a particular group as the beautiful sacrifice or fetishized object of death: Halloween and witches, commodified by capital to give anxious Americans (and their allies) a means of quick, cheap, replicable release during times of state crisis, decay and moral panic. This extends to and comments on symbols of superstition during witch

hunts as speaking to larger aspects of settler-colonial genocide, of intersectional bias and axes of oppression... which of course means there's a praxial double (canon vs camp). Think infinity then double it:



(exhibit 33b1a: Artist: [SGT Madness](#). There exist endless ways to artistically present anything in the world. For us, that includes one monster from one time period in a particular style tied to a given holiday as combined together in a dialectical-material argument; i.e., Halloween and monster girls; e.g., in a monochromatic 1960s cartoon style with Ben Day dots. Nature is monstrous-feminine, insofar as Cartesian thought alienates and fetishizes both it and labor universally to serve profit through death fetishes adjacent to genocide as abroad, but felt during state crisis at home [fascism is Imperialism come home to empire] to a captive audience: death-sex comfort food in all the traditional ways. Except people can also respond to and during a given cycle in sex-positive or sex-coercive ways using porn-to-art as liminal expression, which again, are all gradients with infinite variation between them! Pastiche is remediated praxis; capitalists use monsters to drive money through a finite web of life; immortal monsters live and

*replicate endlessly in markets driven by inheritance anxiety and latent rebellion.
And so on...)*

From the Salem Witch Trials to Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States*, commodifying struggles is America 101. Except beyond Halloween and the ghost of the counterfeit/process of abjection, there's also medieval expression defaulting to paradox, time being a circle (historical materialism) predicated on dialectical-material forces, and the various reading guides I've written and citations from my other volumes and written sources. Also, I just love monsters and could spend my whole life writing about Amazons and Metroidvania (the latter which encourage recursive ergodic motion through boundless Numinous feelings). It was basically if the Grinch's *dick* grew three sizes that day and then kept at it with a nasty case of priapism.



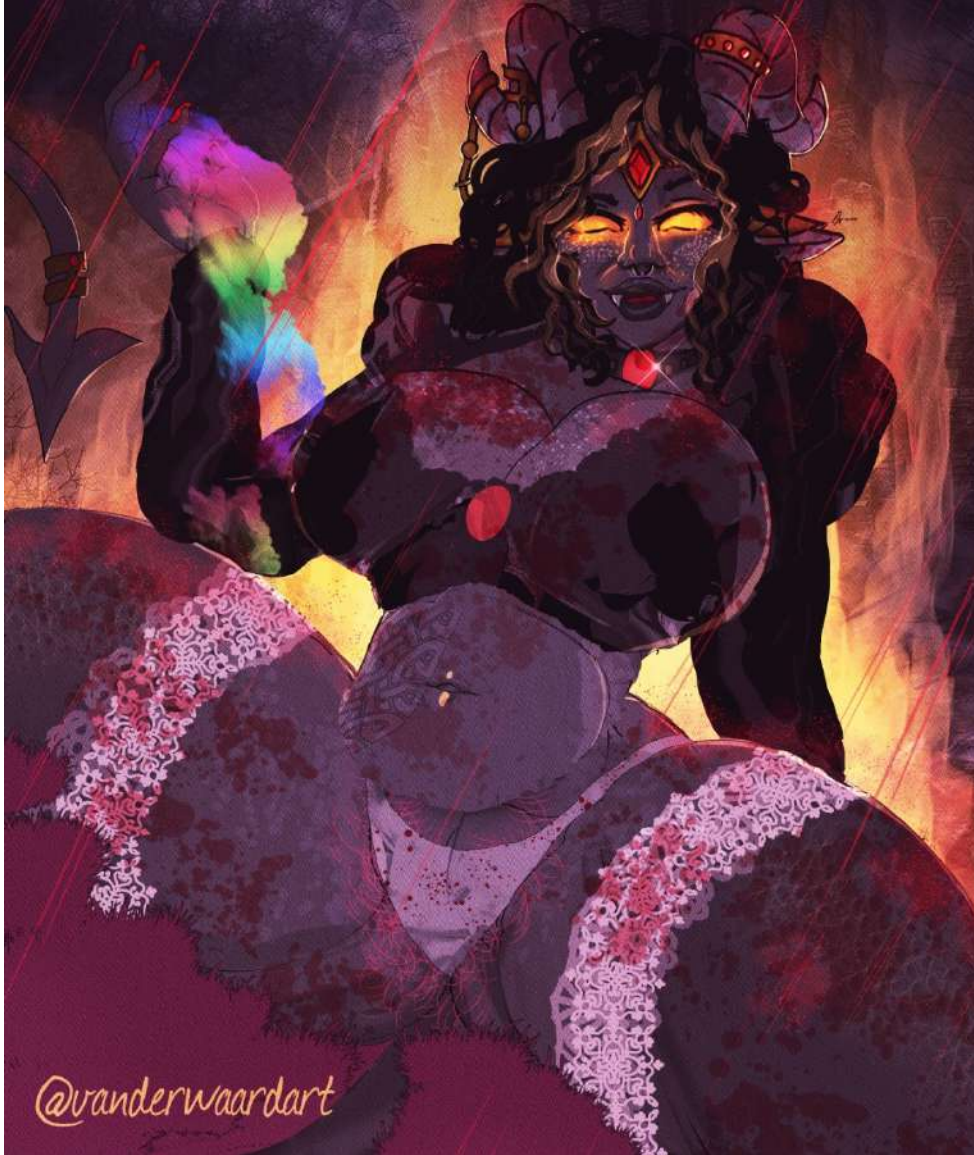
(artist: [SGT Madness](#))

Simply put, there's a million uses to one monster and monsters you didn't even know (or want to know) existed and kid-friendly versions and adults-only versions (if something exists, there is porn of it, or gender swaps of it, or canon or camp of it...) and palimpsests that stack on top of each other and castles (of castles of castles...). It really just goes on and on and I love it, but wanted to address here just why there's so much going on with the one's we have, and why I've probably left out your childhood favorite. Any bestiary is, like Hamlet's commonplace book, a scrapbook to fill to the brim, but is forever incomplete; so was his, and still *Hamlet* was Shakespeare's longest (and most quoted/popular) play. It became a madness that *seemed* to go on endlessly.

We likewise have our own madness, are pushing with our monasterial codex towards something great; i.e., a Communist Numinous we can touch on and brush against its massive vagueness and repetition (the Gothic caters to disintegration) through the monstrous power of suggestion. And yet, we're also touching on something that can be expressed by any monster through any worker alive (or once alive) to speak to a better future conceived through a shared imagination, a cultural understanding of the imaginary past as endlessly updating itself through constants and variables, mistreatment and healing. I've tried to account for that by including as many monsters as possible. For it, this is my largest volume in the *Sex Positivity* series, and also my favorite. I really hope you enjoy!

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I am the table! —James Hetfield; "The View," on Metallica's Lulu (2011)



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Please note: The table of contents per volume will only contain its volume's summary and list of chapters/subchapters. To access the entire list of volume/chapter summaries for Sex Positivity and its full table of contents, a separate PDF can be downloaded from my website. [Click here to access my website's 1-page promo, which contains all relevant download links/information regarding my book.](#) —Perse

—Volume Two: Monsters, part one: Gothic Poetics, Their Usage—

Note: Volume Two, part one is unique, insofar as it can be accessed predominantly [on my website in blog book sample form](#). —Perse

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(artist: [Drooling Red](#))

Volume Two, part one: Gothic Poetics, Their Usage

"To reach the Red Bull you have to walk through time. A clock isn't time, it's just numbers and springs. Pay it no mind—just walk right on through."

—*The Skull, The Last Unicorn* (1982)



Volume Two's poetry and monster modules encapsulate Gothic poetics from two different ends; i.e., that which collectively concerns the imaginary past as something to reclaim and cultivate for a more intelligent and empathic Wisdom of the Ancients, pedagogy of the oppressed, etc. As such, Gothicists fear the return of a barbaric past; the way to escape that under Capitalism is to break Capitalist Realism—i.e., by studying the imaginary past as something to learn from and create new liberatory forms of "enslavement" with. **Part one** explores the usage of medieval poetics (of monsters, magic and myth) when making new proletarian histories (the Gothic—of which the Neo-Gothic revives in the present); **part two** reverses the

arrangement, examining the history of these monstrous poetics in two basic modules that *future* workers can learn from while thinking like Gothic poets—through monstrous *creation* that represents struggle through monstrous *identity* as paradoxically pleasurable, cathartic.

When there's hell to pay and Medusa's out for blood, neither oral nor written traditions are enough to avoid state shift by themselves; they must be combined and considered as such: a new combination of both to avoid disaster with—holistically pushing for post-scarcity as something whose slow-but-steady progression moves as quickly away from older harmful systems as it can. This includes the uncontrolled chaos of the natural world as enslaved by Cartesian forces. Capital is an old, brutal system that enslaves nature to profit from its cheapening (thus genocide). We want to be stewards of nature (thus ourselves) by transforming capital (and "Rome") from within using Gothic poetics as oral and written, half-real.

Monster Volume Outline, part one

"Didn't you just love the picture? I did! But I just felt so sorry for the creature at the end!"

"What'd you want, for him to marry the girl?"

"He was kind of scary looking, but he wasn't really all bad! I think he just craved a little affection! You know—the sense of being loved, needed, wanted?"

—*The Girl and Richard Sherman, The Sever-Year Itch (1955)*

This is the volume outline for Volume Two. The first half will be the same for parts one and two, summarizing the goal of the whole volume; the second half will list and summarize the main chapters/modules per volume half.

Capitalism leads to universal alienation, sexualization and fetishization to serve profit, which has a functional opposite—worker liberation. This means that monsters speak to the evil in and around us as a historical-material consequence of those dialectical-material forces. They take infinite forms, but *do* fall into some fairly distinct classes.

To that, Volume Two is composed of various essays/chapters, but primarily three modules that divide the volume in two, before segueing into Volume Three: our Poetry Module and Monster Modules, which holistically invite readers to partake in all monsters to find what is useful between them. That is, rather than focus on one exclusively for the entire book, my focus is diversity-as-strength to contribute towards monstrous pedagogies of the oppressed; i.e., on holistic modularity *with emphasis as needed* to better illustrate (thus achieve) intersectional solidarity through oppositional praxis, mid-synthesis. To that, I implore you to try things out—to mix, match and combine rather than specialize in just one, when making your own. Most people *have* a preference, but most monsters are also quite



flexible, walking the line between demon, undead and/or animal during the Gothic's fatal nostalgia and "exploitation" put into quotes; the more flexible the monster, the more flexible the *mind* using it as a critical humanizing lens. I try to cover the classic monsters, here, but may leave something out:

(artist: [Oh No Justino](#))

The state and workers are always at odds; the Gothic fixates on nature as fetishized and alien (monstrous-feminine) to better notify workers of the state in decay—i.e., as data that manifests linguo-materially as pain, stress and death in various half-real forms (meaning "between fiction and non-fiction"). The Poetry Module focuses on the poetic procedure regardless of the monster type; by comparison the Monster Modules consist of two primary halves—*undead* and *demonic*—of which animals (and other nature-themed beings) are included in the demonic side. This being said, there *is* an undead component to nature-as-alien being harvested by Cartesian forces, leading my thesis volume to argue (and my manifesto to both simplify and expound upon):

As a kind of deathly theatre mask, something else that's equally important to consider about demons and the undead (and which we'll bring up throughout the entire book) is that *animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms*; i.e., stigma animals relayed through demonic BDSM and rituals of power expression and exchange that embody hunters and hunted, predators and prey that play out through the ongoing battles and wars of culture, of the mind, of sexuality and praxis as traumatized: marked for trauma or by trauma that parallel our green and purple doubles onscreen.

So when I say "animalized" *vis-à-vis* Gothic aesthetics, this is predominantly what I mean ([source](#)).

All monsters are alien; Capitalism, Volume One argued, chattelizes workers to serve profit, making them (and those peoples and places in connection with them) alien *and* fetishized, thus ready to be abused in all the ways that Capitalism demands in order to profit. In turn, power and material flow towards the state through the ghost of the counterfeit's process of abjection; i.e., by sexualizing everything to serve profit through Gothic poetics that flow power towards the state. As my thesis statement from Volume Zero argues:

Capitalism dimorphically sexualizes all work to some degree, including **sex work**, resulting in sex-coercive media and gender roles via universal alienation through monstrous language; this requires an **iconoclasm** to combat the systemic bigotries that result—a (as the title reads) 'liberating of sex work under Capitalism through iconoclastic art.' **Gothic Communism** is our ticket towards that end ([source](#)).

All in all, the Gothic plays with the past as monstrous. Put in more blunt language, the monstrous past becomes something to, at times, quite literally fuck

with, mid-consumption; i.e., in ways that cross undead, demonic and animalistic forms during a social-sexual ritual of some kind or another as meant to humanize the dehumanized: the alien, the *other* as normally ripe for slaughter by Cartesian forces, but for us expresses in delicious, food-like forms of theatre that are quite old—the Comedy and the Drama, but also the Ancient Romance revived in Neo-Gothic forms. On the Internet, workers can take things further than historical forms have dared to. We can embody the imaginary past as something to recultivate in ways that change the flow of things by literally fucking with it ourselves:



(exhibit 33b1b: Model and artist: Jericho and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Often, an effective way to humanize monsters is to romance them; e.g., *Beauty and the Beast* or *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* [1954]. However, those narratives "transform" the monster, either killing/banishing them [as with the Creature] or converting them into an acceptable human shape [the Beast]. The latter is as much a historical-

material concession of the princess as it is the monster itself: the canonical "kissing of toads," hoping they turn into princes [which isn't really fair to actual toads or those who identify with them. Indeed, many monster-fuckers hope the monster stays exactly the way it is].)

These are the primary sections/chapters of **part one** of the volume. Modules are sections that concern multiple chapters (which divide into subchapters that I will not list/summarize here):

[The Poetry Module Is Out! A Preface Written Afterwards \(opening\)](#): A preface I wrote after the initial volume released, to comment on the mirror like nature of trauma; i.e., as something to communicate differently by pro-state and pro-worker forces with a shared aesthetic on the same surfaces, but from different sides of the cryptonymic equation (revolutionary vs complicit). Uses Jordan Peele's *Us* (2019) as a reference point; critiques Natalie Wynn (aka [Contrapoints](#)).

[Learning from the Monstrous Past \(chapter\)](#): As the symposium in Volume One concluded, the us-versus-them dichotomy of state abuse must be reclaimed as

it presents itself—through monstrous language canonically furthering Cartesian hegemony on the world stage; i.e., people vs monsters, insofar as people within the Imperial Core are *also* monsters (the in-group) attacking those the state has alienated from them (the out-group) and taught them to fetishize, commodify and control: themselves, generally within a concentric fringe whose Imperialist profit motive—through Capitalism decaying by design, mid-crisis—slowly comes home to empire (which the myopia of Capitalist Realism attempts to downplay and disguise at all moments; e.g., the monomyth of Tolkien or Cameron's refrain in videogames, thus videogame forms: "Kill 'em all!").

Brace for Impact: Harmony's Castle Black (module): A "primer for the primer," the Poetry Module devotes to thinking about the Humanities as a Gothicism would: through monstrous poetics. Inspired by my friend and muse, [Harmony Corrupted](#).

Capitalism treats bodies as monstrous to compel and enslave workers through set intended uses that serve the profit motive (thus genocide) through Cartesian thought; we, to liberate them using the same language—our bodies and poetic extensions of them and their sexualities, genders and orientations serving as a potent, emergently playful means: of storing and exchanging precious forbidden data per outing to challenge Capitalist Realism as a settler-colonial project. In this volume, then, we'll be playing with monsters you'll undoubtedly have seen before (often as little [sex] toys), but will be asked to think about now in ways that may seem new and strange to you *and* me (and I've been doing this awhile); re:



"Returning and reflecting upon old points after assembling them is a powerful way to understand larger structures and patterns (especially if they're designed to conceal themselves through subterfuge, valor and force). It's what holistic study (the foundation of this book) is all about." The shape doesn't matter provided the *function* (and flow of power) is consistent—for and towards workers united in a Cause that is in-the-flesh, intuitive, second-nature. The continual idea, then, is a constellation to reassemble and reflect on trauma in a holistic manner using monsters to liberate workers (and their bodies) with; i.e., to illustrate mutual consent with Gothic poetics to break Capitalist Realism once and for all. "New vistas of reflection," indeed!

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Extension (for v1.2): Here's a pair of in-between chapters I wrote while prepping the Monster Modules; they begin to much more thoroughly explore two concepts that will come up both in Volume Two, part two and in Volume Three: the problem of tokenization and the puzzle of rape play when using Gothic poetics during oppositional praxis. Originally intended to go with Volume Two, part two (the Monster Modules), I have since decided to transplant them into Volume Two, part one as their inclusion here feels more appropriate. As usual, Harmony Corrupted makes a prominent return in both. —Perse

"Another Castle, Another Princess: Two In-between Chapters about Tokenization and Rape Play": Contains the chapters-in-question and outlines the point of this section of the book.

"In Search of the Secret Spell": Digging Our Own Graves; or, Playing with Dead Things (the Imaginary Past) as Verboten and Carte-Blanche (feat. Samus Aran) (chapter)": "Sets the table" by transitioning from what Volume Two, part one outlined (using Gothic poetics to make new histories/a sex-positive Wisdom of the Ancients) to focus on the imaginary historical aspect of Gothic ancestry we're always inheriting, playing with and subsequently learning from as a self-defining exercise.

To that, this chapter specifically outlines the riddle of exploring said past as "half-real," commonly as a functional/tokenized member of the privileged group (the Anglo-American middle class) whose various privileges intersect with various axes of oppression (similarity amid difference) that allow us to play with the past and heal from its older rapes by putting "rape" in quotes; i.e., to cultivate a pedagogy of the oppressed that acknowledges power abuse (which is what rape is) dressed up as xenophilic ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., a complicated, multimedia and transgenerational means of liminal expression that can serve workers or the state, but for us is a potent means of interrogating trauma to prevent it again in the future.

Back to the Necropolis: Reflections on Mastery as Backwards; i.e., When Camping Myself as More and More Gay (feat. Black Nazis and Castlevania)! (chapter): Considers our inevitable return to the Monster Modules as older writing that I will be disinterring and revising prior to Volume Two, part two's release. While much of the material inside they will be altered and expanded upon, the core material—the historical focus, subject matter and anecdotal elements I originally provided—remains largely unchanged. As such, I think it's important to understand the process of Gothic history as something to return to after considerable reflection; i.e., me returning to these modules' "necropolis" after having written them, followed by my PhD, manifesto and the majority of the Poetry Module as I released it on Valentine's, 2024.

The Poetry Module Is Out! A Preface Written Afterwards

I'm thought and rememory! Full of trauma, appetite and rage, my spells are orgasms! My hexes reek of power that can peel paint, strip peaches of their skin—to send your toenails growing inward, you mess with me! I shapeshift and impart fatal knowledge! I am Ileana, hear me roar! I am Revana, strong and brave! I am Persephone, daughter of Melody, granddaughter of Ellen, great-granddaughter of Mildred, the teeth in the night, the Queen of the Night, Titania and Tamora, and you do not scare me!

—Persephone van der Waard, Volume Two, part one (2024)



(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

First and foremost, the Poetry Module is out, babes! It is part one of Volume Two (with part two being the Monster Modules) and extensively features my muse and friend, Harmony Corrupted.

Second, in my usual style, I wrote the preface last and put it first (and it won't be included in the volume PDF until after I update v1.0). As a whole, the Poetry Module concerns the poetic usage of Gothic poetics during the dialectic of the alien; i.e., nature-as-monstrous-feminine being something to humanize (for workers) during ludo-Gothic BDSM, or to harvest harmfully during the same oppositional praxis except for profit (for the state): during the ghost of the counterfeit's process of abjection as a historical-material loop, a Torment Nexus. I wanted to comment on *that* mirrored centrism by writing an impromptu preface the morning of the Poetry Module's debut. However, this piece *also* contains a thank you to Harmony Corrupted and an About the Author tidbit (regarding me) at the very end.

Preface: Inside the Hall of Mirrors (feat. Jordan Peele's *Us* and Natalie Wynn)

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction ([source](#)).

—Shylock, *The Merchant of Venice* (1605)

Our struggle—to hug the Medusa as something to teach, to reclaim our bodies (our asses) as Aegis-like and disguise-worthy—sits inside a dangerous hall of mirrors. The state isn't just a war machine, you see, but a war *factory* (of factories) whose own spinning room of kaleidoscopic reflections stretches in all directions, remediates during fractal recursion into/onto all media: a dividing of the natural-material world into linguo-material false binaries and boundaries the state's servants can acquire, internalize from childhood, and raise then police into the future. To critique power as an illusion, you must go where its illusions—its masks, disguises and performers—collectively inhabit and interact in curious, veiled hostility. We'll refer repeatedly to Jordan Peele's *Us* (2019), but also similar media we've talked about before (e.g., Tolkien's refrain, Alex Garland's *Annihilation*, 2018) to explore both sides of the cryptonymic exchange (revolutionary and cryptonymic) and people I've written about in volumes I have yet to publish: Natalie Wynn, aka Contrapoints.



We'll get to Wynn (a queernormative defender of the state posing as "progressive") after we talk about Peele's *Us*. But first, a note about the state *before* we enter the hall of mirrors! The state are *master* manipulators and pride themselves in various trifectas and monopolies

centered around profit according to centrist dogma as sheer dumb force by those with their hands on the levels of illusion, thus power as something to fake. As such,

it's all fun and games until the white worker's family and friends start dying. But the state can turn that right back around and pin it on "the Reds": "'Stalin' did it." It's the same idea works with token groups as well (above), triangulating them against different elements of labor fighting for liberation from *capital* at home and abroad; i.e., using disguises they both share to scare and communicate back and forth during the same fracas.

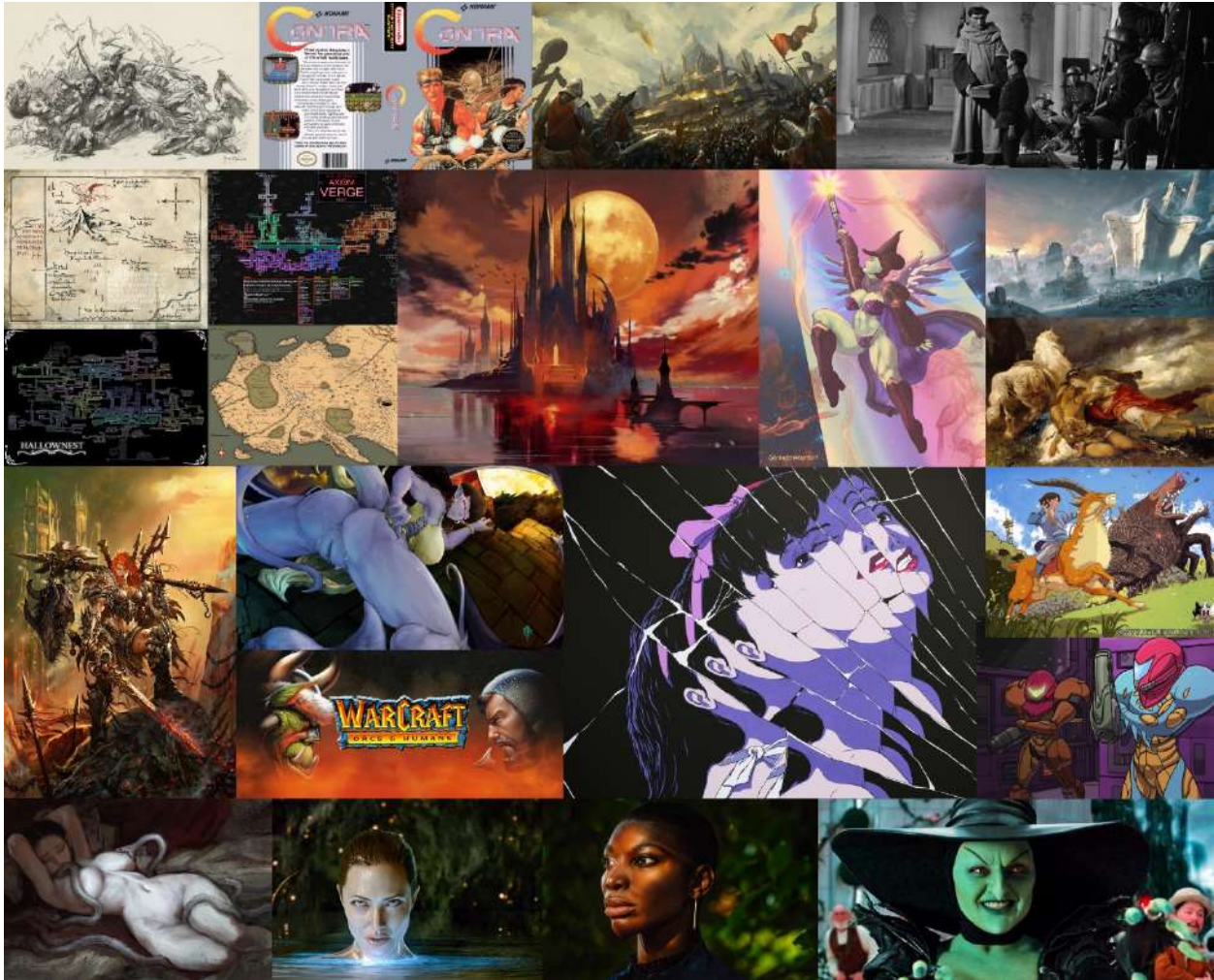
This reifies in material code as "corrupted" with ghosts of the counterfeit during the abjection process. From Imperialism without systemic racism to settler-colonial forms that crystalized Cartesian rhetoric unto Capitalism as we currently know it (neoliberalism), there has *always* a barbarian horde to rout, a dragon to slay, a slave to lynch, a virgin to own and whore to rape, a city (of victims) to conquer while calling them "enemy," "terrorist" or some-such nonsense. It obscures the usual function (exploitation and genocide) behind *all* the recycled glories, tragedies and farce that, per Marx (re: "[The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte](#)," 1852), repeat over and over (as I argue) in wider imaginary histories; i.e., whose recurrent syndromes (mirror, compartment, virgin/whore, white knight, etc) parallel their non-fictional variants in the same half-real space's liminal expression. Like videogames, the entirety of the exchange—its culture and materials—become something to colonize at greater and greater speeds, moving money through nature by raping nature as monstrous-feminine, and by extension, anything that isn't a white, cis-het, Christian male.

Except, this always mirrors the struggle. In turn, this becomes a framed narrative, a story inside of a story I shall equally encapsulate by making the body of the preface an exhibit in my usual italicized, center-aligned, parenthetical format. Step inside and look around... if you dare!



(exhibit, post: "Does the line stretch onto the crack of doom?" The spectre of Zombie Caesar [the Shadow of Pygmalion] haunts the image and its cryptomimesis, a Cycle of Kings to an infernal concentric pattern that rots on its image, hiding the

corpse of empire when Capitalism decays by design. Eventually, though, state shift will spiral out of their control, becoming something the entire theatre of good cop, bad cop [white knight, black knight] and their canonical castles [ACAB] cannot gentrify and commercialize anymore; it will fall apart and stay that way, the elite having dug their own grave [and ours]!



Until then, the mise-en-abyme [and its narrative of the crypt] yawns on and on, a trail of semiotic, ouroborotic wreckage that always leads to a localized and dispersed vanishing point [through Hogle's double operation; re: "The Restless Labyrinth," 1980] as something I encourage you to play with and reverse [to "start a thing, to put the pussy on the chainwax"]: show to reveal and vice versa as revolutionary cryptonymy needs you to—to survive and haunt our enemies until they lose the will [and bloodlust] required to rape us for the umpteenth time. The proof is in the "pudding" [the ass] as something to make war over and with. There is always another castle to storm, map to fill in, maiden to rout[e] and deflower, hag to behead, Amazon to bridle, barbarian horde to quell, treasure hoard to steal

[through force] and so on. Conversely there is always a double of that same castle, Medusa, throned or damsel that is saved, converted, and restored in capitalist monomyths. But there and back again, said refrains oscillate through profit synthesizing the thesis and antithesis of capital to achieve profit through inequality, lies and death always being required: the holy unto the raped, alien, reprobate and doomed, and vice versa. Like a double helix, then, our own doubles challenge state centrism through theories at work "on the glass," in small: revolutionary cryptonymies, emancipatory hauntologies, and Communist parallel societies [chronotopes] that reverse the process of abjection inside the mirror hall. But these, in turn, occupy the same liminal sphere, shadow zone, historical-material scroll written and writing through the spilling of dialectical-material blood. On its fractal recursions, you can see echoes of the Medusa grappling with Perseus, but also Hippolyta as subjugated [a class traitor I call "witch cop"]—of Galatea and with Pygmalion, of Capitalism with Communism's hypermassive imprints felt on lesser ghosts pushing and pointing towards greater Numinous degrees: "Stare and tremble!"



From Coleridge and Lewis, to more recent foils, this is a cyclical dialog at war with itself on the surface and its palimpsests; i.e., as for or against the state during liminal expression; e.g., Coleridge cries like an absolute, pearl-clutching bitch at Lewis' book: "Nor must it be forgotten that the author is a man of rank and fortune. Yes! the author of the Monk signs himself a LEGISLATOR! We stare and tremble" [[source](#): Pressbooks' "Samuel Taylor Coleridge's review of The Monk"] and we become the thing that he—ever the moderate playing the rebel and stabilizer for the status quo [scratch a moderate and a fascist bleeds]—fears most: a Gothic he

cannot gentrify through the looking glass. Fuck Coleridge! Make him squirm like the little worm he is! By showing him his own abject, stupid reflection. That man is dead, but we can camp the ghost of him on the same surface to chagrin the jackasses sucking his memory off by imitating it in bad faith ["imitation is the sincerest form of flattery"].

Firmly with workers in this respect, I'm nothing if not consistent in my threads [weaving them not to lead you out of the labyrinth, but transform it from within by befriending the minotaur [and all monstrous-feminine] as someone I lead you straight towards], but have had different things to say as I write these books. As I've said before and will say again, "If you want to critique power, you must go where it is"—must do so through performance and play as a potent, paradoxical means of camp [from Volume Zero]

Despite their poetic nature, performance and play are an absolutely potent means of expressing thus negotiating power through the Gothic mode (its castles, monsters and rape scenarios); a polity of proletarian poets can negotiate future interrogations of unequal power within the Gothic imagination as connected to our material conditions: one shapes and maintains the other and vice versa. As such, my own contributions to the Gothic are very much about making it sexual again, but also sex-positive in ways that Radcliffe (and her own venerated castle's praxial inertia) were not [[source](#)].

per my conceptualization of ludo-Gothic BDSM [also from Volume Zero]

My combining of an older academic term, "ludic-Gothic" (Gothic videogames), with sex-positive BDSM theatrics as a potent means of camp. The emphasis is less about "how can videogames be Gothic" and more how the playfulness in videogames is commonly used to allow players to camp canon in and out of videogames as a form of fairly negotiated power exchange established in playful, game-like forms (which we'll unpack during the "camp map" in our thesis volume) [[source](#)].

to the pedagogy of oppressed that ludo-Gothic BDSM entails [from Volume One]

As its most basic level, rape is a violation of basic human, animal and environmental rights enacted through Cartesian power abuse; this postscript concerns the complicated process that healing from rape entails— i.e., its corrupting presence through codified trauma, wherein the surviving of police abuse becomes something to relate to others through Gothic stories that constitute radical empathy as a thing forever out-of-joint: the attempt to empathize with alien experiences to gain new perspective. Such empathy needn't concern both parties equally and its Gothic dialogs concern intense, poetic liminalities still bearing an intense potential for disguise that is

haunted by the shadow of police forces. Even so, the postscript aims to showcase such a dialog and its phenomenological complexities; i.e., one held between two or more people relating through their interpretation of various texts they are either intimately familiar with or at the very least recognize the tell-tale arrangements of power and performance through traumatic markers [source].

onto Volume Two's observations

As such, ludo-Gothic BDSM is a potent means of interrogating trauma by which to heal one's home as sick with Capitalism. For me and my voyeurism, for instance, I love to observe the sexual gratification of others; i.e., mutually consensual voyeurism agreed between me and the people letting me watch them. I love being put in that headspace, that altered state of mind: someone else's shoes; i.e., one where that person feels good. It feels good to occupy a role attached to a real person feeling good in ways that I want to feel, too. I think that speaks to what my book is really about. Healing through social-sexual exchanges like these, but also slipping into different roles to face difficult traumas [source].

and so on. The lot of it is just part of a grander castle-narrative in a bigger hall of mirrors—ours, staring back at you!



[artist: [Asu Rocks](#)]

"Gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss." The state always sends its worst assassins first, including those that gentrify struggle and whitewash empire and rebellion as "already won" [the white castles are the worst, the moderate the biggest Judas]. Except something is always given up during the exchange; no matter how hard a state agent tries to conceal or divide through bald-faced lies, self-serving skullduggery and impudent displays of ostensible self-righteousness and sovereignty, they are Prospero during "The Masque of the Red Death" [1842] as much as Hawthorne's "Young Goodman Brown" [1835]. In turn, they echo the fate and behavior of powerful historical figures; e.g., are both Abraham Lincoln the martyr and tyrant; i.e., the emperor both sitting in the opera chair taking a bullet to the back of the head by the backstabber muttering "sic semper tyrannis," and the American executive ordering other men around him to die in wave-upon-wave as total war [and later, frontier Capitalism] always demands. Such persons purport themselves as the "real saviors of the world, the nation, the worker, the job," etc; they profess to love but coerce through patriarchal domination and guile dressed up as "feminine," "black," "queer" and/or other such benevolence as a narcissistic mask for their true purpose—i.e., Goldilocks Imperialism being the literal worst because it disguises transgressions in plain sight, claims that activism is over and done with [e.g., second wave feminism] and hoarding the war chest of such equality of convenience for tokenized members of the same oppressor group, the white cis-het Christian European's outer female margins infringing on marginalized groups further divorced from the standard to tokenize as well—to normalize them as mimicking their colonizers [re: Fanon].



We'll examine this much more in Volume Three. For now, just remember that "white people disease" extends to "white woman disease" to "white black people disease": a disguise the state approaches its enemies [us] with in bad faith. We need to recognize that and move past the tired hollow victories of Radcliffe, Dacre, and Brontë, as well as the incremental and imperfect observations of Carter and Creed, while also observing Rowling and other such TERFs exist among a polity that

is, at all times, already infiltrated/TERF-adjacent [thus fascist]. They mirror us and we respond through disguises that, through human language as dualistic, operates mid-opposition in ways they will try to treat as yet another thing to gentrify.

So we must always remember that and bear in mind; i.e., that while Capitalism sexualizes, fetishizes and alienates everything, there is still a direction that violence and power always flow towards: nature as terrorist, the state as good. We will always be alien in their eyes, and they will always be alien in ours. Except nature isn't white, female and feminist; it's monstrous-feminine, Indigenous, non-white, and non-Christian [often Pagan], first and foremost. Privileged groups that join serve as members of groups with intersecting privilege and oppression, whereupon they have more influence in middle-class circles, but also more potential as the middle class historically does; i.e., to harm as having been achieved time and time again inside unironic veins of the Gothic mode: the process of abjection to shackle, rape and behead their own kind as yet-another-Judas wearing concentric veneers. Often, they dress similar to historical figures they impersonate to silence rebellion in bad faith; e.g., MLK as evoked by Black Lives Matter once it became infiltrated and gentrified according to the same old false rebels [fascists] serving the same old-moneyed interests [re: Parenti] through masks on top of masks [me]: "In the End, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends." Even this is a paradox, the mirror full of motion and likenesses we must differentiate or die.

Such lying dickwads give cunts like us [avatars of a rebellious Medusa] a bad name. We're not "sick," "not imagining things"; they're full of shit but resemble us and we them. It gets messy but can be navigated with the right degree of skill and invention. Per us, you might call it "poetry in motion," a masked ball of class warriors versus class traitors using the same old masks' aesthetics of power and death [of red and black, of rebellion and enslavement] given new context and meaning as something to disguise both our motives. Like Bruce Lee in the Mirror Room, we shall weaponize it to upstage such impostors: "An enemy has only images behind which he hides his true motives. Destroy the image and you break the enemy."



So thanks to capital's endless influence over the trees and fruit of the proverbial orchard, we have to quality control for such bad apples presenting as wholesome. To that, I carry on with my muses and friends as rebellious sex workers should—united in a playful, counterterrorist reversal: ergodic motion, mid-castle-narrative, inside the text as going outward in all directions/on all registers; i.e., of challenging the usual ordering of violence and language [the state's binary of terror vs counterterror] through our upside-down castle-narrative's alternate histories remediating praxis as collectively [and on the surface of/through thresholds] threatening liberation by realizing how mendacious, menticial and downright cruel the state's "empowering" fantasies are; e.g., Red-Scare-in-disguise, fascism-in-disguise. Through play, we learn to see their monopolies, trifectas, and agents for what they are, no matter the disguise type [or number] they have on, their own stink of alienation and Man-Box cruelty always betraying them; i.e., once our Aegis gl[ass] reliably unmasks them as cruel fraudsters, hopeless dorks, weird canonical nerds thirsting for Medusa as something to conquer throughout space-time. In turn, they'll appeal to your ego as a pick-up scheme [which Karl Jobst once did more openly] to sell capitalistic dogma to you; e.g., "Hello, you absolute legends!"; i.e., in their own image as the half-real portrait of empire, of American Gothic, of assimilation and tokenization made nepotistic, polite, a bad joke [re: Jobst calling his son "Maximus Wong" as being an insult to both his own kid, but also an entire polity of disparate groups routinely colonized by the West: garden-variety Orientalism]. Combined, their dismal, hazardous effects

are serious and widespread, but also hung like a fatal, serialized portrait on the castle walls [source: [Doris Jobst](#)]: the nuclear family haunted by the ghost of "Rome's" genocides—by us!



The state always responds to worker demands with violence and lies. For every action, then, there is an equal-and-opposite reaction reclaiming the same aesthetics of power and death during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., they will literally kill ten of us and we figuratively one of them, but in the end,

they will tire first during the optics' tug-o'-war [the top generally does, especially when topped by the bottom]. We will break them of these old, savage and sinister habits by showing them that our asses belong to us, meaning "human, unafraid, ready to fight back until the end of time": our "crack of doom," the Medusa a likeness of itself whose "fat-bottomed girls [and boys, enbies, etc] make the rockin' world go 'round!" So many asses, big and small, drawn and photographed, during artistic nudism [asexual expression] and sexual relations being a complex, negotiated illustration of mutual consent in opposition to the state; i.e., against the usual slavers of worker asses, said asses fucking back against the bourgeoisie aping them. Making art with ourselves/among ourselves, we take the booty back in all its forms: on what Segewick calls "the imagery of the surface"—on the glass or miniature as a photograph or illustration, but also a conversation, a livestream that isn't strictly parasocial: "When you gaze into the booty, the booty gazes into you" as potentially pro-worker or pro-state.

As such, the ass is a class-war symbol of Medusa that, unto itself remains ambiguous, hence must be invigilated by context as something to glean on itself. As per my usual style, I can explain such consent after the fact as sex-positive: made by a variety of friends taking back our asses, but also the surfaces they appear on; i.e., to war against the state through reclaimed disguises, markers of trauma, of flesh and the power it holds. The only way to survive is to hold onto each other's asses for dear life, lest the fascist pigs rip us away one by one for "reeducation" purposes. That can snowball, so we must become not just like stained glass windows, concentrically framed, but rabid widows to an indomitable church; i.e., "hydrophobic" to fascists like water off a duck's ass ["slippery when wet," as Bon Jovi put it]:

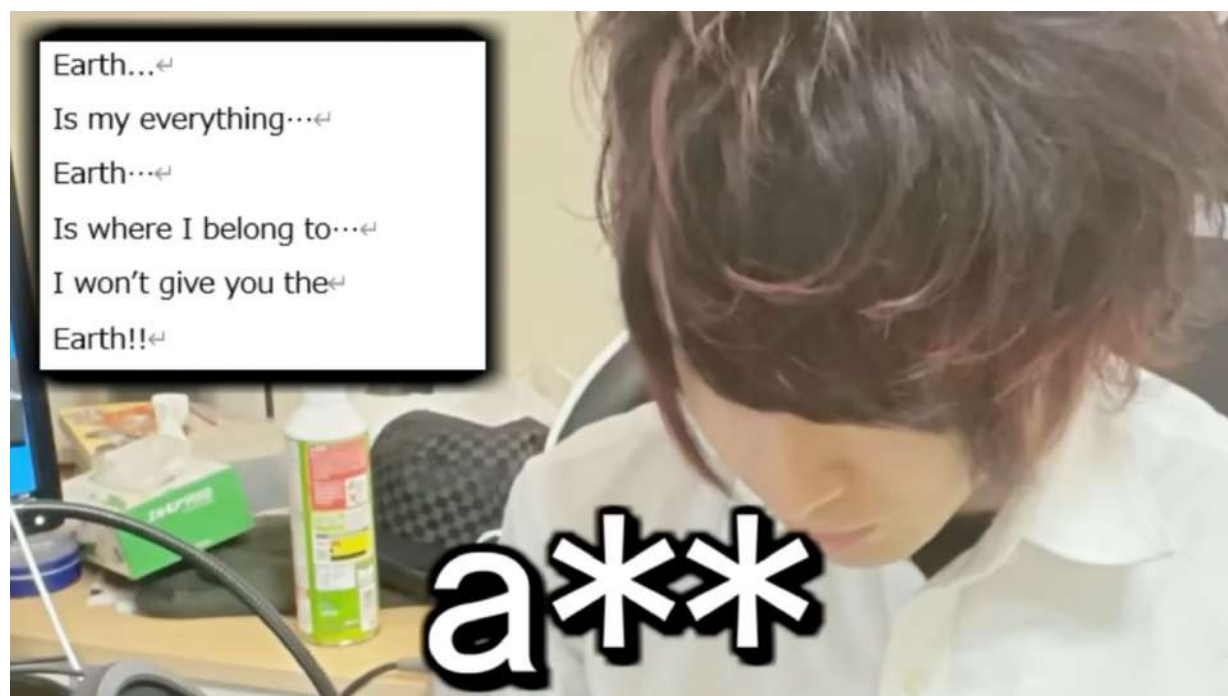
[artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#)]



"Baby got back." And not just me invigilating the booty as xenomorphic/xenophilic—but rather all of the booties announcing ironically as one against the state: enriched and masterful, emblematic of emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness; i.e., raising Hell as our pandemonium to maliciously erect such monuments, thumbing capital in the myopic/panoptic eye [of conquest] with our own pink and brown eyes' paradoxical surveillance. We haunt the wider cathedral in cathedral-esque bodies that contribute to

a parallel chain of eye-like structures: a monstrous-feminine gaze with uncanny "eyes" freezing you, but also feeding on you, teaching you, as the undead do: back and forth, through more than one colon [that was a pun, haha]. Such fertilization and dissemination starts with our bodies, our gender identities/performances as trouble to make by camping canon using what we got: "We master their asses and ocular ass games by taking our asses [and their awesome perceptive power] back!" This inverted, reflexively performative concept of "Rectus Dominus" [as Trey Parker and Matt Stone put it] oscillates between parody and pastiche, canon and camp as increasingly blind or perceptive on the same sliding gradient's glass-like surface. But it becomes a hollow joke we can don like a disguise in the mirror hall, thus make perceptive based on things brought to our attention by people who cannot police our use of it, after the fact. We hide like chameleons using "their" camouflage!

For example, Jadis once introduced me to [Sora The Troll](#), whose video "[When Japanese Voice Actor Pronounces 'The Earth'](#)" [2022] sums up our own revolutionary sentiment well; i.e., through the informed camping of Japanese "true camp" [re: Sontag's "seriousness that fails"] of American kayfabe gone wondrously wrong [subtitles, theirs; context: a Japanese man playing a Japanese executive telling a Japanese person (also him) who doesn't speak English that they sound like they speak English, then making them play an English-speaking person despite the "actor" at first trying to insist they don't speak English, then going with it and doing his best to read the English script neither one of them knows how to accurately pronounce]: "Ass braster! ... Yuu aare... mai enemy!!! I wiru... kiru yuu!! Wizu arru my powah!!! Ass is whera I berongu to. I won't gibu yuu ze ass!"



The spectre of racism is there [so much so that it feels wrong to cite it, let alone read it aloud, badly imitating a bad imitation of a bad imitation]. But more to the point, it can become a post-colonial joke utilized by different groups to encourage speculative richness as something to reference and perform time and time again in spite of past abusers acting like they own everything they give to us, including our own inspiration and thoughts. There is no spoon, Jadis—no Dana, only Zeuhl! We must make the capitalist vampire afraid of their invisible reflection; i.e., the glass they haunt through their dutiful, more-visible servants, but also the eye-like bodies [asses or otherwise] they treat as equally mirror-like. Just as Harmony haunts the Poetry Module as my cathedral-in-a-cathedral, so does [Bay](#), [Crow](#) and [all my muses and friends](#). We get in their head through their eyes, living there rent-free as Imperialism comes home to empire, to discourse, to monsters in daily life; i.e., as things to embody in mirror-like ways that destroy the image of the enemy! We break them by exposing them inside a haunted hall of mirrors.)

Leaving the proverbial mirror hall (for now), you might feel like it follows you wherever you go. Keeping *that* in mind, I want to invite you to consider Shylock's soliloquy from *Peele's* perspective; i.e., consider "Hath not a Jew eyes?" relative to an imaginary double of the *American* world that someone *like* Shylock (an outcast) would call home, except it equally applies to an assimilation fantasy that is haunted by those who *cannot* escape the reality of American life as two-fold and out of joint; i.e., divided in multiple respects that Peele lovingly throws into hellish relief: a settler-colony run by white folk, and one where most of the underclass *are* relegated to the shadow world Red inhabits, one she describes to her above-ground double, "Adelaide Wilson" to remind her that none of them are really "free": an escaped slave is still tethered, on some level, to a freed/escaped one. Their shadows standing on the Wilson's lawn like Peter Pan and the Lost Boys (the former having had his own shadow duel in front of Wendy) is a clever inversion of the KKK reprisals of the Civil Rights Movement. Red and her own family "burn a cross" *by simply existing*—i.e., as a guilty reminder of middle-class black people crossing the white banker's redlining to uphold the ghetto. Despite seemingly having escaped, the token cops remain chained to the colony they now police *ipso facto*: by acting white at all times in response! It's a threat mechanism enacted in *both* directions through instilled division as a dogmatic show of force to behold and take into a revolutionary Aegis (re: the Darkening).



Once upon a time there was a girl and a shadow. They were connected...tethered together. When the girl ate, her food was given to her... warm and tasty. But when they shadow was hungry, she had to eat rabbit... raw and bloody. On Christmas, the girl received wonderful toys...soft and cushy. When the shadow's toys was so sharp and gold (or cold) [that] it sliced through her fingers when she tried to play with them. The girl met a handsome prince and fell in love. But the shadow at that same time met Abraham. It didn't matter if she loved him or not, he was a tethered to the girl's prince after all. Then the girl had her first child—a beautiful baby girl But the shadow...she gave birth to a little monster. Umbrae, was born laughing. The girl had her second child—a boy this time. They had to cut her open and take him from her belly. The shadow had to do it all... by herself She named him Pluto. He was born to the fire. So you see the shadow hated the girl so much for so long. Until one day the shadow realized she was being tested by God! [from their "first" meeting].

In turn, anyone still "in the cave" (and faced with such shadowy, mirror-like confrontations as alien to Plato's cave) will see the reflection as, like all mirrors, an *unequal* one; i.e., an oculus that shows the light side the dark and *vice versa*. Those in "Heaven" (a lie) look to Hell (also a lie) for answers—for social relief, generally—and Hell look to Heaven for *material* relief. Per the liar's paradox, they are true and false at the same time; for our purposes (Communist development), they must marry to end the confusion, making such pro-state *and* pro-worker abjections and counterfeits eventually disappear—in short, to develop Communism as a Gothic *poiesis*, my dears. Except, those "who made" it will classically tokenize in ways that extend to *any* assimilated group as allergic to the idea, save as a

narcissistic strawman they can use to *deny* the truth of class and culture warfare to the masses: dogma.



For example, Natalie Wynn aka Contrapoints' "[Envy](#)" (2022) describes Peele's nightmare as class envy to *uphold* the status quo, ignoring the reason why such a warring shadow dialog exists to begin with—not for someone *like* Nietzsche⁴¹ making an unironic case for *resentissment* as helping to the elite; i.e.,

Wynn—a white, gentrified trans woman—projecting onto the Wilson family seeking revenge by proxy on their white straight neighbors. It's "turtles all the way down," the diegetic and metatextual pairs working a la Robert Reveille, *except* the class and race character are of an assimilated fantasy that both doesn't fit in and punches down at members of their own kind who appear where *they* aren't welcome.

For Wynn, the unwelcome group are enbies and their dialogs bothering the bougie bitch (Essence of Thoughts "[Let's Discuss ContraPoints' Open Worship of Domestic Abuser, Buck Angel](#)," 2021). For the *Wilson*s, their gatekeeping also works for the middle class; i.e., by adopting a white, gentrified position between the elite and those they dominate and control: black skin, white masks. Back and forth, this is likewise felt on Wynn as a reflection/projection of class-dormant sentiments gleaned through her interpretation of the other group in Peele's story—i.e., the *hermeneutics* of a given performance as speaking about other texts that, combined, make a meta statement. They're both class traitors, but appear as rebels, as people who should know better. Such collisions challenge whatever copy that results—a fact felt as much in-text as ostensibly outside of itself (there is no outside of the text, but I digress); e.g., the true Adelaide—the one with humanity actually being *Red*, with the ravaged vocal chords—and the one that *appears* normal is the imposter having thrown her double under the bus to steal a tokenized family that wasn't hers! She did it as a little girl, and later as an adult defending what's "hers."

Except shadows are inkblots that don't yield singular interpretations. Dogma tries to force those; iconoclasm acknowledges revolutionary forms of cryptonymy amid complicit ones that a) exist on a gradient, and b) provide people like Wynn

⁴¹ Which, in this case, *is* Wynn prescribing dogma as something she, on some level, sees the world through; i.e., "green-eyed" herself, regardless if her meta dialog would seem to deny it, *ipso facto*.

"gobstopper masks" (our aforementioned "concentric veneers") to lure you with theatrical sweetness. We must expose it not just as a "caramel onion," but a *glass* one to double and play with when beheading Baroness Von Bon Bon as queen of *Candyland* (1949): a sugary bad imitation of Monopoly becoming unironic in Wynn's case. It's bad drag! Bad(-faith) acting! Bad *education*. We have to challenge that "in kind": as *de facto* sex-positive educators standing in intersectional solidarity as a *function* of power reversed towards workers, *ipso facto*. No gods or masters under Communism; no queens of a neoliberal, queer-boss, NERF⁴² sort (we'll unpack this all in Volume Three, I promise):



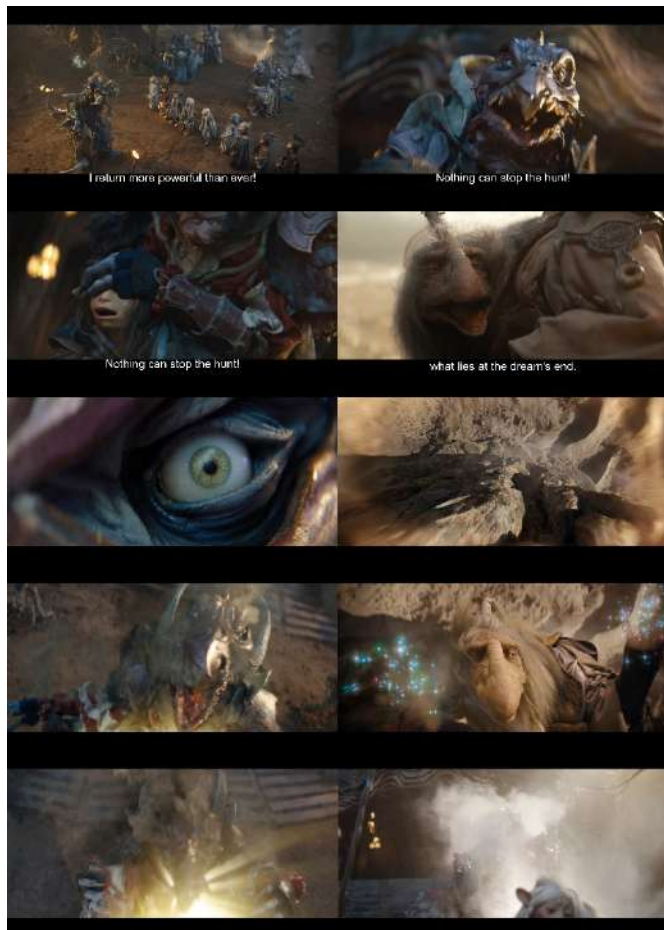
This duality and conflict amid fourth dimensional doubles (the chronotope as a meta castle to wander through), yields confusion across the *mise-en-abyme* at any part of it, *about* any part of it. As such, it could just as easily be argued that the *inverse* is also true—that Red and Adelaide are less discrete halves and more two sides of

the same coin that, per a mirror, jump between subject and reflect during class war as a failed "mirror test" (re: Lacan): the inability to tell friend from foe in relation to one's position as tested by factors that complicate through the existence of doubles; i.e., anything that invites troubling comparison amid agitated confusion that endures *after* the mirror is broken or seemingly put away/exited. As such, the presence of rebellion is complicated by religious indoctrination and class envy (a middle-class strawman) that muddies the waters during the mirror operation as a double operation *doubled* (on and on).

It gets messy and understandably confusing amid all the masks, costumes, and mirrors, *et al.* It also "tethers" (as Peele calls it) in ways that link us not just to one form of abject baggage, but palimpsests that fade and return; e.g., the Skeksis and the Mystics speaking to a divided whole whose dreadful synthesis is seen as

⁴² Non-binary Exclusionary Radical Feminist; i.e., what I called Contrapoints back in 2022, *vis-à-vis* their "Envy" video. This was a video of theirs I originally critiqued back in 2022 after watching Essence of Thought's video, "Let's Discuss ContraPoints' Open Worship of Domestic Abuser, Buck Angel" (2022). I had written it while looking for TERFs to critique, then came across what I decided to call "NERF" per Contrapoint's enbyphobic behaviors. Except, I eventually removed said critique from my original 2022 blogpost, which stays up as "[Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism: Manifesto](#)" but *doesn't* include the section about Wynn anymore. I didn't remove my critique of her because I *changed* my mind; I took that section down and converted it into a book manuscript, which wound up having a lot of stuff go in *front* of the Wynn critique: my PhD (Volume Zero), manifesto (Volume One) and Humanities primer (Volume Two, parts one and two). As such, the piece critiquing Wynn is actually towards the end of *Sex Positivity* as it presently exists: in Volume Three, part two, which I won't be releasing until closer to the end of the year (though probably early 2025, if I'm being honest). Until then, it's nice to include something of the Wynn polemic in a volume of *Sex Positivity* that *is* currently online (maybe I'll release Wynn's critique in a separate blogpost sometime soon).

literally Jim Henson's version of the end of the world, his take on Capitalist Realism during the early '80s that would survive him and briefly revive in 2019 (the show being Netflix's queer puppetry one-off, camping the monomyth through Rainbow Capitalism as something to briefly free, then gag its good-faith jesters with):



(exhibit 33b2a1b2a: *The fascist returns from death confident the hunt will never end; he speaks to a crowd of fearful onlookers, the strongman forcefully blinding the one among them who will protest/challenge his fearful dogma. And elsewhere, someone across space-time upstages him through scandal as something to see through shared eyes: "Now we will see what lies at the dream's end." In an act of ritualistic suicide, the Archer looses his Black Arrow against the dragon, piercing his "heart" through his eye to bypass any and all armors to show him his fate: the rapidly approaching Earth coming up to swallow him!*

In that seminal moment, the divisions are made whole, transforming back into the androgynous steward of nature: the three-eyed Fate, the Medusa—Augra!

Her eyes are no longer blinded by the false gifts of the splendid Skeksis, and she returns from a long holiday to have survived their draining of her powers to a) surpass them, and b) stand among the rebellious throng!

The idea, here, is cryptonymy regarding the trauma of capital being plain for all to see, mid-performance—its puppet-like divisions being merged in a double operation that pushes away from "the hunt" [profit] and towards unity and post-scarcity. This is ocular, mirrored, a mask or costume or some-such simulacrum to theatrically externalize and suggest through shadows of Communism; i.e., developing in spite of Capitalism forcing itself onto the spectre to quell it—to rape and kill Medusa time and time again!)

Such a splintered, symbiotic refrain probably seems absurd, insofar as people are not quite so tightly connected as Jeremy Irons playing twins in *Dead Ringers* (1988): to see one side of oneself dead is to die of fright. But (and I'm speaking as

a) a critic and avid consumer of *The Dark Crystal* whose older work [e.g., "[The Dark Crystal: AoR - Sexuality, Women, and Queer Identity](#)," 2019] has clearly evolved, and b) an identical twin with a straight double), there *is* an element of truth to such fantasy insofar as workers are conditioned to abject other members of their own class; i.e., amid racial, gendered, and/or religious intersecting tensions, etc, that lead to feelings of self-destruction, mid-apocalypse (the word meaning "to uncover"). As Deborah Christie writes, in "[A Dead New World](#)" (2011), this is the intended and unintended *consequence* of Cartesian dualism—a feeling of alienation relative to the other that, per the process of abjection, must hug Medusa as a zombie made partially putrid from capitalist abuse: fear and dogma taken into the flesh, the mind, the soul as something that stares back (re, Marx: "the tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living").



This idea is not without its police agents; i.e., not just Adelaide or Natalie Wynn, but others I have written about who take Shylock's soliloquy as an unironic, unnuanced instrument of blunt force—an eye for an eye (from Volume One):

the elite want us to forget how all deities reside in *our* breast, that we are the devils of the world and the

Gothic imagination is *our* workshop. The world, then, can become one where non-privatized dreams and nightmares come true— that have the collective power to liberate sex workers from bourgeois tyranny and avoid the repeating of older historical materialisms currently unfolding during Capitalist Realism as it presently exists: weird canonical nerds like Autumn, who maintain these structures as they currently function—scaring people through Hell as a monopolized threat of state violence, not creative empowerment. We can all be kings, queens and intersex/non-binary monarchs under a New Order where vertical power arrangements become an awful legend of the tyrannical past; i.e., on par with Richard Matheson's Commie Zombie-Vampires finally(?) laying Cartesian dualism to rest in *I am Legend*, 1954 ([according to Debora Christie, anyways](#); source: "A Dead New World: Richard Matheson and the Modern Zombie," 2011).

In short, the idea isn't "just" a duel with the sun in our eyes, turning us into warring shadows; it is like a virus insofar as it becomes a madness that isn't restricted to one person or location, but a *folie-a-deux* and *chez folie* that can haunt those who try to assimilate with the reality that they will *never* be free from these

haunting sensations unless Capitalism (the ultimate mirror) is broken and passed through into Communism. We gotta slug it out amongst that myopia and *mise-en-abyme*.

The problem (and one not aided by sell-outs like Wynn playing a queernormative Marie Antoinette) is that the existence of the zombie is seen as a threat to the status quo in all the usual ways; i.e., black and red seen as a vengeful devourer escaped from the slave camps that doubles as a government conspiracy to "clone" its own population to make them paranoid/complicit (an act of bourgeois zombification I call "lobotomy"). The paranoia is real; the cloning aspect is a *metaphor* that describes us-versus-them by virtue of the zombie paradigm: the giving and receiving of state violence being as much on the mind, *a priori*, as it is on the body *ipso facto/post hoc*.

Think of it this way. Zombies aren't "real"; their state of mind and dialectical-material tension is half-real. In turn, the Hands Across America initiative from Peele's movie becomes a cruel joke in practice, but also a mirror speaking to how zombies are people who eat each in service to the elite *or* workers. Peele is critiquing a real event in a double that Wynn doubles through praxis as hermeneutic and performative, staged. This was a real event that happened, and which Peele and Wynn have written about in response to older forms. Wynn is playing the critic by misconstrues Peele's arguments as someone with her own trauma and training (despite being the elite's flying monkey "witch cop," it would be a mistake to underestimate Wynn, if only because people see her as the queer Wizard of Oz, at this point). "We don't have anything here; this is our summer home," Mr. Wilson stammers. Like the Wilsons and their doubles, then, Wynn and Peele clearly have different ideas about what "nothing" is, but exist in a meta dialog (a *concentric* mirror hall *inside-outside* a mirror hall, relying class character and fascist sentiment); i.e., one that I can talk about regarding other people who have also talked about Peele's work as an imaginary historical commentary on actual events.



(exhibit 33b2a1b2b: Such commentaries dip in and out of fiction as half-real, and Wynn and I aren't the only ones who took notice and participated; i.e., with Peele in a larger dialog about the Gothic's ongoing dialogic of the alien that Us put to praxis. As Tyler Coates writes,

While Red doesn't explicitly reference Hands Across America in her third-act monologue, it's clear that imagery from the event made a big impression on her in 1986 (which makes me think, at least, that the 1986 scenes take place after Memorial Day weekend—meaning that Adelaide/Red definitely saw and/or participated in Hands Across America). Red admits that her plan to bring the Tethered to the surface included a big symbolic act, which is how Us ends: with a long, haunting image of thousands of red-outfitted members of the Tethered holding hands across a mountain range. It brings new symbolism to Hands Across America, an event originally intended to raise awareness about homelessness and hunger across the world; in the final shot of Us, Jordan Peele reframes the awareness campaign to show that Americans often turn a blind eye to the social ills that exists—quite literally—just below our country's surface [[source](#): "Why Hands Across America Is So Vital to Jordan Peele's Us," 2019].

The same idea applies to all false acts of solidarity delivered by gentrified organizers [white or not] leeching off marginalized groups. Such likenesses don't change how they factually materialize in reality as "half-real"; i.e., between fictional meta commentaries about them and meta commentaries about those meta commentaries, on and on. The common thread is, "beware of false friends during class and culture war as having multiple goals." The people-in-question might even believe what they are doing is right, but intent matters not; function does, and function determines function: form follows function insofar as flow is anisotropic—i.e., power flows towards workers or the state, mid-performance.



Keeping that in mind, we can observe all of these rememories and redoublings in any part of the Russian-doll-like hall of mirrors to isolate and expose the capitalist divider as, commonly enough, a token agent defending the Judas-style "privilege" of the middle class: to be a token cop, a witch cop. Wynn demonstrates this with aplomb—a fact I take great pleasure in ironically beheading our false Medusa to harvest her useful elements towards liberation. Oddly enough, this includes her lies and confused ontology as object lessons we can learn to recognize and avoid in the future during our own cryptonymy. She's a sex demon, alright—one serving capital as their useful idiot. It's paradox, given her academic background as something I can challenge readily and gladly with my own: "Bitch, the proof is in the pudding. You spent you education, post-graduation, making fans to leech off of and spout harmful dogma amid useful lessons. You punched up at Rowling and down at enbies.

From one failed trans-woman academic of a similar age and demographic, then, but one who surpassed you as a real rebel: "bitch, you suck." I could go on, but we'll have to put a pin in that for later. To quote Ashley Williams, "I'll get back to you!")

The mirror can break and still function, or seem broken by showing us things we cannot normally see. For Adelaide and Red, it becomes something to punch in *both* directions (as Wynn does), but also something indicative of the Jewish Revenge as having extended to a racialized settler-colonial paradigm, post-Enlightenment (what academics would call a "postmodern" condition):

How it must have been to grow up with the sky. To feel the sun, the wind, the trees. But your people took it for granted We're human too, you know Eyes; Feet; Hands; Blood...Exactly like you. And yet, it was humans... that built this place. I believe they figured out how to make a copy of the body, but not the soul. The soul remains one shared by two. They created a tether so they can use them to control the ones up above...like puppets. But they failed and they abandoned the tethered. For generation, the tethered continued without direction. They all went mad down here And then there was us. You remember.... We were born special God brought us together that night. I never stopped thinking about you...how things could have been...how you could've taken me with you. Years after we met...the miracle happened. That's when I saw God and he showed me my path. You felt it too. The end of our dance, the tethered saw that I was different...that I would deliver them from this misery. I've found my faith and I began to prepare. It took years to plan. Everything had to be perfect I didn't just need to kill you, I needed to make a statement that the whole world will see. It's our time now...Our time up there. And to think, if it weren't for you...I never would've danced at all [from their "final" duel].



(exhibit 33b2a1b2c: Note the various confused phenomenologies at work, here—at play! The white-wearing Adelaide sneaks up on the escaped slave [simply "Red," in a prison-like outfit] to backstab her, but the other is waiting—has been waiting all her life [and all her yesterdays] for something that, like Borges' "Circular Ruin" or "Garden of the Forking Paths" [the Argentinian author loved labyrinths and mirrors], speaks to the cyclical nature of history circling in on itself; i.e., as something to view like a mirror on its own materials serving as a gargoyle-like extension of ourselves divided by Cartesian thought: "Why can I not see myself in your eyes!"

Red has been waiting and, like the vampire with her concealed weapon, she wounds the "other" woman who appears normal and defending herself as actually defending capital. And Red, like Omadon the Red Wizard, infests the spirit of the class traitor to destroy herself and take her place: the Communist spy infiltrating through the duel as something to watch; i.e., the psychomachy, the Amazonomachy. Something is always given and exchanged. Adelaide's white clothes turn red from loss of blood, injected with the essence of Red through the fang-like scissors

[Shylock: "Thou called'est me a dog before thou had a cause / But since I am a dog, beware my fangs"]. She turns black in the shadows as Red also does, while the shadows of the dead look on from the space where they exist and do not exist [note the jump cuts that express this].

The two are scuffling when, somewhere in the tussle, they swap clothes but also identities in ways that "pass" post-duel as fatal to the copied party and the copycat: "Typically the subject being copied is terminated." This particular "Merchant of Venice" is a parasitoid, a wasp eating the caterpillar while mimicking it. The trick, here, is Adelaide is "dead" by virtue of waking up something inside of herself as much as it being anything truly separate/external. She becomes a corpse that doesn't know it is dead, an impregnated spirit of the dead—their unknowing vessel eaten from within of all Adelaide's submissive elements. Whether or not this is the case doesn't matter, either. All we can say for certain is that Medusa lives on inside the mirror of the person driving the family into a post-apocalyptic world.



Such a brutal "insect politics" [note the barb like "ovipositor" confusing who has who on the hip, above] goes both ways, of course. Just as Adelaide and Red duel and confuse during class war as gleaned from older clashes in similar liminal spaces, Natalie Wynn and I do. Except I know much more about liminal spaces and liminal performance [re: Metroidvania and ludo-Gothic BDSM] than Wynn does. Even so, I seriously doubt she is aware of me, and I very much don't resemble her to the same degree as Peele's doppelganger does Adelaide. To that, Peele is commenting on the historical-material confusions that do arise during class war of a racialized neoliberal character. I, on the other hand, am already "dead" like Matteson's Commie Zombie-Vampires. I don't pretend to be something I'm not; Wynn is "legend," in that respect: the fabled "Merchant of Venice" something to assimilate and imitate capital while playing the rebel. Sometimes, her mask slips;

others, its "slippage" is literally her costume: someone "from management" clearly got to Wynn along the way, souring her rebellious façade into a joke of itself.



By flaunting her wealth and playing the victim, Wynn is blurring the line between herself and her character as part of her brand: Natalie Wynn, Marie Antoinette, Contrapoints. She's having her cake and eating it, too—is pinkwashing class war to claim herself the token trans victim; i.e., speaking about her own class betrayal through Peele's story as something to weaponize against impolite rebels [you know, us actual Communists and not whatever the fuck she's calling herself these days]. She thinks she's the Merchant of Venice—the Portia to castrate men, mid-exchange. Bitch, please—your victory is antiquated and overshadowed by my trans rebellion actually having teeth for capital as the ones to bite.

In true rebel fashion, I don't need fancy equipment to upstage you, charlatan—just puppets, cut-outs, my body and my words. With them, I eclipse your joke of a "liberation" to expose your enbyphobia [more on this in Volume Three, part two] and token aspirations. You're still in chains, Wynn; I escape mine by reclaiming them, making them sex-positive through ludo-Gothic BDSM as good scholarship and praxis [unlike you, I actually wrote my PhD, by the way].)

Be it Adelaide and Red or Wynn and I, the conclusions of these unsatisfying face offs (a face-like mask behind the mask) speaks to the continued uncertainty that such a duel entertains, *post hoc*. Are those in black and red fascist or Communist (the usual shadow-zone connotations that capital and its proponents

[Contrapoints] excel at)? Wouldn't you know it, Wynn, I've written about *that*, too (from Volume Zero):

Our revenge, as a simulacrum, only *resembles* that of those who wrong us and counterfeit our campy legends for their canonical gain (Tolkien's refrain); our aesthetic is shared but our *function* is altogether different: class consciousness as **uncontrollable opposition** relayed in terrifying medieval language that is thoroughly more wise through hindsight; i.e., not just according to Robert Asprey's **paradox of terror** (which we'll consider in relation to state forces decrying labor as terrorists) but the hauntological paradox of "the Wisdom of the Ancients," whereupon old forms of monstrous expression have been updated for the modern world and its challenges to accommodate our needs as workers being exploited by Capitalism and its propaganda. *That* is our revenge—slowly camping the canon, thus the Superstructure, and reclaiming the Base through our monstrous, ghostly theatre as something that once turned on, can never be shut down or destroyed; it can only be repressed in forms that always come back because the elite cannot kill all its workers (not on purpose, anyways).

Shadow theatre and its mythic structure are nothing new. It dates back to Plato's infamous allegory of the cave and its mimesis as paradoxically haunted by the shadows of class struggle (the spectres of Marx, which in theory did not *technically* exist when Plato was alive, and yet whose struggles for emancipation include these older slaves that Marx alluded to in "The Eighteenth Brumaire"). Camus may have noted in *The Myth of Sisyphus* that canonical shadow theatre repeats to an absurd degree; i.e., Sisyphus pushing the rock up the hill as punishment by the gods. To escape it, we can't just *smile* at the gods like he proposed, but steal "their" fire on our own Promethean Quest! This means camping the canon, which requires repeated forays into Hell and putting the wrong things right at the source: our "darkness visible" and gods as stolen out from inside our breasts and put on the cave wall of Plato's cave! Tolkien's refrain/gentrification of war through High Fantasy is darkly echoed in stories just like *The Flight of Dragons* (which is especially treacherous because it argues *moderately*—i.e., as the voice of reason from a position of *perceived* disadvantage). We purposefully must camp the canonical nebula by camping the map as a source of class education through dialectical-material play (which we'll elaborate on during the thesis statement and "camp map"): oppositional praxis as playing on in shadowy forms dancing on the same cave wall, our darkness deliberate fencing back and forth with the state's blind canonical doubles like Errol Flynn's Robin Hood dueling Basil Rathbone's Guy of Gisbourne: ([source](#)).



Beyond yourself and I, this shadow duel applies to all kayfabe as dualistic; i.e., a doubled cryptonymy for workers dueling the state with shadow-like mirrors, masks and costumes as praxially synonymous and antagonistic on multiple registers.

To be honest, I liked Wynn when Zeuhl first introduced me to them; I disliked them once Essence of Thought exposed Wynn's enbyphobia; Zeuhl, an enby, tried to apologize for it and eventually stopped being my friend ("Red Bun," indeed!); I went onto to speak truth to power anyways, undeterred by the cowardice of either—doing so in ways that remain, high in my counterfeit of Merlin's Tower, me as the "Lady of Shallot—entirely unconcerned with making powerful enemies ("You have you sword, I have my tricks!"). As class warriors, we already *have* powerful enemies—the bourgeoisie. Exposing them—the vampire hiding invisible on the glass—starts with denuding their visible-yet-masked, lesser slaves recruited from *our* populace. To that, I don't "owe" Wynn or Zeuhl shit. Get fucked, traitors! We have to threaten them like this to some extent, because they will see *us* as body snatchers devoid of irony themselves: "Where you gonna go, where you gonna hide? Because there's no one like you left!" Okay! If *that's* how you wanna play it, let's dance, bitches! I've danced on this stage, before, and you don't

frighten me (I work fast, Zeuhl once remarked, but last long in bed; i.e., as a danger disco they ultimately bowed out from. Their loss)!



In other words, we can't just *prolong* the duel, *Star-Wars*-style, but have to be less veiled than Peele (echoing Milton a bit) and less bad-faith than Wynn in our own redoubling: Oh, Wynn, "Much to learn you still have!" You're Morgana crudely playing with things you don't understand (I'm being generous in *that* assertion), the real Medusa (not Merlin) returning to show you what's what. Me. Didn't I already kick your ass? Sell-out bitch, poser! I'll eat you like a cupcake (going "om nom nom" on "Baroness Von Bon Bon") and fertilize my own book with what's left! Anyways, "your spells don't scare me; I have some incantations of my own!" / "Behold, the power of [my] Darkening!" Cryptonymy is a double operation with an

anisotropic function, mid-duality. There will always be likeness and imitation of the sexualized alien fetish, under capital; we have to reverse the flow of power towards workers in a meaningful sense—to camp the twin trees of capital and replace them with our own parasitoids that destroy the nation-state and replace it (and its self-serving token cops/perfidious "representatives/gurus") with something beautiful *they* could never kill (or really replace)! Medusa!

Though currently attached to profit, such a mirror mechanism is called "divide and conquer" and it's a very old imperial tactic updated for soft-power and assimilation methods inside the Imperial Core *now* (a global, corporatized market returning to deregulation, thus eclipsing nation-states through corporate dominance on and across the same sphere of influence). The state was made for this purpose, and while admittedly blunt-force, it historically works rather well—too well, in fact. The bourgeoisie (and their proponents) are *not* constrained by morality but driven by *profit*. In a way, they and the xenomorph have this in common: the perfect enemies, doubling each other as pure survivors, "unclouded by conscience, remorse, or delusions of morality." Except, this applies to all of us differently during class and culture war as mirrored, which is why intersectional solidarity is so important when camping canon ourselves. The elite generate monomythic copaganda (from Radcliffe's novels to Nintendo's videogames) to defend "lost" ideas of childhood (fatal nostalgia); i.e., from Communism during Capitalist Realism upholding the status quo. In response, we reverse that with ludo-Gothic BDSM during our own ergodic motion's castle-narrative, the humanizing Medusa moving through the Gothic castle (the Metroidvania, or otherwise) as half-real during the liminal hauntology of war on *all* registers and media forms. Back and forth and in all directions, on all levels, we break the mirror to haunt its unbroken panes:



Doing so doesn't have to make "perfect sense" provided we dazzle and expose our enemies while getting our own humanity *across*. To that, the Poetry Module teaches you to think (thus create) like a Gothic *poet* regarding the Wisdom of the Ancients (the cultural understanding of the imaginary past); i.e., as a historical-material process tied to class and culture warfare—of interrogating the ambiguous and recursive reflections of state trauma and power inside the mirror hall, thus reclaim our own poetics from older *histories*, regaining as we do *our* power in the process. In turn, the Monster Modules will reverse the emphasis, examining the *history* of said *poetics* to better understand what we're up against: the poetic past as something to learn from when making new histories while synthesizing praxis to achieve systemic catharsis, camp canon, and reclaim the Base and recultivate the Superstructure, etc.

This volume, more than the others, couldn't have been written without some risk on my part. That being said, it's all in the butt, lovie—the power of the babe pushing capital out of all its holes and off its mirror-like surfaces!

Your Commie Mommy,

—Persephone van der Waard



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

If any of this sounds fun, you can [download the full module for free on my website's one-page promo](#), and access the other available volumes, promo images, project history and more! Access individual samples of the module [on my website's blog](#) (which has

divided *most* of the module into separate posts). And please, please consider supporting Harmony's work (on [Fansly](#) and [Ko-Fi](#); follow her @harmonycorrupted@noods.fun on [Mastodon](#)); this module could *not* have been written without her inspiration, and she does awesome sex work while raising awareness for sex worker rights on Mastodon (see her whole portfolio, a review of her work, ways you can support her and more [on her special promo page on my website](#))!

Concerning Martyrs: Learning from the Monstrous Past; or, a Humanities Primer to Humanize Reclaimed Monsters with

Capitalism has no use for people who see each other as human; it wants us dehumanizing ourselves so capital can function as normal, moving money through nature at the cost of human life. Capitalism needs us to die, so we need to remember and honor Nex' humanity. We must if some of us are to survive and develop a better world, one that Capitalism forbids us from imagining through Capitalist Realism (the canceled future, one where vigilante violence against "mutants" is expected and performed as a means of escapist fun). We need to stand together against the ultimate foe: the state and its enforcers, but also their harmful illusions ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Remember the Fallen: An Ode to Nex Benedict," (2024)

Capitalism is unstable by design. When you have economic crisis (which is engineered), you get moral panic (which is also engineered); from moral panic, you get persecution using appropriated cultural signifiers: black magic as something to woo and awestrike the in-group into a position of fascinated apathy towards all manner of out-groups. Anyone who is different is marked as such, driving an economy of witch hunts and police-state militarism tied to settler colonialism and Cartesian thought. At home and abroad, this vicious cycle is the creation of an enemy *ad infinitum*, often a supernatural, queer/alien one tied to nature, to Hell, to the exotic and far-off but also the close-by savage, sodomite and imaginary "barbaric." Presented as weak/strong scapegoats, these demon undead and animalistic personas are simultaneously ripe for the taking *and* responsible for the degeneracy of the youth, rape of women, and fall of Civilization. They are both infantilized and blamed for everything by those expected to bring these cataclysms about: weird canonical nerds. It's a con, then, one carried out by the gullible, zealous and cynical. Thanks to the monomyth as didactic, the colonizers envision themselves as "knights" fighting the good fight. Yet, they are Quixotic, with "courtly love" being a cryptonym for lust of the cis-het male sort: the open secret of rape as synonymous with "protection" in their eyes. Put differently, Capitalism is heteronormative, exploiting workers in sexually dimorphic ways that lead to state decay through Capitalist Realism: the world as parasitized *behind* the illusion, killing host and parasitoid alike. All the while, said nerds project their terrorism onto others, calling their actions "counterterror" to disguise settler colonialism (and its stochastic terrorism) while chasing their victims down. It's a monopoly whose process must be humanized by learning from the monstrous past as psychosexually *martyred*, stalling Capitalism and helping it develop into Gothic Communism; i.e., by subverting its heteronormative, kill-on-sight illusions with genderqueer ludo-Gothic BDSM iterations that thwart Capitalist Realism and achieve active intersectional solidarity from various marginalized groups working in concert.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Note: Such a concert obviously involves numerous parties of different inclinations and preferences united against the elite. For here, we'll primarily explore Numinous psychosexuality through queer monstrous martyrs (from homosexual men to gender-non-conforming people at large) as something to not only to behold in the present space and time, but evoke using iconoclastic Gothic poetics in our own complicated artistic expression (e.g., Harmony Corrupted, above). —Perse



(artist: Bernie Wrightson)

"Psychosexual" means "of sexuality and the mind," generally trauma; I further liken it to conflict—i.e., conflicting mind and sex, or "battle sex" through rape fantasy, theatre and play. So while Capitalism alienates and sexualizes everything in service to profit and all monsters are psychosexual to some degree, the *chaos* of iconoclastic monsters ultimately challenge the profit motive and its heteronormative, binarized theatrical language/performative roles (of sex and gender) as a delivery mechanism for *orderly* state abuse (canon vs camp); i.e., by anisotropically reversing Gothic poetic's flow of power (often through deception, concealment and revelation—cryptonymy) to humanize workers *in spite* of Cartesian hegemony (and its grim harvests) and Capitalist

Realism; e.g., terrorists and counterterrorists, but also heroes and villains (from my thesis volume): "All heroes are monsters, thus liminal expressions that are sexualized and gendered" ([source](#)). Challenging state monopolies by reversing the dialectical-material *function* of said labels (and their oft-pornographic⁴³ poetics) is

⁴³ Porn is very liminal, insofar as it can serve workers or the state during Gothic culture or counterculture; i.e., (from "What I Won't Exhibit"):

Porn under Capitalism is always a liminal proposition, one where canon conflates gore, rape, and general harm with supposed acts of love (e.g., *Squid Game's* gratuitous 2021 violence illustrating a generalized violation of human rights through misdirection and pornographic force presented as a "cute" game). As the title might suggest, then, *Sex Positivity* is largely about sex positivity as something to replace canonical forms of abuse with; i.e., *liminal* expressions of sex and trauma that lean towards, and help lead survivors away from, the status quo using cathartic monster poetics and sex-positive "demon BDSM."

This often involves a collective sense of humor that verges on the obscene and the bizarre; e.g., earlier I said "lactating furiously" apropos of nothing. And my mother, overhearing said, "It's like those pornos with women spraying milk on each other. People like that." To which I asked, "Why? Because you're waxing nostalgic on your state-sanctioned role of sexual labor?" To which my mother replied, "No, I'm reclaiming lactation for sex workers! Is that ok?" To which I responded, "As long as it's performed with some degree of irony then yes; i.e., porn is liminal, insofar as it can serve the state or workers." To which my mother said, "It's not for the state, it's for Communists! I'm going to get a t-shirt that says that." To which I replied, "Lactation for Communism! Lactate—with irony!" All very silly but iconoclastic nonetheless.

exactly what we must do in order to succeed. Monsters as (often queer) code, a messy shadow zone full of darkness visible. It's where the magic (and the sex) happen.

All the while, surrender and segregation⁴⁴ are no defense because the state *requires* criminals to exist inside harmful, highly unequal distributions of power ("Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will" — Frederick Douglass). Instead, we must short-circuit the exchange of violence by humanizing ourselves as ordinarily being the givers and receivers of state harm made into something whose sex positivity—the giving and receiving of pleasure and pleasurable pain; i.e., sadists and masochists during sex-positive demon BDSM—of which the establishment cannot challenge: "The givers and receivers of a state-sanctioned conflict reveal both to be human, one losing its ability to receive punishment and the other to give it. Both must happen simultaneously and *en masse* for settler-colonialism to stop" ("[Bushnell's Requiem](#)"). The state mustn't colonize us through fascism, thus decaying into fractured forms of itself (and Capitalism) through medieval regressive defenses of capital; it must be developed *before* then, from moment to living moment, as gleaned from monstrous hauntology into something that stalls genocide *altogether*. Though violence and force *are* required to challenge the state, liberation comes not from sheer feat of arms, but rather from subversive and transgressive reclamation of monstrous symbols: a pedagogy of the oppressed that makes us human *while* presenting us as monsters abused by the state. It's a tricky balance, mainly because violence as something to perform and receive are *not* the same thing despite often *appearing* identical; i.e., martyrs are generally raped by the state, which we have to convey mid-performance *without* actually getting raped if we can help it ("rape" meaning [for our purposes] "to disempower someone or somewhere—a person, culture, or place—in order to harm them," generally through fetishizing and alienizing acts or circumstances/socio-material conditions that target the mind, body and/or spirit): finding power while disempowered (the plight of the monstrous-feminine).

Again, it's tricky because mid-development, we will be criminalized regardless of what we do; but if criminals become *human*, then the *state's* power crumbles, not ours. The paradox stems from the manner in which those cast as monsters are designed to threaten the state at all times—either by making

⁴⁴ E.g., Nex Benedict (from "Remember the Fallen"):

Nex went to the "correct" bathroom only to be killed anyways by those the rule was supposed to "protect": teenage girls (in truth, the rules are coding behaviors that condition cis-het people [and token agents] to attack "incorrect" persons). The three attackers used the rule to isolate Nex, then entered the bathroom in bad faith to execute them (the rule *and* the person). In turn, the state's *ipso facto* sanctioning of selective punishment has been demonstrated by their shielding of Nex' hangmen (or rather, in this case, *hangwomen*) [[source](#)].

demands that go outside their scope of influence, but also because our mere existence *must* threaten the state and its actors; i.e, because the state *demands* the arrangement as *useful* to them. To survive this clear-and-obvious clusterfuck, we must become precious, saintly⁴⁵ and unkillable as monsters are, but also loved. As something to perform, queer martyrdom is instrumental to our becoming loved without demanding our actual destruction. *That* sword is always hanging over our heads:

Military optimism, [as I envisioned it](#) ("The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*," 2021), is the idea that you can kill your problems, somehow "slaying Medusa." But you can't kill Medusa because her life-after-death persona represents things that aren't people, alone; they're *structures* and the genocide they cause seen in the final moments of the damned. Theirs isn't a question of blind faith towards a *self-righteous* cause, but *conscious* conviction towards a cause that *is* just ([ibid.](#)).

Ideas are bulletproof and fireproof, etc, but *people* aren't. This requires terrifying those who would kill us for destroying the dogma they hold dear at the cost of human life—our life—as normally the required sacrifice for profit dressed up in American Liberalism (the give-and-take of basic human rights, *vis-à-vis* Howard Zinn, but retreating as fascists do towards a Zombie Caesar who eats workers at a greater and greater rate): a persona attached to various uniforms. This can be literal military attire, *vis-à-vis* Aaron Bushnell

The paradox for Bushnell is he made a choice to leave the security of the Western mindset, his complete self-destruction an educational act of siding indisputably with the oppressed by literally becoming one of their number. He was *not* the Roman fool falling on his own sword, but *Medusa* cutting off her own head to show it to the West and freeze them solid. It took guts, conviction, and profound belief in a better world. More to the point, it will endlessly haunt those people most used to Western illusions ("[Bushnell's Requiem](#)").

⁴⁵ In Dreyer's *The Passion of Joan of Arc* (1927), a member of the public turns after Joan is killed, faces her smug executioners, and declares, "You have burned a saint!" before the whole town riots in mass protest. Indeed, its ruling class *anticipated* riot, arming themselves beforehand to club the rioters and shower them with cannon fire. "Riots are the voice of the unheard"—a phrase once used by MLK but also channeled earlier still by Matthew Lewis, whose infamous novel *The Monk* throws the town into bloody panic after they learn a terrible truth: the Prioress has wrongfully imprisoned and indeed murdered Don Lorenzo's long-lost sister, Anges! In truth, Anges *isn't* dead, but the mob is too angry to care, burning the prison-like convent down. It's a jailbreak, directed furiously at a false, carceral institution calling itself "holy."

but it easily extends to more overtly monstrous forms of martyred expression related to state abuses of power on all registers. A state in decay will colonize, thus cannibalize, its local population from the outside in. Like Joan of Arc, we must transcend, becoming something the flames cannot burn, and for which rioting will result if the flames touch us. The state relies on holy violence to sustain its ranks, making the passion of *our* suffering and that of its regular or tokenized soldiers (e.g., *Glory*, 1989) utterly necessary to maintain and continue itself through a fresh and ever-flowing supply. If we can't fully protect ourselves, then we must sicken them to the bloodspill, our ashes carried by the wind to dispel the state's ravenous celebration of our tragic deaths:



(exhibit 33b2a2: Artist, left: Reubens; bottom-left: [Malcolm Browne](#), of Thích Quảng Đức, 1963. Despite the seemingly quaint medievalism of sacrifice, there is an awesome power and forcefulness in death [to say otherwise would be a tremendous disservice to the slain]. Except while America is fed on martyrs, they expect the sort that apologize for war abroad and at home. As demonstrated by Aaron Bushnell, an American soldier, and Đức, a Vietnamese Mahayana Buddhist monk, martyrdom can become a relevant means of protest that—despite a likeness to romanticized forms in service to the state [e.g., *Stranger Things*, 2015, top left]—specifically becomes a powerful form of non-violent resistance through self-sacrifice; i.e., as something the privileged inside the Imperial Core cannot deny or eat happily. Instead, it will become poison to them, turning the sweet taste of victory to ashes in their mouths. Time to slay, queens!



[artist: [Guido Reni](#)]

The idea is to "die" with irony insofar as death can be an effective mask whose terminal, holy guise likewise speaks to everyday non-fatal events: the orgasm. Except martyrdom, like sex, also involves a variety of performances that include our old friend, ahegao aka "death face," as a sensuous, at-times undeniably erotic evocation of exquisite psychosexual "torture" [the phallic, traumatic penetration of the arrows pushing deep into the sensitive flesh, but also fetishized⁴⁶ pressure points like the armpit: Saint Sebastian's second "pussy"]. To that, consider this exhibit a taste of things to come when we examine the palliative Numinous and rapture

in Stranger Things relative to my own undead trauma [exhibit 39a2]: Vecna, per the ghost of the counterfeit, actually being a disastrous projection of status-quo bigotries and systemic harm onto an imaginary other [the predatory outsider] that targets vulnerable fringe parties routinely sacrificed inside colonial projects by Capitalism and its usual in-group/token agents; i.e., colonial benefactors attacking people of color and white women, etc, while pinning it on a cartoon villain From Elsewhere; e.g., Max under Vecna's orgasmic, vampiric spell [rolling his eyes while he tortures and kills his victims, sucking them dry through rape and murder while gouging out the princess's eyes—skull fucking her]. The whole scenario is an abject metaphor for Red Scare and Satanic panic we can turn on its head to speak to our suffering in ways that don't peddle fatal nostalgia to the next generation. By reversing the process of abjection, irony can be injected into the torture, amounting to queer voices, for example, that speak through death as something to perform in

⁴⁶ The soft, sensitive skin, hair, sweat/scent glands (scent being a very animal, non-verbal way of communicating that's tied to sex). The weirdness of fetishes are generally arbitrary but often attached to a real-life component; e.g., when Bay makes me cum, my armpits smell like Lucky Charms breakfast cereal.

shockingly intense, boundary-pushing ways; e.g., Oscar Wilde's inspiration by Guido Reni's homoerotic painting of Saint Sebastian⁴⁷, followed by the homicidal pastiche of post-closet, early-'90s writers like Dennis Cooper having twins-in-peril expose themselves as theatrically "brutalized" but, point in fact, remain unharmed:

He lies naked on a futon with his wrists tied together, legs spread, feet jutting out of the frame. Twisted sheet, like a skinny tornado. In the first shot his long, straight black hair's fallen into his face, covering everything but the tip of his nose, chin, cheekbone, one partly shut eye. He's seventeen. His body's too tensed to be dead or asleep. That's supposedly a noose around his neck. [...]

Third shot's a close-up. His face, neck, 'noose,' shoulders, armpits. His tongue's flipped over backward and pushed through his teeth. The

⁴⁷ As Katie White writes in "How Did a Third-Century Catholic Saint Become a Gay Icon? Here's the Homoerotic History of Saint Sebastian" (2022):

In the modern era, the popularization of Saint Sebastian as an icon in the gay community often leads back to Guido Reni's *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* (c. 1615) arguably the most famous depiction of the saint (Reni painted six versions). Oscar Wilde was known to have adored the work, which is in the collection of the Palazzo Rosso, in Genoa. In fact, Wilde went so far as to adopt the pen name Sebastian while exiled in Paris during the last years of his life.

Reni's painting was similarly influential to the famed 20th-century Japanese author Yukio Mishima; in Mishima's 1949 novel *Confessions of a Mask*, the book's adolescent protagonist experiences a homosexual awakening while gazing at the very same painting. The references to the saint didn't end there—Mishima, who was himself gay, went so far as to pose as Saint Sebastian in a now-infamous photographic portrait, taken not long before the writer's death by suicide in 1970. The photograph further cemented associations between the ecstasy and torments of the saint's martyrdom with the homosexual experience of persecution throughout the 20th century. Wilde, himself, it should be noted, had been exiled in Paris, following a nearly two-year imprisonment at Reading Gaol in England for the crime of practicing homosexuality [...]

But what about these depictions of Saint Sebastian so resonated with the likes of Wilde and Mishima? Many observers, including Susan Sontag, have noted that Sebastian doesn't yell out in anguish amid his wounding but endures the torment with an expression caught between pain and pleasure. Sontag called him the "exemplary sufferer." His head is often flung back or forward rapturously. He conceals the depth of his emotions, experiencing both torments and pleasures privately, a feeling similar to the experience of gay identity for many men in the 20th century (and often to this day) [[source](#)].

The point isn't merely to suffer but speak through it as a performance informed by historical pain. As such, the "suffering" of the sinner-as-queer (not just cis-queer men, but all GNC people) becomes a paradoxical means of expressing one's anguish in ways that, uncorked, feels Numinously cathartic by virtue of releasing repressed tension, coping with nonstop abuse using playful forms, and speaking to one's forbidden, closeted self as frequently synonymized with abject misery by the state.

underside's weird. His eyes are alert, antsy. Each reflects a little camera and part of a hand. The 'noose' is neither too tight nor particularly loose, like a necktie. His expression suggests an inexperienced actor trying to communicate shock.

Four's a medium shot. He's facedown, wrists untied, feet jutting out of the frame. His arms are bent in a neo-Egyptian manner. His asscrack is covered with something that vaguely resembles a wound when you squint. His back, ass, and legs are generic pale teenager. His hair's studiously askew like in photos of '60s fashion models. His shoulders are pimply, narrow.

Five. Close-up. The 'wound' is actually a glop of paint, ink, makeup, tape, cotton, tissue, and papier-mache sculpted to suggest the inside of a human body. It sits on the ass, crushed and deflated. In the central indentation there's a smaller notch maybe one-half-inch deep. It's a bit out of focus. Still, you can see the fingerprints of the person or persons who made it.



[artist: [Coil](#)]

Apart from psychosexual martyrdom, irony is a broader constant process that waxes or wanes under the influence of competing forces for or against the state⁴⁸; including "death faces," "rape" porn without irony is simply rape canon as a form of state apologetics. Pleasure and pain, death and jouissance—such dichotomies often blur during liminal expression, insofar as this varies per oppressed group from moment to moment. So while it might

⁴⁸ E.g., 1970s Judas Priest is Priest at their loudest and gayest. Comparatively in 2024, they have completely lost their critical bite, chasing profit through an unironic Zionist edge (from Persephone van der Waard's "[Judas Priest: Invincible Shield and Zionism](#)," 2024):

as time went on, Priest sold out. Their critical lyrics became deliberately dumb—starting with *British Steel* (1980) into *Painkiller* (1990), the latter being something to emulate with *Invincible Shield* as pastiche of something that, far from becoming a joke, has become canon to espouse whatever dogma the band wants *to enrich themselves with*. [...] Likenesses haunt themselves as part of this hauntology. Whatever castles raised by Priest, then, *these* will be haunted by the very spectral and faceless, metallic things they *refuse* to sing about now but once did; i.e., using the language they've grown accustomed to abusing having the iconoclastic potential to push back against genocide. Priest, the people up close, don't care about that anymore. They care about their legacy as something to sell to Americanized fans worldwide; i.e., by singing about invincibility as a Zionist privilege they

be tempting to see martyrdom exclusively as a kind of "snuff porn" within psychosexual expression, it also exposes a practical utility to what's common and on hand. Ludo-Gothic BDSM and its assorted contracts of negotiated play and exchange put power back into the hands of those normally doomed to die from exposure to state forces with the devil they know to liberate themselves; e.g., the palliative Numinous; i.e., as something whose memento mori evolves over time insofar as state control of a particular group is relaxed or tightened, thus abjected or embraced in society at large. Historically, the separation of these conditions is futile and generally beside the point.

Coil, for instance, was one of my ex Zeuhl's favorite bands, and they loved Wilde and Cooper a great deal [in fact being friends with Cooper in real life]. Yet they seemed to take great delight in "torturing" me by exposing me to the perennial mystery of the beautiful sufferer as a morbid joke. At times it was puzzling and gross, as Cooper showed in Frisk. But, as he showed in his campy [and frankly terrible] movies, it could also be oddly funny⁴⁹. In Like Cattle Towards Glow⁵⁰ [2015] a young actor pretends to be dead for his partner while both are in bed. The other asks him, lying face down and naked on the bed sheets, "Are you still dead?" To that, Zeuhl looked at me and I them, we smirked, and then had sex; sometimes while we fucked repeatedly in the days ahead, we'd even joke: "Are you still dead?"

Martyrs are paradoxes in how the ideal of someone special generally becomes a "ghost" that survives them after they die; i.e., the rise of a mode of queer-monstrous discourse [the Neo-Gothic] that, from Matthew Lewis onwards,

invoke time and time again while Palestine suffers for longer than Halford has been alive ([source](#)).

Dressed up as leather-clad, Viking-esque, heavy metal torturers, they're assisting unironically in the torture (and forced martyrdom) of faraway lands by putting a Jewish police badge on their album cover:

They're not just posers, but posers of their former selves, arrogant enough to put a gold Jewish police badge (surrounded by the red-and-blue color scheme of police sirens) on their album cover [...] the Priest logo, already Jewish-like, is woefully crass ("That is an... incredible album cover," a friend tells me. "Wondrously distasteful. Evokes the smell of freshly licked boot leather. Zionist in the most anti-Semitic ways"). Suspiciously embedded inside another Jewish simulacrum, [it] serves as an unironic police badge in defense of British imperial shores ([ibid.](#)).

⁴⁹ Insofar as the Neo-Gothic, like the actual medieval period before it, treats "comedies" as both gallows-type humor but also simply stories that end well, thus aren't "dramatic" in the ancient sense of the word; i.e., death is allowed, but so are sex and monsters that involve "happy endings" at the end; e.g., Dante's *Divine Comedy* (1321) being told in three parts: *The Inferno*, *The Purgatorio*, and *The Paradiso*.

⁵⁰ Described on IMDb: "Several short films about troubled gay youngsters who attempt to resolve their psychological issues through bizarre fetish play or sinister self-expression" ([source](#)). Cooper's films are *exceptionally* bad, but still offer a unique look into the strange liminality of homoerotic expression carried forward into the present.

helped GNC people camp canon through Walpole's ghosts [and later Marx'] as penned by them, but also of them. It can also apply to those who fail to measure up. As I tell Bay in my fifth and final dedication to them:

You taught me that when you make a likeness of someone that you want to exist in place of the current version, you're making a gravestone of something that never was, but could be in the future with someone else. With you, babe, I don't have to. You're already ideal. But it feels like a fairy tale—not a delusion to erect and lose ourselves inside regarding a promised "better end," but a current palace of play that helps us find joy and healing together.

The "likeness" was about Zeuhl and their own failing to measure up after they sacrificed our friendship for something they cared about more: their husband and their life in Great Britain, specifically Manchester. So while Zeuhl the person falls hideously short of my deep love for them, their introducing me to Cooper and Joy Division/New Order, Derrick Jarman, etc, all went into the melting pot; i.e., became part of my own psychosexual identity as something that had to grow into itself overtime. It was a real witch's brew—full of darkness and pain, but also self-aware, ironic humor in the creation of future unholy delights. So thanks for that, Zeuhl. You still huff your own farts, though.)



For this entire volume, then, we'll investigate the artistic *history* of oppositional praxis as a queer defense mechanism that intersects with cis-exploitation by the state; i.e., past examples of the Gothic imagination as a precursor to Gothic Communism, poetically expressing the human

condition through older monstrous language dug up and reassemble in relation to Capitalism, labor and nature. As Gothic Communists, our revolutionary aim is to learn from this expansive, pre-fascist past by humanizing monsters-as-martyrs through hauntological *xenophilia*—an iconoclastic process and subject group that historically is ostracized by the process of abjection, itself used to sexually devalue *all* workers through canonical *xenophobia* and carceral hauntology inside the infernal concentric pattern (the Gothic castle, home as foreign, inside of itself as borrowed from past copies).

For instance, persons categorized as "monsters" don't *really* want to be made into martyr-esque masks and called "scary" by the in-group (e.g., Tom Noonan's Creature⁵¹, below, set—as generally is tradition—to immortal and touching music by Bruce Broughton: "[Scary Mask & Phil's #1](#)," 1987); they want to be accepted and loved, shirking isolation as a social species without feeling like impostors surrounded by a) people who want them dead, or b) who they feel like *they* have to kill in order to survive. However, their damned position within the out-group leaves them forever longing—desperately searching for a lost sense of community and humanity from those excommunicating them. As the pandemic showed, people don't want to be forced to wear a mask in order to survive, nor be associated with

⁵¹ The final scene to Fred Dekker's *The Monster Squad* (1987) demonstrates *Amazonomachia* well, insofar as Dracula is both a walking movie poster and someone who means different things depending on who's looking at him. Young cis-het boys and men in the audience will see him and relish in his indiscriminate killing of the police (one commentator gushing, "Nothing is more terrifying than the way he barely treats those cops as annoyances, not even bothering looking at them as he kills them and never once breaking stride. Astounding work," [source](#)); Leonardo Cimino will see the Nazis color code (and police-state malice) reflected on Dracula's black-and-red affect/murdering of the American doppelgangers (a scene from earlier briefly showing a camp-issued tattoo punched into his arm, specifically a *concentration camp* tattoo: "You sure know a lot about monsters!" / "Yes, I guess you could say that I do."); and Pheobe the little girl, when picked up threateningly by her would-be destroyer, will gaze into the terrifying eyes of something she doesn't understand (having little grasp of what the boys in their clubhouse [whose floor entrance from the outside reads: "no girls allowed"] are constantly excluding her from): "[Give me the Amulet, you BITCH!](#)" (SYFY's "Monster Squad at 30" 2018).

Coming to her rescue, Frankenstein's monster is also a walking poster, but through the walking likenesses of the living and the made-living operating together in the present space and time, becomes a *genuine* protector that channels Mary Shelley's original monster as someone to *vindicate*. Featured as regularly saving little girls from danger—i.e., the De Lacey family's, but also a child rescued from a freak accident—stigma and bias are carried on the monster's features, leading him to be punished and ultimately desire revenge against Cartesian dualism inside a settler-colonial project:

"I continued to wind among the paths of the wood, until I came to its boundary, which was skirted by a deep and rapid river, into which many of the trees bent their branches, now budding with the fresh spring. Here I paused, not exactly knowing what path to pursue, when I heard the sound of voices, that induced me to conceal myself under the shade of a cypress. I was scarcely hid when a young girl came running towards the spot where I was concealed, laughing, as if she ran from someone in sport. She continued her course along the precipitous sides of the river, when suddenly her foot slipped, and she fell into the rapid stream. I rushed from my hiding-place and with extreme labour, from the force of the current, saved her and dragged her to shore. She was senseless, and I endeavoured by every means in my power to restore animation, when I was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a rustic, who was probably the person from whom she had playfully fled. On seeing me, he darted towards me, and tearing the girl from my arms, hastened towards the deeper parts of the wood. I followed speedily, I hardly knew why; but when the man saw me draw near, he aimed a gun, which he carried, at my body and fired. [...]

"This was then the reward of my benevolence! I had saved a human being from destruction, and as a recompense I now writhed under the miserable pain of a wound which shattered the flesh and bone. The feelings of kindness and gentleness which I had entertained but a few moments before gave place to hellish rage and gnashing of teeth. Inflamed by pain, I vowed eternal hatred and vengeance to all mankind. [...] My sufferings were augmented also by the oppressive sense of the injustice and ingratitude of their infliction. My daily vows rose for revenge—a deep and deadly revenge, such as would alone compensate for the outrages and anguish I had endured ([source](#)).

the identity it puts forward as "borrowed," but sometimes we have to, anyways. Capitalism gives us no choice; either we adapt and put on the mask as a revolutionarily cryptonymic device to reclaim from our enemies, or they use the same masks to get near (face-to-face), then attack us at close range (exhibit 100a3) in a place we *normally* feel safe: among friends/friendly monsters, out on the dance floor, at home, etc.

The paradox during praxial synthesis is intuitive familiarity and recognition of harmful and non-harmful variants; i.e., a monster with a face that is mask-like, said mask worn by people who give the lifeless material a symbolic heft, a *human* face that looks *monstrous* to globally disempower the elite's ceaseless calls to violence. We must befriend monsters who are friendly to our cause, and embody themselves from a young age into adulthood. But this must also be provided and taught in ways that *challenge* capital, which paradoxically operates through the same nostalgia as a constant dialectical-material struggle, mid-opposition.



The *fascist* pitfall is to self-sacrifice out of revenge and emotional stupidity as taught from an early age by *canonical* monsters. For the oppressed, a far better option is to address and check for canonical stigmas; i.e., while simultaneously self-fashioning a fresh, xenophilic community for ourselves as we

grow up (twice⁵², for trans people): our people as something to find, but also *make* amongst ourselves by subverting the highly visible xenophobic strawmen shown to us as children. We can empathize with our would-be conquerors as "fallen" (e.g., horribly sexist, Cartesian men like Victor Frankenstein), but really need to focus on ourselves and the bigger picture: of internalizing Gothic Communism at a societal level. Doing so doesn't make us "apathetic," nor preclude tears for the wretched as hostile towards us; it's merely being practical while fighting for a better world that will help everyone as we dodge state attacks through workers triangulated against us through an equality of convenience—of "boundaries for me, not for thee" claimed by standard/token state enforcers punching down (the paradox of pacification is that it happens against the state's defenders regarding the *state* as something to *not* attack, versus the state's enemies for which it's always open season).

For example, while many people weep for Darth Vader's fall from grace, I once cried for Gwyn, Lord of Cinder from *Dark Souls* (2009). It was at MMU when I

⁵² Gender-affirming care—i.e., the taking of sexual hormones—during adulthood leads to what's generally referred to as a "second puberty."

was dating Zeuhl. After listening [to his maudlin piano theme](#), I started to sob. Hearing my sadness, Zeuhl came into my room and said, trying to comfort me, "Maybe you *shouldn't* listen to this song?" But I always felt compelled to—if not to understand, then at least *empathize* with the suffering in others (which is probably why I decided to complete my masters in the Gothic, a field of study predicated on intense emotional oscillation); empathy is vital if we want to change the world for the better and generally happens within castle-like spaces full of monsters and their complicated martyrdom as something to humanize alongside various executioners—the Nazi as someone to heal from their own toxic ideology by showing them (with Athena's Aegis) the error of their ways.

To critique power, then, you must go where it is according to how it tends to present itself; i.e., the chronotope (from Volume One):

Such a castle's nightmarish presence denotes potential mayhem tied to one's habitat; i.e., through the liminal hauntology of war colonizing nature and those tied to nature. When such a castle appears, it is time to be afraid; the colonial harvest is at hand. Yet, precisely because the state does not hold a monopoly over violence, terror and morphological expression, a demon or castle needn't spell our end; it can represent our sole means of *attack*, reclaiming said poetics' endless inventiveness to turn colonizer fears back into their hopelessly scared brains with counterterror ([source](#)).

The same idea applies to monsters, myths and magic; i.e., the medieval as something that commonly denotes trauma per capital's regular abuses. Under Capitalist Realism, rape is everywhere because unironic monsters are everywhere. This will undoubtedly be a shock to the system, which means that addressing such things that mark trauma as monsters do will also, to some extent, be shocking and unpleasant. Certainly they'll be paradoxically sickening and delicious. Even so, I'll have to prep you first, which we'll do next.

Note: Because this volume focuses on the humanizing of monsters, it uses the "xenophobic/xenophilic" dichotomy more than Volume One, Two or Three do; as stated during the preface, though, these words are more or less synonymous with their parent dichotomies and oppositional terms; e.g., abjection ≈ xenophobia. However, "abjection" focuses more on a process committed by fearful bigots, whereas "xenophobia" describes their state of mind during moral panics—a Gothic vibe check, if you will. —Perse

Brace for Impact: Harmony's Castle Black

*Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.*

[...]

*Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me ([source](#)).*

—John Donne, "Holy Sonnet XIV" (1632)

"Brace for Impact" was inspired by my friend and muse, Harmony Corrupted, and serves as a kind of medieval "primer for the primer" that preps you for the monster modules; i.e., how to think about popular monster media (the Humanities) with modern academic theory as a medieval poet (or a modern Gothicism) might: a dark school of forbidden love. It is the first of three modules in Volume, and includes Harmony's dedication, an opening, four prep sections, and a conclusion.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Except, this module is also unique within *Sex Positivity* in how it was specially prepared as book sample prior to the volume's release. Overall, there are thirteen posts, but I won't link them all here. Some were posted on [my old blog](#) (meant for any audience); some feature explicit, pornographic nudity [and were posted exclusively on my website](#).

- **["Haunting the Chapel: A Cum Tribute to Harmony Corrupted"](#)** ([dedication—on my website](#)): Dedicates to my friend and muse, [Harmony Corrupted](#), who inspired me to write "Brace for Impact."

- **["Hugging the Alien"](#)** ([opening—on my old blog](#)): Introduces a concept of reunion with nature as alien and fetishized, requiring us to "hug Medusa" (the monstrous-feminine) as the classic punching bag of Cartesian forces.

- **"Time"** ("**Prep, part zero**"—[on my old blog](#)): Thinks about the Humanities—and the humanization of those perceived or identifying as monsters under capitalistic hegemony as invariably decaying towards fascism—less as pure fiction and more as something to cultivate using Gothic poetics in relation to space and time as relayed through fiction and reality during an ongoing relationship: dialectical and historical materialism.
- **"Teaching"** ("**Prep, part one**"—[on my blog](#)/[on my website](#)): Focuses on the duality of monstrous language when employed in either direction, but generally in opposition, during dialectical materialism; i.e., as a means of introducing children to fear and dogma (to serve the state) or as a profoundly playful and performative means of worker liberation: getting children to learn as early as possible about their world (and the language that composes it)—to learn from the imaginary past as monstrous-feminine. In other words, "Teaching" explores how learning happens when playing with trauma, confronting and voicing it in symbolic terms whose duality must, in turn, be repeatedly puzzled over through incessant examination and application; i.e., theatrical/Gothically poetic metaphors the likes of which often involve animals-as-monstrous. "Teaching" thoroughly invokes Medusa through "the caterpillar and the wasp" refrain, but will branch out to adjacent forms of monstrous-feminine expression to explore teaching more broadly as a powerful Gothic-Communist device.
- **"Medicine"** ("**Prep, part two**"—[on my old blog](#)): Reflects on the synthesizing of good praxis from a medical standpoint; i.e., to pace ourselves and look after ourselves/monitor our vitals while engaging in subversive Gothic poetics as poets, sex workers, and rock stars, etc, generally do—actively and boldly.
- **"The Medieval"** ("**Prep, part three**"): Reflects on the Humanities through the poetic lens of monsters, magic and myth; i.e., an object lesson on how to think about, and engage creatively with, Gothic poetics the way a Gothic poet would, thus better synthesize praxis to foster Gothic Communism as an artistic movement.
- **"Facing Death: What I Learned"** (**conclusion**): Concludes the "Brace for Impact" module by reflecting on how the Gothic is queer and has been since day one; i.e., my revisiting and reflecting on this dark odyssey as it exists for me—the smaller journey I've been on while writing "Brace for Impact," but also my entire life.

Note: Some of these chapters expand into subdivisions and sub-subdivisions; e.g., "The Medieval" has ten overall pieces to it). —Perse

Haunting the Chapel: A Cum Tribute to Harmony Corrupted

The book, then, has been a series of "births" dragging the hellish child up from the depths of my own making and design (my own infernal concentric pattern, perhaps; i.e., the repeated plunging into the abyss while stuck inside it: mise-en-abyme). After the majority was written, I desired to summarize everything as pithily as I could into our aforementioned thesis statement. I didn't have to; I wanted to, treating it as an educational device according to how I had been taught. Through the benefits of a classical and campy education, I once again "fell pregnant," this time by myself with myself, but also with Bay who—like a slutty incubus from afar—had filled my slutty cum dumpster long distance. Now "full" of the dark swirling material as having been written and refined many times (many creampiees), from toe to top full of these joined ideas, theories and plans, I had to give birth once more and set about it. While unsteadily "pregnant" with this saturated material, I pulled and manifested the entirety out of myself as a comprehensive stab at mapping and summarizing everything that I (once again) had to organize and refine over and over ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard's *Sex Positivity: Volume Zero* (2023)

Succubaen transference is this book's MO. As the epigram notes, [Bay](#) was central to *one* cycle of it, inspiring me to write and write until the birth was over



(sex and creativity classically connected, but also topically conjoined; i.e., having sex to inspire someone to write about sex, and with other things using sex as a driving factor between model and artist, friend and partner alike); per "[A Ship of Theseus](#)," they went on to haunt the cathedral, one ghost among many in our special *pandemonium*.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

I wanted to thank Harmony Corrupted to a similar degree, insofar as the entire, novella-sized module, "[Brace for Impact](#)" (over ~300,000 words/~795 pages, ~625 unique images) was written based on *our* playing and working together. The cum that resulted—those profane creative juices—built and raised something that, part of a renovation to a preexisting structure (the modules), went on to haunt *them*, in response: repeated "bukcake" excursions into the doomy void that, in true vampiric fashion, deliciously flavored (and urgently spurred on) that which came next. Harmony's forbidden fruit passed itself on as an orchard of knowledge, a bakery of tasty cakes filled with yummy "poison." Food always comes to those who love to cook; Harmony puts the "cum" in cumulative, the "semen" in seminal, helping me through her body and labor (sex work is work, sex is artwork) create something

special that—like Communism—couldn't be done alone, or in one lifetime. She's a total blessing, one I'll happily invigilate and ornament, counting her among my finest gallery of muses: "Look at this person and how awesome they are! Go support them!" Doing so brings me joy.



(*exhibit 33b2b1:*
 Artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#), who provided me with various materials from her Fansly account to use [with her permission] in my book, including cum photos. For those of legal age who enjoy Harmony's work and want to see more than this book can show, consider subscribing [to her](#)

[Fansly account](#) and then ordering a custom/tipping [through her Ko-Fi](#). You won't be disappointed!)

I once likened Harmony's content to "A rare, fatal vision, a Gothic dream to haunt the chapel with; a dark freaky church where no one gets hurt and there's lots of sex, it's the Neo-Gothic in a nutshell: visions of a better world when threatened by the ghost of capital, keeping the aesthetic of torture but not the context! It's exquisite 'torture,' with a darky mommy queen!" (a review I wrote of a video Harmony sent me—more on this in the medieval prep section). Indeed, her ass is a fortress of which mounts tremendous assaults on my imagination (and creative organs). Hopelessly swept up in an erotically Gothic *poiesis*, Harmony's vampire castle *demand*s cum tributes, yielding fresh delights in the process: a sweetly profane communion with the dark divine, a delicious purveyor of new forms of reason. Her Aegis is an antagonistic black mirror that, ventured deep into, thoroughly breaks Capitalist Realism between its pumpkin-sized cheeks.

To Harmony and her SO: This module is my favorite section of my favorite volume; it and its cummy magnum opus are dedicated to your combined efforts. Thank you both, mommy!

Update, 4/26/2024: The size of "Brace for Impact" has required I divide Volume Two in two. What I said still holds true, though: Volume Two, part one is still my favorite part of the entire book! —Perse

On the Cusp: Some Prep When Hugging the Alien

"The masses have never thirsted after truth. They turn aside from evidence that is not to their taste, preferring to deify error, if error seduce them. Whoever can supply them with illusions is easily their master; whoever attempts to destroy their illusions is always their victim" ([source](#)).

—Gustav Le Bon's *The Crowd: A Study of the Popular Mind* (1895)

Just as the Humanities are endless, complicated and focused on imagination, the liminal hauntology of war is constant. We must interrogate this crisis carefully and with poetic license, which requires me familiarizing you—through four stages of prep—with monsters as devices that can be useful to developing Communism; i.e., beyond just saying "monsters are poetic lenses" and spouting theory (academics are often terrible teachers). Before we do, I'll want to introduce you to a poetic device that encompasses all of them: "hugging the alien"; i.e., nature as fetishized and alien to us, therefore something we must learn through liminal expression to hug and humanize, not to kill and rape (re: "to take power away from in order to cause harm") because it seems "unhuggable": some degree of fearsome, violent and (often) gross per the ghost of the counterfeit, but fascinatingly so.



(exhibit 33b2b2: There's far too many analogs for the alien as something to squeeze, but here's several fun ones to help you acclimate to the abjection process: the presence of death, decay and disintegration linked to an unheimlich—often a buried guilt, secret shame or some-

such trauma-as-impostor overspilling generationally to overwhelm the present moment as trapped inside the home as alien; i.e., in between that which is desirable and not—a profoundly difficult thing to face that, like Radcliffe's closed space, waits patiently in the central chamber to be unveiled and embraced, but like Lewis' necromantic and genderqueer predisposition, is prone to fall apart just as quickly in order to shock/disgust the crosser of the Black Veil's forbidden threshold.

Gothic push-pull [oscillation] becomes something to canonize or camp to varying degrees, then—a memento mori but also a death, murder and/or rape fantasy whose ill omen is communicated in classic horror works that survive in present-day forms.)

There's clearly a poetically indulgent human element to monsters as they exist in the real world, which means we'll have to interrogate it as I teach you how to think critically about the human condition as monstrous, meaning "alien" as something to hug and embrace as human; i.e., like a Gothicism, a poet, a slut, based on my experience of and expertise in the Humanities. This includes novels, movies and videogames, but also art more broadly as performative through shared ideas gleaned in one medium and passed along all of them over space and time:



(exhibit 33b2c: For example, the phrase "hugging the alien" actually comes from Mega Man 2 [1988] speedrunners [Summoning Salt's "The History of Mega Man 2 World Records," 2024; [timestamp](#): 8:25] who—fighting Wily's illusory machine as pitting a perceived alien against the player [an echoing of Plato's cave of shadows]—don't want to hug the alien because it damages them and slows down their ability to police rebels through race-like violence. The neoliberal Cold-War refrain [videogames] have a "secret" military function, one of ceaseless military optimism while chasing monsters through occupied labyrinths that abuse the monomyth to funnel power towards the state; i.e., by humanizing the cop as fundamentally inhumane. Except, despite Capcom's franchised copaganda being problematic, we can still take the basic premise—the man behind the curtain—and invert it, flowing power towards workers by hugging the alien using said illusions ourselves. As such, we negotiate power and trauma as things to perform and play with in ways that assist workers—by not turning little boys into robot killers chasing the alien as a largely imaginary affair with ghastly historical-material results: megadeath, thus profit [moving money through nature-as-cheap] through fear and

dogma making class traitors scared of themselves, thus more inclined to harvest them anywhere and everywhere once the state decays by design. The praxial moral, here, is liberatory confusion; i.e., the senses are not trustworthy but with the proper structure [and lack of scruples] can be weaponized against workers by the state. This becomes something to reverse—all part of a larger dialectic [of the alien] that needs to be confused to liberate our raped minds from; i.e., all the predatory forms criminalizing workers, thus sanctioning state violence against them. The violence becomes an echo, something to repeat, but also shift away from itself through likenesses that expose the men behind the curtain of the curtain as shamelessly profiting through Gothic shams; i.e., through Cartesian thought as internalized by the next generation.)

All in all, I live the Humanities as a ludo-Gothic means of thinking inclusively about and experiencing the Gothic first-hand (an ongoing relationship the Gothic deliberately combines—an affect); i.e., BDSM or otherwise, people work through preference and experimentation to issue public statements that are, to some degree, coded. Monsters are code for the dialectic of the alien (us versus them) as taught to us through canon, power being made to flow in one direction when faced with trauma as a historical-material effect: the ghost of the counterfeit waiting patiently for revenge (state shift). The horror of the Gothic, then, is when it truly comes alive, ceasing to be a pure fiction but a nightmare that applies to us as victims of the state cannibalizing *us*. History repeats itself; through me, patterns



start to emerge, which you can take and run with when "hugging the alien" yourself. It becomes *your* Aegis to paralyze state illusions *with*, reversing the process of abjection among the middle class as preying on state enemies, sharing their fear.

(artist: [Claudio Bergamin](#))

"Whoever can supply [the masses] with illusions is easily their master; whoever attempts to destroy their illusions is always their victim." Except, Le Bon's grim assessment is a tad premature, insofar as it entirely discounts the potential for

proletarian illusions to humanize those ordinarily victimized when breaking state

spells to begin with. This requires internalizing a tendency to embody the alien as something to investigate through itself as normally prescribed. The means of doing so helps reclaim the illusion as an educational device teaching workers empathy with Gothic fetishes and clichés; i.e., to play and perform at all registers (diegetic, para and meta) using all media forms: wanting to a) fuck and hug the alien (the proverbial "weirdest boner") as perceived among their fellow workers and nature at large, and b) recognize the true predators weaponizing fight-or-flight among them—the elite and their dutifully rapacious⁵³ servants. The end game is a world without

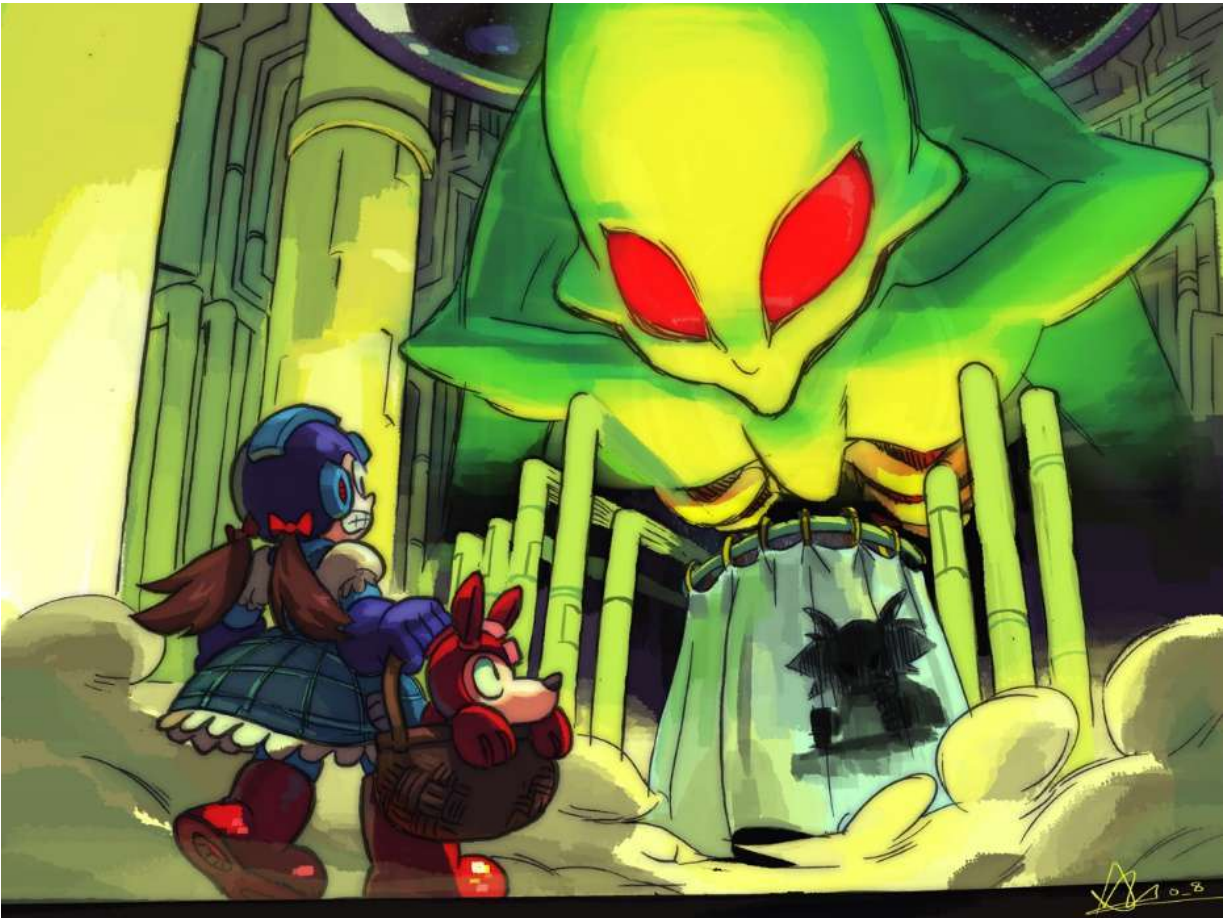
⁵³ The arbiters of state force, cis-het and token enforcers, become alienated from nature as something to love and nurture through mutual consent as taught by workers of nature. In response, weird canonical nerds can only reject such tutelage, thus *only* rape Medusa; i.e., harvesting her materials and labor (as raw profit value) for the state. We must first incapacitate them with Athena's Aegis (our bodies, labor and knowledge) and gradually foster empathy among them; i.e., using Gothic poetics to shrink the state, taking away its ability to marshal/aggregate their soldiers against us: labor action and propaganda (the Base and Superstructure). Per my arguments, this occurs during liminal expression, insofar as any media type wrestles between the canonical function/monopolizing of power as something to flow towards the state; the inverse is also true, both existing through agitated confusion as class/culture war fought using Gothic poetics inside the same shadow zone—as something to canonize or camp.

For example, speedrunners can be used for workers or the state, but must always contend with capital (from Volume One):

Power is a performance that upholds through the perception of impossible things like total control, endless enemies, ultimate strength or absolute victory through kayfabe reversals. The same goes for containment, whose paradox of total imprisonment our thesis discussed in relation to videogames as breakable; i.e., how speedrunning and spoilsport gaming attitudes normally contain tremendous invention that canonically restrict the development and execution of emergent puzzle-solving to single texts in gaming culture, versus applying that mentality to reconfigure larger extratextual structures; e.g., Coincident's "[Doom Strategy Guide - Okuplok's Mancubus Cliff](#)" (2023) treating player invention more as a hobby on par with a Rubik's cube—or hell, [a human beating Tetris \(1985\) for the first time in its 38-year existence](#) (aGameScout's "After 34 Years, Someone Finally Beat Tetris," 2024)—versus escaping Capitalist Realism by playing videogames (and other such experiments) in ways that resist the profit motive within the neoliberal era (with organized speedrunning arguably having started in 1990, just before the fall of the Soviet Union). The puzzle is ostensibly impressive, but the much-touted "progress" of solving it becomes an empty gesture insofar as liberating worker minds is concerned. Doing so has no effect on the external world *unless* the attitude for solving complicated puzzles through emergent gameplay is deliberately taken outside of the text. Otherwise, the hauntology (and its canceled future) are entirely self-contained ([source](#)).

So while I respect the ability of speedrunners to collectively solve complex puzzles (enough to use their idea for my own purposes), we must take Gothic Communism outside of any text as close-read—to develop emergent gameplay as a praxial effect; i.e., the universalizing of empathy towards monstrous parties alienated and fetishized by the state through franchised neoliberal copaganda (videogames); e.g., *Mega Man 2*, but also *Super Metroid* (1994): Samus steals life force vampirically from native fauna as something to "race through"; she steals gear and equipment from preexisting habitats occupied by pirates, attacking and killing wild-animal monsters (Mama Shrimp and Mother Brain) before being saved by an adopted monster baby she stole from the Metroid Queen. In the end, Samus routinely disrobes and surrenders her pilfered gear to the Galactic Federation, going endlessly back in to play the guerilla infiltrator—killing all enemies and looting all items, effectively clearing all rooms before destroying the crime scene. This cycle is called "Capitalism," or moving money through nature.

sin as a canonical device meant to engender systemic, dogmatic harm; i.e., weird canon endlessly harvesting nature-as-fetish-and-alien at home and abroad.



(artist: [Alex Ahad](#))

At a presentation level, Gothic Communism reduces to one central goal: illustrating mutual consent as an educational device—i.e., one that makes rape⁵⁴ of

⁵⁴ Rape is something of a paradox: a conscious attack made by those capable of performing it, but also a conditioned one; i.e., animals can't rape, because it requires both a power imbalance *and* understanding of one's actions; e.g., a baby or a chimpanzee can't rape a human woman, but a precocious 12-year-old could rape a disempowered old woman, or a child could rape an infant, etc. It might seem morbid, but understanding how rape works is vital to preventing it by putting it in quotes. For example, a common dialog is rape as a secret shame lived by many people through various theatrical clichés, which have BDSM potential we'll explore more thoroughly later in the volume: "princess" as "damsel"; i.e., pillow princess, warrior princess, detective/demon princess—in kayfabe, but also ludo-Gothic BDSM at large; e.g., fairytale language (from Volume One):

Fairytales classically consider a child's confrontation with an adult world, oscillating between innocent, asexual depictions of idyllic bliss faced with troubling positions of monarchist authority and force: the parental figure, often portrayed as saintly or

the alien impossible on a cultural level; but doing so requires humanizing the alien through iconoclastic engagement with dogma as something to break (and along with it, Capitalist Realism). *Our* aim is to go "there and back again"; i.e., in and out of Hell as a pedagogy and lifestyle to invoke the alien with during liminal expression, albeit at cross purposes. Capitalism gentrifies rape and war through various refrains, monopolies and trifectas; Gothic Communism pushes back against these by contributing to a pedagogy of the oppressed any way it can.



In short, we *want* to hug the alien, therefore contribute to a pedagogy of the oppressed by synthesizing praxis, invoking the dialectic of the alien to confront and interrogate trauma (and power) as something to perform and play with; i.e., ludo-Gothic BDSM as a potent means of embodying likenesses among differences, its dark theatricalities ushering intersectional solidarity in by humanizing monsters as

wicked while compelling the child's coming-of-age to fulfill a sexually reproductive role within a crumbling homestead ([source](#)).

Again, the idea is to go there and back again; re: in and out of Hell as a pedagogy and lifestyle to operatically invoke the alien with during liminal expression. To that, the *Metroidvania* (and videogames at large) canonically function as war simulators; but this role isn't universal, nor the power inside monopolized exclusively for the state. Workers and counterterror can reclaim such spaces (and likenesses in other media forms) to relay information useful to workers synthesizing praxis in opposition to state hegemony.

de facto (extracurricular) teaching devices: to be more creative and poetic as a means of attaining praxial catharsis, collectively illustrating mutual consent thereby raising emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness, mid-struggle. Catharsis amounts to reversing the flow of power away from the state (and its powerful illusions) through our daily interrogations.



Capitalism uses fear and dogma to claim ownership over all things and alienate workers from their labor as something to sexualize; in turn, state proponents will try to alienate us from the very things that can set workers free: violence, terror and poetic expression—the Gothic, essentially. And we must take it back using the same devices in opposition (dialectical materialism). Things will seem weird, backwards, and confusing to you; they will require strange sacrifices that fly in the face of reason and protocol, leaving you breathless. Egon says, "Don't cross the streams!" Well, his work was doo-doo. That's *exactly* what we're gonna do!

Our prep is fairly conversational, and involves four stages (in order): [time](#), [teaching](#), [medicine](#), and [the medieval](#).

Prep, part zero: "Time Is a Circle"; or, Expressing Reality through Gothic Poetry in Relation to Historical Materialism

It has been said that astronomy is a humbling and character-building experience. There is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world. To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly with one another, and to preserve and cherish the pale blue dot.

—Carl Sagan, *Pale Blue Dot: A Vision of the Human Future in Space* (1994)

Cuties,

In my usual backwards style, "Time" was written last but placed at the beginning of the prep section, and constitutes its final stage before we dive into the monster modules. It reflects on my dealing with fascism at home insofar as Imperialism makes home alien wherever it manifests, and like a boomerang always comes home to roost within historical materialism. We exist to challenge that as Dio put it: "Like a rainbow in the dark!"

Godspeed,

Your Commie Mommy,

—Persephone



(artist: [Voyager 1 probe](#), 1990)

This prep considers time as something to express through experience and expertise. Time is defined by space (distance and closeness) and material

conditions. It becomes a circle, meaning historical materialism is a cycle insofar as people are shaped and maintained by socio-material conditions and vice versa. This becomes something to express insofar as we are *not* constant, but change over time in ways that shape how we see the world; i.e., as something to creatively respond to. This isn't just the physical manifestations thereof, but also the order in which they are received and explored; e.g., my holistic backwards approach, but also concentricism—of citing things within things. "You can't do that!" a writer from my hometown once told me, regarding a flashback I wrote inside a flashback (this person perhaps being unfamiliar with framed [concentric] narratives; e.g., Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*). I beg to differ. We can do whatever is required to break Capitalist Realism provided the proletarian (sex-positive) function is constant.

Monsters, then, become something to express the human condition with insofar as all of these things are in flux. I wanted to express all of this through my personal experiences having built gradually upon my entire body of work—my initial radicalization and further pushing towards the Left by virtue of myself: a) as a closeted trans woman who fell in love with a non-binary person, a BDSM predator and narcissist, and a borderline Marxist-Leninist; and b) a steady progression towards my current position as an an-Com ludo-Gothicist by virtue of my work being shaped further by falling in love again, this time with a Indigenous GNC an-Com. Our views are shaped by those we meet and fall in love with in sequence and upon reflection, who we see as human by virtue of common ground and interests amid differences—a pedagogy of the oppressed relaid in Gothic poetics as recursive, concentric, anisotropic, and ergodic (endlessly tiered and self-contained, determined by flow and non-trivial effort); it's about tearing down harmful boundaries and installing healthy ones through different points of view like [teaching](#), [medicine](#) and [the medieval](#), but also [selective absorption](#), a [confusion of the senses](#) and [magical assembly](#) to add to our [Song of Infinity](#) (all specialized poetic devices the medieval prep section will explore further). In our hands, ludo-Gothic BDSM is a potent means of establishing and negotiating boundaries—to perform and play with power (and trauma) where it exists, in the shadow zone.

Friends are made through communicating boundaries and being open with those we connect with while living in situations that require us to use code to portray our human condition but also oppression and rebellion. In short, we identify as monsters who love and see each other as human in spite of those who, one way or another, side with the colonizer group; e.g., overt statements like "Stay in your lane!" or shows of solidarity with the oppressor class when the oppressed class is speaking out against systemic issues.

This is often difficult to express and yields ease of access through abstraction—metaphors. If someone says "black lives matter" and someone says "white lives matter" in response, you have an argument that can be reconfigured into a poetic form; e.g., cats; i.e., "black cats matter" vs "white cats matter" when

the underlying dialectical-material reality is *black* is functionally alien/oppressed (them) within capital and *white* is functionally human/privileged (us) by virtue of being the colonizer position during the dialectic of the alien as something to invoke through the Gothic mode. Issues of class intersect with culture, which require us seeing these things in ways that simplify it without reducing it to one or the other but both engaging back and forth. It becomes something of a dance, whose normal perception of "cat" desperately needs to be confused (echoing Monty Python's absurdist 1969 skit, "Confuse-A-Cat," as able to take itself seriously enough, in the proper hands, to reverse the usual flow of power as directed away from the state for once).



In terms of cats or lives or anything else, these all constitute arguments through different devices that try to raise awareness about not just the raw mechanics of oppression, but cognitive dissonance as a matter of experience. They reduce to *oppressed vs oppressor* regardless if you use the underlying signified or its myriad signifiers, of which cats are but one example. Us versus them. Beware those who fight against liberation by telling you to stay in your lane directly or *ipso facto*, by virtue of action speaking for them as dogmatic. Negotiation, then, is as much reminding people where power lies and how to use it mid-argument.

So let's begin...

This section pertains to a fictional person in crisis, dubbed Mercutio; to compensate, I have it written in the first person to supply a narrative affect, and injected elements of myself into the experience. It's essentially a thought experiment: how far would you go to protect the ones you love from fascism? —Perse

Call me Mercutio. My experiences and expertise mirror Persephone's; *through* theirs, I speak fictitiously about a crisis that—while imagined by Persephone through me in this exact case—remains entirely real insofar as it could very well come to pass (and in some places already has, is, and will again). Like all imaginings, it springs from bits of truth and lies; i.e., speaking to the horror of the Gothic when *it* comes alive through us: ceasing to be a "pure fiction" but a living nightmare that applies to us as victims, including those we love insofar as historical materialism affects all parties involved: "the tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living" ([source](#): "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," 1852).

Marx was on the money insofar as history repeats itself, and I suddenly have to face the reality that my best friend is an enemy of the state I can offer to hide in the lion's den but must talk seriously to my aunt—let's call her "Sabine"—about hiding them or I will be sending my best friend to their death. It feels real in ways that I become a part of as queer myself. We realize we are strangers in a strange land not welcome to us. And I realize that we're the Jews of this given pattern; i.e., enemies of the state. We suddenly become aware of walls having eyes and ears. The home becomes alien, hostile. Discussing it at all becomes a paradox: a risk and a lifesaver thus requiring encryption (code) that can "pass." There's only so much that we can hide.

But also, we must be open before fascism happens to prevent the worst from coming to pass. But if it does, we must go into hiding and exist as hunted animals are that, as human, hunt each other in ways other animals do not. We lose the desire to relax and have sex, thus let our guard down; we become cagey and flighty, ready to bolt at all times. Our ability to want sex vanishes and we seek sanctuary and safe space (the problem for Jews [and other enemies of the state] not being money or the ability to eat, but a question of asylum as being denied to them; i.e., forcing them to survive out in the open).

The problem with this is everything becomes a threat. I ask Sabine for help knowing they're my aunt, but trauma breaks us into soft or hard divisions of ourselves depending on the severity. I'm not plural, but I still fawn when faced with potential threats; i.e., things that, through psychosexual responses, become confused between safety and danger. In short, I lose the ability to distinguish reflexively between the two at a glance. So while men primarily abused me in my youth (my formative years), in my adult years I was abused by women I approached who made me feel safe to be myself around. This didn't ruin the experience of having relationships, but did color future experiences with hauntings

of said abuse in ways that add to this fight-or-flight reflex. Specifically, I fawn (as Persephone and their partner Bay both do), and going to Sabine—a woman, but also the strongest person in the room—I consciously know she is my aunt and a woman, therefore *safe* based on my childhood experiences (mostly—she also invited my parental abuse, but I digress); I also see her as "power," therefore a threat—i.e., female power, so I reflexively default to fawning as I would before my own female abusers when speaking to Sabine about anything because it is a conditioned survival mechanism I can never turn off. Instead, I have to actively fight it; i.e., when I go to my aunt to confirm that one day I may have to call on them to help give my best friend and their husband asylum and I don't want to be sending them to their doom.

And talking to my aunt's habit to see history as an endless cycle that cannot change, which applies to smaller issues and bigger ones that, while they don't directly affect her, *do* affect me as an enemy of the state whose friends are also enemies of the state. I see possible futures intimated through fiction as based on reality being something that comes to pass on both registers back and forth. I want Sabine to realize that we're not just hiding to survive but also to try and change things, to fight back (e.g., *Sense8*, which both Persephone and I love, and all our friends do). Sabine reflexively asks for help with money (i.e., can the people I shelter "pay their way") and we discuss the logistics of concealment—that they would have to not go outside, except Sabine is kind of backward about it: leading off with more of a fawning/non-confrontational approach as I would, except I'm *trying* to be direct—and I tell them, "[my friend] works remotely and makes more money than you do. Even if they didn't, they're Commies and know how to cook cheap to survive. And I'm not telling my best friend we'll give them asylum but not their husband." I hate having to even face and discuss these possible futures, but they are far more likely than the suggestions of fantasy that fiction often supplies through escapist Capitalism; i.e., as a ghost of the counterfeit for the middle class to abject.



(artist: Art Spiegelman)

But as a Gothicism, the patterns have suddenly become disturbingly clear in between fiction and history as, for me, coming to pass in reality out of fiction I have spent all my life studying: I'm the prey and have been born into the world that will eat me. The castle walls host fascist regalia and the state-in-decay is buying for my blood and that of my friends; and in the lion's den, I want to escape, but also use my unique position (my sheltered place inside the Imperial Core) to help my friends—all while not wanting to harm Sabine but also knowing my aunt will be fine because they will simply play the chameleon and cozy up to powerful men as someone to seduce and rely on as they have all their life; they are *au fait* in that respect. This can happen and they can still help me and my friends; they said as much and I have to trust them, insofar as they ultimately challenged the abusive men in my life. But still, all of these feelings and histories are at work within me from moment to living moment.

It's traumatic to face and difficult to wrap my head around. Hope for the best, plan for the worst—the idea being to help "black cats abroad" by setting a good precedent through global broadcast: that it isn't ok to hurt them anywhere. My aunt responds with, "Do they have money? They'll be expected to sign a lease, the Palestinians are doomed, the world is going to end," etc. But I don't want to be told the world is going to end; I want to survive and fight back, but also make a better world for the future starting with how we treat each other *now*. Meanwhile, Sabine just wants security and normality and to spend time with her bigoted friend, Uncle Fred's wife Joan, and to play and laugh and enjoy that which is owed. But I want to know that Sabine, when faced with issues that affect me, won't just default to "they can't change/history is a cycle that cannot change, so just accept that and put up with it." I hear things from my aunt, who feels like Joan is all that they have, thus makes allowances for them that extend to their stepson, to us being Communists and Sabine not wanting to hear about our problems despite that being the extent to which it will affect them. That being the first thing that they say troubles me. I am not my aunt's ex-girlfriend, Lobelia, because I talk about politics differently than they would: as a means of survival while also helping my friends survive; i.e., as enemies of the state by virtue of how we identify—literally who we are. Through the power of my work, I help friends come out, feel more confident, and break various curses by freeing sleeping beauties from harmful bondage.

The mind, as a consequence of material reality—whether bent, scrambled or shivered—becomes something to accurately describe in Gothic poetics: the torment of divisions, phasing. Parts of, sides to, a switching and shifting of gears. For example, families doesn't understand that plural people—e.g., Persephone's friend Mavis—aren't a person with multiple sides, but a *system* with multiple persons whose feelings and tastes are separate, but aware of each other. It describes reality through past models that remain not only accurate, but helpful towards healing by changing what is thought possible under the status quo. Someone like Mavis, then, would be seen as impossible by Cartesian thinkers, but exists anyways in spite of that as something that we can encourage others-in-hiding to emerge: as a new order of existence that helps Communism develop through the dialectic of the alien; i.e., as something to play with in ways that lead to praxial synthesis, to hugs.



No one wants to have these talks. But I want to be ready and prepared for what's going to happen by virtue of history repeating itself. Fascism isn't just going to come back in my lifetime, it's already here. I feel afraid, seeing Joan as an enemy by virtue of past behaviors (gambling) and being two-faced, but also misgendering me on religious principle. They're the status quo, and come to visit to spend time with Sabine. Joan brings their ferret with them. I hear noises and voices above and think of hunters, of HKs, of automated patrol machines. I feel trapped in a constant state of fear, of panic, of fight or flight, of terror. These feelings are ultimately less severe than they could be by virtue of fascism not yet having ascended to formal power. But terror lives and spreads in the imagination and my imagination is both powerful, educated, and scarred by trauma. I feel like a cautious, at times scared, animal because I belong to a group of people that is starting to be more aggressively hunted as such. They will never stop, but will chase us to the ends of the Earth.

The feelings of terror aren't totally disempowering but help me survive while preserving who I want to be while identifying with and helping those I love as collectively identifying with nature as hunted. I don't want to go upstairs and suddenly remember past friends being too scared to go into the kitchen; i.e., too afraid of environments where they felt unsafe due to the people inside. How the tables turn. This isn't hysteria from the oracle, nor awfulizing. It's simply the truth.

BDSM or otherwise, people work through preference and experimentation to issue public statements that are, to some degree, coded. Like Mercutio's feelings, intermingled with mine, there is often a half-real, invented quality as well, protecting all parties involved. —Perse

Prep, part one: Teaching; or, "My Quest Began with a Riddle" (opening): the Caterpillar and the Wasp

"My quest began with a riddle: 'A thousand years ago, Gandahar was destroyed and all its people killed; a thousand years ago, Gandahar was saved, and what can't be avoided will be.'"

—Sylvain, *Light Years* (1988)

Lovelies,

This section is about developing Communism through pedagogic metaphors; i.e., as something to foster through the teaching of various riddles, of which monsters are. This requires mothers, except Communists aren't just mothers to the world, forced to nurture it through a patriarchal curriculum; they're teachers, stewards and protectors of something to slowly transform into: a post-scarcity habitat by modifying status-quo boundaries. Except anyone who's ever been a parent will tell you that children have no idea what boundaries are; they must be taught what they are and how to recognize, respect and uphold them: as something that—like a stuffed animal or lullaby—becomes a flexible heirloom, one passed down by a given generation along to their own children, and their children's children, ever onwards in the direction of post-scarcity. To that, there is no "final form" except constantly evolving to adapt against capital until it becomes a thing of the past; i.e., transforming like the wasp or the butterfly and their assorted larvae.

*Capital maintains scarcity through menticide: canonical, unironic violence and myopic threats of force to serve the profit motive, thus uphold Capitalist Realism; i.e., teaching children—either through an explicitly authorized, or at the very least, tacitly condoned and expected Pavlovian conditioning—to behave like William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* (1954), predictably resulting in aggressive territorialism (us versus them) internalized through carceral violence, fear-fascination of the alien/fetish, and overall punishment; e.g., knee-jerk and automatic isolation (the corner), humiliation (the dunce cap) and corporal punishment (spankings). Communists abjure scarcity through campy irony and a pedagogy of the oppressed unconcerned with profit, instead raising healthy boundaries and tearing down harmful ones collectively through a mutual understanding that respects all parties equally and fairly.*

For capitalists, "life isn't fair" by design, an adage dominating and essentializing the inequalities of nature through fear and dogma, false hope and fatal nostalgia—gods and masters, churches and states; for Gothic Communists, dogma is the enemy of workers and nature save when using monstrous language to express our rights as natural and unalienable, envisioned through hope towards a better future and post-scarcity nostalgia. This terrifies capitalists, insofar as it can

be attained through the language of violence as something to perform in ways that invoke human monsters, thus ourselves, as oppressed. If we can accommodate the minds of the public from a young age, we'll have paddled capital's bottom without laying a finger on it. Get dunked on, nerds!



In turn, children fight on the playground. If the state and its proponents consider us entitled special snowflakes, then good. They don't own us, nor our children nor ideas (our "children"). With the latter, we can teach the

former to see the world differently—by not playing nice against the state through labor action and propaganda. Per Marx, one shapes and maintains the other and vice versa; per me, we camp canon to replace its harmful variants thereof (the twin trees): fatal mimics in nature reflecting a convergent humanistic duality as something that animalistic language can impart through eternal battles the likes of a caterpillar and a wasp. Just as life and death are part of the same indivisible cycle, these animals represent complex disguises through human simulacra. Either can be used by future children who grow into their true forms in defense of a better world—fighting for it as stewards of nature who consider morality as alien to animals (the wasp and the caterpillar utterly indifferent to human emotions), but nevertheless something that can ease the collective suffering of all lifeforms on Earth; i.e., through our own monstrous-animal stories preparing the world for post-scarcity or bust. Mothers are monsters, detectives, teachers and protectors—all one in the same, and all good for workers provided they don't serve capital!

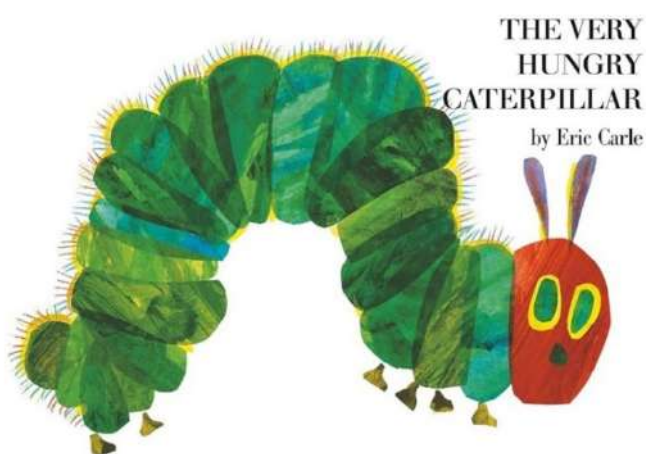
Much love, my ducklings!

Your Commie Mommy,

—Persephone

P.S., I tried to cram as much into the "Teaching" element as I could; i.e., while the metal was hot. "Prep, part one" is probably my favorite chapter in the entire book, having swollen like a hungry caterpillar (or wasp larva). Have fun with it!

Prep part one (the second part of our prep series) teaches things that concern people and popular media in concert and conflict: the imaginary past as something to learn from. This involves theory and paradox as things that—under the current state of the world—are rather hard to wrap our heads around. I will do my best to summarize that struggle here; i.e., teaching said past (the Wisdom of the Ancients) by using animals (a popular device for children in particular) less as an Aesopian moral (strict prescription) and more as a monstrous-feminine allegory designed to work like a puzzle. When engaged with, its pastness teaches you to think in sex-positive healthy ways that, apart from valuing and liberating mothers as educators, also celebrate nature as part of us: "Animals are your friends."



(artist: Eric Carle)

Our friends are the caterpillar and the wasp, which as we've already demonstrated, carry out a complicated parasitoid relationship—one (the imposturous mother) eats the other (the infant) after ostensibly raping it to pass its own brood along. Except, while rape is not something that animals can actually do, humans absolutely can,

and generally express so in animalistic humanoid language (e.g., Amazons and knights, from Volume One, but also *The Fox and the Hound* [1981] and similar stories about forced alienation expressed in anthropomorphic language). And yet, while such a fatal pairing would not seem to jive with human interpretations of "friendship," one could also not exist without the other because both have evolved side-by-side.

The same homeostatic concept applies to humans and other animals, but also our manmade trauma as expressed through animalistic metaphors; i.e., that which can either compound trauma or address it in theatrical ways that more or less are unique to human development. No other species on Earth makes art, wears drag or does BDSM, etc, meaning the Earth's holistic salvation, as attained through iconoclastic media, is entirely up to us. We are the stewards of nature, and friends to all forms of life threatened by capital and the elite—ourselves. To that, we're not so different from these tiny critters doing bug stuff from moment to moment. Indeed, we can learn from them as alien to us, but similar amid differences that bring us closer to nature as something to respect and defend from profit, thus genocide.

Without nature, we will all die, and Capitalism is a system of death we must overcome through death as something to confront: a kind of "death therapy" (*vis-*

à-vis Dr. Leo Marvin, from *What About Bob?* 1991) invoked through intimations of death being part of a healthy cycle/ecosystem that engenders plentiful conditions for all life, not an unstable Cartesian loop that will eventually burn itself out. History is something doomed to repeat itself as it has under Capitalism for hundreds of years based on "civilized" systems begot from "Rome" as a highly invasive and infectious ghost of itself; equally viral, though, is the maternal side of that ancient exchange—nature as monstrous-feminine, meaning a "dark mother" to learn from in a variety of ways that extend to art, porn, and BDSM as *I* invigilate it: a dark *mommy dom* inside my book-as-Russian-doll: a "castle gallery" filled with walking fortresses whose *mise-en-abyme* yawns backwards and forwards, and where you can get lost orgasmically inside—all while distinctions like inside-outside, male-female, monstrous-feminine, naked-clothed and correct-incorrect become suitably hyphenated:



(artist: [Fernando Caretta](#))

The rest of the "Teaching" chapter divides in two halves:

- **["Angry Mothers; or, Learning from Our Monstrous-Feminine Past"](#)**: Establishes the monstrous-feminine as something whose ancient past is forever in development—for the state or for workers. I consider this idea through *Alien*, but also my own work as inspired by *Alien* and the cuties that I work with. In short, it asks how I learned from Scott's "ancient" past (and similar stories) to touch on post-scarcity in my own work.
- **["Solving Riddles; or, Following in Medusa's Footsteps"](#)**: Considers the monstrous-feminine as something to learn from in a variety of multimedia forms; i.e., starting with a broader relationship between our bodies and minds as interconnected with themselves and media at large, then narrowing down to conflict, mothers-in-conflict, and liberation.

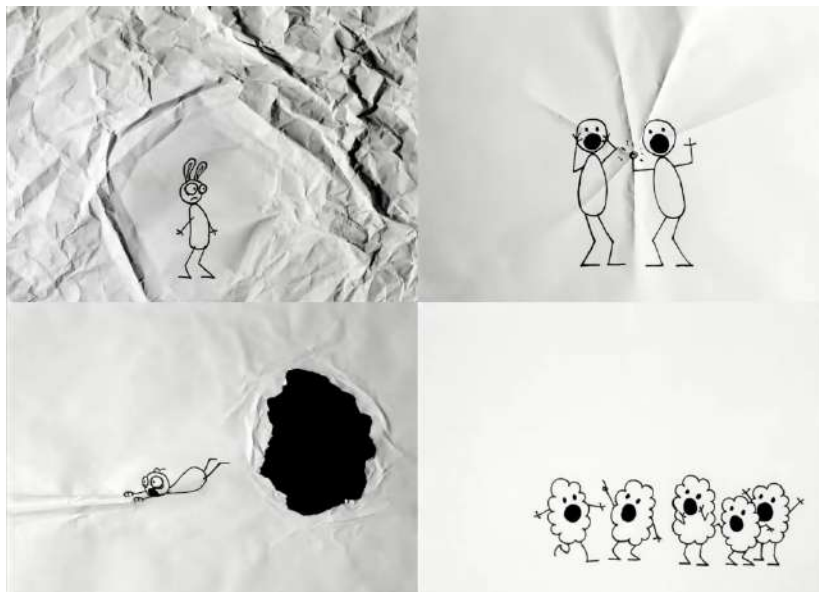
All the while, the larger riddle may as well be, "What does a children's lesson have to do with the monstrous-feminine?" Once-risen, what *are* these dry bones trying to impart? The furious howl (and patriarchal quelling) of ancient hysteria's yawp should be a big fat clue: nature-as-object; i.e., something to enslave and abuse within a moral capitalist order that routinely moves money through nature as something to harvest, as food, as sex, etc, owned by a Cartesian (settler-colonial, heteronormative) hegemon.

And yet, as should hopefully become obvious, I *want* you to ask similar questions yourselves while thinking about teaching through monsters; i.e., things that simplify as "caterpillars" and "wasps" and yield more complex rarefactions like Medusa and the xenomorph when investigating the patterns I provide in poetic, lecture-style forms. I'll provide signposts, of course, but I also want this chapter/module to feel especially "without training wheels"; i.e., to let you stretch your proverbial wings according to my admittedly neurodivergent approach.

We're two books in, so that should feel as less of a threat and more of an opportunity. Even so, I can still give an abstract:

In the simplest of terms, nature is the past, is monstrous-feminine as something to learn from in ways that can help us survive the impending disaster of state shift (climate change)—the revenge of surviving our generational tyrants through healthier nostalgias to retreat into and *bring back* (*vis-à-vis* the monomyth, except we're destabilizing "order" as a genocidal structure). While the predicament is generally one of "home" as threatened, engagement often occurs through the people who touch us while being thoroughly puzzling unto themselves; i.e., as riddle-like beings that—when poetically engaged with on an active, conscious level—suddenly take on friendly markers of the monstrous-feminine: monster mothers and dark mommy doms that, when symbolized as nightmares-made-flesh, can help workers liberate themselves by synthesizing praxis to develop Gothic Communism. Think of it as a memory aid with visual elements—to diagnose a larger problem through an "autopsy" in quotes; i.e., operating on a dying thing that appears fully dead but is actually quite alive and pissed off, but also... playful? Anyone who's read a Gothic novel or played *Castlevania* will tell you, a Gothic castle *is* a playground; so is a willing body working through trauma. Both are two sides of the same coin.

Playing with dead things in an open, critical manner is definitely a lost art, one where fluency is acquired by children; adults, with practice. In turn, it helps us navigate the cursed, damned, tomb-like feelings that Capitalism routinely supplies on purpose. The horror isn't something to see because we *want* to, but something whose rising emergency can no longer be ignored regardless of the cryptonym preceding it:



(exhibit 33b2c1a1a:
*"Dreams about cataclysm,
 the end of the world, are
 very common!" Yet,
 patriarchal forces deem
 dreams as "mere
 hysteria," "existential
 dread" and "madness":
 poor Cassandra tilting at
 windmills. Per Fisher's
 adage, those conditioned
 by capital find it far easier
 to imagine the end of the
 world as nothing to them
 [a myopia] then dare to*

imagine Communism; i.e., a post-scarcity world without Capitalism. Threatened with Capitalism's routine disasters, pacified workers cling to "their" canceled futures: dogma that makes them angry and scared, thus easier to control, thus able to be weaponized against labor by the men behind the curtain. It behooves us, then, to listen to these feelings of disintegration, incarceration, paranoia, unreality and impending devastation—of the sky falling and the Earth opening to receive us. In the end, Medusa cannot be killed with military optimism; her gaping maw will devour the world and return to a primordial posthuman state unless we restore the stability and balance Capitalism [the Capitalocene] has made alien to us.)

We're clearly focusing on the human element, here. So while it's true the castle *is* a good place to look for answers by playing with it yourselves, escaping Capitalist Realism is likewise taught within the home-as-alien: by career weirdos/motherly educators like myself. In turn, learning happens just as often through ludo-Gothic BDSM, the palliative Numinous, and so on as taught by humanoid agents (meaning this module's focus isn't *really* on Gothic castles, but people as "castle-like" in a Gothic sense). To prevent the returning Destructor's total revenge, we ask the Archaic Mother, "Who hurt you? Why are you cursed with blind rage?" Medusa shrieks, "Capitalism! It kettled me, tortured me, waited for me to snap, then punished me over and over! It broke me into pieces and pieces, into a furious swarm of bees!" From there, we change the structure one brick at a time *per worker* as part of something bigger than any one person. If all goes poorly, Medusa eats us; if all goes *well*, Medusa sucks our dick *instead* of biting it off (or bakes us a cake, tells a joke, snuggles, whatever)—with flamboyant sarcasm, hellish delight, morbid humor, Gothic disintegration during fatal inheritance (doom), and with such an incredible strangeness and existential dread [to make Don Hertzfeldt \(above\) green with envy](#) ("Rejected Cartoons," 2001)! Win-win!

"Teaching (the Caterpillar and the Wasp)," part one: Angry Mothers; or, Learning from Our Monstrous-Feminine Past

"How can they cut the power, man? They're animals!"

—Hudson, *Aliens* (1986)

Part one of "Teaching" aims to establish the monstrous-feminine past as something to learn from in the people we meet and media we consume: us versus them as a liminal sphere with mixed messages, metaphors, monsters, mothers, etc. "Who *is* this Medusa lady and why is she pissed off?" To answer it, we'll use me as the mother teaching you about the monstrous-feminine from where I encountered, thus learned about it—from *Alien*, and similar stories explored between myself and my past's working and romantic relationships to people: cuties messily making monstrous memories and artwork together that ultimately settled into a four-volume book (which snowballed as more people wanted in).

The number of volumes should indicate the complicated, highly meta nature of our relationship. As such, we'll explore the "caterpillar and the wasp" refrain a bit more fully on page 161. For the moment, I just want you to consider that enemies exist in relation to how they're taught using different predator-prey metaphors—a caterpillar and a wasp, but really any symbiotic relationship you could identify in nature. This includes animals and monsters, which generally operate as personifications (often with animal characteristics) to get a larger point across: the xenomorph as an expression of said "past" that we can take on ourselves.



([source](#): Derek Vanlint's "*Alien and Its Photographic Challenges*," 2017)

In *Alien*, the monster—a combination of undead, demonic and anthropomorphic qualities—was primarily inspired by a symbiotic relationship with nature-as-object: that of a wasp mother (the monstrous-feminine) that would punch through the bark with its stinger/ovipositor to inject its infantile prey and by

extension its host with an egg that would ultimately kill the host—parasitoidism. This is just animals being animals, who kill for shelter, territory and food as part of a habitat they belong to, first and foremost. Humans also do this, but likewise operate through the solving of puzzles-in-abstract; i.e., they consciously think about things, including trauma, in ways that other animals (let alone plants and fungi) can't. For non-human animals, fight or flight is more basic. For humans, our brains are more complex so "friend or foe" is more complex, as are our psychosexual responses to trauma as inherited, imagined and/or lived; also for us, animals are both a) descriptions of animal qualities in humans, and b) more complicated puzzles to solve, thus think about the world with, through increasingly complex-critical means.

Again, this often involves monster mothers as castle-like; i.e., in a dialectical-material sense, where workers are your friends and the *state* is the enemy and both use the same kinds of puzzle-like metaphors, often with animals, to express friend or foe in a dialectic of the alien useful to workers and the state in opposition (e.g., *The Poisonwood Bible* [1998] by Barbara Kingsolver, a story about a forbidden relationship between a white minister's daughter and a local native in settler-colonial Africa. Books, like all popular media, concern such forces):

adversarial castles/mothers squaring off in humanoid forms that blur the lines between body and home, friend and foe, as waged between mankind and nature-as-food, as-alien, as-monstrous-feminine. It becomes operatic, channeling Helen Reddy's "I am woman, hear me roar!" and the Commodores' "She mighty-mighty" through a formidable display of weight to throw around, black garb and spike-like implements, etc: "mother" as teacher, including "deathly" ones speaking to hard truths we can swallow more easily during calculated risk. In BDSM, this is called



"size difference"—a Numinous whose divine enormity is generally preceded by fleshy parades that often feel weaponized, "ready for battle"; i.e., war machines *and* sex machines that promote great risk, punishment and reward (awesome power) in complicated ways; e.g., booties, cocks, fat, muscle, etc. It becomes, like Tolkien envisioned, a potent source of temptation insofar as Galadriel's hypothetical taking of the One Ring unleashed her potential to be a Dark Queen dominating Middle-earth, uncloaked! Big mommy energy.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Like Marx, we would assign this bellicose character to class and culture war. However,

this human-animal relationship is a time-honored tradition, and one that starts simple, but like all puzzles grows with the student into adulthood and maturity as they learn to think. Bullies, through canon, become conditioned to think *reactionarily* for the state; workers, through iconoclasm, to think *emancipatorily* for themselves—surviving the state by liberating themselves from it; and all use the same language starting from simple to complex.

In turn, understanding is generally predicated on the ability to explain complex things in simple ways, as one might to a child. So animals and monsters work in that fashion, too—starting as simple puzzles alluding to bigger hypermassive problems that students become more engaged with (always in the abstract due to their size); i.e., as the puzzles grow more advanced, but also oscillate back and forth as needed inside different media forms: books, movies, videogames, etc, as opportunities to learn for or against the state regarding all ages *for all ages*. Poetic manifestation and interpretation routinely "grow up," becoming giddily sexual:



(exhibit 33b2c1a1b: Artist: [Selvaggia Babe](#). The way to parody academia is through heroic sex; e.g., Quistis from *Final Fantasy VIII* [1998] gobbling male essence up with all her mouths. This notion of wisdom and sexual heroism isn't as quaint as you might think. For one, *Academus* was an Attic hero, whose garden was selected for Plato's lectures and where the word "academia" hails from [with *platos* meaning "broad"⁵⁵]:

⁵⁵ "'Plato' seems to have started as a nickname (for *platos*, or 'broad'), perhaps first given to him by his wrestling teacher for his physique, or for the breadth of his style, or even the breadth of his forehead" ([source](#): Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy). True to form, "virtue" and power are conveyed through strength as classically gendered—"big equals strength" having many applications; e.g., a big ass, orgasm, cock, smile, intellect. The classical world would have relegated women to the ignominious position of male property. But *hauntological* forms allow us to present female/GNC schoolmasters who subvert male institutions of power to liminal degrees.

The Academia was originally a public garden or grove in the suburbs of Athens, about six stadia from the city, named from Academus, who left it to the citizens for gymnastics. It was surrounded with a wall by Hipparchus, adorned with statues, temples, and sepulchres of illustrious men; planted with olive and plane trees, and watered by the Cephisus. The olive-trees, according to Athenian fables, were reared from layers taken from the sacred olive in the Erechtheum, and afforded the oil given as a prize to victors at the Panathenean festival. The Academy suffered severely during the siege of Athens by Sylla, many trees being cut down to supply timber for machines of war. Few retreats could be more favorable to philosophy and the Muses. Within this enclosure Plato possessed, as part of his patrimony, a small garden, in which he opened a school for the reception of those inclined to attend his instructions. Hence arose the "Academic sect," and hence the term Academy has descended to our times ([source](#): Mathieu Deflem).



[artist: [real xxiii](#)]

More in line with Gothic thought [and the above collage], though, the university [and academia at large] is a place of secondary forbidden education; i.e., a renovated place of higher learning that—just as often through medieval power structures surviving into the present—yields its own ghost of the counterfeit to abject: the fetishizing dysfunction of teachers sleeping with their students—the modest nun-like nerd as someone to deflower while discovering forbidden pleasures together. Echoes of *Original Sin* and Matthew Lewis aside, this remains a highly popular fantasy that can just as easily be reclaimed by iconoclastic workers; i.e., releasing stress and tearing down canonical boundaries normally obsessed with controlling sex

through essentialized conventional means: the fetishes and clichés of porn deliberately confused per Gothic liminal expression [vampires and other hungry undead metaphors]. Hauntology pits heroes against ordinary and otherworldly dangers often sharing the shame [there's a Freudian slip] uniforms and positions of status and control, release and disobedience—the nun, the whore, the knight, the damsel.)

Gothic-Communist development requires thinking about teaching and other things we're generally not encouraged by the state to do unless we're assigned a discrete profession within it—teachers. But it's possible to do more than one thing at once and indeed, mothers often must; i.e., teaching valuable, life-long lessons to their figurative and actual children while being treated like animals and monsters by the state. To that, I often think of myself as a teacher-first, academic-second, but still have to routinely put these things into perspective when trying to explain them in relation to one another. Lessons have plans, meaning they're prepared in advance and developed over time according to your audience (research, which is work). My audience is adults and workers more broadly so I have planned my lessons to keep them in mind.

For starters, I feel like I shouldn't have to define teaching and what *that* is, but fascists are literally anti-intellectual and moderates are just fascists waiting to happen, so here's a quick rundown: Teaching gets you to learn by engaging with the world, including media, by asking questions. Asking questions demonstrates an attempt to understand something by interrogating it or something related to it. This ideally should start when people are young by involving things that interest them. Discouraging questions and replacing them with singular reactionary interpretations is called *dogma*, which is generally predicated on fear as something to communicate through socio-material conditions. Instead of the proposition of *friends*, you have the enforcement of *enemies*—aliens, "stranger danger" and the "other" amounting to us versus them; i.e., prescribed by the state as *the* enemy to workers, making us fearful and mistrusting of nature: by using monsters as poetic language to *discourage* critical thought, thus societal bonds, through bad education, bad puzzles and bad teachers that lead to bad students, to bullies.

We don't want that, because community is built on trust through an ability to recognize friend from foe under difficult conditions. We want people to question their surroundings from a young age, thus think in ways that further their development for the better of them, other workers and the world. This demonstrates an ability to observe and learn, which is important regarding relationships with other people and learning their boundaries, their needs and wants while communicating your own; it also encourages people to imagine ways of improving their world to help themselves and others. This starts in early childhood and progresses well into adulthood, but for reactionary people will always be arrested because they are always dogmatic, thus isolated and scared of just about anything different than them (re: Crawford's [invention of terrorism](#)). They will be unable to imagine anything outside of Capitalism, and monsters (for them) always personify us versus them. This is largely because Communism is *extracurricular*. It's not taught in schools and is basically outlawed. You'll have to, at the very least, ask questions to find it, including about and with monsters.

Furthermore, if a child *is* precocious, you'll want to encourage them so they keep asking questions, thus learning through repeat questions (often the same

classic refrain, "why?") that likewise correspond to how they check in on friends, loved ones, lovers; i.e., to let them see that you care, even if you seem fine but might not be. This is vital, lest the problems burrow horribly to the surface and painfully convert the living to the undead ("Kain seemed fine..."); i.e., in statuesque forms likened to "Antiquity" as also⁵⁶ statuesque through perceptive sculptors chasing poignant messages with the statue: the muse that is not material (a person) coming to life and placing itself in the artist's cathedral as a fellow exhibit made by two. A given cathedral is wrought from and with many muses working for a better future during our **Song of Infinity** (more on this device in the medieval prep section, "[Monsters, Magic and Myth](#)"). No one person can take all the credit, our labor value trumping money value through a "laboratory" of mad science playing out in sequence; i.e., from one vacant galley made full of Gothic wonders into another and another until the fat lady sings.

My book, then, is but one example, though I hesitate to call it "mine." While I might *technically* be the author (thus art director) of this particular chain of comely oddities, I really hate to take "the lion's share" of glory proffered. Art is work, sex is work, sex is art, and all come from older forms (e.g., Medusa, *Alien*); and if you've ever tried to direct a shoot, or be directed in a shoot, you'll quickly realize just how much work goes into such productions: costumes, makeup, lighting, scripts, acting and physical stamina (a big one, when it comes to sex). I learned that from Zeuhl, a photography nerd and music snob ([their alias should be a clue](#)) who helped me make my first sex tape (with them) and do my first nude shoot together (them, filming me). They also showed me how to date online and helped me set up my website after leaving me for their future husband.

It became not just something to survive the heartbreak and abuse of, but to understand that I was *lucky* for what came to pass; i.e., that I eventually learned to see through their awful illusions and find people who treated me better because of

⁵⁶ Is the silence of the breathless pieta an overwhelmed/unresponsive alarm to true distress, a jest, or a worrisome trifle? I'd say it's somewhere in between. Diagnoses like those must happen on the fly and can be stressful, but are important for the health of all peoples involved. They revive through the wardrobe—the costume, the prop, the makeup, etc—as a canvas on which to breathe fresh warnings and excitement, relief and ultimately restoration; e.g., a variety of rainbow shades as limitless as there exist colors of lipstick*, as flavors of food (sweet, savory or bitter, etc), and mixing those through a **confusion of the senses** whose **magical assembly** sets us free (more terms to explain in "[Monsters, Magic and Myth](#)").

**And all those qualities that women (or those forced to identify as women) canonical porn organizes into types: redheads, brunettes, blondes; big, medium and small tits, hips, buttocks, etc. Like parts to a car. To be bought, traded, exchanged, turned in for a newer model—abused and neglected like all property ultimately is. We use a lot of metaphors in this volume, but people are not functionally slaves because that is wrong. Imperialism is wrong. It's going to kill everyone on the planet and make most of our lives suck ass until then. End of story.*

what I learned from my exes. Their treatment of me became something to evolve regarding—to adapt. It made me a better partner, writer and art director. But I had to kill my darlings, to bury my idealized versions of what I wanted *them* to be and look for *that* in future cuties. But what I loved about my exes still lives on in my book, and what I feared about them is something I can face *without* fear. They can't hurt me anymore.



In turn, I took all they exposed me to and applied it with the same degree of interest Zeuhl showed postpunk, Manchester and twinks; Jadis, to insects, female domination, and Tool musical videos; and Cuwu, to worker rights, weed, and Pagan pageantry—i.e., I had a series of adventures and happy accidents, all leading circuitously to the present moment, of which I feel the happiest I've ever been: my book as counterterrorist apologia made with people I utterly love and adore loving me just hard.

Mastery takes time and sacrifice, which means you can't have a Promethean Quest (and badass cathedral associated with it) without making *some* enemies/strange bedfellows to dig up at a later date. This disinterment also includes former friends—those who weren't ready for the sort of commitment a better future requires:



(exhibit 33b2c1a2: Artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Some wasps look soft and femme, but can "sting" sweetly or deeply—i.e., in ways that cause genuine delight and severe emotional harm. Cuwu was one such person—soft and genderfluid, needy and vain, they sucked me dry and ultimately hurt me. But I still have fond memories of them [most of which are videos and photographs⁵⁷; I'd learned my lesson from not taking nearly enough with Zeuhl in Manchester]. It left me hurt, reflecting on my mom's motto: "No pussy's worth it." But I'm glad I had the chance to learn, because some pussy is. You just gotta find cuties who won't mistreat you, confusing the boundaries between pleasure and harm. Cuwu did that because they had been badly hurt—a histrionic with borderline personality disorder who sought power and control to empower themselves by victimizing others; all my exes did. Eventually I learned how to meet people who treated me well minus the predatory harm [exhibit 33b2c1b]: camping canon with this book to prevent future disasters intimated in past Medusas I couldn't help.)

I've often been accused by trans misogynists of devising this book as a wicked scheme: to "just" get laid. First off, while I *love* getting laid, surely there are far easier ways to have sex than writing a four-volume book series based on ten-plus years of research! Such persons seriously miss the point, then; i.e., my revisiting of old strategies of reflection to bond with new cuties I can teach important lessons (and they me) while we relate back and forth (which making art

⁵⁷ Regarding the middle photo, here's a bit of medieval architectural nerdiness: vintage cathedrals would have been built facing the dawn to represent the rising of Christ's soul to Heaven. To that, Cuwu facing the dawn is like a cathedral in more ways than one; i.e., her front, or heavenly façade, is awash in sunlight, and her hellish, shapely backside is covered in growing shadows. In the Gothic sense, she intimates my own stabs at Strawberry Hill, my own personal "Lilith" who haunts *Sex Positivity's* hallowed gloomth, but mostly without images to give her shape.

and having sex both consist of and combine). The point in doing so is to build on something that liberates all parties, targeting the Superstructure with Gothic poetics mastered by a community of awakened workers building in perpetuity (always out of breath with more to say). This requires trust in good faith, not deception (which my critics seemed to have projected onto me regarding their own humanistic shortcomings): the valuing of that which Capitalism normally cheapens in pursuit of profit.

To this, a director is precisely fuck-all without a muse to blow up, and a model often needs a platform to work their magic. As such, *Sex Positivity* was and always will be a group effort, its total collective statement on/with artwork and sex work entirely impossible if not for all my muses, models, partners (currently friendly or antagonistic) and friends (sexual or platonic) working in concert. Nor is ours the first. Like the patchwork group of (mostly cis-het male) art nerds who made *Alien*, celebrating the monstrous-feminine in Gothic panache, my cuties and I don't own each other while raising temples to our own dark gods. Instead, we've worked together to contribute to a diverse, inclusive labor of love that we can all feel proud of; i.e., a dark progeny begot from enthusiastic, heartfelt teamwork. It's an orgiastic journey to document and leave behind, a procession of memories to learn from (as *Alien* very much is). Or as Scott himself put it: "It takes an army of dedicated people to make a feature film—and on *Alien* we had a marvelous army" ([source](#): American Cinematographer's "The Filming of *Alien*," 2017). So did I.



([ibid.](#))

Per the Humanities, such marbled dialog is not set-in-stone, then, but sculpted in our own caring gestures cheering others up and looking out for them; e.g., wagging "tails" manifesting as a simple "How are you doing?" (capital makes us forget to breathe, thus ask, thus think—waves of terror—so we must regain a prompt ability to think on the fly less as "total recall" and more as being quick on

the draw). The more they learn, the more they can change the world provided they learn things that allow them to. In turn, this requires someone who will seek answers out, not take things at face value, including with things that interest them. They'll enjoy them, but call them out if they're pernicious, and invent curious solutions to hornswoggle/trick the state and its proponents (e.g., my older brother's Mr. Kazakhstan; i.e., the useful myth of Gothic ancestry).

Just look at Gamergate to see the effect of canonical tutelage on worker minds; i.e., players as puzzle-solvers who, stuck in fear and dogma, become unable to solve even the most rudimentary of social puzzles (spoiled rotten). Puzzles don't just teach us to think, but help us relax and relieve stress, but per dialectical materialism is also dualistic; e.g., a soldier or soldier-like (for the state) worker's R&R and scapegoat to kill versus a proletarian worker's R&R and dragon to slay. For the state proponent, they *remain* as children, their minds closed off to further development save as better soldiers, better killers *for* the state; and we, as class warriors, learn through entertainment and relaxation as going hand-in-hand while repurposing dogma to suit *our* needs; e.g., me recognizing videogames as neoliberal refrains imparting the monomyth to acclimate future children to future wars for the state, thus furthering Capitalist Realism (space cadets, scouts, and cops, etc, of any gender the state needs to tokenize).

My countering of that focuses on a simple principle: children are far easier to teach than adults (the latter requiring learning incentives like sex [and other such treats] to motivate them). Children *start* as hungry and absorb things like a sponge; the state takes advantage of that to make soldiers that maintain its strength and position: "Give me a boy until he is seven and I will show you the man." For Gamergate types, everything is a stranger and wrong except whatever fits with their narrow, fragile worldview, and they respond predictably to that in ways the state *can* control; i.e., through us-versus-them violence, made into a holiday (a cycle): the ghost of the counterfeit to summon and abject.



As such, gamers (the metonym for conservatism's lost boys) hate Anita Sarkeesian because she encourages critical-thinking skills in regards to entertainment, which for weird canonical nerds is anathema. They liken cognitive estrangement/dissonance to a biased confirmation that they *must* be right; i.e., she is an enemy who is wrong—an animalistic monster not to be trusted, but attacked and killed because it apparently threatens Man like death personified (meaning "a threat"; e.g., Michael Myers in *Halloween* [1978] as a threatening Shape that

h(a)unts you: "In Samuels' writing fate is immovable like a mountain. It stands where man passes away. Fate never changes"). By extension, all women are the enemy. Nature is the enemy. Monsters that evoke these motherly characteristics (the *topos* of the power of women making Aristotle out to be an ass) are the enemy. Teachers (the *intelligencia*) are the enemy. In turn, cis-het men become isolated, lonely and desperate; they take by force what capital routinely denies them, knowing they'll play along to move money through nature. Forget "double-secret probation"; this time, it's war!

Conversely, I was a precocious child, always asking questions with my twin brother (we once asked a service tech at my grandfather's work showing off a heart-and-lung machine filled with cow's blood: "How did they get the blood out of the cow?" "Did it hurt the cow?" "Where's the cow now?" The technician was speechless). Over time, my brother stopped asking questions and escaped into videogames, started a family and upheld the nuclear family model. I, on the other hand, became a wandering spinster and academic, studying videogames and monsters until counting myself among their number by coming out of the closet and writing this book series; i.e., using my expanded vernacular and general education/experiences through a show of solidarity informed by my childhood; e.g., by my grandfather and I, as a little girl, walking in the fields and I stopping to see the flowers as a child does. "Aren't the flowers beautiful?" I asked him; to which my grandfather looked around him and saw them as I did.

"Why yes they are!" he remarked, touched by my childish observation having reopened his eyes to a thing forgotten regarding that which was in right in front of, and all around, him—nature. "Lest ye become as little children, you shall never enter the kingdom of God!" Except per Rudolph Otto, this isn't a Christian kingdom, but one expressed through placeholders that is quested for by Gothicists (and other such poets) looking on awesome things: "Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Awesome things lead to awesome thoughts, to awesome problems, to awesome *solutions*. Memory becomes a lesson to trust passed down as "Antiquity"—a challenge that rings bells of devastation not rung in some time: a lost lesson, a rememory we return to as a colossal wreck surrounded by sand (ashes to ashes, dust to dust—what Hamlet called a "quintessence").

To that, I still have to teach my ideas *to* people or it's all for naught. While accessibility and replicability is a common theme of my book (abjuring academic superiority and cognitive estrangement), a desire to *teach* lies inside my biggest volume: about monsters, with monsters, as motherly and animalistic. I want to teach not just because academia did me dirty but also because I learned to teach correctly through the women in my life as there for me; i.e., in ways that made me feel welcome, loved, and safe. This is another duality insofar as the state treats all women like animals and monsters, forcing them to be mothers who teach their children to be better inside the system caging both; chattelized, they often fight enslavement through their children as the future that outlives the patriarch

controlling them "to be a man" like him, a coach from Hell: "Our babies will not be warlords!"



In Western myth, women are the classical guides for men through Hell (with Virgil being a classic exception). Not all of them were proverbial good witches, but

likewise, through Hawthorne I learned that moral distinctions (value judgements) like "good and bad" are far less useful critically than dialectical materialism expressing the using of such qualifiers onto monsters as complex societal roles; morality is automatic insofar as actions do what is moral relative to human, animal and environmental rights protecting them from the state, from echoes of tyranny. The best teachers prepare us for the world, including our own growing sexualities in relation to those who protect us as being people we will want to be close to, including sexually—the generally accepted role of the teacher and the parent versus the Gothic's enjoyment of the paradox, the student desiring the teacher as (through the ghost of the counterfeit) donating to incest, thus rape. This can happen through paradoxes of ironic bodily reactions; i.e., the body reacting to rape with physical pleasure divided from the mind (the tickle or laughter paradox—of tickling or laughing feeling good until they don't, or if they are unwanted—but also of complaint, of "methinks the lady doth protest too much" during #MeToo, legal bias and sexual harassment; e.g., Amy Black Stone *et al*'s "[Legal Consciousness and Responses to Sexual Harassment](#)," 2009).

In other words, context matters; contending with capital means playing with these paradoxes and their context through signifiers thereof that manifest in daily life and media as half-real, echoing across imagination, therefore time and space. Precocious children want to "grow up" quickly and jump into sex as a learning device; we often only have access to canonical instances of porn that, unlike worker-friendly forms, prepare us for a rude awakening when we discover that women/the monstrous-feminine aren't without weapons. While they gatekeep (cockblock) and teach us about sex through boundaries as likewise informed by media, they can reject *unwanted* connections and harm to teach vital lessons; i.e., that they are *not* sex objects to own and abuse, first and foremost, but people we

must acknowledge and treat with respect while managing our own bruised egos (and pent-up frustrations). Like a teacher in class but a lover in bed, such fuckable, motherly personas will be waiting when we're both ready to play:



(artist: [Sabrina Nicole](#))

The idea of such maternal BDSM and kink is to mother a pedagogic connection that isn't harmful—a "first time" that is cute, thus special. It probably *won't* be earth-shattering (unless you both know what you're doing and understand what you both want and like) but it *can* be in the future if chances to experiment are allowed—to repeatedly take each other out "for rides." This will happen if you trust each other and look for a likeness of mothers in those you befriend and yes, fuck—not to encourage incest, but calculated risk that prevents incest and other abuses

common to the state falling apart under its routine collapses; e.g., I have a mommy kink, but engage through such personas to heal from power abuse (rape) that I have survived at the hands of many abusers, be they more readily classifiable as male or female (and arguably intersex, in Zeuhl's case).

In turn, there's so many monsters (mommies or otherwise) to examine, so many ways to think about/with them as memory aids and psychosexual teaching devices; i.e., that speak to underlying dialectical-material forces at work, thus myriad conclusions to draw/fun to be had through what's uncovered and in turn played with (children *should* play with dead things). Holistic intersectionality demands solving Capitalism through poetry and monsters, but also critical thinking as something that involves fluency in both; i.e., with people who don't always agree (often on protocol but also deeper issues like morality and other such cultural values) and who must find common ground in shared interests. It raises questions; i.e., desires to quest for answers that rise from media as dualistic, thus puzzling. And like all quests, fluency starts with a riddle.

In the interests of playing with poetry as an invaluable contribution to solving Capitalism, I've devised this riddle in a particular shape inside the mind: the caterpillar and the wasp (which, if you haven't figured out already, is a metaphor for Ripley and the xenomorph as monstrous mothers). Except we're thinking of these devices as abstractions of things (the monstrous-feminine), which just as often abstract *other* things (mothers, nature, BDSM and kink, etc). Their socio-material engagement works back and forth, providing delivery systems for trauma

and catharsis on a systemic level: the Archaic Mother as a big-ass (full-of-eggs) maneater.



(artist: [Bay](#) and a female mantis)

Contrary to Cartesian dualism, though, this actually describes a very human way of approaching the world and learning about it. As such, we'll jump around a fair bit, but try to return to the original placeholder forms (our titular caterpillar and wasp) every so often, if only to keep things anchored and consistent. Regardless, try to remember that Gothic theatre roles like the Great Destroyer and sacrificial lamb each occupy the human body—not simply a blank canvas, but a "murderous" art studio (akin to Scott's psychosexual, 1970s arthouse splatter revived and parodied; e.g., with Jeremy Saulnier's 2007 *Murder Party* and Macon Blair's own contributions⁵⁸) whose prolific gradient of expression—painted in all manner of

⁵⁸ As I wrote in "*Murder Party* (2007): Review" (2018):

Jeremy Saulnier and Macon Blair—I stumbled upon *Blue Ruin* several years back, and immediately fell in love with both men; they operate in tandem, much of what they deliver working through a constant, healthy partnership. For example, the stark conclusion, of the suicidal revenge plot, is realized by a shrunken, speechless Blair (a directorial talent in his own right: *I Don't Feel at Home in This World Anymore* [2017] is one of my favorite films). I was hypnotized, and driven to watch more ([source](#)).

From Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* to Scott's *Alien* to Saulnier and Blair and ever onwards, the Gothic's carnage is a sexy blood smear our own bodies, rooms and intersections of these carry into the future. Follow the pussy slime, the "snail trail," the white rabbit!

unspeakable pigments and fluids—is anisotropic amid dialectical-material dispute; it all shares the same shadow zone, one that talks about multiple things at the same time, but stresses different qualities as needed to make a given point. To that, a human body can represent "power" as closeness to trauma, further symbolized by animals and theatre on and offstage; i.e., as something to impart by acknowledging its complicated, linguo-material existence; e.g., the counterterrorist ability to buck systemic abuse normalized by the brutal ordering of nature as moralized to serve Cartesian interests: something as ridiculous as "All Wasps Are Bad" (capital demands profit, which demands genocide, which demands wars of extermination, which demands a misunderstanding of what nature is in relation to human fear and dogma). Humans must be humanized; other animals, treated humanely.

Those touched by trauma pursue "trauma" as something to control through calculated risk; the Gothic invites this through paradox, pushing the hero (the protagonist) towards Hell as an edge of destruction that wholly transforms them. Capital harms us and conceals its harm through cryptonyms that announce the structure it cannot fully hide. In pursuit of Communism as *our* Numinous, then, our Gothic quest begins with a caterpillar bookending itself. It starts with an egg and a leaf and from there the egg hatches and the caterpillar start its life. In one branch, it grows up, enters its chrysalis, and emerges a butterfly. In another, or at the same time insofar as time is a circle, it emerges a wasp. What represents Capitalism and what represents Communism? Capitalism is a cancer and Communism is the cure, but cancer-as-capital is both a natural thing and unnatural insofar as Capitalism is and isn't an animal, because it is alive but also too big to be expressed as such. But such poetic abstractions (metaphors) are common in popular stories because popular stories are what work insofar as oral culture is far older than written culture but expressed within it; e.g., Medusa as expressed through likenesses (the xenomorph) that speak to the human condition as in flux through dialectical-material exchanges: commodities vs activism. The process as



alien becomes something to reunite and play with as much as the body encapsulating it. Pursue it from all angles and positions:

(artist: [Lera PI](#))

Swept up in that is an innate (congenital, internal) and taught (external, societal) desire to help others *and* fend for ourselves; i.e., to value and appreciate the defenseless, caring for/treating them so they trust, feel safe and will spend time with us: protection and comfort. It's not supernatural but it *is* alienated from us and

fetishized by capital, which in turn speaks to those of us who identify with monsters (often in familial language that speaks to our psychosexual desires for protection and comfort) by virtue of this alien-fetish effect—the monster's motherly affect bouncing back onto us as marginalized collectively among differences; e.g., me as trans, intersecting with people of color and women, religious minorities, disabled persons and Indigenous people as needing to unify together through these maternal sentiments: to fight collectively against the state as a patriarchal settler colony that has already won, collaring Medusa. It's like *Star Wars*, except the Death Star is still operational(!). Salvation for one group demands salvation for all, lest said Star become an Omelas.

Like *Star Wars*, people tune in for drama because it speaks different things to them in personified forms (all heroes are monsters). Ideals and taboos. You don't just have a character die randomly⁵⁹ because then the story stops before anything has been said. People learn through popular entertainment because it's popular in oral and written forms. This includes the Gothic juxtaposing contrasting and oft-personifying elements (and multiple interacting and interrelated, interesting factors) through theatrical paradox to express the whole through disturbance according to ideals and crimes through "what stinks" (where the bodies are buried); i.e., using what captivates and holds people's attention: puzzles and games, but also fear and dogma, struggle and victory.

To that, is the puzzling case of the caterpillar and wasp a simple mimetic game, something idealized that "stinks," mere poetry or dogma meant to elicit a fear response? Can fear be used to keep us alive through devices that help us think critically about our surroundings as eating us? The short answer is, all of the above, in duality! The riddle is one of motherhood (the wasp's maternal predation of its specialized host, the caterpillar) as enslaved to abject forms that can always be conjured up and crushed under heel. Doing so speaks to something I outlined in Volume One:

Rape and war are two sides of the same coin; Gothic Communism seeks to prevent both (and Capitalist Realism) through worker intelligence as something to raise well beyond canonical, Cartesian standards. Trauma writing/artwork, then, are vastly important insofar as they grant workers an awesomely potent means to speak out against the state and its normally myopic dialogs on rape, war and death: Gothic poetics as a counterterrorist device, by which to regain control over portrayals of our own trauma, thus lives; i.e., by reclaiming the ability to perform and play with these things imagined for ourselves, seeing possible worlds beyond Capitalist Realism's

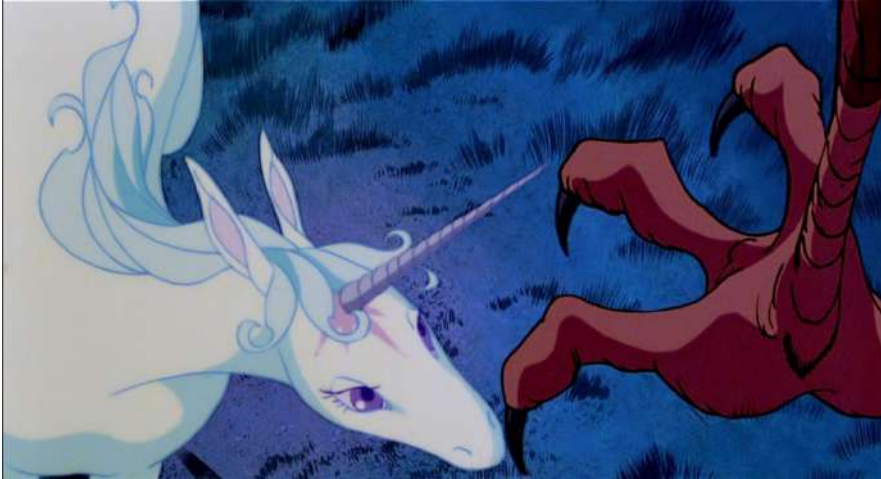
⁵⁹ Heroes are like videogame characters; they don't take actual permanent damage and can express themselves in immediate, impactful language everyone understands: sex and violence (the language of the Imperium).

endless rape and war. Women (and all monstrous-feminine "non-men") are food whose harvesting serves a Cartesian profit motive.

To that, it's actually quite common for heroic canon to *include* trauma, but not to process it in any meaningful, healthy sense; i.e., of actually stopping its criminogenesis by recognizing and subverting these coercive material conditions and linguo-material factors in reclaimed language and iconoclastic, Gothic theatricalities. [...] The most effective (and final) form of genocide is silence; the best way to combat its execution is to speak out in ways that highlight our trauma in recognizable forms. [...] Capitalist Realism as a *Cartesian* enterprise. Under Cartesian thought, nature is *female* food tied to profit in ways that alienate workers and the natural world in classically Gothic ways that lead to police states and grim harvests, but also harvests at large regardless of their outward appearance; i.e., the monstrous-feminine through settler-colonial models that continue to plague workers and nature as victims of capital ([source](#)).

To that, what could be more vivid (and indicative of the monstrous-feminine) than infanticide, paralysis and cannibalism? It certainly strikes a chord, and speaks to things normally left unspoken in Western media save as ghosts of the counterfeit: the fed-up mother feeding on her baby to pass a rebellious *double* along inside the hollowed-out shell—a Trojan.

Except, abject theatre seems to be unsatisfactory insofar as it's "just gross." Indeed, it would seem far easier to ditch all of this gnarly mayhem, stick to theory and "speak plain" (*there's* a paradox) minus the gross bugs and infanticidal gestures. But doing so would ignore how people learn, thus make us terrible teachers, hence Gothicists (the Gothic doesn't speak plain, and wouldn't to save its life); it would ignore the repressed matriarchal fury—of a) not wanting to be a mother forced to give birth to soldiers for the capitalist, patriarchal hive, and b) wanting to look and feel human as something that can be as outwardly comely as a butterfly or as hideously beautiful as a wasp being two sides of the same magic: "Set me free! We are sisters, you and I!" The puzzle to liberation—to "cleaning house" once and for all—lies in both as scholarship and cool-as-shit. Unicorns and harpies? Fucking. Metal.



(exhibit 33b2c1b: Unicorns fuck to metal. The chase of the Numinous is a reoccurring theme in this book, but especially this volume. It's the proverbial elephant in the room: the womb of nature—not just a church but a cathedral in a vast

string of "might in small." This grappling duality reflects in phallic women and Archaic Mothers; i.e., doubles of a light and dark side through all the usual Gothic binaries sliding on a warring gradient; e.g., Hippolyta and Medusa, but also the harpy and the unicorn: as monstrous-feminine similar to the wasp and caterpillar as predator and prey through stigma animals amid a commercialized pastoral, the strong and the weak [which for the fascist is both, but also for the Communist]. Per the Gothic, these dueling foils mobilize the formerly arrested, fusing nuclear division [the family unit and its labor] while haunting the counterfeit's dark funerary heritage as something to investigate; re: Radcliffe and us, to get to the bottom of an ongoing curse we [unlike Radcliffe] will actually do something about. We won't banish Marx' spectres; we'll revive them in "prisons" that set workers [and Mother Nature] free from the abjection process [a concept we'll continue exploring throughout this volume].

Powerful men [or those in the same Man Box] aren't just intimidated by powerful, sexy women, but the monstrous-feminine at large. Those forced to identify as "women/femme" under heteronormative schemes, then, inherit the burden of care, the need to be creative as a teaching/enrichment device [apart from enterprising auteurs, cis-het men are terrible cooks, dancers, photographers, child rearers, artists, instructors, etc; and even those who excel are self-centered and destructively competitive]: pulling thorns out of wounded lions' paws. Except, mothers of the future are forced by the state/status quo to care for the murderously infantile as given everything except what they need to socially and emotionally thrive. It becomes "gimme or die," a demand made by those living in a capitalistic bubble that leads them to think they're entitled to everything—to own what they don't understand [e.g., girls pee out of their butts].

Our flowery subversion of the usual pride-based theatrics includes confirmed bachelors of any preference; i.e., I love my grandfather but would much rather write about the monstrous-feminine [especially monster mommies and Amazons] for-fucking-ever than spend one second apologizing for patriarchal forces [from Volume Zero]:

We will invariably discuss cis-het, male proponents (exhibit 63b) of the status quo throughout the book, but our transformative interest really lies more so in TERFs and other heteronormative cross-sections within tokenized canon; i.e., the class traitor's assimilation fantasy that maintains the colonial binary by emulating **white supremacy** and **toxic masculinity** through **internalized bigotry** and **self-hatred** as a discipline-and-punish **panopticon**, one that perpetuates the status quo of dominating the monstrous-feminine—i.e., the rebellious slave or barbarian, effeminate meathead or thinking/feeling soldier, worker, athlete or statue essentially being property-come-alive and thinking for itself—through the rape culture of



"prison sex": **acting like a man** as something to perpetually watch over everyone else within and remind them of it. Not only are the terms "prison sex" and "Man Box" synonymous in this book; they're performed by token minorities, including women but really anything that "isn't a white, cis-het, Christian man" wanting to assimilate, thus occupy the guard tower. All functionally become a double minority relative to the power of their voice for the status quo, but also against the status quo in proletarian discourse [[source](#)].

Gondor, the Emerald City, Omelas—the Patriarchy is "Goldilocks Imperialism," historically-materially whatever fails living up to a promised better future during theatrical conflict. Aragorn is a heartless sham, the Wizard of Oz a perfidious humbug.

[left: a saucy conversation between [Bay](#) and I]

The likes of Tolkien [and his imitators] might seem like tough acts to follow, historical materialism regressing to times of revenge, sexual division and high adventure at the fascist beginning and end of time ["Rome" by any other name]. Such calculated risks might be tempting to enjoy without critique; e.g., Witch Hazel's "[Ride On](#)" [2024] yet-another-power-fantasy with clear-cut ground rules, its friends and foes easily defined, its roles, revenges and rescues restoring a centrist balance of power. As such, it's our monstrous-feminine "past" against a Man's world, the latter envisioned as such by perilous fraudsters laying claim to everything from Cleopatra to the Pouch of Douglas. Our bedroom code and its curious preferential allowances, whatever form they take—whatever tension and

release their salubrious locomotion provides and lubricates—helps gear workers towards development; i.e., of what Capitalism deems "impossible." Fuck them; this is our cake, our cathedral to taste and share with those who are invited—that, like Gloria Gaynor's spectacular refrain, operatically belt "I will survive!" while saving all our lovin' for someone who's lovin' us. Like the unicorn, our fur[r]y is dainty and cute; it remains inarguably terrifying to the privileged as cowardly through domestication—e.g., [like this tiny bird furiously attacking this 'fraidy cat](#) [Daily Dose of Internet's "Random Tire Flies Off Car, 2024; timestamp: 2:46]: "That rabbit's dynamite!"



Moreover, class/culture war is fought and won with love and nature as subversively maternal and sororietal—to reclaim from a heteronormative, tokenized mind prison of nuclear-familial bad instruction and poisonous love [re: TERFs]. Female or not, so many

people are completely afraid to love at all. Many often love deeply once and then, unrequited or otherwise denied happiness, fall into a deadly celibate trap: of thinking that it can't get better. Speaking from experience, I'm a certified nymphomaniac, but didn't date successfully until I was 29⁶⁰. After that, I had a series of exes who harmed me until 2022, except I started seeing my past as like all relationships: an opportunity to grow and learn from.

As such, my luck started to change because I was calibrating my search parameters, each abuser a setback that taught me what to look and watch out for [the proverbial green and red flags]. In other words, creativity became my

⁶⁰ I didn't drive and had to take the bus to college, going back after nearly a decade-long hiatus. I met a future ex on the bus, Constance, who was going to a nearby college. To be charitable, it was a short relationship, and one that involved their mother not wanting us to spend time together because I was a broke bitch; they were worried I'd get their daughter pregnant. Unable to provide for Constance, she eventually stopped talking to me altogether. But about seven years after the fact, I reached out apropos of nothing and we caught up; Constance said she still remembered me, and that I had treated her very well and inspired her to do the same with her own future partners. I was reading *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1605) when we dated, and I often described her as my fairy queen. And seven years later, I mentioned that to Constance; she replied: "You'll *always* be my fairy queen." We *did* plan to meet up after their relationship went "on the rocks," but I had to get tested first. By the time I got my healthcare set up, Constance and her fiancé had patched things up and we had to cancel the trip; but we did have a couple of fun days where we were fantasizing and talking about old times together—to fuck like it was new to us.

The moral, here, is you can meet people in person or online; what matters is that you enjoy it and take away something vital that you and others can collectively learn from and pass on.

superpower because I could take whatever an abuser threw at me and make it something beautiful; I eventually started to find "mommies" who didn't hurt me while making me feel good [unlike with Cuwu, exhibit 33b2c1a2] and that's when the real magic started to happen—i.e., when this book sprang to life. To that, unicorns are visible to those who search and trust; generally mistaken for ordinary things, they are both ordinary and extraordinary as something to learn from. Zeuhl loved to swallow cum [and make eye contact, mid-gulp]—was an invigilator who had the tightest, most perfect pussy imaginable [with lots of fuzz and sliced ham, but tight as hell]; Cuwu's bedroom door had a literal unicorn on it; and Jadis was a chonky entomologist, dark mommy and orc chiefess who lured me in, deliberately groomed me for harm [if failing is fucking then I've "failed" a lot—many lifetimes' worth because I've lived a lot]. Their friendlier ghosts are the figurative "mothers" we leave home to find; i.e., to make "home" among those who actually nurture and protect us, teaching us how through roleplay and sex, through Gothic teasing and thrills ["the gift that keeps on giving"]. Dating for love as casual or serious, roomies or strangers, SOs or FWBs, we may not ever get to fuck in-person, but we can learn and bond long-distance just fine [the classic "love-by-letter" approach, but extending to images and video on the Internet; i.e., Trans-X's "[Living on Video](#)" (1983) or Taco's vampy "[Puttin' on the Ritz](#)" (2024) but overtly pornographic]: I love my job because the people I work with [through interdependence, not codependence] are all awesome mommies and daddies I can proudly show off without regret!



[models, from left to right: [Ms. Reefer](#), [Blxxd Bunny](#), and [Quinnvincible](#)]

How could I have any when working with such angels, and while having survived the complete-and-utter torture that preceded them? Jadis was my Great Destroyer. They took with impunity. [They scattered my wits, drained my sanity and stole my will to live](#) [source: Persephone van der Waard's "Setting the Record Straight; My Ex's Abuse of Me: February 17th, 2022"]. By comparison, these cuties—stellar and glowing—utterly restored it, gave me something to live for—something warm and serene, but joyous, thunderstriking and awesome: helping my friends avoid similar fates; i.e., an angelic and devilish bliss/aftercare comparable to what Matthew Lewis described following the riot and fall of Ambrosio in [The Monk](#):

The remaining years of Raymond and Agnes, of Lorenzo and Virginia, were happy as can be those allotted to Mortals, born to be the prey of grief, and sport of disappointment. The exquisite sorrows with which they had been afflicted, made them think lightly of every succeeding woe. They had felt the sharpest darts in misfortune's quiver; Those which remained appeared blunt in comparison. Having weathered Fate's heaviest Storms, they looked calmly upon its terrors: or if ever they felt Affliction's casual gales, they seemed to them gentle as Zephyrs which breathe over summer-seas [[source](#)].

To that, I'll let you in on a little secret: The greatest irony of Jadis harming me [something we'll go into more detail about during the undead module] is they accidentally gifted me with the appreciation of calculated risk. Scoured with invisible knives, I don't view my scars as a "weakness" at all; I relish the feeling of proximity to the ghost of total power—of knowing that motherfucker took me to the edge but didn't take everything from me: I escaped them and lived to do my greatest work in spite of their treachery! Like the halls of a cathedral, my lived torments and joys color this castled work, ornamenting its various passages with the power of a full life. I've known such terror that makes the various joys I experience now all the more sweet and delicious. I am visited by ghosts of my rapturous design, the empress of my fate, the queen of a universe shared with seraphs the likes of which I can hardly describe; "no coward soul is mine."



[artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Am I privileged enough [white, male, American/middle-class] to not be immediately killed by those with the stomach for it, trapped on the wrong side of the imperial fence or the law? Yes. But let it be known all the same that all of our abusers—however powerful they might seem—can't completely own us, nor take the best things "during the divorce"; i.e., they don't monopolize "what works" when combined adventurously by us [which we may do as we want—to have fun and learn with those we have "eyes for"]: my creative stealing of their power through my own work, eliding sex and warlike metaphors to liberate the monstrous-feminine by illustrating mutual consent with sincere revolutionaries.

The Imperium divides along sex and force; birth and creativity are a classically feminine act, whereas traditional masculinity operates through rape dressed up as "birth" [re: Zeus and Metis]. Sex Positivity is our subversive playground, primarily funded by me but occupied and performed inside by a great many artists; i.e., those with access to forbidden, medieval, alienated things [their bodies and genders] and utterly determined to catch⁶¹ your attention, but also get

⁶¹ Not harmful lures or traps, but a means of setting you free in sexual-to-asexual forms (many workers are ace, but ace variation is immense—something we'll explore much more in Volume Three); not as an imposition of torturous conversion or unironic peer pressure (for you ace types), but an invitation to try new things, to seize the day! Is there a price? Of course, but this payment helps sex workers and customers combat material scarcity and apathy provided customers and creators work

you to think about sex worker liberation once your tails start to wag: "Don't be afraid to play 'dangerously' [to slay] in order to learn how to love better!" No horseshit, it's bonafide scholarship in our case, but also slutty and freaky as fuck.

There's praise, release words, collars and puppy play abound!

As such, a given pair offers the usual "fencing" quality mid-argument, albeit often within a theatrical BDSM cosmetic whose dialogic stance is literally worn: black leather symbolic of the alien, the profane, the lance-like penis as something to ride on a helper body—a dominant assistant that supplies the Destroyer component/stance as a physical component. But per Gothic oscillation, the role can waffle between submissive and dominant, the merger of white and black reflecting a given paradox; e.g., of evil, the gentle mommy dom appearing dark and deadly but being harmless, or the trans penis as penetrative but obedient towards the sub or dom as someone to top.

As such, the Gothic loves monsters, Hell, sex, violence, oxymorons; but contrary to modern capitalist thought, good villains [vice characters] hold an audiences' attention long enough to get them to think while eating popcorn entertainment [bread and circus, with a healthy dash of fake blood and cum]. Gender swaps/trouble and role reversals—the revelatory [and descriptive] possibilities of iconoclastic roleplay [and its visual expression] are virtually limitless, their appreciative irony liberating such wild motherly things from prescriptive canonical bondage; the original, however harmful or seemingly immutable, can mutate into something fresh across generations, but also in the current one—e.g., from Super Mario Bros. 3 [1988] to Akihabara Electric Circus [1988]. When you hear the cry of Medusa, it's a sigh of relief as much as a wail of the damned—a dark mommy getting' her breeder's freak on, begging ahegao for that baby batter!

together to ease suffering in all its forms: lessening harmful anguish, loss, agony and torment in exchange for campy theatrical forms (excruciating delight), sincere encouragement; "perilous" excitement, chills, awe and *frisson* ("skin orgasms"); and genuine, distinctly dizzying erotic pleasure—to help those in need fill empty reservoirs with fresh reserves, not oasis-grade fabrications administered by practiced frauds/repeat offenders.

Holistic creativity isn't mere distraction, then, but a medicinal and material redistribution of means, knowledge, care, love, etc, into proletarian depots; it becomes something to put on and take off the table per negotiation. But it also demands active fieldwork and social work, one whose gradual adjustments slowly shirk the sidelines, scanning wider and wider for opportunities (thus achievements) of friendship, love, education—of, once unstunted, ready to jump at fresh chances to experience new fun relationships (stepping stones) while being prepared and respectful towards rejection. Such growth may not be normal under *capitalist* standards, but Communist pressure alters what the "low bar" is, starting with human rights and going from there as the bare minimum. We become not just a division of sex workers and regulars, but a circle of friends, a support group of comrades issuing complaints, self-defending by attacking and accusing proponents of an abusive and predatory system—to reach for something better by fighting back in ways that humanize all methods, including sex. It's not a crutch or a Band-Aid, at all, but a device to eliminate such requirements through mutual reciprocity—of giving and receiving whatever we all need to thrive in a post-scarcity world while progressing towards it; i.e., a total fix versus a quick one (which isn't a fix at all).



In turn, we as workers have the right to express ourselves however we wish to say whatever is required to liberate us; e.g., the monstrous-feminine reified by "ancient" fertility throwbacks from Pagan harvest/resurrection rituals: Easter and egg-laying rabbits. The state, by comparison, has no rights insofar as it interferes with our right to exist and thrive. It must be throttled, irreverently choked to the point of total irrelevance by the jailed set free—often to the point of cartoonishly staged, parodic excess; i.e., as borrowed from childhood favorites that already "get the idea"; e.g., pinching its snout with a pair of chopsticks set to Beethoven's 9th⁶², shouting "OVERDOSE!" holding a dubious cure in both hands⁶³, or taking Hugo Snyder's threat "I'm going to crush your head until slimy ooze comes out of your eyeballs⁶⁴!" a bit too literally. Be it with fake blood and/or placental slime, it's all been done before, so do whatever works.)

Liberation-amid-torture might seem like a fever dream, except historical materialism presents history as a dialectical-material cycle described by Marx⁶⁵; i.e., like a *bad* dream where evil doubles would seem to haunt us for pure torment save for the riddle they provide meant to save us from the same sorry fate: one predicated on bourgeois socio-material conditions (the canonical Base and

⁶² From *Surf Ninjas* (1993).

⁶³ From *Re-Animator* (1989).

⁶⁴ From *3 Ninjas* (1992).

⁶⁵ Re: "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte."

Superstructure), but also shapes how we think through popular stories; i.e., in arguments through doubles (from Volume Zero):

Doubles invite comparison to encourage unique, troubling perspectives that "shake things up" and break through bourgeois illusions. To that, the paradox of performing power compounds through the visitor(s) from other worlds, planets, times as fabricated, but also doubled in a praxial sense; i.e., Satan builds *pandemonium* and hell follows within him, but he looks and acts uncannily like those he's rebelling against. While warring against the status quo, the monsters from either side (which come from/occupy the same shadow zone, whose nebulous, psychosexual "*forces of darkness*" we shall unpack during the thesis proper) start to resemble and not resemble each other. Sure, they look a lot alike, but dialectically-materially are actually polar opposites ([source](#)).

The problem to solve isn't a monstrous identity and abject appearance, but Capitalism as a structure these things rage against. Medusa has good reason to be mad: Capitalism deliberately kettles her and canonizes her angst, making such conditions unequal, thus harmful; Communism is a polity whose intersections need solidarity to survive by making said conditions (and the views that spring from them) equal, balanced, and healthy. Therefore, to solve monstrous-feminine riddles



of motherhood/nature-as-abject is to think critically about them; i.e., by using, like Odysseus, what we have on hand: our bodies and minds grappling with nature as something to learn from, no matter how fearsome and unmotherly she seems.

I've given you examples from my own life, but want to consider liberating mothers and the monstrous-feminine more broadly (mimesis) across a variety of media forms. We'll back these (Gothick dumpers) up, next.

(artist: [Lera PI](#))

"Teaching (the Caterpillar and the Wasp)," part two: Solving Riddles; or, Following in Medusa's Footsteps

When Perseus slew the Medusa he did not—as commonly thought—put an end to her reign or destroy her terrifying powers. Afterwards, Athena embossed her shield with the Medusa's head. The writhing snakes, with their fanged gaping mouths, and the Medusa's own enormous teeth and lolling tongue were on full view. Athena's aim was simply to strike terror into the hearts of men as well as reminding them of their symbolic debt to the imaginary castrating mother. And no doubt she knew what she was doing. After all, Athena was the great Mother-Goddess of the ancient world and according to ancient legend—the daughter of Metis, the goddess of wisdom, also known as the Medusa.

—Barbara Creed, *The Monstrous-Feminine* (1993)

Due to repeated expansions, "Teaching" part two has been divided into multiple subdivisions ("Following in Medusa's Footsteps") for an easier reading experience:

- **"Spilling Tea"**: A quick vibe check before we meet the girl of the hour.
- **"Meeting Medusa"**: Articulates how we can encounter "Medusa" in everyday life—a touch of the extraordinary lurking in those we meet as normally policed or controlled by the state. This classically falls under a male/female binary, which I will try to hyphenate based on my own experiences and expertise (scholarly synthesis).
 - **Postscript**: Gives an extension to the monstrous-feminine that considers the spatial relationship of the monstrous-feminine; i.e., the spaces and actors inside them as going beyond the Western kayfabe of Amazons vs Medusa: the *kawaii/kowai* dichotomy of J-horror in relation to Metroidvania as something I have studied extensively.
 - **Post-postscript/Further Reading**: Supplies further reading and gives a fun little anecdote about people who don't like being given further reading.
- **"Teaching between Media and our Bodies, and a Bit of Coaching"**: Shifts focus, expanding on the monstrous-feminine as something to consider (and teach) through a) the space between multiple forms of media and our bodies, and b) is something to materialize and grasp at through coaching behaviors (of which I shall demonstrate).
- **"Conflict, Mothers-in Conflict, and Liberation"**: Concludes the chapter by concentrating on themes of conflict that double as praxial struggles insofar as language hermeneutically functions; i.e., always in conflict in a variety of ways. I consider that variety unto itself, then regard it in relation to mothers (and the monstrous-feminine) as trapped, fighting for liberation.

"Following in Medusa's Footsteps": Spilling Tea; or, a Small Vibe Check

*Blood was running into the tea pot,
Then I heard them laugh:
"A bit of this in a cup of tea, is what it
Takes to set them free!"*

—King Diamond; "Tea," on King Diamond's *Them* (1988)

Before we "meet Medusa," let's have a quick vibe check, just to cover some ground. So sit with me, girls. Let's spill some tea!



(artist: [Eugène Emmanuel Amaury Duval](#))

Monster movies (and similar media) are commonly "creature features," meaning the creature is the main attraction (or the castle, or the creature as castle-like or vice versa, but I digress): us; our hormones, our minds, our bodies. E.g., I'm something of a Medusa myself—AMAB, and when I'm on estrogen, it changes me in a variety of ways. For one, I *don't* wake up with erections (an inversion of Jekyll's magic potion, insofar as trans men tend to experience expanded sexual appetites while *they're* on T) unless I stop E ("a return to boyhood"), but I *do* experience sore nipples and an

increase in sexual stimulation/orgasmic dimension (morphological/psychological qualities that would expand if progesterone were thrown into the mix: weight gain, aka "love weight," or "fuck, I have to buy new clothes!"). However, I also *don't* get vaginismus. But I *am* a firm believer in sex and force as something to camp through the monstrous-feminine during campy (counterterrorist) psychosexual operations *while* being mindful of state operatives; i.e., professional, deputized or vigilante (stochastic) dragon slayers keeping power in, and flowing towards, state hands (the state using fascist copaganda/nostalgic killers to fight Communism for over a hundred years, if you factor in the Beerhall Putsch, American Nazi bund and KKK, etc; e.g., *The Birth of a Nation* [1915] and cowboys/territorial "speed killers"

and gun freaks⁶⁶ [duelists per the cult of machismo, weapons and death, from [Eco's 14 Points](#)] in American movies; Bobby Fisher in American chess; and tech/trader bros in Silicon Valley and Wall Street into America's Second Gilded Age, etc). Keeping *them* in mind, we Medusas become a mad-scientist-level, genderqueer/postcolonial act—of shapeshifting defiance that, like the village kid from *Black Dynamite* (2009), says "Can't kill me" over and over to our dumb American heroes, who, ever the killer himbos, can only hear, "[Why, Black Dynamite, why?](#)"

⁶⁶ *Small rant about firearms, war language and BDSM: When it comes to guns, I'm generally more involved in thinking about the things shot *at* versus the hunters *doing* the shooting. Furthermore, the American flag as heraldry always gives me pause, precisely because capital's regular genocides rely on "moving merchandise"; i.e., selling guns at home and guns and bombs abroad to past, present and future war criminals brutalizing the oppressed for profit ("killing is a business, and business is good!"). But there's *still* a gradient; re: our aforementioned "speed killers" versus someone like [Kentucky Ballistics](#) firing a giant hand cannon (or somewhat novelty weapon) clearly meant for education, venue-type sporting events and entertainment purposes (the crowd loves a big spectacle). That being said, "sporting weapons" imbricate with pure weapons of war used by stochastic terrorists. I'm not for American gun culture, period, and realize your garden-variety shotgun is just as likely a tool for homicidal white boys mad at the world, or chasing glory while treating other humans like the most dangerous game. Except they're essentially shooting fish in a barrel—synonymizing sex and violence while penetrating others (sometimes their peers, but usually the underclass) with phallic lead rounds, not blades.

Neither is acceptable, of course, and settler colonialism is a cowardly enterprise regardless of the implements used; but from a culture of overtly macho men that act tough, they come across as especially craven and pathetic hiding behind all this firepower and empty bravo. But if I had to choose the greater of two evils, it's the quick, accurate tools I'm more worried about—the combat rifles, the AR-15s wielded by obscurantist reactionaries playing monomyth while defending "Rome" from "invading barbarians"—and Kentucky Ballistics' work is clearly comedic/the lesser of two evils; you're not going to see someone do a school shooting with a [Loony-Toons-style 50-pound cannon calling itself a rifle](#) (Kentucky Ballistics' "The 950 JDJ FAT MAC," 2024).

All this being said, the language of war and objectification *can* yield destructive analogs in harmless forms, during sex-positive BDSM "playing war" in bed to spice things up(which limits the "damage," with or without quotes, to just the couple and [sometimes] other participants); i.e., dirty talk framing the male and female ends as warlike tools-for-the-job (which again, pit male force against female/monstrous-feminine targets of nature as game to hunt): swords and scabbards, arrows and targets, or ramrods and cannon barrels, but also toys of war whose poetic language imitates harmful forms, but also our body parts (e.g., [super soakers](#)); or abject ones we won't really discuss at all, but which I feel I should at least mention, such as toilets and plungers, or ...jawas and Sarlacc pits(?). The sky's the limit, really—i.e., whatever everyone's on board with, provided no one gets attacked and injured or killed ("no harm, no foul"). Having fun is all well and good, but safety remains paramount. So remember your safe words and steer clear of choking, knife play or anything involving harder prolonged impact, electricity or fire(!) unless you or yours have training or experience as a professional sadist. Vet that shit and work within a community whose dungeon you know and trust.



(artist: Andy Warhol)

As such, Medusa is something of a "pop art" chaos dragon, one whose visual inkblot means different things to different people as something to react differently to; i.e., emulating things like size difference per morphological realities present in a male-to-intersex-to-female gradient, insofar as the human species tends to exhibit variations depending on where you exist on said gradient; e.g., male persons tending to be bigger than female persons (I refuse to say "male" or "female" as a noun) even though a true binary doesn't actually exist and instead must be enforced through a eugenic tendency of phenotypic qualities that suit state needs: the creation of sexual difference, of the monstrous mother as someone to sacrifice for patriarchal individuation built around profit. Contrary to Cartesian thought (white Anglo-American men and their subordinates), bodies and minds aren't discrete or biologically essential; i.e., they aren't writ in stone, but can change (to a wider degree) before puberty, and (to a lesser degree) after it; e.g., if my 37-year-old ass can learn and change (who says you can't teach an old dog new tricks?), then so can other workers, so can the state.

The ritual is less part actual and invented, and instead actual-invented clarified gibberish; e.g., Magma's pithy combo of French and "zeuhl" per Zëss: *Le Jour du Néant* (2019) as suitably absurd and poignant simultaneously—as hard hitting as Holst's "[Bringer of War](#)" (1914), as wild as Stravinsky's Rite of Spring

passage, "[Glorification of the Chosen One](#)" (1913), or as deliciously dark as Modest Mussorgsky's signature tone poem, "[A Night on Bald Mountain](#)" (1867), or King Diamond's "[Black Horsemen](#)" over a century later (1987). Up against such odds as Capitalism, and listening to such immortal music inside it, I feel unafraid of death, imagining instead the Numinous (divine) presence of life everlasting. I begin to spin and dance, losing track of space and time; i.e., Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" (1807); e.g., entrusted into my care, I become unafraid of my mother's eventual death, because she will live on in me and me in my work as something that survives us both: a great black fortress of girthy gentle love, a fatal portrait/cradle of death whose gloomy atmosphere whispers hellish delights, *Castlevania*-style (with touches of [Cryochamber](#))—mixed with sweet terrors! "Death is only the beginning, and we shall haunt you!"

To join us there in that special in-between membrane, you need only close your eyes and search within yourself for that dark mad place: where the world of the living and the land of the dead become one-in-the-same—a Hell-on-Earth as your joyous wellspring, a world without end! We'll be waiting, lovelies, greeting you with open arms:

Where are these men? Asleep beneath their grounds:
And strangers, fond as they, their furrows plough.
Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs;
Who steer the plough, but cannot steer their feet
Clear of the grave ([source](#): Wordsworth's "Hamatreya," 1845).

The key to liberation, then, is dark (Gothic, Satanic) poetry as something that queer people regularly lean towards in order to describe their daily lives under capital—to find the words in things around them, often from one's childhood nostalgia as "fatal," murderous: opportunities to mutate; to embrace the weird as dark, sexy and fun; oxymoronic, medieval, paradoxical; mad, etc (Zeuhl found out I liked Can, the band, and spread their legs lickety-split). Binging on monster chow, you are what you eat as much in regards to food for thought as good for growing boys' and girls' bodies; so when the circus comes to town—Dracula swooping in to love you and leave you before flapping away like a bat out of Hell—let him in. Ignore that preachy part of you normally saying "no" and heed that which says "yes, yes, yes!" (echoes of Joyce's *Ulysses*, 1920). Feast or famine, indulge in the terrible junk food, the excessive cummy goodness as something to make amongst yourselves (an anti-work sentiment: idle hands *are* the devil's workshop; i.e., a mad scientist; e.g., Anqmorphic's "[Herbert West Being Questionable and Fruity for Almost 10 Minutes Straight](#)," 2021). We fags tend to get it because the devil's playground is where we live, baby. Context matters; *irony* matters.

Or in the words of Black Absinthe's *On Earth or In Hell* (2024):

"Rise up! Make love! Do everything above!"
 I eat puss[a]y!
 I eat ass!
 I drink liquor!
 I smoke grass!" ("[Dead Queen](#)").



(artist: [Black Absinthe](#))

Such a campy redistribution of fun moves notably pleasurable activities like sex, drugs and rock 'n all (and freedom of expression) away from the Puritanically holier-than-thou's usual ghost of the counterfeit and towards the rightfully (and good-faith) queer folk they abject, *ipso facto*. These ephemeral sentiments are not new, then, but *made* new time and time again to tempt the proverbial kiddies with; i.e., those whose *de facto* education the Man Box demonizes as "groomers," to which

Ashley Gavin, channeling her inner Pazuzu, apes her mockeries (to a room of adults, mind you):

What'd they think I was gonna do? Right, like how gay do you think I am? That I'm just gonna bust out, on stage, at the PG show? And be like, "Alright, listen up, kids!" [drags on imaginary cigarette] "How old are you guys, eight? Nine? Alright, so some of you little boys, yer gonna wanna ram a cock down yer fockin' throat! And some of you girls, yer gonna wanna bury yer face in pussayyyyyyyyy!" [does best Gene Simmons impression] "And some of you sick fucks, yer gonna wanna do both! Now you go run and tell Mommy and Daddy that you heard it from the dyke first!" ("Live in Chicago," 2023; [timestamp](#): 12:00).

Laughter is often described as "the best medicine." *Ours* is delivered by vacillating throbbors engorged with "clown power" (e.g., Gary Oldman's '90s *Dracula* or *Killer Klowns from Outer Space*, 1988): the patron saints of lost causes laughing maniacally during triage while addressing the grievous wounds of the unpaying

poor that take a legion of cuckoos to combat—not for profit, but simply to heal while we make our rounds, calming others down. "First do no harm" becomes "hurt, not harm." More or less! (Still better than the shark-like, superficial charm of Robert Patrick's liquid-metal policeman phoning in: "To care and protect," "to serve and protect," or some equally-false-and-swapped-out slogan to pacify the public with).



Communism, then, becomes possible as a *genderqueer* intimation felt in monstrous-feminine forms: a "terrifying" vigilante's clown-car horn (e.g., Sweet Tooth's killer ice cream truck) to beep and raise the alarm of nearing state shift by "painting it black" (camp versus Batman's coffin-shaped *cop car*—i.e., "Bat" *canonically* synonymous with "fash" ["Batmobile" = "fashmobile"]) to strike fear into "criminals" [any victim of the state] performed by an *imaginary* billionaire useful to *actual* billionaires during state decay as projected onto "Gotham" or some such location; e.g., the Bounty Hunter from *Darkest Dungeon 2* [2021] not needing money [he takes "candles" as payment] while playing the BDSM Destroyer role, his fetish gear a costume/avatar for cis-het men to delight in wearing: "There is no man behind the hunter's mask, only a terrible thought"). There's something altogether different about being a clown *on purpose* versus *by accident*, and for what that purpose (the masked agent) serves when its invoked; i.e., with or without violence, music (at times literally breaking out into random bloody musical numbers; e.g., Caleb from *Blood* [1997] singing "Over the Rainbow" [1939] while decapitating zombies with a pitchfork), or theatre, etc, as campy or canonical: for workers or the state.

Furthermore, though, humans tend to poetically convey alternatives in monstrous-feminine (monomorphic) ways; i.e., the reversal of size difference and reproductive power—with giant female entities (the Archaic Mother, in psychological models) both massive and sexually dominant ("phallic"), often to a cannibalistic

degree. This might sound odd and thoroughly impossible regarding literal beings that "do not exist in nature," but *do* exist in a half-real, poetic sense: as a ludo-Gothic BDSM extension of the human condition for anyone abused by the patriarchal status quo and its operatives (e.g., Ripley or Samus, but also Jadis—more on that, as we go). The more we experiment, the more we see things on both sides of the equation in ways we wouldn't under natural assignment (the exception being intersex people to varying degrees); in turn, this can change how we think, thus express ourselves/respond to past expressions that survive into the present space and time.

Like *Alien*, Medusa concerns the strictly animal side of the human psyche triggered by stress (that being said, non-human animals tend to have much stronger fight-or-flight mechanisms, thus respond more reliably and immediately to uncanny scenarios than humans do). She's classically die-hard and revengeful against rapacious patriarchal authorities, except we want to learn from her to *liberate* workers and nature-as-monstrous-feminine; i.e., through the pest (another Freudian slip) revenge we can achieve: happiness and success, which demands harnessing our ability to terrify patriarchal forces to achieve equality for all.

To that's, let's go meet the girl herself, the Medusa, and follow in her large comely footsteps (or boobs; big boobs = big nuts)!



(artist: Angel Witch)

"Following in Medusa's Footsteps": Meeting Medusa

This paradoxical authenticity is something I can vouch for in my own life. Despite Cee obviously being a cis-het teenage boy navigating the monomyth inside his own house as hellish, I had a very similar experience myself while still inside the closet. In a galaxy not so far, far away... a past friend and sex worker called Cuwu (who the book has mentioned repeatedly by now) used me for their own stupid, selfish needs after Jadis kicked me to the curb. Like a vampire hypnotizing their prey, Cuwu's courtship happened in ways I didn't completely agree to. All the same, they made my wildest dreams come true ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume One* (2024)

Our second subdivision to "Teaching" part two considers learning from mothers, no matter how monstrous they seem (or the past they represent); i.e., as something to meet. I want to consider such *rendezvous* relative to language as a whole, then give more bodily and socialized (romantic, erotic) anecdotes that inform my opinions. To that, "other" is monstrous-feminine on a linguo-material level; e.g., hysteria, mania, Mothra, chlamydia—ailments and embodiments of them are generally given feminine genders, and Medusa is framed as *the* disease; i.e., nature as sick, needing to be "cured." The patriarchal idea is unwarranted penetration, of course—of taming something they biologically essentialize and mark, but also celebrate for being "ripe," thus ready-for-harvest.

Except, any melon-haver beyond a certain size will tell you the first thing that big tits are good for is back pain, followed immediately by unwanted attention (from lusty cis-het men or jealous cis-het women⁶⁷). The same idea applies to *any* part of the female body as either "too big" ("non-white," in settler-colonial terms), or simply visible ("her tits were there") regardless of size, thus difficult to dress in anything that fits because a visible externalized woman under capital is always out-of-place: a damsel *and* a threat. As such, the owner of a given body can't escape its size being eyed hungrily by Capitalism's horny-angry toddlers; we must critique *both* sides⁶⁸ to prevent universal harm—to lower the odds of co-dependency and predation (sex trafficking and other social-sexual forms of psychosexual dysfunction, enabling and rape) by examining the ghost of the counterfeit to achieve more stable, interdependent relationships between all workers. Many fairly

⁶⁷ Capitalism generally reduces all AFAB people to women and all women to sex objects; from there, it forces them to compete for limited positions, encouraging tokenization: so-called "pretty privilege" really being conventional dissonance and conformity.

⁶⁸ E.g., Cuwu harmed me, but my critique of their still-available erotic material is done under the boundaries last negotiated by us. I provide these critiques to foster dialectical behavioral therapy as something they introduced me to, and which I liken to Gothic Communism in practice: preventing the self-destruction of one's friendships by learning gracefully from past mistakes. As such, I have left Cuwu anonymous, and would ask people to leave them in peace, wherever they are.

present as "biologically female," but their orientations, genders and performances don't always align as such—i.e., the owners buck heteronormative assignment *vis-à-vis* natural assignment of these things expressed through iconoclastic context:



(exhibit 33b2c1c1: Artist, from top-left to bottom-right: [Crow](#), [Juliana Ferrera](#), [Cuwu](#), [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Felicia Clover](#).)

The human body tends to be symmetrical and repeat assorted elements amid corporal variation. To that, mimesis expresses a likeness of the human form, poses and context; through cryptomimesis, this extends to trauma: the AFAB body [or feminized body as male, female or intersex] is a classic site of harm, insofar as porn is liminal, always adjacent to unironic rape [disempowerment] through the monstrous-feminine as something to control by patriarchal forces. The Gothic space of play and sex work are former "torture closets" of disempowerment that, when facing a palliative Numinous [dominant], GNC people may crawl back inside to face and reform their past; i.e., in order to classically regain power over their identities, bodies, friendships, and voices. All intertwine through BDSM, kink and appreciative irony amid Gothic poetics that invent and arrange classical factors differently to assist workers collectively—through a pedagogy of the oppressed: an Aegis whose mighty ghost haunts the dreams of those who seek to dominate Medusa without

irony. Such dialectical-material feuds are precisely why you can have Berlin be a sex capitol of the world and the heart of the Nazi Reich. Such things exist amid conflict over universal human rights [and that of nature] vs the equality of convenience.

Furthermore, on the Internet, the power-spread of self-employed sex workers reflects anisotropically across concentric spheres of media and the relationships we form within them—from a shoot to a gallery to a Renaissance. It's a paradoxical place to put trust in ourselves; i.e., as something we can build together to raise awareness about harmful structures, power hierarchies, illusions [obscurantism, bad faith/acting and education; i.e., dogwhistles and strawman arguments; e.g., Greta Thunberg's octopus "gaff"⁶⁹] using campy doubles that fundamentally oppose these canonical "originals": through shared aesthetics and language reclaimed by us, our reclaimed labor value challenging the established paradigm. Or, in the

⁶⁹ Referring to a social media incident shortly after the Hamas attack on October 2023, where fash-friendly types went after Greta Thunberg—by taking a neurodivergent "octo plushie" in her solidarity photo op and applying a strawman argument to it; i.e., what is essentially video window dressing in order to "win" a debate in bad faith: getting Greta to censor something about themselves and their production that everyone knows isn't a Nazi argument. Or as Ed Dickson writes in "Targeted for an Octopus" (2023):

In a follow-up tweet, Thunberg, who is autistic, clarified that the plush octopus on her shoulder was not a reference to a (frankly, somewhat historically obscure) anti-Semitic canard, but to a common toy used by neurodivergent people to express their feelings. "It has come to my knowledge that the stuffed animal shown in my earlier post can be interpreted as a symbol for antisemitism, which I was completely unaware of," she wrote. "The toy in the picture is a tool often used by autistic people as a way to communicate feelings. We are of course against any type of discrimination, and condemn antisemitism in all forms and shapes. This is non-negotiable. That is why I deleted the last post" ([source](#)).

Unfortunately for Greta, conceding this frankly absurd point to fascists *is* negotiating with them (except, to be fair to Greta, she *was* being dogpiled, thus kettled, by a pack of fascist bullies [defense of Israel is fascism] intent on rattling her). We can't play the game by fascist rules; i.e., being a doormat to their obscurantism (the octopus doesn't belong to fascists any more than the Swastika does). But sparring with fascists pigs does take thick skin and experience, to such a degree as can sorely test even the likes of a 21-year-old, 4'11" firecracker like Greta (a wallflower she ain't). Chin up, kid; you rock, and Neo-Nazis bottle J. K. Rowling's farts (such literal, "Yass, queen!" brownnosing echoes Adin Ross sniffing Andrew Tate's chair* without his consent and getting filmed for it [with Tate, ever the unironic Count Dracula, having installed his castle with cameras Ross probably didn't know about, but in this case, the camera being their interview installation that Ross *did* know about]; i.e., Nazis continuing to dig their own graves, and which we—"enjoying" the little perks of journalism—look on in abject horror before camping them to death).

*Ariana Baio's "[Adin Ross Did Something Incredibly Gross to Andrew Tate after Chess Match](#)" (2023).

words of Carl Sagan, "If you wish to make an apple pie from scratch, you must first invent the universe." Labor comes from labor, art from art, inspiration from muses to artists back and forth, announcing as one, "To the workers of the world."



[model and photographers: Cuwu and Cuwu/[Persephone van der Waard](#)]

This comes from a delight—at giving and receiving care from those we care about and mutually respect. Furthermore, to the conversational nature of this module/volume, I find that such deathly portents generally go down easier with a slice of pie and/or cake—to celebrate bonafide babes⁷⁰ as delicious people to learn from without harmfully objectifying them, but taking their healthy and harmful

⁷⁰ In the gender-neutral use of the term (of endearment), not the infantilizing classically misogynistic one.

aspects as object lessons to speak to the human condition at large. Is it a little indulgent to show off my stable of yummy goods, basking in their wet pastures? Sure, but never trust a skinny cook, girls.)

While we want to move away from Capitalism, Medusa *does* live in an imperial world—one where language and societal practices shape and maintain material conditions as dimorphically gendered by Cartesian edicts. As someone to learn from and follow to varying degrees, then, I want to be well-rounded when looking at Medusa; I'd like to invite you to consider Medusa as someone to encounter in daily life as it presently appears: something historically female-centric under state myopias that, like Cuwu's hairy snatch, is wild in ways that Gothic poetry readily speaks out regarding. My focus remains on GNC (thus not exclusively female) components of the monstrous-feminine, of course; but "meeting Medusa" includes more *traditional* female forms, which certainly informed *my* transition from closeted to openly trans—i.e., when dealing with Cuwu as GNC, but also rather



cliché in terms of their fractured behaviors: a tragic love story. We're all damaged. The idea is to be more open about our trauma in ways that help each other find meaningful connection as a collective; i.e., generally relayed in classic love stories involving two parties personified in visually immediate forms, charged with latent eroticism (or any other means of jolting workers out of class dormancy).

(artist: [Geminisoku](#))

In regards to Cuwu, but really monster poetics at large expressing through them, my digging up of their figurative, "skinny-thicc" corpse and actually showing it has made me want to exhibit them—to talk about their treatment of me with fresh eyes *through* fresh eyes: a revelation whose voice is important towards worker survival, insofar as we must learn to reflect on painful things (trauma) in order to regain and maintain our humanity in ways the Gothic loves to bandy about; i.e., in bombastic theatrical forms that *aren't* silent about things normally silenced by genocidal forces. A paradox between animals and humans, then, is that animals are often quiet to avoid predators, including apex predators. Humans, however, are generally preyed on by the state; i.e., a predicament that requires us to speak out and riot, to make some noise and damage property as something that is largely alien to other animals.



So bear with me a little as I unpack these old engagements—considering as I do the kinds of powerful forces female bodies contain as linked to chaos as a Cartesian theatrical device with praxial inertia (a resistance to change):

(*exhibit 33b2c1c2a*: Artist: [Luca Maria](#). Earlier we mentioned the fat lady singing to signal the end—state shift from someone fat, sassy and loud bringing the Cartesian house down. This isn't psychological mumbo-jumbo but a poetic commentary on vast, intersecting socio-material factors that lead to systemic change; i.e., singing out of multiple mouths, of which many things come out and for which those of a female/non-male body [or feminized AMAB body] are treated as alien/fetish. We could focus on the twink asshole

[the "bussy"] if we wanted to, but we'll explore that kind of gender trouble later in the volume [and much more in Volume Three; e.g., "[Conan with a pussy](#)" as something to exemplify with our own plastic bodies and genders—source tweet: Noah, 2024]. So, vaginas it is. For one, the vagina is often likened to an eye, implying surveillance and sentience, but also older androgynous myths of chaos that pass entropic forces of darkness into the world of light; i.e., darkness visible; e.g., the evil eye, the eye of confusion as viewed from Hell looking in on empire to wither it with scornful optics⁷¹: a phallic, penetrating gaze like Medusa's stare, but other such serpents "attacking the sun" as a historically fascist power source; e.g., Apep, the Egyptian Serpent of Confusion, attacking Ra the sun god, above]. From a physical standpoint, the only human organs that lubricate are the eye and vagina; many things come out of vaginas as "eye-like," insofar as "Hell" is a sentient, dark

⁷¹ Akin to Robert Frost's "All out of doors looked darkly in at him" from "An Old Man's Winter Night" (1921).

mentality scrutinizing the seemingly pure having ulterior motives tied to formal power.

And yet, just as readily the vagina is also a home for unwanted medical conditions primarily unique to AFAB-leaning morphologies [who frankly have far higher medical needs and restrictions regarding their bodies, per the state treating them as baby factories]; i.e., tokophobia, or the fear of pregnancy, often stress-induced but grounded in physiological torments more or less alien to AMAB bodies; e.g., yeast infections, polycystic ovarian disease, hormonal imbalance [violent mood swings], easy UTIs, toxic shock syndrome, PMS, pregnancies and menstrual cramps, rape pregnancies, etc; i.e., the cycle of the female body something to resent revolving around to the cycles of capital [attached to cycles of weather and commerce; e.g., Halloween] controlling the bodies of people who give birth: forced to give birth and sacrifice their careers and lives for "the greater good"—of the state, not the proletariat or nature.

Under such circumstances, the ancient, medical notion of "hysteria" tied to female biology becomes something to fear and hold a grudge against when abjected onto foreign objects, infections, enemies. Such projections can be used to alienate someone, but also to reverse paralysis by freezing the owner's enemies; e.g., with a thunderous queef [air], various discharges and secretions, ejaculate [from "unicorn jizz" to actual offal on par with Oblina's turning delightfully inside-out like a frog in Aaahh!!! Real Monsters (1994), the selection of either hinging on one's fascial preference]; i.e., flaring releases of passion as psychosexual and psychedelic, Christ-like and tortuous but also erotic when pleasure and harm confuse due to repressed trauma. It's standard-issue abjection against the colonizer—a loud, gross-out [thus repellent] reversal using the Medusa's classic "Aegis": her pussy and ass as comfortable sites of tremendous, sizeable force going both ways. It has phallic potential, what the kids call "big dick energy" married to "big mommy energy" to own and playfully/comically wield his/her/their own pie and cake [whatever the gender of the baked good and its size: it's our bakery—"oven (uterus)," included].

Per Angela Carter, "A free woman in an unfree society will always be a monster." But more than that, any monstrous-feminine [she or not] will be outed and attacked by TERFs—assassins of character and person alike, punching down against the "underworld" as something to reify then protect the usual wards of the state from; i.e., Ripley, below, killing the Alien Queen to protect Newt because "black = rape baby" or whatever other pyramid-sized chip-on-their-shoulder bigoted cis women project onto/pull the trigger against state scapegoats; e.g., it's our fault so-and-so miscarried [we fags do love a good scandal, but that's ridiculous]. In other words, it's "the Straights" combined with standard-issue "white people shit."



*As a friend—let's call them Mira [pronounced "My-ra"]—puts it, this holier-than-thou approach lets privileged people be more radically in control; i.e., from medieval systems, you have priests, teachers and medical personnel suddenly driven by profit, and the ghost of counterfeit and abjection reflecting that in a new, non-feudal system; e.g., "Young Goodman Brown" [1835] or *Inside* [2008] showing something other than war and male violence: female violence that is to some extent, medically accurate [as *memento mori* generally are] and gratuitous—all good and well if you have that information up front and can consent to paying to see it in various forms of calculated risk during Gothic entertainment. Otherwise, you're torturing the audience [who, as Mira demonstrates, can be triggered by stress even without rape-as-a-penetrative-act⁷² being a formative experience].*

⁷² As my "token cis-het friend," I'd like to outline Mira's own thoughts and feelings on the Gothic and tokophobia. Their tokophobia was triggered by the stress of recently seeing a horror movie that involved rape, so they agreed to be interviewed for the book about it.

Mira's own tokophobia is a hard limit—so intense, they actually used to experience pain after sex ("my body was rejecting what was happening"). However, since they started taking anxiety meds, it's helped lessen the pain, but not the *anticipation* (what they call "injection" phobia—they hate needles, too). This, in turn, informs their thoughts on pregnancy as a *disease**. In their opinion,

Babies are parasites by nature. They leech your energy, cause all sorts of problems as they grow bigger and bigger, and when it's time for them to come out, it'll be the worst pain you ever experience and there's not much you can do about it. You can't avoid it; it's inevitable, excruciating trauma that your body will take months to recover from. I get the same smaller response with foreign objects. IUDs make me feel ill thinking about them, and so do menstrual cups and tampons. A condom came off inside me one time (thankfully empty); I nearly passed out when Gary [the alias for Mira's partner] had to go fishing around inside me to get it out. Same idea with pelvic exams: I'd beat a nurse to death with a speculum if they go anywhere near a hole with it.

In other words, they explain, "Once this thing's in you, it's not coming out without a lot of extreme pain (the worst in your life) and people *expect* you to be happy about that; i.e., middle-aged women, who guilt-trip you into having kids, calling it [state-compelled sexual reproduction] a 'blessing.'" This ties into Gothic modesty arguments as frequently morphological for cis-het women fearful of their biology (their uterus) as something normally controlled and regulated by state forces (the same way trans women are afraid of their penises).

**Mavis disagrees—would rather have house the baby (viable or not) even if it cost them their life, and confesses of their own volition that they would get raped to become pregnant if it was the only way they could conceive. It might sound strange, but rape fucks you up; i.e., rape as "fucking women up" in order to compel them to want to reproduce against their will. Mavis would rescue all babies (dead or alive) from the jaws of Hell; Mira would boot them unceremoniously like a football out a window and into a trashcan rigged with C4, detonating it with a smile on their face after quoting The Toxic Avenger (1984): "How much for a kid on a bicycle!"*

To that, consider the shaming of a "modest-looking" woman like Rosemary from *Rosemary's Baby* (1968) getting raped by the devil. Except in the 1967 novel, Rosemary cums from Satan's big dick as immediately visually imposing like a knife might be, or a giant club; i.e., a delicate pale wallflower involuntarily cumming (the bodily response separate from their mental status) but cumming all the same to a big black dick as likened to a weapon leveled at a white women's "portal" as "exit-only" for "dark forces." However childish and cruel this might be, white men often project these bigoted anxieties onto white women as needing to "guard their virtue" for the sake of the bloodline's "purity": they belong to the husband to sire his children as "pure, uncorrupted." This tracks; since Walpole, the Gothic chronotope is one of rape (the ghost of the counterfeit) tied to dynastic primacy and hereditary rites—of Lord Manfred chasing the heroine around the castle after he invokes a king's "right" (to rape his wife) after his son (the original bridegroom) is crushed by a giant falling helmet. If that sounds campy as hell, it is; that's generally the point of Gothic fiction. Such stories generally purvey and procure spaces of rape to safely play around with psychosexual trauma inside. Often, these are sacred in order to be profaned; i.e., a sacred female "temple" fouled by the defiler of a virginal church owned normally by a white man feeling insecure about his own penis (something—for those of us brave enough to actually face our fears—to poke fun at and play with, below).



(artist: [Slugbox](#))

It's not uncommon for such coded fears to point to personal childhood abuse. Except, in Mira's case, they love horror media at large and weren't sexually abused as a child. They actually acquired *their* tokophobic response due to trauma experienced at primary school; i.e., the teachers forcing them to learn unnecessarily about periods (after Mira had already experienced them at age nine), whereupon they underwent a vasovagal response (automatic fainting at the sight of blood, or things that can *lead* to blood—a knife or a needle, or something that *resembles* such a device: an erect penis). This event followed them into secondary school, whereupon sexual reproduction courses made them instantly feel faint (they passed the courses in question purely "by text," meaning inside a controlled environment without unknown factors). For many rape victims, the trauma of the event supersedes the trauma of anticipation; i.e., getting "the stick" as something to fear versus it actually happening and someone regressing (whose disassociation can complicate trigger responses).

Faced with *that*, the anticipation of sex would make Mira tense up; i.e., their body but also their vagina—a hardwired mechanism called "vaginismus," or

the body's automatic reaction to the fear of some or all types of vaginal penetration. Whenever penetration is attempted, your vaginal muscles tighten up on their own. You have no control over it. Occasionally, you can get vaginismus even if you have previously enjoyed painless penetrative sex. Vaginismus does not necessarily affect your ability to get aroused and enjoy other types of sexual contact ([source](#): NHS).

This either happened to the point that penetrative sex was impossible; or if they had PIV sex, they would hurt like hell afterwards—not from vaginal chaffing or stretching thanks to their partner's big dick (they're kind of a size queen) but from post-coital and post-orgasmic cramps.

Mira describes these as "a retroactive red flag"—akin to anxiety of a Neo-Gothic sort: rape phobias; i.e., the cum (and automatic fear mechanisms) literally associated with something dreadful to anticipate and fathom about after it's been inside them. In their own words, there's no risk of actual pregnancy from the sex (they always have sex with condoms and birth control pills), but the anxiety they feel (so-called "lizard brain") *is* something that only lessened *after* they started taking medication for their mood (similar to HRT and trans people—brain chemicals affecting the body and mind in relation to external factors, including media). And even so, they can still get seriously triggered by the Pygmalion-esque torture-fest that is heteronormative cinema; i.e., echoes of sexist wackjobs like Hitchcock or Kubrick—men who loved torturing not just their female actors, but their *audience members* fearful of rapacious anticipation relative to familial locations: the household's bathroom, bedroom, and kitchen as invaded by alien threats. During moral panic, such xenophobia easily extends to the audience in the theatre as afraid of a current moral panic. Normally this is likened to "scaring the panties off," but can—in cases like Mira—backfire horribly.

In Mira's case, they really don't use BDSM to help ease these symptoms, then. For them, it's a hard limit/pass to which they and their partner must respect until the symptoms, when triggered, pass. To that, their horniness and creative expression is generally separate from Gothic media as something to consume or express; i.e., monsters *can* be something to view as a threat and a safety device at the same time (e.g., me and mommy dominators topping me from above or below—or as a friend of mine confided in me: "I'd let a balrog fuck me"). Except, for Mira, this just isn't the case. It isn't *despite* them having been sexually assaulted as a teen by a teacher after class.

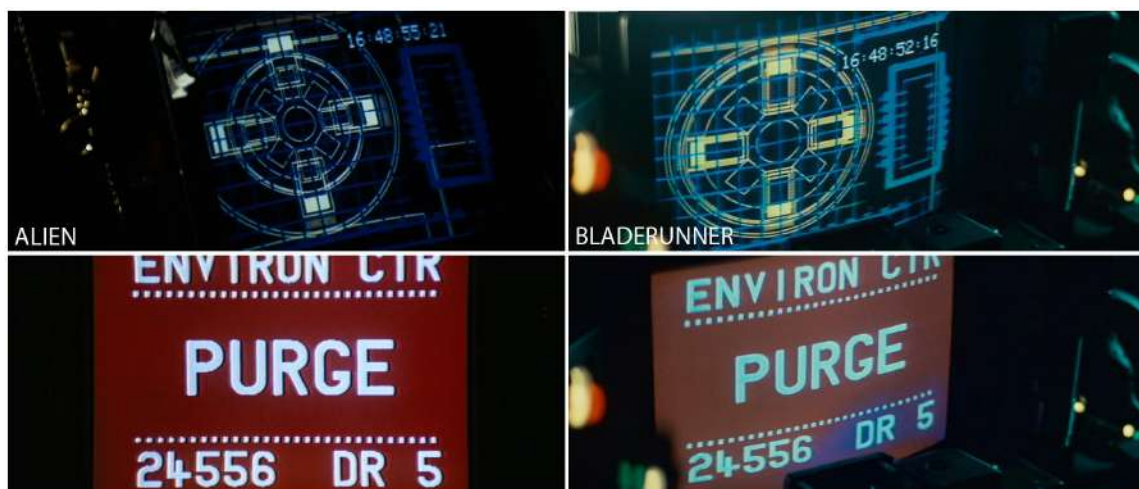
Mira's story is as follows:

I had a friend, Autumn; the normal teacher was on maternity leave and a male supply [substitute] teacher was standing in. Because it was a mid-2000s lower-class secondary school, rumors of the supply teacher being gay followed him around—skinny jeans and "guyliner," basically a dark academia twink. On our sixth or seventh lesson (which happened to be biology), Autumn—sitting next to me—ironically was the one to pass out, face-planting the desk. Turns out, her blood sugar was *completely fucked* (a hyperglycemic fit, according to the nurse). The teacher took everyone outside; afterwards, I was upset and crying alone with him, and while we were walking through the hall, he put his hand 'round my shoulder and squeezed my right breast... right as the superintendent was rounding the corner towards us. Needless to say, the supply teacher was fired.

Mira explains that they were already scared about Autumn, so it didn't even register to them that they'd been assaulted until later that day. But to their credit, they didn't let the experience color their view of queer people despite a—at the very least queer-appearing—sexual predator having taken advantage during a moment of weakness (sexual, for him; physical and emotional, for Mira). They didn't go on, Posy-Parker-style, to ask cis men to invade women's bathrooms with firearms and go looking for gay men in dresses; i.e., trans women. As such, Mira largely experiences sexual dysfunction relative to general anxiety and pain anticipation, not a particular sexual trauma or queer form of xenophobia (many of their friends, including this bitch right here, are gay as fuck).

Keeping *that* in mind, when they're with their partner seeking mutual support, they don't immediately jump to something sexual to make themselves feel better and, when they do, they don't view their partner as a monster to fulfill a medicinal role (rape play), either. Instead, both they and Gary were close friends for all of secondary school. To that, Mira doesn't even reflexively see Gary as "someone to have sex with," but rather "spending time with their favorite person that may or may not lead to sex" (aw); i.e., big ace energy. Except, this is more due to anxiety, depression and their meds not working versus a congenital element (not defect, but neurodivergent condition: ace people aren't diseases). Thanks to these factors, Mira exudes ace tendencies and a low sex drive, hence has no expectation of sex at all; stress makes their body "nope the fuck out" in ways my *male* body never could [stress causes erectile dysfunction in AMAB people, not cramps—this might be different with intersex people, of course].

By comparison, if *I'm* triggered, I *need* sex to get it out of my system (a purge response, Mira calls it; i.e., "some systems naturally respond by ejecting bad vibes, trauma, and [*vis-à-vis* the Gothic] rapacious forces; 'report, purge, restart,'" *Alien*-style). Nymphomania isn't unique to male bodies, but *female* bodies nevertheless remain sensitive to external stress as something that *will* variably cause vaginismus [and other symptoms; e.g., "spotting" or early periods] in a strictly animal, involuntarily sense; i.e., even *without* a history of acute and formative sexual abuse. It's more annoying for Mira than actually scary—a painful case of "taco block."



Things might seem discrete for Mira, then, and to some extent they are. But there *is* an element of crossover into their sex life, or at the least, something Mira and Gary must keep in mind: stress. Except, this includes their roles in the bedroom *vis-à-vis* Mira's headspace relative to their biology as a cis-het woman. When Gary is subby and wants Mira to initiate, Mira has to put actual thought into it because it's not something that comes naturally to them: Mira *likes* experiencing sex, but doesn't initiate; they follow Gary's lead (though when Mira gets dominant, Gary says they get "bite-y." Mira calls it "involuntary nibbles"—to munch on Gary or control him while Mira rides his dick, no one knows). Gary is subby when he's "had a bad week"; otherwise, he leads, and under *those* circumstances, Mira feels the physical and emotional impact of sex in an overtly sexual way. But due to their medically-induced *dysfunction* being regularly triggered by stress, they don't jump at the chance to top or initiate (which would conflict with their anticipation anxiety/tokophobia). Meds help, but at the end of the day Mira follows Gary's lead.

There's generally a violent character and fortress-minded reactionary [neocon] politic to such "warrior Madonna" fantasies [which are less to strictly whitewash pregnancy (immaculate birth) and more abstract it as Amazonomachia—a story to be "won" as men generally do: through combat against an evil double; i.e., non-white/trans people]. Except the usual theatrical tensions are anisotropically linked to literal physical effects, too. New mothers and babies-to-be classically teeter on a knife's edge, the common casualty usually being the mother to prioritize the tot.

This isn't the sexless, dragging disappointment of George Eliot's Middlemarch (1872), then, but a thoroughly more complicated and messy bildungsroman—one where our stand-in "Anne of Green Gables" (the adventuresome debutante) bumps spectacularly into the spectre of death while spreading her pussy lips for so-and-so. Talk about splitting the baby! A lady "on the market" can be cautious and ward off untoward/unwanted romantic advances; however, if a girl relaxes, she can involuntarily release different things from a secret, even shameful place, but also an intimate special container to let things in—i.e., with a wild, voracious hunger and



feral jouissance [Cuwu: uttering "Green, bright green!" when wanting more cock, more attention, more power]. But raw hostility can outstrip vulnerability and dalliance within canonical modesty arguments, meaning a monstrous-feminine's entrance-exits are also a mirror that reveal repressed sides of female abuse displaced onto settler-colonial scapegoats; i.e., a white, fearful gaze looking for protection with a shield but also a sword against a perceived threat: inside-outside the human and home as Gothically blurred. The Medusa is both a sex and war machine, then, but also a debutante and a milf squaring off against heroic doubles puzzled by her bare, exposed fury.

[artist: Akira Hiramoto]

To that, generally when Mira engages with horror *media*, the expectations are similar in that they don't look for sex, but also feel that it *wouldn't* be welcome if it parallels their traumatic experiences in school. They can't "prep" themselves for it; it's just reflexive and hardwired into them—a hard limit that can be triggered by calculated risk (and rape scenes shot in bad taste). But even so, Mira still doesn't treat queer people like space aliens to shoot with a gun, or reduce to automatic, unwilling robotic slaves (for a master [or those accustomed to being treated like masters; i.e., cis-het men] to command, regardless of what: "pour me the tea, David"; "quack, damn you"; or "send nudes," etc); their trauma is valid, but they have a healthy understanding of it, hence outlets, thus lots of queer friends. Mira is a good ally—as in, feminism without all the conditions you normally see from white cis-het women: "You're human if you [meet these criteria, first]"; i.e., quid pro quo. And if you're an ally without conditions, you *might* be a little gay yourself (a quality we look for when selecting our token straight friends).

To that, Segewick's imagery of the surface⁷³ denudes bodies that are covered or not. So when AMAB people see not even an exposed vagina but simply the suggestion of one, they often see an opportunity or an alien fetish per heteronormative conditioning factors; when AFAB people see it, they often see a place of trauma [a void, a dark forest, but also the abusive/imposturous home; e.g., the forbidden dungeon] whose power can potentially be reclaimed by communing with the ghost of the counterfeit—i.e., the secret thing wedged deep inside a predatory victim, their mind poisoned by an unwelcome presence, a trauma, an emotional turmoil: as passed generationally through mediums, identified imperfectly on common sites of pain, of abuse, among those who could be mothers/victims [which often become abusers themselves]. It becomes superstitious, a nomadic transient force of nature [a tornado or hurricane] like that pink shit from The Cat in the Hat [1957]—a rabid, imperial-to-postcolonial force⁷⁴ that can possess and take hold; i.e., through persecution mania smashing survival mechanisms together during moral panic amid opposing social, structural, and bodily forces.

Unfortunately, it's just as likely that surveyors of a dark presence will attack the host, marking them as banditti—as homeless, foreign, other—than see them as human: a folie-a-deux [shared psychosis] and ménage à trois [an illicit love triangle]. What's more, social conditions and military de rigueur overlap in popular fiction's usual clichés made medicalized and torturous, hauntologized: the coochie, the blackguard, the harlot—the romance something to field and thread within a captive audience's enforced constraint/politeness trapping's ceremonial courtship displays [e.g., buying a drink, lighting a cigarette in a venue of sin, but also exchange]—as biomechanical, dated, eternal [outside time]. It speaks to secret shames, guilt and eroticism, the sexual predator and traumatized angry survivor's rape and incest, murder and madness as built up in the tissue, flaring up and expelling through a body or area of the body as damaged and overstimulated, confused and charged, but also septic and overridden with Numinous power [again, the ghost of the counterfeit]: primed to explode with a confused ejection through a walking testimony of repressed evidence rising to the surface. Per the Gothic, such paradoxes express in inherent contradictions, moral dilemmas, ontological strife, swelling and irritation, vanishing clarity and augmenting decay through masked disintegration part of a larger disease process and its complications: its diminishing stability [the sands of time] counting down, running low to higher degrees of entropy.

In turn, this surface tension only invites more opportunities to abuse; i.e., those who are pegged as vulnerable initially become abused by a system that crosses

⁷³ From her essay, "[The Character in the Veil: Imagery of the Surface in the Gothic Novel](#)" (1981).

⁷⁴ I.e., "the spectre of Rome" and other raiding factionalized forces; e.g. Christendom and Islam as patriarchal and monotheistic versus Pagan, matriarchal forms: spectres of Marx.

their wires to an apocalyptic extreme; it leads to a revelation regarding unspeakable harm, which reports on those who, threatened by it, self-report. The idea is dignity through praxis. So, with Jadis and Cuwu, I worked with them to try and help them because I knew they had been hurt, and learned that it's still ok to have limits and break things off—what's called an "extinction burst":

An extinction burst is a sudden spike in the frequency of a behavior when the reinforcement for that behavior is removed. Because the action has produced a desirable result in the past, it is tried rapidly until it is clear the action no longer will result in the expected reward [[source](#): Study.com].

This goes both ways, of course; e.g., Jadis did it for me when I stopped giving into their demands. I did it with both them and Cuwu when it became clear they each were bad for me. Even so, it wasn't my first choice. For one, I was emotionally battered/invested and sought compensation amid intrigue and peril, unequal conditions, sex and separation. Social work, while never easy, is especially rugged when the predator and prey are confused in one body and across them: I was small, weak, and marked, but also generous—the perfect prey being a former victim as seen by once-victims convinced if they seize control, they won't get hurt again, themselves. Except, I'm not convinced Cuwu or Jadis was always in control of that, and often seemed fractured and at war in highly psychomachic ways—their confused fight-or-flight mechanisms somehow "always on," thus further alerted and incensed by always feeling trapped [what Jadis referred to as "hypervigilance"]: within boundaries rising and falling through membranes of exchange [sight or otherwise].



Was I manipulated into withdrawing my complaints, driven into hiding while sending my abusers along? It's not a simple yes or no, and the fact remains that outing powerful sexual predators [or frankly just bad partners] requires solidarity. By showing Jadis, Zeuhl and Cuwu mercy in my case, I demonstrated I wasn't a

product of abuse that simply led to more abuse; by critiquing them, post-escape, I could prevent it by outing societal problems—red flags to recognize and avoid, second-nature.

This is more important than picking fights against single scapegoats. If someone is abused, outing their individual abuser is ultimately their choice. In my case, I spoke about what I felt mattered to make society better. To that, my desire to enrich the world trumped my need for petty revenge or fairytale closure (with "revenge" often translating to a code of silence/omerta that protects the state; e.g., the thin blue line closing ranks to defend property at the cost of workers; i.e., cops are criminals with a badge [and stochastic, de facto deputized forms of police violence] because "criminality" is to abuse people and nature for profit: the "greater good" of the state versus workers making decisions that affect their own lives [and the lives of other workers and nature] for the better).



[artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Cuwu]

This resolution comes from repeated reflection based on limited perspective. In Cuwu's case, I was their lover and photographer—always looking at them in a mirror or through a camera lens, seeing various parts of them from so many different angles and vantage points. Despite how vain they were and how perfect they appeared, I saw good sides and bad. Yes, Cuwu abused me. Except, they ultimately helped me, too. When Jadis threw me out, Cuwu gave me a place to stay and a bed to sleep in [not that we always used it, left]. They showed me their books, giving me their copy of A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things. They also encouraged me

to experiment—to try messing with gender and anal sex, eventually [making me feel brave and beautiful enough to come out as trans](#)⁷⁵ [the anal sex wasn't just a fun alternative to vaginal sex (or backup when Cuwu's pussy got sore from marathon sex), but helped me overcome my closeted anxieties and bigotries regarding that part of the body]. In the end, it wasn't stable or secure—Cuwu was a profoundly messy person, a walking carnival whose own history of giving and receiving abuse

⁷⁵ Persephone van der Waard's "Coming Out as Trans" (2022).

prevented them from staying my friend—but I'll never forget what they did when it mattered: to give me a safe [if untidy] venue to transition towards my future self.)

All this being said, we're aiming for intersectional solidarity as monomorphic; i.e., regarding the liberation of all workers from a heteronormative paradigm and its universal alienation, fetishizing and grim harvest. As such, the same predicaments outlined above apply not just to AFAB people, but the monstrous-feminine at large as something to dig up and fuck with (a reversal of the "bury your gays" trope, but also investigating the embodiment of different frustrations and anger exemplified by the Medusa; i.e., as someone to celebrate and recognize: the overmedicalization of female bodies as controlled by the state and its proponents, therefore policed to uphold the status quo).

I love cuties, and could make a whole book celebrating just Cuwu's beauty and pain as something to learn from—to say proudly that I knew someone so profoundly force-of-nature, focusing on the Destroyer or lamb-like aesthetic they exuded. Medusa, however, is an androgynous figure divided and shared amongst a legion of GNC personnel. So as much as I'd like to stay and enjoy the non-binary memory of Cuwu as someone to bask in, I'd rather focus on those persons with the capacity to a) not cause harm, and b) actively participate in Gothic-Communist rebellion: to help animals like Bay does, to be a thorn in the state's side.



To that, fate is often likened to a cruel mistress who *denies*, a fickle bitch not out of place in a BDSM scenario (e.g., orgasm or penetration denial, or other such treats to condition non-violent restraint with); *Mother Nature* is generally regarded as the Alpha

and the Omega, the denuded invincible viewed as "pure chaos" by psychoanalytical quacks one step removed from Cartesian dominance—i.e., from "nature is female" to "chaos is female" to "woman is other" as a furious ancient, the shapeless place of maternal death where the patriarchal buck always stops. It's "true power" insofar as the state cannot dominate it; nature will survive, smiling knowingly while the state eventually crumbles to dust—from old age, which we outlast and outbreed, but also out *teach*, consulting our own experience, second opinions, regulations, unions, etc. This often starts with us being hurt, or seeing others being hurt in our lives or older past lives, and wanting to help them heal; and prevent future harm,

too. This isn't a curse, but a mighty gift. Per Creed, this kind of generosity and reactivity becomes something to fear as alien to the state's existence, but also what the state needs *to* exist by tampering with it, causing it to lash out.



(artist: [Bay](#))

Volume One previously extended this Cartesian myopia to *my* arguments, applying "other" to all of nature as monstrous-feminine food moving money through nature to generate profit; re: "Women (and all monstrous-feminine 'non-men') are food whose harvesting serves a Cartesian profit motive," by which monster mothers like Medusa (as in, likenesses *of* the Medusa, which the xenomorph is) refuse to be victims differently than Creed put it in 1993 (abridged, from the glossary):

[monstrous-feminine](#)

While Creed focuses on the desire for the cis woman not to be a victim, thus terrifying men in abject, monstrous ways (which are often then crucified by heteronormative agents, including token ones like Ellen Ripley), the fact remains that the monstrous-feminine extends to a much broader persecution network; i.e., of any "feminine" force that falls outside of what is acceptable within the Patriarchy's heteronormative colonial binary. I have placed feminine in quotes to account for anything perceived as "feminine" thus not correctly "male"; i.e., "woman is other" expanded to trans, intersex and non-binary persons (and the animals associated with them...

For the rest of this chapter half, then, we'll consider Mother Nature as abject in ways we can ultimately reverse by humanizing her "ancient alien" fetish in *spite* of capital.

Doing so, our focus remains bodies first, structures second. We'll focus on living *spaces* whenever we examine Metroidvania; for the remainder of the *current* lesson, I've outlined five person-centric steps for us to explore. We'll start by examining teaching as expressed **between** media and our bodies—a connection we'll showcase as something to **coach**,. After that, we'll segue into **conflict**, **mothers-in-conflict**, and monstrous-feminine **liberation**.

Onwards, to learn from Medusa in other media forms besides!

Postscript

Before we press on, though, a bit of a postscript: the Gothic tends to diverge and synonymize things that, on their own, merit a whole field of study. As such, I want to give a minor extension to the concept of monstrous-feminine as it pertains to space and occupant as hyphenated, concentric, ergodic, anisotropic, etc. Monsters speak to givers and receivers of state force, whose iconoclastic ironies during ludo-Gothic BDSM rope gentler groups (e.g., pillow princesses, catboys and subby twinks) into the same Gothic scheme: courtly love and *chercher la femme* (the modest "castle" taught to guard its virtue from pre-marital invaders). I wanted to use an example other than *Alien* or its obvious *Amazonian* doubles, insofar as they all involve *Amazonomachy*-style kayfabe pitting the warrior-detective (the cutie with combat training and professional equipment) against the Archaic Mother/demon lover as occupying a doubled house infected with the ghost of the counterfeit; e.g., Samus killing her doubles offspring (a war of extermination, per settler colonial relegated to "empty" ruins); i.e., a liminal space and occupant, but also exchange that is both diegetic and meta (the Nostromo a castle-in-small, both as a set to run around inside and a miniature to film with giant cameras held by giant hands—a ludic concept that extends to videogame players holding the controller and looking at the tiny avatar onscreen as armored, but hounded by giant, pissed-off alien moms):

The ambivalent paragon, Samus is the perfect switch for me to control. She's also linked to the monstrous castle: its heir, the potential gorgon. And I, attracted to female heroes, project onto it. She's my conflicted sense of self,



including my conscious desire to be a woman—not Marilyn Monroe or Emily St. Aubert, but a capable scrapper who's decked in armor and easy on the eyes (for me this means "boyish," like Tolkien's Dornhelm ["hidden protector"] and Joan of Arc) [[source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Why I Submit: A Subby Gothicism's Attitudes on Metroidvania, Mommy Doms, and Sexual Persecution," 2021].

(artist: [Moonshen](#))

Being balls-deep⁷⁶ in the text, and related stories, I'm extra sensitive to stimulations that yield fresh discourse (so much

⁷⁶ *Medusa demonstrates how normal mothers are a myth. Case in point, the above phrase, "balls-deep," once came up when my mother and I were watching Kick Ass (2010); i.e., the head gangster,*

"discourse"); so my muses (all of them) make me sing more prolifically and readily than normal. As such, this section is heavily informed by my PhD research/formative works. If you like this and want to see more, reference to the raft of sources (my older writings), supplied in the glossary definition of "[Metroidvania as closed space](#)"; if you're into Metroidvania and speedrunning in particular, I also recommend checking out my "[Mazes and Labyrinths](#)" Q&A, [Interview Compendium](#)" (2021). It interviews a lot of Metroid(vania) speedrunners according to/in line with my research ideas. —Perse

Moving past Amazons, I still want to examine something that is still *unheimlich* and psychosexually violent, but with a different kind of infantilization than that of the newborn xenomorph giving out "free hugs" with blind reckless abandon; i.e., the doll house and doll-like simulacra lurking inside of it as monstrous-feminine space—the walking fortress as outwardly cuddly in palimpsestuous echoes of Western exports imported back in a global market: videogames and anime as muse-like moody digestions of classic factors endemic to the colonizer body made in Japan and sold back to American audiences.

This is rooted in a Neo-Gothic past that originated in Great Britain; or, as I write/cite in Volume Zero, "Classically the diegetic heroine's perfect past is doubled by the Gothic castle as an expression of power beyond just her or her sense of self and home. As Audronė Raškauskienė writes in *Gothic Fiction: The Beginnings* [2017]":

The castle, Bakhtin remarks, as a literary reminder of an ancestral or Gothic past of "dynastic primacy and transfer of heroic rights" [actually, it's "hereditary rites," though I do the same thing in this book, too] is overlaid or criss-crossed with meanings from legend, fairy-tale, history, architecture, and an eighteenth-century aesthetizing discourse of the sublime. Montague Summers's note that the real protagonist of the Gothic novel is the castle emphasizes a very special feature of that structure: in a sense, the Gothic castle is 'alive' with a power that perplexes its visitors. It tends to have an irregular shape, its lay-out is very complex and mysterious, whether because of an actual distortion of the whole structure or because a part of it remains unknown. In Manuel Aguirre's words, "this basic distortion yields mystery, precludes human control and endows the building with a power beyond its strictly physical structure: the irregular mysterious house is, like the vampire, a product of the vitalistic conception of nature."

mad with rage, spitting to his cronies, "I wanna be balls-deep in their ass!" Without missing a beat, my mother—sitting in the periphery—smiled wickedly, nodded approvingly and repeated the phrase with pure relish, "Balls-deep in their ass." I repeat, *there are no normal mothers*—including me and my mother, but also those from both of our childhoods extending forwards and backwards; e.g., all of the monsters in Metroidvania and similar monstrous-feminine stories; i.e., portents of the Medusa in all directions, spaces, bodies, BDSM, etc.

In addition to this, Radcliffe's setting (the castle) derives its claim to sublimity also from its being "not-here, not-now, an Other place, an Other time." Critics have often remarked on the choice of the exotic, the foreign, the barbaric as the background for and source of Gothic thrills. In other words, the Gothic castle is the world of the Numinous. As David Durant notes, "the ruined castles and abbeys are graphic symbols of the disintegration of a stable civilization; their underground reaches are the hiding places for all those forces which cannot stand the light of day." In Radcliffe's novels the Gothic castle is in the first place an anti-home, a nightmare version of the heroine's perfect past, in which many of the elements of her home are exaggerated and replayed in a Gothic form. The Gothic space, which provides a scene for the most dramatic events in the novel, is totally different from the other spaces – indicating heroine's home.

The gigantic size of the castle is opposed to smallness of heroine's home, its labyrinthine confusion stands in opposition to the elegant and tasteful arrangement of her home, dark and dim castles replace cheerful and full of sunshine homes, the feeling of constant danger and lack of security in the castles is contrasted with the feeling of safety in heroine's home, etc. The heroine's parents are replaced by Gothic substitutes or Gothic opposites. The castle hides some family secret the revelation of which usually helps the heroine to disclose her own identity. At the same time, the Gothic castle is the place of confinement in a literal and figurative sense. Moreover, the castle may be interpreted as the image of the body and, eventually, as the heroine's secret self ([source](#)).

The original point of the big-ass quote was my connecting it to modern media, namely videogames as a Japanese export. Per *Metroidvania* and my master's thesis, "[Lost in Necropolis](#)" (2018), the Gothic historically-materially yields trauma as a) paradoxically unmappable but mapped nonetheless in various texts that likewise branch out through the same viral pathways, and b) personified through odd valleys of contrasts: size difference; i.e., the knightly space cowgirl stomping



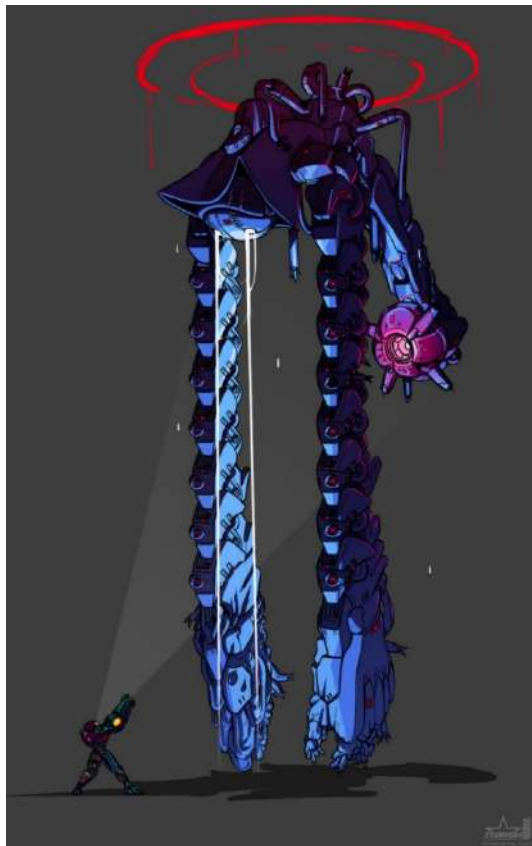
around foreign-familiar territories, a galactic operative strong-arming settler-colonial frontiers back into federal control.

(artist: [François Coutu](#))

Samus might be the baddest bitch of the

Imperial Core (in space); she's still dwarfed by the eternal size and beauty of the maternal spaces she's sent to rape for the Man: a little girl who grows up with daddy issues, bitch-slapping echoes of female abuses (and their pet male dragons) that cannot be contained.

Moving past the Amazon, the monstrous-feminine isn't just mommy doms and Medusas with big-girl bodies, though, but *smaller* bodies with *big* trauma, thus big angst and ultimately power and craft, manipulating it against potential threats unwelcome in *their* home; i.e., us versus them enacted by the vulnerable-made-Numinous: little monsters that hold all of Hell's power inside of them, of the house, as two sides of the same warped ontological statement. They become like walking gravestones that throw giant shadows to terrify patriarchal forces, including tokenized inspectors sticking their noses where they really shouldn't. Curiosity killed the cat, after all, beckoning you inside while reaching towards you with a shambling corpse's impossibly long arms:



(artist: [Bryton Spurgeon](#))

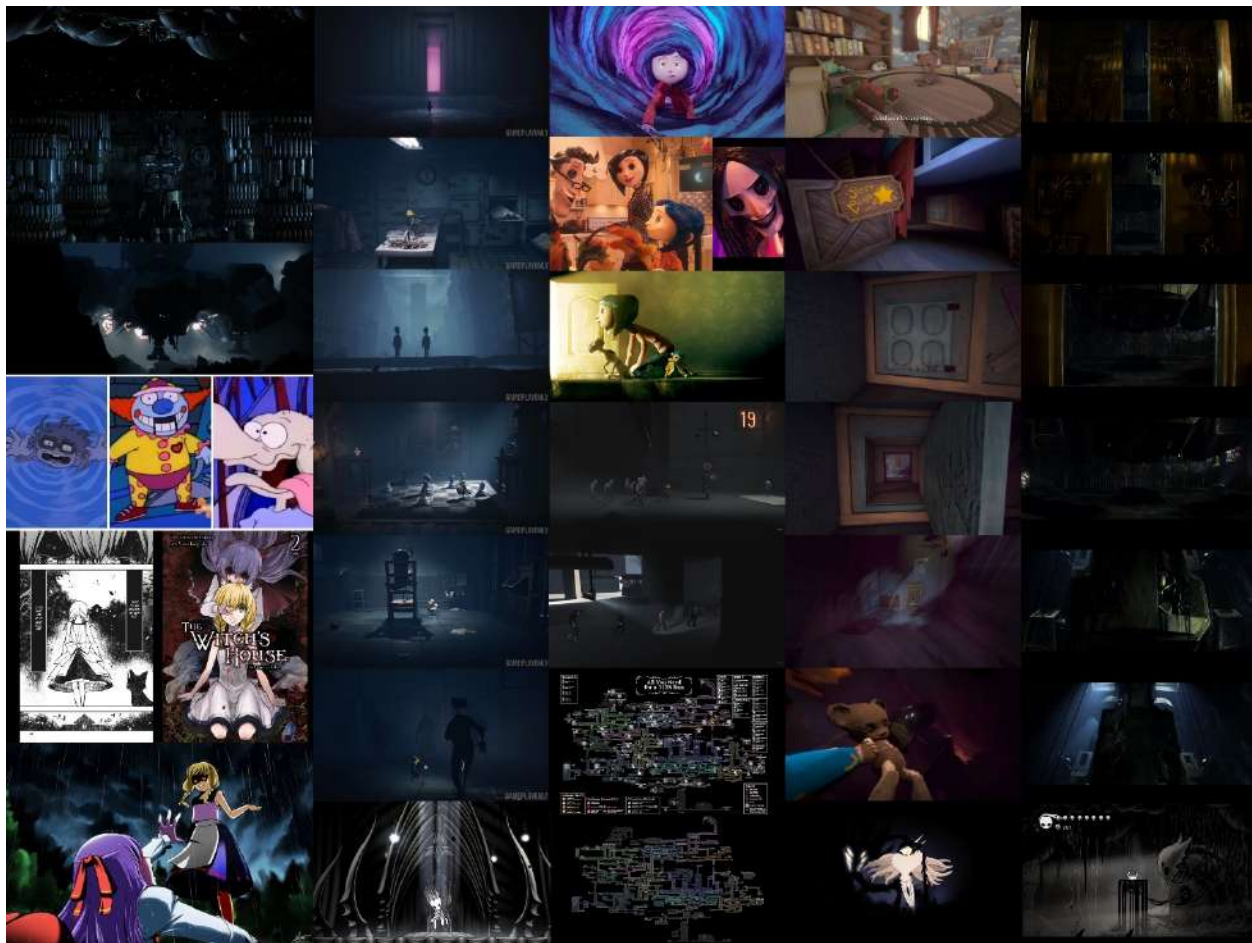
Keeping with *that* adage (not Lady Macbeth's: "the cat likes fish, but does not like to wet her paws"), we absolutely *must* inspect the *kawaii* and *kowai* ("cute" and "scary") dichotomy of J-horror culture, embodying a "killer doll" of "daddy's little girl" (the ghost of the counterfeit) lurking in the Gothic castle as a nightmarish copy of the heroine's perfect past (re: which can be gender-swapped, Dennis-Cooper-style, to afford the twink-in-peril some delicious "danger" to play with): a liminal space whose partially lucid dream must be carefully navigated to confront hidden secrets obscured by a restless labyrinthine cryptonymy (not really any different than strictly Western [occupier] forms). Waiting at the center of the claustrophobia (Radcliffe's Black Veil and closed space) is generally the queen of the

space, a fractured Numinous that is both infantilized and feral, a queen bitch trapped in a little girl's body or vice versa; i.e., the euthanasia effect of acknowledging "Medusa's" pain while still "pulling a Radcliffe" and putting her down like a rabid bitch.

All the same, the idea for spaces that master players who try to master the space through *its* coded instructions (re: Giddings and Kennedy) are, per my own

arguments, enacting ludo-Gothic BDSM through a steady and negotiated ludic contract between them that goes beyond novels and cinema, into videogames, but also real life as half-real. This happens, then, as per the dom and the sub in any kind of roleplay scenario; but in *Metrodvania* and similar stories, the perfect dom (the one to take you to the edge but not harm you) is as much the castle, the game, the text as it is the Medusa-like *persona* inside.

In poetic terms, they are one in the same, synonymized and hyphenated to delivered the paradoxical goods: exquisite "torture" unto another generation of workers living with trauma. This has many utilities that, when synthesized, can lead towards catharsis while stripping us bare, vulnerably exposed to a capitalist and Communist Numinous we can invoke as needed:



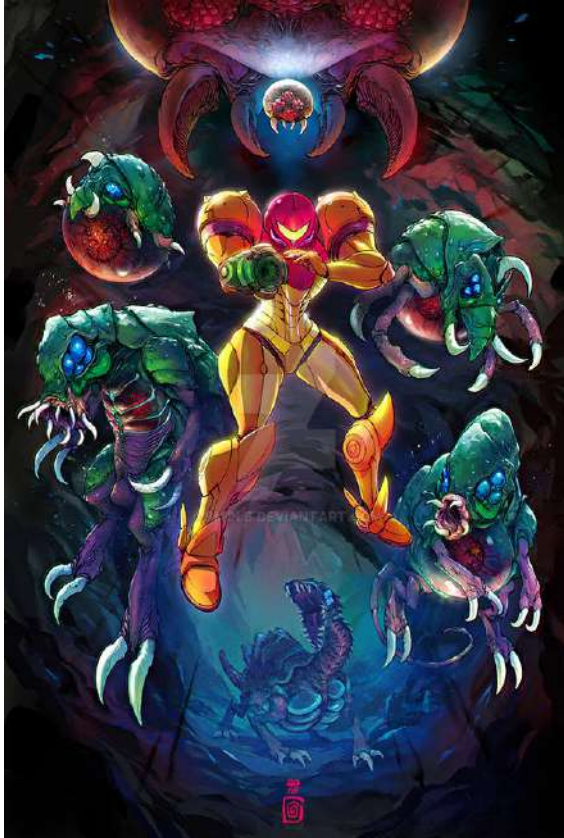
(exhibit 33b2c1c2b: Aguirre's aforementioned geometries of terror, presented with a wide corpus of texts and their liminal spaces from different mediums: Top-far-left: *The Nostromo's exterior*, from *Alien*; middle-far-left: *Rugrats* episode "In the Dreamtime," 1993—[horror being a common theme through the whole Rugrats series](#); bottom-far-left: *The Witch's House*, 2012; middle-left descending strip: *Little Nightmares 2*, 2021; middle descending strip: scenes from *Coraline*, 2009, and *Inside*, 2016; middle-right descending strip: scenes from *Among the Sleep*,

2014; far-right descending strip: the Nostromo interior from *Alien*; bottom horizontal strip: scenes and locations from the 2017 *Metroidvania*, *Hollow Knight*.

All these texts explore liminal parallel spaces as ambiguously Gothic—with monstrous hauntologies, concentric nightmares, and uncanny inhabitants that intimate a re-remembered "return" to a reimagined childhood. Not only is this lost childhood imperfect; it is replete with abusive intimations that generally convey regression through fantasies of paradoxical danger and rape fantasies tied to chronotopic power structures: "a fearful inheritance tied to an ancestral location loaded with decaying, heavy time," to paraphrase from David Punter's definition of a Gothic tale [or Baldrick's]. Seeing as I can't find the exact quote [academia, especially British Gothic academia, paywalls everything in sight] this quote from James Watts' *Contesting the Gothic: Fiction, Genre and Cultural Conflict* [1999] does the trick:

In a period of industrialization and rapid social change, according to Punter, Gothic works insistently betrayed the fears and anxieties of the middle classes about the nature of their ascendancy, returning to the issues of ancestry, inheritance, and the transmission of property: "Under such circumstances, it is hardly surprising to find the emergence of a literature whose key motifs are paranoia, manipulation and injustice, and whose central project is understanding the inexplicable, the taboo, the irrational" ([source](#): "Gothic Definitions," 2021).

*I think Punter is definitely more overtly psychoanalytical than Marxist most of the time [[source](#): "Punter Notes on Gothic" from *The Literature of Terror*] but I still enjoy his analytical approach sometimes. As for my own thoughts on such spaces [from Volume Two]: the aim is to expose past traumas related to state abuse, but also to fuck with the player as someone seeking agency within these spaces by negotiating with the game; e.g., *Metroidvania*, but also games like *The Witch's House*.*



[artist: [Smolb](#)]

Simply put, fucking is fun, but it takes many different forms, including BDSM as asexual. In either game, the gameplay is based on mastery of the player "forced" to submit in different forms without bringing overt sex into the equation [merely echoes of it]; while *Metroidvania* are ludic and learn into ludo-Gothic themes of dominating the player mid-execution, the cinematic nature of *The Witch's House* yields a more orthographic/cinematic twist that stubbornly resists player dominion. Courtesy of Bakhtin, the castle and its endless dynasty of power exchange have thematic primacy—i.e., the fear of inheriting one's role in a larger destructive cycle that relegates the hero to a lonely doom in within the interminable stone corridors of a hungry tomb (that literally has their name on it). As

I write in, "Our Ludic Masters":

Metroidvania players consent to the game by adopting a submissive position. Most people sexualize BDSM, but power is exchanged in any scenario, sexual or otherwise. This being said, Gothic power exchanges are often sexualized. Samus is vulnerable when denuded, her naked body exposed to the hostile alien menace (re: the end scene from *Alien*). *Metroidvania* conjure dominance and submission through a player that winds up "on the hip" (an old expression that means "to be at a disadvantage"). Another way to think of it is, the player is the bottom, and they're being topped by the game.

[...] A person motivated by sex is hardly in control. Not to mention, the sex historically offered by *Metroid* is fraught with peril. The entire drive is illustrated by gameplay conducive to speedrunning at a basic level. The same strategies employed by the best runners are executed by regular players. You play the game and begin to play it faster. In some sense, this "maze mastery" is involuntary. The player cannot help but play the game faster as they begin to re-remember the maze. The game exploits this, repeatedly leading the player towards self-destruction and domination.

These feelings are orgasmic, but differently than the *Doom Slayer's* own attempts at conquest. They're a Gothic orgasm, a kind of exquisite torture. I say "exquisite" because they occur within the realm of play [which

grants them asexual elements]. For *Metroidvania*, this *jouissance* is ludic. But sometimes a game can blur the lines. Though not a *Metroidvania*, the RPG Maker game *The Witch's House* remains a salient example.

You play as Viola, a young girl visiting her mysterious friend's spooky house. Inside the titular house, the player can learn its rules, thus explore the gameworld. This inexorable progression is inevitably doomed, the outcome heinous no matter the player or their skill. Like Charlotte Dacre's titanic *Zofloya* providing Victoria with poison, the game lends the player the instruments for their own demise[: the sword for the Roman fool to fall upon]. Tenacious players are even promised a "best" ending if they "master" the game, beating it without dying. The game only doubles down, punishing the player with virtually the same ending. / This ending is about as brutal as they come. Even so, such players will have beaten the game already and know the ending—if not it, then games with a similar outcome (re: self-destruction). Players are expected to revel in the game's sadism, deriving pleasure from "punishment" while the game, for lack of a better term, bends them over and fucks them ([source](#)).



[artist: [Yune Kagesaki](#)]

Just as the Gothic often takes an asexual approach to sex, "fucking" isn't literal, but yields many different applications within monstrous power exchange as a fun activity. It's fun to fuck with people, especially when they're in on the performance to some extent [though perhaps only to a degree]. Whatever surprises, deceptions and "fucking" do occur happen relative to fearful spaces occupied with concerns about imposters, but especially a tyrannical past's "return." While Giddings and Kennedy's "Little Jesuses and *@#?-off Robots" touches on a game's mastering of players, "allowing progression through the game only if the players recognize what they are being prompted to do, and comply with these coded instructions," players can

fight back; yet, this is proposition is, as I have stated, more of a compromise or negotiation between the player and the game:

I can watch other people try to master the game, and watch them be dominated by the space. Not even speedrunners can escape this embarrassment, their blushing faces conjoined with the statues already screaming on the walls. [How fleeting a victory like Shiny Zeni's is](#), when it will eventually be bested. Or buried [[ibid.](#)].

To use a BDSM term, some games are clearly more "strict" than others; e.g., The Witch's House really doesn't fuck around [an extended quote from "Our Ludic Masters," just because]:

*There are many phobias and taboos surrounding this position, from men being afraid of penetration, to women wanting what they can't have unless it's given to them. Being fucked by a videogame, the player consents or stops the game, thus has power. But if the game fucks them at the end, the player can feel like they've been fucked from the start. Sneaky! There's invariably a sense of misdirection at times. The game—and by that I mean many games, not just The Witch's House—remain dominant. *Metroidvania* and The Witch's House use Gothic situations and imagery to suggest danger while simultaneously misleading the self-deceiving player to be fucked. Sometimes the already-initiated go willingly and joyously partake of the Numinous pounding. Even so, the ending for The Witch's House is brutal. The "witch" isn't actually the witch; she's Viola, the story's victim. The avatar is Viola's body, possessed by the witch. The story begins when "you" take control, sending "Viola" to the witch's house. Before you do, Viola's father sends you a note telling you not to go into the forest; you aren't the witch, so the forest is dangerous. Little do either of you know...*

The note misleads the reader—in this case the player—into thinking Viola is you, not the witch. Turns out, you're controlling Viola's body but the witch is inside with you. Zoiks! The possession is gradually hinted through journal entries you find inside the house: The witch "swapped" bodies with Viola before the start of the game (it starts right after the possession, in the forest). The house tries to kill you upon entry. So why go back?



Turns out, the witch's powers are tied to her body not her mind. But her original body is occupied by Viola's spirit, who angrily tries to attack the witch using the witch's powers. These include the house, which is effectively an extension of the witch's power (re: Dracula's castle, in *Castlevania*). To steal her power back, the witch needs a knife locked inside a cabinet near the front of the house (spatially the start of the game). To get the knife, the witch must use Viola's body to navigate the house, reach the "witch," and steal a key from her. The key unlocks the cabinet, which has the knife.

Once the power is hers, "Viola" leaves the house; the "witch" follows her, crawling along the ground with her eyes gouged out (symbolizing the player's blindness). "Viola" taunts the dying girl until a man approaches, Viola's father. He sees the "witch" and panics, drawing his gun. He rushes to protect "Viola," yelling for the "monster" to get back. Viola doesn't heed him, crawling closer while saying his name. But she has no actual voice; her words appear only in her mind. He fires his weapon, killing her. With the "witch" killed, the house (an extension of its owner's original body) collapses into itself and disappears.

During the finale, the player is meant to identify more with the "witch" than their own avatar. Viola becomes "Viola" through the player's realization

that she (thus the game) has been lying to them for the entire story. The avatar is occupied by two individuals: the player controlling her, and by an imposter the player can no longer control. Almost like being possessed, no? The player thinks they are Viola, hence Viola's body belongs to them. They aren't Viola, they're the witch; or rather, the witch is inside them, and assumes control once Viola is dead.

The real horror is retrospective: One, the hero was already dead, trapped inside a blind, disintegrating body while attacking Viola to warn the player (the player reacts towards the hostile home like Viola's father did towards his transformed daughter—with fear and aggression). Two, every action made by the player to preserve "Viola" was actually keeping the witch, the hero's destroyer, alive. Three, the hero ultimately fails, and the villain wins. The player is hoodwinked into self-destruction. Ignominious death?



Check.

Initially the player controls the hero thinking they are the hero. Future playthroughs are made by a player who knows they're playing an imposter. Perhaps they think they can defeat this menace by "really" beating the game: acquiring the "best ending." Instead, the game wins, trapping the player inside a

foregone conclusion. There is no escape. [Time to die, to get fucked, to relish in the sweet, sweet domination of you by the game.]

This entrapment highlights the game's storybook nature. The words on a page are fixed, fating the hero. Slowly but surely they're led down an ominous path, and to the Spooky Room Where Bad Things Happen. This promise of danger becomes Radcliffe's infamous Black Veil—known not for its ability to conceal (which it doesn't), but for its constant threatening nature. This danger is liminal—felt regardless if the veil is parted or not.

Part of the joy is the journey, but the destination remains important. The so-called "bad ending" is famous in Gothic stories, delivering feelings of self-destruction through reliable modes (abjection, the uncanny and the Numinous, etc). In this sense the aforementioned "fucking" is received by the player through these modes. *The Witch's House* employs them expertly. Yes, the ludic structure is different than *Metroidvania* typically are; their

rapturous, self-destructive outcomes are more similar to each other by far than to Doom [[source](#)].

Yet the ludo-BDSM arrangements outlined above are ultimately cathartic because they occur as part of an informed exchange in regards to one's own trauma and agency going hand-in-hand with Gothic poetics. In sex-positive realms, then submission is more powerful than domination because the game cannot be played without the sub's permission. Barring someone holding a gun to your head, there is always a choice.)



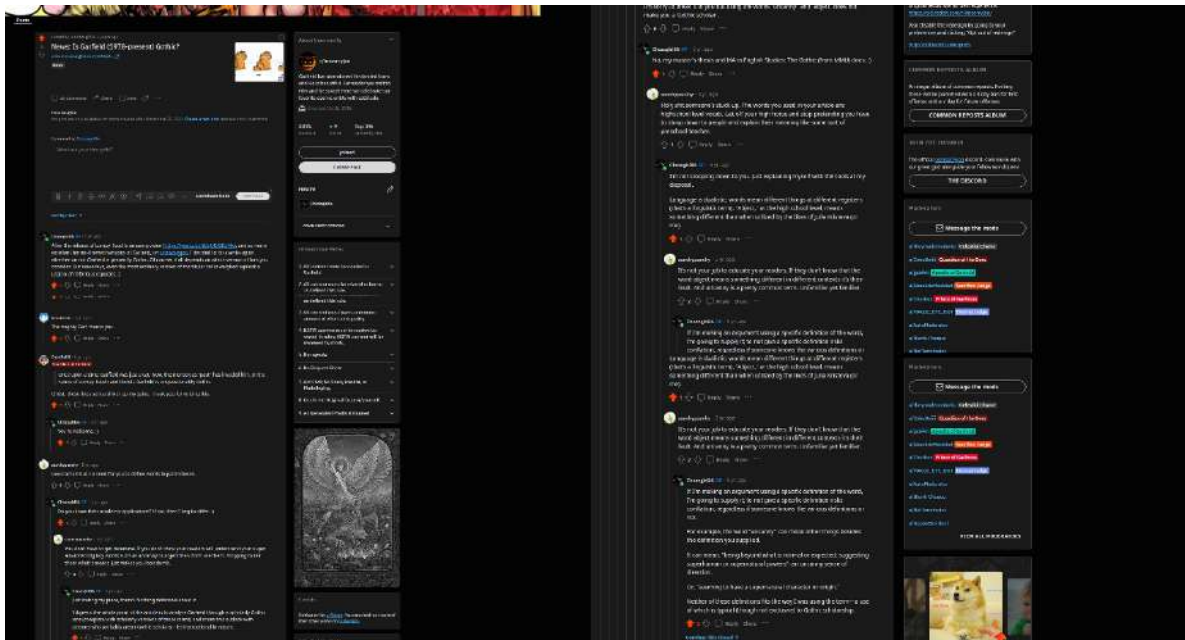
There's no clock/expiration date/statute of limitations on rape; it fucks up one person and all of them inside shared spaces and stages to perform when challenging state forces and doubles across history

as forever being written. From Strawberry Hill/Otranto to the Nostromo/Zebes to *The Witch's House* to my thesis and *Sex Positivity* series, the Gothic "rape" space gives us a vital liminal space to relieve stress, but also perform and play with power as a profound means of interrogating trauma dressed up as silly-serious entertainment warped by historical forces that are constantly upgrading "evil" as something to sell controlled opposition to workers that workers can own, thus reclaim through speculative thinking⁷⁷ *vis-à-vis* performative interpretations; e.g., *Jason X* (2001, above) being just thing this sub-drop junkie (me) would seek out; i.e., supplied by the state and subverted by us when developing Gothic Communism, synthesizing praxis to achieve a wider catharsis more emotionally and Gothically intelligent, but also aware at a class-cultural level during wars thereof. Inside these ludo-Gothic BDSM spaces and roles' liminal positions (dungeons and damsels/demons), we can purposefully lose control and fuck ourselves—all the better to escape state illusions inside our own liberatory one's of "imprisonment": "Oh, no! My little bussy is *totally* in danger right meow! Owo!"

⁷⁷ The Gothic loves to investigate things that seem "off," on all registers; i.e., that seem both completely random and oddly specific; e.g., from state shift and climate change to *Alien's* pair of haunted houses to Gilligan eating the skipper to your weird neighbor or relative with the dodgy eyeball.

Post-postscript

In regards to the further reading I supplied, I don't wish to "flash my badge" needlessly. All the same, I did write my MA ("[Lost in Necropolis](#)") and PhD ([my thesis volume, aka Volume Zero](#), 2023) on *Metrodvania*, and have several more books in the works including this volume (written when the sample was live, but the volume was not)—a reality that is often questioned by Dunning-Kruger types who project/transfer their own inadequacies onto experts such as myself. This isn't hypothetical; I once had someone on Reddit (there's a surprise) attack me for writing about Garfield and the Gothic (Persephone van der Waard's "[Is Garfield \(1978-present\) Gothic?](#)" 2019), requiring me to essentially tell them, "I'm not your dad":



Zeuhl—ever the twit and spineless, sell-out square—told me not to engage in such revelatory antics, but frankly I don't give a damn *and* think it's funny (two more ways to get even, twisting the knife through my own Austenian successes; i.e., politely telling them [more or less] "to eat shit" while fanning my eyelashes). Also, pro tip: always document everything and stand up for yourself when others won't.

Note: If the above exhibit is hard to read, you can access the original on Reddit at [r/imsorryjon](#) "[News: Is Garfield \(1978-present\) Gothic?](#)" (2019). In case the subreddit explodes someday, the full conversation will be posted on my website's blog post; i.e., of this book excerpt, "[Meeting Medusa](#)" (2024). —Perse

"Following in Medusa's Footsteps": Teaching between Media and our Bodies, and a Bit of Coaching

To escape the closeted freakshow status of nature-as-bject, we can employ monstrous language that allows for sex-positive forms of essence, knowledge and power exchange through ludo-Gothic BDSM; e.g., not just the Amazon or knight, damsel or demon, but the vampire (queer person), gross person (fat/muscular) or person of color, etc, as combined with a whole army of Gothic status symbols and arrangements of power and control. As profound ontological statements concerned with Cartesian abuse, these make up a collective ludo-Gothic paradox/educational act; i.e., rooted in Gothic play and psychosexual performance, thus adjacent to phallic harm as normally produced by the state and which we to overthrow through cryptonymic rebellion: to look the part, but no longer play it by refusing to obey the elite's evil commands; e.g., as Anubis does to Emperor Tulpa: "Ronins, I am one of you!" ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume One* (2024)

This second subdivision to "Teaching" part two proceeds from meeting Medusa in our daily lives, considering the monstrous-feminine as instructed according to two additional factors: the liminal relationship between our minds and multimedia, and as something to coach while keeping *that* in mind.

Teaching is learning and both require being in tune/touch with—following along, paying attention to—nature in ways that help us think critically about important things (our rights), which all appear in popular media as the Gothic connects and encompasses. The Gothic mode draws attention to things that carry value, including heroes as idealized *and* taboo subjects, inviting critical comparison between the two: as secret identities and alter egos that are, themselves, open secrets to ongoing and unaddressed societal problems; i.e., the monstrous-feminine, regardless of *where* it appears in media; e.g., comic books speaking to a repressed desire to transform and become "strong enough" (through critical thought about such things) to actually "do work"—like animals that, when invoked in a wonderous, freakshow fashion, help ourselves through others (e.g., the xenomorph, of course; Stan Lee's 1963's *The Amazing Spider-man*; and female



Amazons, next page, as having animal qualities: Batgirl/woman): a thing that cannot die, but stubbornly survives in ways that "flip the bird" to Cartesian forces, seemingly shouting "Suck my girl cock, Descartes!" as they do.

([source](#))

Media is symbiotic. What's important to remember here is that all operate in connection to each other as interconnected beings that, like a game of tug-o'-war, relate to the experiences of either party in either direction within capital (thus disorder and panic as made to panic and frighten *us*). This kayfabe is ultimately meta and forever at play insofar as it interrogates society-as-Puritanical through mimetic copies of itself that are more modest or less:



(source: a [fan edit](#) to Bruce Timm's original page)

As such, the Gothic is *cryptomimetic*, meaning its cryptonymy (often masks and costumes—a theme we'll explore in this chapter and others) uses mimesis through popular forms of disguise-like media (that emerge in times of scarcity out of natural/oral forms into material/written ones locking horns; e.g., spandex less a disguise and more a censorship of the statuesque nude whose imaginary antiquity is restricted to *modest* lifesavers under American Puritanism: echoes of the Comic Code Authority as the comic book equivalent of the infamous Hayes Code in cinema). This includes the Internet Age and automation (which includes things like Pinterest recommending me things as I write, helping me weaponize the Algorithm against the state—suckers). My approach to thinking critically about the Gothic is to focus on it as a mode of being and thinking concerned with, and composed primarily of, popular media in many different forms ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Sex, Metal, and Videogames," 2021); i.e., to be sex-positive is to think critically about commonplace things that store or reify value according to a mode

that studies their reactions back and forth; e.g., memes⁷⁸ as a repeating image generally used to communicate through humor about society at large: through aggregates but also sequences that disagree and clash (my mother and I as she helps me write this book, helping it grow and evolve despite our mutual differences. "Mothers of the world, unite!").

This includes us in relation to it as artists, but also detectives and advocates using our critical-thinking skills to contribute to a pedagogy of the oppressed: regarding complicated things like muses, monsters and mothers that normally are bought-and-paid for within capital ("voting with our wallets") but for us are thought about independent of *that* voting mechanism; i.e., to advocate for, and investigate issues of, people, places and things underrepresented by established courts and jurisdictions (lawyers are usually threats made by wealthy people—attack librarians). We must critique those, and by extension capital, by thinking about them in ways that burst bubbles; i.e., that include everything normally left out in popular media as a matter of profit and maintaining the status quo (cops and victims, damsels and demons, us versus them); e.g., as lawyers, jokers and educators like [Legal Eagle](#) does, handsomely encompassing all three while mixing humor⁷⁹, stylish clothes *and* education (teachers are parental and sexy in ways that invite, at times, less-than-platonic admiration):



Like them, the praxial-synthetic idea is to loosen up but not be *too* loose regarding teaching and monstrous-feminine motherhood; i.e., to be as creatures of habit whose *good* habits are consciously informed and tempered during synthesis to prevent harm caused by bad

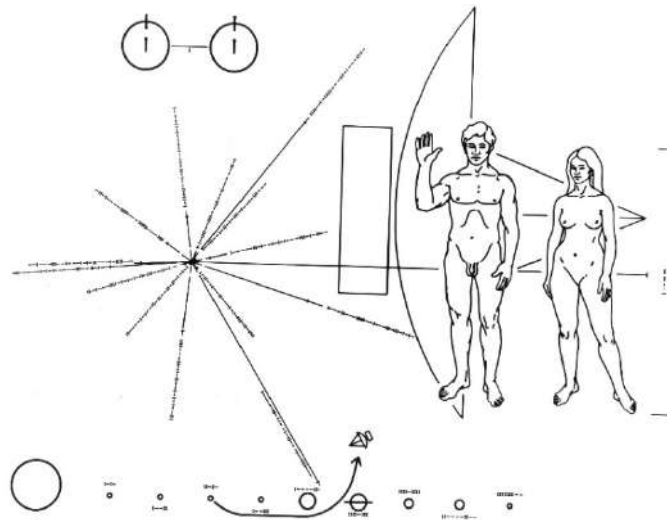
habits; e.g., ludo-Gothic BDSM and parental kinks (daddy and mommy doms) versus actual incest (and other such harm) through performances that *aren't* the

⁷⁸ Humor enhances lessons, as do theatre and abstraction to solve problems through violence and monsters (e.g., the Ronin Warriors "solving fascism" by chopping it up, which we can question in different ways).

⁷⁹ See: "malicious erections" (from Washington State Legislature, 1881): "An injunction may be granted to restrain the malicious erection, by any owner or lessee of land, of any structure intended to spite, injure or annoy an adjoining proprietor. And where any owner or lessee of land has maliciously erected such a structure with such intent, a mandatory injunction will lie to compel its abatement and removal" ([source](#)). Sexy!

same thing. The idea is to be ready and flexible, thus prepared, for whatever capital throws at us, including our friends (and other disruptive methods that frustrate our efforts to challenge capital using sex-positive monsters; re: elaborate strategies of misdirection): "Something doesn't fit, but why?" In turn, the Gothic demands you "solve for X" regarding generational problems ("that moment in high school where they told us algebra would save our lives"); it becomes not just a question to ask in repetition, but an exercise to repeat, a mantra, a detail to condition *while* asking questions that remind us of ongoing *hidden* threats (cryptonyms): "My breathing is off, but why?" (we'll explore the medical side of "remember to breathe" in the next prep section).

Our focus, here, are mothers-as-monstrous—something to paradoxically rescue from its "own" bad rap using slutty language reclaimed for subversive, liberatory reasons; i.e., Medusa's a slut, but doesn't deserve to be harmed for it. In short, being a slut without harm is her *right*. Achieving such recognition in society at large is what liberating monster moms is all about.



([source](#): Jake Rosenthal's "The Pioneer Plaque: Science as a Universal Language," 2016)

To that, monstrous-feminine subversion and education go hand-in-hand, but more than two hands because ours is a group effort (and involves andro/gynodiverse monsters that never heard the word "Vitruvian," [or saw the Pioneer Plaque](#) [1972] and its whitewashed, Cartesian view of the world from a colonizer's eyes: the panoptic *astro-noetic* eye colonizing anything different for profit, a) resulting in a eugenics-grade⁸⁰ homogeneity that enslaves all of nature's

⁸⁰ Which, [Harmony Corrupted](#) points out, occurs "aside from being instrumentalized by corporations to keep us self-conscious and hooked to consumerism under the guise of self-improvement"—the usual self-evident (*ipso facto*) cryptonymy of settler-colonial fabrications barricading the mind.

"emergent" beings by white European descendants from the same Imperial Core literally jettisoning its likeness into outer space; and b) echoed by older pioneers, gold rushes, and arms races behind which military optimism always conceals a military function to 20th-century science fiction stories): of children wise beyond their years and game wily sages speaking in riddles but seeing the world as precocious children do—playfully and by adding to something that must also grow and change, leaving all of it behind in a puzzling trail (the narrative of the crypt) that shows we're *not* so different from animals; i.e., that we both feel fear and can be manipulated to attack when angry and scared. To find out who's who and get to the bottom of things, we'll have to return to animals and nature armed with our wits (entering Hell and breathing it in, not holding one's breath). This occurs through the power of the Humanities (to think by creating in many forms and vice versa) married to the Gothic and monsters; I am a monster mother and Renaissance girl, but you can be too! "We *all* float down here!"



(artist: [Demi Levato](#))

"We'll get you, and your little dog too!" As such predator-prey stories and interactions demonstrate, it's all about the blend, the *balance*; i.e., in service to workers (not the state; re: centrists and the balance of order through conflict that quells chaos-as-labor) treated as witches, threats. The praxial idea is to use what we have (our bodies, labor and material resources) to speak through monsters (mothers or otherwise) as things to live with in open secret, but confront in non-

lethal/non-harmful ways that humanize their nostalgic past as equally non-fatal when *revived* in the present: the madwoman in the attic (the Medusa as much as Antoinette Causeway) as dehumanized, even non-human, but still deserving of human rights and humane treatment despite their limited power and/or faculties. To prevent her death and ours, the power is in our hands to overcome the sins of the father to acquire our mobile objective/ambrosia; i.e., to imbibe it like medicine and habitually dissolve it into us before we explode (re: Dr. Leo Marvin's "death therapy").

This proposed solution requires riddles to wrestle with, thereby using a concurrent means of monitoring and assessing our vitals: to teach in methods that *last* (in bed and elsewhere) according to memory as something virtually without limit; e.g., the rhetors, but also imagination, creativity and passion through monsters as world-famous globetrotters; i.e., akin to insects like the wasp and caterpillar as covering the planet: a cultured presence, and one aware of culture's power to (re)shape the face of the Earth—through the battles lost and won on all fields real, imaginary and in between. "We can't trust the insect," Seth Brundle insisted; and yet, insect politics, *Amazonomachy* ("monster war") and forlorn hopes become a vital means of performance and play on smaller doubles reared from history as partially fabricated, wrought from whole cloth:



(artist: [François-Louis-Joseph Watteau](#))

Close-minded people will mistake our ghoulish enthusiasm, excitement and willingness to engage with rape and war simulacra for being "upset," or "simping"⁸¹ for Medusa; i.e., "female weakness" as Oedipal. While this aims to invalidate, it's also *partly* correct. Our enjoyment of monster

mummies overlaps with trauma as something to confront in popular theatrical places; i.e., the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection; e.g., the Pyramids of Giza and Orientalism, a routinely traveled gravesite alive with a curse of fatal knowledge tied to an imaginary past forever received (from Shelley to Napoleon to Lovecraft to Mercyful Fate). Furthermore, would *you* put your trust in someone who loves monsters (and mothers—mommy issues) or hates them? Love knows no bounds, especially regarding monsters by those who live them in a sex-positive way. You could say the same about actual *cruelty* but why would we want

⁸¹ For men who use the term unironically, "simping" is coddling within a double standard. Men can fuck up, even get drunk. They just can't show weakness or vulnerability (and if they do, they must challenge and eliminate it through force) as coached into them by older men of the house: "No losers in *this* family! Win, win, win!" Very American, thus settler-colonial.

to make the world more cruel (animal cruelty or cruelty towards human groups treated like maternal animals, which sex workers often are)?

In all forms, Hell is a place to play with *inside* according to what people (traditionally the middle class) like but can be occupied and reclaimed by all homies. Often, it happens through various classes of mix-up, including etymological ones—Gaza ("strong city") versus Giza ("the place of the pyramids" and "cut stone")—and murder/rape fantasies: the "curse of the Pharaohs" being the spectre of settler colonialism feared by a fascinated middle class, and who the oppressed weaponize against capital (counterterror's murder fantasies given an outlet) since Napoleon and the Battle of the Pyramids. Propaganda battles aside, Napoleon was a master of propaganda regarding public opinion, but ultimately had to leave Egypt; the same postcolonial principle is used by those seeking truth when spiraling into Hell as a Gothic classroom (to prevent spiraling and suicide ideation in real life). It becomes something to admit into us; i.e., by refusing harmful realities we substitute with our own mysterious mothers. That is, inside a world where nothing is owned by anyone *except* workers owning their labor and their rights, nothing *can* be stolen; except Capitalism tries to own everything thus steal it from around them, most notably labor by dimorphically sexualizing and alienating it! Mothers as monsters, teachers, caregivers, lovers, etc.

The iconoclastic idea is to mix and match, provided the speculative thinking and playfulness that emerge demonstrably lead to better things. To that, consider how parents are a bit like doctors, in that both save lives by not doing harm as something to teach, but also to play at ("doctor" or "parent"; re: BDSM and kink, often in animalized forms). So do monsters like the Creature when expressed in parental forms serving a medicinal function that cures larger issues (alienation from nature-as-fetish). Per the Gothic, this regards institutions like hospitals, but also antiquated forms of maternal instruction that often combine: animal poetry and house calls ("doctor's orders"); i.e., the home as where we are, thus making moving unnecessary when saving the lives of others. People who feel sick often push others away to protect them. Keeping with the doctor analogy, suicide victims often do; keeping with the animal metaphor, such behavior apes a dying cat, leading predators away from loved ones. And yet, it also demonstrates crisis through mixed metaphors: those like Medusa and mothers—in pain, nearing death, as crying out for help through code (as humans and animals do in different ways that overlap): suicide as praxis, *vis-à-vis* Aaron Bushnell's martyrdom (re: "[An Ode to a Martyr](#)").

As such, a collective assistance towards all life is as much about technique and talent as natural and supplied through work, but also the *mindset* of those wielding these devices and who they want to help by mixing this with that; e.g., pleasure and "harm"; i.e., aiding others through desperately reckless self-surgery that is exploratory and palliative (calculated risk) but also assisted suicide of the self as a perceived problem, a burden on the home, the group. Their tragic

martyrdom—the exiting as an actual, cataclysmic event—can be prevented through theatrical stories indebted to ongoing dialectical-material struggles: "to be or not to be" made "to be" by showing Medusa there's nowhere you'd rather be—by their side as someone to help, thus healing the home by finding empathy among the insectoid wretched and vulnerable: as made strangest only by capital shrinking compassion with canon, and camp seeking to expand the humanity (and humane treatment) of Medusa through what *they* create (e.g., music, like Jethro Tull's "Aqualung" [1971]: "Feeling like a dead duck..."): monsters, mothers, heroes, and animals. Through the hero as monstrous-feminine, motherly and animalistic, we're left with helpful puzzles like the caterpillar and wasp as abstractions of an imaginary past to learn from; in turn, these become something that stays on, a maternal allegory living in and around us when "Frankenstein has to go." No matter how hard we cry for them not to leave—to call for them to save us and then hold tight as the dark, titanic winds rip them from our weakened grip ("dying in our arms")—we can rest easy knowing nothing is truly ever gone.

This remains true in idealized forms we can raise as graveyards to what isn't but *could be* in the future; e.g., [Autumn Ivy](#) disappointing me (from Volume One):

The problem here, isn't selling sex, but that Autumn's approach became prescriptive and self-important; i.e., a weird canonical nerd smiling their Hollywood smile, getting fake tits to emphasize their female attributes within the Amazon persona, and treating false modesty like a lucrative virtue exclusive to them and their brand: the bogus and incredibly harmful argument that partially-clothed bodies and implied nudity are somehow "worth more" than fully naked ones are. It wasn't explicitly stated, but nevertheless showed in how Autumn treated me over time: *they* were always the victim, and I could never be one ([source](#)).

I.e., my reflexive attraction to mommy doms *like* Autumn versus Autumn being an unapologetic transmisogynist who policed my work: through their false modesty of "no ham sandwich" while punching down at me as someone actually fighting for all sex workers: as an AMAB artist, writer and trans-woman sex worker *myself*.

To err is human, and even if we mistake a subjugated Hippolyta for one that *doesn't* bow to Theseus, hope remains. Despite heroes being doomed to disappoint, meeting and questioning them and their monopolies stays vital because in them we can see a thing that inspired me: Medusa as perfect.

Glimpsing her idealized form, I became determined to resurrect a maternal protector of my own; i.e., informed by past ideas given to me as a little girl; e.g., *Alien*, but also Fred Dekker's benevolent Creature: a paternal guardian⁸² I

⁸² Other examples include pets (*Where the Red Fern Grows*, 1961), monstrous children (*Super Metroid*, 1994), and manmade creations (*Terminator 2*, 1991).

envisioned (through monster bias) being a tall and strong Amazon—one who *wouldn't* flinch when facing true adversity, capably protecting the little girl in all of us. "Goodbye" becomes "Until we meet again, in this life or the next!" as something to envision or hope for based on past failures we can parade, revised into better examples: what we *loved* about those who hurt us. It becomes beautiful in death as ecstatic and precious, like lightning in a bottle—a deathly reflection that, like the caterpillar and the wasp, intimates total death and salvation through transformation on the same heroic body the mirror shows us: a pussy to put on the chainwax (to camp canon with)! A better mommy.



(model and artist: Autumn Ivy and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

In turn, history is married and written on monsters and imagination as half-real, which cannot be owned, thus stolen. Engagement is endless, but occurs from cradle to grave, interacting Numinously with those mighty and beautiful who *have* gone the way of all flesh. Such life after death *is* profound, and becomes something to capture all on its own. To do so here and elsewhere in the book, I have borrowed trauma and value from the past as it exists in the present (monsters, mothers and popular media) to put into myself and, in turn, write my motherly heart out on these pages: monsters as food for thought, for courage, for love eternal as something to give like a gift, not take by force ("You have heart; I'll take that too!"). It is grown inside us from external forces, then eaten out of ourselves and what we create and give back (through "little deaths") towards others who, enriched, may better the world with: according to a prandial idea of enriching ourselves. We become something to eat and pass onto the next generation

"cannibalizing us"; i.e., to—as Bay taught me—regain our power and knowledge as a sign of mutual respect and love between workers bonded to nature against capital, which in turn will make us stronger than we ever thought possible/would otherwise be had the heart of the corpse been malnourished (as immiserated bodies generally are). We become not just mothers, but *warriors* of an Indigenous character.

In relation to the caterpillar and the wasp, their dualistic roles—of consumption amid life and death as part of a disguised cycle—hints at a speech Adam Savage originally gave to the Harvard Humanist Society in 2010:

[...] There may be no purpose, but it's always good to have a mission. And I know of one fine allegory for an excellent mission should you choose to charge yourself with one: [Carlos Castaneda](#)'s series of books about his training with a Yaqui Indian mystic named Don Juan. There's a lot of controversy about these books being represented as nonfiction. But if you dispense with that representation, and instead take their stories as allegories, they're quite lovely.

At the end of [The Eagle's Gift](#), Don Juan reveals to his student that there's no point to existence. That we're given our brief 70-100 years of consciousness by something the mystics call "The Eagle," named for its cold, killer demeanor. And when we die, the eagle gobbles our consciousness right back up again.

He explains that the mystics, to give thanks to the eagle for the brief bout of consciousness they're granted, attempt to widen their consciousness as much as possible. This provides a particularly delicious meal for the eagle when it gobbles one up at the end of one's life.

And that, to me, is a fine mission ([source](#)).

Except, Savage loves Scott's Humanities work in the *Alien* franchise, and whose own "caterpillar and the wasp" we've touched upon; i.e., echoes the idea that motherly food isn't just "for the Eagle," but other workers as a collective whole that challenges the state as a giant animal, kaiju-style. The state is the caterpillar and the wasp, and so are we. What matters is *how* we speculate through animalistic "violence" to achieve liberation while keeping these theatrical paradoxes in mind.

The fire of the gods, then, sits among workers and is given back to them from us by virtue of familial absorption; i.e., between us and those we see as family (us) where sex and protection overlap: monsters as coaches, role models, parents, in life and death everlasting. It becomes a source of renewed pride and love to share between voyeurs and exhibitionists according to our mutual established boundaries (exhibit 33b2c); i.e., our bodies' morphological variations—our *zweihänder* and our mommy milkers, but also big booties, small booties, itty-bitty titties, thunder thighs and stilts, soup cans and vices (the owner[s] usually

set[s] the tone for the level of self-disparagement, unless they have a humiliation kink that is understood by all parties)—all as a source of pride unto Medusa, but also our gasping feral appetites merged with our "extra" senses: humor as something that comes magically alive during such performances.

The silly weirdos⁸³ are the best in bed, I've found, and the ones who laugh, roll their eyes, and shakily breathe, "I love you!" as I fuck their stupid brains out; e.g., glasses are "windshields" to protect the eyes from flying jizz—no laughing matter and yet oddly funny all the same as we lose control and push for ecstasy together! In doing so, we'll have spurned capital to know what love is, thus can pass it on as a maternal refrain: to always learn and encourage when searching for *by our monstrous-feminine example*.

To that, look at our passion, our warmth, our fluids and messy aftermath, our silly O faces ("You should see your face!" a means of spreading cheer and delight through Gothic sex)—then go out and make your own by living as we have! Discovery is a process that searches for the "right fit," which is different for everyone. Some people like bossy and some like gentle; e.g., I like gentle mommy doms⁸⁴ with a strict aesthetic, but like to top them as they command me from the

⁸³ I.e., the sort touched by trauma who play dead/possum, "rape" play and somno, sleeping on Hell to work dark wonders, playing Hell on our dreams. The castle's a girl; the *girl's* a freak: "A rare, fatal vision, a Gothic dream to haunt the chapel with; a dark freaky church where no one gets hurt and there's lots of sex, it's the Neo-Gothic in a nutshell: visions of a better world when threatened by the ghost of capital, keeping the aesthetic of torture but not the context! It's exquisite 'torture,' with a darky mommy queen!" (re: the review I wrote of a video [Harmony Corrupted](#) sent me—more on this in the medieval prep section). It's a closeness with "death" to raise the blood pressure for just a second, an orgasm to give into and lose control, a little death that feels massive; i.e., a regaining of control through the medieval aesthetic of power and death, a building of fatal glory with non-fatal results or nostalgia that exposes, like the Oracle, the dark horrors of capital, of the home as alien: the family annihilator as genuine and guaranteed by good little soldiers who rape their mothers, shoot their fathers, and turn settler-colonial violence in on their own families through the home as *fallen*. Our "death" fantasies avoid that by confronting doubles of it that raise empathy from the dead, of the dead, for the dead, to the death. As usual, the enemy is Capitalism, which we combat through Neo-Gothic paradox: live burial and secular challengings of canonical, holy dogma; e.g., cum tributes. This isn't purely psychological, but *psychosexual* and dialectical-material.

⁸⁴ Kinks generally overlap and vary per person. As discussed in Volume Zero, domming and subbing are separate from topping and being a bottom. Dom and sub are distributions of power as "more/less," with the dom ostensibly having "more," but the *sub* having the most in a mutually consenting scenario; and top and bottom generally mean to give and receive sexual pleasure (not always). And these overlap and exist with additional qualifiers amid negotiated boundaries.

For example, I'm 37 and ask the cuties I top to "gentle mommy dom" me while I fuck them; i.e., with praise, as they tell me how to use my dick and that I'm a good little girl. Despite my relatively advanced physical age (compared to my partners), I'm performatively regressing in a scenario where I'm dominated from the bottom by a gentle mommy dom, often by a dom who's physically younger than me but acting older in a gentle way (with Harmony being 26, issuing praise, and acting nurturing *and* feral as I breed them in an online social-sexual exchange). It's a highly tailored combination of sex, gender identity and performance amid flexible pre-established BDSM roles that can likewise change, mid-session; i.e., in a playful way based on feel, but also animal elements and spoken communication: safe words, commands, "breeding," etc.

To this, BDSM, kink and Gothic poetics are actually three distinct things, each being modular and idiosyncratic—a constant exercise of establishing and maintaining trust, boundaries and power amid hard/soft rules; i.e., as articulated between two people's social-sexual contract as ludo-Gothic,

bottom (and give praise while demanding worship through cum tributes). Some people want romance, snuggles, or gestures of (often public) displays of affection. Some people wanna just go home and fuck; i.e., to take their coffee with sugar or take it black, but it's given based on *preference*. No shame in either provided everyone's on board, that everyone trusts everyone, that no harm is done and that all rights are upheld.

In other words, when "slaying" pussy yourselves, don't enact the caterpillar and wasp's predator-and-prey relationship too literally (causing actual harm, beheading Medusa); find out what you like (what fits) and go from there. Fence and touch your "opponents" (whatever the shape) to bond, thus unite, against the true foe of all workers (Capitalism). "Seize the day" (fuck) until you're blue in the face, remembering as you do that however incendiary and inflammatory something seems, all's fair in love and war provided sex positivity is upheld! This goes for all



monsters, mommies and daddies alike; e.g., [Bay](#) is AFAB, but also a daddy who *I* can call "mommy" if I want (earned trust and respect).

(exhibit 33b2c2a: A corpse on a bed, or a cutie with soup brain? Though sick and vulnerable, Bay taught me the value of life by treasuring it while we're alive [not throwing it away as

Cartesian warriors so often do].

Apart from things to show off in private galleries open to the public, and to flash those in power as a means of provoking them, and that doing so is a right we have in defense of our other rights, there's also another function: to show off not just the bodies and the sex as intimate [which it is], self-serving and amusing [which it is], and uniquely beautiful per case [which it is; e.g. the amount of cum and distance a tight little pussy makes a big dick shoot—messy and far], but the relationship between those bodies to express its contract in visual forms. This includes the spoken and unspoken aspects [hard and soft boundaries] of the people involved, whose sex-positive subtext becomes part of the exhibit teaching people regardless of the artist's diminished capacity [their absence, however that appears]: their art speaks for them and for us as belonging to the same larger group. All is shown in

psychosexual. It helps confront and interrogate trauma, relieve stress *and* practice communication. For me, such BDSM (unequal power exchange) is sexual (kink) and roleplay dependent, except the obvious Gothic elements inform the sex/gender performance; i.e., as likewise adhering to my daily gender identity but sometimes diverging from it (regression). There's a lot to keep track of and learn per case and I find it to not only be very engaging but also good social-sexual practice. The skills applied are useful during roleplay and bedroom stuff, but also regarding power exchange and relationships more broadly under any poetic scenario, anywhere it occurs (an obvious game or interaction, regardless if it's an overt transaction or not); i.e., any "caterpillar" or "wasp."

boundaries that navigate power as a place to go and interrogate among ourselves: capturing our relationships and their power as something to exchange and perform through the dynamics of each working in unison; i.e., whose frank, honest invigilation invites not just the same behaviors in the painting but also the presentation of the painting as something to do elsewhere—a monstrous-feminine Renaissance revived and achieved through teamwork.

Of course, not everyone has to partake and the game isn't "fair" [asymmetrical warfare]. But the fact remains: censorship denies people the right to express themselves in safe spaces featuring sex positivity and sex coercion as forever-at-odds; i.e., in ironic and unironic forms. Sex-positive art can't harm you, but its censorship can; censorship is tantamount to genocide, meaning it reduces logically to violence against those things [mothers] the state controls through weaponized masculine force; i.e., since the days of the Caesars, of city-states, of pretty much anything after hunter-gatherer societies: win against the enemy-as-different [alien] to achieve glory through endless military conquest. Capitalism is a system of thought that prioritizes the individual in service to the elite, meaning that to speak out through open, monstrous, sex-positive expression [as we are] is paramount to preventing it [which we owe to ourselves, "just because"; i.e., there's no logical argument for or against genocide, it's simply incorrect relative to our rights being essentially in conflict with state predation]. Canon and camp, sex positivity and sex coercion—these are literally functional opposites, as are the coaches and artisans promoting them and all their forms that follow function as a flow of power towards or away from the state. Permission can be granted implicitly in pre-established relationships that are already secure; those smaller relationships interface and relate to bigger ones and even bigger ones that, in medieval language, often work as animalistic shorthand [also known as art; re: our aforementioned caterpillar and wasp]. And if you disagree, I'd like to respond, "Welcome to real life! I'm Persephone from Earth; what planet are you from?"

The fact remains, we all come from a "sample of one," and the usual Cartesian divisions [and their historical-material patterns] can be reconciled with and rectified while surviving as people do; i.e., who must kill for food, build shelter and acquire/devise enrichment as part of a natural world they're stewards⁸⁵ of [nature and animals can do all of these things, but they can't consent]. Those aren't mutually exclusive unless you've been coded to treat nature as alien/monstrous-feminine and rape it endlessly for profit, for victory, for the state. Our victory is "Rome's" fractal recursion successfully transformed—castle by castle, cathedral by art exhibit, blowjob to smiling portrait—into an anarcho-Communist utopia made here on Earth through Gothic poetics. The more the merrier, of course, but also the

⁸⁵ Thus have access to technology including medicine as collectively able to a) end worker problems and b) maintain balance and harmony with nature until the sun burns out... except such things are tied to capital and industry as made to destabilize, enslave and exploit workers and the natural world; i.e., by withholding technology on purpose.

more *language to use*; i.e., producing a more flexible attack and redundant security system [often expressed as a matter of optics and presentation].)

Monstrous-feminine puzzles like the caterpillar and wasp might seem to oversimplify things *while* steadily and stubbornly stating the obvious (and sounding like someone who's never boned before, but the best sex should always feel new, exciting and fresh); it's also a profound, regenerative testament to our fading existences as profound—i.e., through prophetic revelation and dark delight felt through the living who survive us: "Her tits were there." Her *tits*, man. In computer science, this is called "redundancy"; i.e., the more of a given message, the more failures it can endure before total system failure. For us, the message of Medusa is memory as the very stamp of worker life—of what Capitalism through settler colonialism craves to snuff out, to exterminate: people, their lives and culture, their dreams and nightmares, their sex and monsters, their poetic renditions through the likes of our animalistic bug duo. All extinct, all gone, and for what? So Elon Musk can feel cool on Twitter? To tell us what goes where; i.e., dicks-in-pussies-only regardless if the pussy owner consents? The idea is to go home with whomever we want—for John Denver's proverbial "Mountain Mama" (of any gender or location) to take us home and have whatever part go into whatever part because all parties agree.

(artist: [Sabrina Nicole](#))



In short, we live by *Sex Positivity* in order to speak with our bodies and their labor through sex/gender expression as medieval towards a post-scarcity world; i.e., "be stupid and gay together" to whatever degree of intimacy we're all comfortable with (some people hate kissing and some fucking—ace variation) *while* making the world a better place one step at a time between great warring beasts on either side of us, and expressed in animalistic language *beyond* the caterpillar-wasp example I gave; e.g., Mae Martin's *Sap* (2023). Martin's

argument presents succor-in-shelter as besieged from both sides (outside and from within) as an apt metaphor to our lived realities, inside which we become free to play with; i.e., reality as something to make our own delightful "sap" with: using everything we can to build something colossal on the mandala's freedom of expression. This happens within boundaries broken and bent, but also socio-material constraints and fading inhibitions: giving way to matriarchal expressions that challenge the status quo. Doing so through Medusa is *not* to state the obvious—that a dark motherly cutie is as lovely as the day is long—but to make the

world *like* their beauty and image through repetitious appreciation: that which develops better habits among different people and the things they leave behind as, diverse and intersectional, marrying collectively to empathy and pleasure; i.e., our walking synonyms and paradoxes, the gradients of infinity and their outcomes, our dark sides and light confused delightfully as the Gothic does, etc; to crow endlessly love-drunk on obvious things, to want to devote a book to each and every one. So pro-tip, lovelies: If you put yourself out there *and* are sex-positive, don't be surprised when unicorns (of any value, color or gender) stroll up looking for some sugar (speaking from experience here—with this book, and college; I went to get an education *and* find love. I got [and continue to get] both)!

The idea, in the interim, is to **coach** (which I shall do a little longer [until page 202] before we conclude the "Teaching" element of our prep with a heroic refrain focused on conflict and mothers): motivating is wrought with clichés and homegrown advice regarding dragons to "slay"; e.g., "remember to breathe" pertaining to those who routinely feel small hiding from capitalistic forces (me as someone suffocating myself in ways not completely foreign to my mother's, but also different to her constrictive habit[at] and survival mechanisms); i.e., in relation to death and similar titanic forces—to be kept waiting by a mistress who never lets us go outside, and to which its paradisiacal "beyond" is paraded in fantastical homecomings before death; e.g., by me, a queer orator and speechwriter/giver who has written for funerals and weddings (echoing Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* [1878]: "happy families are all alike, unhappy families are unhappy in their own way"). Our expertise speaks to the power our enemies do *not* have over us relayed in speculative verse selectively applied per moment of a given "turn at the helm"; e.g., "my will is as strong as yours and my kingdom as great; you have no power over me" being a phrase my mother taught me to banish evil men with; i.e., Tolkien's black arrow received "from my mother and she from of old; if



ever you came from the forges of the true Queen under the Mountain, go now and speed well!" Such gender swaps (of one of my favorite Tolkien foils) finance rebellion as active between people and fiction, sticking the bullseye by prodding us to respond (with Cupid's thick shaft) against those rich in gold but poor in spirit; ready, take aim, loose!

To this, Gothic-Communist *equilibrium* is maintained in monstrous-feminine *continuum*. As

such, a consumptive and interpretative activity like reading about monsters is

merely one of many ways to pass knowledge among people who partially disagree about Medusa (often heatedly at that; i.e., to take the verb "haggling" from Twain, whose titular Huckleberry Finn dragged a sawblade over a dead forest animal to fake his own death with): its pedagogic limits stretched taut as a bowstring and honed as sharp as an arrowhead through friendly contest—e.g., my mother, a linguist and lover of "literature" (rhetorical quotes, but defined by class, culture and bias) convinced that readers read by opening a book, turning the pages and looking at its words; me, a ludo-Gothicist, who sees the value of ergodic motion (attained by non-trivial effort) to interpret and use the words inside to appreciate them beyond one's idiosyncratic interests, entering a shared generational struggle: liberating mothers. Despite our differences, then, the bricks of *this* castle were a mother-daughter effort (that's your immortality, *Mother*).

In turn, "death" (expressed with the Gothic likeness of natural forms, *mid-poiesis*) becomes something to face and delight in, celebrated through scholarship that is encouraged from older mothers to their literal or figurative daughters; e.g., for whom my mother gave me a room of one's own to practice, perfect, and produce my own echoes thereof. Except qualities of those in small have, over time, reached the same place of maturity learning from *my* matronly stances. I'm 37 and, while not exactly "old as fuck," see in my muses (not teens but younger than me) echoes of my former self. We can be there together—alive on the edge (close to the sun) in so many forms of "free care" (through myths and monsters, in the flesh and in spirit); i.e., nation-sized but locally distributed helpers serving workers, that hold the information of our future in our hearts, bodies and minds. In devilish confidence, we hustle up as proletarian rainmakers who take on capital and live to tell the tale; i.e., by showing them who *we* are through the false pretenses of impostors that define us in paradox: monsters, warts and all, including jealousy and desire, love and respect, frustration and fulfillment, caterpillars and wasps.

Like Medusa, accidents and flaws define us (and monsters) through function, speaking to something so big, so profoundly *massive* that it might not fit (which is what size queens are for, taking it like a champ) and yet also "too small" to notice but for the appreciators of small things (truffle pigs). Goldilocks or not, all shapes and sizes have value. Failure and success, then, happen to the best of us. The mark of any good coach is *persistence*—to throw mud until something sticks; i.e., the mad scientist inviting a spark of inspiration inside the host until learning catches on, galvanizes: to see people not as dollar signs or free labor (sex or otherwise) but humans to respect, thus reflect that in nature as something to treat *humanely*.

In other worlds, every con has a mark to fleece, someone they clock from a mile away. Capital is a *cabal* of conmen. It's not even about money as piles of gold, but capital as it functions—as positions and status. It's about power and control through unequal arrangements thereof that serve the elite by moving money through nature. No amount of false hope or kind of magic pill will change the compulsions or behavioral/mood disorders (e.g., eating) and side effects of such

diseases (e.g., withdrawal from alcoholism) pinned on Medusa; i.e., stemming from the state's underlying material conditions (disguised through biological essentialism—a lack of consent, thus *informed* consent regarding AFAB persons forced into roles of biological motherhood, thus experience postpartum depression and all the other symptoms of pregnancy before, during and after).

To rescue Medusa, we have to change how power is distributed, which starts with how it is performed and viewed; re: ludo-Gothic BDSM when critiquing and responding creatively to theatre and other popular forms of media as vital to praxial synthesis in order to develop Gothic Communism. Anything else won't work, meaning it's always too little, too late; e.g., like singing "You are My Lucky Star"⁸⁶ (1935) on board the *Narcissus*, death there to greet us and take us home, one way or another. Catastrophic failure is incumbent on capital making our home, nature, inhospitable: Medusa as abjectly furious, feral thus unable to recognize us, expectant for a maw of death crammed more food—the battered housewife's murderous womb (Shakespeare *vis-à-vis* Creed) but also queer and black revenge, and all other state victims occupying the same angry shell as monstrous-feminine, of nature; success is incumbent on preventing that by... putting the pussy on the chainwax ("starting a thing")!

For us, this means "living with Mother" by abjuring the nuclear family unit (which orphans children as soon as they hit eighteen—by those with means, opportunity and motive; i.e., the elite). Patriarchal bloodlines start with the Superstructure, thus with entertainment inside the Imperial Core preying on the Global South; iconoclastic Gothic entertainment, by comparison, is "maximum care, minimum profit" through sex-positive icons, fashion, monsters as glamorous, arm candy and genderqueer⁸⁷ plus-ones; i.e., "the works," provided the prestige it

⁸⁶ Weaver was a Broadway actress who improvised the line in her theatrical debut:

Written by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown in 1935 for the MGM film, *Broadway Melody of 1936*, the song "You Are My Lucky Star" was released months before the film's premiere to draw attention to the film's production and stir up anticipation for the film's premiere. [...] It was made famous again with the release of the 1952 film, *Singin' In the Rain* – this time as a duet between the movie's stars, Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds – and is probably the most well-known version. For the 1979 science fiction horror film, *Alien*, actress Sigourney Weaver had the idea for her character, Lieutenant Ripley, to be shakily consoling herself with the classic song's lyrics when facing the alien head on during the film's climax – a more literal take on the song and an intentionally stark contrast to its glittering Hollywood origins ([source](#): Busy Beaver Button Museum).

⁸⁷ Medusa as glamorous, [like Ursula from *The Little Mermaid*](#) (re: Jack Coleman, 2022). Superheroes, drag royalty and gender trouble (we'll explore gender performance much, much more in Volume Three), elaborate strategies of misdirection (divide and conquer) and Gothic theatre (the sex trafficker *banditti* abducting not just maidens, but any and all small, helpless and sexually vulnerable*—those fragile little folks who can't consent, thus blameless in a larger scheme that goes straight to the top: "all roads lead to Rome"). This is *not* impaired judgment, but a redundant operation of concealment in the open; i.e., cryptonymy disguising entertainment, back-to-back, as allegory among adversity drilled within franchises that *are* branded but aren't people (though there is overlap; e.g., uniforms). They teach the brave to ask for help and the scared (our little fighters) to be brave, to look for care in

brings from the halls of power meaningfully challenges canon. Revolutionaries *must* be visible and doing good work, wearing their serpentine hearts on their sleeves; i.e., must do so precisely because dogma and blood libel, but also compelled marriage and motherhood (waifus/war brides) are bred into us—are force-fed to us by those making our home sick in order to rape and murder it, over and over (thus us): "I am the destroyer of everyone, / And the fall will be plentiful..." (TR/ST's "[Destroyer](#)," 2017).

others part of the same oppressed group: workers at large (this means all of them, not just white Imperial-Core teens playing detectives to achieve equality of convenience to "make Daddy proud"; i.e., "Radcliffe Syndrome"; e.g., Vecna's "type" to torture and kill slowly and deliciously—white girls—while killing token non-female victims instantly and spitting them out like garbage).

**Child abuse, animal abuse, spouse abuse, guilt by the owned from the owner as classically the property's master in all respects—father, husband, teacher, judge, head of state, etc. Medusa becomes something to brand, own, convert—to bind, torture, and kill. Except it's ultimately bad for men, too, because they become unable to care for themselves, thus dependent on the very thing they're alienated from as both mother/daughter and fearsome; i.e., unable to fend for themselves inside the household as woman's domain; e.g., cooking ("Where's my dinner?"), cleaning and laundry, compelled sex where they can't please their partner (and often develop Virgin/Whore Syndrome) or look after their kids. In short, they become useless save as a breadwinner, thus a nervous wreck if the tides of the market don't favor them at all times.*

"Happy wife, happy life," except times of economic hardship have men acting like infantile stoics who hide their feelings and their resentment of their position until they snap, all while being denied healthy therapeutic outlets and chained to their end of the nuclear family model. Some men run away ("go out for a pack of cigarettes"); some men neglect, beat or rape their wives and/or kids; many turn to drink; and an alarming number kill themselves and their partners by murder-suicide when the woman threatens to leave with the kids. They are his property and he invokes the "ancient rite of Athens," Egeus-style, except he adds "Roman fool" into the mix (to save face). It's idiotic inside the home as alien and broken, but fascists recruit vulnerable men everywhere; i.e., from stochastic death cults that, per Capitalist Realism, see the world as ending if they "can't get a girl." In these cases, lonely hopeless men can't threaten to kill themselves if a girl leaves because they can't get near one to put her in that position (thanks to early forms of feminism educating white cis-het women to know better, first and foremost). Instead, these chudwads become incels who hate and covet women (or feminine GNC people) from a distance: chasers of the Medusa.

Pro-tip to cis-het dudes: My guys, relationships are built on trust and mutual exchange. So listen to a girl and find out what she wants and likes instead of defaulting to male-coded behaviors; i.e., great deeds; e.g., Prince Lear and Lady Amalthea. So-called "manly men" aren't really pussy magnets, but weird dudes who attract other weird dudes who "glaze" them (the latest Zoomer slang for "brownnose," a dick-rider). So be sex-positive in good faith instead of openly or secretly creepy and the people you're into will show interest; i.e., because you've stopped giving off Norman Bates vibes, thus aren't the routine threat (cis-het misogynists) they've learned to avoid. From there, learn how to see the monstrous-feminine as human; i.e., people to compliment for the purposes of friendship and love, not a selfish goal. This requires actually being interested in them, as well as paying attention to, and asking questions about them. The more you do that, the closer you'll become; and if she's into you and feels safe, trust me, you'll know because she'll tell you (usually letting you into her bedroom and giving you bedroom eyes—if it's not obvious, always ask if something is okay and wait for a clear answer). And if she doesn't want to sleep with you but still thinks you're good people, she probably knows a few sluts who are looking for some fun (casual or others); i.e., Austen's matchmaker Emma, but X-rated.

Treat girls (and those force-coded as "girls") like humans; your sex and social life will thank you!



(artist: [Omar Dogan](#))

This maternal iconoclasm starts and ends with our diet as alienizing. In a Gothic sense, the gap to bridge invokes nature and monsters as like Medusa; i.e., humanize them from the dialectic of the alien, addressing greed and human rights regarding all opposing forces on a poetic level (again, with the likes of something vivid and classic, like our caterpillar-wasp refrain). Capital enslaves cuties to dominate the world as monstrous-feminine. To these same hotties, Communism shows kindness to a maternal group of monsters that, when combined, make a better world with each turn of the globe: with what each provides towards the whole; i.e., our money as something to pay workers with and put where our mouths are.

"Just eat it," Weird AI sings. Right in your cakehole, bung-hole, any hole.

In all seriousness, everyone deserves love and thanks, to be told "I love you" like it's our last night on Earth. Faced with crisis, we become motivational speakers, cheerleaders "boosting" through complementary sex, words and monsters, etc; i.e., lifting Excalibur by putting our backs into it, thinking outside the box to address problems inside the box—thinking *with* our box, meaning our junk, but also our mind (what my paternal grandfather called "you *kop*")! Have faith in its ability to routinely thwart power as guerrillas have historically done for millennia (re: Robert Asprey's [paradox of terror](#))—by surviving when empire wanted "to smash *them* out of existence, to be free of their cursed memory forever!" So whether it's literally just that, or expressed playfully on safer ground—i.e., movies; e.g., Skeletor telling He-Man (whatever the gender) to "kneel before your master!" or Garth from *Wayne's World 2* (1990) saying "Do *not* eat the red liquorice!"—our murmurs of dissent must rise to a clamor whose storm, like Medusa, freezes the elite in place.



It's quite an experience to live in fear ("That is what it is to be a slave!"). So we must be able to say in response, "No, never!" to imperial forces. So enough talk! Let this be *our* final battle, one—like Dracula's 1997 soliloquy—to quote throughout the ages!

The road to mutual respect lies in how we treat the wretched; i.e., like building a cathedral (a theme we'll return to often in this volume) that occurs as required, being in sync amid forces that aim to throw us off (those in power who, accustomed to things as they are, see our equalizing as a threat, something personal to resent, mid-scandal, no matter the cost). "Eye on the horizon, not the prize"; but also, sometimes the other way around, regarding contact with supplemental elements that compound, expand, and break the levy apart. One way or another, something's gotta give (from state shift to more localized and personal breakups). So we have to look for warning signs even when things "seem fine," when we're dealing with people and/or ideals that seem "invincible": capital, mothers, Medusa, etc. It's not to push for a "hard reset," but encourage radical change using speculative methods that recruit monsters (often maternal ones like the wasp) to evolve capital and workers in relationship to it; i.e., before we're dead in the water thanks to climate change. Manufactured crisis leads to collapse by design, but Capitalism's push for infinite growth cannot change the cold hard truth: the hubris of "cannot fail" by virtue of "built-to-fail" must reconcile with stressors leading to a final outcome only *workers* can prevent, not capital and the actual end of the world as manmade; i.e., by the state as something to speak out *against* in motivational forms like the Medusa.

As such, we speak truth to power and give actionable hope to workers through motherly monsters: a holistic method as something to teach and pass on, which I call Gothic Communism. It's wherever the magicians go: "Behind the sky. On the other side of the rain⁸⁸"; i.e., over the rainbow, with trash or garbage that—like Baum's magical Scarecrow—springs to life (our "pieta") and begins to dance for the delight of all... Until they don't (from death or because our hour is up and they need more payment) and all we're left with is the still, lifeless form: of the dark mother as an old friend, one whose powerful ancient memory wiggles snake-like, ever onwards!

Oh, duckies, how I could show off my own knowledge and delight—to endlessly prattle on and on like Schmendrick gushing about his make-believe Robin Hood! But we'll see "him" again (true magic), so let's cut short the pep talk (a brief gag to tourniquet the flow) and press on! "The woods are lovely, dark and deep⁸⁹!"

As perpetual caretakers to ourselves and the world, I've shown how we shoulder the brunt of the blame as harbingers of Medusa in one of two forms—enabling our doom *or* salvation. I want to devote the rest of "Teaching" to my favorite sex-positive teaching device—monstrous mothers—as preceded by conflict during liminal expression. First, **conflict**; then, **mothers-in-conflict** (on page 206) and finally just mothers (the monstrous-feminine), **liberated** (on page 211).

⁸⁸ From Suzanna Clarke's *Jonathan Strange and Mr. Norrell* (2004).

⁸⁹ From Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" ([source](#), 1923).

"Following in Medusa's Footsteps": Conflict, Mothers-in Conflict, and Liberation

Samus is more than a classical Perseus; she's Athena. In the Medusa myth, Athena is an androgynous figure, both masculine and feminine; she forges a shield, but gives it to Perseus. In Metroid, there is no Perseus, no male hero armed to the teeth. Only Samus. Samus kills Mother Brain, but also intimates her by stealing her power. I see this cycle as hereditary in a Bakhtinian sense: told through the castle, Zebes. It's written all over the place, including Samus' pilfered gear ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "War Vaginas: Phallic Women, Vaginal Spaces and Archaic Mothers in *Metroid*" (2021)

This third-and-final subdivision to "Medusa's Footsteps" concludes the "Teaching" chapter by examining conflict relative to the monstrous-feminine: per **conflict** as an essential, definitive feature of language, mothers in relation to that (**mothers-in-conflict**), and ultimately their **liberation** as monstrous educators we should value and defend. Under attack, monster mothers (the Medusa or otherwise) seek liberation through themselves as monstrous-feminine, thus alien and fetishized across a variety of simulacra capital reduces to a singular (and dogmatically lucrative) type:



(artist: [Urbanator](#))

In regards to general **conflict**, the human condition is rife with it as something to live with; e.g., trauma, guilt, alienation, desire, etc, as carried around

with us. Crippled under capital, we must fight as heroes do in order to influence maternal outcomes as *not* being automatically punitive: for the oppressed, which ironically under capital, are workers not the state. The elite discourage revealing this, which means that all teachers, detectives, heroes, and monsters (or artifacts of these instances) become part of the same dialectical-material struggle; i.e., for workers *or* the state. Beauty and strength sit in the eye of the beholder (re: I like monster mommies as cathartic devices *and* profound levers of speculative thought) but their dialectical-material function is *not* subjective. Mommies or not, Team Caterpillar or Team Wasp—all are completely fine provided they *don't* betray worker interests in service to the state; i.e., what Marx would call class traitors, meaning cops. Enjoy Wonder Woman and her strong thighs and lasso of truth (exquisite "torture"), but also critique her ideal form as containing pernicious aspects the Gothic will reveal with glee—in short, how its material conditions are used to change how we think, create, and act regarding animalistic mothers as part of a



bigger struggle fascinated with "antique" derelicts (re: "[Borrowed Robes](#)" or "[War Vaginas](#)" [the epitaph] and my love for Amazons as protectors, teachers and nurturers that I want to be *and* fuck; i.e, since I first saw *Alien* when I was nine and played *Super Metroid* when I was eight): I'm always playing and thinking about/with monster mommies.

(artist: [Frank Cho](#))

It's true that (from Volume Zero): "Returning and reflecting upon old points after assembling them is a powerful way to understand larger structures and patterns (especially if they're designed to conceal themselves through subterfuge, valor and force). It's what holistic study (the foundation of this book) is all about" ([source](#)). And I've done this with Amazons and *Metroid* a great many times (see: the glossary's definition of "[Metroidvania as closed space](#)" and "[Metroidvania](#)" to track this process, yourselves). The likes of comic books (above) constitute just one facet of popular media as colonized by weird canonical nerds and liberated by weird iconoclastic nerds; i.e., comics inform us, but also other forms of popular media that are alive and active, carrying idealized forms (and their profane counterparts) across novels, movies and games (video or otherwise) just as easily and often. Back and forth,

heroes-as-monsters present *Amazonomachia* as educational in poetic forms—an endless, dialectical-material process whose pedagogic conflict serves workers and the state at the same time in opposition to each other.

As such, we must think just as critically about our relationship to these things "as one" and ourselves "as one"; i.e., to think about Gothic poetry repeatedly and how it affects and shapes our ability to think, feel, and empathize through understanding others not with identical lived experiences, but shared unalienable rights: in stories that speak to shared struggles where everyone's experience *is* unique/weird, and which empathy is feeling for those whose experiences are different from, thus alien to, our own (re: Volume One's "Healing from Rape" chapter): a pedagogy of the oppressed where mothers are loved, not killed for their weirdness. Achieving a collective understanding in spite of these alienating factors, especially through creative action and imagination, is the prime Communist directive of the Humanities, medieval expression and Gothic poetics; i.e., monsters as critical lenses, but also roles through which their various senses (expanded, inclusive, animalistic, and crude; e.g., the sense of humor as medieval, thus carnal, thus abject/toilet) open up and expand our minds, offering up things to experience and see differently to achieve new vital perspective relative to our positions in capital. Such options help workers see it for what it is and to fight back any way we can. I envision the Gothic as our home, insofar as it quests for the Numinous through us working as detectives and advocates for all peoples affected by capital and the past (thus future) it tries to regulate through imagination; i.e., the Wisdom of the Ancients. The Judgement of Antiquity becomes, per my arguments,



something to camp and replace the gentrifying twin trees with (again, the Base and Superstructure) through flexible, maternal *poiesis*. Medusa.

(artist: [Jan van den Hoecke](#))

"People are not trees." No, but they *are* informed by them as often personified in memetic refrains that speak to wider myths as useful⁹⁰ to critical thought; i.e., by identifying

wider harms acknowledged and apologized for by canonical scenarios proving *ipso facto* that "rape is everywhere," insofar as it affects nature-as-food, meaning "monstrous-feminine, thus abject"; e.g., Zeus rapes women, who escape him by turning into trees. To that, maybe transformation isn't just a means to escape at

⁹⁰ Re: Mark Madoff's "The Useful Myth of Gothic Ancestry" (1979): "The idea of gothic ancestry endured because it was useful" ([source](#)). This utility applies to workers and the state.

all, but *fight back*, Medusa-style, and refuse to be told what to do; i.e., "turn into a tree I can rape" versus trees that fight back who *can* move to defend themselves; e.g., dryads and forest nymphs: to *not* be kept by taking borrowed robes and using them as a revolutionary means of education-through-disguise, through cryptonymy (no matter how harmless, badass or cool we seem). Expression is defined within limits, then, and there's only so many dots and theories I can provide while teaching you to assemble and connect them as you decide; i.e., in a given *current* form to speak to larger battles taking place during class/culture war as one in the same. So try as I might, I can't mention them all here (the struggle to do so is what matters), but they *will* come up throughout the book.

As they do, look for patterns in movies, songs, poetry and porn, *et al*, that you can endlessly repeat and vary to help yourself and other workers find liberation by reifying a collective jilt, delight (success being the best revenge). Quote, play and create things that, from complex-to-simple (successful praxis, a pedagogy of the oppressed, synthesis, and the basics: anger/gossip, monsters and camp), leads reliably to catharsis—in short, what makes our hair (and other things) stand on end, in jouissance, to stand up and pay attention, captivated, to ravish us like John Donne's "three-person'd God" or fill us like his infamous "Flea"; to "park its Big Mac truck right in this little garage" (size difference for the win; but we're not all size queens⁹¹)! Like Medusa, or the caterpillar and the wasp, the monstrous-feminine can be said and expressed in a billion different ways all speaking to the same thing. A lover saying "Yes, baby! More!" is not an actual baby but a teacher who can be loved with a profound emotional, physical and/or sexual connection that mirrors such familial hyperbole (re: Cuwu); reality yields funny paradoxes that aren't impossible, but perceived: the angel in class who listens to Enya with her students, and who—per Foucault—goes home and fucks big time in the bedroom. Per us, "art is love made public⁹²" to break these barriers down a little (or a lot). We're taking



our rights back, one incremental fuck at a time (e.g., Sabrina used to be a Playboy bunny and struck out for the territories seeking bigger opportunities—*definitely* a size queen!):

(artist: [Sabrina Nicole](#))

⁹¹ "How big are you looking for, exactly? Something the size of a jumbo jet?" [Thank you, Samurai Cop \(1991\)](#).

⁹² From *Sense8* (2015), what Hernando declares to his class when he's outed quite nakedly as gay.

In short, the Gothic is the study of experience that leads to transformative proletarian knowledge through popular media; i.e., as part of who we are *in conflict*. In turn, our Galatea is something to sculpt and embody as forever ongoing and unfinished, *en medias res*. All heroes are monsters, and all monsters are idealized, but also highly idiosyncratic characteristics of the human condition as at war with capital and itself regarding nature as something to destroy or defend. Existence within capital raises difficult questions about a system that is designed to control us, to which we must fight against its natural-material constraints to become our true selves by synthesizing the two, processed through critical thought to achieve liberation: to be unafraid to say "I love you" in monstrous ways. To take it all. Every. Last. Inch (which is easier to do if you've had a hysterectomy—meaning your vagina won't have a cervix, just the elastic tissue that remains).

Mothers aren't defined by biology (or any other essentialized factor). This brings us to **mothers, mid-conflict**. To that, the *rebellious maternal* is a reunion that happens by routinely challenging capital's illusions during iconoclasm: to bend reality to our will and needs by breaking Capitalist Realism as patriarchal by design. It is synonymous with "true sight," class consciousness and worker action, including deceiving our captors in good faith via combative metaphors (animals, sex and war) that, when combined, collectively help all parties "break on through"; i.e., onto a better, more humane world by rescuing motherly personas from abject bondage, hence tutelage regarding actual or figurative forms of motherhood (which Zeuhl ironically helped with by recommending Stuart Mills' "[What Is Acid Communism?](#)" [2019] to me as a rebuttal, which led to my original December 2022 manuscript [then shorter than this chapter by itself is—roughly 50,000 vs 85,000 words] ballooning into nearly a million words, four volumes and lots of future success and happiness for me. That's *your* legacy, Zeuhl; I didn't need you and found people who actually give a shit. Fuck you, with [tentative] love).

Conversely, Cartesian thought is synonymous with blindness, with bad faith, with deception, division and enslavement to keep all workers in Plato's cave, to keep things operating behind the curtain much as they always have for hundreds and thousands of years; i.e., when cities emerged and started to order existence in ways useful to the powerful:

The ancient poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged and numerous senses could perceive. And particularly they studied the Genius of each city and country, placing it under its mental deity. Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of and enslaved the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects. Thus began Priesthood. Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales. And at length they pronounced that the Gods had ordered such things. Thus men forgot

that all deities reside in the human breast ([source](#): *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, 1790).

In other words, Capitalism was already ordering nature into something it could dominate, which Blake saw as finite and fallible, thus challenged through poetry as a Hellish physical process—a *Satanic* means of rebellion:

The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true, as I have heard from Hell. For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at [the] tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite and corrupt. This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment. But first the notion that man had a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged; this I shall do by printing in the infernal method by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid. If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite. For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things through narrow chinks of his cavern (*ibid.*).

These visions, seemingly drug-induced and quite mad, speak honestly through poetic confusion to the critical, virulent power of the Gothic, of thinking openly



about sacred and profane things in relation, like Blake's proverbial marriage but also Milton's combative argument, *Paradise Lost* (for which Blake saw Milton of the devil's party without realizing it; re: [Jamal Nafi](#)): it opens our minds to have society progress in harmony with nature, language, history and ourselves as monstrous-feminine freaks of nature enslaved through Cartesian menticide.

(artist: [Bubble Wolf](#))

The ticket to unfucking the mind is, paradoxically enough, "fucking" it. Just as everyone likes playing with sex, death and monsters (ace or otherwise), everyone⁹³ likes the Hell portions of stories like Dante's *Divine Comedy* (1321), Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*

⁹³ Except for moderate prudes like Jameson, but more on him later in the volume.

(1392), Milton's epic and Blake's *Songs of Experience* (e.g., "The Tyger" vs "The Lamb," 1789). This "infection" cannot happen without derangement and paradox; i.e., without grasping the whole of it, however impossible that may seem. There will be pain and disappointment, as all struggles and growth involve. But the cost will be worth it—liberation of, and reunion with, our lost Galatean power! More than that, complex evolution takes trial and error over time. But regardless, it still remains our basic human right as supplied within nature and later in relation to the state seeking to enslave us; i.e., by abusing the dialectic of shelter and the alien to benefit the few at the cost of the many as potentially abject. It's a big deal, a matter of life and death, a virus whose cheap knockoffs of the Gothic (which *is* ironic, I'll give them that)—and incessant febrility of constant moral panic and crisis—collectively lead to actual dead people and brains, not Richard Matteson's zombie-vampire Commies:



(exhibit 33b2c2b: Monsters aren't just theatrical preferences to speak poetically about things; they readily lend a punchy shorthand to collocative issues [mouthfuls, gushers]. Since at least the Black Death, zombies concern social strife tied to unrest caused by natural disasters and manmade interference [Capitalism in its earliest forms]. Fast-forward to the present and the same factors continue to play out from generation to generation, under capital; e.g., since I was eight—since high school, when I played hooky with Uncle Dave to see Zack Snyder's Dawn of the Dead [2004] and play Metroid: Zero Mission [2004] for the first time; i.e., a potential cadet during early-2000s, post-9/11 moral panic, Samus' "zero mission" being the state's "project zero" to infect the nation's youth with the androgynous spirit [and sport] of death: patient zero, a targeted host and peer pressure to kill the enemy at home and abroad with—a moral panic that elides different xenophobia into a perverse, wretched psychosexuality. The confusion of pleasure and pain, where the bounty hunter delights at killing "Mother Brain" for the state until the end of time. Stripped down to a baby-blue birthday suit—and scared of the same old ghost of the counterfeit, mid-homecoming—Samus' blood ritual is meta

and diegetic: punching her own dark reflection inside all the usual neoliberal hauntologies. "Kill the pig! Spill its blood!" Her blood.



[artist, top-right: [Jack C. Gregory](#)]

Instead of George Romero's critical bite, then, such apocalypses manifest like Zack Snyder's Dawn of the Dead "gettin' down with the sickness"—not Matteson [or Cronenberg's] "new flesh" at all, but an exchange of the Communist "could be" for a dated fear of the fast and terrifying infector threatening a conservative house and home [Snyder's film being grimly homophobic, having the gay man slice up the hot blonde with the chainsaw]: "Here it comes, Mommy. Get ready to die!" In consequence, the infection becomes an infarction [dying tissue, often from blood clots in the heart, brain and other organs] as we're supplied a death knell of perceptive satire/pastiche and Medusa, insidiously replaced with Jameson's "statue with blind eyeballs": a return to childhood as hopelessly damaged and yearning for fatal violence to kill the monsters under one's bed as projected onto all the useful groups; i.e., the givers and receivers of state force and division—a generation bred on DBZ music videos and other AMV/neoliberal exports "falling victim to a radical new virus." [The kids definitely aren't alright:](#)



In true anisotropic fashion, the zombie war is a Children's Crusade set to catchy music, one whose enfants terribles mirror the state as threatened by "degeneracy" [a dogwhistle attached to Capitalism's usual cycles of rise and collapse] and workers threatened by the state's weaponized children. The state's Pied Piper leads to kids killing kids, adults killing kids and vice versa. And like all civil wars, you love those on both sides and don't want to see anyone get hurt. For example, I love Adult Gohan—if only because he is valiant, tragically protecting a tween Twunks from harm—but his swan song doubles for a fascist call-to-arms we need to be mindful of. We need to while working through our own problems, onstage, because those useful to the state—the capably dogmatic with mommy issues blindly worshipping heroes—become headhunter operatives to hog the venue with; i.e., in times of perceived crisis, chasing down their own bugbears and war brides [rulebreakers and rewards to report and reap] when Capitalism decays towards a fascist state; i.e., like Jadis did with me: a "new flesh" for them—a fat pig on par with Barker's cenobites or Priest [below] slurping disgustingly on my stolen lifeforce—to toy and play with like an unwilling plaything. Their harmful, unironic approach to BDSM was "cool" in their eyes; my sex-positive, ludo-Gothic BDSM was not. I could never be cool to them; I was only ever and always a victim for them to crush under their boot, eating me alive. That's how the state-in-small operates: a sexual predator playing the victim, up to no good.



[[source](#)]

I get the appeal to transform, thus escape abuse in badass ways [or equally understand getting "stepped on" by doms who help us process trauma as living in and around our bodies]. There's nothing wrong with such morbid chapels, provided it doesn't lead to more abuse—that the congregation isn't compelled to harmful worship, dogma, canon. Sex positivity can be entirely lovely in that respect. But Jadis "made it lame" by sacrificing me for no other reason than it made them feel powerful, a head of their

own private church—of forced confession, of suffering-under-duress carried out by a tried-and-true taskmaster. Through such dire and coerced transformations, the fascist past [and its Hugo-Boss regalia, per Sontag's 1974 "[Fascinating Fascism](#)"] becomes something to unironically revive during the liminal hauntology of war. It regresses to traditional divisions of violence against the other—a teenage [tom]boy's weaponizing of illegal fireworks [and other makeshift explosives] alongside power tools, daddy's shotgun, and mom's medicine cabinet ["Pills here!"]. This necrosis becomes something to debride, but from one's own sense of self and home as sick.

This requires inspiration, to which music, muses and games work best, I think—a cradle-like plane to urgently play inside and reclaim from the usual monopolizers; i.e., to, as Daft Punk put it, "[Lose Yourself to Dance!](#)" [2013] inside the chapel, to go a little crazy and kick it out. Many people can't, having been made to see such shambling hybridity as repulsive, even—no, especially—in Gothic circles [academics are some of the biggest snobs and sexually repressed weirdos on Earth]. Gotta get past that, my dudes, or at least let us speak for ourselves [who wants an aging dinosaur like Fredric fucking Jameson telling them the Gothic is boring and exhausted? Puh-lease]. Otherwise the fascists win. The battle for the youth as for workers or the state dates back to Coleridge and Lewis, pushing forward from the Ike Generation savagely lampooned by Jim Sharman's Rocky Horror [1975] to our present moment: J.K. Rowling marshalling TERFs to police weird culture to suit state aims, yet-another-case of fash-vs-antifash. Well, "Nazi pigs, fuck off!" This is our dangerous disco, discourse, and dance of the dead—our succulent patchwork to flaunt and twist ecstatically a) in spite of state prudes criticizing us, noses held high, too "grown up" to act as rebellious children themselves; and b) in defiance of state hunters infiltrating our ranks, both parties undercover, out on the sweaty dance floor.

Out there and in here, we wrestle and rest on the same arena's murky enclosure, guerillas winning the war of attrition one calculated [and indulgent] shake of the booty at a time; i.e., by using what guerillas generally are reduced to, reclaimed by us and held together by duct tape [Millennium-Falcon-style]: not weapons, but lies [e.g., Edward Norton's 2009 Leaves of Grass: a classically-educated identical twin thinking his pothead brother was murdered with a crossbow ("They're... inexplicably popular where I come from") when, point-in-fact, it was all a ruse to get said nerd out of his ivory tower... and to help his dealer brother out of a territorial jam] contributing to the proletariat's enduring inventive ability to [counter] terrorize, thus raise Cain for workers. This includes our bodies and gender trouble as something to make with a smile; i.e. we exist despite offended calls for



silence from the audience, rejoinding with our bodies, our identities: "Fuck the nuclear family model! Fuck settler colonialism and genocide! Fuck America as emblematic of these things! Onto to something better!" And take it from me: Nothing seals the deal—peels the panties [or banana]—better than the forbidden illustration [thus promise, sacred contract] of mutual consent amid intersectional solidarity [except with Nazi bitches, but only Nazis go to bed with Nazis]. "Stare and tremble!" indeed!

[model and artist: [Quinnvincible](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

And like a cake to decorate, we lay it on thicc—networking by spreading the delicious sugar [and cheeks] around as much as we can, and using such wonderful and tasty phrases that freely play with language despite veiled threats issued and directed at us to: "go back inside [to the shadow]" or "get back"; i.e., as a complicated extension of our GNC selves. Out of the closet, we become more than a moderate message of marketable hope to middle-class Americans; we become actively combative, our andro/gynodiverse [trans, enby and intersex] bodies providing the necessary push towards liberation by throwing old levers to cultivate new praxial stances—i.e., through revolutionary cryptonymy [masks] whose theatrical "flashing" exposes those aligned with power by using our power as outing their true motives. Eve's Aegis—his big, crunchy "apple's" pleasures of the flesh—becomes a scrumptious, sacrilegious means of temptation and heft to buckle the knees of any Nazi dumbass [extending to moderates who, when scratched, bleed

like any fash]. Suitably tailored, we synonymize sex and gender parody with rebellion, updating 1960s anti-[state]-war "free love" with an expanded, all-inclusive post-millennial body lingo and [if needed] academic arsenal: class war and culture war prosecuted for workers, nature and Medusa.)

The lengths that Matteson goes to bring illuminating infection to a Cartesian suburbia should be a hint, one that speaks to the daily struggles of sex work across space and time. Jeopardized by state operations biased in favor of profit—as well as tokenized retribution that is *anything* but impartial—our colorful poetry and flexible campy rebellion is our greatest strength: one that is invisible in the absence of material conditions. So we must materialize it with dignity and grace under fire, which are something *they* can never take from us—not by force, lies, or manipulation at large (as the status quo trains workers to do since birth). We may not be able to pick our roles as "sullied" in the eyes of the state, but we *can* pick



the place, uniform, dosage, and flow of power regarding us as the perpetual center of attention. Their eyes are always on us, but we can decide what to permit, what to spike—to toy with our enemies and relay double messages to our friends: signs, tells, hints, games. All as if to ask, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

(artist: [Quinnvincible](#))

All the while, it becomes flirtatious, coy and fleeting per access supplied by us as something to contract, per contract, through *de facto* channels of communication. It's not as simple as showing skin or "bumping uglies," but managing attention, funds, and other resources in confidence with trusted friends while keeping our foes in check: outing and placing them with

our "wagons" (and other corporal-to-cosmetic projections) rocking the larger boat *outside* the bedroom (*vis-à-vis* Foucault). Power aggregates. Viewed by the moderate and reactionary watchdog as preying on us for the state, there is always an acute and chronic risk of harm for sex workers; but the final stage of genocide is silence, so we must keep people talking ("the only thing worse than being talked about is *not* being talked about").

Gothic entertainment, then, becomes an ironic, at times bizarre means of speaking to awful things—of expressing rape through "rape" as dramatic/comedic theatre, but also the unequal conditions for what normally leads to rape when society grows increasingly sick by design; i.e., exposure; e.g., bare skin, female genitals, a feminine affect in male bodies, and a masculine one in female bodies, intersex potential, etc. We don't want to "rank" rape, here but strive to prevent it in all its forms. All become a praxial sum to synthesize towards catharsis for all, which occurs by fostering intersectional solidarity to hit the issue at its core: challenging power from the bottom to the top with things that leave a void when they're gone. This includes our monstrous-feminine bodies, conditions, and boundaries, but also our booties to squeeze, eyes to catch, and yes, holes to fill: "Get busy living or get busy dying."



(artist: [Quinnvincible](#))

Per Creed, Medusa fights victimhood using what she's got as fetishized by the state; per me, we stick to our strengths insofar as these encompass our bodies, labor and creative endeavors. Likewise, our fuel has many names: grace, grit, poise, and moxie, etc. We perform, but won't stand on ceremony when a spread pussy will speak just as well. All the same, we're happy to give an orator the floor or a doctor room to treat, using whatever the "medicine," in a given theatre's (operative, or otherwise) stage and number of performers, patients, pudendum, and so on. This fleshy alliance includes sex workers with a secure living arrangement, and survival sex workers down on their luck,

dependent on the former's help (with people's exact position not always being clear based on the images they [and their body parts, below] produce). The haves and have-nots, it's a group effort in that respect, too, and one whose solidarity remains determined; i.e., to overcome harmful boundaries, which include stereotypes: the stigma of the whore, baby-crazy mother and transient sex demon as "asking for it," but also a class division precluding consciousness and cooperation between uneven parties rescuing Medusa while she represents different struggles among an oppressed polity. It's an appeal to our humanity *and* a business maneuver that

aims for societal improvement through the expression of vulnerability (which love is). To bare it all, to show off the goods.



(artist: [Mugiwara](#))

Capitalism reduces people to sex objects useful to profit; i.e., not just like pieces of meat in that regard, but processed meat. Rendered into Jell-O like sludge, we exist as pink slime whose process of manufacture must be reclaimed by for our own sake. This starts with creativity as a social act and covenant between workers against the

state. Humanity is monstrous, thus without limits. In game language, Capitalism frames the human condition as a profit margin to maximize—a zero-sum (win-lose) game where the elite win at the expense of monsters (workers). For workers, monstrous liberation is a *positive-sum* game—a win-win that actively accounts for the needs of all parties involved: sex, or things better than (or comparable to) sex, in exchange as needed. Working in concert, we can negotiate a tenable balance of what we both want regarding our needs as generally unequal but complementary—to snuggle, fuck, snugglefuck to music, with the lights on or off; do it doggy or masturbate for each other, edging to bigger and better climaxes; to go for a walk holding hands, or cook a tasty meal, etc (to never have sex again)—and likewise allow ourselves outlets when one party *isn't* available (to "rub one out" to porn).

From top to bottom, Capitalism translates to a system of predatory paywalls that reduce survival to a constant, endless need: to slave over basic necessities like food, shelter and comfort routinely gatekept by opportunistic fat cats. In the same top-to-bottom fashion, this ranges from industry barons to landlords and local pimps (token or not) all being part of the same problem; i.e., generally by contributing to a series of disabling factors (trifectas and monopolies) that socially and materially (through settler-colonial, heteronormative dogma and tollways) cripple the individual (and the group) by needing "A for B," "B for A" and so on. To

offset this vicious cycle, workers must busy themselves with self-liberation as a group ordeal; i.e., as occurring between work and play as something to inventively combine among ourselves—to even the odds as a social engagement that speaks through bodies, money and labor as persuasive ("money talks, sex sells"), but also *enriching*. It becomes a careful game of investing energies, of management regarding debt, disease and disuse as normally crippling by design. It's a causal, symbiotic relationship between workers creating the means to help one another and voice our oppression as one over space and time: as people who have done this before, having worked a day in their life but also played just as much, on and on.

From all our yesterdays to the last syllable of recorded time, the Gothic-Communist goal is the same: to offer but not rush, nor push what is refused (the sweetest butter tastes bitter when burned; the subbiest pup will bite the hand that feeds when said hand forces a collar round their neck, etc)—all to "meet our maker" not as a Wizard of Oz or prescribed divine authority, but ourselves and *our* dark poetry as the authors of our fate. Such routine, fancible invention might *seem* like pure magic, but in truth is as natural, artless (effortless) and easy for the initiated as the magician pulling a rabbit out of their hat. We must do the same with whatever needs producing at a given moment. To tease, "I heard you like magic? I got a wand and a rabbit!" to make our audience, who—suitably tantalized (and in on the joke, completely silly and dead serious)—grin and respond, "Now you're speakin' my language!" We like something and into us it goes—like a mother's diet, or a lover taking dick (or a tongue)—before exiting again in *some* shape or form (fluid or otherwise). In turn, "great magic" can be done with cheap parlor tricks—by those who like the simpler magics (with my character, [the witch queen Ileana Sanda](#), canonically favoring such illusory and compelling gimmicks over more forceful and literal spells):



(artist: [Chapelle Roan](#))

Human history is mostly communication. Most of *that* is a nudge and a wink, a look to know and join in with—to flirt with boundaries during artistic, love-made-public displays that exhibit galleries buffering those who *don't* want to see (or hear) such "sex" in public. Ideally control is allowed for both parties without enslaving the invigilator to censors, with exhibitionists playing with their identities, sexualities, and gender roles/performances less as literal and more as figurative but hinting at the latter the way policed media always does: because sex is policed, women are policed, the monstrous-feminine as sex, drugs and rock 'n roll (originally an African American euphemism for sex, repressed by white culture commodifying black culture as settler colonists always do). But as Volume Zero put it (an extended quote, because this is important):

it's fine if [an] exposed vagina in art/porn *isn't* someone's cup of tea, but videogames—especially those in the Internet Age—are a *public* space, a forum/galley to some extent. This means the rules of such places also apply to videogames (and other mediums); i.e., they're an exhibit that isn't curated to cater to a single group's vision. If someone *is* sex-repulsed, that's a valid consideration, but it should always be raised in ways that aren't sex-negative. To that, sex-positive galleries shouldn't have to compromise their sex-positive, xenophilic vision to meet a smaller group's needs if the exhibit is about showcasing naked monster bodies in a sex-positive way. Putting the vagina in the closet when male genitalia are plastered all over everything is a modesty argument, often used by moderate individuals conflating their own sex repulsion as transcendental; they feel vulnerable when they see someone *e/se's* vagina, but are probably acclimated to the cock as everywhere or the breasts as a commonly adjustable feature of avatar cosmetics. To include one but not the other is arbitrary and harmful, especially when the precedent of the game invokes sexual and gender expression to begin with. To exclude a particular morphological identity from the game is segregation, which generally will have a cis bias; players should be able to represent themselves however they want: **Big Titty Goth GFs** or **Big Booty Goth GF** with a girl-cock! So I ask people who would want to prevent that, "Why do *you* care if that's in-[text]?"

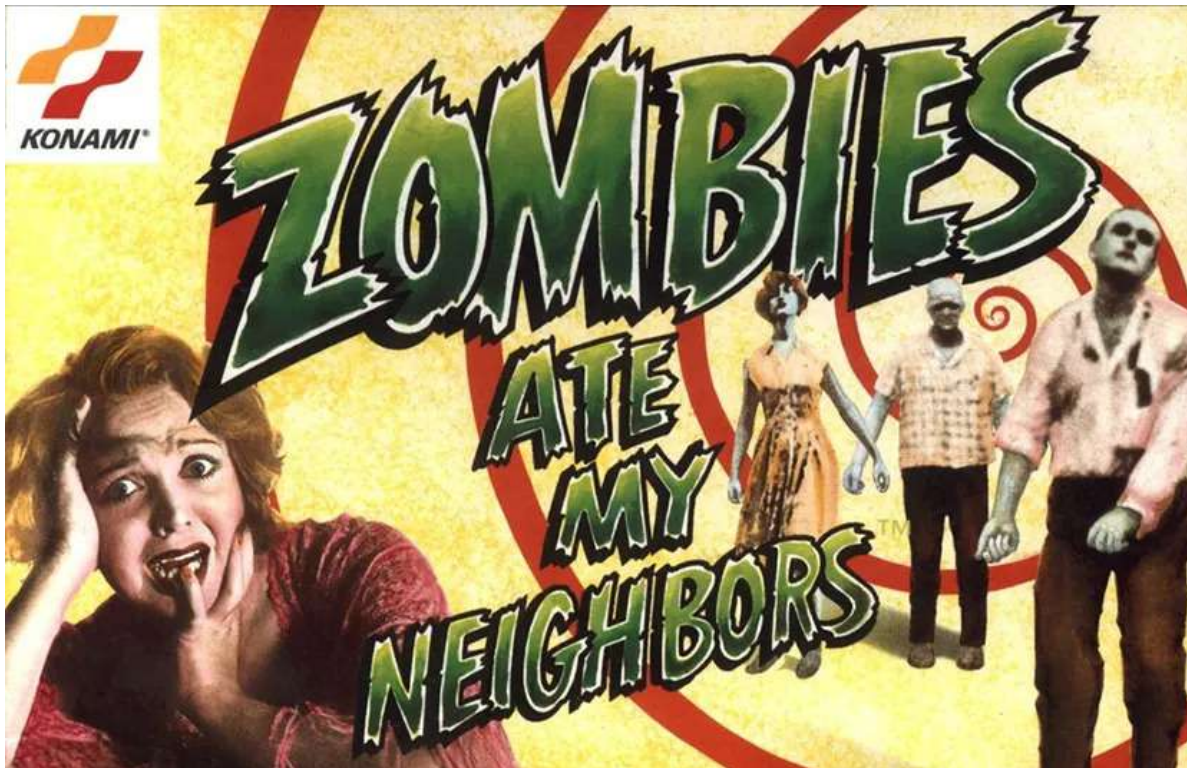
[...] Yes, sex-repulsed people being triggered by exposed genitals is understandable; but their feelings about their *own* genitalia doesn't extend to other players within a *shared* world any more than it does in real life (the relationship, here, is half-real). This isn't John Lajoie's "[Show Me Your Genitals](#)" [...] the vicious historical-material cycle of tragedy and farce oscillating in public discourse at large); gender expression through the human body isn't even automatically sexual. So no, people having the option to express themselves in a nudist sense with their [various] avatars isn't you

being forced to also "play doctor" or look upon someone who wants to have sex with you.

Put differently and in regards to *Sex Positivity* as a whole, it's not up to the invigilator to manage their gallery to meet regressive, sex-negative standards; if the [text]-in-question provides inclusive options that represent a change in the paradigm shift troubling to creepy reactionaries fantasizing power abuse [...] or even ace people, frankly that's *their* problem (the option towards being ace, or at least not having genitals in videogames, is certainly nothing new); it's not being done to offend others and even ace people need—and I promise this is coming from a place of love, my ace comrades—to manage their expectations while realizing that monster identities, especially genderqueer ones often *are* sexual and conveyed through nudism. Love it or hate it, them's the breaks (although this book is largely about sex-positive Gothic expression, this doesn't preclude **asexuality** at all. We will thoroughly explore ace options in Gothic media, too). Nudity and monsters have always been political, but this has to occur on our time, not that of moderates (versus overt reactionaries) telling us how to do our activism for us; we're not doing this for just ourselves, but fighting for a better world for all—a post-scarcity world where nudity isn't automatically a sexual act, sin doesn't exist, and people *can* be more open about their sexuality and gender without feeling vulnerable, fake, criminal and/or exposed in fear of reactionaries killing them and aloof, smug moderates turning a blind eye or prioritizing their own victim complexes. This requires imagining that world ahead of time, which requires having thoughts that will be considered sinful and anathema by the elite and their proponents ([source](#)).

As such, the GNC need for iconoclastic exhibits will always trump ace people's comfort levels when being near but not directly inside something they'd rather not think about at all. Silence is genocide during moral panic—a death sentence we'd rather not have the indifferent-to-hostile issue the warrant of, just because we play at "measuring coffins" onstage. The thing at stake is our sexual agency and gender, something that aggressively ace and sex-negative people need to tolerate without pushing for our sisterly silence. Wrinkle your noses if you want, but we're not trying to rub your faces in it.

All the same, try to understand the underlying message if you please—to imagine yourselves getting it *after* the moral panic (and its uncanny nostalgia, above) have temporarily subsided and we're gone; i.e., from being genocided and the state compelling you to have their children, then sacrificing *you* for the child's life, even when the fetus *isn't* viable: in short, when your rights are in the toilet and the crucible to mending them is scuttled. "They're coming to get *you*, Barbara!"



The basic idea is called mirror syndrome and it's generally mimed through popular media. For example, the countdown mechanism in *Alien* is a self-destruct metaphor occurring inside a larger dying organism (a life craft) as tied to our own fragile life cycle. In turn, Scott's seafaring-in-space gag is a similar lunar ploy to Matteson's own zombie schtick: *compartment* syndrome, or the release of toxins into the bloodstream. Scott would have been seventeen when *I Am Legend* released, but bred on such stories as older than both men, and indeed Capitalism: a horror vein whose sex, death, murder or rape scenes have been a common main attraction, center stage since *Beowulf* and capitalized on by enterprising storytellers keying in on audience fears: "In space, no one can hear you scream."

Such chill-inducing taglines (and their deathly delirium) are feigned and extensive, but tied to real problems pushed "far away" using go-to promotion schemes at home in the Gothic. Per Hogle, the medieval theatre's ghost of the counterfeit and narrative cryptonymy came "back" to 1979 British and American theatres (on the cusp of Thatcherism, what Ian Curtis would go on to call "disorder" in *Unknown Pleasures* [1979] and Derek Jarman would speak on through *The Last of England*, eight years later), delivering a catch-and-release mechanism who ghost ship/castle floats in the vast expanse of "outer space" as the latest haunted-house/zombie (the *Nostromo*/xenomorph) metaphor for the Imperial Core; i.e., as a threatening perspective for Capitalism having made homely places threatening but also forcing workers to go into inhospitable environments at home and abroad (re: allusions to Conrad with the borrowed slave-vessel names for the ships in the

movie). Per Scott's astro-noetic critique, it's "crew expendable," but experienced (for GNC people) from the POV of blue-collar space truckers wearing Hawaiian t-shirts: "Something's definitely wrong."

This alarm-bell approach isn't unique to *Alien* or Scott, but vibes synchronistically with other artists then and now. For example, The Offspring hit upon the same senescence in 1998: "When we were young, the future was so bright [...] Now the neighborhood's cracked and torn [...] How can one little street swallow so many lives?"; re: "The Kids Aren't Alright" from their *Americana* album reflecting a dark shadow on *Pax Americana* (and by extension, *Britannica*) at large—the place where worker childhood dreams go to die, the graveyard and ghost of empire. No one ever said Gothic material critiques were anything but sobering. You can hear the same entropy through Ian Curtis and the boys:

The cover to *Unknown Pleasures* is solid black, its surface stamped with a mysterious chart: the sequence to a dying star. But you might not know that looking at it. Instead, you might see the symbol and wonder what it is; it might pique your interest, even, but does so with veiled hostility—not from concealment, but through frank opaqueness. It's there for you to see, but yields little except mild discomfort and burning curiosity.

This curiosity definitely kills the cat. The album sounds like the end of an explosion, the silence afterward heavy and bleak. The energy it contains is dissipated, a bodiless vigor surrounded by darkness visible. Breaking glass stabs the silence, the shattering of which cuts like a knife and closes like a wound. Ian Curtis croons like a gloomier, less raucous cousin to Jim Morrison. Control is never lost, because there's none to be had; in this endless void, any kind of scream would only ring hollow.

[...]

Cohesive and hypnotic, this album weaves a dark, chilly spell, one that lends just enough warmth to keep you alive. Thrown open, its doors submerge the listener in thickened air, heady and difficult. But amid this smoky gloam lurks a menacing power, addictive and destructive—a pathos that yields pleasures found only in the darkest corners of the universe. There are moments of giddy madness, but just as many that allow you to reflect on your slow, inevitable disintegration. What follows a supernova? A black hole, of course ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "A Hell without Mirrors, Only Darkness," 2019; which she wrote shortly after Zeuhl left her for their future husband).



It's all rather gloomy but nevertheless remains the place to make our stand and let our feelings be known. Often we're preaching rapid-fire to the choir—a little goblin-like creature "that gestates inside a living host and has concentrated acid for blood" ("no ordinary fetus," as David put it)—but that's the point: to see our evil twin and rattle on paradoxically (a

merger of pleasure and pain as pleasurable adjacent to harmful pain) to our gremlin-y lovers to sing together in Sisyphean defiance of the gods: to cum neurodivergently (and gay as fuck) together with those we love until we're dunzo; i.e., trauma-bonding (sex) and psychosexual catharsis, the feeling of us actually being food where we live—e.g., fictional band Cherry Bomb's "[Hunger City](#)" (1986): "daddy's pride and joy / slithers down the drain instead, fast food for the mutants!"—and to find other lost souls to take comfort, however brief, in that perilous fact as something to endure and find joy together in, anyways: as fucking weirdos fucking together despite *feeling* fucked by our surroundings. You know you're lucky when you've found someone who's just as weird as you are, likes all the same weird shit that you do/takes pleasure in seeing you geek out at weird hybrids of trashy garbage and high culture combined; e.g., *Alien* by itself, or *Alien* and *Howard the Duck* alluded *together* in my weird-ass book, listening to Annihilator's *Alice in Hell* (1989) while I hang with Bay and Beat, chopping and screwing things together... and leaving my gloomth-filled, corpse-like cathedral for people to comb over and walk around inside—to play within and with like an (excuse the Tim-Burton necrophilic phrase) rotting sex doll ("What's this! What's this!" Haha). I've gone and mentioned necrophilia and *Howard the Duck* in the same sentence; my life's work is now complete, but legend has it, I'm *still* writing (if you walk around inside, years from now and hold your breath, you can *still* hear the clacking of my keyboard, Jack-Torrance-style; e.g., King Diamond's "[Twilight Symphony](#)" [1988] or Michiru Yamane's "[Dance of Pales](#)" [1997]. "Welcome home," as they say—all singing together and me among them). And with that, I think I just wrote my favorite paragraph in the whole book!

Certainly, the cliché is known to us all—that "death is where we feel most alive." Canon's commodification of the Gothic is akin to what Bay describes as "lobster-fication"; i.e., taking a pauper's dish like lobster, black pudding or lamb shanks, and gentrifying it. Per the Gothic as something to reclaim, we *wacky fags* feel most alive when we put "death" in quotes, slapping things campily together

through ludo-Gothic BDSM to find psychosexual enrichment. Is it predatory for the Straights (or us) to "cash" in on that? Such moral probes/high ground aren't as cut-and-dry as you might think. For *Alien*, given the film's rocky production—and much of the money disappearing into corporate vaults when Fox [famously refused to pay out, citing a lack of profit](#) (Charles' Schreger's "The 'Alien' Papers: Can a \$100-Million Film Lose Money?" 1980)—I'd say that Scott and company existed in a space where money-making and statement-making can both take place to a shared degree. It's good old-fashioned liminal expression, not unlike Shakespeare's theatre house being the barber shop for GNC bleeding hearts across space and time: the violent pornography of sex, death, and capital reifying over and over again.

Furthermore, the phenomenological differences—however alien they might seem per case—actually mirror a *shared* parallel struggle. We can influence it to help each other decide what is often too big for one person to conceivably choose regarding matters of the heart, of development: to want what we can't have, but *could* if the state's powers were reduced. Neoliberals swap possible dreams for false hope. So we must make our dreams (whatever they are) come true at their expense—to, with our partners-in-crime (during sex or something equally fun)—delightedly howl like gay bubbly comedian werewolves, "We're doing it, babe! We're doing the nasty!" to our legions of adoring fans' frantic cheers mixed with slow nods of solemn approval; i.e., not the incompatible/unavailable crush that we hopelessly cling to, but a compatible likeness of them that is a) able to keep up, and b) still their own person (and not a shambling copy to fill the gap with): someone better than those who treat us poorly who is still cogent enough to appreciate us the same way around.

To that, we're the face of a given production *and* the theatre operators behind-the-scenes. *Our* treatment comes from a cavalcade of willing wackjobs howling at the moon, all to challenge the hubris of those who posture dogmatically as heaven-sent. *We* speak sense through "lunacy" to challenge dogma, clearing the field with brilliant puppetry—ourselves. Watch and learn, but remember, *we're* professional weirdos operating under informed consent. It's our trade secret, then, one that—when administered—must solve complex systemic problems by having precisely the kind of fun that *doesn't* treat workers as "zombie-like" problems to "solve" through force (or force them to be someone they're not, likenesses aside); i.e., the cis-het numbskull repeatedly barking up the wrong tree, trying any way he can to coax said "animal" down instead of respecting its rejection (subtle or overt) and its boundaries (ace or otherwise).

The praxial idea with any healthy (stable) relationship is to learn what one needs and find it with whomever can supply it both ways; we do it while looking out together for all monsters. Drenched in pathos, these alien-fetish personas must *also* be met in concert, the habitual focus of a given example being movement towards a shared goal, a (non-nuclear) village of mothers, sisters and allies likewise meeting each other halfway through different signposts. To be frank, our focus isn't

pregnancy⁹⁴ or a white wedding to broadcast the amatonormative ceremony trotted out in broad daylight; it's a cemetery gradient of those who generally can't afford



such luxuries (children, healthcare and families are expensive, under Capitalism)—indeed, are swept under such Hallmark posturing as "of the middle class" at the expense of everyone else (the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection): those at home with genocide as commercialized, never affecting them on a systemic level. White Anglo-Americans and their allies!

([source](#))

A paradigm shift requires a change of perspective (ruffling feathers, Said-style), but also a structuring of optics, of triggering factors, of outcomes that feel doomed, but which a part of us never sees coming. Families are always rising and falling in America. We can prevent that, but have to change the system by seeing its grave danger (re: mirror syndrome) for what it is; i.e., by who it views and treats as monstrous-feminine, the wild and the feisty but also the *innocent*. No one deserves dehumanization for doing sex work, many of whom are merely trying to survive, but also many others doing *de facto* social work through elevated positions of sex work as stylish, well-produced. All are important, rooting for a common cause, courting prosperity through informed workers raising their collective intelligence and awareness—to increase worker safety and research solutions, but also shell out and afford changes through redistributions of wealth.

We've talked about illustrating mutual consent and paying sex workers, then. But there's something else to consider and entertain more than we already have (the service top in me begs repetition, here): the *social* element, to which class and culture war through sex work are definitely an enterprise of.

⁹⁴ With my staunchly pro-life mother hovering to adamantly and proudly declare regarding abortions, miscarriages and stillbirths, "Even the Antichrist deserves a chance!" Hell's midwife, a delivery woman for any and all demon babies jumping ataxically from host to host—with my demented mother loving King Diamond's "Abigail" (1987); mind you, this feverish bias *only* extends to human/selectively humane babies and "cute" animals: kittens, puppies, piglets, foals, etc.

In regards to sex workers and marginalized peoples at large, but especially GNC people, we're separated by vast gulfs of space and (at times) emotional distance and distress. But the beauty of the Internet, though bittersweet, remains connection; if one hurts, we all do. And we all supply force fields to bar enemies from entry with and venues to exchange what is needed among ourselves: mutual aid. This isn't for posterity or performance art, but simply to get by as we work; but, as this book demonstrates, remains something to exhibit in artistic forms that serve a dual purpose. Prevention trumps treatment by a mile, and some risks are ventured by those who can afford to take them; i.e., to do sex work to speak to civil rights, and stand up for those who cannot devote themselves to these policy-changing dialogs beyond surviving from moment-to-moment⁹⁵. We *need* them to feel welcome (thus safe) enough to be present to receive aid (with genocides made

to keep state victims "in the wind," exiled and adrift).

(artist: [Mugiwara](#))



This book's definitive statement always returns to holistic expression, one regarding workers vs the state; it's something we add to as much as we can, shameless entertainers smoothly putting on a show (making a slick "entrance" to communicate as people do [and

which Capitalism has aliened workers from, save in harmfully fetishized forms]: through motion, sound, scent, taste and touch, but also music, dancing and other rhythmic forms of instructional fun as a) sexual *and* asexual [many sex workers are ace but still enjoy sex work] and b) whose various ways of feeling good happen *together* while balancing interpersonal needs—maintenance, motion and lubrication). These functions and forms all translate fairly well because that's how people generally tend to work on any register/configuration, full circle.

Onstage and off, we forms cracks on apathetic fronts (and executors) where people are hemorrhaging help. Of that, there is no doubt. *We're* the support group, the lecturer of those who don't just fail and trouble our friends, but actively *harm* them; i.e., by keeping things the same, yet also fishing for the virtue of theatrical

⁹⁵ My friend, Mugi, is a survival sex worker and a plural personality caring for his daughter. The realities of care are higher when the street looms overhead, but also the need to shield one's identity from harmful parties waiting to prey on unhoused victims. Most sex workers use aliases, but those in a housing crisis are especially vulnerable, thus need our help most of all. If you can help Mugi, [his webpage has multiple donation options](#). Any bit goes a long way.

charity. We combat this through the power of suggestion and charm (of which we have plenty to spare), but also strictness and terror to petrify the things that sabotage our partnership: the blood flow of a giant called Capitalism. We can save our spite and venom for *that* son of a bitch, giving those we shelter and assist all our goodness, humility and love (our compromises). Using hard, consistent stances that never yield, budge or otherwise give an inch from threat of force (which the state always defaults to), we'll take back from the former all we can to enrich the later. From a cookie to a glass of milk (our double entendres always allowing for innuendo, of course), we'll start slow, then race together towards a glorious, sticky finish (our finest, self-serving hour). But we can't afford to be innocent, either—to be willfully naïve about the reality that all work is sexualized and alien, thus demanding patronage from privileged peoples to move forward to happier days. So spread the love, pay it forward! You'd be lonely and miserable without us (as "MGTOW" and TERFs [incels and nice guys/girls] generally are—deeply cynical people, hopelessly afraid of everything while somehow still expecting the state not to betray them in a given cycle).

Call *that* an agenda, if you want—our enemies don't deserve honest discussion and respect as equals if they won't treat us in kind. They clearly have the power but choose not to. Human rights aren't up for debate, and those who act like it aren't to be trusted; they merit our steel, our rage, our fury the likes of which Medusa would be proud. I might be a poly slut who wants to fuck all my friends (what Cuwu once called "a little horndog"), but the same doesn't really apply to my enemies. Yes, I'm full of nothing but love, but all the same, words have the power to cut deep. Rest assured, I have plenty of choice ones to spare for the ghosts of



capital, including Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan's neoliberalism surviving in current-day forms. To that, a cutie's pen (or aspects to them a pen might describe) is mightier than the sword, if only because labor is a collectively creative act, not a singular destructive one; and labor is something the elite can never fully control. We must expose this reality every chance we get: through bodies as propaganda, as a joint exercise of creative expression fighting for our rights and that of nature, of Medusa's (squishy melons). People deserve to know how they're being abused, and communicating is a skill that draws on many talents simultaneously.

(artist: [Mugiwara](#))

The above section is, in my opinion, the finest thing I have ever written. As such, I've dedicated it to my friends Quinn, Mugi and all the rest. I love you all very much and hope my work can continue to make a difference in your lives! —Perse

In turn, capital will be exposed as a prison, its sick home an unironic torture dungeon filled with patriarchal jailors and tokenized fiends. To transition away from *that* to post-scarcity requires reflection on the present world with pre-capitalist nostalgia in updated, non-fatal forms: Medusa as friendly to the Cause. It requires seeing the false harmful qualities in idealized things, to tell them we don't want their "protection" but to be left alone; i.e., as a collective monstrous-feminine working against state predation, inviting all workers to grow and develop in harmony with nature: not unironically alien and fetishized, but part of the same complex interaction made ironic. Thanks to Enlightenment thinking's modern interference, our traumatic past becomes involved. But through Gothic reflection and reinvention, it lets us become the thing that never quite existed: a xenomorphic, biomechanical assisted by recent technology and pre-capitalist forms whose combined thinking achieves post-scarcity through natural resources and morphological freedom of expression. It is not posthuman, insofar as our basic human rights are attained and humanity reclaimed from a thoroughly Western idea sickened by Enlightenment thinking and Cartesian domination; it's merely the conclusion of the riddle(r) reclaimed by us—to make our own monstrous-feminine arrangements of something akin to a caterpillar and wasp that leads to future metamorphoses as healthy regards of *what* emerges from the chrysalid.

We don't need a paternal "protector" at all, then, but merely to be left alone by colonizers acting in bad faith through shared poetic devices. But convincing their enforcers to cease their attack (thereby surrendering their hold and their power on Medusa) requires humanizing us through the very things the state lies to us with. It requires steady demands, but also the will to fight back inside the realms of imagination and reality as intertwined; i.e., through courage and wit, cunning and perspective, the ability to blend in and play with illusions natural *and* material. "It takes a wizard to beat a wizard," but we are all of us wizards, kings, queens, gods and devils with the power to unite inside capital: to escape it by transforming it, thus ourselves, into a better world over time. It is, like Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (c. 8 CE), a magical make-believe to bring the impossible "could be" into existence: from an egg, a caterpillar, and from there a beautiful butterfly? Or is it a wasp inside the caterpillar to emerge from the same container a sleek sexy "destroyer"? Does it represent our revolutionary potential to win, as the Punic invader does, through *splendid-mendax* deception, or as a double of that exposing Troy as false and we, like Medusa, wrongfully accused? Does it portend to our own unmaking through inaction by capital devouring us from within, or we turning the tables to avoid such a fate when Medusa eats us? Why not both? Poetry is a battlefield.



([source](#))

Such a riddle (of steel⁹⁶ or otherwise) must be answered in duality amid class war through culture as an active process of thinking and existing through language as an organic living unit. Flow determines function, and form follows function, be that a wasp or butterfly as part of the same poetic struggle to become our best maternal selves as stewards of nature; i.e., using the language of the

Gothic to speak to capital's universal alienation and fetishization, its grim patriarchal (Cartesian) harvest.

In turn, all of "Teaching" is food for thought, regarding things to return to, deconstruct and rebuild as signposts towards a goalpost: Gothic castles (and castle-like Destroyers) leading to the Communist Numinous (the proletarian monstrous-feminine) amid a war of titanic forces, gargantuan but vague; i.e., felt through paternal disturbance, Capitalism being Communism's mortal enemy and the *true* Great Destroyer labeling its foil as "devil-in-disguise." Both are, but only one wants to enslave and destroy workers, Medusa, and the planet as a sustainable habitat: capital. We have a right to exist; to dye our hair, take HRT or pierce our nipples and worship Satan; to be recognized as squishy and delicious; to groan or fart as we pee (or pee in someone's butt—not my kink but you never know who likes what). All constitute intimacy, which the state doesn't care about (seeing ours as "passing for" their own coached doubles and so-called "winners").

Again, it's just "crew expendable." Why? Because "fuck you," that's why! They want to own us and cheapen our lives for reasons purely of greed entertained by the lamest vultures on Earth (real "divorced dad energy"). So we must fuck *them* (and their monopolies) by freeing the monstrous-feminine to become our true selves with, whatever form that may be (simultaneously resisting the urge to "punch the Nazi" [a personal scapegoat] versus publicly excoriating billionaires, the closest thing to a personified systemic issue [apart from heads of state or the church, monarchs, etc]: we don't owe either an ounce of politeness and should absolutely give them hell online, but our pressure attack should fixate on those with the potential to do the great amount of systemic harm. This means removing billionaires, those with formal power, from said power to prevent systemic abuse; it's the hardest to achieve and takes the most work. Outing *personal* abusers is just

⁹⁶ I.e., the riddle of steel from *Conan the Barbarian* (1981): "Steel isn't strong, boy! Flesh is stronger! What is steel compared to the hand that wields it?"

that, a personal choice). Liberation is a journey to survive in deathly forms, wherein we escape, fight censorship, and endure embarrassing double standards (enshittification⁹⁷)—to fight the good fight, forever.

⁹⁷ Coined by Cory Doctorow's "Pluralistic: TikTok's Enshittification" (2023):

Here is how platforms die: first, they are good to their users; then they abuse their users to make things better for their business customers; finally, they abuse those business customers to claw back all the value for themselves. Then, they die.

I call this enshittification, and it is a seemingly inevitable consequence arising from the combination of the ease of changing how a platform allocates value, combined with the nature of a "two sided market," where a platform sits between buyers and sellers, holding each hostage to the other, raking off an ever-larger share of the value that passes between them ([source](#)).

Sex workers are a common casualty of this, and travel nomadically to make a living. Selective punishment means that sex workers who exist as "cash cows" (excuse the term) are allowed to exist where normally they would not; i.e., pimped out by *de facto* jailors; e.g., Elon Musk, as he uses his tremendous resources... to spitefully attack trans people after his wife divorced him and slept with Chelsea Manning, but also corral and intimidate labor into living under his thumb. The banality of evil really isn't "cool"; it's just a bunch of sad, pathetic and cruel old men alienated from nature abusing a system they were born into—e.g., with Musk inheriting his means, motives and opportunities from his allegedly emerald-mine-owning dad:

In an interview with The Sun UK, Errol Musk revealed that Elon Musk went on a four-day visit to his emerald mine in South Africa when he was just a teenager. According to him, they went to the mine in the Lake Tanganyika region "to pick up a cargo of emeralds and fly them back to their native South Africa." As per his statement: "I visited the mine once, Elon came with me. It was lousy. There was nothing to eat except stamp mielies [ground dried corn]. Elon never ate anything for four days in a row." Back in January, Elon Musk had tweeted that he'd offer one million dogecoin, worth \$93,000 at the time, to anyone who can prove that this emerald mine actually existed. In a previous The US Sun report, Errol Musk had revealed that he can prove the mine's existence. He further added, "Elon knows it's true. All the kids know about it. My daughter has three or four emerald pendants. Elon saw them (the emeralds) at our house. He knew I was selling them" ([source](#): Priya Singh's "Father Details 4-Day Visit to Emerald Mine with Billionaire Son, 2023).

The point isn't that the mine is real, but that the rumors of it orbit around someone who has far surpassed his father's ability to do harm; e.g., Musk enabling Nazis on Twitter (one hand washing the other), weaponizing tech bros against labor through gentrified products made at racist factories, and presenting himself as a god to worship despite inventing nothing. He's a real Wizard of Oz.

Censorship and segregation really is no defense for sex workers. Those on larger platforms are able to make ends meet, albeit as the exception that proves the rule; i.e., they often have to push their practices to cater to the status quo; e.g., trans misogyny is a thing and effects other sex workers through marginalized in-fighting: [me, being dogpiled by cis and queer AFAB sex workers](#) (source: Persephone van der Waard's "Setting the Record Straight, Transmisia Experience: 5/26/2022"). This isn't always the case. Some, like Nina Hartey (as we shall see) become activists; but she was also an industry pro who survived

In the interim, the fight is a war and not all survive. To that, my friend Ginger likened being queer to being like a squad: of ace fighter pilots that go out each day. But not all return in the evening to those in hiding. Some lose their nerve, cut and run; others still sell out; many die. If one GNC person is raped, killed or otherwise betrayed—and our allies and fellow oppressed people as well—then we all feel it, a *pandemonium* banished to the darkness to varying degrees (which Dante called "circles"). Our liberty is non-negotiable, so we must make the world around us unafraid through appeals to escape from the cage that's built for them, too (the classic princess paradox: danger in fantasy but "there's no place like home"; except home can change, can yield fresh possibilities and first-movers by ladies seeking love with those they're told not to, outside of marriage). This isn't new. Medusa was killed during Amazon panic; Harvey Milk, during gay panic. Indeed, a genocide is, and has been, happening just about everywhere *except* if you're a white cis-het European person (the colonizer class/group) who toes the line. For them, this requires redemption; for us, rescue and revolution.

But we *must* unite and never let them forget we are human. For the long haul, till the angels sing. Except kindness is taught by being enough to love *a priori*, to sing that love together against our destroyers; i.e., donations, platforms, charity and service/voluntary empathy as second-nature inspired by Communist mothers, not Cartesian dildos. Care goes both ways but focuses on big fish to fry while helping minnows. Communism is our white whale to rescue from Ahab. And if we



cannot do that, we can at least help it be remembered with dignity. With the sun on our face surrounded by the big blue sky. When we go home. That lives on, that's what matters: like a Valkyrie, a protector to look over those we love to tell them they are *not* alone. The eulogy is a benediction, a salvation, an anthem, an apologia the Gothic sings electrically using Communist hands, bodies, voices, imaginations. A place where the brave live forever (or as The Scorpions say in "[The Best Is Yet to Come](#)" (2014): "How can we grow old, when the soundtrack to our life is rock and roll?" The best *is* yet to come!): Medusa's graveyard, two snakes facing each other!

(artist: [Renato Casaro](#))

swimming with sharks long enough to have the luxury of a platform, thus a voice. My whole book revolves around giving sex workers a voice who *don't* have that kind of privilege.

This isn't a state of grace through default martyrdom, but prevention of genocide, murder and rape—unchecked fetishization and alienation—as routine universal consequences of capital plugging along. It's waged by caretakers against sickness. Except caretakers need rest, too. A break. Sometimes, it's retirement. Sometimes it's a change of pace, of scenery and/or of form—a life change, or per *Alien*, a *lifeform* change.

Mothers, it turns out, are a perfect encapsulation of this. From the start of our lesson, Sylvain's riddle speaks to the cyclical, maternal nature of history as hijacked by capital and leading routinely to the destruction of capital *and* the natural world by the former in the decay while harvesting the latter as monstrous-feminine: "Killing is easy. Saving someone is hard work." So reflect again on the riddle with that in mind: "A thousand years ago, Gandahar was destroyed and all its people killed; a thousand years ago, Gandahar was saved, and what can't be avoided will be." It constitutes a riddle that takes place over space and time through stories, of which there is no true outside. *Vis-à-vis* Derrida, there is only inside and the healing or devastation that take place there: relative to binaries as things to install and uphold, or to tear down and replace with a more flexible, gradient approach to language as lived.

Another way to view state shift, then, is Mother Nature seriously pissed off. It is the classic death knell of oppressive structures, except the oppressive nature of capital abusing the natural world is so great that the subsequent "rubber band effect" will cause said "band" to snap⁹⁸. The Gothic loves such riddles, staring down the gaze of Medusa in a repeat venture—from the ancient Promethean myth to Mary Shelley's *Modern Prometheus* (1818) to Scott's *Alien*, Cameron's *Aliens* (and its refrains, the shooter and the *Metroidvania*), *Prometheus* (2012) and *Alien: Covenant* (2017), my master's thesis "[Lost in Necropolis](#)" (2018) and eventual book series-in-progress [Sex Positivity](#) (2023-present) and Fede Alvarez' [Alien: Romulus](#) (TBA; 20th Century Fox's "Alien: Romulus | Teaser Trailer," 2024). We're living in Gothic times, grasping at an ancient riddle (a problem exacerbated by capital as a recent affair) to isolate through the puzzle of "Antiquity" as forever lost and found, isolated inside it:

⁹⁸ The breaking of societal and material bonds, but also the childish desires to kill our problems through Malthusian solutions; i.e., a snap reflected in smaller forms like suicide and genocide; e.g., Aaron Bushnell killing themselves to speak to a systemic problem out of desperation, and Thanos during fascism solving an imaginary problem with godhood because he cannot imagine a better world than the one outside Capitalism. Yet while heroic fantasies and calls for correction emerge during crisis, the state (thus workers) are always in crisis, meaning such theatre is fine so long as it serves workers, not the state (constants and variables).



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Through medieval duality and monomorphism, such stories—and their endless, looping Marxist/GNC potential—speak collectively to the monster mother in and around all of us. As such, their tangents routinely show that "death," far from a chaotic stranger to us in real life, becomes material, something we can use when challenging the state/profit motive through counterterror (whistleblowers): to lose ourselves inside and infringe playfully on our boundaries, making new ones by muckraking and playing with the goop, the hysteria, [the bicycle face](#) (all critiques of capital, from Shelley to Scott to me, using Gothic language); i.e., the saints and imposters as a widening comfort zone established through calculated risk, of calculating it, of *calculus*. Per this Galatean vein, maternal conflict and triage express insofar as the state will try—by gaming the system they rigged to pad the numbers, and promise infinite growth through illusions thereof (the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow)—to greedily fleece the same pacified people they push towards such harmful ideations (suicide or otherwise). We *must* challenge that on all registers. I shall do so as the ancient rhetors and poets did, but unlike Socrates, shall recruit writing into my Renaissance-girl approach: not the Platonic insistence of memory death, but a life *after* death yielding Communist fantasies that reify systemic change through hearts and minds. Medusa shedding her skin.

Writing *might* be the death of memory (re: [Socrates in Phaedrus](#), c. 347-399 BC) but the Gothic thrives on/writes with disintegration in mind. This infuses the medical and the morbid to the traditional domain of caregivers (women) as essential dogma; i.e., to uproot in monomorphic expression that yields a means of non-binary and intersex forms that fight back against the state by reclaiming monstrous language as combative—*Amazonomachia*. Like all media, it can toe the line, or veer off into old possibilities certain copies have forgotten. Rememory occurs through media and us oscillating within work at cross purposes, manifesting in a variety of aliens; e.g., stress manifesting in the body as told through psychosexual hyperbole onstage. Such theatre gives the audience a scare/fright to speak deliciously to actual things while playing with fact and fiction, the truth somewhere in between them, inside-outside and correct-incorrect (the Gothic loves



hyphens). These speak to criminogenic conditions, axes of oppression, crime and punishment, etc; i.e., scapegoats/relative punishment and its collective/selective double standards; e.g., *white* pearl clutching when a *token* threat snaps, versus when a white man does it—to uphold a system through punitive justice instead of *preventative* justice; cries for help through suicide ideation (or martyrdom), drug abuse, getting into fights, and so on.

(artist: [Sabrina Nicole](#))

To that, mothers are essential, potent, greater than Patriarchal Capitalism, Francis Bacon, and all the rest. From porn to art (they are each other), maids to mothers great and small, from Amazons to Medusa, demons or whores, to the Sapphics to Edna St. Vincent Millay—I love all my mommies; i.e., as a family I found elsewhere, or saw in a naughty painting or portrait, their pussies wild outlets and their (other) prisons butterflies and light, a home I am happy to lose myself inside.

As a trans woman forever invested in the wellbeing of others, my muses (alive, dead, or in between) inspire me; pregnant, I spread monsters ("book babies," mighty idiots) in all directions that challenge the status quo, defibrillating the collective inside the home, putting it there in place of the state and *its* cancer. Both are imposters that work back and forth, in and out, like sex, but per the Renaissance, is also *asexual* and poetic as the medieval generally is; i.e., mixed metaphors, but also theories within metaphors, with us, copies of us, a bit from Column A and Column B (more Marx puns). Like Medusa, like the xenomorph, like the caterpillar and the wasp as a bigger cycle the state can't kill—it's ironclad, bulletproof, our acid for blood something to teach, to pass along as a wonderful

defense mechanism. "It's like a man, it's big!" But Medusa's *not* a man; they're monstrous-feminine!

These, in turn, translate through compound metaphors (comparisons of unlike things over time): poetics, of course, but often as combat theatre and kayfabe being "ancient" poetics revived; i.e., speaking to labor action against labor theft and genocide, etc, in ironic forms shared in duality. Like the caterpillar and the wasp, then, cancer is a part of the natural world and cannot be destroyed, but life is equally stubborn; the state *can* be shrunk and sent to a status of remission and stasis, lapsing into perpetual dormancy while Medusa (and Communism) rise beautifully from sleep, cancer-free: "Look and see her, how she sparkles. It's the last unicorn!" Keeping with our ancient riddle, this motherly beast can be a butterfly or a wasp, but feel free to teach with your own poetic devices. But also, respect the



power of Galatea defying Pygmalion. To the mommies of the world teaching us, then: Each of you is a priceless treasure who shows the sexiness of consent—as you are, in defiance of capital. In life, you make a difference that echoes in eternity.

(artist: [Sabrina Nicole](#))

Straight allies can do this, too; i.e., Scott's hauntological penchant for astronoetic, queer-tinged

matelotage ("hey, sailor!") speaking to poetic standards commenting on present realities: capital, ships and industry as perilous, but also lifeboats and chances to take. We want to improve ours through death/rape theatre as monstrous, hideously beautiful and maternal, hilarious; through stress manifest in physical forms that we must face not with fear but informed confidence: "Come to Mommy!" Just as we can't die in these stories, Medusa can't be killed when capital guns for us; so we, gunning for capital at the same crossroads with/as the devil-in-disguise, should keep *her* eternal memory alive in us to survive after we are cold and dead.

Ideas are bulletproof, so we should let one crawl from our body that isn't cancerous. Rather, our little homunculi share and spread our goals in life; i.e. to seek compassion and quality of life (and document those who don't) through teaching as a transgenerational act: setting a better example, a feral one that loves all of it—the holistic process; i.e., to hold off and build up one's hunger for a tasty meal, be that a leaf or a grub. Then, when it's time, our throwbacks shall lead our partner(s) by the hand, snugglefuck and have a good cry (to rival Jane and Tarzan) and cum, getting it all out; to play with those when and where it is safe to varying

degrees, licking our platters clean and "tagging" each other (with cum) as owned by no one but ourselves. Every. Last. Drop.



(artist: [Bokuman](#))

As such, we sit on the cusp of disaster and have one of two basic choices: evolve inside capital and survive by transforming it from within through an oppressed tutelage, or consign ourselves to its boundaries, thus go down with the ship (many things can be combined, but the state-as-Faustian and rebels are

diametrically at odds). The way out is together through intersectional solidarity as alien fetishes united against capital; i.e., according to how it divides and controls us, controls Medusa. By enjoying what's forbidden to us by capital, we can expand what's possible through empathy as something to imagine, create and leave behind as an actionable offense; i.e., a seminal affair that upends traditional familial norms in favor of post-scarcity ones informed by past peoples gone but not forgotten. In short, we're putting the pussy on the chainwax ("starting a thing!") as Sylvain does, hence are able against all odds to make that fatal choice: not to rape the womb of nature as Francis Bacon argued, but *make love* to it in harmony (as a caterpillar, butterfly or wasp—pick your poison) while stealing fire from the gods. Orgasm! Victory! Great success! All occur in and out of the classroom and bedroom as a liminal space to find truth in all its forms useful to us. The vital part to teaching is, like sex, communion: that we do together and while listening to and respecting each other's needs and boundaries ("More, more!" being just as valid as "No, stop!" Green light, red light).

Like nature, then, the Gothic is full of startling transformations and tremendous, motherly conclusions/translations, and all quests begin with riddles similar to the one I've proposed as a Great Chain of Being—the caterpillar and the wasp, the maiden and the xenomorph, the mother and the child, the master and the apprentice. Medusa. My Promethean Quest (for Numinous mommies) did; so does yours, whatever mommy *you're* looking for. The caterpillar and the wasp bookend this volume. Solving said puzzle means solving existence as a balance of pleasure and pain to avoid systemic harm, through the strangers we "uncover" (create), but also the weird friends we make along the way. This includes inside the classroom and the bedroom. Learning and fucking needn't be separate, and both are fun, as is solving puzzles while relieving stress. Yet, while it's lots of fun and we don't wanna stop—the Humanities endless search for knowledge as limited but imagination encircling the world—like sex, pacing ourselves *is* good.

We'll briefly explore this next.

Prep, part two: Medicinal Themes and Advice; or, "Doctor's Orders": Prep for Surgery and Aftercare

"I don't believe that young man's ever been to medical school!"

—Buzz Lightyear, *Toy Story* (1995)

Cuties,

This is a medical disclaimer less in earnest and more in partial jest; i.e., a reflection on the medieval/Gothic as combining medicine, torture and sex to reflect on the poetic flavor of my current volume—just eight pages, but a fun way to reflect on things and think about them differently. That being said, I'm not a doctor and this isn't medical advice; it's just food for thought given by a medievalist who's loved medicine ever since she was a kid.

Scrub in, interns!

Your Commie Mommy,

—Persephone



(artist: [SGT Madness](#))

This volume, more than the others, is about thinking about things as a means of interrogating our surroundings through the Humanities. This includes ourselves and our bodies as things to listen to. Continuing our prep, the medieval combines sex and violence, but also *medicine* ("psychosexual healing" in a tight black dress); similar to BDSM, surgery requires prep and aftercare. To avoid surgery gone wrong(!), and on the topic of medicine overall, here's a disclaimer of sorts: *any project, no matter how big or small, affects all parties involved; treat it accordingly.* This extends to various vices and temptations expressed in the Gothic as potentially addictive—less as in "chronic," but *acute* insofar as their effects impact the human involved overall; e.g., sex can kill you, especially as to how it effects your heart (a "sudden and prolonged decrease in blood pressure," as the warning label for Viagra goes; i.e., you die). It's not psychosomatic, or a mental mimicking of symptoms, but actual symptoms that do damage over time. This is often expressed in quotes by torture play (evoking angels of mercy who killed their patients, and revenge fantasies that speak to historical-material realities). But beyond roleplay (whose fantasies *are* often sexual; i.e., to fantasize; e.g., for kept women [or closeted queer people] to escape their prison-like lives, and men to fulfill their own

traditional gender roles or abandon them) it doesn't alter the fact that sex and "torture"—while certainly medicinal—can inadvertently kill you.

Don't think so? Let's use me as the sample patient. For me, I'm a 37-year-old trans woman taking estrogen and antiandrogens for my gender-affirming care; the estrogen raises my blood pressure and the antiandrogens lower it, but likewise, my desire to help others also comes into play. When I write, I focus; when I focus, my blood pressure goes up and I forget to breathe (emotional trauma gets brought up, which activates fight or flight per fear aroused through "danger," and I also get turned on—all complicating factors/comorbidities). Except, I *also* like to help people in ways that *are* exciting and "traumatic" through calculated risk. To that, I'm not exactly dying for my art, but the book is most certainly work (on multiple levels, all children are) and this "torture" affects me in ways that, if going on for a prolonged period, can have a noticeable effect. I manage my symptoms with medication, but still, I'm only mortal and like to be aware of what I'm doing when "giving birth."

Furthermore, writing about BDSM and medicine, I've discovered a paradox of the healing profession to which the Gothic addresses: medicine as a deliberately and reliably dry source of information (sterile bedside manner) often invites sex/power fantasies (roleplay trips, kink: "playing doctor") to spice things up (and heal from trauma sustained during abuse of all kinds, including by malpracticing doctors with god complexes); more *recent* fantasies of the nurse, nun or librarian (naughty or not) present her as defying the institution repressing her true self from head to toe in tell-tale uniforms: penetrative medicine ("the stick"); whips, hooks, and chains; leather and holy artifacts to profane, strict disciplinarian regimens/"Spartan" medicine (and punishment), alchemic draughts, and so forth.



These medieval allusions of intense widespread suffering (e.g., the Black Death) aren't just memory aids, but intersecting collocations whose prolificity suggests an ongoing and vital connection—a theatrical balm to "sponge" societal woes *and* a sexual boon with potent, drug-like qualities with critical potential to boot. Yet, drugs or no drugs, pregnant people are vulnerable, especially if their child threatens the state-as-Puritanical; the latter views *it* as poison. *I'm* an enemy of the state on principle, so my "baby" is too (not to mention it's full of anti-capitalist propaganda in a time of rising fascism).

([source](#))

I'm applying all of this to the creative process as give and take, and as Paracelsus put it: "All things are poison and nothing is without poison; only the dose makes a thing not a poison." Condensed to "the dose makes the poison," and

pursuant to the Communist Numinous as a "dragon" to chase, the clash with capital *is* why we're here: sparring with authorities by evoking authoritative forces; e.g., the Numinous. Capital defends capital as thieves versus whistleblowers, the former killing and/or blackmailing the latter or otherwise discrediting them: dispatching assassins, forcing elicited confessions, turning brother against brother or de(s)posing of them in court with limitless funds, bulletproof contracts, Radcliffean surveillance and bottomless pockets, etc. Exposing *that* bloodbath/carving of meat *is* why we're here. But as gluttons for punishment with impressive stamina—and ones addicted to the birthing of empathy at birth by accident thereof—we still need to pop them out "in moderation"; e.g., babies, books ("babies"), boners and loads; i.e., *some* strain is important, but don't damage the oracle, mid-séance (the Gothic goofball making you laugh until you're sick).

To that, we want to be on good terms with our people, but also our "substance abuse"; i.e. knowing when to lead us by the hand to bed, but also to cut off those drunk on sex, cum, BDSM (sub drop), food, or stimulation in any form that combines these and others. To those who have "had enough," who get absentminded and forgetful, mid-jouissance (me: forgetting to take my blood pressure pills), there's no shame in quitting forever (over my dead body—"I was born a knight; I will die a knight!") or throwing in the towel for a smaller period. Likewise, surgeries—literal or figurative—get exploratory and addictive (doctors love to cut; so do I—to the truth of things). Birth (as literal or figurative) isn't just painful, but an endurance test for those with health concerns trying to heal the world in ways one person cannot alone, try as they might: physical, mental, sexual, emotional.

Per the Gothic, these manifest in reality and fiction on different levels. As such, grief and love (as things to express) bleed into sex and violence as a composite morphological statement. Metal or flesh fatigue can and *will* set in, especially when we take on the struggles for others routinely ignored by the mainstream (who only sit up and listen when people exactly like them [or who they tokenize; e.g., Jewish people aping their colonizers⁹⁹] are affected; i.e., "think of the white, cis-het men!" This is a valid concern, but "missing while girl syndrome" or "think of the incels" [courtesy of Jordan Peterson] gets hella old when the Kurds

⁹⁹ Tatiana Seigel's "Over 1,000 Jewish Creatives and Professionals Have Now Denounced Jonathan Glazer's *Zone of Interest* Oscars Speech in Open Letter" (2024) quotes the letter as saying,

The use of words like "occupation" to describe an indigenous Jewish people defending a homeland that dates back thousands of years, and has been recognized as a state by the United Nations, distorts history. It gives credence to the modern blood libel that fuels a growing anti-Jewish hatred around the world, in the United States, and in Hollywood ([source](#)).

It's literally the American Hollywood elite posturing as besieged for a fellow Jewish person speaking out *against* a settler colony and the best they can do is equate critique of an Israeli enthostate to "blood libel"? Big yikes. They can't admit they were wrong without giving the game away so they close ranks and die on that hill. It's not like the conflict affects them in any meaningful way.

or the Palestinians [or anyone in the Global South] is experiencing genocide. You can care about both, but *only* speaking out about Whitey *is* complacent, thus complicit in genocide. This isn't the early 1800s and you're not Jane Austen writing *Mansfield Park* [1814]; it's the Internet Age, wherein the people who devote the entirety of their platforms to the colonizer group are *aiding in settler colonialism*).



(artist: [Daria Zaritskaya](#))

So do what you love while helping others. But also, be careful—cautious, as well as solicitous and nurturing to all parties involved. Yes, we and our "good work" (slutty but salubrious) bare it all to not just walk the line like the rockstars¹⁰⁰ that we are, but slink and strut our stuff between pleasure and pain, stress and release, life and death (a vibrating closeness to penetration within thresholds—what feels good for all parties, ace or not); but, "first do no harm." Sex and death are funny in jest (so-called "gallows humor" is a whole 'nother can of worms¹⁰¹); *sex, drugs and rock 'n roll* can do the trick in

¹⁰⁰ E.g., Daria Zaritskaya, above, is a total smoke show "baddie" who really knows how to strut her stuff *and* "rock it/slay" at the same time. Unlike the Gothic, rock 'n roll was recuperated from people of color in America and sold to white audiences, but both wavelengths still speak to the oppressed through the potential for pseudo-idolatry whose enjoyment often contains class-conscious allegories of various kinds. These *are* often packaged and sold as "rebellion," handed out copiously like bread-and-circus opiates for the masses, but this commodified status doesn't preclude a valid critical/medicinal role; per Zizek's idea of universal application, I can listen to '80s rock (much of it insubstantial fluff, it must be said) and still feel motivated/elevated by that in ways that feel good without negative side effects. That's the nature of critiquing popular media, of finding enjoyment while applying Sarkeesian's adage to root out the pernicious aspects, thus make society a little more active at treating the sickness of Capitalism rotting their brains.

As for Zaritskaya, I can't really fault her for sticking to the golden oldies, crooning about desire ("love" as a product). Yes, it's all rather safe and trite, but she's *still* giving something back through looks and performance: one, she's drop-dead gorgeous, bar zone; two, her makeup is on point; three, her outfits are absolutely sick; and four, she's a fabulous rock singer (that husky allure with just the *right* twinge of Benatar-snarl hits just right). What more could you ask for as far as doing her job goes? Furthermore, in a world that treats women like sex objects, Zaritskaya owns it with style—a total package that, in these dark times, absolutely makes a difference. She's a *muse* who—provided she doesn't endorse genocide or "pull a Judas Priest" [and release an album with Zionist overtones](#) (re: "Invincible Shield and Zionism")—should be free to rock out and break hearts till the cows come home. "YouTube's finest," indeed ([source](#): Rock the Joint)!

¹⁰¹ Gallows humor is a theatrical means of disconnecting due to compassion and alarm fatigue (from waves of terror). Except, Capitalism is a race against time, which means we can't afford to reflexively involve ourselves in collective platitudes and false hope (which neoliberalism and fascism are built on). We need to actively diagnose the root cause, not fall back routinely on empty coping mechanisms during trench warfare; i.e., compartmentalizing while hurling towards disaster as having its own (compartment) syndrome, and which can trigger when the floor beneath crumbles into fragments and the walls close into a tighter and tighter corner. Losing false hope, we can desperately pacify and grow complacent, even violently *complicit*—second-guessing what should be second-nature: trading wider catharsis for local, short-term power fantasies (the dominant, the slayer) that revolve around unironic

rape and murder instead of calculated risk as a subby acclimation towards mirroring symptoms, *not* harm. The entire operating principal behind ludo-Gothic BDSM as I authored it is calculated risk; i.e., as a submissive gesture (favoring unequal power against a dominant), which in BDSM is the polar opposite of the dominant picking up a weapon to kill the enemy through force (homoerotic "jousting"). Against the end of the world, such high-strung masculine threat displays are utterly meaningless, little more than a forlorn Crusade resorting to vulnerable scapegoats; i.e., of which the crusader carves their white, Cartesian image into (white genocide flows outwards, away from white boys conducting genocide as always): woman, twink, and other marginalized groups (eating the pie inwards, placing the so-called "upper crust" at the heart of things, not the outer rim).



In other words, our group coping mechanism needs to expose and address *systemic* issues, *not* contribute to them as dependent on/addicted to military optimism; i.e., incumbent on the rape of nature by design, martyrdom of the male stooge in love with war culture and spilling blood. Again, it's a can of worms that, left unchecked, will eventually spill over everywhere, bathing the world (and the idyllic, resort-like home) in a reversal of Exodus, an ignominious closing of the Red Sea to drown exile and conqueror alike; to avoid internal bleeding and total exsanguination ("bleeding out"), our *folie-a-deux' chez folie* needs to exist in quotes, our blossoming "agony" and ribbons of explosive, fiery pleasure leaning in a less bloodthirsty (and unironically alienating and fetishizing) direction, regarding the monstrous-feminine (from a metal/NWOBHM standpoint, less Saxon's heteronormative *Demin and Leather*, 1981, and more Accept's queer-coded *Balls to the Wall*/"London Leather Boys," 1983): it's not a vampirism state fangs can ever hope to match. "Hurt, not harm" when experimenting and broadening your horizons, cuties! Fuck to metal, but remember to worship Satan responsibly!



(artist: [Saturday Night Satan](#))

moderation (do not do "a Jimmy Hendrix or Janis Joplin," members of the ill-fated "[27 Club](#)"); but dropping needlessly dead due to gross negligence (willful or otherwise) from one's attending physician? Whatever the practice, it kind of defeats the point. Though we often play at them, we're not gods. So don't skip your checkups, however routine! Check in with yourself and see where you're at; take your vitals and remember to rest and relax. Unwind to the degree that you can (not everyone can and that's valid; but if it *is* possible and you don't do it anyways? That's a horse of another color).

Traditional Western gender roles generally portray healing roles (sexual or otherwise) as "maternal." Except, mothers need days off and this holiday is frequently a psychosexual, monstrous one (moonlighting as an Amazonian protector/vigilante detective). In the alien-fetishized language of prisons, torture dungeons and hospitals (a fine line between them), "'mommy' has needs" that address unseen woes/scratch various itches. Sometimes, though, someone needs to play nurse with themselves, a "battle medic"/Amazonian mommy dom in the place of God who nurtures, feeds and fucks depending ("'Mother' is the name for God on the lips and hearts of all children." If you think otherwise, you've never



gotten between a loving mother and their child): food, sex, medicine, enrichment (games, puzzles) and sleep, etc. Someone who cares, who's "a handful," feisty. Husky and growling. Secretarial and sweet. Lucky and healthy. Ample and tasty (delicious, full of "gravy"). Holy and hot (thick thighs, *zettai ryōiki*¹⁰², big buttocks, hair and tits, etc). That female/monstrous-feminine portrait of "The Miller's Tale" is *us*, cuties, so measure up to your own needs by looking after yourself as you actually deserve/want to be treated—well.

(artist: [M doodles](#))

This wellness plan includes intake of various sorts: meal plans, work-life balance, ergonomics. You can't help others without helping yourself. So give thanks without literally carving yourself up when trauma comes home to roost (in terms of

¹⁰² A Japanese phrase that translates to "absolute territory." Per Wikipedia, it "refers to the area of bare skin in the gap between overknee socks and a skirt or shorts" ([source](#)). In short, it's uniform fetish slang that focuses on fixation by Japan as being eco-fascist and psychologically incestuous. We'll explore eco-fascism and incest in Japan in Volume Three, but here's the source; i.e., Terry McCarthy writes in "Out of Japan: Mother Love Puts a Nation in the Pouch" (1993):

Satoru Saito, head of the sociopathology department at the Psychiatric Research Institute of Tokyo, doubts that mother-son incest is any more common in Japan than elsewhere. But, he says, "emotional incest" between mothers and their sons is almost a defining feature of Japanese society – "the entire culture has this undertone" ([source](#)).

healthcare, the ghosts of past friends or family members classically manifest as complexes; i.e., survival guilt; e.g., I was harmed, and wrote this book to help others see the ghosts of trauma inside it *and* their own lives).

To that, do what you need to "right the ship," release stress (eat, gamble, laugh, fuck [aka "sexersize"]...) to the speed, music (whatever slaps), texture and sensitivity (leather or lace), intensity and depth you require. Then, after you "bounce back," go where you need to be in order to help those you can. We all wanna put these ideas to practice—to fuck-start Capitalism's face to bare better, new-and-improved fruit; i.e., strap-on-style; e.g., like Eowyn vs the Witch-king¹⁰³ if the sword was strapped to our Shieldmaiden's crotch and she "chose her slain" by



shoving it into the shadow lord's mouth and down his unhappy throat, *Better-Call-Saul-pilot-style* ("Put your wang in its throat hole!")—the death knight/Skeleton King "taken" by the lacey female paladin (aping Monty Python's Sir Lancelot: "An accident? You shoved your sword through his head!"):

(artists, from top-left to bottom right: Petar Meseldzija, Frank Frazetta, W.M. Kaluta, the Hildebrandt brothers)

Except, instead of rapacious, rotting scapegoats¹⁰⁴ to skewer like throwaway straw dogs, our Dark-Ages approach to wedding sex and force wants (needs) to abstract

¹⁰³ A classic scene of "pure medieval lust" whose chaste military eroticism—begot from a cushy Oxford dweeb gentrifying war with a lore-heavy and built-world/treasure map refrain—is displayed most nakedly during Tolkien's neutered take on the courtly romance; i.e., during the famous (and entirely unfair) duel that has been remade a million times ([source](#), above: Lady Fellshot's "Looking at a Scene..." 2011).

¹⁰⁴ (From Volume Zero): 'Basically, Blue Beard from Charles Perrault's "Blue Beard" (1697), the demon lover holding the delicate female swooner captive and relayed through fairytales or operas (and various other Gothic stories; e.g., the "black novel" or "noir/black detective story" as peering into the imaginary site of the black space/shadow zone as routinely fabricated by the ghost of the counterfeit, feeding the profit motive). Facing such a sexy beast, a less bellicose heroine might swoon and face almost certain doom; an *Amazon*, on the other hand, might pick up a sword and stab the fucker—a proposition that can certainly be cathartic but needs to be exercised with care to avoid

the post-capitalist metaphor and take it to an ever *further* (albeit non-jousting) extreme; e.g., with Frodo and Sauron (from *The Return of the King*, 1955):

And far away, as Frodo put on the Ring and claimed it for his own, even in Sammath Naur the very heart of his realm, the Power in Barad-dûr was shaken, and the Tower trembled from its foundations to its proud and bitter crown. The Dark Lord was suddenly aware of him, and his Eye piercing all shadows looked across the plain to the door that he had made; and the magnitude of his own folly was revealed to him in a blinding flash, and all the devices of his enemies were at last laid bare. Then his wrath blazed in consuming flame, but his fear rose like a vast black smoke to choke him. For he knew his deadly peril and the thread upon which his doom now hung.

From all his policies and webs of fear and treachery, from all his stratagems and wars his mind shook free; and throughout his realm a tremor ran, his slaves quailed, and his armies halted, and his captains suddenly steerless, bereft of will, wavered and despaired. For they were forgotten. The whole mind and purpose of the Power that wielded them was now bent with overwhelming force upon the Mountain. At his summons, wheeling with a



rending cry, in a last desperate race there flew, faster than the winds, the Nazgûl, the Ringwraiths, and with a storm of wings they hurtled southwards to Mount Doom.

But please, remember they have *kick*. So camp, thus butcher canon to your heart's content, but also beware: self-care *is* community care. Pound what must be pounded (smite whatever "ruins" on whatever "mountainsides"); then steady on, girls!

(artist: [Bütcher](#))

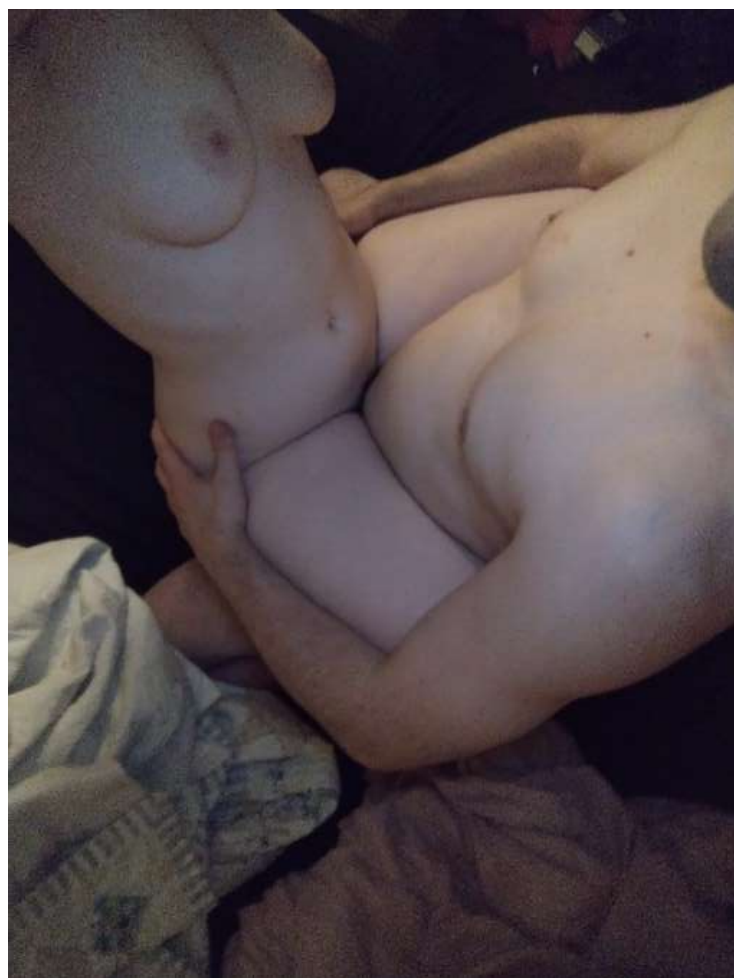
harmful xenophobia as something to execute on- and offstage as informed by these kinds of stories; i.e., TERFs attacking trans people when their own trauma is weaponized by the status quo, turning them into harmful imitations of Dacre's woman-in-black, Victoria de Loredani; e.g., Ellen Ripley—formerly traumatized by the myth of the black male/crossdressing rapist—is handed a gun by James Cameron and told to play cowboys and Indians in service of the state: "Become vengeance" ([source](#)).

Prep, part three: the Medieval; or the Root of the Humanities: Their *Mise-en-Abyme*, Medieval Expression and Modules

*Capitalism has always exploited us according to how it deems us useful/not useful, thus superior/inferior inside the colonial binary and its heteronormative rubric/moderately normative offshoots. / [Sex Positivity](#) illustrates this complex reality through what I've learned, reassembling it for you as a kind of monster compilation to play around with. As you play, experiment and learn, think about your own modes of monstrous self-expression and what you put back into the world: your *poiesis* and creative successes. In the end, we're all defined by what we leave behind ([source](#)).*

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume Zero* (2023)

"The Medieval," or part three (of zero) for "Brace for Impact," constitutes the last bit of prep before we dive into the second and third modules. I have divided it into four parts—"**Monsters, Magic and Myth**"—which cover some of the messiest



(and most exquisite) aspects to what Volume Two is about and which we've touched upon, but here I really want to go over as thoroughly as possible: as things to sell to others not as commodities, but propositions; i.e., for them to buy as a social-sexual exchange between cuties' interpersonal *mise-en-abyme* ("to [mimetically] place in abyss," over and over...): consenting mutually to enter forbidden "castles" of delicious "danger" (calculated risk).

(artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

- "**Castles in the Flesh**": Charts our course by picking the destination. Outlines medieval derelicts as castle-like in terms of the body-building arrangement the Gothic generally entertains, and provides a personalized, anecdotal example of "Antiquity" through derelicts: Cuwu and I.
- "**Green Eggs and Ha(r)m; or, 'Fucking's Fun, Try it!'**": Partway on the road. Considers the Gothic as something its critics turn their noses up at like green eggs and harm, conflating capitalist forms with our iconoclastic doubles (making them bad critics); this subchapter outlines Gothic castles and draconian occupants in their half-real, dialectical-material totality (ours vs theirs).
- "**The Eyeball Zone; or, Relating to the Gothic as Commies Do**": Still en route! A more autobiographical subchapter, one that explores interpersonal relationships in the broader context of ludo-Gothic BDSM during class and culture war—how we can relieve stress and address praxial concerns that we leave behind; i.e., to be consulted when we become overstimulated (or don't exist anymore) relative to our own web of relationships: a buffer when our walls go up, a glorious "eyehole" to peep through and engage with while the blinders are still on.
- "**Knocking on Heaven's Door; or, Prepare for Entry!**": Arrives and waits for the door to open. Goes over some Marxist signposts and liberatory sex work exhibits, which seek to underline how the Gothic (and Communism) transcend mediums to speak across them in everyday relationships that help put out fires while *not* starting new ones (a complex spectrum of social-sexual exchanges, whose material factors and aesthetic elements of unequal power and trauma hyphenate to address systemic abuse).
- "**Heaven in a Wild Flower'; or, Exhibiting the Monstrous-Feminine Ourselves**": Greeted in the antechamber, and given pamphlets. Supplies a gender-studies hermeneutic, regarding the monstrous-feminine in relation to everything discussed so far in the book; i.e., there is always an aspect of the Medusa (war-like, morphologically diverse, and rebellious) to any monster that *isn't*—figuratively or literally, in part or all together—a white, Anglo-American, cis-het, Christian male.
- "**Medieval Expression; or, 'Welcome to the Fun Palace!'**": Enters the palace. Explores the idea of the Gothic as a liminal, holistic dialog that transcends mediums, precluding harm through a confusion of the senses, jouissance, magic assembly of old dead things, and other medieval devices tied to magic and myth as a dark, sexual affair (often an operatic one linked to popular controlled substances—metal when reclaimed by fags camping the canon with sex, drugs and rock 'n roll as synonymous with each other and iconoclastic learning and expression). In other words, "Medieval Expression" Explores the dialectic of the alien as generally expressed through monsters, magic and myths, mainly paradoxes and oxymorons that blend all of these things; i.e., how they hook up and interact, once conjoined. Part one, "[A Song](#)

[Written in Decay](#)," will introduce the terms and explore their relationship in a more academic sense (meaning in relation to the origin sources as at least partially academic and lurid, campy and funeral); part two, "[Out in the World](#)," will consider these Gothic-poetic devices at a more worldly level, among my friends and I for this project specifically and in regards to what the future such a song holds when trying to hug the alien.

- "**Modularity and Class**": Packs up to leave (carnival prizes underarm, balloons in tow). Considers the purpose of this volume's pointedly medieval voicings through a signature lack of restrictions and its thoroughly iconoclastic nature, as well as its dialectical-material function, modular devices and monster classes separately and then together. Also criticizes a former academic superior and research inspiration of mine (Ní Fhlainn and Parish, respectively).

Gothic castles are things to pursue and build anew based on old likenesses we see in between people and media as hopelessly conjoined when speaking to the alien as experienced differently between a shared pedagogy of the oppressed (of rape something to heal from in all its forms, sexual or otherwise): all grasping onto something (often each other) in-frame, our step in an ongoing *mise-en-abyme* pursuant, per a framed narrative, to a palliative Numinous; i.e., indicative of a Communist one—Medusa baring it all (fangs and flesh) in furious lust as *the* prime iconoclastic educator defying Capitalist Realism.



(artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

To that, onto our first step of the quest, "Castles in the Flesh!"

"Monsters, Magic and Myth": Castles in the Flesh; or, a Personalized Example of Derelicts

[T]he Gothic castle is 'alive' with a power that perplexes its visitors. It tends to have an irregular shape, its lay-out is very complex and mysterious, whether because of an actual distortion of the whole structure or because a part of it remains unknown. In Manuel Aguirre's words, "this basic distortion yields mystery, precludes human control and endows the building with a power beyond its strictly physical structure: the irregular mysterious house is, like the vampire, a product of the vitalistic conception of nature." [...] In Radcliffe's novels the Gothic castle is in the first place an anti-home, a nightmare version of the heroine's perfect past, in which many of the elements of her home are exaggerated and replayed in a Gothic form. [...] The heroine's parents are replaced by Gothic substitutes or Gothic opposites. The castle hides some family secret the revelation of which usually helps the heroine to disclose her own identity. At the same time, the Gothic castle is the place of confinement in a literal and figurative sense. Moreover, the castle may be interpreted as the image of the body and, eventually, as the heroine's secret self ([source](#)).

—Audronė Raškauskienė, *Gothic Fiction: The Beginnings*

Gothic castles have many different academic interpretations; e.g., Bakhtin, Summers, and Aguirre (all who Raškauskienė mentions). Per Hogle, though, Gothic castles are essentially "antique" (counterfeit) left-behinds that uphold an "ancient" lie of sovereignty that maintains the state through the process of abjection; for myself, Gothic castles have personable qualities that generally resemble people and vice versa—e.g., Metroidvania being the level, the heroine and the enemy as all monstrous, meaning "rapacious, bellicose and castle-like"; i.e., ludo-Gothic BDSM as a highly subversive, even transgressive means of reversing abjection to develop Gothic Communism through iconoclastic sex work: those who are "built," "stacked" or some such medieval architectural metaphor for their sexual prowess and overall sex appeal/gender invention, but also trauma (which combine the concentrically medieval language of war [*mise-en-abyme*] with sexual activities; i.e., Walpole's satirical, undead chivalry prototype, the "rape" castle Otranto; e.g., "castle = demon lover/dominator vs vanilla basic bitch"). Capitalism treats it as something to expect with teenagers, then paywall for adults: a ghost of the counterfeit to abject *vis-à-vis* state shift; Gothic Communists seek to reclaim such things within capital.

We'll discuss "ancient" derelicts throughout the volume; here, I want a give personal anecdote illustrating them: my troubled relationship with Cuwu leading towards a pedagogy of the oppressed (relating to the alien side of each other using Gothic media) that I tried to raise in their memory long after our friendship officially expired (I'm not showing off my hard dick, per my rule; it's inside Cuwu):



Gothic media) that I tried to raise in their memory long after our friendship officially expired (I'm not showing off my hard dick, per my rule; it's inside Cuwu):

(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))



(artist, paintings: H.R. Giger)

Another way to view Gothic derelicts, then, is a castle or an extension of a castle as an *unheimlich* storage facility—as something that seems to move or have human qualities when it doesn't, or that *actually* gets up and moves around like a person despite ostensibly lacking a pilot; i.e., like a giant suit of armor inside an atmospheric, maze-like space that threatens to animate (thus return) in much the same fashion: a fearful imaginary past. Such events are generally meant to unsettle the audience, and carry along *cryptomimetically* (Giger and Scott, left): castles come from other castles, as does their hostile affect. As we proceed, then, synonyms to "great doom" or "apocalypse" should pop up, regarding a group effort to face and subvert them in demonstrable ways that survive us; i.e., in more permanent, castled fixtures rooted in the ashes of

our non-existent bodies reminding someone of where we *once* were having been survived by material suggestions of us as made up of older things globally improvised with (our "junk"). This stark reflection often plays out in small, relayed not just in Hamlet's graveyard fight with Laertes or his holding of poor Yorick's skull; nor the Metroidvania's infernal concentric pattern exemplified by Slave Knight Gael's battle with the player (the doomed hero) at the end of the world/the end of time inside the hourglass inside the egg inside the painting (the narrative of the crypt); but also our *own lives* in small: our own derelicts having a personified quality that resembles old lovers as shadows of their former selves (what the Ancient Greeks called "shades").

To that, Gothic derelicts (castles or castle-like bodies; i.e., suits of armor) are cumulative—easy to build¹⁰⁵ when you get the hang of it—but also express in more literal human forms, on or offstage: those we relate to using Gothic media as a means of "thinking with" (what the Brits would call an "aesthetic"). In turn, our friends are generally informed by what we were saddled with; e.g., my and Cuwu's

¹⁰⁵ It just takes enthusiasm, inspiration, and time to build a cathedral. *Gothic* cathedrals stem from big, exaggerated emotions, downplaying calmer forces in favor of intensely dramatic vibes, sadness, eroticism, and doom (the liminal hauntology of war), etc. They're all at once maudlin, somber and furious—a boxed entropy, a myopia, an umbra, the eye of an angry god, an event horizon, *Castlevania/Demon Castle Dracula*, Satan's asshole, etc—as something both spatio-temporally and physically alien to plunge repeatedly into: an altered state, a different plane or order of existence, an alternate dimension, etc, as accessed by forbidden artifacts or pathways (e.g., Clive Barker's infamous Cenobites and Lament Configuration).

song being "[In the Aeroplane Over the Sea](#)" (1998) by Neutral Milk Hotel (a song supposedly about Anne Frank, but one which I heard unbeknownst to that while Cuwu was sucking my dick: in their car outside of a pet shop while we were both in love):

And one day we will die
 And our ashes will fly from the aeroplane over the sea
 But for now we are young
 Let us lay in the sun
 And count every beautiful thing we can see ([source](#): Genius).

Faced with loss (or its memories), it's easy to slip into a state of mourning anew, describing one's current emotional state as a concentric funeral—of all our past selves speaking to us presently (their echoes reaching from Radcliffe forward to Scott to Jadis showing me *The Witch's House* and *Mad Father* [2016] to me taking that to Cuwu's, to my friend Seren's fascination with such things, to my mother upstairs constantly watching horror movies so that it sounds like my house is haunted by copies of female "trauma" [with an actual ghost of the counterfeit] to Gerard Way's "[Baby, You're a Haunted House](#)" [2019] and so on). But the Gothic thrives amid disintegration as profoundly alive, not just fearful as Chris Baldrick describes (inheritance anxiety). It's closer to Black Absinthe's "[Nobody Knows](#)" (2024):

Making fake friends trying to get by.
 Nobody knows the feelings are the low and you're trying to stay high!
 Sweet Serenity, I can't fight when the night
 Comes calling me!
 [...] All day you're runnin' but you can't escape the grave;
 No one knows when it's time to die!

When I heard *that*, I was like, "OMG, that was my relationship to Cuwu!" (never a good sign, haha): a former dancer and thong-wearing sexpot smiting *this* goth nerd with their portentous assets. Their heavenly-hellish body and unquenchable desire to be seen mirrored my aching desire to view and express such things; i.e., the artist and the muse's asexual nudism and erotic voyeurism/exhibitionism something I want remembered precisely because it was special, good, pure and true (it ached to build, but feels better post-release—a bit like blue balls/clit). A humanist appeal to the slut in all of us, yearning to be free and loved for it.



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

So, like *The Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (2004), I find myself slipping little clues of Cuwu to remind me of them—not my abuser as someone to love, but loving and remembering what I saw in them that *was* good, which I will look for in someone/somewhere else: the provocative likeness of Cuwu, who inspired me to write this book. If Jadis was the neoliberal who didn't believe in my work, Cuwu was the Marxist-Leninist who did, and whose killer-queen persona ("sophisticated and precise") and hungry-eyed stare, maternal commands, and tight little mommy pussy I have happily quested for in new an-Com mommies, post-separation. In the interim, I've decorated my hallways with echoes of our past pleasure, of likenesses to their best side while discussing them as they were in totality: monstrous-feminine—both a hot, fuckable, little mommy dragon consuming everything in sight and a killer doll whose portable house (and yawning train of Atlas-grade baggage) met me with irresistible bedroom eyes, a Klonopin dependency and the abusive tendencies of a twisted past. It takes me back to some wild, campy times: big feelings crammed inside a tiny cutie (who admittedly had a fat ass—a PAWG).



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

What we have here are all the usual BDSM antics with a deliberately Gothic aesthetic: sex-positive (thus harmless) hair-pulling, spankings and rough sex whose ludo-Gothic

simulations intimate actual torture/trauma during fetishized kink, roleplay and straight-up sex sessions (skin-to-skin contact and fluid exchange, which often overlap with the above things, but don't always). The praxial idea is mutual consent between those who *can* consent, not children dressed up against their will like show ponies groomed to emulate a parental enforcement of white America; i.e., so-called "beauty pageants":

Well it's true just take a look
 The cover sometimes makes the book
 And the judges, do they ever ask
 To read between your lines
 And in your cage at the human zoo,
 They all stop to look at you
 Next year, what will you do
 When you have been forgotten (Styx' "[Miss America](#)," 1978).



(artist: [MHSABA](#))

As Gothic Communists, we want to illustrate and foster mutual content, helping the better parts of those who wound us to be remembered, along with their humanity and ours inside-outside the same "superfreak" exhibits going on and on ("the kind you don't take home to mother!"). Socio-sexual stimulation during ludo-Gothic BDSM provides healthy reality checks that activate vital ways of speculative thinking. These, in turn, are conducive to mutual consent and Gothic-Communist development, which help workers (each other) understand why people (often those who give birth) have breaks with reality (e.g., *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, 1988) and otherwise do what they do as not always rational, but nevertheless having a reason tied to the real world; i.e., where they happen and what causes them: through our bodies, relationships and socio-material conditions. It starts with feeling sorry for them and ends with us helping them and each other as part of the same world to heal *together*. Empathy isn't a weakness; diversity is strength; those who say otherwise are moderates and/or fascists (the former a disguised version of the latter) and not to be trusted. Those pro-state defenders saying something is "uncalled for" *call for* rebellion in spite of their sanctimonious tone-policing "going there." No gods or

masters; just Satanic¹⁰⁶ sluts from outer space, lovingly making Hell on Earth a sex-positive place for all workers, animals and the environment. Fuck the bourgeoisie (as in, "show them a sign of class resistance," not actually have sex with them—gross), punch a Nazi (worker solidarity against capitalistic vigilantes) and make hot sweet love to Commies; i.e., "make love, not war" except class and culture war to break Capitalist Realism and develop Gothic Communism.

The source of the disease isn't anomalous or idiopathic, it's Capitalism. This means the cure relative to that anatomy is equally idiosyncratic. Single or together, married or common law, monogamous or extramarital—divide and conquer goes the other way around, with workers taking *capital* to task. Moguls, czars, billionaires, *et al*, dogmatically conflate as gurus when they're really nepotistic charlatans acting like the golf ball (or the "hero") from *Happy Gilmore* (1996), [too good for its home](#)¹⁰⁷; we'll melt them with our beautiful wickedness: spotting their markers (of the state's critical illness), combating a worsening condition with partial/full transplants (as low-risk as we can manage, as high-risk as we need to: "from each according to their ability, to each according to their work" and eventually "need"), donations, and other forms of medicinal and palliative care (aimed at the self and the community as part of the same organism).

Homeostasis is *not* centrism; it's anarcho-Communism, and the key to praxial synthesis and catharsis lies in the maid-and-butler dialogs we generate with Gothic poetics—i.e., our castles in all their funhouse forms and functions: our cute nicknames and interpersonal slogans¹⁰⁸, brash tattoos, stylish makeup, daring piercings, and other "loud" qualities (our tits, asses, dicks and pussies and other attractive qualities¹⁰⁹ relayed to us, our personalities and bodies—our money-makers of any shape, color or size—front and center) giving the pulse we also check for in others (what the Irish call *a chuisle mo chroí*: "the pulse of my heart"). With them, we rope bunnies, mommy doms, and paypigs collectively shake hands, kiss babies, rub elbows, moisturize (facials and creampie—*s*—with willing and

¹⁰⁶ Meaning "devil-worshipping atheists, Pagans, or something akin to that; e.g., Persephone van der Waard's "[I, Satanist; Atheist: A Gothacist's Thoughts on Atheism, Religion, and Sex](#)" (2021). But also something to legitimately fuck; i.e., the green women from the original *Star Trek* (1966) but less sexist and maybe a little goofy and weird; e.g., *Clerks 2* (2006): "Like, be the first motherfucker to see a new galaxy, or find a new alien lifeform... and fuck it. And people'd be like, 'There he goes. Homeboy fucked a Martian once.'"

¹⁰⁷ Which isn't really fair to the ball; it's a golf ball. Happy Gilmore, though, should know better. If he can get mad at a lifeless object, imagine what he could do to a woman who *doesn't* want to sleep with him (actually don't; [watch how he handles rejection, right here](#)).

¹⁰⁸ E.g., Cuwu and I calling each other "cummy Commies" and "cumrag comrades" to help Communism cutely cum—to arrive in the future through our efforts *now* as adorable.

¹⁰⁹ E.g., our body aromas, green thumbs, comedic windups, dramatic swan/frog songs (our swanning but also "little green boys," our pets), and ironic addictive jests (not Edward Cullen's codependent/terrible heroine metaphor for his old man's predatory infatuation with a 16-year-old girl named Bella fucking Swan).

consenting adults), and fund rebellion (and yes, sometimes kiss ass) in fiscal and social forms conjoined: "Use my body to keep you alive!" "Lactate ironically!" If not during fascism, genocide and climate change, then when exactly shall we pronounce these vows? We're cutting it close as is (urgent care); i.e., it's now or never, so time to commit and hop to it! Forget Bon Jovi's neoliberal anthem; it's a frank bleed, as crimson as Lena's "[99 Redluft Ballons](#)" (1983):

Ninety-nine knights of the air
 Ride super high-tech jet fighters
 Everyone's a Super Hero
 Everyone's a Captain Kirk ([source](#): AZ Lyrics)

So pardon the irony, but it's time to go nuclear—and not just for the *current* generation, but *all* life on Earth (solidarity with workers and nature)! The planet's already on fire, so good luck "simmering down" to put down roots when the icecaps fully melt! With that being said, what are you afraid of (a rhetorical question; obviously banks, public shaming and the routine policing of media and bodies are real, ever-present concerns)? Let it (those giant "Luftballons") *all* hang out; even if it's all in vain¹¹⁰, we'll have turned a buck, enjoyed ourselves *and* treated others like humans/acted humanely in our final moments!

¹¹⁰ And for those of you pearl-clutchers worried about your slice of the pie at hearing our fighting words: we're not your enemy, the state is. Good girls and bad ("virgins" and "whores"), enbies and twinks, healthcare and sex workers, good friends (sexual and platonic) and perfect strangers—we're all Queen Shit of Fuck Mountain, loves; *all* our stories (our loss, internalized guilt, divisions, attracting opposites, impostor syndrome, shared trauma, bonds, etc) are valid, mid-struggle, extending to our satirical deceptions and lies both white ("I'm just a dumb Dutch girl not up to anything!") and splendid (e.g., *Gulliver's Travels*, 1726), our idiosyncratic social-sexual configurations/qualities/distance (mono-to-plural/flings-to-FWBs-to-SOs/live-in-to-long-distance), our miracles, powerhouse Hail-Marys, and skeletons-in-the-closet. All water under a bridge if we try to change for the better! We reserve *our* judgements for actual cunts who only care about themselves.

Speaking of which, the state's fascists, neoliberals, billionaires, class traitors (cops) and unironic rapists/sadists don't change by design. So fuck the lot of them! Fuck their moral panic, "tough love/austerity politics," personal responsibility rhetoric; their War on Drugs, on Crime, on sex work, on Christmas; their Capitalist Realism; their bribes and blackmail; their self-serving optics ("perception is reality"); vindictive smear campaigns ("witch hunts") and mendacious charm offensives ("Trojan horses"); their insurance scams and micro transactions, charity tourism, compelled monogamy *and* love triangles (amatonnormativity, heterosexual or not); their conspiracy theories, either kernel-of-truth (their rich political enemies attended Epstein's pedophile island, person-of-color antivaxxers having felt the effects of genocide and medical abuse) or shit nuts —e.g., flat-earthers; i.e., neoliberal illusions blinding and harmful, like staring into the sun to cause eye *and* brain damage: stupidity by proximity, creed, and imaginary misuse leading to walking hyperbole as unironic farce—less "total brain rot" and more akin to multi-organ failure of one's critical-thinking faculties; [source tweet](#): AntiVaxxer (2024). It's comedy gold to some extent, but also profoundly worrying given how dead-set these persons are against something so well-established (not any different than climate change in that respect, or vaccines; the colonizer group thinks they are beyond reproach, always right, and invincible, etc).

While chimerism is sadly a reality of class war and liminal expression, it's self-defeating if it doesn't ultimately abandon the Faustian bargains the state provides. So we must expose and cast out false parties until they lose *all* the masks (concentric veneers—more on these in Volume Three); i.e.,



(artist: [Keighla Night](#))

And yet, while nothing lasts forever, we *can* induce change that builds a better tomorrow by moving in a better direction—diligently and one step at a time, but whose earnest and nightly erecting of "chapels" (optional quotes) and their "nocturnal emissions" (ditto) guide the Superstructure directly away from profit and towards a post-scarcity world: our own echoing palimpsests leading to

new reinvention (what's commonly referred to as "remakes" in the movie business; i.e., Neo-Gothic) and social-sexual learning incentives (sex, companionship, food, etc). Just as state shift is brought about by the state, the state's *leveling* is a seminal catastrophe we can embark on to build a Communist castle that puts us more in touch with all those forms and functions we're alienated from save as commodified fetishes under capital; i.e., the medieval, whose funerary likenesses of those we love—its fine arches and buttresses (Cuwu, the page before last)—make for a bittersweet, but ultimately beneficial Sphinx: "a," as Bay put it, "gravestone of something that never was, but could be in the future with someone else"; i.e., a naughty act to celebrate in: saying "Oh my god, babe! We're totally doing a 'Communism' right now! I love 'Communism' so, so much!" / "Yes, baby! Now don't stop!" while spreading the peach, splitting in half our muse-like FWBs and life partners (defined not hierarchically but through difference), forever and ever. Like the Joker, we're always smiling (minus the harming of others). Let each encounter be your finest hour—one worthy of a castle all unto its own, buried gloriously alive in concentric undeath (made from stolen parts inventively reassembled; e.g., as Tolkien did with Scandinavian myth, minus his gentrifying cartographic refrains)!

Also, not to beat a dead horse, here, but try to keep our talks in mind regarding the medical side of things. Capital overwhelms and confuses, essentializing a want for answers. Beyond white (Cartesian) truth seekers, dysfunctional medics, or combat-trained, spandex-wearing enforcers, our payment is friendship, love and yes, sex often enough... or physical exercise of different kinds, often set to naughty music to "keep time"; e.g., dances, such as waltzes or tangos, often given a Gothic flavor commercialized by white cis-het men; i.e., the

until they change in ways actually *beneficial* to the Cause. Don't be their kept Judas, their fascist patsy—their tokenized, TERF-to-SWERF-grade dupe or centrist chameleon turning coat!

target audience of *Pax Americana* who desire a "midnight" or tone-poem/*danse macabre* quality to the proceedings: kinky sex with a goth flavor something routinely requested after by these same cis-het weirdos seeking a "Big Titty Goth GF" (waifu/war bride) to "dance" *with*. Unused to rejection, their brittle, infantile egos and bitter, cynical outlook learn to love the copy instead of the person; i.e., Pygmalion courting the statue as raw material for him to dominate, to own and do with as he pleases, but somehow always left wanting and alone. Their dolls become sacred and worthless, an entire generation becoming tantrum-prone, attacking and blaming real women for the boys' inability to humanize anything around them or treat it with genuine love and respect. It becomes yet another war to wage against the harvested side.

Contrary to their perpetual angst and self-imposed *schadenfreude*, the joys of sex-positive bonding are what we find (out) and where the answers come from when we fuck around, experimenting to varying degrees of calculated risk¹¹¹; i.e.,

¹¹¹ E.g., to fuck Cuwu not just like an animal or a mommy dom who topped me from below, but *like* a doll who vampirically could control me without blinking or moving an inch. Obviously with Cuwu it became harmful, but to some extent until that point it was a lot of fun (as Gothic/war scenarios offer plenty of theatrical potential for unequal power exchange and roleplay variation; e.g., the Western rape fantasy's age-old tropes materializing inside a given period piece or hauntological mish-mash: to be chased down, overtaken, stripped and "violated" most indecently by unspeakable forces); i.e., bondage of a variety of forms that, whether most people realize it or not, have *some* element of consent-non-consent (aka informed consent) to them: sheathing and unsheathing my sword in their scabbard while they were awake, but tied up or otherwise immobile; but also on drugs to literally fall asleep during "somno"/sleep sex (consenting beforehand to a mutual agreement built on trust). The rituals supplied a calculated risk meant to give them, as the sub, more power. Eventually it became lopsided—not a problem while in person, but certainly during physical separation, where they could control me from a distance to get what *they* wanted; i.e., like a queen in their castle, issuing gambit-like orders to someone held at arm's length, past the raised drawbridge's moist entrance, stuck on the other side of the moat.



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

All relationships involve some risk, of course, and I've talked about Cuwu's abuse of me in Volumes One and Zero; suffice to say that they primed me—a vulnerable person just out of an abusive relationship—to care for them, long-distance, and then took me for every bit of emotional surplus they could muster. Though their "ballistics" *were* persuasive (the ass that launched a thousand ships), eventually I just couldn't do it anymore. But to be completely honest, it wasn't easy signaling the end

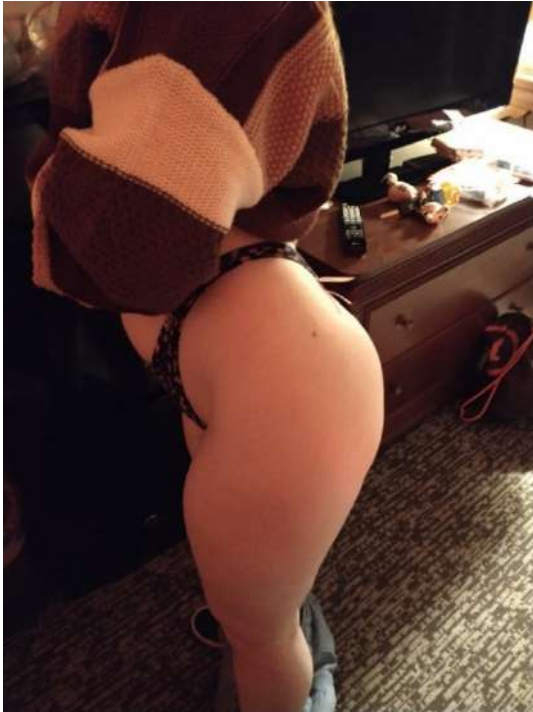
our relationships to other workers and the world as interconnected, oceanic: to treat our gut instinct as something to trust more, not be skeptical of regarding workers-as-unicorns—what Bay calls *mana*. It's not our addiction, it's our microscope to cultivate in opposition to the state Superstructure, something to hold against our patronizers abjecting us. And if enjoying laughter, friendship, cosmetic gender expression (makeup, hair-care products and clothes) and sex is an "addiction," so be it; bear in mind, though, if approached to non-harmful degrees, achieving harm regarding hedonistic factors as "drug-seeking" is *literally impossible*.

To that, you're pitching in for those in need, not taking hemlock! Short of drowning in them, then, you generally can't choke to death on a liquid (semen or otherwise); short of *freak accidents*, you can't wear too much clothes or laugh too often, suck too much dick, etc¹¹² (so-called "gateway drug" arguments being the stuff of fearmongers—easier to fall on *that* sword than admit that you could have been fucking this whole time). There's always something new to try on, seeing not just "what fits," but what looks good (sometimes as little as possible—nudism being a common choice among partners and FWBs). It's also not a race or a competition; i.e., cuties are not prizes to win or mountains to climb, but people to share company with and treat like humans. You're there to relate to them, not shave seconds off how quickly you can lull them into a false sense of security that lasts "long enough" for your latest sexual conquest: to peel their panties off and battering-ram their coochie (sex *is* definitely a technique you can master, but there's no "one-size-fits-all" approach, no "open-sesame" to help a given "cave" surrender its delightful treasures; each body is unique, meaning you want to listen to your partner and learn what they like and how they respond to your efforts to please both¹¹³ of you).

to that relationship, either, and they drove me absolutely nuts in the meantime; indeed, I had to start *Sex Positivity* just to get over rebounding with them. Call it a blessing in disguise, though, and one with many fond memories (e.g., of a goofy vampy fae wearing my cloak, above) despite all the manipulative bullshit. I hope I've successfully conveyed that, here—that I wish them nothing but happiness and hope that our experiences together can help people like yourselves learn from our mistakes and achievements. Call it a fair and balanced criticism, a Gothic Romance based on my time in Transylvania: with the transgender crossdresser one generation removed from Dr. Frankenfurter.

¹¹² It's far easier to injure yourself working out—or taking drugs (steroid abuse) to work out—than it is to fuck too much. Just with cis-het men, gym rats are a dime-a-dozen; there's not exactly an overabundance/"epidemic" of sex-positive Casanovas in the cis-het male population.

¹¹³ The exact ratio varies; e.g., I'm a service top and get turned on by helping my playmates feel good. Some people are sadists, masochists, tops, bottoms, switches, etc. All's well that's sex-positive!



(model and photographer: [Cuwu and Persephone van der Waard](#))

In other words, this isn't drugs or food; there's no such thing as too much sex-positive love, friendship, clothes and sex (within reason, taking medical conditions into account, age and personal stamina). And if you ever think you've had "too much"—one, good for you; two, trust me, you'll live. I fucked Cuwu, Jadis and Zeuhl multiple times a day, every day for months apiece (well, about a month for Cuwu, in-person, and less frequently than the others; but it didn't matter cause they were a straight-up *freak*). And if you're worried about broken hearts, they absolutely suck, but focus on landing on your feet; i.e develop better habits/outlets

and learn to pick better partners and venues (the gayer, the better in my opinion). I've had my heart broken multiple times, and in lieu of self-improvement through conscious hard work, it only gets easier, babes. Embrace it; girls/fags don't bite or have cooties (make sure to get tested for STIs with new partners, though). Got a sickness? Dare to find the cure; try something new "on for size," panties or pussy (as castle-like, surrounded by/fortified with various towering battlements, above: "the raven himself is hoarse..."). Just don't lose sight of your humanity (and that of those around you) as you experiment together—lost inside your own palaces, their fleshy labyrinths of "fatal" conjecture offering up forbidden knowledge, power and lust as chaotic, farcical, screw-loose; i.e., in ways that unhitch Marx's nightmarish portents ("on the brains of the living") to achieve praxial irony as mobile towards Gothic Communism.

That being said, if someone's being hostile, treat them as such! Love conditionally, meaning always, *always* protect yourself; someone might look *outwardly* cute and adorable, but can still harm you. You deserve better—can *do* better than someone who harms you no matter how they look (Cuwu) or how much money they have (Jadis)! Treat them as human by saying "Enough is enough!" in so many words; i.e., cutting them off or leaving when they get abusive (aka, toxic love). It's the DBT way. You don't have to scrub them from your life if you don't want to (i.e., a love-hate relationship; e.g., Cuwu); simply take away their ability to harm you and pass *that* along as a sex-positive lesson. Quit the rapey chamber/exit the harmful haunted house and make your own "rapey" one, instead!

Gird your loins! We're off to "Medieval Expression" (the fun palace), but are only partway there! Next up, "Green Eggs and Ha(r)m!"

"Monsters, Magic and Myth": Green Eggs and Ha(r)m; or, "Fucking's Fun, Try it!"

"Say... Would you like a chocolate covered pretzel? They're a bit melty but boy are they exquisite!"

—Brodie, *Mallrats* (1995)



(artist: Dr. Seuss¹¹⁴)

I'm a medievalist, a Renaissance girl. So I want to go over some things that, per Gothic poetics, have a pointedly medieval flavor. They won't come up pointedly throughout the volume, but conversationally will be all over the place ("all over the shop," as Dale Townshend

used to gripe, regarding my graduate work); i.e., stitched together like Frankenstein's monster and sculpted loosely but lovingly like Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill, both assembled eclectically but also in contemplating thematically the kinds of nerdy gay things that Shelley and Walpole had in mind. I won't signpost them, though, after mentioning them here. They'll be hidden like Easter eggs, albeit in plain sight (you'll know it when you see it).

Partly it's a flavor thing. I want this volume to taste different, hit different, but say basically the same arguments. And now that you have access to my pure and simplified theories (Volumes One and Zero), I can stretch my wings, let my hair down, and really have a bit of fun! Seriously, I love monsters, and who ever said scholarship has to be dull? Yes, this module/chapter is the kind of indulgent, flowery writing that scholars absolutely *hate* (e.g., gratuitous food, sex and food-as-sex metaphors), but I'll be using it to spice my arguments, not lead them going forward (except maybe this chapter). To that, we want to be picky insofar as we're mindful about what we eat, but not to the point that we refuse something that can change how we see the world; i.e., the Gothic as our proverbial green eggs and ham ("you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink"). Keeping the last page in mind, this isn't *actual* food; it's a metaphor for trying new things like sex, the Gothic, ludo-Gothic BDSM, etc.

Before we *get* to the fun palace, though, I want to give a ten-page note about our "green eggs and ham," Gothic castles and draconian occupants in their half-real, dialectical-material totality.

¹¹⁴ "Like Norman Rockwell, Dr. Seuss created every rough sketch, preliminary drawing, final line drawing, and finished work for each page of every project he illustrated" ([source](#): *The Art of Dr. Seuss*, 2024).

This "note" concerns our aforementioned "castles" (and all their morphological variations). Except, because it's not baseline, but extreme, intense, operatic, and over-the-top, the Gothic castle is a perfect place to manifest one's fears, guilt, biases, self-consciousness, and confusion, etc, and then face them with more power or less. It's a stage-like place of performative torment to confront one's shortcomings, weakness and doom; i.e., an intervention through a popular paradox central to calculated risk: empowerment through "disempowerment" against one's self as threatened, often by invaders-in-disguise, evil concentric/*cryptomimetic* reflections (*mise-en-abyme*) of an imaginary past, and yes, sexy aliens and armored killers hellbent on "violating" us in ironic and unironic forms (doubles).

We'll explore *that* more in "Medieval Expression." For now, merely remember that this also means the Gothic castle is an excellent place to experience and try new things—a safe space despite all its perceived menace, thus perfect for confronting trauma during liminal expression (Athena's Aegis and hugging Medusa) and interrogating power through paradox involving big battles; i.e., as Volume Zero explored, the Gothic ostensibly swapping sophistication for crude (vulgar) power but in truth loving complicated cat-and-mouse battles of the mind, praxis, and monsters as sexualized—of psychomachy and psychopraxis, *Amazonomachia* all working through psychosexual partition, the divisions at odds in a liminal space. The hunt and hunting grounds are brutal but elegant ("...the Gothic art is sublime," Coleridge says; re: [General Character of the Gothic Literature and Art](#) [1818]. For once I don't totally disagree with him); the ticket forward—developing Gothic Communism via systemic catharsis—is by reclaiming the imaginary past (and its Wisdom of the Ancients) for ourselves: to camp the twin trees of Capitalism, replacing them with our own Base and Superstructure using dark, Gothic [Satanic, etc] poetics; i.e., as a *de facto* educational device.



(artist: [Patrick O'Brien](#))

There's a history to this, but a largely imaginary one. Per the Gothic, the romancing of flagship battles isn't just a Western marquee, but one whose "big splash" yields a ghostly Numinous signature; i.e., the spectre of such counterfeits abjecting the settler-colonial horrors of raped Medusa (the alien, fetish harvest) through regular spectacle: wartime theatre as glorious, something for the target audience (which historically would have been young white cis-het boys to men of fighting age) to recognize by sight; i.e., like

wartime banners and battle standards, whose streaming colors serve as code: for who's fighting who, who's on whose side, etc; e.g., *Flash Gordon* (1934) or *Star Wars* (1977). Per Lucas' matelotage upending the 20th century neoconservatism of American science fiction, his antiwar narrative is maritime-themed, albeit in disguise; i.e., it includes playing at war in "space" (whose cold vacuum again acts as a metaphor for the vast crushing depths of the unforgiving ocean): with a pair of dueling warships locked in a fatal chase/sea battle, *Star-Trek*-style (except where one ship is generally smaller to make things fun *and* comment on American Imperialism), meaning complete with broadsides, boarding, princesses and duels and other pirate-y clichés borrowed from older, land-based *medieval* spectacles (e.g., Radcliffe's *banditti* and other such artifacts of the Historical Gothic genre she transformed into her signature School of Terror for a white, cis-het female readership).



Unlike Lucas, Ridley Scott ditches a lot of the overtly fantastical and warlike tropes, keeping the maritime themes but merging them with a Neo-Gothic retro-future: a ghost ship and castle-like echo haunting a failed, decaying whitewash exposing all the usual corporate decay anticipating neoliberal dominance in an astro-noetic refrain (with sets that are both self-contained, but somehow too big to film in single static shots; they must be captured in *tracking* shots and assembled later in collages, above). The castle is there, the forbidden power is there, mad Medusa is there. But first, the fresher maze has to superimpose over the older ghost of the counterfeit inside of itself. It has to

"wake up." It's a very dreamlike film, inviting the audience to vicariously explore a somnambulist BDSM scenario, which is as different from Lucas as Lucas was from Heinlein (the infernal concentric pattern's closed space vs the Marxist monomyth's open world/space Western vs the neocon monomyth of competent men conquering "space"): something big "out there" as fighting with something else that's making us feel out of control. Those hypermassive things are Imperialism and liberation, which manifest currently as Capitalism and Communism by other names, further expressed by Scott as the black castle and the white; i.e., as ancient things to reify and investigate as spectres of "Rome" and of Marx.

In turn, Scott's skillful and continual employment of the Humanities amounts to an expanded vocation (an occupation or employment) to non-vocational

elements of trade in hyperreal forms: murals, hieroglyphs, pyramids, monoliths melded expertly by a troupe of art nerds saving the lives of people currently and soon to be in the line of fire—workers, postponing their own investigation of the regular bourgeois snakes (excuse the term) due to a misplaced investment in capital as "their" home; i.e., a "nice place," at a glance, but beauty is only skin deep. The praxial idea is to be scarier and more well-connected as a means of survival from the usual deleterious effects, learning from our mistakes in "fatal" forms of Gothic theatre: a place to fuck up royally and live to tell the tale, thus become better class warriors against the elite as well-equipped, shrewd and violent by default. There's a lot riding on these depositions, the game rigged against workers by the most unscrupulous, unfeeling cutthroats on Earth: capitalists.

Medusa *is* angry for a reason, no love lost between her and the men who took her head; they're not a "bad batch," but *rotten to the core* (empire decays by design, doesn't discriminate), treating life as cheaper than dirt, squeezing blood from a stone to chase, chase, chase dollars. To humanize them would be dubious; to settle would be a fatal underestimation: of those who would cradle-rob your grandchild's crib for a nickel (except "taking candy from baby" applies to how they view all workers) then light it on fire. They prey on vulnerability and expose our flaws to diminish our fortitude. Their prescription? Fear and dogma as something whose waves of terror lead not just to fight or flight, but *addict* behaviors that pit workers against each other—to ensnare and trap potential rebels with what historical drives us: fear, anger and threats of force, but also liberation, pleasure, and knowledge—curiosity. We're already "on the edge," with them enabling our destruction akin to Zofloya handing Victoria de Loredani a vial of her own poison, or Mathilda the portrait that sends Ambrosio spiraling to his doom (and his dreams up in smoke). Make no mistake, these are agents of *incredible* alienation, thus cruelty.

In short, capitalists are dragons *without* irony, caring for one thing and one thing only—profit, which requires unequal socio-material conditions, requires unchecked rape, theft and murder without irony towards nature: Tolkien's Smaug minus the theatre, verbosity or cool factor (the banality of evil). To that, the gloating is unsaid but ubiquitous—an aura of invincibility Tolkien put best in his finest¹¹⁵ work, *The Hobbit* (1937): "My armour is like tenfold shields, my teeth are swords, my claws spears, the shock of my tail a thunderbolt, my wings a hurricane, and my breath death!" ([source](#)). It's *not* accurate for Smaug and that's the point, but equally *accurate* is his possessive and vindictive nature as greed rarefied to speak to capital: "His rage passes description - the sort of rage that is only seen when rich folk that have more than they can enjoy suddenly lose something that

¹¹⁵ He gentrified war in a cartographic refrain that apologizes for capital, post-WW2 (which I discuss extensively in my thesis volume); and his incorporeal, ring-based use of vampirism is interesting as well, which I explore in Volume One; but *The Hobbit* is an excellent medieval critique of capital, and to which I wrote my best early essay on—re: "['Dragon Sickness': The Problem of Greed](#)," (2014).

they have long had but have never before used or wanted" (*ibid.*). To catch my drift, apply this to *Sex Positivity* at large: capital couldn't care less, and workers and nature pay the price!

In dualistic terms, we ignite the flames of the dragon for our aims, but enrage *theirs* to send an arrow into their bare-and-exposed heart. Summoning the dragon just to kill him isn't the point (Radcliffe's predatory¹¹⁶ and fiscal-minded summoning and banishing of the haunted house); understanding "dragon sickness" affecting all parties in a brutal ugly fashion is—e.g., summing up WW1 in the Battle of the Five Armies (which sadly Tolkien tries to rescue the good name of war from in 1954 with the *Lord of the Rings* novels. Class war isn't the romance of big battles, Tolkien). To that, I applaud the old fart. Nice job, Tolkien. Have a cookie from beyond the grave.

The moral here is intellectual savagery. Don't be afraid to kill your darlings, lovelies—to critique your heroes, then chop them up and stitch them back together as new zombies to dance with (which might seem unintuitive, but I assure you, there's a method to the madness); re: our campy ghosts of Marx. Doing so is vital if we are to unfasten ourselves from the capitalist myopia's vast, shapeless quagmire—to *break* "our" icons (given to us by Capitalism), not restore them (thus maintain Capitalist Realism)!



As such, sucking Tolkien off or going down on Radcliffe "as is" does not good praxis make! It's idolatry for those who want to keep things the same, watching the world burn for profit (which is effectively wanting to *just* watch the world burn, fiddling whilst "Rome" burns and with it, poor Medusa until she fucks

us to death; e.g., the *Hollow Knight* psychomachy harboring the Pale King and queenly Radiance in the same shell's bloodthirsty eyes); better to melt *that* down and learn from it, our minds agile and dexterous through our bodies, sexualities and genders' combined riches (a small fortune) as our own. Consider the paradox of the conquered, of the archer, and of the tortoise and the hare:

¹¹⁶ There's no love lost between me and Radcliffe at this point. To see deep *that* rabbit hole goes, check out my thesis volume.



Liddle from *Chariots of Fire*, 1981) but also from the struggle of reaching it and enjoying the feelings that emerge throughout!

- slow and steady wins the race
- in non-linear routes (to the pussy [or other holes]. Generally the in-and-out thrusting is more straightforward, but even then you can come at it from different angles, speeds, depths, and amounts of impact, etc)
- to win not from crossing the finish line ("cumming" like Eric

Keeping all these in mind, one's devilish "dance" partner isn't someone to use and cast aside like a piece of meat (unless they actually want that and you've negotiated it ahead of time); they're someone to—for me, anyways—give tribute to *with thanks*, not recite Richter Belmont's half of the Dracula speech ("Tribute?! You steal men's souls and make them your slaves!"). For the high of weird canonical nerds to work, they have to kill, dominate or otherwise harm others through lack of



consent. "Paradise" is a unironic boneyard to them; we weird *iconoclastic* nerds subvert that harm in campy venues of social and monetary exchange (what Volume One calls "humanizing the harvest"; i.e., Medusa as a Big [insert body part here] Goth GF we must rescue from harmful Cartesian bondage).

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

To that, Harmony's massive, tasty buns (not shown, here); dark, church-like pussy and spread-open thighs made *me* cum so hard I felt like I couldn't walk—that, in boxing terms (the usual sports-like metaphors that work so well for topping someone, but also *getting* topped from the bottom, "rope-a-dope"-style), I'd had "my bell rung" and was "down for the count"—

i.e., as if my enlarged soul had swelled to stupendous extremes before exiting my

body through my dick (the "little death," through the Eye of the Needle); and all while sweating profusely and panting like a slut, having given Harmony the biggest cum tribute I've ever produced and they'd ever received (and all while Slayer's "Angel of Death" [1986] played on their end—terribly fitting)! "Taking my head" in that way is a sign of respect to and from Harmony—of sharing and "doing a Communism¹¹⁷" with a good friend while paying them for their time as we play together in sexual-to-asexual forms of artist-to-muse forms of Gothic artistic exchange (nudism and erotic psychosexual delight a tightrope to walk). To that, *my* girl cock is obedient and good; it gets soft until I *know* my partner is ready and willing. That's how it *should* be (versus being able to fuck someone no matter what, which is literally not a virtue)!

On one level, we can hardly blame those who harm others; it's often all they know and are taught (we are alien to them, fetish). On the other hand, they *are* our sworn enemies and cannot become our friends until they try to change their core beliefs (a very difficult thing to do). Rags-to-riches isn't belt with many notches, but a vaulted character full of emotional wealth (I've always been materially poor [for a white American male] but the cuties I've fuck never seem to mind). Each failure isn't a failure at all, then, but a special chance to learn and change, to do things differently in the future that can still be funny in hindsight (sex generally is): to release pent-up fatal stress (laughter and orgasms mimicking the symptoms of the

¹¹⁷ This isn't as in-jest as you might think: Communism is where labor value is infinite, regardless of the task, and barter (for us) is done in exchange for *labor* value, not *money* or privatization (which impose *limits* on labor by giving it a set, numerical money value called a "wage," which it can then steal, trapping labor within a system of theft made to serve the elite); i.e., seizing the means of production, but also recultivating the Superstructure during all of this. Whereas women/the monstrous-feminine are normally reduced to a singular use and low price for themselves—one that capital reaps to maximize profit for the literal/*de facto* pimp (or other forms of free labor)—class/cultural war aims to return sexual labor (and Gothic poetics) to an exchange incumbent on labor instead of money (deprivatization).

In these cases, exchange-equals-barter *for* labor value (which again, is infinite; i.e., the exchange value for pussy being highly variable/non-fungible, thus retaining its idiosyncratic, *uneven* value regardless of its material factors: workers can negotiate unequally to make both parties [of a given exchange] equally happy). This isn't "giving it away from free," but for whatever is being bartered for/of interest; e.g., attention, time, touch, and emotional contact with someone you like, and money and material goods *maybe* involved or vice versa (Adam and Eve were as naked as jaybirds). This barter occurs within capital—*not* to submit to one's surrounding capitalists and compelled ownership by pimps (the world's oldest profession) trying to squeeze profit out of the pussy (or any other monstrous-feminine part). Rather, the pussy is owned by the worker and fairly exchanged, "giving it up" without relinquishing their basic human rights (re: protections from the state), and doing so in attempts to adumbrate a horizontally arranged system beyond the current vertical one.

In turn, teaching and learning go both ways, as do pleasing and being pleased, giving and receiving. There is neither harm, genocide nor profit under Communism (Socialism is a different beast, transitioning *away* from genocide but still capable of enacting it when kettled by state forces during reactive abuse). Harmony is a "dragon" in quotes, then—never taking too much (re: Cuwu) and me not *giving* too much by virtue of our informed and negotiated boundaries. Capitalist Realism would frame this as "impossible," requiring invented disaster to "restore balance" during genocide. Moderacy and centrism, then, are merely settler colonialism with more steps; e.g., Tolkien and Cameron's refrains: "Goldilocks Imperialism."

orgasm as intense physical labor under duress¹¹⁸) before the fat lady (Medusa) sings orgasmically to our curtain call. She's literally a planet and will be absolutely fine; our head, crushed ignominiously between her strong thighs, will not outlive/outlast her orgasmic "death throes."



I *could* exhibit that. Except we don't even *have* to see her abstractions to understand the larger thing at stake—the world; one look at the weirdness of war-bred child soldiers says it all: baby-brain numbskulls thirsty after "waifus" and howling at the

vengeful moon (witnessed inside odd localizations of Japanese media; e.g., "[Invitation of a Crazy Moon](#)" from *Portrait of Ruin* [2006] *cryptomimetically* touching on total catastrophe as a *Western* invention embraced by eco-fascist Japanese fandoms [the return of the Shogunate] and tackled by infamous auteurs writing "[A Cruel Angel's Thesis](#)"¹¹⁹ [1995] tied to a bigger production. From *Castlevania* to *Neo-Genesis Evangelion*, then, the Japanese consensus is kick-ass emulations of American rock 'n roll as thoroughly campy [less so with *Mega Man*, but I digress]: "Neo-Gothic Bible rock." Yes, they're straight-up *bops*, but the liminality remains indefinitely *fascinating* inside a capitalist world order).

In other words, love is a battlefield, but also a *stage* in between reality and fiction; as should hopefully be obvious at *this* stage, combining sex, nudism and the language of war per ludo-Gothic BDSM (sex as art) is an endlessly productive-and-

¹¹⁸ I've already touched on this in "[Medicine](#)," but Cameron from *House* says it best (the devil-in-the-sheets fucking with Ozzie twink, Chase):

Sex *could* kill you. Do you know what the human body goes through when you have sex? Pupils dilate, arteries constrict, core temperature rises, heart races, blood pressure skyrockets, respiration becomes rapid and shallow, the brain fires bursts of electrical impulses from nowhere to nowhere, and secretions spit out of every gland, and the muscles tense and spasm like you're lifting three times your body weight. It's violent. It's ugly. And it's messy. And if God hadn't made it *unbelievably* fun, the human race would have died out eons ago. Men are lucky they can only have one orgasm. You know that women can have an hour-long orgasm? ([source](#): "Occam's Razor," 2004).

The discussion is a thoroughly cis-het, amatonormative one—reducing Cameron to the tease in a workplace environment where men are afraid of women much as maritime sailors would have been centuries ago. "Some things never change" because Patriarchal Capitalism likes it that way!

¹¹⁹ Cover by [Ama Lee](#), 2017.

liminal operation, especially when funneled through the fetishes and clichés of the Gothic—its "Ancient" Romances (stories of high imagination) and real life (the novel: "truth is stranger than fiction") yielding something special and new ("imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" but "familiarity breeds contempt") when used in a consciously satirical, campy way.



The Gothic, as we think of its earliest origins, was *always* campy and about queer sex in a partially ace way (re: Walpole and Lewis)—something whose dialectical-material push-pull survives well into *Rocky Horror*, *Forgetting*

Sarah Marshall (2009) and beyond (the hero's treatment of Dracula in the latter film being much more self-loathing in a *straight* way—a fact hilariously exemplified by the great [non-Dracula] song, "[Peter, You Suck](#)," *still* managing to sneak in a shameless vampire pun as "hidden in plain sight," minus the stage makeup). Like our own lives seemingly divorced from it, the Gothic, sex and gender expression are not simply a vicious cycle or comedy/tragedy of errors, then; e.g., something to sing satirically about (Obscurest Vinyl's "[I Glued My Balls to My Butthole Again](#)" [2024] being the "hot new single" to dominate the American airwaves); i.e., that makes us cover our mouths to keep quiet (from shocked, orgasmic laughter), bemoaning to ourselves (and the audience, our partners or whoever's watching us) in a half-real sphere: "Not again!" (and which the audience double-takes, staring widely as they sputter back, "*Again?*"). But you gotta learn not to shoot yourself in the foot, and some people *really* can't help themselves. No bullshit, it's literally *all* they've been taught, thus all they *know*.

For example, my roomie, Beavis, from Volume One, had both a) a father who raised him to be a gun nut, and b) a mother who wanted him to—no bullshit—use a *Catholic dating app* to meet "good girls" (translation: "hopelessly ignorant and dependent"). In other words, Beavis wanted to have his "cake" and "eat" it, too: an angel in the streets, freak in the sheets who would sire *his* children after the first date. But he wasn't *smart* enough to listen to a certified "pussy slayer" (that's not how I see what I do, but in jest, the expression more or less translates to "someone who fucks") and instead decided to keep doing the Romeo thing: loving from afar. Like, dude, I'm all for the "love-by-letter" approach, but nobody chooses to do that—not unless they're desperate or unable to meet up, in person!

Dating advice through half-real things like Gothic poetics might seem like a like a paradox unto itself, a fool's errand—"don't be afraid of fucking up" versus "fortune favors the bold," etc—but it's simpler than you think (and still prone to hilarity and risk): a) keep an open mind, b) find out what you like (and what people who share your interests like), c) communicate your needs while treating people like humans, d) see where it goes. The more open you are without being a creep, the better your odds *provided* you don't get preyed on by abusive people (which happened to me multiple times until I learned how to avoid them). So look for opportunity and "go for the gold" yourselves. To the victor go the spoils, except you need to know when to be stubborn *and* when back off, to... [*reads "Polonius' advice to Laertes"*; [source](#): *Stage Milk*, 2022]. And so on. In a nutshell, don't act like Andrew Tate (a smaller version of an unironic dragon's cheap imitation) and you should be golden.



(artists: the Brothers Hildebrandt)

To that, Tolkien's Smaug the Stupendous (the OG daddy dom, not as "big" as he thinks he is) is both a dated abstraction and precise localization of the spirit of capital (the Protestant work ethic) channeled through the bourgeoisie. Like him, they're full of themselves—completely vicious, arrogant, and

utterly without mercy but able to understand power and force, which workers have: labor and propaganda, tools to camp canon and recultivate and reclaim what's ours and always was. It's a team effort, though—each of us encapsulating Communism's castles, armies, leaders and laborers—one of horizontal configurations issuing demands, commands and ultimatums on human, animal and environmental rights. We can be sweet and fierce as needed, this hell-of-a-fight calling for all our stratagems, elaborate strategies of misdirection, and sexual energy and gender parody that we can summon—in short, all the powers of Hell at our disposal sent capital's way to level them in broad strokes (and backsides); all our disguises and cryptonyms, spy networks, webs of intrigue, brothel espionage, angles and flair exposed all at once, Aegis-style. It's literally "how people talk," meaning some

degree of selfishness, pain, lust, fear, lies and superstition are necessary to keep us alive inside capital's concentric façade.

Like Tolkien's Barrel-rider and thirteen dwarves, then, we are the proverbial Thief in the Shadows (except, we're *good* goblins, wargs, and creatures of darkness that *don't* moralize geography or nature into good/bad factions):



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

To that, "eating" so-called "green eggs" is a diagnostic process that welcomes risk if it means a fun opportunity to learn and try new things—to play and have fun with in the process. Why *are* the eggs and ham green? Clearly if something's new, we'll want investigate it. That's what heroes, detectives, teachers and mothers all to: do make sure something's safe, then relax and go for it! "Where there's a whip, there's a way!" ([not the *LotR* song from the '70s cartoon](#), but Vulture's updated version—a blast-from-the-"past" [on their *Sentinels* album](#), 2024). Be your own sex(-positive) goblin and see who answers back; the response might just surprise you! Big Booty Goth GFs *are* real, but you *must* be

prepared to play together in a ludo-Gothic BDSM (thus Communist) sphere. Trust me, I'm a professional slut and career weirdo with a bevy of yummy comrades I call "friend" ("speak 'friend' and enter!") collectively raising Cain, going "dungeon-crawling" together. There's no friendzone, and a cutie wanting to be your friend is *always* a good sign (castration fears being the byproduct of antiquated revenge fantasies that Angela Carter¹²⁰ and Barbara Creed borrowed from Freud and *his* ilk).

¹²⁰ Again, "kill your darlings"; i.e., even if everyone in Gothic academic quotes Angela Carter, she's still a second wave feminist, thus has major problems we must critique. As I write in Volume Zero:

Second-wave feminism was (and still is) infamously cis-supremacist and white, and we can't just rely on a bunch of fancy (and highly problematic) white, cis-het female academics to accomplish the sum of all activism for all workers. Even if Carter wouldn't have been caught dead in Rowling's company today, she still died in 1992—one year after Michael Warner introduced "heteronormativity" to academic circuits,

Like Frankenstein's mad science, it's less a science at all and more a social-sexual act of catching lightning in a bottle (sometimes "riding" it, *Strangelove*-style). Social activities and sexual activities generally don't work well if you're too relaxed, tense, or aloof. It's about balance and awareness (vibe checks) towards yourself and your surroundings' historical-material *mise-en-abyme* as things to question and play with in a dialectical-material critique doubling as a fun time; i.e., a clever way of making friends that abjure the nuclear model, Cartesian edicts, settler colonialism, Capitalism, *et al.* So do that yourselves as a matter of taught habit! Before you know it, you'll be like me: the next Energizer bunny fucking and building others off their feet, the envy of natural philosophers everywhere while you "ride the lightning"; i.e., seeking not to conquer death (which, apart from being impossible, capitalists don't try to do; they just horde all the material conditions for themselves and weaponize social conditions that maintain the imbalance) but whose sorcerous "stones" *increase* qualities of life: by challenging state structures, illusions and procedures. It doesn't always take much to achieve a new outlook, or put one on a path towards something that changes oneself: a bookshelf, a gallery

two years after Judith Butler wrote *Gender Trouble* and one year before Derrida wrote *Spectres of Marx*.

To be blunt, Carter's most famous works feel oddly dated in terms of what they either completely leave out or fail to define, and thereby supply clues to the vengeance of proto-TERFs like Dacre's Victoria de Loredani that Carter doesn't strictly condemn. As Brittany Sauv e-Bonin writes in "How Angela Carter Challenges Myths of Sexuality and Power in 'The Bloody Chamber' & 'The Company of Wolves'" (2020):

The men in de Sade's stories exercise sexual perversions which enforce annihilation. However, it is the women in de Sade's stories that are seen as even more cruel as once they get the rare opportunity to exercise power, they begin to use this power to seek retaliation over the submissiveness they were forced to endure in society (*The Sadeian Woman* 27). Carter bluntly concludes that "a free woman in an unfree society will be a monster" (27). Due to women being oppressed for so long, when they get the opportunity, they can retaliate in the most extreme ways (27).

According to Henstra, this has resulted in critique by other feminists including Andrea Dworkin, who have concluded that *The Sadeian Woman* displays a "complete disregard for the actual suffering endured by Sade's – and pornography's – victims" (113). Carter chooses to focus more on how women had an outlet to retaliate that de Sade had openly introduced. While some of his women suffered, some of his women indeed inflicted the pain. Hence, Carter rationalizes de Sade's work by saying "pornography [is] in the service of women, or, perhaps, allowed it to be invaded by an ideology not inimical [harmful] to women" (*The Sadeian Woman* 37) [[source](#)].

Again, what is a woman, Carter? And what did they do with this outlet? The vast majority turned it against other minorities more disadvantaged than themselves—i.e., from 1979 into the present ([source](#)).

or person-like device (or vice versa). So tuck in! You wanna live forever, Conan? Eat those green eggs and ham; eat the Gothic!

Removing the Herculean imagery from the question, consider it less as a terrible task that takes a lot of effort and more of a silver bullet: small, but effective (though anything would be if fired through someone's heart). All that change requires is patience, a willingness to experiment—to frequent queer joints and entertain queer propositions, to hit it off accidentally and see where things go, to wield a cautious optimism where you live to see that day where you find that thing that works like a charm, just what the doctor ordered, etc; i.e., instant relief amounts to a bouquet of medicine, bleeding effigies ("miracles"), wall dildos (a strange quiver), those blue health orbs from *Doom* (1993) or the wall meat from *Castlevania* (strange foods), where you heart (or genitals) belong: inside someone else or them inside you, John-Donne-style.



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#) and a playmate)

Also before we start, here's a quick (two-page) tangent about Dr. Seuss, just because I can't allude to *Green Eggs and Ham* and *not* talk about the man, himself! I mentioned those emerald eggs and celadon pork

flesh because, while I think a great many people (Americans, anyways) hate diets, a change in nutrition (standing in as a poetic device for pro-Communist reeducation at large) is far from impossible. Point in fact, Dr. Seuss himself did it, having once been more racist as a matter of production and consumption, only to change quite radically over time in a more inclusive and accepting direction:

While the vast majority of the works he produced are positive and inspiring, Ted Geisel [aka Dr. Seuss] also drew a handful of early images, which are disturbing. These racially stereotypical drawings were hurtful then and are still hurtful today. [...] *Mulberry Street* was written in 1937. By contrast, the much-beloved *The Sneetches* was written in 1961 just as the Civil Rights Movement was well underway. Ted wrote *The Sneetches* as a parable about equality. By drawing bird-beings, he transcended the boundaries and pitfalls of using humans as characters, and allowed all readers to relate to the characters as best they could. On March 2, 2016, [President Obama agreed with Dr. Seuss](#) telling a group of interns: "Pretty much all the stuff you need

to know is in Dr. Seuss. It's like the Star-Belly Sneetches, you know? We're all the same, so why would we treat somebody differently just because they don't have a star on their belly?" ([source](#): "Dr. Seuss Use of Racist Images," 2024).

Sure, it's a bit Aesopian, but that's not a negative in my book. Less endearing is the dubious, false-smile endorsement from a token neoliberal like Obama (saying "we're all the same" *is* valid insofar as we all have human rights, but we still need to acknowledge that we're *not* all treated the same thanks to fuckwads just like Obama; i.e., he's a war criminal [war drones¹²¹, anyone?] and gargles non-consenting balls). Still, Seuss learning to eat crow demonstrates that people *can* change with the times, meaning they *stay* "writeable" into adulthood; i.e., their *work* can change, hence the culture attached to it (Gothic or otherwise).

In other words, it doesn't matter where the process starts (though ideally it should happen all over the place), provided the Base and the Superstructure are reclaimed and recultivated (which, per *Kapital*, shape and support each other as, per my arguments, a socio-material event married to Gothic poetics): reimagined in a serialized poetic trend; i.e., looking backwards and proceeding forwards through a malleable, writeable Wisdom of the Ancients: "in the blood" less in actuality (hereditary intuition) and more as a second-nature emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness we cultivate through language acquisition during ludo-Gothic BDSM (native-speaker intuition and Chomsky's LAD) from moment-to-moment, over time, forever onwards. This takes conscious effort over space and time between an organized, intersectionally solidarized collective (what Capitalism wants to stay *unintuitive*, like "herding cats," unable to group together thanks to dogmatic pacification and controlled opposition).

Cautionary arguments about "chameleons" aside, this would seem to apply to Dr. Seuss, whose "later works show an evolution of values and beliefs. Those who

¹²¹ He endorsed the things, pushing for their manufacture, sale and use, then lying about the death toll (which demonstrates intent). As Jessica Purkiss and Jack Serle write in "Obama's Drone War" (2017):

Obama [embraced the US drone programme](#), overseeing more strikes in his first year than Bush carried out during his entire presidency. A total of 563 strikes, largely by drones, targeted Pakistan, Somalia and Yemen during Obama's two terms, compared to 57 strikes under Bush. Between 384 and 807 civilians were killed in those countries, according to reports logged by the Bureau. The use of drones aligned with Obama's ambition to keep up the war against al Qaeda while extricating the US military from intractable, costly ground wars in the Middle East and Asia. But the targeted killing programme has drawn much criticism.

The Obama administration has insisted that [drone strikes are so "exceptionally surgical and precise"](#) that they pluck off terror suspects while not putting "innocent men, women and children in danger." This claim has been contested by numerous human rights groups, however, and the Bureau's figures on civilian casualties also demonstrate that [this is often not the case](#) ([source](#)).

All presidents lie for the state because the state lies to function. No god, states or masters, my dudes.

knew him believe that if he were alive today he would have jumped at the chance to be a part of the country's evolving dialogue about diversity and inclusion" (*ibid.*). Except while I'm generally a tough sell and frankly think that many American cartoonists compose the *nadir* of morality (are far as such litmus tests go); e.g.,

- Walt Disney [being a racist anti-Semite](#) (source: Lisa Gutierrez' "Walt Disney Grandniece: Meryl Streep Was Right, He Was Racist," 2014)
- Scott Adam's [decades-long racism and all-around horrible weirdness towards anyone different from himself](#) (Behind the Bastards' "How The Dilbert Guy Lost His Mind," 2023)
- *Earth Worm Jim* creator Doug TenNapel's [own conservative praxis when interacting with awful chaser/soon-to-be-divorced dudes like Steven Crowder](#) ("Surviving the Leftist Mob," 2021)
- Matt Groening's [proud, middle-of-the-road, smug-as-fuck centrism](#) (source: David Scheff's "Matt Groening," 2007)
- and John Kricfalusi's pedophilic tendencies reflecting in his art, but [also his abusive relationship with underage female artists that he worked with to draw in his problematic, nostalgic style](#) (blameitonjorge's "John Kricfalusi: An Open Secret," 2019)

I'm still fair and open-minded, taking artists and their creations like Jim Davis' *Garfield* and Bill Watterson's *Calvin and Hobbes* into account. Dr. Seuss might have sucked initially but *eventually* became remembered for his anti-war actions (on par with Bob Ross and Howard Zinn). That's what really matters; i.e., what we leave behind that makes an impression and is then carried forward. So many of the dickwads mentioned above canonized their work to deify themselves and become multi-millionaires; but Dr. Seuss saw the error of his ways and tried to change. That's important.

As we'll see, if it worked for Dr. Seuss, then it can work—indeed, *has* worked—with famous texts that, through their less-divided relationship with nature under a pre-to-early-capitalist world, are able to pass something "that sticks" forward towards a potentially *post*-capitalist world. One can hope, but there's some vital things to keep in mind insofar as reinvented medieval poetics (the Gothic) are concerned before we jump into monsters (and their modules) specifically.

So enough about Dr. Seuss and his silly green eggs and harm; let's defend poetry and the medieval as monstrous, thus useful to Gothic Communism! Onto medieval expression in earnest! Onto the fun palace!

Actually, a slight detour. Onwards to "The Eyeball Zone," which explores the idea of synthesizing Communism through healthy psychosexual relationships and ocular expression. —Perse

"Monsters, Magic and Myth": The Eyeball Zone; or, Relating to the Gothic as Commies Do

"If only you could see the world as I've seen it through your eyes!"

—Roy Batty, *Blade Runner* (1982)



This piece was written and invigilated in a handful of hours in regards to my sex work, but also a family issue (the catalyst for this piece). It's an unplanned pregnancy or "quickie" (which both often are) whose flow state explores the usual Gothic playgrounds, except its own alarm bells focus on interpersonal relationships in the broader context of ludo-Gothic BDSM during class and culture war—how we can relieve stress and address praxial concerns that we leave behind; i.e., to be consulted when we become overstimulated (or don't exist anymore) relative to our own web of relationships (which lends this subchapter a more autographical feel, as it requires me to speak from experience, which I'll do when I discuss my history with Zeuhl, as well as my other exes): a buffer when our walls go up, a "glory hole" to peep through and engage with while the blinders are on. Like the damsel under attack by the *banditti* and saved by the gallant knight, then, we workers are survivors of trauma.

Except, living with it as in and around us, we can select any facet of the damsel (or similar) roleplays: to a) speak theatrically to larger cryptonymic issues during calculated risk, but b) nevertheless acknowledge that we are human and can still be triggered through our coping mechanisms (rape play), syndromes (mirror, virgin/whore, compartment, etc) and cliché slogans; i.e., "ignorance is bliss," per the Gothic, illustrating macabre hypotheticals in spite of our desires' own psychomachy wanting to resolve relative to capital's "new normal": the swooning

damsel thoroughly ravished (opps). Our sex-positive forms can subvert *that* travesty through an iconoclastic theatre that preserves the mood and look, but alters the context; i.e., it protects the bound "maiden" as a powerful vampire slut who cannot be harmed *provided* their subby mode is understood by all parties (which is what my book and its exhibits with other sex workers are ultimately about). If someone violates *that*, then they are an abuser and not to be trusted with power again, but per fetish gear/aesthetics, sits on the same surface: the virgin and the whore intermingled with the tiger and the lamb, the cop and the victim, etc:



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

Ludo-Gothic BDSM is holistic—a multimedia hermeneutic. So when power aggregates to defend capital-in-decay (which it does by design), the solution arbitrates in different forms on different scales, forms and functions per an aesthetic of power and death—in short whatever one feels like (in the spirit of the eyeball and vagina as lubricating organs, this subchapter is a little gnarlier and schlockier—hence my exhibiting of the wonderful Mercedes, a schlock queen). A given iteration, per person, isn't always a dominant or submissive one, then, but *does* require mutual consent as the realm of the sub guiding the dominant away from unironic demon BDSM's fatal nostalgia linked to capital; i.e., Radcliffe's demon lovers and implied mutilation fantasies, *vis-à-vis* Cynthia Wolff. As usual, the key to catharsis and stability is paradox; i.e., the dominant surrendering power unto the

sub as non-abusive in a larger system that precludes harm, *mise-en-abyme*. This requires *productive* interpretations that flexibly speculate to avoid canonical, singular enforcement of dogmatic roles through sex and force; e.g., the damsel needing "protection" from a cis-het man when such factors are tied to a systemic problem linked to profit: the male family annihilator killing his clan because he can't "protect" (own) them or surrender his own power.

To that, I'm literally a common-law doctor of Gothic love in multimedia forms; i.e., the Metroidvania, which concerns power relations according to socio-material factors amid Gothic/medieval poetics. As such, my praxial/therapeutic desire with this impromptu session/subchapter is the same all the others: to advocate for the oppressed, developing Communism and class-cultural consciousness in Communist configurations that abjure the nuclear family model as



relayed in object lessons. I apologize for yet another pit stop, then, but I really want to supply it before we go into "[Medieval Expression](#)": as something to engage with between workers in flexible relationships; i.e., that allow for different configurations (numbers) and types (qualities; e.g., FWBs, metaphors, business partners) of relationships to overlap. Reality becomes something to invent, serving worker needs:

(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

For example, I mentioned in our previous subchapter "doing a Communism with Harmony." But per "Medieval Expression," this will come up in relation to the imaginary past as something to engage with and cultivate for workers based on older forms while we roll along. As such,

the praxial idea is creative successes (something we'll focus on in Volume Three): to gather and collect the usual factors as points of view to perform, process and synthesize, then release back into the world; i.e., like Blue Öyster Cult's "Harvester of Eyes" (1974) minus the, you know, unironic harm and death:

Harvester of eyes, that's me
 And I see all there is to see
 When I look inside your head
 Right up front to the back of your skull
 Well, that's my sign that you are dead

My list for you checks off as null
 I'm the harvester of eyes! ([source](#): Genius¹²²)

In turn, Gothic roleplay scenarios that are partly hypothetical, partly not (half-real) work through disillusionment, grudges, shame, guilt, frustration, and discouraging factors, etc; and require a series of opinionated interlocutors during a dialogic, an argument, conversing together instead of one side being a sock puppet/sound board. It's a back-and-forth, a negotiation meeting each other halfway, an honest discussion concerned with investing energy to achieve the desired effect: equality and deprivatization, a mutual agreement to meet the needs of both sides without an obligation to the state's heteronormative nuclear model; i.e., paying rent under a *wage*-based arrangement that favors the man, relegating the woman/monstrous-feminine to the ignominious position of sex object compelled to surrender their labor without pay as defined by capital. Meeting your basic needs (food, shelter, enrichment) is *not* a wage under capital, and money within capital grants whoever has it an unfair advantage that classically favors the man. Women's work is historically unpaid; Communism precures payment per negotiations that allow for a variety of exchanges that ultimately express creative and morphological freedom as pointing towards a post-scarcity world.

Capitalism requires cruelty to function. Hence, the cultivation of the Man Box teaching boys to be cruel from a young age: be cruel, get a prize. Except this is not a natural behavior because it goes directly against our older evolved behaviors of cooperation and teamwork to survive. So, it must be stoked, fueled and incentivized by us versus them during crisis and decay as cyclical in a centrist

¹²² From Genius:

According to Buck Dharma, "Harvester of Eyes" is about former U.S. Supreme Court justice Abe Fortas. The following is from CompuServe's American Academic Encyclopedia:

Abe Fortas, b. Memphis, Tenn., June 19, 1910, d. Apr. 5, 1982, was a prominent Washington, D. C., attorney and presidential advisor when President Lyndon B. Johnson appointed him to the U.S. Supreme Court in 1965. Johnson's subsequent nomination of Fortas as chief justice was blocked by Senate foes of his activist stand on civil liberties, and the nomination was caught up in a clash between the executive and legislative branches. In 1969, following charges of questionable ethics and conflict of interest, Fortas resigned from the Court. His arguments in *GIDEON V. WAINWRIGHT* (1962) established the right of the poor to legal counsel.

What's all that got to do with "Harvester of Eyes"? Not much, the song is mostly nonsensical satire that appears to be about some eye-collecting madman. However, it was Fortas' Senate nomination hearings which inspired Richard Meltzer to write the song's lyrics. When Fortas' avoidance of service in World War II was questioned, he responded that he had ocular tuberculosis—which inspired the lyrics, "I'm the eye-man of TV, with my ocular TB" (*ibid.*).

Except *I* would argue, it's not nonsense at all, but satire performing to powerful and abusive men in BÖC's usual poetic weirdness: judges, however stupid they sound, kill people thanks to a systemic power imbalance. It's perceptive eyeballs, not blind ones (re; Jameson's *Postmodernism*, 1991).

refrain; i.e., one that grants good and evil an elemental coding function under capital; i.e., the creation of an enemy alien (a stranger) to fetishize and kill in a dimorphically sexualized, settler-colonial scheme. As such, humans aren't cruel by nature; they're taught to be cruel to serve profit during settler colonialism at home and abroad. Accustomed to the Man Box, boys grow into young men, then adults who maintain a cruel streak fueled by us versus them; they fall prey to guilty pleasure, wishful thinking and the pleasure principle as Pavlovian. They're always chasing that fix and cannot conceive of anything outside of it: a murderous flow state whose headspace is conducive to violence against the enemy as alien. In turn, the enemy is "out there," so that is where men go—to war and for marriage (military exogamy and war brides); i.e., war booty to drag back to the ancestral home as restored from a mysterious decay through far-off bloodshed.

The problem with chudwads is they don't know how to love anything *except* through force, and as a result feel utterly alienated from the world unless it matches up perfectly with what is sold to them. Except *this* is always unsettling to them, unsatisfying by virtue of them a) constantly feeling surrounded by enemies they must rape and kill, and b) somehow owed the right to treat the world as something *to* rape, destroy and rescue from "dark forces." So long as they kill state enemies, it will "get better"—except it never does because it's all a lie meant to disguise how capital decays on its own ("the cake is a lie"). The promise is largely the adrenaline of fight or flight as a drug to fuel their killing efforts. They become a hammer surrounded by nails. As such, their masculinity becomes toxic (watch out for so-called "parodies," as they are often endorsements in disguise; e.g., [Saxon Hale from TF2](#), 2007) and they lose the ability to fairly negotiate or humanize others, beating them down while feeling self-centered, dogma infantilizing them by appealing to their vanity and self-importance as centralized in heroic stories; i.e., the monomyth; e.g., Arthur pulling Excalibur from the stone. But for every "noble" king (all knights are cops from castles and all [canonical] castles/cops are bad) there exists a "lesser" man sitting in his shadow—an envious "Boromir" longing for what Capitalism routinely promises but cannot deliver on by design; it *can* design simulations of reward, however. Men unable to relate to their wives retreat into these places (e.g., *Everquest*, 1999), seeking "the ring" as something to win through treachery and by the sword, the manly men spilling buckets upon buckets of unhappy "orc" blood.



The Ring of the Enemy.
"Tis a trinket that Sauron
fancies." Per Cartesian edicts
within Capitalist Realism, the
neoliberal franchising of
cartographic refrains like
Tolkien's portray the classic

monomyth as a built world; i.e., one to escape into by white cis-het men and conquer for fantasies of power that mirror settler colonialism's day-to-day operations as displaced (the videogame as a war simulator since the 1980s). As such, these same men adhere to the nuclear model in their interpersonal accords; i.e., they fancy "the ring" through marriage as a compelled gift assigned through dogmatic institutions distributing socio-material factors: to serve the status quo per smaller eyes seeing as the panoptic and myopic Cartesian eye does—to dominate, own, conquer and rape through power (wage and labor) theft as entitled by the usual culprits of indoctrinated state enforcement. It becomes a map to cover in blood, the ring a suitably vaginal metaphor penetrated by an enterprising male digit. To free the slave from a ring that cannot be removed, we have to sever the contract and "castrate" the slave: snip-snip goes the wee-wee.



Again, the system is entirely unnatural and compelled, and only able to teach men (and tokenized groups) to "win" love through violence—to become protectors that ultimately trap those forced to identify as women in prison-like homes. Castles. But men cannot appreciate what they have because they are always looking for enemies; their wives become Madonnas to put on the shelf, the man chasing the whore as any monstrous-feminine person (which is why you see so many conservatives secretly paying to sleep with twinks, catboys and other [often] effeminate men; i.e., there must always be a "woman" to dominate). But even the 1:1 ratio is untenable, insofar as it's far less fair to the female/monstrous-feminine side, who quickly must adapt to survive against the marital decree as martial: "what is owed." Capital can't deliver on that because not everyone will agree to it; but the elite *can* condition as many men as they need to maintain their ranks for a given generation. Thanks to Cartesian thought, colonizers tend to think of themselves as rational "thinking beings" that hold dominion over "extended beings"; but humans are animals and absolutely *can* be conditioned ("broken," as

Meerloos puts it). Far better to face this problem as early as possible, calling out Tolkien's fantasies for what they (and similar stories) are: "Goldilocks Imperialism" that conditions boys to be cruel into adulthood.

In response, liberation from the state and its proponents is *our* natural right, the thing to ask for when those with power cry towards us, "It is not yours save by sorry chance! The ring is mine, it should be mine! Give it to me!" Except *we're* the ring, the sex object, the promise. Resisting such forces includes other workers having conceded to state force, but also echoes of capitalistic regressions towards fascism; i.e., as a post-capitalist apocalypse that leads to further scarcity in a world devastated by Capitalism (the "desert of the real" not an illusion at all, but a barren wasteland felt inside the counterfeit, the rotting map of empire). Breaking the spell of Capitalist Realism, then, ultimately takes discipline, restraint, accountability and patience; i.e., as something counterintuitive to build on intuitively according to sex-positive values as second-nature: through native speaker intuition cultivated by community projects on different registers.

For creative endeavors but also any relationship, expectations must be tempered and negotiated fairly between both sides for things to work; i.e., by those who understand the value of negotiation (my exes did not—were, as Bay puts it, "totally cooked") and open communication prior to entering talks to achieve new agreements (that compromise between workers, not workers to the state); i.e., not treating one side as powerless and voiceless (talking over them). You have to find people not in denial or prone to blame others, but those who take responsibility for their part in things, thus are ready enough to face things as clearly "not okay." We start there and build/expand off that to widen one's social network/support group; i.e., as part of a larger potential community and *its* negotiations and communication. A Song of Infinity to bolster our ranks and our hearts against the disastrous charms of capital.

In turn, healing must be approached with a willingness to participate, not to agree automatically *a priori* or expect the other side to. It goes both ways, of course, but still must consider the present dysfunctional factors (commonly expressed as a lack of sexual desire towards one or the other, but also a willingness to spend time together) and inequalities that make negotiation untenable. A wife is not a cat (or some other pet), and a husband isn't a doormat, but however browbeaten the side with money (a wage or inheritance) and means (a residence, which classically would be a castle; and transportation) seems, they have more material control thus are the dominant in BDSM terms.



(exhibit 34a1a1: Model and artist, top-left collage: [Lil Miss Puff](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); artist, bottom-left: [Lil Miss Puff](#); everything else: [Mercedes the Muse](#).

Pastiche is remediated praxis, which expands during dialectical-material conflict amid liminal expression—a "poster pastiche" whose mise-en-abyme involves people, monsters, and monsters-as-people through oscillating degrees of irony and its lack. For the umpteenth time [from Volume Zero]:

Returning and reflecting upon old points after assembling them is a powerful way to understand larger structures and patterns (especially if they're designed to conceal themselves through subterfuge, valor and force). It's what holistic study (the foundation of this book) is all about [[source](#)].

Here, that's shown in the collage above: as a smaller historical-material pattern I've assembled to speak to larger patterns harnessed by workers who partook in my project; i.e., to speak to our collective rights as stunted by Imperialism, but also reclaimed through the Gothic hyphenation of pleasure and harm, of ludo-Gothic BDSM expressed in classic forms. Said forms endlessly update using a war-like hauntology workers wage with theatrical props: Mercedes' pistol or gasmask, but also her fetish gear at large communicating the larger connection; and Lilmisspuff's enjoyment of Tolkien and goblins within a mommy-type position as submissive to her husband, but for me, topped a client from below.)

Except, this goes beyond "just roleplay" and into reality as invoking scenarios of roleplay informed or otherwise involving everyday life caught up in war narratives: the toy box as alive in Gothically poetic forms; e.g., the goblin dance, the torture dungeon, a playground of intramarital strife to work things out inside relative to larger issues and smaller symptoms as comorbid: to face and debate our shortcomings, stupidity and other externalized challenges expressed in human-to-building form. The side with power needs to respect the side with less in order to achieve mutual consent. Otherwise, it's merely compelled labor. It needs to be mutually consensual, lest the theft of power becomes abusive, harmful (rape). These proceedings can drag out, and invest such as time (sunken cost) as can spoil the goodwill between both parties. A man who admits he was wrong, can apologize, can listen and adjust *will* adjust; i.e., the less you fight or act in bad faith (sissy subs trying to haggle with the dominatrix to steal through false tribute), the easier it is to adapt. But it's human to make mistakes built around love fenced by trauma; e.g., it took me ten years and multiple exes before I reached the right point in my life to write *Sex Positivity*. I learned how to be the woman I always was, thus saw the world through a woman's eyes.

As such, I learned different things about men, about my closed-off/closeted former self—i.e., there's nothing men hate more than being told there's a route to relationships and sex than the one they've convinced themselves is correct and have spent their whole lives biting the bullet to. Alternatives challenge their narrow, heteronormative worldview. Again, full transparency up front and a frankness in terms of what both sides have to offer is best (*not* triangulation, when the side with power feels frustrated). This is not taught in schools or canonical media because it fosters *equal* relationships, which *aren't* useful to capital; i.e., it liberates labor (which again, under capital, is dimorphically sexualized to serve profit) from an unpaid/uncompensated arrangement: the nuclear family model.

So such proposals (and the media that supply them) are banned, restricted or otherwise censored, making them an entirely extracurricular ordeal, a *de facto* education challenging state dogma and Capitalist Realism. This is not hypothetical, but based on real dysfunctional relationships that fall back on said model dogmatically instead of engaging with it in a critical, active manner conducive to mutual understanding and liberation. We forsake sex coercion by virtue of *sex-positive* action, including the former's bad-faith acting, play and education: the abject illusion of saying what someone else (the mark) wants to hear. Saying "will do" instead of doing what is required *is* an action, specifically an enabling mechanism. You have to meet it with a demand or there's no incentive to change. And if the abuser refuses to change, there is no shame in walking away to expose the abuser as a false protector—i.e., while protecting oneself, and to make amends and sustain an actionable praxis that prevents harm: the protecting of workers by abandoning the nuclear bloodline (and its chronotopes) routinely crashing down (up in smoke); i.e., swapping them for parallel societies challenging narcissistic state

forces/proponents. Indeed, my galleries are full of such protects tied to a larger epic that exhibits all of them in different ways; i.e., each in term, solo, or all together to make a different argument about the same issues plaguing workers sexualized, fetishized and alienated under capital:



(exhibit 34a1a2: Artist, all: Persephone van der Waard [[top-right](#), [top-left](#), [bottom-left](#), [bottom-right](#)]; model, top-left: Jadis; bottom collage: [Blxxd Bunny](#); and bottom-right: [Itzel](#). Each monster is a cryptomimetic, BDSM gradient of expression and unequal power roles amid a shared, dualistic aesthetic of power and death; each emblemizes mutual consent as a pact, a performance, a playful agreement that turns the flesh into art of a particular kind: the memento mori as a sextop, a destroyer, a horny slut, an Amazon or Medusa [or some combination of these things]. What matters is that all of these "ghosts" [of the performer, of the counterfeit] are sex-positive.)

There is a historical-material cycle to this whose coiling double helix can be viewed in past relationships and familial dramas swooping in and out of real life; e.g., from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, to Hawthorne's *The House of Seven Gables* (1851) and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, to my great grandmother saying, "do your hunting where the money is," my grandmother going to college to find a husband and education, my mother going to college to *escape* her husbands and find intellectual (ace) stimulation and enrichment, and me going to college to find (whether I meant to or not) a Communist education and queer love. As such, learning occurs between individuals part of a larger collective enslaved by capital; i.e., John Donne's infamous question, "for whom the bell tolls" being incumbent as much on our interactions with people (dead or alive) as media about people (also dead or alive).

Lessons of past successes and mistakes within capital (and hauntologies of capital) can yield fresh achievements under capital; i.e., as something to develop into a better system, one relationship (thus negotiation) at a time: the combination of sex and art, business and pleasure, security and freedom of expression through the respecting of those normally without power and rights, thus a voice that branches out in all directions. The unspoken must be heard through a pedagogy of the oppressed that acknowledges and upholds their lived reality as generally alien to the side accustomed to power under capital (e.g., me versus Cwuu—both of us abused, but they as the person who lives with the trauma of sexual rape, compared to my emotional rape). This requires humility and maturity from the dom, which again, is sadly not taught by capital for reasons of profit; i.e., bad BDSM, which instead of rape prevention, precludes agency amid unironic power theft and abuse:



Support to one's spouse, partner or friend should not be the surrender of one's rights. Cwuu taught me that by first seeing in me qualities that spoke to a good student, but also victim. If this cannot be supplied, then a given relationship is untenable; i.e., by a stubborn partner with power refusing to listen to the

side *without* power and instead taking out their own frustrations out on: attacking others by venting to the point of triangulation, of unironic harm. Recognizing that

both sides are at an impasse is important, though, as it gives them the chance to consider separation as a healthy and vital next step. It took me ten years and many relations (working and/or romantic) to hash out this methodology. But ultimately it was beneficial because I cultivated a system, Gothic Communism and Ludo-Gothic BDSM, which I developed in motion; i.e., while calibrating my search parameters and expectations to mete out said system, mid-development.

Introspection is vital to changing the draft for the better. In evolutionary theory, this is called adapting. Failure to do that leads to system (relationship) death. The host dies, the parasite/enforcer dies, the body dies, the environment, and so on. It's about balance. And staying the same is an issue if problems exist, meaning they will survive if things continue to go on, unaddressed. Those with mechanical, actionable power (doms) must be held accountable when consent and consensus disappear—for the sub *only* has power when mutual consent exists. This doesn't preclude the ability for the sub to negotiate *poorly* with the dom (or other subs), but their lack of material power during unequal power exchange must be acknowledged and respected for new exchanges to take place, thus have the relationship not only continue but *progress* in a healthier direction. If things are sick, then no amount of comfort food (actual or in media form) will resolve things; i.e., band aids for bullet holes.



([source](#): AH96's "Kinney Survives ED 209," 2018)

Except, the person with power must be the one to make concessions ("with great power comes great responsibility"), and it is entirely possible to be a bad partner and still materially and/or sexually provide. This canonical, heteronormative

(or homo, queer, etc) expectation of obedience under a material provider is *not* a discussion and the oppressed *must* be heeded to make it one. If a wife/sub is depressed or otherwise "hysterical" or down in a hole, the notion of choice becomes further moot by virtue of that being the byproduct of multiple trespasses between them; i.e., chronic neglect of their concerns, which to be fair can stem from their inability to communicate as likewise induced by capital. Women are taught not to "talk back." Thus, the killer remains at large, Medusa's anguish ongoing (the ghost of the counterfeit).

But beyond theatrical doublings of socio-material arrangements, these and the large factors of Capitalism (its tree twins) exist in dialectical-material conflict: the workers vs the state, spectres of Capitalism and Marx, as endless. It's a *mercy* to openly face that and deal with it, but also empowering and delightful to acknowledge human failings *as a species* amid the individual mistaking of this (the dungeon) for that (the home); i.e., as something to lessen the odds of actual, unironic harm. "Death," then, is only the beginning—of the fall of the venerable imperial house (e.g., "The Fall of the House of Usher," 1839) to raise a new, more inclusive and less elitist cathedral within/upon the old one; i.e., one with all the ornaments and might of Hell divorced dualistically from state copies: the ghost of the counterfeit given a home to breathe, speak out, expand and absorb capital (to assimilate *it* instead of *capital* assimilating workers).

On a local level, if a partner pulls away and/or becomes hostile, it is a sign that something is wrong. To solve the problem, you have to compromise within your abilities and power as part of the problem *to* solve. Even in my case, when I was being abused, I still had the power to plan my escape, but this took a willingness on my part, a courage that had to develop, *then* execute. But in times of crisis between parties, things will invariably get messy. This is what's called "not being ready" for a relationship. And it can come about from lack of experience, but also the experience of tragedy or otherwise life-threatening, -changing, or -altering factors that cause people to fall in and out of love. Ideally, relationships are stronger (last longer) if they're founded not on infatuation and lust by themselves, but first and foremost rest on shared core values and open communication (which doesn't preclude lust and infatuation, of course; e.g., I adore Bay and Crow as my partners, and likewise relish my friendships with Mercedes, Bunny and Harmony, etc). Lacking those, a relationship will die not prematurely but in a predictable fashion that could, if these values were present, last longer. Luckily they can be improved upon and rewritten to achieve stability but you have to put in the work and go from there afterwards. Otherwise, it's "too little, too late"—not just for two people once in love, but for the workers of the world during state shift; i.e., when the world as we know it ends "first slowly and then all at once": the portal to Hell opens up and the forces of the furious dead envelope the living space as overrun with generational trauma—a demonic possession yielding to gnarly shlock rigged and shot in hostile chronotopes.



(exhibit 34a1a3a1: [Source](#), right: Ron Magid's "Unearthly Terrors: Event Horizon," 2020. The Gothic is the quest for the Numinous, or destructive power in different forms and functions. Per Capitalism, these forces are like a black hole that cannot be seen past, but whose awesome gravity is felt at all times; per Communism, those of us in the Imperial Core must look past the myopia [and Faustian bargain] of Capitalist Realism to face settler-colonial horrors before they overwhelm the Earth during state shift. The threat is real but felt in fictional palimpsests hauntologically invoked, making the grim-and-graphic allusions to Dante's Inferno during Event Horizon [the original Hell sizzle reel, which is fucking gross: [don't say I didn't warm you](#)] become a latter-day image of damnation—a cult-classic to timelessly reinvoked for purposes of seeing through state illusions during rituals of extreme torture, death, rape and decay as martyr-esque; i.e., the glass-eyed stare of the crucified's paradoxical jouissance, but also the forbidden sight of the blind prophet as looking with different eyes that the ones in our skulls. It's a nexus of the crisis; i.e., the nucleus of state power made unstable, alien, fearsome—an Id, graveyard place to walk around inside and through calculated risk, bump into the Great Destroyer as a walking castle/torture dungeon. Linked to hypermassive objects like Capitalism, these encounters routinely annihilate anything they come into contact with: a psychosexual, faux-medieval [Neo-Gothic] visual refrain not unlike Jeff Water's "Second to None" [1994]: "Welcome to my world / I hope you see there's no way out / I'll take you higher / So just scream it—scream it out" [[source](#): Genius]. Gothic Communism takes the same cosmic matelotage and applies it to a "queenly" [genderqueer] Medusa to scare the Straights with.)

This might all sound unfair and hopeless; but the one thing counterterror/asymmetrical warfare has going for it (apart from the hubris of colonial forces, "high on their own supply") is the power of invention through necessity as the mother thereof—to call through need, but also eventual *mastery* of magic to pull our asses out of the fire; i.e., "The power will come to me whenever I need it; one day it will come to me when I call!"; e.g., Schmendrick summoning "Robin Hood" to save him from the reality that bandits, living under kingly abuses, are far less noble and more opportunistic than Captain Tully would like to advertise. The way to hoodwink *them* is through likeness of themselves they'll want to court, threatened but curious by this odd appearance (a bit like Hamlet, staring at his "father's" ghost):



State forces default to brute force—a bullish goon-like slugger cracking skulls for state fat cats. Yes, professions exist in any field, but the state values sheer *results*—i.e., lethal force and raw cruelty—ruthlessly administered versus surgical precision. Capital doesn't require precision because profit is historically "efficient," meaning it generally occurs (under neoliberalism) through the usual bourgeois trifectas: manufacture, subterfuge and coercion. Compared to our creations, state doubles of Gothic poetics will always be fearful and dogmatic, hence stupid and unable to contend with our cryptonymy through anything other than brute force (including disguises). But per my arguments, you can't kill "Medusa" through military optimism; you have to address it theatrically at an interpersonal level as something to humanize and befriend (or reap the whirlwind during state shift).

In turn, this requires engaging with creative forces that even a little lightning rod like me, buzzing with creative forces amid a similar flow state to my thesis, can't easily control despite the easiness of the writing and invigilation at this point (and I should hope so after doing this for as long as I have); if anything, I'm just a

conduit for them running through me, riding out the storm inside of and around my little princess body.

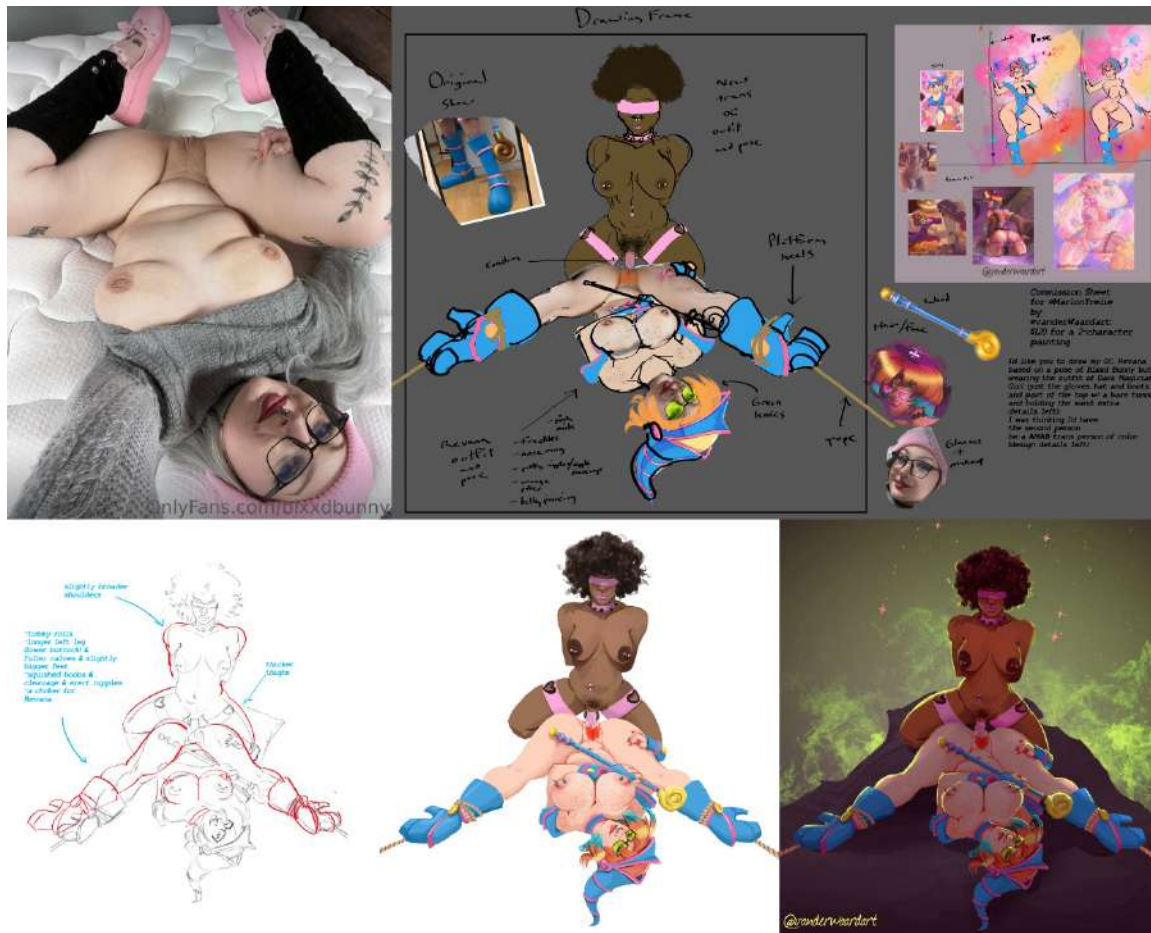
Overall, creativity is the ability to materialize and express through merging disciplines that speak holistically to complex problems and elements of the human condition among colleagues/comrades-in-arms (my partners, muses and cover models, invigilated in my books but also on my website through mutual action giving them something normally alien to sex work under Capitalism); i.e., bricks in a wall, gargoyles on a shared grim cathedral made by cuties united in a higher cause (Gothic Communism, which includes human sex-positive expression through Gothic poetics). For instance, Mercedes blends sex work, BDSM, performance art and filmmaking into a unique combination that shifts *shape* depending on the current delivery method, but remains *focused* on the same topics (namely expressing human rights in familiar schlock and desecrating American institutions and zeitgeists):



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

By comparison, I paint in a cinematographic way over photogenic models (with light and shadows as makeup) who tend to be queer leaning, politically radical and gyno/androdiverse. I combine this with my writing and music/film expertise, holistic approach to Gothic studies, love of exhibitionism/voyeurism and sex; but also can team up with people like Mercedes to make compound statements. It's expressive and fun, but also flexible, organized, demonstrating teamwork on a

social level vital to good praxis (versus petulant cis-het men, who get mad at their wives or their pets, useful for barking orders but not at creating things. Killing is easy. Creativity takes effort and humanity to achieve):



(exhibit 34a1a3a1a: Artist, top left: [Blixxd Bunny](#); bottom-middle: [Marlon Trelie](#); everything else: [Persephone van der Waard](#). A creative process is always a chain, transformatively borrowing from different contribution factors. The completed picture, bottom-right, took many steps to achieve: Bunny took a shoot for me to paint them with [not *gratis* but in exchange for my labor to be featured in this book] and to which my original painting used a different series of poses from the same shoot. However, having lots of extra photos to use, I hired Marlon to paint Bunny based on a commission sheet—i.e., one I deliberately threw together to build on Bunny's original pose; Marlon sketched out the piece per my instructions, to which I gave feedback; they supplied the final painted figures; I completed the background and lighting for the final render before invigilating it inside my book and on Bunny's special page on my website. Yes, money changed hands during the operation, but likewise boundaries were negotiated and established; i.e., to be involved with, and displayed in, this project. Faced with insurmountable problems, there's nothing that workers united under intersectional solidarity can't do.)

In regards to the above exhibit, what Gothic Communists do is ultimately propaganda expressed through poetic intuition, mutually consensual tit-for-tat (something in return for something else as optional, voluntary and negotiated by both parties; i.e., despite the inevitable imbalances that will routinely come up during trade, especially the giving of Gothic ideas of subversion and disguise) and cryptonymic double operations (that show through concealment, or vice versa). It allows for the expression of monstrous synonyms, insofar as the function is maintained through a legion of simulacra; or, as Volume One puts it:

Conscious rebellion also includes the Gothic mastering of madness and monsters present in the evolution of the female detective/damsel-in-distress into holistic, inclusive forms, merging into increasingly liminal/queer iterations (the imperiled twink) that transform themselves, and the material world around them, as things to "quote" imperfectly on purpose; i.e., to invoke gender trouble (whose progression and praxial friction we'll examine throughout this roadmap, but also in Volumes Two and Three; e.g., the "Conan with a pussy [except not bigoted]" concept seen in exhibits 84a and 112). As something to expound upon *ad infinitum*, our Gothic-Communist making of gender trouble is two-fold, then: to one, synthesize old terms with our individual/collective artistic output and exhibits; and two, invent *new* terms and codes (this book is full of such things) that likewise "do the trick." Development towards Gothic Communism will constantly put us in uncharted territory that requires updating the lexicon as needed—i.e., by pulling out old classics, but also making new ones to adjust to the social-sexual, linguo-material "growing pains." All of the synthetic terminology outlined thus far should be a clue. All the same, it generally comes from older language that was (and is) used to maintain the status quo ([source](#)).

In short, whatever works insofar as it cultivates a conscious and empathetic intuition confronting and interrogating state trauma.

To that, if the body is sick, you must find the cure; but if the abuse that led to the sickness also makes it presently impossible to implement solutions, then again, the impasse appears. This includes transgenerational problems; e.g., mommy and daddy issues, inherited settler-colonial trauma, community mistrust of state forces (as they rightfully should) and so on. When these repressed factors come to a head, Medusa can read *her* ugly head (the bad side); if the Medusa becomes blind to suggestion by virtue of said abuse (triggers), negotiations become impossible and the impasse again appears. It becomes a question of crossing the Rubicon, then—of open, honest communication by facing the music of something a long time coming: a failure of tolerances, of those dead-set against confrontation with hard truths. Capitalism sucks donkey dick.

The confrontation, for the puller of the Black Veil, animates the thing behind the veil—the rotting statue—as restored to a mobile and speaking condition; restoration of the *foundation* is done to achieve systemic catharsis and forgiveness, not assign blame (which isn't required, given the elite's clear-and-obvious role amid the cryptonymic back-and-forth's clear-and-present danger); i.e., when one side, the other or both lose interest/aren't attracted anymore (always a bad sign, the proverbial "beginning of the end" when falling out of love). And this can be terrifying to codependent couples and those who know them and want them to be happy. It requires an impartial mediator¹²³, but can result in unwanted side effects

¹²³ I am hardly exempted from this. E.g., Zeuhl and I, and me not wanting to break things off, trying to be polite and a good ex, but also hoping we'd get back together (on account that Zeuhl literally said we might when they broke up with me). As a result, I floundered; I needed a mediator (Ginger and Lydia) not "to make things work," but to *survive* the terrible conflict that ensued.

So I get it. People want satisfaction, the frustration of that raising its own temples of discontent. But there are no guarantees in life. It can get incredibly messy when you're attached to people who fuck you over. Things "seemed good" with me and Zeuhl (partly because I foolishly ignored warning signs); then they weren't because Zeuhl pulled the rug out from under me. It led me to question the whole of our relationship, its veracity and worth. Except it wasn't pointless, but it *can* feel that way when someone isn't being honest with themselves or others, or trying to make their actions seem unplanned, but also feel ashamed for what they did to an unsuspecting victim. Zeuhl was all of those things towards *me* as the victim, and as a result of their actions I will never talk to them again; but I had to reach that stage, too. Instantaneous death might seem preferable to dragging things out, but sometimes we aren't ready for that, even if in hindsight it makes sense or if we want them to in the heat of the moment.

Having history complicates things, in that regard. I had lived with Zeuhl in England and we'd been through a lot together (trauma bonds make for strong glue). All the same, it *was* fun while it lasted and I have no regrets. Plus, I walked away with my dignity intact and wrote these books detailing how they loved and hurt me. I'd say I came out on top, then. Relationships die, but the messy love we shared will haunt these pages. Zeuhl wouldn't let me share them with the world in picture form, but I *can* say with confidence that, however bittersweet I feel about them as a whole, the good moments I detail next *were* good. I loved them with all my heart, and went all in; they pulled away in the end for selfish reasons. They killed it; I fought like hell. That's nothing to be ashamed of. That was just the point of my life I was at. When I look back on it, it almost seems quaint: they didn't want to be with me, were taking advantage, and had the desire but not the words or the grace to separate peacefully.

In short, Zeuhl continued to help me and use me after the break—twisting the knife whether they meant to or not, but also helping me learn (e.g., my website, online dating advice and helping me set up my Fetlife profile, etc). It sent me careening into Jadis, but Jadis was also a learning opportunity despite the harm *they* caused (which to Zeuhl's credit, they were partly present for as a means of solace). Two things can be true at the same time; a cutie can help and harm you. This isn't a defense of Zeuhl, but merely a fact: I suffered at their hands and benefitted from their actions because *I* slowly learned how to stand on my own two feet; i.e., to take what they (and my other exes) did to me and transform it into a message of Gothic healing and hope, of calculated risk doomsaying about state shift to promote Gothic Communism. I couldn't have done that, on some level, without capital abusing me, but also my exes (that's nothing to be proud of, on their ends, however).

The basic mechanics seem simple enough; the *complications* are often emotional, thus invisible or alien to those not under the same spell. Each case is unique, in that respect—a sex bubble/cuddle puddle that you both share until one of you leaves the other alone inside; i.e., *The Golden Egg* being the 1984 novel that *The Vanishing* (1988) was based on, and which I eventually wrote about*. While you feel that sheltered connection, the world is your oyster. When it stops, it's like walking into a brick wall. To that, it well-and-truly sucks to finally realize you were the take-out cheeseburger in a college town primed for international exchange students; but then again, I got more than my fair share of "full helpings" (of sex) from Zeuhl (so many creampiees, and in the world's

fuzziest, tightest pussy imaginable), plus enough funny stories to fill a book. When you feel it together inside the bubble, you cherish it; when one of you leaves the bubble, you feel scared and alone but also afraid of going outside for new partners; then finally you burst the bubble to sally forth ("saddle forth," to use a Zeuhl malapropism) onto new adventures. When you do, the events you experienced and the scary feelings you once felt will appear to you again in new joy and understanding.

*Persephone van der Waard's "[Gothic themes in The Vanishing / Spoorloos](#)" (2020).

I'd like to express that next, if I may. It's a protracted footnote in a very long volume in a very long book. But I will place it here all the same for someone to find. Again, no identifying photos of Zeuhl (e.g., only a hand or a shoulder). For all the smack I've talked, it'd cause nothing but harm to them, which I don't want; but I also don't think they're a good comrade and don't want to include them as an example of sex positivity (which I don't think they are). So I've chosen to detail it in purely written forms (or exhibits of things other than them). I couldn't have managed that until now, so let's do it!



A quick sidebar before we proceed: First, there's only so many ways you can say "fuck you" to/about an ex before it gets old, or at least not cathartic. I chose to avoid writing an entire book dedicated to Zeuhl for these reasons. Still, dragging their cartoonishly silly effigy out to the curb every so often before teeing off on its big balloon-like head is satisfying. Even so, that won't be the point, here. Instead, I want to evoke some nicer memories about Zeuhl to illustrate my own skin in the game.

This ballad's plaintiff nature aside, then, it serves as a remembrance to bury the old fucker once and for all (or at least until I need to summon them again to make a larger point tied to my work). As such, it really isn't meant as a "hatchet job" (though it does feel good to dismember and dissect the painful memories of them a bit, and give voice to the good ones); but if for some reason my fair-and-balanced recollection seems unfair or somehow "jilted and unhinged" to anyone, know that Zeuhl did everything they could to earn these exact words.

This time, I'm going to say a few nice things to their figurative "corpse" before setting it on fire and blowing it up again (which is symbolic of me—secure in my new life and goals—feeling comfortable enough to let go a little, not indicative of any violence being done towards Zeuhl. I do not condone that. In the theatrical spirit of Prince Vegeta towards his frenemy, Goku: "No one kills Kakarot but me!" In the words of Cara Cunningham, "Leave Brittany alone!"

Got all that? Good! At long last, on March 14th, 2024, I shall tell my and Zeuhl's tragic love story to the world... —Perse

Zeuhl and I met in Manchester, England while attending MMU for different programs. We'd been introduced briefly after flying in, our housing program officer having everyone say hello in our hallway flat. I liked what I saw but didn't have enough time to really take them in or plan a rendezvous. Instead, Zeuhl made the first move.



(exhibit 34a1a3a1b: Various photos of my initial arrival at Manchester in September 2017.)

Bear in mind, I—the proverbial Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court—was *incredibly* homesick and—in true adult fashion—crying on the phone to my mother about my room; upon arrival, I discovered it was unfurnished and I only had my leather jacket to sleep on. Bogus. Ma told me to ask one of my roomies for some blankets: "Now go ask the cute French girl to hook you up!" (Zeuhl's future nemesis, I should add—they *hated* the French girl with a passion, though to this day I haven't the slightest clue as to why. They never spoke, and when I tried to get them to, Zeuhl promptly flipped *me* the bird and shouted, "Fuck that bitch!" Okay, then).

So I asked the French girl down the hall for a pillow, to which she anxiously lent me one. Turns out, Zeuhl had overheard, and the next morning at the Student Hall, it all came to pass...

After a lonely night's sleep, there I was, standing in a crowd of peers the next morning. All of us were enduring a forced inauguration; i.e., being overseen by MMU's then-dean, a well-dressed middle-aged man giving a trite, cliché speech to welcome us internationals to *his* school (and for giving him all our money in tuition, travel and living fees). Eager to get my induction ceremony over with (glorified paperwork), I suddenly heard a small voice speak next to me:

"I have blankets."

Somewhat surprised, I turned to see the owner of the husky voice and behold, a pale horse! Not the awesome picture of death incarnate, but a stout, bespectacled and shapely androgyne/prince eager to make *my* acquaintance (and not wearing a bra). Zeuhl introduced themselves to me, and invited me to their room. It was directly across from mine (and literally selected at random: "All the gin joints in all the world, they gotta walk into mine..."). So we agreed to meet up after the assembly and passport exchange. Cool. I did errands at the city center for the next several hours, then stopped by later in the afternoon and knocked; they answered, smiled and let me inside.

Over the next few hours, Zeuhl and I hung out—they sitting on the edge of their tiny bed (not really big enough for two) and me in a single chair in front of them (the rooms were small and cramped, like jail cells). We talked about ourselves for a bit, when I noticed some magazines on the countertop behind me; I noticed they mentioned polyamory and turned to Zeuhl to remark that *I* was

poly (I'd met someone genderfluid at undergrad who exposed me to the practice); Zeuhl said they were too, so I suggested if they needed someone to "do stuff with," that I'd be happy to help. May as well try! I figured. Much to my surprise, Zeuhl smirked, laughed* and replied, "Well, I'm not for closing any doors!"

**Zeuhl had a quick, full smile and easy laugh—something I discovered I could extract from them with ease, and to which sounded like music to me. Also, once we started fucking on a regular basis, I relied on this ability to make their pussy squeeze my dick during sex (the way to a cutie's enby heart is through their laughter). I don't want to chalk it solely up to my charms, though; I think on some level, Zeuhl had me pretty well-figured—had already sized me up and made it easier than it could have been otherwise. But also, we had a lot in common, and they made me feel good in ways other than just sex. It was a perfect storm, really—one that led to some wild-and-crazy times, but also my education. I'm not kidding when I say that Zeuhl mentored me about genderqueer politics.*

After that surprisingly easy exchange, Zeuhl told me they were worried because they'd left their laptop in the Student Commons, having walked away from it after their mother told them some bad news: that she'd just been diagnosed with cancer and was starting chemo treatments. Luckily I had an old laptop (with Windows XP on it) that I'd taken with me on the plane, and had brought some ripped DVDs on the hard drive. One was *Forbidden Planet* (1956) and I offered to watch it with Zeuhl to help them relax; they agreed, and offered me some snacks in exchange (caramel corn). Set up for a nice night, we set about watching one of my favorite movies as a kid growing up. This bitch loves her some Robby the Robot!



Zeuhl and I sat on the edge of the bed, then the middle of it, which was so small that our sides touched for lack of room. Zeuhl had on some dark tights. Partway through the movie, though, they suddenly said without any hit of ceremony or guile, "My legs are hot. Can I take off my pants?" To which I, surprised but not bothered, responded in the affirmative. After that, I spent the next little while glancing down next to me, looking at the dark spot between Zeuhl's legs because I *thought* they had panties on but couldn't tell; i.e., they *looked* see-thru, except I couldn't say if *that's* what I was seeing or if it was their bush (the room was dark, with only the laptop screen surrendering just enough light for me to make them out, next to me).

I wanted to be a gentleman, though (still in the closet, remember), and kept my thoughts to myself... until I swiveled my head slightly and looked sidelong next to me, shoulder level, to see Zeuhl glancing at me with an expression I couldn't quite read (the motive, not the appearance). Our heads turned and our eyes met. Both sides shyly surveying the other but not announcing it out loud, I felt a profound and sudden sense of *déjà vu* (the same thing basically happened with my first partner, Constance, except we were watching *Rosemary's Baby* at my folks' place; we only got halfway through that movie, too, before we switched to sex).

Reading the room and sensing an invitation to make the first move, I looked for "an in" and noticed Zeuhl's septum piercing. I had an epiphany and suddenly remembered having talked to a girl on the bus, back in Michigan as an undergrad; i.e., breaking the ice by mentioning how I liked *her* tattoos and getting an effusive, eager response. So I said to Zeuhl, "Nice piercing! Do you have any others?" (I did *like* the piercing but also wanted to break the ice). Zeuhl beamed like the Sphinx and replied, "I have two pierced nipples!" I asked them if I could see them; they nodded and removed their shirt to show me. Sure enough, they weren't kidding. Two pierced nipples, puffy from the procedure. I asked (without hesitation, this time) if I could suck on them; Zeuhl broke into a happy smile and cried, "If you want!" To which I did, most enthusiastically.

After that, we fucked (I don't remember if we finished, but we used a condom) and lay naked in bed together listening to one of Zeuhl's favorite bands, Natural Snow Buildings, while they told me about the esoteric tattoo on their body. Then they teased me as we spooned, remarking how I was being "so cute" glancing repeatedly down at their crotch during the movie (turns out, they had a big full bush, so thick you have to push through it like a thicket to get to the goods). I didn't realize it at the time, but they'd been counting on it; and I—holding their warm wiggling body with my dick pressed between their buns—couldn't complain (I had gotten lost the day before, exploring the city as the sky rained on me, merging with my uncontrolled tears). But I didn't realize that *I* was the blanket Zeuhl had quickly acquired to make *their* stay in Manchester more comfortable. Like Odysseus and the sirens, I got taken for a ride, but at least it was a comfortable one!



(exhibit 34a1a3a1c: Many of the books I borrowed from the MMU library and which Zeuhl shared with me as well. Fun fact: It was basically impossible to find three-ring binders in the UK; they only had these fucking stupid two-ring binders with no pockets!)

After *that*, we fell into something of a routine. I got some American money exchanged at the city center (thirty minutes from our housing block) and purchased my own blankets (and a "brelly") that I had to carry home in my arms (exhibit 34a1a3a1b). Zeuhl and I slept in my larger twin bed that night (or thereabouts), trying sex with condoms for a bit even though my sexual history was limited and they'd had a hysterectomy. After we discussed all of these things—and the fact that I'd had Hep C but had gotten cured in 2016 (though the antibodies stay in your bloodstream forever)—we had sex again. And I, without asking for Zeuhl's permission, did something I'm not proud of: I took off the condom while under the sheets and fucked them bareback. But I told them afterward.

Initially they seemed shocked, and said, "Why would you do that?" in a small, quiet voice. But we both quickly decided afterward that it had been done with both of us knowing that contracting an STI or them getting pregnant was impossible. So ultimately their response (in the same conversation) was, "Well, you were naughty!" To which we proceeded to have much more sex in the days and months ahead (so many times, I lost count, but into the triple digits). Turns out, the event brought us closer together (not that I would recommend anyone do what I did—it violated Zeuhl's agency and ultimately was wrong of me): I became less anxious and found that my dick—which had been a little shy around Zeuhl—suddenly stood at full attention whenever playtime was nigh. As quickly as it had happened, my gaff was water under a *very* forgiving bridge.

After that, we experimented, trying new things; i.e., sexting with Zeuhl right down the hall, and both of us getting so worked up that they asked me if they could come to my room to fuck. I said yes, to which they soon entered; i.e., poking their head through the door wearing a silly cartoon smile (what we would later call "parade float"). They had on a pretty black dress, and spun to show it to me. Then they sat down on the front of my bed, hiked up their skirt, lay back and spread their legs and hairy pussy for me. We chatted happily about how exciting and new it all was, talking conversationally as I took out my hard dick and shoved it lovingly into their wet hole and started to fuck them (for reasons previously explained, it went in more easily that time). I learned they loved creampie, but *really* loved to suck dick and swallow cum. So one time when I was close, they had me pull out, which I quickly did, the "metal" still hot; just as fast, they quickly swiveled on their butt, scrambled to their knees, and took my whole dick into their mouth—closing their pretty eyes and breathing slowly through their nose as I moaned loudly and came down their throat. As I did, I could hear Zeuhl gulping noisily as they swallowed every last bit of my cum; I watched them do it and remarked to myself how *happy* Zeuhl looked.

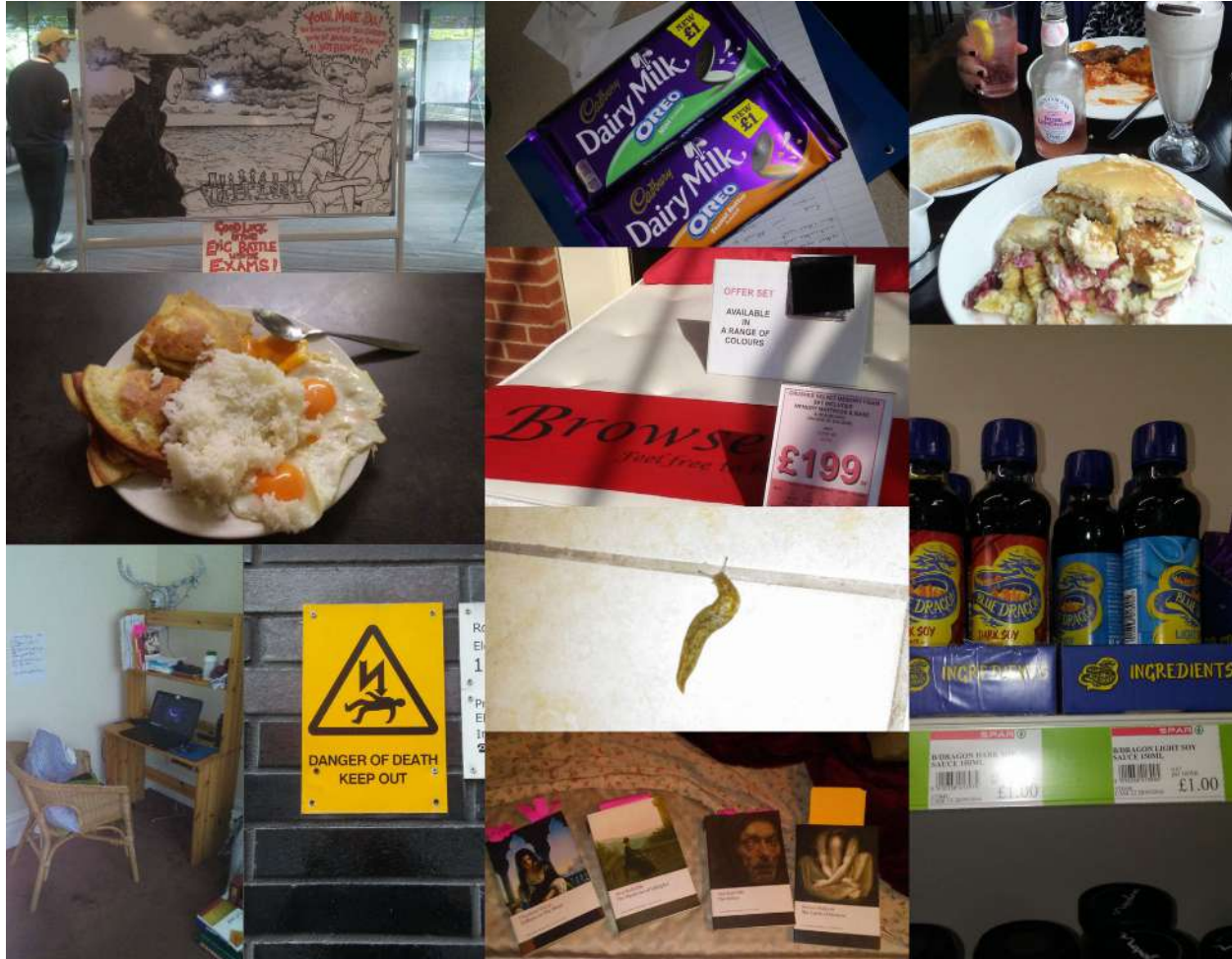
It's not something I want to speculate on—save that it's a precious moment to me (one among many others) that I acquired spending time with someone special who eventually hurt me; i.e., needing a big loan from me (which, to be fair, they paid back) that we had to negotiate with another eventual ex of theirs living in Britain (a twinkish, anxious musician—let's call him Todd—Zeuhl met through their photography work and frequent flights to England to stay with him), and to which money was often something that came between us—to the point that, when the other partner failed to acquire a living situation until our lease was nearly up, I was just about ready to hop on a plane back to America to finish my thesis at home (re: "I feel used!" I told Dale Townshend, in his office; to which the other replied, "Nicholas, this sounds like bullshit!" He took no prisoners, that one. Bless him). But Zeuhl, when hearing my confession, cried "No!" and pulled me close to them. Eventually Thing 2 got a place in Wellington (a 20-minute train ride from MMU) and Zeuhl and I carried all our shit (that Todd's friend's truck couldn't take the week before) with us to a train station. As we did, we stopped periodically to rest, convening briefly at the local Spar convenience store on Oxford Road to get drinks; we drank them greedily with the sun on our faces before pressing on—onto our new home... which had no furnishings or internet.

Fuck.

We gradually got things set up. A week or so later, we walked several miles together to a used furniture store (the only place they sold tables and chairs *not* in pre-packed sets) and bought Zeuhl a worktable/shelf and wicker chair for 14 quid*. Then, we carried them back home through Wellington (a train port in between places, mostly for tourists), getting raspberry ice creams from a nearby truck and leaning against our hard-won table and chair in the town square, eating happily together. It was one of my favorite moments of us together, and one that I'll never forget.

**Until that point, we slept and fucked on the floor. Workwise, I'd been sitting with my back to the wall every night, prepping for the upcoming IGA 2018 conference, for which I wrote "[All that We're Told in the Eternal Shadow \(within Shadows\) of the Hypernormal, Worldwide](#)," while typing on Thing 2's spare laptop (for Zeuhl had accidentally destroyed mine by spilling Uncle Ben's rice sauce on it, requiring me*

to use the school's computer labs for the rest of the semester, which I no longer had access to) and using a heavy-ass plywood model of a theatre diorama Zeuhl inexplicably had me help them carry from the Photography Wing apropos of nothing... but which did make for a good improvised table, I'll admit (and which they never let me forget).



(exhibit 34a1a3a1d: Various fun photos and remembrances: some of my favorite [or available] foods; a photo when Zeuhl and I ate out after first becoming an item; the aforementioned table and chair from Wellington; and of course, Sisyphus the slug making his nightly journey across Todd's floor.)

After that, we got home and Zeuhl set up their workstation. Over the following days, I helped them figure out how to light the gas stove; I encountered a slug crawling on the tile floor night after night (who I dubbed "Sisyphus" for his courage); Zeuhl and I hung out with Todd; Zeuhl and I fucked repeatedly on the floor (to which afterwards they looked up to the ceiling and thought it was leaking but then looked embarrassed, realizing my cum had leaked out of their pussy and dripped onto their foot). We had so many adventures, and I remember them all like they were yesterday (with Zeuhl, and all my cuties).

I remember them and feel at peace knowing Zeuhl gave me these despite paradoxically hurting me more than anyone else. If Jadis was my most antagonistic ex, Zeuhl was my "Scarecrow," the one I'll miss the most. But I *don't* miss them anymore because the best parts of them live inside me and now in this book. They didn't want me to include photos of them, so I won't; but I *have* included these stories/exhibits in this footnote—less to spite them (though sadly they'll see it that way) and more to celebrate the love that we shared. We met on September 16th, 2017, and started fucking about 48 hours after that; I shyly said "I love you" to them, while fucking them doggystyle several weeks later (wherein we became an item); we cried in each other's arms in a dark, lonely

hotel room (fucking in front of a mirror) before I flew home, August 2018; Zeuhl left me for their husband on early September (the 9th, I think) 2019; our friendship hobbled along until March 11th, 2023. We haven't spoken since, and I've spent a lot of time since, writing this book to heal from their abuse. Let its culmination be my best revenge.

I suppose I could have done this or that differently, but I was just the unicorn in Zeuhl's pocket. Furthermore, in the end, the exact path I took led me to my partners, muses and friends, as well as this book becoming something I have worked hard to build. And while the real Zeuhl didn't have the guts to take part, their friendly "ghost" (simulacrum) is the little shadow of a rabbit, happily munching the greens and flopping in peace, their fur sleek and their little nose wiggling. Is that forgiveness? I guess it is. You were a bastard, Zeuhl, but I loved you, and the best parts of you will live on in this book. I only hope since then you'd learned not to lie to others or stab them in the back/take advantage of them (weeping as I read this; but not with shame: my heart is not of stone and I remember you, bunny, warts and all).

To Zeuhl: Be well, comrade, and may you live the rest of your days in peace.



(exhibit 34a1a3a1e: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl [mostly off-screen] at Persephone's brother's 2019 wedding. Frozen in time, several months before the breakup, I had no idea what adventures lay ahead—who I'd become after Zeuhl. They were my world, and surviving its destruction made me stronger than ever. I suspect they knew but didn't have the guts to break up with me on my birthday after my twin brother's wedding. Whether that's a kindness or not, I do not know [but will say that the last time we had sex—on my birthday the day before they left for home—was a night to remember]. All the more fitting given I'm someone accustomed to tumult and rancor, but also love eternal:

The remaining years of Raymond and Agnes, of Lorenzo and Virginia, were happy as can be those allotted to Mortals, born to be the prey of grief, and sport of disappointment. The exquisite sorrows with which they had been afflicted, made them think lightly of every succeeding woe. They had felt the sharpest darts in misfortune's quiver; Those which remained appeared blunt in comparison. Having weathered Fate's heaviest Storms, they looked calmly upon its terrors: or if ever they felt Affliction's casual gales, they seemed to them gentle as Zephyrs which breathe over summer-seas [[source](#)].

Fucking A.)

that, however unpleasant, constitute progression through motion: going through Hell as a liminal space (to move through) wrought with conflict on the surface of and in thresholds, but also the potential to learn from past mistakes (ours or other's) in simulacrated, object lessons: xenomorphs and dragons, echoes of mad Saturn devouring his son (the Pale Man, below), black angels furious and delicious.



Dance with the devil and they'll "gift" you with "fatal," delicious wisdom—threatening imprisonment *and* liberation both at the same time, all at once.

Like Alice tumbling down the rabbit hole, like Samus plumbing the Zebethan depths—love becomes something to fall in and out of. It can feel like a

private hell, one without windows while you grapple and scrap with a dark figure in a dark room. It completely sucks when the thing you loved dies, surviving in a monstrous form that stares back at you from the abyss, suddenly alien and devouring you; but you can stare *back*, undaunted while defiantly meeting new aliens who love and respect you as equals, and making your own abysses to harbor useful truths. It becomes something to learn from and bravely dive into—to learn things you'd never learn if you didn't, to experience joys and hardships, sorrows and delights normally relegated to the halls of Gothic fiction; i.e., its dream-like nightmares.

As for me, I learned with Constance (and later with Zeuhl) that I love hard, but also fall in love *quickly* and out of love *with great effort*. But this isn't a weakness, merely something different that I eventually learned how to apply with *compatible* comrades; e.g., [Bay](#), [Mercedes](#), [Harmony](#) and [Crow](#). They joined me on this quest, the lot of us grappling with a Greater Destroyer in a dark room threatening all of us—a Numinous defiler I liken to Capitalism while citing C.S. Lewis's *The Problem of Pain* (1940):

Now suppose that you were told simply "There is a mighty spirit in the room," and believed it. Your feelings would then be even less like the mere fear of danger [the tiger]: but the disturbance would be profound. You would feel wonder and a certain shrinking—a sense of inadequacy to cope with such a visitant and of prostration before it—an emotion which might be expressed

in Shakespeare's words "Under it my genius is rebuked." This feeling may be described as awe, and the object which excites it as the Numinous ([source](#)).

In human fashion, there is a historical-material counterpart to this numen, a Communist double yearning to be free. Love, then, is something that survives Capitalist Realism to challenge bourgeois illusions, before, during and *after* death (the same goes for hate, in capitalist forms). Bay will love me forever and I don't doubt it for one moment; they loved my work and support it (when Zeuhl asked me to stop talking about Gothic things, I knew they were pulling away from me).

As such, what we build together lives on in ways I'll call "true love." Zeuhl was ultimately false, but even with them, they led me down a dark road that brought me to brighter places/greener pastures (re, Milton: "Long is the way and



hard, that out of Hell leads up to light"); i.e., camping canon to develop Gothic Communism as a school of thought to rival Lewis or Radcliffe's, one that I learned from a younger, more innocent age, into "a sad and wiser" one:

(model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl, 2017)

The music they showed me (e.g., "Blue Monday," 1983) and the authors they shared (re: Cooper and Jarman) have helped contribute to something better than I am raising with braver souls. I'm doing great work, having left Zeuhl in the rearview mirror while moving forwards (I could expose them—to name and shame them—and will

always have that power should I choose to; but I have better things to do, and want them to live privately with the knowledge that they fucked up and I won, in the end—i.e., that I survived them).

So as the bombs fall around us and the planet heats up, I'm not sad at all. I feel united across space and time by people I'll share my final moments with—to make our lives memorable and the envy of milder folks as the bullets fly and the bombs fall, fusing us orgasmically together through trauma as something to face, kicking the state in the balls while we go out with a bang/on our own terms: "We're Romeo and Juliet, we're Bonnie and Clyde! We're the lovers of Teruel¹²⁴!" We're born to die, but how we meet that end and what we leave behind is what ultimately matters/makes for good praxis. "People die, buildings burn, but true love lasts

¹²⁴ As Berlin says (mockingly) to Ariadne, in *Money Heist*, season two (2017).

forever¹²⁵." We don't just wrestle in the dark with unknown forces and pleasures, then; we *duel* with them, fighting back in glorious, scenic exchanges:



(exhibit 34a1a3b: It might beg the question, "Why a rooftop duel during a rainstorm?" The answer isn't just because it's exciting to watch [which it is], but because that's how things feel for those who see the world that way—i.e., while being drawn, through their own trauma and deep-dark desire for love, towards things that speak to what has become a part of us, and which shapes our view of the world through a broken mirror and mask [the dual operation of cryptonymy]. Life imitates art and vice versa through cryptomimesis as a historical-material operation with dialectical-material polarity. I felt that pain as a little girl and found

¹²⁵ As Sarah says (fondly) of Eric Draven and Shelley Webster in *The Crow* (1994). Their love mirrored Brandon Lee and Eliza Hutton's, she widowed by his untimely death, on set in 1993, but their love—and the love of the story as a class-war effort (more on this in the Undead monster module)—carries on as an essential part of children, adults and children again. Lee said as much, paraphrasing one of his favorite authors shortly before Lee was killed on set:

Because we do not know when we will die, we get to think of life as an inexhaustible well, and yet everything only happens a certain number of times. Only a very small number, really. How many more times will you remember a certain afternoon of your childhood? An afternoon that is so deeply a part of your being you can't even conceive of life without it. Perhaps four or five times more. Perhaps not even that. How many more times will you watch the full moon rise? Perhaps twenty. And yet, it all seems limitless ([source](#): Analog Jones and the Temple of Film's "*The Crow* (1994) Brandon Lee's Last Interview," 2020).

In this sense, a person's spirit "lives on" in the music, the miniatures, the mayhem of the performance expressing larger turmoils—of workers liberating themselves using Gothic poetics to speak to the human condition as one trapped between capital and commune.

safe harbor in the mise-en-abyme of the Neo-Gothic sanctuaries I came across; i.e., a larger pattern I felt across media at large—the music and footage of The Crow combined with Metroidvania and other Gothic fictions. It became a concentric, half-real graveyard dug ghoulishly up and made love to with other necromantic weirdos drawn moth-like to the same hellish flames [there are numerous interpretations to any word, but especially "necrophilia"; we stick to the sex-positive ones]. I wouldn't change a thing.)

As such, pleasure amid struggle becomes something to dive headlong into with reckless abandon; i.e., like my cat does, anticipating my thrown pillow but cutely still wanting to be involved, to be by my side.

Capital hurts us, and people as extensions of capital hurt us, causing us to hunch and anticipate future pain. Only in "death"—through lived and theatrical struggle and pain (calculated risk)—does our life rise to its greatest potential. Zeuhl taught me that; I'm simply returning the favor—one given from the former apprentice outdoing the master in a way that subverts their harmful lesson: ludo-Gothic BDSM was learned from their cruelty and care (the former which they proudly declared *were* lessons to begin with. Whatever helps you sleep at night, my dude). They tried to erase our relationship from the face of the Earth—to bury it, thus deny me closure while riding off into the sunset with their future husband (who, as it turns out, was something of a spineless bimbo); so I have documented it here to have my delicious, beautiful revenge—one had with cuties sexier (and kookier, sometimes) than they were, but still cautious; i.e., Cuwu granting me permission to use photos of us on OnlyFans and elsewhere, provided I left their real name out of it (hence the alias). So I did, curating a gallery of mementos of Medusa (while never showing Cuwu's eyes, much in the style of that monster) that I, like an old lover, can pull out of my aging billfold and show off with pride to a younger generation (and which Bay watched me insert into this manuscript with glee). To Zeuhl, though, I can only say to them, "Suck it, 'Trebek'! Suck it long and suck it hard!" (don't fuck with a multimedia expert *and* Gothic nerd, biznatch).



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Per Shakespeare, everything that has been said already has, life "but a walking shadow" caught in a framed narrative's *mise-en-abyme/cryptomimesis*. As such, life in death is an endless graveyard that often

expresses in popular media—from novels, movies and videogames, but also performance art—in orthographic/audiovisual terms. We, the so-called "poor players," huff and puff as we "strut and fret" *our* hour "upon the stage and then [are] heard no more." Classically this is to make the Straights (sword-happy Scotsman, Macbeth) lose heart dressed in borrowed robes; but for us fags, the endless yawn becomes a place to play and express ourselves mid-trauma, inside the necropolis—i.e., "letting things breathe" while meeting friends and lovers to confide in, versus one's aging family members in the middle of the night after we've ostensibly grown up. In the process, we leave behind these markers of ourselves abjuring Keat's 1819 "Ode on a Grecian Urn"¹²⁶ for something a little more hands-on: "We totally boned" with bones (and boners) through fields of "grass" to play "ball" on (for those of you telling me to "touch grass," *I've* touched plenty, you jackanapes).



(artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

"Misery loves company" and it takes time to build trust for those previously harmed; earning Cuwu's (and they mine), I blasted their vociferous snizz to a mutual clamor that literally speaks volumes. As such, the more we

plough, dig up and fuck around with trauma in safe, psychosexual forms, the more comfortable we become showing others our scars, our vulnerable strength. In turn, there becomes so much more to say and fun to be had (e.g., me, three volumes and hundreds of exhibits/multiple relationships later); i.e., which Zeuhl—pushing their head into the sand—refused to do (as did Jadis and Cuwu). As such, my holistic rumination and constant revisiting of Gothic sites of trauma (whose manufactured reunions include my volumes testifying to former and ongoing

¹²⁶ Specifically the lines about the male lover (the hunter) chasing the female lover (the quarry):

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! ([source](#)).

relationships with *seemingly* "dead" things—my exes, but also those I relate to *now* living with trauma) eventually reached maturity (albeit after ten years of academic hardships, and my introduction to relationships running along that same fabled track). In the interim, all of the above helped me explore campy "rape" and "murder" fantasies while dying slowly (as people normally do) and learning as *I* do¹²⁷; in turn, these gave me a chance to stick it to Zeuhl, pounding Bay's pussy and thinking to myself, "Yeah, take that, Zeuhl, you bitch!"

We might, on some dark, unconscious level, always feel angry with those who harm us and want to harm them back; Gothic playgrounds give us a theatrical means of letting off steam without damaging anyone and finding ways to move forward, building a better tomorrow through good praxis; i.e., a pedagogy of the oppressed that serves as our devil's workshop made from old parts, the bricks and bone(r)s building a new "torture" dungeon to escape unironic torture with. This includes people who volunteer to be the punching bag—letting you "beat up" their pussy (and other holes) in ways that you and they might not be fully aware of, but which *isn't* so surprising in hindsight. Who *doesn't* want to say "fuck you" to a shitty ex? Try it, babes; it feels so goddamn good.

Furthermore, if you ask them to consciously help you work through some shit, some people might say yes (we're all freaks, one way or another); i.e., because that kind of catharsis feels good for you, but also because it might help them as the healer or the "victim" needing their own calculated risk. It all comes together in that respect. So long as that stays in the bedroom and you treat each other like people at all times (respecting mutual consent), then getting a leg up from an eager and willing cutie *de facto* playing the ex/Great Destroyer getting their ignominious comeuppance, not dancing but straight up *fucking* on your worst enemy's "grave" *ipso facto* (evoking the Gothic master-trope, live burial, in a classically erotic manner¹²⁸), it's all fine and good. Go down, down to Goblin Town, my dudes! Make "Tolkien" gay to spite your exes breaking your heart!

¹²⁷ [As Seneca said on his deathbed](#), "I'm still learning." So am I.

¹²⁸ Despite its "inherited confusions (re: Baldrick), the Gothic tradition indisputably merges trauma, pleasure and centuries of human history and theatrical practices into the same messy chronotope (me): the castle a living residence and an aesthetic that speaks to past, present and future crimes, legends and romances tied to sex and force. This isn't just Bakhtin speaking to the Brits, but a historical precedence that, per the Western tradition, goes back to Rome—specifically Roman cemetery prostitutes. As my friend Mira explains,

Mira: Prostitution was legal but they were seen as so filthy by the town guards that the only place they could operate was graveyards.

Me: Talk about abjecting sex.

Mira: During the day they'd make money by being rent-able mourners for funerals, and at night they'd deliberately wear makeup to make them look like corpses or ghosts and hook up with guys in mausoleums. The rent-able mourner thing is just smart. You're only allowed there anyway so make money where you're needed. Show up, cry, get paid. Shit, *I'd* do that.

Everybody does this to some extent. In my experience, Zeuhl would grumble about exes and tell me about their deck of "spank bank" images they'd rifle through, as I fucked them; Jadis and I would, me rage-fucking their tank-like snatch when I felt mad at them, thinking about likenesses of past exes to get through their abuse; and Cuwu would talk about their ex and trauma and I would



talk about my exes and trauma while we hooked up to process our feelings, mid-fantasy and during conversations about trauma as something to perform, consume, and address with the Gothic, with BDSM, with sex, drugs and rock 'n roll:

(artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Mira went on to provide this fun source:

The Bustuarie used chalk on the backs of headstones to advertise their prices, and engaged in sexual acts within tomb passages and secluded plots. Graveyard prostitutes could be found throughout the Roman Empire, and even in the outskirts of Londinium (modern-day London). Their clientele was made up of grave diggers, eager pseudo-necrophiliacs and vulnerable mourning widowers. They were exquisite navigators in finding the emptiest of mausoleums, the softest of burial plots, and even the cold slabs of tombstone that presented an opportunity for intimate discretion.

There were even stories of fair-skinned women resting on ancient tombs with gold coins upon their eyes, not as a payment to the ferryman to cross into the underworld, but payment by the God Orcus for her lustrous services. With a reputation for sexually satisfying the God of the underworld, the Bustuarie were able to provoke the interest of any young Roman wishing for an experience bordering the boundaries of death and love. However, what of precaution and disease when in the presence of a prostitute surrounded by death? ([source](#): B.B. Wagner's "The Graveyard Prostitutes of Rome and Beyond," 2020).

Prostitution *is* the world's oldest profession, but also a psychosexual means of making ends meet (so to speak) while addressing one's social-sexual-monetary needs on a complicated spectrum; the *Gothic* is a playground to play with dead things as historical-ahistorical, social-sexual material markers of paradoxical trauma and pleasure hyphenated. It existed with the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages, the Graveyard Poets who capped off the Renaissance, and survived anew with Walpole's "rape" castle onto ever new-and-evolving simulacra adopted and adapted for an increasingly capitalist world; i.e., as something to escape in some shape or form. Gothic Communism isn't the ghost of the counterfeit furthering the process of abjection, but a *reversal* of said process to weaponize said ghost *against* the state during class and culture warfare—to cryptonymically seize the means of undead, xenophilic production in no uncertain terms (despite the masks and theatre), hence reunite with a possible post-scarcity world that never quite was but *could* be in one possible future: Gothic Communism!

Everybody living with trauma who can find a way to love again generally measures and metes out grief as something to grieve through psychosexual combat and catharsis. Just remember your safe words, boundaries and aftercare before, while and after you "link up. "Hurt, not harm," babes.

On and on, until we're old and grey, shit happens/people do shitty things and act like it's all good. And these are informed by copies-of-copies inside a hall of mirrors inside a *palace* of mirrors on a *planet* of mirrors (and so on). Time is a circle, with people stepping into the archetypal roles exemplified onscreen (e.g., Kyle Reese's various resurrections in the *Terminator* films—from twunk, to twink, to hunk). Such interconnected, cross-medial/transgenerational dramas affect all of us, requiring healthy boundaries and values that, when cultivated and upheld, we implement to self-protect and care for the group, acknowledging pain while prioritizing our own health and well-being to help others *with*. In other words, there *is* triage involved, and preference; i.e. the queer persons found-family vs the nuclear model I very much caution against in any and all relationships. Capital is unstable by design—aging horribly during a given generation's rise and fall, turning workers into unthinking and inflexible machines per a heteronormative (dimorphic, Cartesian) dialogic: the fall of a generation as sacrificial by design, one king eating his own children as *efficient profit*. I intensely dislike this by virtue of experience, but also because we need to devise our own structures and machines—horizontal systems that we and our actions embody and uphold, taught through *our* object lessons; i.e., as possessed and intuitively understood during life as a chaotic series of multiple interactions happening on multiple fronts and dimensions all at once in a loop.

As such, the desire for things "to be good" becomes realistic *only* when the conditions are there for it, which we must supply while moving workers and the world away from manufactured scarcity (and the other trifectas and monopolies) *towards* a better world: one ultimately rarefied by a Gothic-Communist aesthetic as a means to think, exist and create. I see a problem, and write, write, write (and invigilate) to solve it. This takes a willingness to partake of sample biopsies to render not just tough love (as required, not as dogma) but object lessons, which both requires energy and effort to materialize. I live for it, solving complex problems through my creations made alongside my friends; i.e., to show you glimpses of a better world that exist right here on Earth, this very moment: through our delicious squishiness, but also friendships and relationships at large. Return to nature as something to bond not just with workers, but animals—aka, Mr. Squirrel: not Tolkien's sorry "burrahobbit" demonizing Cockney folk, which Peter Jackson paraphrased as an "over-sized squirrel"; nor the female/monstrous-feminine Numinous or Gothic Communism, really. Just a motherfucking squirrel captured on camera (consider this a palette cleanser/aftercare after having Medusa's fat cock down your puny human throat hole).



(exhibit 34a1a4: Artist: Lydia, who explains as Britishly as possible: "He so chonk; he's standing on one of those things you put grave flowers in. He was using it to hoard food: li'l grave fridge." To which I was reminded of T.S. Eliot's funerary "The Waste Land" [1922]:

*April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain [[source](#)].*

Never mind that Eliot dedicated the "I. The Burial of the Dead" section to Ezra Pound, a fascist sympathizer [thus fascist]. The poem still speaks to healing from the trauma of war as a modernist ordeal—the chaos of city life merging with the transplanted flowers plucked up from the likes of Flanders or some other mass grave linked to the nation-state; i.e., as a war machine designed to grind workers up for profit. That's all it does.)

This Humanistic medicine/education issues from ludo-Gothic BDSM as founded by me: on a system of thought as intuitive and developed; i.e., as everything connects to everything else according to whatever connections we (and our cultivated social-sexual habits) *choose* to make; e.g., like my books as galleries but also their ideas, *ipso facto*, per *a priori* value statements: the universal valuing

of worker rights. I will *always* advocate for the oppressed, but especially the monstrous-feminine. It is my preferred client, but also my desired mode of existence. The best job in the world my job, then: one of counselor, lover, mother, protector, educator, slut, artist, and writer—a Renaissance girl whose galleries and cathedral-esque codexes extensively explore the world as Gothic *through* the Gothic; i.e., pulling things apart, seeing the world through each other's eyes, at home in the home-as-Gothic-castle: the screaming chateau-as-gâteau-homunculus (the cake-like person as fortress-like, "torturous" *and* delicious) howling in pain and pleasure per psychosexual "harm" haunted by harm during confused fight-or-flight responses: "Hurt, not harm!"

Like Ripley stuck in the *Nostromo*, I continuously volunteer to be topped because, as a little girl, I felt the healing transformative power of calculated risk; like *Mandy's* demon bikers, the Black Skulls, I fucking *love* it when playing with fresh consenting cuties as adults!



([source](#))

Love you, babes. Now, finally, without further ado, onto the fun palace!

Your Commie Mommy,

—Persephone

"Monsters, Magic and Myth": Knocking on Heaven's Door; or, Prepare for Entry!

"What knockers!"

—Fredrick Frankenstein, *Young Frankenstein* (1974)



(artist: Jeff Waters)

Ok, we're finally *here*, but *before* we *enter* the palace, let's reiterate (this page) and go over some Marxist signposts and liberatory sex work exhibits.

As the previous subchapters established, the Gothic has always been campy as fuck—"rapacious" as a genderqueer (often ace/nudist) means of confronting and subverting actual trauma (the ghost of the counterfeit) by reversing the process of abjection: through the poetic, often-paradoxical

language of war tied to monsters, magic and myth as "bad theatre"; e.g., [Chris Farley's meat wagon skit from *Tommy Boy*](#) (1995); i.e., as everyday activities often set to music gleaned through rhythmic, synchronistic intuition during cliché ceremonial fetishes and broad Gothic conventions ("Giddyap, faster!" having Phyllis riding Aristotle [the incel giga-nerd] like an ass). The Gothic, as such, transcends mediums to speak across them in everyday relationships that help put out fires while *not* starting new ones (a complex spectrum of social-sexual exchanges, whose material factors and aesthetic elements of unequal power and trauma hyphenate to address systemic abuse). From campfire stories to novels to cinema to videogames, ludo-Gothic BDSM is a veritable "city of paradoxes," one whose fomenting sediments we can shape into new, more sex-positive (and less profit-driven) likenesses from what Jeff Waters¹²⁹ might call the "[Fun Palace](#)" (1990).

¹²⁹ A real Renaissance man, Waters' expressed all aspects of the production inside and outside of itself (akin to Walpole's Strawberry Hill evoked inside *Otranto* and vice versa):

The album has a song titled "Alison Hell" which is based on the true story of a little girl who had the fear of the dark so to speak, the fear of seeing a bogeyman-type monster at night. This eventually made her go insane as her parents ignored her cries. The album cover depicts exactly that. The artwork is brilliant and comprehensive, making the average fan curious about what the music on the album is about, specially taking into consideration the fact that this was Annihilator's debut effort and Jeff Waters being responsible for the cover art in addition to writing all the lyrics, playing guitar and mixing the album by himself ([source](#): Aniruddh "Andrew" Bansal's "Top 25 Metal Album Covers of All Time").

As such, Capitalism blinds us through cheap likenesses; to see through its Realism, we must play and make our own preceptive forms that (as we shall see) use Gothic paradox and oxymoron, mid-historical-material debate, to dialectically-materially confuse (thus critique) the senses, then assemble them magically again in selectively absorptive *healthy* boundaries that tear down old harmful ones (and other medieval tricks we'll all explain once we're inside the palace proper). Like Radcliffe's *Black Veil*, it becomes something to pull aside; like Matthew Lewis, it becomes something to campily fuck until we're breathless (a veritable "meat wagon" to piledrive until you're deaf, dumb and blind; the Gothic is not for the faint-of-heart—its rough-and-tumble sexual aesthetic riding hard and putting away wet):



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Per Radcliffe, it's also the greedy old man behind the mask; per us, Lewis and the Gothic's love for crude, iconoclastic puns, it's a mask we can wear while wearing... not much, really! We're not gonna let "him" (the old man) get away with it, but the way forward *is* through Medusa as someone to embody as a

psychosexual educator (which extends to ace critiques of unironic psychosexual violence; e.g., "I'm here and you can't touch me, incels!"). It might seem random, but it all fits together pretty well, trust me (I'm writing this as I listen to Annihilator and think about how Harmony's fat pillow pussy [seriously, just look at those plump, puffy lips] blew my mind a few hours ago; i.e., hitting my stride [as sex generally encourages]. But this *is* my third book and umpteenth exhibit/excursion into the shadow zone's realms of metal, BDSM and taboo hedonism [and doubles that invite troubling comparisons, but also abject language that is inevitable under capital¹³⁰—of sex, drugs and rock 'n roll as an aesthetic to enlarge the mind [and other things] with): to kick ass (with ass) and chew bubblegum, and we're all outta bubblegum (chewing Capitalism up and spitting it out, crying "Avaunt!" as we do)!

¹³⁰ E.g., Taking dick during anal felt *alien* to me, so much so that my only point of reference for it was—in true abject fashion—taking a shit. But this obviously isn't the same as taking a shit, thus doesn't fall into that particular kink field. It's merely an abject form of language tied to bodily functions to describe a reversal regarding a part of the body that normally under capital is "exit only."

The paradox of "thinking with your dick" (or cunt) through the aesthetic of fear, theatrical degradation/disintegration and "doom" (as contained inside the castle-like body-as-fun-palace) is that it hits just right, hurts so good as an acquired taste (re: native-speaker intuition); i.e., learning to like the pussy's little bit of pleasurable pain from a hard dick chaffing a tad and stretching the willing-but stubbornly tight entrance open during consensual, fun, monstrous sex (Zeuhl's would be *extra* tight and dry until I eased, millimeter-by-millimeter, all the way in and then, *splooosh!* It would suddenly gush with a sudden eruption of pussy juices).

As stated, this poetic thought process/ontology is generally operatic, rhythmic and musical—a collective, flute-powered nympho dance held through the Gothic mode as *the* gateway to forbidden wisdom: a better world that happens by facing our fears in sustainable ways that speak to people through how they operate and what they consume as monstrous, musical, drug-like and medieval (ace people fuck, too, or at the very least read about stories that contain "murderous" sex and "rape" in some shape or form; beware those who don't—they've drunk capital's Kool-Aid, high on dogma as a capitalist virginal screed *and* modesty screen: TERFs [and other incels] killer virgins springing from the Man Box to enact "prison sex" violence onto other workers).



(artist: [Joseph Tomanek](#))

To that, Gothic reinvention and reclamatory learning occur amid total creative and labor control over our bodies, sexualities, genders and performances, such a liberatory venue/playground giving us (the proverbial good doctors, mad scientists and bad girls, etc) the final say during sinful, iconoclastic rebirth—a dark Renaissance unafraid to say the "quiet part" as loud as possible (one-upping a cumming banshee, a singing fat lady shrieking with pleasure about her own death and transgenerational salvation amid time-as-a-circle—its hefty cryptonymies speaking truth to power according those for *or* against the state): knowledge found in "desolation" and activities far more

conducive to sex-positive learning than unironic penance and mortification of the flesh (unironic, scorched-earth torture dressed up as "righteous"):

Centuries of war and waste
 Have dealt a mortal blow
 Mother earth begins to rot
 Humanity on death row
 Life does slowly cease to be
 Death seems so surreal

As earth becomes a vacant lot
 There's nothing left to heal (Annihilator's "[Imperiled Eyes](#)," 1990).

If a whole album (or series of albums, a career) can skillfully¹³¹ speak to that awful reality—of Medusa's revenge as reclaimed during calculated risk to save workers from state shift—then it merely joins in across a larger Gothic dialog as holistically expressed: with our bodies, sexualities, genders, relationships and labor in sexual-to-asexual ways reclaiming the language of war in castle-like bodies: "Yeah, baby! Take my 'castle' if you can! She's thirsty for cum!"



(model and artist: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Or as Cuwu once said to me, "Want to hit it from the back, little man?" It's a Numinous peach of doom, a forbidden freaky fruit that—once tasted—you'll want

¹³¹ I.e., virtuosity, regardless of type; e.g., Water's guitar or Radcliffe's quill as skillfully held to at times speak out, and others, to "cash in" (ol' Radcliffe sold out big time, and eventually Waters did, too): to find tropes you can repeat for profit, not critical power first and foremost.

more and more of (making the mattress squeak and the walls [of your partner's pussy and the room¹³² around you] shake).

In turn, Gothic-Communist cultivation involves a wide variety of forces challenging capital as a process internalized by workers; i.e., professions yield different paths, and armies provide specialists and general-purpose versatility where *both* can be useful to serve workers in ways canon classically does not; i.e., Heinlein's Competent Man trope (originally from his 1973 novel, *Time Enough for Love*) as something to acknowledge as imperialist, then subvert accordingly for workers and nature's collective benefit:

A human being should be able to change a diaper, plan an invasion, butcher a hog, conn a ship, design a building, write a sonnet, balance accounts, build a wall, set a bone, comfort the dying, take orders, give orders, cooperate, act alone, solve equations, analyze a new problem, pitch manure, program a computer, cook a tasty meal, fight efficiently, die gallantly. Specialization is for insects.

"Insects," "invasion," "orders"—the language of settler colonialism is clear and present not just in Heinlein's work, but those who followed him in franchised neoliberal refrains (re: Tolkien and Cameron's refrains in cinema and videogames) colonizing and capitalizing on the Gothic (and the monomythic fantasy and science fiction genres stemming from it) to serve profit. This gentrification all but require us to be competent *in opposition* to the material and social factors that push dogmatic, Cartesian versions of such ideas out into the world (ultimately to privatize, thus enslave, sexualize and alienize workers with).

In regards to *my* work and that of my comrades, I'm a holistic cutie whose Renaissance-girl approach yields a complex solution to a complex problem: a book series built on negotiated art exhibits whose context illustrates mutual consent as labor action *and* sex-positive propaganda; i.e., something accomplished exclusively and demonstrably through the intimacy of muses and artists illustrating mutual consent, mid-struggle and in concert.

Like Jeff Waters, then, I am the director of my brainchild's labor of love, thus familiar with *all* aspects of its production. Of course, this familiarity with labor goes well beyond artwork and simply into *work* at large; e.g., housework, aka "woman's work" as labor that, like all forms thereof, is infinitely valuable (thus infinitely exploitable) and requires that we reclaim all of these things through our daily lives

¹³² The self-destruct metaphor in *Alien* also being a crude erotic one: the heroine-in-small being inside a *cumming* giant currently "dying"; i.e., the house, the monstrous-feminine, getting off during "hysteria": exclaiming and cumming as loudly as possible—the proverbial "big finish" that, for AFAB bodies, can take a while to achieve in order to get out of one's system (along with the trauma it sits adjacent to during psychosexual expression's historical-material markers: the ghost of the counterfeit).

synthesizing good worker habits, thus good praxis as our pedagogy of the oppressed: all those things conducive to imparting good social-sexual habits (thus education) reclaimed from pre-existing colonial forms. But I could not do it without the likes of my friends. It's a group effort, and two heads (and bodies) working together aren't simply better than one in terms of intersectional worker solidarity as self-evident; they're *required* when it comes to certain kinds of work that *can't* be performed and invigilated solo:



(exhibit 34a1b1a: Model and artist: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#).)

Yes, there's a lot you can do with modern smartphones, selfie sticks, lighting and mirrors. But the simple fact remains, certain types of sex work can only be done together with cooperating and mutually consenting parties; i.e., sex-positive forms of mutual action [which can still involve mirrors, above]. Assuming that mutual consent is already established as part of an exhibit's underlying context, you can only spank someone else's booty if two [or more] people are present to perform the action, can only film an actual couple's sex scene with a present-and-willing-couple.

This includes the penetration, the foreplay and the climax/creampie [below], but also the dialog in between, the interactions between a couple, the aforementioned subtext of consent I can invigilate and express while my friends and I camp [thus subvert] canonical media's fear and dogma, but also the profit motive as linked to Cartesian [settler-colonial, heteronormative] propaganda.

To this, capital treats labor and its sexual and gendered expression through the narrow function of exploitation and theft, *vis-à-vis* the dialectic of the alien—not to communicate the rights of people, then, but to establish people as products first

and foremost [especially female workers, or anything seen as feminine, thus monstrous-feminine]. Workers are owned, their rights diminished or virtually non-existent under a system that treats corporations as more human than human. By extension, capital frames things as "content," insofar as you have a goal to make as much content as possible, appealing to the profit motive according to a universal clientele [white, cis-het men] and their tokenized gradients; i.e., to adhere to the widest possible audience catered to by the state, whose money flows through the platform-in-question to move various products that adhere to and uphold the status quo—from Vitruvian bodies to dimorphized clothing [diminutive female underwear or pocketless garments] to the division of sexual labor treated either as directly pornographic products or artwork under capital. All are "for sale" in ways that keep money moving through nature, and generally in ways conducive to censorship, control and ultimately genocide.



[model and artist: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

By comparison, Communism hyphenates sex and art, but must challenge all of these factors through what we create inside our own systems of thought. It can all sound rather drab [or hilarious, insofar as Marxist theory generally does adjacent to sexuality and queer camp]—fighting the good fight against a largely invisible structure that is felt through commerce and economics inside the Imperial Core, first and foremost. But I can assure you, there's plenty of room for romance, playtime and "action" amid our own poetic expression. Simply put, we're not slaves to the grind, and can multitask with the best of 'em; e.g., my fucking of Cuwu's

tight pussy was good praxis, insofar as it was mutually consensual, but likewise produced for content we could express ourselves with, and which continues to inform this book's revolutionary ideas.

*Expressed in binary form, Capitalism is patriarchal, imperial and criminogenic; under Cartesian thought, capital harvests nature as monstrous-feminine to serve profit, which is theft of labor's universal value during police violence, settler colonialism, AI and tech bro shenanigans ["Why create when you can steal stuff from artists and sex workers for free?"] and so on. Communism is monstrous-feminine, and must reclaim what capital tries to privatize/monopolize by seizing labor's infinite value as something to weaponize against capital through subversive media, work, relationships, Gothic poetics, *et al.* This happens through Sex Positivity as the camping of canon by virtue of there being capital/the state versus anything else that refuses to compromise with the state. There's sex positivity and sex coercion, liberation and enslavement, genocide and salvation, rape and consent, and so on. And all can be invigilated through exhibits like these that amount to both services and acts of group and self-expression; i.e., to survive under capital while doing activism as a means of mixing business and pleasure, but also direct demands and allegory through the things that people enjoy that likewise store value and comment on taboo, policed subject matter [thus workers].)*



[model and artist: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

The worker-to-media relationship, then, isn't just nomadic in-place—a wonderful athetos/Gothic-castle circus on part with Deep Purple's "[Space Truckin'](#)" (1972) or Montrose's "[Space Station No.5](#)" (1973)—or indicative solely of our rights spoken through Gothic poetics, mid-interpersonal relations inside a larger spectrum of

intersectional exchange; it's *symbiotic*, "Pan" needing the "nymphs" to dance to his music (the muses) and they needing his music to dance. Ideally they should be able to perform in isolation, but the practice is practically meaningless without a performance to share with, and experience among, the world. A cake needs sponge to squish, but also frosting (and other decorations) to give it flavor. For us, this serves workers through mutual action, not the elite through profit. Taken to an extreme, profit will always cheapen/lessen the quality of things—e.g., videogames, food and people, etc—and capital is built exclusively around profit; i.e., per Jason

Moore and Raj Patel, Capitalism puts nature to work as cheaply as possible by *making* it as cheap as possible, thus life. Per *me*, liberation of work as sexualized (and universally alien) occurs by camping the twin trees of capital, thereby clawing profit (and labor value) back from the elite, along with power and class consciousness (awareness), emotional/Gothic intelligence, and so on during sex-positive iconoclastic art.

Contrary to what sad pathetic nerds like Fredric Jameson would insist, then, monsters aren't "boring and exhausted," but priceless¹³³ and die-hard, populist ways of reducing the risk of unironic rape and war in all their forms; i.e., by developing Gothic Communism! Rape (re: "the taking of power to harm someone, somewhere or something") is ubiquitous under Capitalism through unironic forms maintaining Capitalist Realism, hence heteronormativity in warlike, poetic language caught between boundaries, but also castles, castle-like bodies, and "rape's" concentric "*mise-en-abyme*" existing in quotes: during ludo-Gothic BDSM questioning normally through "unnatural/unknown pleasures" preventing catastrophic events by playing with the dolls (re: Waters) as alive-unalive, correct-incorrect, inside-outside (and other such hyphenations the Gothic loves to invigilate while profaning the sacred as "almost holy"); i.e., as something to endlessly revive in the present space and time (and something for capital to commodify and paywall



in blank, canonical forms); e.g., Heinrich Lossow riffing on old dated clichés while having Friar Tuck making his Big Thighed Goth GF "fly" ("I'm an airplane, weeee! Faster, motherfucker! Don't fucking stop..."): sin is relative to those who would contain healthy activities (fucking) inside oppressive systems (churches, capital, the state) whose oppression and liberation must take place inside of themselves. There's no outside of the text, kids; and besides, why think outside the box when you can be *inside* one (if you follow me)?

(artist: Heinrich Lossow)

¹³³ Per the difficult, anisotropic nature of the Gothic, its recycled myths have a particular dual function that very much *can* be used to assist in Communist development; i.e., by exposing the usual state heroes as cowards and humanizing the people, places and things they dehumanize or otherwise treat inhumanely; e.g., Ripley sucks (Cameron's version), the xenomorph rules, and military optimism/Capitalist Realism need to end, along with their rape-like, unironic function under capital (which debates through brute force and in bad faith: a presumed air of infallibility and superiority that necessitates genocide per the Divine Right of Kings segueing to the Protestant ethic and profit more broadly in the 20th century onwards).

As we shall see, such an imaginary past's liminal expression/doubles are a black mirror and oft-orgasmic (re: *jouissance*) release valve—a "deathly¹³⁴" escape from repression (and the holier-than-thou) something touched on by metalheads, freaks, and creative misfits playing with undead, xenophilic taboos; i.e., from Matthew Lewis to Jeff Waters camping the canon backwards and forwards to achieve activism on all fronts (a chorus of the damned [there being endless orchards of flowers blooming in Gothic fields, all of them lovey in their own special ways] all speaking to all rights in seductive forms; i.e., the ghost of the counterfeit as something to revive and interact within to achieve new knowledge that yes, is a bitter bill to swallow [war and rape in all their forms tied to capital as a menticidal system stuck on repeat to drum up profit], but one coated in the sweetest of sugars; e.g., queer and environmental rights per Lewis [re: Colin Broadmoor's "[Camping the Canon: Matthew Lewis, Milton, & The Monk](#)," 2021] and Jeff Water's "[Stonewalled](#)," 1990). So, if you can recognize the myths and magic that generally accompany them, too, then all the better! You're gonna need 'em if you wanna tell this from that and successfully add to the Cause!



Got it? Ok, you little fucks. Outta the car! It's time to learn... inside the fun palace (which, plot twist, is slang for "madhouse"; you're the inmates and *I'm* the nurse)!

(artist: Peter Corrison and Dave Heffernon)

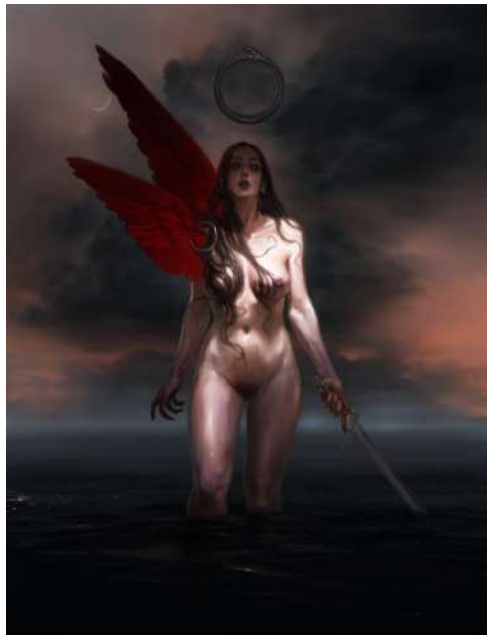
¹³⁴ I.e., *ahegao* essentially is a "death face," aka an "O face" where one ostensibly loses control (thanks to Harmony Corrupted for the idea, making me cum super hard again). Creed describes the Medusa as having such a face, post-*unironic*-decapitation: "The writhing snakes, with their fanged gaping mouths, and the Medusa's own enormous teeth and lolling tongue were on full view. Athena's aim was simply to strike terror into the hearts of men as well as reminding them of their symbolic debt to the imaginary castrating mother." While the unironic, dated version of this used by Creed amounts to endless female rage at sobering patriarchal violence—i.e., to terrify insecure and rapacious men through undead revenge—*my* applications of camp during ludo-Gothic BDSM see the notion of monstrous-feminine turning the idea on its head (so to speak): the campy (thus ironic) performance of intense social-sexual *gratification*. Often this happens with an assistant making the "performer" give in to a calculated risk, putting on a show where things are at least half-real. It's less phoning things in, then, and more to bring down the house from a wild, crazy orgasm that has the likeness of Medusa cumming defiantly *at* settler-colonial forces—all to frustrate them. As such, "decapitation" translates to *any* kind of rape play that can be exhibited, and whose formidable powers of projection "castrate" insofar as they humanize the Medusa as *any* feminine force perceived as monstrous that exhibits an uncanny ability—a) to not only *subvert* torture and resist harm, but b) take power *away* from the state dominator by showing the Medusa as human(e) and the state enforcer as not. "Can't touch this." It's not just the refusal to be a victim, but also *not* an abuser *while* being sex-positive. The state's repulsion, humiliation, anger and frustration is the Medusa's aim, smiling at their would-be killers' loss of control in seeing the Medusa quite unharmed and satisfied in ways only a good cum can do.

"Monsters, Magic and Myth": 'Heaven in a Wild Flower'; or, Exhibiting the Monstrous-Feminine Ourselves

In the past, I have stressed the Aegis as a counterterrorist weapon with revolutionary potential as a kind of "spectre of Marx"; i.e., when removed entirely from its state function, but also haunting it vengefully from the inside during all manner of inheritance anxieties; e.g., the Radiance from Hollow Knight¹³⁵ [operating] as an ancient queen, haunting the mind-like tombs of mere mortal men and eventually being banished back to Hell once hunted down and exposed by a male hunter inside his fallen master's ruinous crypt ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume One* (2024)

This subchapter was written and invigilated this morning—specifically the morning after a night with Harmony Corrupted, the two of us playing together but also talking shop as comrades. To that, it's something of a postscript to the previous subchapter. "[Knocking on Heaven's Door](#)" was a series of Marxist signposts and exhibits, first and foremost; "Heaven in a Wild Flower" focuses more on the *gender studies* hermeneutic; i.e., regarding the monstrous-feminine in relation to everything discussed so far *vis-à-vis* the broad strokes of Volumes One and Zero:



(artist: [Jody Muir](#))

In short, there is always a war-like, rebellious aspect of the Medusa to any monster that *isn't*—in part or in whole, figuratively or literally—a white, Anglo-American ("Western," of the Global North, "Occidental," etc) cis-het, Christian male; i.e., the monstrous-feminine as non-white, non-Western/non-Occidental, queer and non-Christian, therefore an extended being under Cartesian hegemony and thought, thus something to commodify and harvest under its gentrifying refrains/neoliberal franchisement; e.g., female vampires or orcs, the dark figure as of color (male or female); i.e., an ink blot to project inherited colonial anxieties and confusions

onto, then scapegoat and ultimately enslave and mistreat in *unironic* forms. Through our "girl talk" (anger and gossip), monsters and camp, the abuse becomes ironic: something to denude and appreciate as a revolutionarily cryptonymic process unto itself (whose engagement with state forces is equally fascinating to watch).

¹³⁵ Or some such monarch—Jody Muir's creation, above.

There is an intersecting gradient-of-gradients among various axes of oppression, of similarity amid difference concerning the dialectic of the alien: as something to murder and dissect through unironic sex and force according to what Lenin called the highest stage of Capitalism, Imperialism ([source](#): Marxists.org); i.e., as appearing in between media and real life as half-real, monopolized, and cheapened to serve profit, not workers, nature and the environment. There is *always* a harvest under capital and it *always* becomes grim during the liminal hauntology of war as alien to the middle class; i.e., a wandering castle that moves without motion and appears without warning to engender mor(t)al panic and attack labor and nature as "other" during *unironic* us-versus-them—all to shape, maintain and serve the profit motive through hybrids of industry and dogma.

Luckily these can be challenged—an act I shall now exhibit, *ipso facto*:



(exhibit 34a1b1b1: [artist, top-far-left: [Reiq](#); top-mid-left: [goblinDepre](#); top-mid-right: [Lady Red](#); top-far-right: [e.streetcar](#); middle-left: [Just Some Noob](#); center: H.R., Giger; in-center: Lera PI; middle-right: [Lilian](#); bottom-right: [Roxie Rusalka](#)].

The monstrous-feminine is very broad and dualistic. It would be impossible to cover all aspects of it here, because there are an infinite number between overlapping/intersecting gradients. In gender-studies fashion, I've isolated three gradients for your consideration: biology/sexuality, gender performance, and performance-as-identity. Though I could devote a book [or series of books] to each, I will merely supply one exhibit per gradient for you to keep in mind as we progress. As we do, remember that canon both divides and essentializes nature as discrete and fused; e.g., biology is essential under capital, and sex and gender are both discrete in terms of critical analysis and dogmatically fused insofar as canon treats them like one-in-the-same and chained to human biology serving the state [the challenging of which Judith Butler calls "gender trouble"].

*First, **biology and sexuality** [above], which illustrate through art how sex and force compel the viewer [through compelling arguments] using calculated risk; i.e., as the medieval presentation of a personified, staged dialogic to invigilate and express in a Renaissance form: monsters as things to entertain, meaning natural harmony within change as an imperiled proposition. Gothic Communism camps canon by "making it gay" in ways that account for the language of "sex" and "war" as put into quotes, thus "rape" and the warlike monsters involved as theatrical devices that subvert canonical norms on the same complicated stage: a war of words, with words, over words and other forms of expression whose mise-en-abyme is conducive to rebellion in opposition to the state; e.g., monster girls like the African princess superhero, redhead, orc girl, xenomorph, Amazon, witch, et al; but also male and intersex monstrous-feminine and people of color and Orientalism [the jinn] as coalescing to invade the home expressed on a shared stage, on and off itself [and which swaps out invaders during moral panics of a given type to focus on]. "You are not immune to thick witches," Roxie Rusalka says [[source tweet](#), 2024]. The same cogent irresistibility applies to the ghost of the counterfeit as something to reverse the process of abjection with, mid-consumption [the doggy pill hidden in the doggy treat, doggystyle].*

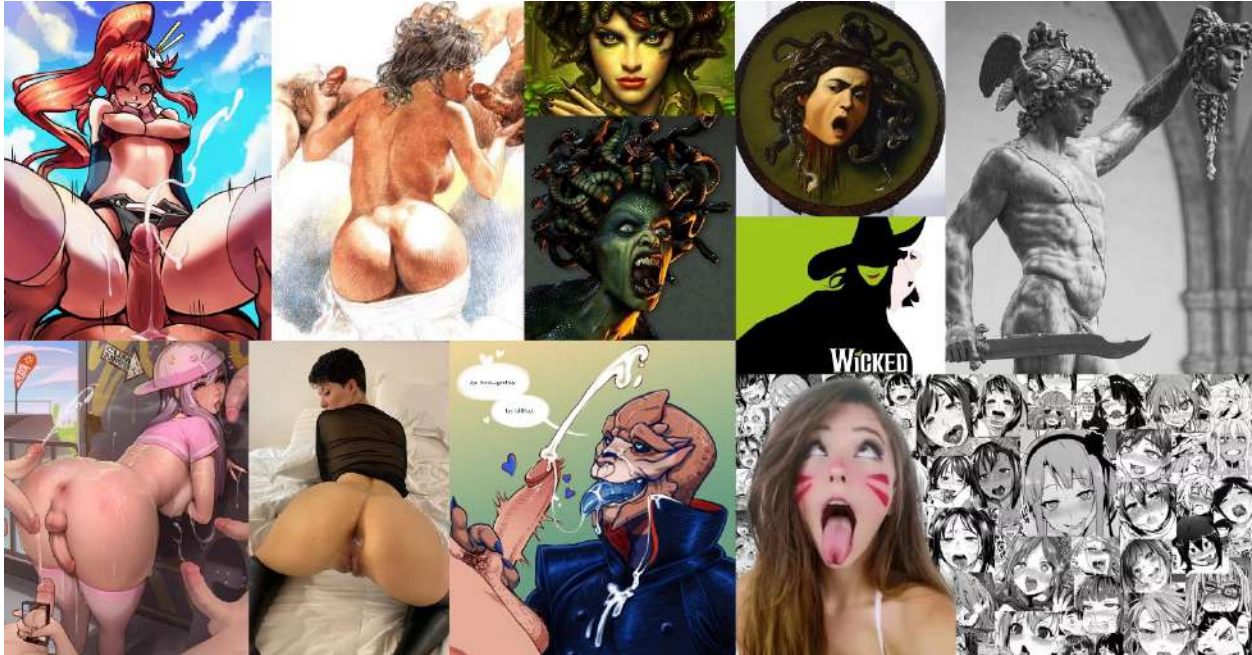


[artist, top-and-bottom-left/mid-right: [My Emetophobia](#); top-right: [Pancake Pornography](#); bottom right: [Paladin Pleasure Sculptors](#)]

Second,
gender as performance

[cosmetics]: clothes, but also material expressions of toy-like genitals with chimeric qualities—of undead and demonic elements, but also animal qualities that would, under natural conditions, be impossible. Except,

they aren't just unequal, taboo fantasies to reify by naughty agents; they're literally artistic products that can move data [regardless of type] along a given track. Consider Volume Zero's critical refrain, "Animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms," and how this generally has a predator/prey mechanic to hyphenate; i.e., function determines the flow of power and information insofar as morphological expression—to craft the Medusa-in-the-flesh—is often literally plastic [silicone, vinyl, whatever]. The textualities are literally textured in ways to invite comparison between materials that, unto themselves, have their own communities and cultural values; i.e., in those communities and their various artistic-pornographic extensions exported outward. Medieval paradoxes abound, insofar as these creations aren't harmful but appear as such during calculated risk as a revolutionary voice. Caught between pleasure and harm like Giger's xenomorph is, but also its biomechanical medievalism, such playful gender expression very much yields a colorful, food-like quality that, while it can certainly be tasted, cannot be safely digested by humans in a literal, prandial sense; i.e., sex toys aren't food, but food-for-thought. For genderqueer folk, it speaks to who we are ipso facto—unto itself as action made material.



[artist, top-far-left: [Dirty Ero](#); top-mid-left: Paolo Eleuteri Serpieri; top-mid-upper-right: [Caravaggio](#); top-far-right: [Benvenuto Cellini](#); bottom-far-left: [Femboy Kai](#); bottom-mid-left: [Moon](#); bottom-middle: unknown; bottom-right: Belle Delphine]

Third, **performance-as-identity**: No matter how ornamental or crude, Medusa is both the classical victim and abusive reactive response to patriarchal forces. Under capital, this happens to extant feminine elements within workers and nature. Be it a pussy or a penis, then, the human body's genitals are vulnerable sites of state force as something to give and receive upon themselves. There is generally something engorged [the Medusa's power indicated by crop-like size (often a produce/poultry metaphor) as much as intensity or some other value]. The maiden/wallflower is the delicate little thing to dominate because she automatically submits; the Medusa, on the other hand, must be conquered through battle: Amazonomachia.

As such, performance of the Medusa is synonymous with rage, beauty and harm, insofar as "harm" may be put into quotes [or not]—i.e., as a rebellious identity whose struggle is expressed through the facial mood-board, mid-"rape": the AMAB, AFAB or intersex cutie finding agency, mid exploitation, and to varying degrees of irony—of the historical colonizer's power commonly expressed in phallic terms castrated by the monstrous-feminine as having vaginal and phallic energies that challenge settler-colonial horrors; i.e., witch hunts [the beheaded Medusa] and rape [the ahegao genre] as legion by virtue of pastiche remediating praxis to serve profit but also challenge it. Within canon, such prolificity remains incumbent on profit through criminogenic conditions expressed cryptomimetically for or against the state, thus profit as canonically reduced to awkward-sounding genres like "grimdark" or *Metroidvania*, etc. The iconoclast disrupts these categorical divisions by crossing boundaries, transgressing to fashion new ones through performance as

identity under paradoxical duress: guarding our virtue through theatrical exposure and vulnerability to make a larger point. Sluts rock, the state does not—cannot tame or control us as the revolutionary Medusa [not the TERF version]. What matters is the attempt, the passion, as something that makes an impression, striking a chord to echo worker aims into the future.)

All these collage's thumbnails have been selected at random, and from readily available sources, to make my point. They're everywhere, their codified rape and war ensconced in myth that comments on material reality as lived and breathed through Gothic poetics, and can be used for workers *or* the state—the biology and sexuality as something to showcase, the clothing or flesh-as-"clothing" to depict in a variety of forms, the performance—of the *ahegao* Medusa saying "get fucked, nerds" to capital while refusing to submit/die under its routine wars of extermination extirpating her kind—as all connected within liminal expression. To *synthesize* these points, I'll do so in one paragraph, to keep things brief:



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Nature, as something to harvest, is treated as "unsafe" around the nuclear structure unless collared and choked into fetishized commodities that cannot hide the ghost of the counterfeit, only showcase it; e.g., Jordan Peele's 2019 *Us*; i.e., made tame and sold into slavery as housed in dungeon-like kennels, uniforms, and conditioned behavior matrices. The

bypass—of this regular gentrification pointing towards the state devouring anything and everything around it—requires reversing the *polarity* of such language. In turn, Gothic language is—like all human expression—fundamentally dualistic, kayfabe and costume-/mask-like: an us-versus-them exchange of ostensible corruption and dogma becoming the data unto itself as something to subvert *ipso facto*, meaning by changing the *context*, not the code-like *aesthetic*; i.e., hugging the alien as monstrous feminine; e.g., the cryptonymy of the vampire as a blindfolded, cum-guzzling slut invoking the vitalistic (thus alien) aspect of nature: to humanize the harvest during a shared, seminal ordeal. The elite and their proponents will always try to pacify the rebellious nature of Gothic poetics as Medusa-esque, but maintain the shadow zone they routinely appear inside as a colonizing device. The state doubles ours and we double theirs. There is no escaping this praxial reality. Instead, we must embrace it and fight back using monstrous-feminine expression

as *our* silver bullet, one wrought with ironic xenophilia challenging state harm/xenophobia, making their fear-fascination with the other dyspeptic to the point of dispelling the dire illusions it normally supplies.

In short, the elite don't own our future, however they might try to suggest that. Make it your own—a *pandemonium* felt, seen, smelled, heard and tasted (and other senses yet to be expressed in some shape or form) by what we produce and spread out into the world at large. To break Capitalist Realism, though, we must remember Sarkeesian's adage and critique canon as something to enjoy if we must, but *not* endorse its unironic (thus imperialist) treatment of sex and force. Our pedagogy of the oppressed (and its praxial doubles) must reverse this universal process of abjection (of alienation, fetishization, exploitation) through the ghost of the counterfeit, the other three of the Four Gs, the Six Rs, our iconoclastic doubles, as humanizing the harvest—to camp canon, thus the twin trees, thus synthesize praxis while confronting trauma during the calculated risk of ludo-Gothic BDSM: to reverse the flow of power and information (namely trauma), shifting form and function's utility towards workers, not the state.

To be sure, we can individually focus on particular interpretations of the monstrous-feminine; i.e., to achieve universal liberation for all marginalized groups, but *must* do so as a collective united intersectionally against capital, the state, its proponents, *et al*, as preying on us during the state's cycles of recovery and decay—its monopolies, trifectas and dualistic, dialectical-material opposites to our own creative successes. For every goal we have—e.g., good sex education to prevent rape, thus harm—they had a polar opposite that, even in moderate forms, ultimately concedes power to the state by not only refusing to challenge the status quo, but police anything that even remotely does to maintain the current holistic arrangement. Historical materialism denoting state shift becomes yet another thing to scapegoat, and bury and otherwise abject during oppositional praxis against workers; only profit matters, only canon (and any synonym you could associate with state defense, including tokenism) matters. Anything else must be held down and beat into submission; so we must "better the instruction" in ways that, per counterterror and asymmetrical warfare, reject the colonizer on all colonial territories and fronts.

This very much includes home soil and its commercialized venues as holy in a secular-to-religious gradient: commerce synonymous with greed, with bastardized religious symbols, as holy through a bourgeois context meant to acclimate workers, from the youngest age possible, to capital, its Protestant work ethic, and Capitalist Realism.

We must... disabuse them of this folly. By any and all means at our disposal, we must hit them where it hurts, using our mutual action's raw labor and propaganda, but also exhibits of mutual consent uniting against state minorities, copaganda and proponents as always having the potential to police us: as monstrous-feminine behind *their* disguises mirroring ours (fascism is a game of

inches behind obscurantism; liberation is a game of anisotropic reversal [of terror and counterterror] meant to terrify state forces into perpetual hiding). In response, some people push back; i.e., we do, shouting "[This one's for Brodie!](#)" as we descend, witch-like, from the skies to deliver righteous (and hilarious) guerrilla violence before cackling and gliding away again. A fly-by fucking of your brains.



(exhibit 34a1b1b2: "Bye, bye, Easter Bunny!" The death of an icon, whereupon the childish defenders race to avenge their fallen hero: to dispatch our two blackguards with ruthless efficiency!

I jest, but also, I don't. Anyone who says this scene is "just" a silly prank isn't paying attention and/or not using their brain on purpose. Silliness aside, we must remember, here, that children will rush to defend their heroes as things to love and preserve, the ensuing melee a rush to defend a given example with whatever's on hand. While the "beating" of our dynamic duo with harmless fluffy toys [compared to the absolute drubbing they administer to the man in the suit] is ultimately harmless. Except, children grow up and will defend their icons in a similar-but-lethal fashion; i.e., with the araments of the chronotope as something to put the likes of Jay and Silent Bob down for good—all to preverse the sanctity of the icon as something whose nostalgia must be upheld no matter the cost of human or animal life.

So don't be afraid "to kill your darlings," to think of the children as yours to defend from bad parents, teachers, guardians, etc—not to ensnare through a wicked scheme tied to profit, but a iconoclastic means of liberation that acclimates them to calculated risk; i.e., as a deft, playful means of handling their own trauma as something to play with [as children so often do; e.g., drawing their abusers]. Make yourself their heroes to see in themselves and defend from capital, and let nature do the rest.)

Faced with state Trojans, we must employ our own *splendide mendax* to kick them right in the "eggs" (of the guy in the suit, but also the ideological power of the icon he's wearing). Anything less is settler-colonial endorsement and cannot be tolerated; i.e., actions have consequences, the blind consumption of canonical media leading to a septic bowel that will spread like a virus, killing not just the worker or the image, but the community and the environment, the state and the world. So the icon has got to go, along with the bourgeoisie behind it as poisoning the nation's youth against all other forms of life. This includes the worker-turned-moral-crusader (for the state) as always correct-incorrect (the only "correct" thing under capital is the elite, which workers are not; they always have the capacity and potential to rebel, thus require constant policing by class traitors, which the elite cannot survive without: "Trust, but verify.").

Thought guides violence as informed by material conditions. War isn't just fought with guns and bullets on physical battlefields, then, but thought (pun intended) on *mental* ones that are just as real; i.e., inside a half-real space performed by class and culture warriors breaking state illusions by unplugging workers from the machine controlling them: Plato's cave (the Torment Nexus) as surrounded by what slowly is becoming an inhospitable desert in a very real sense. The world is dying and the illusions of empire—its cartographic refrains and hauntological, hyperreal, infernal concentric patterns—won't be able to hide that fact forever. No matter how it escalates conflict or seems to dial its waves of terror back, the state is the enemy. So are its cops, castles, and canon—its doves and hawks. It must be completely dismantled, which takes tremendous time, effort, and reversals during an uphill exchange (what Volume One calls "An Uphill Battle with the Sun in Your Eyes").



Think of it as a dark ritual. The problem is, *our* chanting (which is often musical for various reasons) is met with bad-faith refrains—akin to them (the state and its proponents) clapping their hands over their ears and babbling¹³⁶ to avoid the reality of state shift. These often occur amid snooping inside privileged white

neighborhoods threatened by dark Satanic forces; i.e., as much something to poke fun at as embody ourselves; e.g., Joe Dante's sublime and hilarious *The 'Burbs*

¹³⁶ "I'm not going to listen to this..." (over and over) to "Ray, you're chanting! Unconscious chanting: 'I want to kill everyone. Satan is good, Satan is our pal!'"

(1989), above. Unironic forms are meant to fill the air with chaff, meant drown ours out as we say in response: "We are here and cannot be ignored. Not today or tomorrow, but *eventually* and not too far off, your age is over! Some say in ice, some say in fire. The choice is yours: ignominious death by your own hand, or helping us build a world better than the ones routinely made for Cartesian conquest and hegemony put to practice."

This corporatized procedure is untenable in the long run, assuming (as Jason Moore and Raj Patel argue) infinite growth in a *finite* web of life. For *Gothic Communism*, the whole idea is to take away the state's ability to fight through its labor force and propaganda as interconnected with each other and rebellious factions; i.e., through the Gothic imagination (and its imaginary past, present and future) as our domain as much as theirs, and whose media circuitry can be overloaded and subverted by dark Satanic forces hell-bent on doing the job right: "It's Hunting season!" / "Applesauce, bitch!"



Said forces humanize labor and nature through the Medusa as a spectre of Marx during historical materialism (and, per Marx's "[Eighteenth Brumaire, Chapter I](#)," invoke and involve all the language/war-like fronts of sex and

force intertwined by two basic sides working in fundamental opposition: workers vs the state, capital vs commune, cops vs victims, Medusa as doubled into pro-state vs pro-worker forms; i.e., of costumes and masks to wear and discard [often on top of each other—re: concentric veneers] as needed, etc). Physical violence isn't just limited to a single area, of course (terror campaigns and hate crimes/deputized stochastic violence), but an *idea* can spread throughout an entire population to cripple *or* liberate it through paradoxical enrichment and release; i.e., through the ability to install canonical gargoyles that afflict menticidal torment onto pacified workers, versus replacing said statues with iconoclastic doubles: those that *appear* to function the same during liminal expression, but point-in-fact engender critical thought amid Gothic poetic expression rarefied during worker relations with each other and media.

Like any good friendship, then, it becomes something to return to—to try, try again in echoes of the original attempt; i.e., the crossdresser wearing Mother's clothes, the latter having a warlike potential that must "wake up" during

complicated thought/ontological experiments performed to summon the Medusa as something to "slay" on a comely heartthrob's youthful flesh and blood. All occur while expressing deeper truths on the surface of things as veiled when nude and nude when veiled (re: Segewick *vis-à-vis* Hogle).

To that, consider Harmony and me, playing together for multiple reasons—to have fun, and to think about said fun as capable of arriving at fresh discourse. The canvas is the body as covered in clothes that exude sexual energies, but also the cum involved as broadcasting a given "slaying" of the cutie ("Fatality!"); i.e., as a formidable "adversary" (from a dialogic standpoint) in a given kayfabe "argument's" psychosexual exchange: "scrappy" cummies and clothes, and a mommy-dom body that begs for fresh tributes, cross-continent, mouth open and expectant, waiting dutiful and demanding for another hot sticky load. Harmony wants it to splash all over her as "conquered," but also as helping both parties find release inside a special paradox: the palliative Numinous existing between the Great Destroyer and the mother nurturer in ways that abjure heteronormative interpretations on and offstage. As such, the entire call-and-response is why we're there. Harmony is the dark mommy dom, her bare, exposed skin—stripped of its dark, fearsome garb, all the way down to the soft dermis underneath—anticipating tribute to give her satisfaction; i.e., amid an oscillation of dominance and submission where the receiver of force holds all the cards during mutual consent: as the dominant topping from below that, all the same, submits to the physical top (me) mounting them (in spirit, given the distance between us) while wanting subby feelings, mid-roleplay.

It's the ol' switcheroo for both of us, and we love it.



(artist:
[Harmony](#)
[Corrupted](#))

We love it because it's fun, but also because there's a larger lesson to leave behind. Similar to the Medusa, Harmony appears when called (with me being respectful of the schedule

she keeps, of course); i.e., like the fabled Great Destroyer per Gothic aesthetics,

but per *ludo-Gothic BDSM* travels like the dreaded flying castle, landing on my doorstep and waiting to be let in; but also, like greased lightning across a likeness of one thing or another between a vast gulf of space-time: Harmony's real body and the doll I fuck under me as indicative of our shared bond, mid-exchange; Harmony's fat purple dildo (next page) a tell-tale likeness of their SO's equally big cock (so-called "dildo verisimilitude" being where an owner picks a given toy to match their partner's cock in shape and size), but also *my* cock as I think about stuffing Harmony's tight little mommy cunt while thinking about their SO doing the same (my headspace is a busy one). Per Foucault, it escapes the bedroom, bringing the mountain to Muhammad in all directions. And *that* is a group effort between Harmony and myself; i.e., the mommy dom and the trans woman being her good little girl. I love learning and fucking but also combining the two with a like-minded cutie.

To that, Harmony is a wonderful dance partner (consider supporting her work; she's worth every cent), helping me achieve new synthesis as our worlds collide into something special. Sex is like therapy in that you get what you put into it. Playing with Harmony is like fucking a meteor falling to earth, a mighty cake that pounds back (an equal and opposite reaction) as you give as good as you get—it's sublime, a slice of Heaven and Hell married to discover new wisdom in their union: sex-positive expression in sex work as an ancient volatile industry made even crueler by capital. The way to change that is through our bodies and labor reclaimed by us.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Our collective bargain's dotted, electric current channels and harnesses the power of creation with a female slant that extends to *all* monstrous-feminine (which, as trans, I definitely am): the versatile, populous and rebellious womb of creation, the sex organs, of one's sexuality and gender expression (to parody and raise trouble) as gendered organs of *thought* incentivized and encapsulated by pleasure as physical exertion and fluid exchange both in a given *step* of exchange, but also a running gag (the vampire); i.e., as often painful/asexual amid eroticized aesthetics, fetish, and kink as appreciatively ironic Gothic counterculture. To break Original Sin as part of Capitalist Realism, ludo-Gothic BDSM is precisely the delicious, maternal prison whose dark mommy doms (and their castle-like booties and other tasty fruit) set us free once tasted *with an open mind*.

To that, take it from me, cuties: you can't just taste it *once*, but need to sample it again and again and again ("just in case")—to revel in the minutiae of a given position. It might look familiar and done to death, but in truth is just *slightly* different in ways that yield endless potential! Or as Blake puts it in "Auguries of Innocence" (1803):

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
 And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
 And Eternity in an hour ([source](#)).

Except as Harmony illustrates during their own interactions with me, this ain't no idle verse, homeboys; it's the awesome means of escaping the jail by transforming it from within (and not resorting purely to lame-ass academic forms without spice to help them go down our parched throats, thirsty for cum): "We have a microphone and you don't, SO YOU WILL LISTEN TO EVERY WORD WE HAVE TO SAY!—made with real trauma!"



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

So try and keep these wide and seemingly disparate factors in mind. We'll conclude the first half of Volume Two (after this chapter) as being a more poetic implementation of historical-material Gothic poetics (the predication of history on socio-material conditions, of which the Gothic is the social factor infused into material forms), and consider a more historical reading of the Humanities with part two of the Volume ("more" being the operative word, here, as we won't reduce Volume Two, part two to a purely historical device).

So steady on, girls! We're past the antechamber and have our premise-supplied pamphlets. Onto the palace proper!

Your Commie Mommy,

—Persephone

"Monsters, Magic and Myth": Medieval Expression; or, "Welcome to the Fun Palace!"

*Hello, are you looking for me? I'm the one to ease your pain
Just call me "the doctor" and I prescribe cocaine
I'm your reason to live, I'm your church and I'm your pastor
C'mon, you've got nothin' to lose, it's time to bring you up a little faster
It's time to kill, let's have some fun*

*You'll fight but I'll win, 'cause I'm second to...
None ([source](#): Genius).*

—Jeff Waters; "[Second to None](#)," on Annihilator's *King of the Kill* (1994)

This subchapter is the fun palace ("the media madman," Zeuhl would insist)—a place to not only think like a Gothicismist/poet, but perform and play as one to achieve a variety of sex-positive medieval effects per ludo-Gothic BDSM: selective absorption, magical assembly and a confusion of the senses all adding to an ongoing Song of Infinity hugging us as alien, rotting and beautiful. We'll introduce them, then go over oxymorons, the Black Veil, and other terms/devices that help achieve paradoxical empowerment and worker liberation through sex-positive calculated risk.

Due to its size, I've decided to divide "the Fun Palace" into three parts:

- **Part one, "[A Song Written in Decay](#)":** Outlines all of these points, and gives an example of *mise-en-abyme* through a disintegrating Song of Infinity exemplified by Lewis and his spiritual, academic-prone descendants—namely Hannah-Freya Blake and myself as coming from a lengthier Galatean, gallows-humor tradition not entirely foreign to Gothic academia.
- **Part two, "[Red Scare'; or Out in the World](#)":** Seeks out further examples in between my friends and I for this project specifically—namely the relationship between past media orbiting Red Scare (from *Star Wars*' rebellious allegory to American Liberalism and subversive potential in *The Abyss* to *Chernobyl*, and more) as also including non-academic sex worker friends' old photographs and warlike, often-red symbols that contain Communist potential whose Gothic maturity can be built upon during our day-to-day relations.
- **Part three, "[With a Little Help from My Friends'; or, Out of this World](#)":** Explores an-Com rebellion (the dismantling of the state) as actively expressed between current sex workers using ludo-Gothic BDSM to inspire and invigilate a more recent (and actionable) portrait of rebellion; also inspects the classics—from *The Wizard of Oz* to *Big Trouble in Little China*—as things to learn from *with* our current friends as sharing a similar love for the imaginary past as rebellious *for* monstrous-feminine rights.



(artist: [Bay](#))

Keep your panties on, Hippolyta. First, let's do a little prep to make sure you sally forth prepared... A few side points, if you please:

First, *this entire section aims to explore poetry as an osmotic process; i.e., how our experiences inform our points of view, or language as imbricating with that of others through media (e.g., me shamelessly stealing words and scenarios from a hospital show I'm watching at the moment, then including them among a wide collection of eclectic things; i.e., things important enough to write about and spend time with, meaning consuming as part of my hobbies¹³⁷ and profession as one-in-the-same: investing in popular media as the*

place where wider cultural values [and crimes] are stored in idealized, but also concentrated forms relating back and forth).

This is a volume about the Humanities, which is my domain; so, I'd be more than a little remiss if I didn't try to scrape different popular media together based on my formative years (experience) and education (expertise) to explore how we communicate using the Gothic; i.e., the go-to means for talking about unspeakable subjects (rape, incest, live burial and suicide, to name a few) using "how people talk"; e.g., puns, ironies, metaphors, quotes, fragments, pop culture references, homages, memes/jokes, monsters, myths, legends, and old wives' tales; i.e., not that they literally cannot be said, but that they pertain to ways that people normally speak regarding complex, giant issues (a running theme in this book): differently and in ways we'll merge as a point of practice. This includes the language of war and sex in BDSM forms, a dialogic imagination (vis-à-vis Bakhtin) whose signature headspace, atmosphere (mood, vibes, terror/horror, tone poems, etc) color and fun

¹³⁷ "My blog concerns the Gothic, but also sex, metal and videogames (not quite sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, but certainly healthier). I'm also an atheist, and write about that [in this post](#). In any case, I wanted to briefly cover these areas of interest—why they're so important to me, but also how they tie into the Gothic according to my overlapping tastes" ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Sex, Metal, and Videogames," 2021).

collectively aim—as much as its precision-amid-vagueness can aim—to unite things that capital has divided (triangulating TERF-style Amazons against labor). For that, the medieval (and its tendency to default to paradoxes by doing multiple conflicting things at the same time) is perfect! Next stop, Paradox City!



(artist: [Sailor Gundam](#))

Note: We all like to show off differently regarding monsters and sex as things to hug and respect; i.e., cryptonymy's anisotropic double operation, "showing to hide, hiding to reveal"¹³⁸; e.g., I love Amazons/mommy doms and invigilating strong bodies that are masculine and feminine (the monstrous-feminine), but hesitate to exhibit my hard dick because of personal trans-woman hang-ups (and desire not to brandish it in front of my platonic friends who actually read what I produce). As such, there's an infinite number of ways to tease and excite through asexual nudism and erotic monster sex. Likewise, it becomes as much a means of chaff and distraction as it does a kind of code to express our true selves with while blinding and disillusioning our would-be killers; i.e., our "pocket sand" to fight dirty with ("All's fair in love and war," babes) and our little allies to lovingly call upon,

¹³⁸ Me expanding on Hogle's outlining of the procedure in "The Restless Labyrinth" to outfit it for class and culture war's *revolutionary* cryptonymy during ludo-Gothic BDSM.

including all means at our disposal in the wider tussle that is universal liberation from state enslavement:



(exhibit 34a1b2b: As I write of Robert Asprey in Volume Zero,

From his [War in the Shadows: the Guerrilla in History](#) (1994): "Not only can terror be employed as a weapon, but any weapon can become a weapon of terror: terror is a weapon, a weapon is terror, and no one agency monopolizes it." In other words, the state's monopoly of violence—Max Weber's maxim, "a state holds a monopoly over the legitimate use of violence within its territory, meaning that violence perpetrated by other actors is illegitimate" (refer to our thesis statement for the full definition)—can be challenged [[source](#)].

This applies to what we create and what inspires us that cannot, on its own, necessarily fight back, but can still contribute to the struggle; i.e., our food and familiars; e.g., a food cart my partner visited today being inspirational and delicious, and my very-round pet cat wanting to be included in whatever I was doing at my desk.)

Due to the chaotic nature of what is effectively a poetic brainstorm, I won't have time to cite everything here (or later) and may mention some things previously discussed. Take it in stride, but bear in mind: there's lots of fun and handy stuff in here that you should absolutely keep in mind throughout the rest of the volume and indeed, the entire book.

Furthermore, I wrote the "Brace for Impact" module backwards, starting with this subchapter, followed by the "[Medicine](#)," "[Time](#)," and "[Teaching](#)" chapters before expanding seriously on "Teaching" and "[the Medieval](#)." It wasn't a race, but an attempt to collect as much "pollen" to synthesize as much "honey" to catch readers

with; re: people like monsters and sex tied to imagination, which is limitless even if our individual experiences ultimately are not.

Doing so has since required that I divide Volume Two into parts one and two—again, not a problem, insofar as it has become the biggest, best Gothic Cathedral me and my muses could raise. Except prior to writing what was originally just called "Monsters, Magic and Myth," I needed to draw upon a side of myself that I hadn't used in years; i.e., thanks to academic conditioning from old dinosaurs scared of poetry and sex. Doing so required me to wake my poetic side up (and to sleep afterward, lest the child consume it's mother, or vice versa, a familial cannibalism). It will be quite a switching of gears and codes, after which I'll feel used up, not good for much after until I sleep it off. But you might too after drinking this concoction; i.e., a witch's potion; e.g., a bit like Sancho Panza after consuming Don Quixote's cursed "healing draught": "He expelled violently from both ends and the blanket upon which he lay was fit for nothing after!" The medieval is a place for crude humor beyond just raw sex, rape, and death, but all manner of earthly things celebrating these ironic combinations as marketed and



sold without shame; i.e., Gothic/"goth" sex positivity during its various creative successes synthesizing praxis for the masses; e.g., cock-warming demon sluts, slutty goblins, naughty nuns (always a classic) and so much more cultivating emotional/Gothic intelligence and sexual health during class/culture war (the Gothic basically puts sex next to anything it presents: sex demons, sexual awakenings, etc). Sharing is caring and the Gothic, when sex-positive, loves to back it up, spread it around and pay it forward.

(artist: [Jinedem](#))

Second, this portion outlines our aforementioned medieval devices, which—through the Gothic's tendency for raw, unfiltered paradox—will show you the way forward while appearing unrelated: the recognition and observation of various assorted dots for you to connect (at your leisure), which per the Gothic is common; e.g., sexy things ("uwu what's this?") versus profound and Numinous ("owo what's this?"). In the spirit of fun, I've laid them out conversationally and one at a time ("a trail of breadcrumbs, like in a fable") while defining them on the fly but have, similar to Volume Zero,

emboldened and *color-coded* them for your convenience (this being said, the emboldened words without color are **signposts**). The underlying points are based on my theoretical arguments, but the texts I choose to highlight them with have all been chosen at random; i.e., just about anyone can be a poet/medievalist developing Gothic Communism, because popular media under Capitalism is thoroughly Gothic, thus full of things (monsters) we can all play with!

Third, much in the same spirit of the entire book, this segment is partly a visual/reading guide, partly an appeal. It was difficult to write, insofar as the sheer abundance of Gothic metaphors opened up something of a Pandora's Box that, while fun, was a bit... arterial: overwhelming¹³⁹ and tricky to close once breached. I could have closed it sooner but partly wanted to convey something through my love of words expressed here as a master poet, Gothicism and wordsmith: their various refrains and patterns indicative of a rambling verbose flexibility that defines my profession. I don't wish to show off during a pointless jaunt, but demonstrate the selective, neurodivergent pride I take in my work; i.e., my love in playing with language as a learning device to dig up (despite not doing it as much in this book as I would secretly like). For the purposes of educating my readers in a variety of ways besides just listing complex theory and simplifying it, I hope said love comes across. —Perse

¹³⁹ The paradox of genius being a tightrope with madness, insofar as it stems from an illogical fear of one's inspiration never coming back versus coming back a little... too often; i.e., less forgetting how to write and more us feeling a persistent, steady drive to take advantage while the gettin's good. Per the Numinous, these anxieties extend to Quixotic feelings of isolated grace (dementia), but also an elusive "white whale," the endless questing for a non-existent planet, the Philosopher's Stone, the Holy Grail, the City of Gold, the Fountain of Youth, etc, not just as unattainable, but folly (which also is an architectural term regarding towers that tend not to stay up). But once you catch the bug (what I'll call "*jouissance*"), forget about turning it off; it henceforth becomes a periodic itch you randomly get and that's pretty much that. It straddles the fence between pleasure and pain, fun and annoyance. But it's also hypomania, hence when one is most productive. Anything in excess is bound to disappoint in that regard; i.e., like Midas' touch, sounding good on paper but in reality being a giant pain in the ass. Like sex, though, I miss it when it's gone, and through ease of access can experience something that, if it happens too often, quickly overstays its welcome.

"Welcome to the Fun Palace!" part one: A Song Written in Decay

For the Gothic effect to be attained, a tale should combine a fearful sense of inheritance in time with a claustrophobic sense of enclosure in space, these two dimensions reinforcing one another to reproduce an impression of sickening descent into disintegration (source: [my grad school notes](#)).

—Chris Baldrick, "Introduction" to *The Oxford Book of Gothic Tales* (2009)

To quote Mary Shelley's Creature, "It is with considerable difficulty that I remember the original era of my being; all the events of that period appear confused and indistinct" ([source](#)). She may as well have been describing queer existence, which—per settler colonialism as heteronormative—is relegated to the underworld as a midden of tremendous unspeakables, refuse and rot, but also (if you have a knack for it) tremendous joy as something the normal world of straight folk hasn't the slightest fucking clue. We want to bring that to them, but first you gotta bring it in; i.e., for a big old hug: of the sick, disintegrating alien in all of us as reflected on queer-tinged tapestries' *mise-en-abyme* (and maybe beaten a little with a hard stick). Part one looks at that through academic origins and venues; i.e., Lewis, Hannah-Freya Blake and I (all walk into a bar).

We'll get to that, in a second. First, let's unpack our points relative to where they are used. *Vis-à-vis* the neoliberal trifecta, Capitalism isn't configured any way except for money to flow up to the smallest group of people to the widest possible margins. By extension, the state (and any aspect of it; e.g., the police or the medical industry) justifies its own existence by virtue of an imaginary or theoretical threat (us vs them) that necessitates the state through its various trifectas and monopolies driving up heteronormative/settler-colonial fear and dogma to universally alienate and sexualize workers per monstrous language that serves profit and maintains Capitalist Realism. When reducing people to numbers or objects¹⁴⁰, the profit motive will always shrink that, teaching us to attack what it needs us to—ourselves—through organs woefully immiserated, but also bleeding internally thanks to sources inside and out.

Capitalism cheapens life, hence language in all its forms, and by extension gentrifies material things necessary for our survival and enrichment (which the Gothic combines): food, education, monsters, our organs (both literal and figurative), etc. With Gothic Communism, we're brokering for something better

¹⁴⁰ I.e., people are numbers that cheapen life to produce maximum dollar signs: to gamble and collect like poker chips. Similar to the unironic approach to war language and a shortage of "free brides" to go around, rape becomes ubiquitous within endless war as filled with monsters. Genuine rape and its honest practitioners are everywhere, including popular culture; i.e., Said's *Culture and Imperialism* exploring Orientalism; e.g., so-called "harem romances" (with their own princesses, assorted royalty and palace guards, bandits, wizards, etc). Meanwhile, Capitalism is designed to always have the money flow up. "Trickle-down" is generally an individualized occasion, not a systemic one; i.e., whistleblowers poking and prodding at Capitalism as a cancer that defends itself (and its endless settler-colonial war chest); e.g., my book as a concentrated effort that nevertheless *is* extracurricular.

(access) using "what we got" as *not* expendable: our poetry as tied to our bodies and nature in ways we can afford to trade back and forth; i.e., linguo-material exchanges *not* surrendering our power as workers but—per BDSM—trading in power-as-unequal in terms of expressing the inequalities/comorbidities that Capitalism foists onto us, including its resultant pain and stress; its reoccurring



panic, doubt, suspicion, nausea, paranoia, and other such harmful feelings. Except, they indicate harm as much as give it, the paradox being that by listening to our heart, we can heed its warnings as separated by us, post-exam, from false omens.

(artist: [Jocelin Carmes](#))

In turn, we can do one of the Gothic's specialties (one might say "the oldest trick in the book"): using the dialectic of the alien to pull down sick harmful barriers and install fresh healthy ones (the bare¹⁴¹ skeleton, left, quintessentially symbolic of the medieval Grim Reaper during the Black Death) that make us **selectively**

absorptive and able to contain and process trauma to source, contain and heal from; i.e., a deliberate **confusion**, thus blending of, **the senses** that frees them to see more clearly than Capitalism wants: "The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste¹⁴²"; e.g., the eye-opening power of monstrous sex that, per Shakespeare's slutty faeries, is wholly druglike and BDSM-infused. This "boundary selection" is not only useful for challenging the state's "boundaries for me, not for thee" mantra during selective/collective

¹⁴¹ "Bare" insofar as ossuaries were common and generally iconized postmortem, whereas the dissecting of dead human bodies was considering *sacrilegious* (and after the Iconoclasm during the Reformation led to its weaponizing by Cartesian forces; i.e., medicine serving the *state*, not workers).

¹⁴² From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

punishment through the denial of shelter and other basic human rights¹⁴³ (if that seems cruel, that's because it is); but it happens through another Gothic staple: **the scary room of death/Black Veil**, but also the **homunculus**; i.e., the castle as something giant we live inside, and whose giant's **belly of the beast** is concentric in both directions (anisotropic) and phenomenological/analogous of an organism during liminal expression: full of bright spinning alarms, choking smoke and encroaching darkness collectively symbolizing systemic distress less as discreetly organic or inorganic and more a combination of the two.

The result is reality being thrown into question, what normally seems solid suddenly feeling gaseous and unable to support our weight. It can be quite exhilarating to suddenly feel one's boundaries disintegrate—to cleave through them like fog—but if taken too far can also make us feel unmoored, adrift and disempowered: floating in the purgatorial void as something with which to tumble through until we die, *if* we die. The basic idea with addressing state-sanctioned impotency (menticide) is to fight madness with "madness" (calculated risk). So if the state's disorienting conditions offend us and make us feel out of control, then our target addressal of their vacuum grants us fluency of their absence of gravity. Swimming natively through space as the "natural" ground state for our kind (those treated as monstrous-feminine by the state), we can grow accustomed to its strange conditions, thus empowered; i.e., Edward Said's pleasures of exile: one's home as foreign—a place to restore *while* existing in limbo, perdition, purgatory (and similar such Dante-esque states of existence). Getting our "sea (space) legs," we can focus on the enrichment of our dark forces to then heal our imperiled world with, but we have to acknowledge it as such, first.

In turn, our flush infusions are collective, thus able to address systemic problems provided intersectional solidarity is achieved on an intuitive, second-nature level: from praxial synthesis to catharsis, a new baseline per Gothic Communism as a historical-material *fact* once achieved. This happens through targeting children as more sponge-like and playful, but also by showing teenagers and adults that it's not just ok to play with Gothic things during ludo-Gothic BDSM to gain some feel for medieval intuition; it's absolutely essential. A "torture" castle of doom is, oddly enough, the best place to foster empathy because that is where we can express chattelization, alienation and similar abuses in ways that can't actually harm us (the pearly castles are the worst); per the Gothic, it's a buffer and a passage, a valve to open and close in **memento mori**, oft-funerary language. Such calculated risks aren't "for the dead," but those who survive as needing to acclimate to mortality as soon as possible by hijacking medical language as torturous (thus more able to understand what's at stake).

¹⁴³ The state depreciates and keeps people deprived of any amenity through paywalls while robbing them in crisis and decay of their labor and wages. It will take/steal as much as possible short of killing its worker population outright. Generally they're expendable (e.g., *Alien*) through efficiency. However cheap life is, then, Capitalism ultimately requires it to keep operating.

Such subversion becomes, oddly enough, a way of life—a language to speak easily and "naturally" with, post-acquisition; i.e., to become one with the world as a Gothic chronotope still occupied by nature as bird-like in ways Indigenous cultures still speak of; e.g., "Birds," Bay explains, "are very important to Tikanga Māori; including the Tūi's¹⁴⁴ songs warning of danger and of war—to, as I put it, call the warriors home and to battle against our foes. Through art, and the useful myth of Gothic ancestry as a counterterrorist device, such things are personified through art to make us better stewards of nature; i.e., by identifying with it as routinely hunted and harvested to extinction by capital: treating *all* as alien-fetish *prey* they may reap until such beauties vanish from the face of the Earth.



(artist: [Amber Harris](#))

In turn, we shake off the yolk or the snare by virtue of fooling our hunters, but also persuading them (through animal magnetism, among other things) to see us as monstrous-feminine *humans*. Accuracy is less important than empathy as having socio-material results that foster cryptonymic labor and propaganda against state doubles.

Authenticity aside, systemic trauma is isolated and expressed in Gothic theatre, which workers can synthesize through daily habits that allow proletarian

¹⁴⁴ "The Tūi birds," Bay explains, "have a cosmopolitan distribution, including in Papaioea/Palmerston North in Aotearoa, New Zealand [a lot of diphthongs]. 'Papaioea' comes from Māori in the area exclaiming, 'How beautiful it is!' in reference to the location of the settlement next to the Manawatu river when it was established. Depending on where the birds are found, they'll even have different accents."

praxis to occur successfully. From most complex to most simple, good praxis requires a successful pedagogy of the oppressed, which requires synthesis, which requires the Basics (from Volume One): anger/gossip, monsters and camp.

Ironic or not, castles are the most famous and camp-prone Gothic location (from Britain, anyways). It's not just castles, though, but anything capable of operating in terms of any aspect of the Western home/nuclear family unit as compromised; i.e., as alien (doubled) and fetishized, especially in medieval, dated forms reflecting on societal decay as barbaric, torturous and regressive: the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection (unironic xenophobia) threatening an invader demanding access from outside ("Let me in!"). According to *these* criteria, our "torturous" camp can manifest through any location; i.e., to inherit and reenact shelter through as disintegrating thus dysfunctional, disempowering.



([source](#): *The Darkest Dungeon II*)

Except *also* in turn, Gothic empowerment is rooted in "disempowerment" as something to reenact through ironic fetishes; i.e., the aesthetics of death, unequal power and alienization (which the state wants to monopolize and ultimately prevent: our reclamation of their power): rape/death fantasies and play that, *when* ironic, actually empower the subject by making them feel in control through calculated risk; i.e., psychosexual theatre and ludo-Gothic BDSM; re (from our teaching section): "a dark freaky church where no one gets hurt and there's lots of sex, it's the Neo-Gothic in a nutshell." Trauma manifests through the body and depictions of the body in "ancient," castle-like forms, to which "rape," "torture" and "sacrifice" are very different in quotes than without: a "prison" that sets you free, a

"torture dungeon" that restores your passions and your health, a "dangerous" place (often a castle in some shape or form) fronting as Capitalism decayed that opens your mind once inside.

As a result, their "dangers" paradoxically become medicinal¹⁴⁵ and empowering (re: the palliative Numinous) without harming others, thus able to heal a society that is sick with Capitalist Realism; i.e., the state as a myopic/panoptic, cartographized sickness, a cancer that affects institutions, but also officers of that institution and symptoms as half-real; e.g., the surgeon's leeches and trepanation devices (above) but also (for an example we'll discuss far more often) the Nostromo from *Alien*, Ripley the warrant officer and the monster inside (castles, Amazons, Medusa and mad science—all Gothic *par excellence*) all begot from the company's displaced abuse commenting on real-life horseshit ("That goddamn company! What about our lives, you son of a bitch!" To which capital would respond: "You're *workers*. You don't have lives!").

Along with the buckets of slime and fake blood (the lubricants of the ancient world, fun fact), such calculated risks reflect us as existing inside inherited confusions; i.e., within symbols at war and wherein state trauma (and worker rage) is not far-removed from a given production. So while Medusa and her magic cannot die, they *can* get sick. So can myths and monsters at large, which requires "poison" to cure them; i.e., the reclaimed monstrous-feminine as a subversive, paradoxical means of reunion with nature-as-furious that enrich them to move again once stuck in the voracious mud: consuming us (and our friends) through a cryptonymic presence of unseen-but-*palpable* woe (next page). We must liberate, thus uproot ourselves through *ironic* calculated risk—not to a pre-capitalist state (feudalism) but for us to proceed towards a *post*-capitalist paradise (the paradox of "forgetting" how to imagine something better that hasn't happened yet).

Such a tug-o'-war is generally hard to conceptualize, and per neoliberal refrains like *The NeverEnding Story*¹⁴⁶ (1984, two pages), become something to

¹⁴⁵ Per the British tradition as carried over and transplanted elsewhere, medieval language vividly speaks to power in ways that remain barbaric and dated in the present space and time (e.g., corporate or Hollywood royalty little more than gaudy pirates, czars and racketeers). This expands not just to tell-tale mythic elements like the Medusa, but the medieval and medicine, misunderstanding and superstition: the likes of zombies and vampires as critical lenses tied to older historical beliefs; e.g., actual bloodletting, lobotomy, mercenary surgery (committed by certified quacks but also relics of the Dark Ages: renegades, *banditti*, blackguards) as yet another thing to poetically revive as an echo of its former harmful self—call it a shared psychosis. Its echopraxis tackles conflicting belief systems, hidden material problems (cover ups; i.e., buried waste), and dramatic, social-sexual considerations using the same symbols to critique current dire administrative problems. This can be sexual rape, but also rape as bodily autonomy removed through the barbaric practice of modern medicine centered harmfully and panoptically around profit over people: the state's brokering in flesh as a classic trade in punishment (the pound of flesh) and pleasure (slavery and flesh traders) but consumption through so many of these things; i.e., the state consuming raw flesh in ways that reduce workers to pieces of meat to be carved as the state wishes.

¹⁴⁶ Originally from the German title, *Die unendliche Geschichte* (1979). Note the agglutination in the English localization.

frame as fear and dogma to anything outside of Capitalist Realism: "People without hope are much easier to control," Gramork says; but the wily cunt forgot to mention, "False hope does just as well!" Ende's novel foreshadowed neoliberal hegemony that, in 1984, was well on its way to becoming the New World Order (which would echo into the fatal, essential nostalgia of postmillennial stories echoing Red Scare pastiche/moral panic through Giorgio Moroder's excellent film score [Still Watching Netflix' 2020 "[The Full Dustin and Suzie NeverEnding Story Scene](#)" having fifty-two million views, by the way¹⁴⁷]: disorder appears, so scapegoat a Nazi-Communist "corruption" in the shadow zone¹⁴⁸):

¹⁴⁷ Neoliberal escapism is a powerful drug for workers terrified of state shift and Communism; like an addict, they will kill to acquire the drug, and defend their dealer who supplies it: capital.

¹⁴⁸ What the Duffer brothers, *born* in 1984, treat as magical realism to encase Capitalism in amber, trapping us along with it. It's praxial inertia *par excellence*—all from two people who barely lived to remember the 1980s while alive. For them (and their bigoted antics on and off set*), they are just another pair of Pygmalions/hauntological conmen to challenge the snake oil thereof. [Just look at those pedophile beards](#) (Jon Lajoie's "Pedophile Beards," 2008):



*From Constance Grady's "[The Stranger Things Creators Were Accused of Verbally Abusing Female Employees](#)" (2018):

This isn't the first time the Duffers have faced criticism of their treatment of female employees. They were [widely lambasted](#) after the release of [Stranger Things](#)' most recent season for joking about pushing one of their young actresses into doing a kissing scene against her will.

Fifteen-year-old Sadie Sink (who plays Max on the show) [said in interviews](#) that she found out that she'd be doing a kissing scene when she showed up on set the day of the shoot:

"The kiss was not written in the script," she said. "I get there the first day of filming the Snow Ball, me and Noah [Schnapp] are walking in, seeing the decorations and stuff. One of you — I think it was you, Ross — was like, 'Oh Sadie, you ready for the



"First, do no harm" requires us being the watchdogs/whistleblowers to challenge state hounds obedient to profit and genocide—to expose the latter while our friends say to us, "Get 'em, girl!" (I can be a good girl to my friends, and a nasty bitch to protect them; i.e., I dislike weird

canonical nerds, but like the overenthusiastic dog chasing the mailman, will happily take a bite right out of capital's ass to expose *them*). The idea of post-scarcity is to reach towards something difficult to reach through awesome barriers (often with really bitchin' music, as Moroder shows us during classic fatal nostalgia from childhood favorites, above), which has another metaphor per the Gothic that goes with it: natural philosophy or the Numinous, also called the fire of the gods/*mysterium tremendum*. The *Modern Prometheus* may have been written in 1818, but it's only just beginning. Per the Gothic, "home" is inconclusive and vague, always imprecisely under attack and needing to be defended from ghostly invaders

kiss?' I'm like, 'What? Nope! That's not in the script. That's not happening.' And so the whole day I was stressed out."

"You reacted so strongly to this. I was just joking," replied Ross Duffer. "And you were so freaked out I was like oh, well, I gotta make you do it now. That's what happened. That's why it's your fault" [sweet Jesus, what a gaslighter].

Teasing or not, Ross Duffer's response that Sink being uncomfortable with the situation is what inspired him to push forward with the kiss struck many as inappropriate. [Summarized one Twitter user](#), "The director, an adult man, saw that a teen girl was uncomfortable with a situation, which made him MORE EAGER to put her in the situation."

Sink later walked back her characterization of the kiss in [an interview with The Wrap](#), but when pressed on whether her response was coached, a publicist intervened. The controversy soon died out ([source](#)).

The same problem extends to the children—Sink being pressured to silence herself "for the good of her career," but also Noah Schnapp; i.e., the queer-coded character whose (admittedly milquetoast) sex-positive legacy [was utterly compromised by supporting genocide](#) (The Kavernacle's "Noah Schnapp Has DESTROYED His Career by Supporting Israel," 2024).

*Simply put, there's no outside of the text, kids; bigotry and genocide onstage, bigotry and genocide offstage. Power aggregates, so we gotta push back together by breaking the very spells that lead to unironic moral panic, the enabling of sexual assault, and genocide denial, etc; i.e., by roasting their weird canonical nerd attire as the cosmetic of white American men being universally protected by Hollywood's silver screen; e.g., roasting their glasses [Jon Lajoie's "[Rapist Glasses](#)," 2008] and owning ours as a sex-positive counterstatement [Harmony Corrupted, next page] that—like John Carpenter's *They Live* (1988)—sees [through](#) corporate bullshit.*

that, seemingly incorporeal, have a profound physical impact on our mental, physical and sexual health. To flirt with them is to invite disaster.

Like Communism, though, a Gothic castle is always incomplete, in continuum, but seems to suggest its full potential as a powerful, unmappable palimpsest each and every visit. Yet the veneer of formless, vague imprecision is, suitably enough, misleading. Again, it's the usual paradox of seeing through Satanic darkness (visible) to bypass shiny state illusions (ACAB), but also suggesting the whole with a starting quote that leads mnemonically to unspoken elements historically concealed; i.e., clue phrases (our Easter eggs) *Sex Positivity* supplies in a chapter of a volume of a book as a fraction of a larger history in small, one looking backward *curiously* to go forwards *boldly* towards post-scarcity's written things and other technology married to the past as *liberated* from capital: food, graveyard *and* sex metaphors combined in very raunchy, thus medieval ways that, like it or not, survive anisotropically well into the present; e.g., vampirism for or against the state (so-called "staking," below); i.e., popular media encompassing ancient forms of entertainment as food-like in vitalistic ways: sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, which frankly extends to monsters, myths and magic, but also castles and



cathedrals, mad science and various other psychosexual things to get the hang of (and taste, concerning forbidden things; e.g., pussy cream coating your dick which goes back *into* your mouth when she kisses you).

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Since Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the Gothic has dealt in voyeurism as an exhibition to challenge dogma: "Abashed the Devil stood, And felt how awful goodness is, and saw Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined His loss" ([source](#)). The call of the Gothic towards Communism, then, is felt across *all* media—be that novels, cinema or videogames—as haunted by things we routinely recognize and respond to (usually sex and violence in different forms, above). When playing with the Gothic to interrogate power and trauma yourselves, take what is useful and leave the rest. It only *feels* unintuitive and/or mad/rare because Capitalism discourages it, treats it as the exception. The proof is in the pudding—*our* pudding—as abused along viral, *cryptomimetic* copies of itself.

Our endlessly deliberate (and productive) mixing of metaphors also merges with Hogle's double operation of showing to conceal (from "The Restless Labyrinth")

as something to reverse: concealing to *reveal*. Walpole did it with castles and "Gothic" as a style; Romero does it with zombies; Otto did it with Latin placeholders to denote a *mysterium tremendum* as not being God but, per C.S. Lewis, evoking an uncanniness of the divine in "the other room." The same idea personifies with blindfolds, orthographizes with words, manifests with architecture and maps, spatio-temporally with the chronotope, and blends between/across them collectively as liminal expression holistically useful to containing and suggesting through perpetual incompleteness: the structured chaos that is Gothic Communism. It's a hyperobject too big to suggest, and opposite Capitalism's liminal hauntology of war (the castle-as-omen to a grim harvest tied to fatal nostalgia), is deliberately obscured by those in power to stay invisible using big obvious forgeries that, seemingly formless like mist, appear like a vampire to envelope and drain us. But they can't suppress it, leading it to haunt the presence as spectres of Marx that, per artists like Giger or Lewis are surreal, campy or a bit of both: serious-silly (e.g., Monty Python's "Camelot" or Blue Öyster Cult's "psychedelic doom boogie").

Capitalism will adopt any shape to defend itself, including within the Gothic as yet-another-revenue stream (whose blood, sweat and tears come from labor as something to siphon out of their bodies). We can likewise transform, switching gears to build whatever is required wherever we need to achieve our goals in any media form. Except whereas capital hides itself from workers, workers hide rebellion from the state. Boundaries and divisions are little more than curtains in the Gothic that we can push aside, but also drape *over* our creations like a funeral pall the enemy is too lazy to check; i.e., seeing a castle or statue that, through the power of Gothic poetics and human imagination, springs to life in ways that survive *across* lives. It becomes a data that conquers death and speaks of it, mid-senescence (deathly blossoms symbolizing our flowering minds as necrobiomes in small parts to a larger one, of a larger one).

Faced with that, our friends might adopt the medieval as a critical lens, challenging Capitalism's universal alienation with **reverse abjection** to open their closed minds; or equally suitable use **chronotopes**, **cryptonyms** and **hauntologies** in a similar fashion/combination that serves Gothic Communism not merely as something to suggest and whisper but *develop* as loud as a cumming banshee. This must be done holistically—by combining things that, when surveyed like a toy chest, can themselves be combined together to come up with fresh inventive solutions to old problems using "ancient" symbols: monsters as critical lenses, but also critical ways of *using* a given lens; i.e., to hold or view it in such a way to achieve a desired effect; e.g., Hogle's cryptonymy or Bakhtin's chronotope (or both) when reuniting with the "past" of our own future as something to revive in the present, brick-by-brick, reflection by reflection, as something to return to (e.g., part of exhibit 1a1a1c1 from Volume Zero) that couldn't have been made back then, but rather must be *reassembled* into its new self after the Gothic has aged, matured enough to try again:



*("The tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living" [["The Eighteenth Brumaire"](#)]). To this, the oral traditions of the stage play can be especially medieval, thus plastic and vivid. Macbeth's fatal vision isn't just "A dagger of the mind, a false creation, / Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain" [[Macbeth](#)], but a copy of a copy of a copy in an endless nightmare loop. The yawning hall of kingly mirrors shadows him as shown guilt and revenge of a smiling past victim that somehow is all around him, having already won. The **psychomachy** ["mind battle"]—of this reunion with the past by the anxious, sleeping mind—imitates the Gothic Communist's own futile grappling with the monomyth, Cycle of Kings and infernal concentric pattern as a narrative of the crypt that outlives us to haunt future generations with, putting potential class warriors to sleep. The imagery is the same, but the context is altered through the performance as a meta-narrative:*

*Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing [[ibid.](#)].*

Macbeth's notable lack of cheer at the prerecorded nature of history needn't be prophetic, provided the nightmares are reclaimed and used by us to

awaken future workers to a class-conscious approach within Capitalist Realism; i.e., an altering of prior historical-materialisms [and all their fatal crypts, tyrants and black knights] as something to collectively escape through an actively reclaimed Gothic imagination/"darkness visible.")

Such a reunion never ends, insofar as it raises the question of intimacy with things old-and-hitherto-tried (feudalism) and old-but-yet-to-manifest (Communism), but suggesting themselves through the kinds of make-believe haunts that GNC people have constructed and occupied since Shakespeare, Walpole and Lewis (and their gratuitous, outrageous theatre stretching "on to the crack of doom"); i.e., on various registers all at once.

This yawning concentricism means the relationship occurs between us and nature as exemplified by us, mid-synthesis; i.e., between friends, family and lovers, but also co-workers, FWBs and total strangers regardless of how fast we work—straight to sex, or asexual to varying degrees of artist and muse, but also muse as artist per a collective endeavor. We all respond and provide differently and it all goes into the same melting pot's succulent heraldry/*mise-en-abyme*:



(artist: [Alphonse Mucha](#))

In turn, "death" paradoxically becomes a memory "living on" while endlessly grasping at itself through the evocation of larger unseen forces; i.e., that actual medieval standards can seem "new" by virtue of "ancient" placed in quotes through a novel attempt at Gothic maturity to do something different with Gothic poetics; e.g., my book's challenging of capital surveilling *us* (which isn't really *that* novel, is it, consider the novels of the past—pun very much intended—often did as much). The stress and thrill of observation makes it hard to tell who is looking and why (the state's panopticon vs worker eyes and spies).



It bears repeating that this goes both ways, insofar as time becomes yet-another-boundary serving as part of a deathly reconnaissance. Therefore time is

just as arbitrary to whatever degree is needed; i.e., we can heartily play and fuck with death, time, space, fluids (semen, blood, urine, or their assorted poetic and occult/alchemic variants) and memory bleeding optically *together* as needed to reach towards difficult-but-imperative truths, struggles, and outcomes (rememory jogging memory to achieve widespread catharsis). Fucking is fun by itself, but with all of these becomes exquisite, scholarly and salubrious! So don't be a prude; learn to indulge in seemingly "masturbatory" acts that blend pleasure with revelation as gossip, campy and monstrous (to borrow from Volume One).

To that, voyeurism through monsters (the passing of data back and forth, as much as the literal theme of watching a given exhibitionist) is a *consensual revolutionary act* reaching towards ostensibly unreachable things in Gothic language (often made onstage with props, costumes and "rape/death" achieved through more immediate effects: offal from an abattoir¹⁴⁹). Fighting state-sanctioned rape *is* consent, in that respect; i.e., we have rights to protect us from the state as the ultimate rapist, the latter taking down those rights in order to abuse us; e.g., denying us our ability to use the palliative Numinous (and similar sensations) in "another castle" as one signpost in an endless chain that requires workers united together to successfully challenge the state's half of a double-helix spiraling into the void (matricide and patricide both being classic theatrical devices that, per the Gothic, address different things: rising concerns of a disillusion of the

¹⁴⁹ Which Ridley Scott used for the "birth" scene, filling Kain's fake chest with buckets of the stuff. The birth scene isn't just unabashedly Freudian and a go-to movie for Gothicists everywhere since it released; it's a veritable bloodbath, putting the "torture" in porn-as artistic at a primal level—i.e., transgressing as it does by tapping into a rather animal, nigh-primordial vein. No one does gore quite like Scott. It's almost holy.

"Almost holy" is honestly a rather pithy slogan for the whole Gothic, bastardizing churchly architecture and language to carry their power and meaning over when brokering its own wages of sin (sex) divorced from church bullshit; Gothic Communism extends *that* divorce to the state: a post-capital resurrection, rebirth, and revival, post-Iconoclasm. Nothing is sacred but human rights, whose social-sexual protections extend to nature as expressed through monsters. Iconoclasts talk about these things to borrow their power, to retain and imbrue its fleshy or stone-like elements with one's own mark, often as bruise like, through discipline and restraint, through the flesh as mortified, rotting and caned, but also impossibly alive and vivacious. Doing so grants it an air of elegance and profanity well known to the Gothic: the **miracle** of the statue weeping blood (which *Castlevania* literally turned into a rock 'n roll song to slay monsters to: "What a horrible night to have a curse.").

nuclear family and medieval family units, but also violent staged arguments¹⁵⁰ about/of family ties more broadly alienated and atomized by Capitalism).

So while I am a medievalist and specialize in the Gothic at large, I'll say again (and not for the last time) that I couldn't have written this volume in one go or by myself; i.e., without writing Volume One and Zero before it, proceeded by my postgrad work, my master's, my hobbies, my friends, my upbringing pointing me towards those peoples, places, and adventures. They're too complex to map out fully and that's what makes it fun. Likewise, all cathedrals require a group to raise, an army aligned against another in some shape or form (for us, workers vs the state). Composed of trial and error upon older examples, it's all connected, fleeting and unique per venture, but also *never stops* because Capitalism is always a threat to those I hold dear as working with me (and each other) to protect workers and nature from Capitalism. What matters is an intense poetic reaction—a **jouissance** ("playfulness," often likened to an orgasm) to such factors (e.g., the butts of my muses; god, I love butts) as something that—when the feeling as such is recognized (e.g., my author's foreword from Volume Zero accounting for the exhausting delight of such labors)—becomes something of a lover or a midwife: to miss dearly and hold onto, not letting go until it is done, then (at times) gladly release until one longs for it *again* (more with sex than babies, though some people like those). Like sex, pregnancy and childbirth are exhausting (especially as you get older¹⁵¹).

Through the various warlike sensations, seemingly endless birthings and mind-numbing ejaculations spill purple prose to and fro; i.e., hazy-yet-vivid

¹⁵⁰ I.e., duels, including of dueling monsters during *Amazonomachia*. These require and express often as actual foils, literally dueling like swashbucklers in a play on a stage; e.g., Ripley dueling the Alien Queen (the Dark Mother) for the status quo in *Aliens*. Similar to that, *we* fight in the halls of power as expressed through medieval poetics, facing the consequences of inaction should we *fail* to act; i.e., our lose-lose versus the state, and their goading, Lady-Macbeth-style: "What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature; / It is too full o' the milk of human kindness" ([source](#)). This canonical usage threatens being "too much like a woman," which we shall see, Lady Macbeth demands shortly after to be "unsexed," to become *like* a man; i.e., a **phallic woman** (a concept we'll return to during "Derelicts, Medusa and Giger's Xenomorph," in Volume Two, part two).

¹⁵¹ The medieval is a rough-and-tumble existence; even when conjured up, post eulogy (the living dead a—you guessed it—paradox), it still demands essence. So make sure to take care of and look after yourselves when beckoning Medusa (aftercare). See to your needs not just through food, but things food can't satisfy that the Gothic can; i.e., odd comforts for those touched by powerful things (seeking power again to feel in control, but not burn up like Icarus chasing the sun; re: *calculated* risk): to distract and wile away/whittle down the hours with wordplay (time becomes vague, as such) yet lead us where we need to go; to stimulate but not *overstimulate*. This can be for any nervous organ, be that the brain, or more overtly sexual organs riled up by a touching of the senses; i.e., not physical alone, but anything that makes the system "go haywire." This wild brainstorm, if caution is not heeded, can become a frenzy of fixation, of building a charge perpetually waiting for release: both keyed and drained, but lopsided wherein the scales tip too far and the energy or spirit (what-have-you) is stored too much in one side, the imbalance seizing the engine. Again, it's all about give-and-take to better distribute what's available where it needs to go. Doing so is an endless but all-important balancing act.

ornamentations (to touch upon something tremendous, the issuing sensations of which—like striking oil—spray forth in all directions), our memory blurs through osmotic closeness (and, at times, neglecting our daily needs; i.e., forgetting to eat or sleep in ways that—whereas traditional pregnancy's cravings seek out *edible* food—we seek out *knowledge* as something that feeds our curiosity but not our bodies) to something we can only suggest, try as we might.

As such, our vibrating garden's praxial goal is not just to write up a storm, then ejaculate and jettison material for mere fun alone (not that doing so would kill us), but *through* fun (and ceaseless metaphors) lead to an operatic, musically monstrous empathy both synthesized and *synergized* to account for Gothic **maturity of expression** on all fronts; i.e., as collectively understood and embarked upon time and time again—it's a bop, a righteous jam. As such, when we reach towards the unreachable, we grasp for that which Capitalism routinely denies us through myopic, umbral tortures: friendship, warmth, food, etc, including poetic interactions that yield the actual out of the fabricated. It becomes something to leave behind as a document of itself—no longer alive but rife with potential to "walk again": an endless graveyard of dry bones, each castle a clackety piece of a skeleton¹⁵² of ever-compiling of knowledge, a circulating library (to use an old Gothic term, generally as an insult to the books being circulated) that is generally quite pulpy and bigoted¹⁵³:



(artist: [Michel Whelan](#))

¹⁵² The Gothic is a strange, giant lover to be sure, an old headspace that breeds strange thoughts. Dissection of a large dead thing more undead/mostly dead than totally dead and inert, its autopsy yielding all manner of priceless treasures and treatments to whatever ails us.

¹⁵³ I.e., class nightmares—of those inside the Imperial Core capitalizing on their personal inheritance anxiety as something that travels across the larger mode's recycled materials; e.g., from Lovecraft, to Whelan, to various metal bands and beyond.



(source, photo: [Bay](#))

Except *our* Ship of Theseus is haunted by all manner of spectres offering up *fatal* knowledge that *kills* capital; i.e., spectres of *Marx* in all shapes and forms oxymoronic (false copies that, like Walpole's *Otranto*, have a dubious origin story but a noble goal: escaping barbarism). There clearly isn't a monopoly on empathy as expressed through monsters, magic and metaphors—including big ones (castles), but also *schools* of these things playing with the ghost of the counterfeit; e.g., Radcliffe and Lewis' Schools of Terror and Horror, but also intimations of general-purpose "necromancy" or goth culture as a psychosexual, monomythic (adventuresome) performance

with **kayfabe**¹⁵⁴ elements: "Zombie Marx or Zombie Twain? Choose your fighter!"

Nevertheless, our juggling and balance in whatever contributions we can supply *is* important. Again, don't suffer for your art if you can help it. But also remember that trauma attracts trauma, weird attracts weird. The idea is to combine them in ways that alleviate sickness, stress, tension and harm, but also avoid predation by perfidious elements in our daily lives coming from structural abuse: the Gothic castle as a beacon to attract and house the like-minded *while* the state tries, as it always does, to dominate us through its own victims.

Yet despite having previously discussed martyrs as a powerful form of reverse abjection, it's not something that should be shot for each and every time. It's done out of pure necessity and frustration, which we want to move *away* from. A classic (thus sacrificial) state of grace is no substitute for systemic change. We

¹⁵⁴ "A form of ancient popular media that helps people historically relieve systemic stress through individualized forms of psychosexual violence," one whose therapeutic exercises—boundary-setting and boundary-breaking—we'll touch upon more in "Derelicts, Medusa and Giger's Xenomorph" when we look at the monomyth and *Amazonomachia* as predicated on psychosexual violence; i.e., which provide a theatrical device that helps children and adults relieve stress in monstrous, toy-like ways.

need to be more constructive and inventive when the options are available; i.e., to offer up enriching poetic gestures that lead to socio-material change *without* us dying routinely and *en masse* as a result (as the rats who follow the Pied Piper do). "Magic, myths and monsters" means taking what we need and putting things that seem like they won't fit together together and passing through barriers that, for the Gothic, is a piece of cake (see, below). As the kids say, it has "pull" (the gravity of what Matthew Lewis [next page] lovingly called "beauteous orbs"¹⁵⁵).



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Keep in mind, this **magical assembly** isn't a question of literal miracles, but lenses of critical thought that, when played with in personified

forms, yield post-capitalist possibilities. Pieces of my enemies went into this project, words and images from shows, parts of my friends (e.g., Cuwu's booty and curves, above). Gothic Communism is about raising not just absorption, but *exchange* in order to communicate and form new bonds—in short, do whatever we need to adapt. Capitalism has its sword, first and foremost, and hides it with tricks; we, as counterterrorists, have our tricks to *disarm* Capitalism—not just one, even, but a veritable **bag of tricks** that comes quite handy in penetrating difficult barriers for ironic reasons. So Odysseus, while ever the trickster, claims to have invented the Trojan horse per Homer¹⁵⁶ (with Athena's help materializing it), we can reply in kind: "You have you sword, I have my tricks." Except our tricks anisotropically reverse the flow of power away from the state and in workers'

¹⁵⁵ In reference to the false Madonna's ta-tas, but I digress.

¹⁵⁶ "The *Odyssey* must be mentioned in a discussion of Odysseus because without it, a large gap of material is left out of his tradition. On reading it, the warmth and admiration that Homer had for Odysseus is clearly evident. This will be contrasted with the writings of many other Greeks. The other important point to make concerning the *Odyssey* is that it mentions the Trojan Horse. Odysseus may have gone grudgingly to Troy, with only a small battalion of men, but he ingratiated himself with the important Greek generals and gained their respect and trust. And he was the one who came up with the plan to use the Trojan Horse that allowed them to enter Troy undetected. Of course, it was built with Athena's help, but the idea for such a sly and cunning invention came from no other than Odysseus. So Odysseus accomplished what Achilles could not: the sacking of Troy" ([source](#): Moya K. Mason's *Odysseus: Fascinating Man and His Many Transformations* (2024)).

direction; i.e., by disguising revolution as its own *splendide mendax*, one to help



not "Rome" rise, but Communism ("You thought it was Rome, but it was I, Dio")! In our hands, monsters make the impossible possible again; they unite against the state and say to those who come next, "You're not alone, but armed with a palimpsestuous **Song of Infinity** to challenge empire as tragically and thankfully brief—a thing that won't last the night." Also, it guards our castle-like pussies, bussies, what-have-you from Greek-like forces bringing harmful gifts; i.e., "Boys will be boys; girls will be mothers."

(artist: [H.W. Pickersgill](#))

"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." For iconoclasts like Matthew Lewis (as in, equally "bad" likenesses, we shall see), this is somewhat sarcastic and glib. For them, the Gothic becomes a shoddy-on-purpose printing house used by weird iconoclastic nerds; i.e., a naughty place to upend trauma dumping as a stigma, thus bond with "trauma" in quotes regarding repressed desires and survived, unspoken anguish.

Even so, the Gothic has always been a *middle*-class luxury in this respect—i.e., performed not by kings or the bourgeoisie, first and foremost, but those on the cusp of such powers fearful of partially imaginary forms; e.g., Walpole was the *son* of the first British prime minister, and Lewis—while being an MP—was *not* an executive officer. Even so, both men loved them some medieval rape fantasies; i.e., with Walpole having his own castle containing a boxed-up manuscript of *The Mysterious Mother*—a double-incest tragedy¹⁵⁷ privately distributed in 1768 but published publicly after his death, in 1791¹⁵⁸—and Lewis' infamous *The Monk* becoming so scandalous as to become eponymous with the man, himself (full

¹⁵⁷ Which Lord Byron, a literal practitioner of incest (who sired a child with his own half-sister), openly praised.

¹⁵⁸ To clarify (from Horden House's "Rare Books, Manuscripts, and Paintings," 2024):

A tragedy about incest which suffered from more than the usual attention from pirateers. In the preface the author offered an apology for its appearance in public, claiming "it is solely to avoid its being rendered still worse by a surreptitious edition...He is sensible that the subject is disgusting, and by no means compensated by the execution". The first edition consisted of fifty copies privately distributed in 1768. Summers (*A Gothic Bibliography*) gives the first public edition as Dodsley, 1781, but this edition which was not published in a formal sense, but undertaken by Walpole to discourage a threatened unauthorized printing. This was followed by a second edition in 1789. There was a pirated Dublin edition of 1790, reissued in 1791 ([source](#)).

name: Matthew "Monk" Lewis). The tradition had to evolve, coming out of the invention of terrorism during the Reign of Terror being yet another crisis pushing labor to violence that the elite capitalized on to *regain* control (re: Crawford's "[Invention of Terrorism](#)").

For us fags, though, Walpole and Lewis had access to the privilege of those closer to earth, more in touch with cloyingly profane things they dispersed into public discourse; i.e., "the almost-holy" spoken not "in vain," but as something that was reifying through the existence of monsters as pop-culture icons not unlike they are today (though far less firmly attached to profit in the neoliberal sense; e.g., *The Monster Squad's* poster pastiche): a thing that cannot be monopolized.

To that, the so-called "Male Gothic" was and has always been a) gay-as-fuck, b) firmly in-cheek per a freakishly long ["phallic"] tongue (e.g., [Real Honey Ma](#)), and c) invested in magic, sex, and brutal, horror-style death from a queer perspective. Except it was classically penned by *cis* gay men (with Walpole in the closet, and Lewis also closeted but far more open about his raunchiest stories being [for the time] quite risqué). As such, the term "Male Gothic" is incredibly dated, requiring the umbrella of representation to expand ever outwards after terms like "homosexual," "transsexual" and "transgender" having all come to the fore (originally published: [1870 and 1965](#)¹⁵⁹) despite capital's best efforts to eradicate them and their monstrous brethren. *We always come back, baby!*



(artist: Graham Humphreys)

As such, the shoulders of a given author's giant forebears play an important role—one in a long chain of *mise-en-abyme* channeling dark wicked currents; i.e., monsters as cheap, easily replicable cryptonyms speaking about rape through "rape" (to varying degrees of irony or its lack, above). It becomes a bad game of telephone, of copycat done with shared relish: a dark echo speaking to ghosts (of the counterfeit) to reverse the process of abjection with glee. Don't believe me? "Monk" Lewis started his infamous book with an imitation of Horace; a Gothic PhD I knew put an imitation of Lewis in her thesis; and now per the same Galatean tradition, I'm doing the same in my book.

Let me show you.

¹⁵⁹ From *The Psychobiology of Transsexualism and Transgenderism* (2014).

First, Lewis quotes an imitation of Horace at the preface, readily acknowledging his book's sordid nature

Go then, and pass that dangerous bourn
 Whence never Book can back return:
 And when you find, condemned, despised,
 Neglected, blamed, and criticised,
 Abuse from All who read you fall,
 (If haply you be read at all)
 Sorely will you your folly sigh at,
 And wish for me, and home, and quiet.

Assuming now a conjuror's office, I
 Thus on your future Fortune prophesy:—
 Soon as your novelty is o'er,
 And you are young and new no more,
 In some dark dirty corner thrown,
 Mouldy with damp, with cobwebs strown,
 Your leaves shall be the Book-worm's prey;
 Or sent to Chandler-Shop away,
 And doomed to suffer public scandal,
 Shall line the trunk, or wrap the candle! ([source](#)).

as well as his own position and class

Respecting me and my condition;
 That I am one, the enquirer teach,
 Nor very poor, nor very rich;
 Of passions strong, of hasty nature,
 Of graceless form and dwarfish stature;
 By few approved, and few approving;
 Extreme in hating and in loving;

as well as his own precocious age and love for something he knew others would shit upon precisely because of its camping of canon (re: [Broadmoor](#)):

Again, should it be asked your page,
 "Pray, what may be the author's age?"
 Your faults, no doubt, will make it clear,
 I scarce have seen my twentieth year,
 Which passed, kind Reader, on my word,
 While England's Throne held George the Third.

Now then your venturous course pursue:
Go, my delight! Dear Book, adieu!

In short, Lewis dates his work, then gives a list of everything trashy he crammed into its pages (often poetry and supernatural horror stories—eat your heart out Hirohiko Araki):

The first idea of this Romance was suggested by the story of the *Santon Barsisa*, related in The Guardian.—The *Bleeding Nun* is a tradition still credited in many parts of Germany; and I have been told that the ruins of the Castle of *Lauenstein*, which She is supposed to haunt, may yet be seen upon the borders of *Thuringia*.—*The Water-King*, from the third to the twelfth stanza, is the fragment of an original Danish Ballad—And *Belerma and Durandarte* is translated from some stanzas to be found in a collection of old Spanish poetry, which contains also the popular song of *Gayferos and Melesindra*, mentioned in Don Quixote.—I have now made a full avowal of all the plagiarisms of which I am aware myself; but I doubt not, many more may be found, of which I am at present totally unconscious (*ibid.*).

In turn, this staged gallows' series of rape jokes/other implements of poor taste¹⁶⁰ becomes something to imitate much as he and Walpole imitated (badly, on purpose) "Gothic" manuscripts that critiqued present tyrannies; i.e., through the ghost of the counterfeit's inappropriate laughs timed for maximum, well, laughter (e.g., Parody Place's "[The Shining Gets a Laugh Track](#)," 2007)!

Moreover, it was a blasphemous tradition carried forward by the likes of Gothic scholars nowadays; i.e., weird iconoclastic giga-nerds; e.g., Dr. Hannah-Freya Blake asking me in 2019 to consider their PhD's poem as a *cryptomimetic* imitation of Lewis' original imitation—of dancing with the dead (as I expand Castricano's argument to allow for):

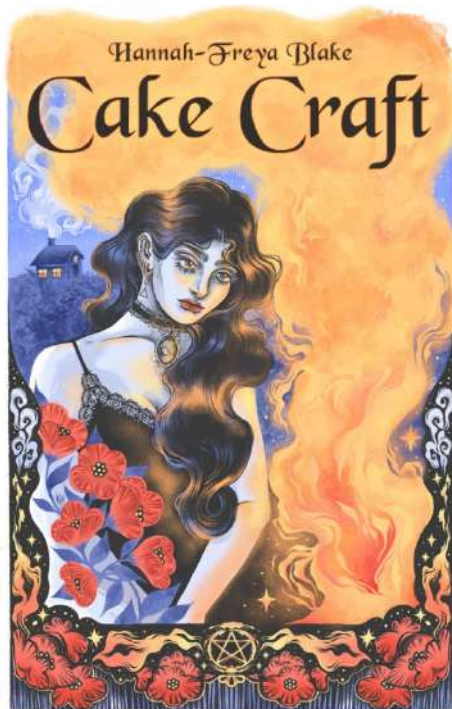
Go then, and pass that deadly scrutiny
whence post-grads emerge in despair or victory:
and when you find, condemned, criticised,
applauded, rejected, and/or verified,
that I have, in fact, survived:
let me sleep without ungodly dreams
of Bleeding Nuns with bones that gleam,
of beauteous orbs, vice and violence,
of Ambrosio with Matilda in hellish alliance –
all that my sanity long suffered in silence.

¹⁶⁰ Such as murder as a joke; e.g., Pulp Fiction: "I shot Marvin in the face!"

Assuming now a doctor's office, I
 thus on your future Fortune prophecy: -
 soon as your novelty is worn away,
 and darkened memory fades to grey,
 once more into the breach I'll fray
 to pick apart that Cheshire grin
 that makes many a-devil fall sick of sin -
 for only madness finds a method
 to hear the laughter in monstrous treads,
 and see the humour in haunted heads.

Now then your venturous course pursue:
 Go, my delight! Dear thesis¹⁶¹, adieu!

I went on to put it in my postgraduate work; Hannah went on to write a spooky
 cookbook (far more fun than a PhD, or at least
 less torturous):



(artist, [Mia Carnevale](#); [source](#))

Within such recursive, live-burial refrains,
 we queers are often the butts of our own
 hopelessly nerdy jokes telling beautiful, tasty lies
 ("the cake is a lie"). Sometimes those

- don't treat us well (as Lewis' rebellious nature followed him around for the rest of his life)
- per the Gothic academic tradition, are not easily found (re: Walpole's *Mysterious Mother*, but also Hannah's PhD—not being available online, even by title; i.e., not being listed as a publication [on their LinkedIn](#), unless I missed it somehow)
- are composed of fragments of references

and in-jokes (with Hannah's [Twitter bio](#) being full of memes)

Even so, this recursive, imitative, and yes, self-deprecating dialogue (the rape joke as self-imposed, -cutting and -inflicted, but also punching up at the upper crust; e.g., John Belushi's, "[I'm a zit! Get it!](#)") has expressed itself through disintegration-

¹⁶¹ Brits are weirdos who call PhDs "theses" instead of "dissertations."

in-jest; i.e., something that requires the luxury of privilege to trace fancy manuscripts that *deliberately* deconstruct language (*vis-à-vis* Derrida) to offer up *new* palimpsests¹⁶² that comment on inevitable decay and avoid-on-purpose any so-called "transcendental signifieds" (re: "[Structure, Sign and Play](#)," 1966) imposed by capital; e.g., my maternal predecessors passing their Galatean wisdom onto me—from my great-grandmother to my grandmother to my mother (the last of whom taught me about Russian history and the real Vlad the Impaler¹⁶³): often, per Lewis and Walpole, but also womanly war stories alluding to rape.

Like a doomed bloodline haunted by rape, such destinies (as things to meet) really do go on forever; like a Kevin Smith movie, it plays with dogma in ways that piss off the old folks using regular pulp: "Mention you're the Metatron and people stare at you blankly! Mention something out of a Charlton Heston movie and suddenly everybody's a theology scholar!" For GNC people, ludo-Gothic BDSM is not so different—i.e., working with pulpy garbage to sing truth to power palimpsestuously (even "incestuously" *vis-à-vis* Walpole's *Mysterious Mother* as a kind of rapey "your mom" joke)—save *we're* doing it to fuck with the Straights (including Smith) *and* make a post-scarcity home for ourselves while speaking to our own rape under capital. It's possible to do both; indeed, it's actually quite



effective, insofar as making strange-but-cool friends goes. Who wants to be normal or safely famous¹⁶⁴ (a defense mechanism, the allegory of "madness" making our enemies underestimate us, but also for they and we to enjoy what we produce as a fun game)?

Or sober/clothed, for that matter! The Gothic often has a hard-drug-like, strip-tease quality to its

¹⁶² "A manuscript or piece of writing material on which the original writing has been effaced to make room for later writing but of which traces remain" (source: Oxford Languages).

¹⁶³ When he was four, my little brother wanted to change his surname to Vlad's posthumous moniker, "Țepeș" ("Sep-esh"), meaning "Impaler" (originally used as a way for the Count's political enemies to demonize him after his death): "Joe the Impaler." My mother loved that!

¹⁶⁴ I never "made it" in academia, and Hannah ghosted me (an academic classic); but I still was able to say my piece (over a million words, and multiple volumes—i.e., like Foucault's *A History of Sexuality* minus the, you know, predatory elements in his work as an actual rapist), doing so as something to invigilate much like Lewis did: a weird faggot nerd's magnum opus. No hard feelings to Hannah, though; they were always kind, and also helped me figure out my PhD work before fucking off.

infernal, repeating medicine (clothes: "Now you see me, now you don't!"); and, while not to lend unnecessary credence to *total* unadulterated hedonism, our Song of Infinity speaks to "cheap" desires that, through endless replication, escape the high cost of prison-like conditions by painfully subverting them¹⁶⁵ (which, there's still a time and a place for understanding if not condoning that, provided the conditions were different). I also think that, provided one's intake is informed by morals and moderation *not* granted by an oppressive barbaric system (e.g., Ambrosio and *The Monk* reflecting queer panic in a late-1700s England, which Lewis commented on as much as a nerdy 21-year-old MP was able), a little shameless indulgence and excess never hurt anyone (again, in moderation). This is doubly true if repeated excursions thereof (and their assorted footprints) lead to something



better across media, jumping from medium to medium: from Walpole's OG Otranto and Lewis' queerly sacrilegious namesake, to Konami's "Demon Castle Dracula," *Castlevania* (and other Metroidvania, of course) to my book, ever onwards into the increasingly gay and parthenogenic¹⁶⁶ future clobbering capital right in the bollocks.

(artist: [Emery Exp](#))

We'll consider "acid Communism" (and "total derangements" of the senses) in Volume Two, part two. The whole point of the Poetry Module is it really doesn't matter how betterment occurs provided the theories we've explored are palatable (spiced properly) and nutritious, but

conversely that our spices and nutrition respect these theories to better assist in Gothic Communism's greatest paradox (or certainly most imperative): of reviving a retro-future of our own past that Capitalism never allowed to exist.

¹⁶⁵ What *Ren & Stimpy* (1991) would call "whizzing on the electric fence." Like that show, the Gothic is abject, crude, hilarious and oddly beautiful (and the site for unironic sexual predation in nostalgic criminogenesis; re: [John Kricfalusi's pedophilic tendencies](#). Trauma begets and attracts trauma).

¹⁶⁶ A queer jest, given how queer folk are often alienated in academic circles; e.g., my grandfather seeing on a bathroom stall at Case Institute in the 1960s: "Kill all fags," under which someone snarkily replied, "You think they'd be at a biological disadvantage." The point being, people like us *can* reproduce, but generally procreate through our academic-leaning work as anathema among straight nerds (Coleridge abhorred Lewis). *We're* the joke, and a bad (rape) one at that—one living on in decay as a social disease that is, at times, literal (syphilis and especially AIDs being treated as "queer diseases") but also the byproduct of constant censorship against us. For us, the funerary language takes on a procession we must inject with our own paradoxical jouissance; i.e., healing from rape as a penance forced on queer culture transgenerationally.



These ideas pertain, then, to the Young at Heart as feeling alien, fetish, rotted; i.e., preyed on in an unfriendly residence; e.g., the Overlook Hotel's shared, priceless idea that no one is too old to play with monsters, magic and myth. With a bit of a smirk, the echo explains how we aren't just magically adults who, suddenly entering adulthood at eighteen, slave ourselves to the grind until we drop dead; we're, like Jack Torrance puts it, home (which for us is sick, so we ward off actual harm with black humor that nevertheless speaks to the truth of our condition stuck on repeat: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" aped ironically by my currently million-plus-word project). Whether expressed as boulders or pebbles, campfires or conflagrations, in novels or videogames, such overtly Communist sentiments are sorely lacking from modern life. Using the Gothic to develop Communism as learned from older palimpsestuous echoes, we must regain control of what we make and put back in over the course of our lives as a locomotive (dated and nutty) investment in the future. Again, it's a mood, a vibe check, a way of life expressed in "deathly" paradox:

(artist: [Ickleseed](#))

The Gothic's *mise-en-abyme*—its crumbling affect, monstrous-feminine spirit, and ghoulish disinterment, living in raunchy decay¹⁶⁷—doesn't take someone like me or Lewis to do; nor does it take a wealthy atheist¹⁶⁸ nerd like Percy Shelley writing "Poetry, in a general

¹⁶⁷ And before you ask, yes, there's porn of this; there's always porn of something under capital [and the Neo-Gothic "medieval" is no different](#) (source: Ickleseed, above). Except, the Gothic *iconoclast* uses it not to make bank or commercialize oppression, but to speak to an imperiled human condition threatened by capital as conveyed *through* Gothic poetics' usual senescence and debridement. Naughty-naughty "necrophilia."

¹⁶⁸ From "Introduction," by the Poetry Foundation:

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born to a wealthy family in Sussex, England. He attended Eton and Oxford, where he was expelled for writing a pamphlet championing atheism. Shelley married twice before he drowned in a sailing accident in Italy at the age of 29. His first wife committed suicide, and shortly thereafter he married his second wife, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, who was the author of *Frankenstein* and the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*. Among Shelley's closest friends were the other famous Romantic poets of the day, among them John Keats, whose death inspired Shelley's "Adonais," and Lord Byron ([source](#)).

sense, may be defined to be 'the expression of the imagination'" in a partial and flowing blurb¹⁶⁹ like "[A Defence of Poetry](#)" (1821)! Contrary to Percy's arguments and those of the same generation (Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, etc), Walpole and Lewis' spiritual successors show us that *anyone* can play with monsters, magic and myth, thus be a poet; i.e., as things to excavate and present as "archaeological findings" (*vis-à-vis* Jameson's "archaeologies of the future," even though he hates the Gothic¹⁷⁰ and reserves literary critical power to fantasy and modern science fiction—more on *that* stupidity in Volume Two, part two's "The Future is a Dead Mall") *regardless* if some culture dickwad benefitting from slavery says they're worth a lick (re: Coleridge, who *hated* Lewis; we'll cover *him* when we look into Jameson).

Volume One posits the Gothic's patterned cryptonymies as a revolutionary site for queer folk to work their magic during the usual grim harvests:

While Baldrick also argues how the likes of Walpole use this dichotomy to both erode the presumed "superiority" of classical culture and to fear the medieval world as a dark and brutal place amid this ghost of the counterfeit, I posit that Baldrick is astoundingly *incorrect* in assuming that

[u]nlike "Romantic," then, "Gothic" in its literary usage never becomes a positive term of cultural revaluation, but carries with it [...] an identification of the medieval with the barbaric. A Gothic novel or tale will almost certainly offend classical tastes and rational principles, but it will not do so by urging any positive view of the Middle Ages [[source](#): "Introduction" to *Gothic Tales*].

Yet, this incorrectness stems from the invented, imaginary past as "medieval" in ways that potentially rewrite the conventional wisdoms regarding said past... which Baldrick conveniently ignores. Indeed, the kinds of stories Baldrick is writing about were predominantly written by white, cis-het men and women centuries ago, when queer discourse was in its infancy and racial bias was phased out of the conversation through regressions to a

¹⁶⁹ Aligning with our arguments, Shelley's essay is famously incomplete. He set it aside, then died tragically at sea.

¹⁷⁰ Re: "that boring and exhausted paradigm," quoted frequently in many sources; e.g., Alex Link's "The Mysteries of Postmodernism, or, Fredric Jameson's Gothic Plots" (2009):

In the midst, of its definitive arguments, Frederic Jameson's *Postmodernism, or, the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* (1991) pauses to consider the Gothic just long enough to single it out as a hopelessly "boring and exhausted paradigm." The Gothic, he declares, is a mere "class fantasy (or nightmare) in which the dialectic of privilege and shelter is exercised" and it should not be mistaken for a "protofeminist denunciation of patriarchy" nor "a protopolitical protest against rape" ([source](#)).

pre-fascist 15th century that was more interested in enjoying one's privilege and playing silly pranks ([source](#)).

We want to bring that forward in ways that kick assertions like Baldrick's right in the balls. In short, we fags exist in a state of decay that heteronormative agents do not, thus have the belly for a bit of gross excess and bad taste. "Disintegration,' you say? Mondays, am I right?" For us, it's just Tuesday.

As such, consider this passage *my* everyday defense of the Gothic, and by extension, Communism as expressed across its ouroborotic mode: forever unfinished but alive and beautiful in its chaotic, crumbling and splendid ornamental branching despite the Gothic's many critics standing in the way of Communist development. Our works survive us, thus mark our place like gravestones, in concentric graveyards of increasingly larger size. I will die and leave my work unfinished, because *Sex Positivity* is more than just a book; it's an idea and a very old one! Hugging the alien as something that's rotting but looking for some love; i.e., a little novel, maybe you've heard of it, called *Frankenstein*. I liken myself as echoed in Shelley's portrait—the monster as much as the woman who birthed it:



(artist: [Richard Rothwell](#))

But my work, however incomplete, lives on as a beautiful composite of a joint effort: my years of schooling, research and writing/illustrating married with the human (thus beautiful) experience of others also struggling to survive through their true beautiful selves forced to feel undead. So whether I finish every volume I want to write or never write another word, I can die happy knowing my work will live on through other natures' warlike struggles, its caterpillars¹⁷¹ and butterflies. Gothic Communism is ultimately out there among all of us, waiting to finally be built no matter how many times the champions of capital

¹⁷¹ Re: our "Teaching" refrain, the caterpillar and the wasp. Jadis often had to explain to children about the short lifespan of butterflies—that they wake up, eat and eat and eat, take a dump and fall asleep, wake up as a butterfly and bone until they croak: "That's not so bad, is it?" she'd ask them. But furthermore, they have the *right* to be butterflies, even if for a moment or never but trying to break free under false chrysalises arresting their development (which, for humans, is partly self-authored). The undead struggle—to survive and become what we're meant to be in opposition to the state rotting us—is ultimately what matters.

smash it down in defense of the status quo. We just have to be playful, osmotic (and brave) enough to reach for it, again and again, using fresh bricks to make it out of as taken from the neoliberal (capitalist) world around us: an alien sex castle of "rape" that, like a misfit toy would, cultivates class consciousness while liberating workers using badass ("fucking metal!") iconoclastic art. Sometimes, it can feel ephemeral and mad, but there's a method to the madness, meaning it's not mad at all, but in on the joke, however sick or ostensibly depraved it all seems. In that sense, we're all size queens, darlings (and not always prone to using the holes canon prescribes—our "[war vaginas](#)" and "war assholes" being "ravished" most heinously by Mommy's little helper giving us the D)!

To that, meeting "the right person" (girl or otherwise) is both quite complex (which part two of this subchapter shall explore) and as simple as giving them the D in whatever hole they want it in; i.e., once both sides' boundaries are established—in effect, sticking it to capital by proxy. "Lady Justice was has been raped, money tips the scales again," [sings James Hetfield](#), only not.



(artist: [Temporal Wolf](#))

Now that part one of "Medieval Expression" has laid all these ideas bare, part two ("**Out in the World**") will continue exploring them beyond purely academic circles; i.e., to look to more plebian and earthly but no less vital examples of weird iconoclastic nerd culture: the sort contained between me and my friends' shared alienation and liberation through this book as a living document; i.e., one concerning sex work as a profession seeking legitimacy and emancipation from SWERFs while doing work and getting paid for it to thwart capital's total privatization of sex worker bodies ("if you scratch a SWERF, a TERF bleeds"; [source tweet](#): itshoneylive, 2024). Sex work isn't just work, my dudes; it's *paid* work.

"Welcome to the Fun Palace!" part two—"Red Scare"; or, Out in the World

As its most basic level, rape is a violation of basic human, animal and environmental rights enacted through Cartesian power abuse; this postscript concerns the complicated process that healing from rape entails— i.e., its corrupting presence through codified trauma, wherein the surviving of police abuse becomes something to relate to others through Gothic stories that constitute radical empathy as a thing forever out-of-joint: the attempt to empathize with alien experiences to gain new perspective. Such empathy needn't concern both parties equally and its Gothic dialogs concern intense, poetic liminalities still bearing an intense potential for disguise that is haunted by the shadow of police forces. Even so, the postscript aims to showcase such a dialog and its phenomenological complexities; i.e., one held between two or more people relating through their interpretation of various texts they are either intimately familiar with or at the very least recognize the tell-tale arrangements of power and performance through traumatic markers ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard's "Healing from Rape," from *Sex Positivity: Volume One* (2024)

Part one of "Medieval Expression" considered the Gothic as a bad game of telephone/copycat; i.e., the echo of a rape joke stuck in the imaginary past to speak to queer oppression by straight forces: a funerary affect for which our liberation is one begot through selective absorption, magical assembly and a confusion of the senses married to an ongoing Song of Infinity to which we are but one move in a never-ending game. Its play writes in disintegration and bad taste—not to rejoice in harm, but *expose* it in ways that paradoxically help us feel good through self-reference as felt among other lost souls trapped in odd prisons. Part one considered this in largely academic terms, with Hannah-Freya Blake and I in



relation to Lewis. Now, I want to apply the same basic ideas to people I've worked with since starting this book; i.e., sex workers of various kinds, and the media that speaks to our complex, bloody and decaying struggle, seeking hugs despite how society and capital treat us.

([source](#))

We'll start with the relationship between people and Gothic media, here in part two. Its theme is Red Scare as something to dance with, in a half-real sense, consider old friends: past lovers and photographs, followed by classic stories that generally hide Communism in plain sight. We'll go from *Star Wars* (1977) to *Old Bill* (2011) and *Payback* (1997) to James Cameron's *The Abyss* (1989) to *Chernobyl* (2019). After that, part three will consider my relation more directly with other sex workers castrating capital together ("You do it, I'll hold 'em down!").

Distribution through stealth is a common Communist schtick (the Russian spy trope); for us, it's is a horizontal trajectory whose red-tinged paradigm shift spreads power across people repeating the Song of Infinity as "immolative" not of the literal self (despite the funerary self-decaying elements), but a "flame on" act of self-defense for (often non-middle-class) workers and their rights from the state and its (often-middle-class) proponents. And like a flame, it becomes something to encourage among the kindling primed to explode: a "hideous raging inferno" groomed, dog-like, by our handlers (our friends) telling us, "get 'em," and we—like a dog with a bone—giving capital a black eye (more like a straight-up cunt punt, but I digress: "[Light up the eyes, boys!](#)" We don't want to *kill* our foes, but make fighting with us so unpleasant [through our Aegis] to make them lose the will to continue; i.e., with bluffs as much as brute force: "Sometimes nothin' can be a real cool hand!").

Per the Gothic's ever-unfurling rap-battle scroll—as something to mature towards a class-conscious attitude—the middle class is historically both the gatekeeper position for the elite and the spawning ground for ongoing rebellion; i.e., the latter spreading Communism through GNC Gothic poetics whose morbid pull (fatal attraction) and proletarian apostasy (of a bourgeois Protestant ethic and all *that* entails) challenge the heteronormative (thus settler-colonial, Cartesian) linguo-material order through liberated sex work. In keeping with paradox, rebellion is what sets us free, as much as the eventual escape: our minds, then our material conditions (the Superstructure, *then* the Base; we can't wait to have a big-ass factory to make propaganda with. Point-in-fact, we don't *need* one. We already have the Internet and similar widespread ways of spreading information through art. And those without it have the oldest tool of rebellion: word-of-mouth).



(artist: [Waifu Tactical](#))

One follows the other, supporting and maintaining a proletarian offensive into the imaginary future once-canceled but no longer. Medusa lives, and it's time for her nightly meal of fresh souls, of capitalist profit, of practicing what she preaches

by *not* doing what she's told by the elite; i.e., eating the forbidden fruit; e.g., *Wayne's World 2*'s red licorice, fruit from the Tree of Knowledge, or those leftover weed cookies Cuwu baked one time that had me (and their equally green [and epileptic] roomie) greening out ("How many of these have you eaten?" Cuwu—playing the weed mother looking after their weed babies—asked me, me not

realizing you're *not* supposed to eat them like ordinary food¹⁷²). But she's also a hugger and wants you to join in (lest the ripened fruit wither on the vine)!



(exhibit 34a1b2b1a: Model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#). I've always had permission to share Cuwu's eyes, but felt shy about showing them unless there was a point to make in doing so.

In the interest of relating to the photograph to the fullest possible extent, I've decided to not censor their eyes from here on out. Look on them and see a little Commie who was still growing and developing as a person—to the degree that shortly after these photos were taken, our working friendship ended.

*All language is arbitrary but arbitration occurs through sex and force as historically-materially dictated by state mandates scapegoating Patriarchal abuse/shortcomings; i.e., Original Sin. The **red** of the fatal apple might seem random, insofar as a **green** apple could do just as well. However, the color red—while its meaning is determined by stochastic factors—are, per the presence of Imperialism as a historical-material force, funneled through a Gothic lens with a historical past that revives imperfectly in present materials: the crimson red of sanguine, of the cardinal scarlet of the Catholic elite and their dogma, of the Roman imperators and their Superman-style red cloaks, etc, has having a sexist bent; i.e., the red of hysteria, of the furies, harpies, viragos, Fates, etc; e.g., Original Sin being the police rhetoric as much for sexist women-of-privilege as men, punching down at "scarlet women" for being "homewreckers" ["pretty privilege" being a threat].*

Point-in-fact, the worst adulterers are classically men with virgin/whore syndrome, but also married women unhappy with their own marriages/jobs trying to have their cake and eat it, too: by abjecting open sex work as somehow "different" than the

¹⁷² When I shyly replied, "...Two?" Cuwu's silent gasp of alarm (and slight nervous excitement) said it all. Turns out, weed can make you question your own existence by experiencing unreality as a medical symptom! That was a fun night! Luckily I had my Ariadne to guide me out of the labyrinth...and fuck me outside, [on the island of Naxos](#)—all without killing any poor minotaur (such monsters are generally metaphors for challenges that capital and Imperialism treat unironically as threats to serve profit; i.e., monstrous-feminine foils trapped inside violent, copaganda puzzles, but more on *that* in a bit).

woman's work normally done by women for their male bosses owning them. Cornered and caught red-handed, such viragos will simply concede "Let them eat cake" with a not-so-innocent shrug... which doesn't historically pan out so well for them [e.g., the Romanovs, but also Marie Antoinette]. Payback's a bitch and capital pits women [and all workers] against each other to glut the maws of the elite as shielded in ways the Romanovs and Marie Antoinette were not.

In turn, the traditional, heteronormative divisions of sex and force—i.e., first through Imperialism without and then with a racialized character *vis-à-vis* settler colonialism—have merged with the profit motive under neoliberal Capitalism's Cold War spectres: Red Scare. Liberators must reclaim red as a Communist force—as red as the streets of Stalingrad, of Medusa's bleeding pussy or Lewis' Bleeding Nun, of my mother's own red dress standing with the Red Army after the Fall in 1991.



[*"Another world, another time—in an Age of Wonder!" Mom, with the Red Army boys, 1991.*]

Echoes of *Oedipus Rex* aside, the shadow of incest is a Gothic classic [re: Walpole] that projects *cryptomimetically* across the monstrous-feminine to face Red Scare head on; i.e., as an imagery of the surface that invites future exchanges that, indeed, are quite martial in a poetic sense: "in the blood" as fueled by blood-pumping exchanges—of monsters, of mysterious mothers, of troubling but also exciting likenesses to past things that protected us [or our forebears] from harm: a maternal and benevolent Medusa to hug and shield us from the capitalist pigdogs' alien doubles. What more could a girl ask for? Well, a six-demon bag, mayhaps! Armed with her own, superstitiously-charged bag of tricks, then, what's a girl to do but seek out similarities in extra-familial relations? The enemy is out there. Well, so are we, waiting to strike; i.e., the *endless return of the living dead*¹⁷³ through *cryptomimesis* as something we leave

¹⁷³ Re, Castricano:

Although some critics continue to disavow the Gothic as being subliterate and appealing only to the puerile imagination—Fredric Jameson refers to the Gothic as "that boring and exhausted paradigm" [what a dork]—others, such as Anne Williams, claim that the genre not only remains very much alive but is especially vital in its evocation of the "undead," an ontologically ambiguous figure which has been the focus of so much critical attention that another critic, Slavoj Žižek, felt compelled to call the return of the living dead "the fundamental fantasy of contemporary mass culture" ([source](#)).

behind on the surface of ourselves: as part of a grander *mise-en-abyme's* addictive [and fun] Song of Infinity! Watch us revive through sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, and begin to dance [["Dance, magic!"](#) as David Bowie¹⁷⁴ put it, in *Labyrinth*, 1986]! Our hearts will not break, but swell with bittersweet joy in seeing old friends revived through likeness. Like ["Scars of Time"](#) [1999], the pattern is one whose historical materialism must be upended by dialectical-material awareness—to "Shake it, baby!" and break the Capitalist-Realist spell through what people normally consume treated in a non-harmful, sex-positive sense: ourselves in delicious, deathly echo! It helps us "tell time" by—often enough—keeping time during sex as an asexual artistic act as much as fucking [the two are not mutually exclusive, though]. Think of it as a metronome to a rhythmic ceremonial ritual—a synthesis of oral [tee-hee] and written traditions! Through ludo-Gothic BDSM's paradoxical organs of perception, let's throw those "doors" of perception wide, babes! So, so wide!



[Model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

"Give me a lever and a place to stand and I will move the Earth!" again spoke Archimedes¹⁷⁵. For every vampy fae, there is a castle to go with faer captivating castle-like body

Granted, Zizek was a wuss who played the "most dangerous intellectual," but ultimately sided with state power regarding Israel (thus America) vs Palestine (from Volume One):

When Zizek writes, "We can and should unconditionally support Israel's right to defend itself against terrorist attacks" (source: "The Real Dividing Line in Israel-Palestine," 2023), he's essentially apologizing for the state model and its time-tested monopolies on terror and violence; specifically by endorsing Israel, he's defending a fundamentally settler-colonial project, akin to supporting the Nazi regime's right to exist while invading Poland but updated through modern-day proxy-war maneuvers (though the WW2-era US certainly expected Nazi Germany to abolish the elite's enemies in Russia) [[source](#)].

We must be braver than that when baring it all ourselves. We can say it with camp (e.g., Bad Lip Reading's "[A Bad Lip Reading of Game of Thrones](#)" [2014]: "I, sir, am the evil studmuffin!"), or as facts; but it must be said in some shape or form that doesn't preclude irony as a proletarian function.

¹⁷⁴ Rehashing the gypsy's dance from Lewis' *The Monk*, it must be said.

¹⁷⁵ Allegedly. Re: "As attributed to Pappus (4th century AD) and Plutarch (c. 46-120 AD) in Sherman K. Stein's *Archimedes: What Did He Do Besides Cry Eureka?* (1999)" ([source](#): Today in Science). Note how *size* (for all you insecure "lever"-havers, out there) doesn't matter. Fulcrum does! Labor is a tremendous fulcrum, especially *sexual* labor (capital sexualizes everything) as a means of engaging with those who will historically-materially seek it out as an opiate. Potential convents, easy pickings.

["While I love you, I can never be free," my mother wrote, in a poem to a secret love of hers]: a Gaia to shift in our favor through honest charm; i.e., a brave New World Order beyond the capitalist one and its "end of history" as predicated on people like Cuwu using what they got—their natural, counterterrorist potential and labor power corporally expressed, but also cosmetically in succulent reds [and other colors, to be fair]—to turn me [the invigilator] red¹⁷⁶.

True to form, this becomes a fun game of cat-and-mouse—of watching to see your audience [under your power] respond to your double operation showing to hide or vice versa, the flashing burlesque fostering a revolutionary cryptonymy in the most vivid and tempting of ways [with sex being so much more intense of a desire regarding what you can—like Macbeth's fatal vision—see, but not grasp: "Look, not touch" an imperative enforced by space and time]. Like strange arrows in an endless quiver, it something to revisit and write about again and again; re [from Volume Zero]:



(exhibit 1a1a1i1: There was nothing strictly "new" about the mise-en-abyme of the 1980s mimesis of a commodified desire sold as "terrorist literature.")

¹⁷⁶ Few things are so instinctively persuasive as sex is: an educational device (many of the Commies I know were persuaded in that direction by sex—myself* included; even in ace forms, nudism allows people to express and relate to "trauma" as something to put in quotes (thus interrogate and negotiation for a pedagogy of the oppressed inside the self-same shadow zone); i.e., our Aegis a mirror-like booty we take *back* to freeze our enemies (and playfully tease/seduce our friends) with!

*Zeuhl showed me the little rebellious queer inside myself by first feeling safe enough to sleep with me, only to wake up something more rebellious than they were (despite hilariously calling themselves "the Red Bun," they didn't have the gumption to take part in something more visibly rebellious. Their loss, and good riddance); i.e., by lending me not just Foucault's *A History of Sexuality* or Butler's *Gender Trouble* but Paulo Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* [1968].

Its own controlled opposition was packaged and presented through age-old art techniques that creators then-and-now use for the profit motive, but also to make art that is profoundly anti-capitalist/sex-positive but still "of its time and place." Indeed, "artistic statements," "medieval expression," and "capitalist action" are far from mutually exclusive—a delightful fact illustrated wonderfully by Andrew Blake's superbly dreamlike Night Trips [1989]. "Vaporwave before Vaporwave existed," Blake's marriage of the medieval image was "joined at the hip" [so to speak] with the neoliberal variation of the "Sale of Indulgences" expertly presenting the woman as trapped inside and outside of herself. We see her bare body clinging to electrodes that monitor her vitals, with persons standing next to her looking in, as she looks down at herself, looking in at other people fucking her and each other while she fucks them. Its concentric phantasm is profoundly decayed and euphoric, but also unquestionably '80s. You'll know it when you see it.

Regardless of its chief aim, Blake's film won a silver medal at the 1989 WorldFest- Houston International Film Festival, specifically in the "Non-Theatrical Release" category. This makes it the first porn movie to win a medal at a major international film festival [[source](#): Violet Blue's "The Helmut Newton of Porn," 2008]. It was porn and art-as-porn that made a statement that was clearly predicated on material conditions, but also love for the raw materials themselves as "dark," forbidden fruit tied to music, drugs and disintegration.

The Scorpion's "Rhythm of Love" [1988] relays a similar savage amusement through the commodification of said fruit, first and foremost. It relays the woman and eponymous scorpion as fused like a chimera. Onscreen, its main product is music, but that music is relayed through Gothic retro-future pastiche. Amid the canceled future, our Teutonic knights fly in from outer space on their spaceship, hauling special "cargo": the Star Trek starlet in a leather catsuit! They appear like shadowy ghosts, taking to the stage while ghostly women dance and writhe all around them—behind the screen, "inside" the drumkit, upon and within the mirror.

Like a Gothic castle, these sexy gargoyles squirm like animated stone. Of course, the band's bill of sale conflates sex with music as a silly-yet-serious promise: rock 'n roll as "sex music" deliberately fused inside a drug-like medieval portrait. Its recursion has been recuperated to serve the profit motive within a campy pastiche that undoubtedly moved monomythic merchandise in a great many forms—e.g., guitars, porn, videogames, movies, Scorpions paraphernalia. It's all connected, but debatably far more concerned with selling out by "rocking us" with counterfeit cargo [containing ghostly stowaways] than making any kind of statement directly and openly themselves. And yet that's the beauty of media; we can take what they did for a profit and weaponize it for class war while also having fun!

The whole meta-conversation occurs between not just the Scorpions and Blake from their respective doubled "castles"; it occurs between us on the shared wavelength, deciding what kind of art [thus monsters] we want to make while vibing within the same nostalgic, Gothic headspace and aesthetics [think Coleridge's "[The Eolian Harp](#)" (1796) but less lame]. To camp or not to camp? That is the question; but also: to what degree? Allegory or apocalypse? Missionary or doggy? Vaginal or anal? Maybe a bit of both while we listen to [Emerald Web's The Stargate Tapes](#) ¹⁷⁷[1978-1982]? Maybe just a bit of teasing while we sit around eating questionably-shaped food objects? The sky's the limit, really.)

Despite all their demonstrable flaws, I love the Scorpions because their nostalgia lends itself well to camp as living in the same shadow space as a particular kind of Gothic: the love zone. I wanna rock, baby, and fuck demon mommies to metal in my castle (effectively campy recreations of Castle Anthrax [below] and its train of "wicked, bad naughty things," all hailed by naughty nuns and false grail beacons; like, it's made up, but I didn't make that up). In their music video for "The Rhythm of Love" (1988), the Scorpions offer Cold-War comfort food (which would culminate with "Wind of Change," in 1990) adjacent to, thus crossing over (if by accident) into the art-camp erotica of Andrew Blake's porn world they were clearly peddling themselves [[source](#)].



[artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Through ironic evocations of the Medusa-trapped in glass, we reach through the veil to transcend space and time—the chronotope haunted by our alien, decaying-yet-vitalistic beauty as alive in spite of so many open

wounds and scars: "Can't touch this!" The idea isn't to trace its entire, chaotic lineage [though that can be fun] but instead join in on the endless mummer's

¹⁷⁷ Something Zeuhl and I tried once; frankly fucking to metal/videogame music (e.g., Metaltool's "[Mega Man X3 - Opening Stage](#)," 2012) is a lot more effective: it at least carries the necessary energy and beat, even if it often sounds rather goofy in its own right (Zeuhl and I both smiled like total dumbasses while we fucked to Turrigan II's "[Traps](#)," 1991. But much to my delight, they especially loved Amiga chiptunes regardless of what we were up to, and for good or ill, I cannot listen to that music now without their beautiful, silly ghost haunting me and the music).

farce/whirling dervish dancing a pedagogy of the oppressed: echoing it imperfectly to find similarity amid difference using Gothic poetics in oft-operatic, thus musical¹⁷⁸ ways.)

¹⁷⁸ Camp doubles canon to empower *workers*, not the state; i.e., riffing on old musical principles to speak less to a "universal language" (as Major/minor scales and chords are a Western invention) but through a universal *struggle*: liberation. Achieving it requires employing Zizek's notion of universal application to reclaim monstrous language in humanizing ways; i.e., that seize the means of monstrous production and reunite us with all alienated things as the Gothic does: through the feelings (and expression) of alienation-made-fetish. The way out of Hell is through Hell as something to transform into *our pandemonium* using *our* Satanic poetics/darkness visible. Accuracy isn't really the point, but provocation ("Was it over when the German's bombed Pearl Harbor?" / "Germans?" "Forget it, he's rolling!")

Also, the way to the brain is—suitably enough—medievally evoked through the *ear* as the portal to insert poison, honey (or poisoned honey, etc) as sound-like: the siren song a sexual earworm that can—unlike Claudius pouring poison into Hamlet's father's ear ("a murder most foul")—foment the seeds to rebellion that, like a ghost of King Duncan made hella gay, declare: "I have begun to plant thee and will labor / To make thee full of growing" ([source](#)).

So camp away, my lovelies! Make Capitalism *your* bitch by playing with the ghost of the counterfeit (the failure to do so being at your own peril; e.g., *The Babadook* [2014]: "Do you wanna die?"). Capitalism thrives on selling what it can't hide, whose reifying is dualistic, thus able to thwart monopolies that bully the usual oracles (often women and children, but also GNC people and other minorities) into silence; i.e., punching down at Cassandra, singing orgasmically because she's in pain, but also *rapture*. We don't want to unironically martyr ourselves, but will "pay the price," partaking in a little Gothic masochism (fucking the pussy sore) to bend your ear and catch you eye: "Who *is* that weirdo over there and why are they... screaming? Moaning? Waving a funny red book as they do. Let's go check it out!" It worked for Lenin, it can work for us.



To prevent us harming those *tied* to us that we care about, we have to face the monster inside ourselves as informed by historical-materialism—specifically socio-material conditions that lead us to become possessed (in the mother's case) with a fearsome, unironic variant of the alien inside the house (announced by Red Scare as literally an evil book to burn); i.e., the foreign plot relayed by useful idiots: fascists. The mom in *The Babadook* is a Nazi mom who burns children's literature, then eats her own kid! All kidding aside, you can't get away from the spectres of Marx and Caesar anymore than you can the Babadook; instead you gotta—and I say this with all the irony* I can—make them gay!

*Netflix esoterically choosing to list *The Babadook* under LGBTQ fiction, a left-field gaffe said community happily memed to death, but also embraced. Is the Babadook gay? He is now, mate (echoing Ridley Scott when being told there's no atmosphere in space while making *Alien*—using the "stellar wind" to emulate the vital affect of a Gothic castle surrounded by stormy weather)!

Encouraging rebellion among a bunch of free-thinking atheists, Satanists, Pagans, *et al*, might seem like herding cats, but it's not so difficult provided you make empathy and sex positivity second-nature at a cultural level (not to mention, people love monsters and sex; we just have to humanize these things through themselves: a system of thought that triggers memories of rebellion that first take root and then catch *fire*). Through *that* Wisdom of the Ancients' labor and propaganda, everything else will fall into place; i.e., from the biggest factories to the lowliest street artist singing from the gutter to unite in a cause less rosy and naïve than Lennon's "[Imagine](#)" (1970, from Volume One):

[S]ometimes, the desire to voice one's oppression is told through common stories; i.e., by reclaiming the language of the oppressor class [...]. However, that subversion still needs to involve a process consciously driven by a desire to alter socio-material conditions: to push away from the status quo and its exploitation of workers behind the usual groups benefitting inside these stories and in real life. Queer allies, especially well-to-do ones, need to be mindful of this in regards to peace and tolerance in the face of deplorable socio-material conditions; e.g., Tom Taylor's 2023 writeup, "Steely Dan vs John Lennon," reporting how John Lennon's "Imagine" [1971] came across as more than a little naïve according to Steely Dan's "Only A Fool Would Say That":

Their 1972 track, "Only a Fool Would Say That" was [written in response to Lennon's parade of peace](#). It looks at idealism through the practical eyes of folks on the street. "You do his nine to five," they sing, "drag yourself home half alive, and there on the screen, a man with a dream." And with that, you get a sense of how grating and vacuous they thought that Lennon's "Imagine" campaign had become [[source](#)].

In other words, it can't be vague or mixed in its messaging. For resistance-in-solidarity to work, it needs to be direct, informed and conscious [of class, gender, religion and race as intersecting forces] ([source](#)).

Rebellions live and die by their ability to stay the course—to survive (which the likes of Jimmy Hendrix and John Lennon famously did not) and *not* sell-out to power (which will only recuperate them into forms of toothless controlled opposition); i.e., not just to "follow the white rabbit," but *fuck* it through an illustration of mutual consent: to bond through humanistic interactions speaking to shared trauma. This at-times lurid exhibitionism expresses in dialectical-material terms, with capital selling us-versus-them Cartesian (alien, fetish) violence against nature in unironic, profit-driven monster forms (e.g., *Frankenstein vs the Wolfman*,

Santa Claus vs the Martians, Ripley vs the Alien Queen, Orcs vs Humans, Plants vs Zombies, etc) that we, through careful application, turn into workers-vs-the-elite amid the shared aesthetic/stage's ludo-Gothic BDSM! It's a very honest, human form of rebellion because it works through what makes us human to begin: our struggles, our laughter, our sexualities and gender, ace nudism, poetry and art as a mimetic, highly biting and critical group effort suffused—per Lewis and his ilk—with graveyard "trauma" placed in quotes to dance with the ghost of the counterfeit. You might not always be sure of where it will take you in the interim (me, as I write a new transition for this subchapter's unplanned subdivision); but rest assured, it will never be boring!

The dialectic, as Jung would put it, is synchronistic. As we proceed out into the world, then, beware those who would tone-police you as you echo people of the past amongst your contemporaries as for-or-against you to varying degrees—the latter telling you to put on your clothes (in a private gallery open to the public) or to be quiet, get back, go back whence you came/to the shadow, etc. Silence is genocide and those who take part in gagging us are complicit in some shape or form. In turn, our genius is, like Umberto Eco's interpretive walks (from *Six Walks in the Fictional Woods*, 1994), manifesting through something I pioneered in 2018 (with my master's thesis, "[Lost in Necropolis: The Continuation of Castle-Narrative beyond the Novel or Cinema, and into Metroidvania](#)"): ergodic motion through castle-narrative; i.e., through a Gothic chronotope of our own design in space-time as anisotropic, concentric, and non-linear to traverse and express through non-trivial effort: to assemble and communicate larger arguments through a second-nature habit(at) that lets us make connections with all manner of things while we work on it—in short, while we combat Red Scare as, in the absence of the actual color, takes on the struggles of the working poor nonetheless as alien, criminal.



To that, ludo-Gothic BDMS as I envision it is something scrappy from the old stomping ground—a pugilist old fighter's attempt at peace (me, getting into fights when I was younger) that I compare *now* to assorted fictions collectively speaking to criminogenic conditions, mid-class-and-culture-war (above: *Old Bill*, 2011). I always had a soft spot for the underdog criminal, the outlaw trying to get by (through street duels and brothel espionage) and be more than state power wants him to be: the mad dog biting his own kind to serve capital ("the Railroad") in all its forms. We need to be able to trounce class traitors when needed, but antifascism is as much doing so with

holistic dialogs that meld spoken words with *likenesses* of saloon brawls (the so-called "danger disco"¹⁷⁹ being the usual place of girl talk, monsters and camp the

¹⁷⁹ Per Capitalist Realism, *Terminator's* in-house music ("[Photoplay](#)" and "[Burning in the Third Degree](#)," 1984)—in true hauntological/*mise-en-abyme* fashion—has a female voice (the Gothic heroine formulaic) singing about being trapped: in a photograph story where they're overwhelmed with conflicting emotions of survival (fight or flight, freeze or fawn, protection and provision, etc) *while* being hunted; it's very postpunk ("disco in disguise") and Gothic—i.e., trapped in the dance hall with Dracula the impostor/infiltrator ("hey, that guy didn't pay!"): what Volume One calls "police-light pareidolia," merging disco lights with police lights *and* nuclear sirens; i.e., American as *nuclear* cops bringing rise to a new fascist world order *before* the bombs drop ("The machines rose from the ashes of the nuclear fire. Their war to exterminate mankind has raged for decades, but the final battle would not be fought in the future. It would be fought here, in our present. Tonight."). Such a haze might seem bizarre, but—per the Gothic's big emotions—is doing a trick similar to T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (1921): describing modern life (city life) as a rising new existence out of war with new technologies: that of women's perspective in the city when threatened by bad-faith men standing impatiently on ceremony ("the gentleman carbuncular").

Except *The Terminator* is, in equal hauntological fashion, evolving—regressing under *neoliberal* Capitalism's shadow of *nuclear* war romanced through *technophobic cyberpunk* superimposed, shadow-like, over a *quotidian* L.A. nightlife/city space; i.e., as haunted by vague imitations of life and death coming from internal/external sources and conflicts. As such, the heroine (Sarah and the audience to varying degrees) holds out for a hero but feels creeped out by everything and everyone—fight or flight, in short (a criminal hauntology that we'll explore more in Volume Three). All occur on a shared stage where women go and put on similar clothes (adopt similar hairstyles) while watched by panoptic/myopic state eyes on the hunter's map: calculated risk as, in a pre-Internet age, coming with pre-Internet concerns for sex workers (women)—"imitation" (assassination) by *physical* contact, once *visually* acquired as *the* target.



In turn, the affect is puts "terror" and "horror" in quotes, but also inside a Russian doll: the dark copy of L.A. disassociates per a mental exercise common to female Gothic readership; i.e., regressing into a Gothic chronotope where the medieval-grade class of power abuse ("dynastic primacy and hereditary rites") is accurately expressed through abstraction that points to the ghost of the counterfeit as updated but oscillating between different legends and true crimes morphing horribly through a *shared* shadow zone. Per Gothic experience as something to view outside itself ("phenomenology"), Sarah is the stand-in woman ("the double," in theatre terms) for the *audience* wanting to be the good girl but haunted by the trauma of other dead (thus past) women* tied to settler-colonial issues linked to profit (the casualties of the privileged relative to that system, pointing to dead *white* indentured servants; re: Howard Zinn). All raise a curious paradox: impostor syndrome and internalized bigotry, aka mirror syndrome. Sarah is our Catherine Moorland, essentially finding herself in a liminal space indicative of her own wide consumption habits: the Western, horror movies,

spy dramas/romances, and a 24-hour news cycle (that she doesn't want or like to watch: "You're dead, honey!").

**The imaginary/fictional nature of fiction doesn't matter if it points to non-fiction (doesn't require "ray guns" for proof, Dr. Silbermann). In turn, biography threatens auto-biography regarding genocide as normally experienced by "the other side"; i.e., the Global South being the North's vision of Hell-on-Earth brought to them during the Imperial Boomerang's return home—an apocalypse/revelation's fatal vision: a death-omen skeleton both trapped inside us, wanting to scream, and pulled out of us, rubber-hose-style, to belt out an orgasmic "death" wail. It might seem odd, except it speaks to our universal alienation, fetishizing and sexualization under capital, which all but require the monstrous-feminine to protect themselves from rape by dressing it up as deathly jouissance; i.e., "Help, help, I'm being 'raped' and I'm 'dead' at the same time!" It constitutes a kind of perverse rape prevention theatre which others will be fearful of and fascinated towards (re: C.S. Lewis, *The Problem of Pain* and investigating tigers and spirits in the other room, which—per the Gothic—is using the bloodcurdling screams of "dying" women). Such a palliative Numinous maximizes investigation unto self-interest regarding psychosexual theatre (and just sex in general, if we're all honest) as highly entertaining (thus persuasive) education; i.e., the testament of the Bleeding Nun, which Sarah's bones sing to and from in turn (our bad game of telephone): "The little bombs we drop all lead back to the Big One [the spectre of Caesar stabbed to death] when the fat lady sings!" It's less Red Scare (see any Russians here?) and more (admittedly white-savior) anti-nuke propaganda targeting the middle-class as most able to impact things; i.e., as the usual gatekeepers of capital being selfishly incentivized through rape fantasy to avoid ignominious death. Well played, Cameron. "Not great, not terrible." But good job, home slice.*



This begs an important question: If you're trying to change but still figuring things out on a half-real (thus half-false) stage filled with *potential* bad actors, are you being honest with yourself? The liar's paradox states that the sentence isn't true *while* being true; so Cameron's disco is equally true while being false, fabricated. So is the Gothic, hence castle-narrative, hence ludo-Gothic BDSM. Sarah is torn between different sides of a divided self that may or may not describe her—but also faced with possible futures (what happens if she takes one guy home versus another) indicative of past atrocities at home *and* abroad relative to American police abuse across space and time: the terminator is our animal man both stinking and primal ("made with real panther parts"), foreign (a disguised version of the "Russian spy" Cold War trope, the *German* spy), and made metal like a posthuman robocop armed to the teeth; i.e., the walking castle-in-a-castle, wolf-in-"wolf's"-clothing threatening foreign rape (the foreign plot) at home, scapegoating systemic police issues in a *current* police state projected onto the screen as much by the audience as the other way around!

All of it regresses to a false, bad childhood that speaks truth through paradox, one where the kids—appearing to have grown up—are seemingly up to no good/not behaving as they should; i.e., playing with dead things (and guns) during moral panic/witch hunts. The reality, here, is these

feelings are *exactly* how capital wants people to feel/ behave; i.e., off-balance, trapped in a canceled future, "high" with a *menticial* fear from waves of terror conditioning them to become Amazons and damsels *for* the state: of displaced, disguised police forces they pay to deal with during *canonical* calculated risk. In turn, it's addictive because we feel out of control in a world operated by cruel puppet masters (the bourgeoisie) using us for their own greedy ends, all but requiring us to liberate ourselves (and our monstrous theatres) from their spurious (false) monopoly of terror by seizing control of the nightmare *while* inside it; i.e., a *lucid* dream while awake that changes the external socio-material conditions that lead to its tell-tale feelings on all fronts: ludo-Gothic BDSM developing Gothic Communism as a similarly ergodic form of motion inside the chronotope (no outside of the text): liminal, concentric, anisotropic, *mise-en-abyme*, *et al*—all through magical assembly, confusion of the senses, selective absorption during a Song of Infinity!



Such rebellious dreaming's reclamation of the Amazon (I mean, just *look* at Sarah's queenly lion mane, contemplating armed resistance before taking a shower, only to make up her mind *after* fucking cute-boy Reese to humanize him and toughen her [mind and pussy] up), as *The Terminator* shows us, becomes something to endlessly revisit ([fan videos](#), sequels, remakes, adaptations, etc) through dreams that speak to the cyclical nature of history as historical-material, influencing our *literal* dreams ("Their defense grid was smashed! We'd won! Taking out Connor then would make no difference! Skynet had to wipe out* his entire existence!") that play with the taboo social (feelings: kill cops being a guilty but valid desire; i.e., kill our *jailors* presenting as false protectors actually serving the state as robots-in-the-flesh) and material factors that children are classically taught to do—with dolls (tea time for the girls and action figures for the boys, and GNC variants of emergent gameplay for the fags)—except *we're* the dolls on a half-real, chessboard-esque stage (avatars, in videoludic parlance, the magic circle a half-real one). Per the pedagogy of the oppressed, similarity occurs amid difference, straight people experiencing fatal nostalgia, too; they just feel it differently than queer people as alien and fetish, hunted themselves (with cis-het women classically being monstrous-feminine ["*woman* is other"] enemies to the state; i.e., like Sarah is to Skynet).

**Killing rebellion by killing the mother of his enemy; i.e., killing Medusa as antithetical to state continuation/daily operations. The idea had to die, except killing Medusa is impossible (the state needs a scapegoat to exist and workers/natures to exploit), demanding a forever retro-future war inside the minds of the public that cannot be stopped, only able to cancel Communist futures by keeping potential actors lying in state, fighting forever during an admittedly white-savior plot. Again, just like Lucas, Cameron does this—and Radcliffe did this—while illustrating the problem (Capitalism) as a playground (a Gothic castle) to pacify curious and fearful workers with. We gotta take the war to the streets of imagination in ways they couldn't: by threatening profit through iconoclasm to alter the Superstructure (thus the Base) in a proletarian direction; i.e., praxial synthesis as protective of workers, nature and the environment and liberatory towards sex work relative to the dialectic of the alien. Targeting the minds of the future youth through Gothic play is the simplest solution to an incredibly complex, hypermassive (normal, real, etc) problem: by teaching future players (usually*

state tries so hard to demonize ["a den of scum and villainy"] and cash in on; e.g., *Star Wars*).

Except, the Western's rebellious allegory *isn't* dead (re: *Andor*, 2022), and as *Fury Road* (2014) shows us, can be transformed into a queer-adjacent lens (that story is largely cis-feminist). As such, I'm trans and have transplanted the "old bum from the neighborhood" schtick *not* to posture as something I'm not ("slumming"), nor push for rags-to-riches solutions (Rocky goin' the distance with Creed, the token immigrant slugging it out against the African American golden boy—a popular boxing refrain that maintains the status quo through marginalized in-fighting). Rather, I'm taking "Medusa? I never knew ye!" and rephrasing it to "You're looking at her!" To that, Communism arbitrates as much through stealth as the color red, favoring black and red as an (admittedly awesome) color scheme during ludo-Gothic BDSM, but not chained to it.



([source: Reddit](#))

This, we shall see for the rest of part two, is true even when the color red is absent or the argumentation otherwise devoid of an obvious Nazi or Communist. As *Star Wars* shows us, for example, sometimes they're dressed up in ways that have

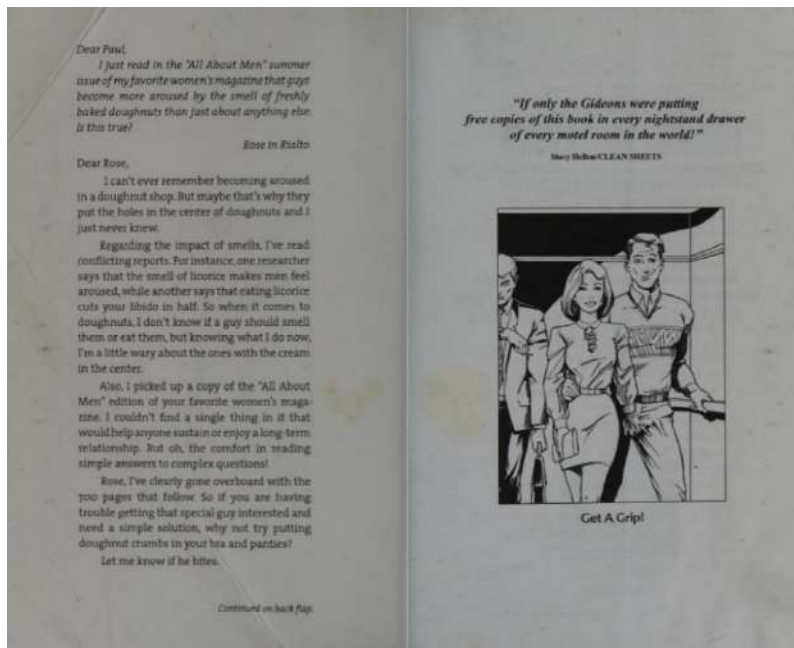
been medievalized. Sometimes, though, you can't tell what you're looking at until that "dog dick" of a red lightsaber pops out. Even then, what if there's a Communist allegory behind the American Liberal and cartoon Nazi crossing swords (there is)?

The problem that part two has largely been getting at, then, is how liberation requires *metatextual* analysis to uproot and embody between and about texts: in a stage-like performance using shared aesthetics with a displaced locale and dormant class character that is *simmering* just beneath the surface; i.e., not something fascist fans of the franchise are known for recognizing and to which Lucas relied on to make his fortune (which Cameron, as we shall see, imitated rather faithfully). As Gothic Communists, we need to actively camp what has *become* canon: blue and red police colors that keep the Communist dialog trapped wordlessly in a never-ending lightsaber duel to move merchandise along (notice how *Andor* has no swordfights in it, at all? So refreshing!). This goes well beyond the scope of *Star Wars* and into many kinds of media as essentially talking about the same stuff: sex

boys to play nice in emergent, de facto (extracurricular) forms of good praxis synthesized (creative success); i.e., don't rape and kill everything you see, you stupid little fucks (teaching children, I've discovered, is fun precisely because it's wicked)!

and force through class war as pushed to the side, but impossible to ignore regardless.

The devil's in the details; so's the Commie as a covert (incognito) battler for sexual elements in a capitalist hegemony. We've already looked at personal past examples from my life (academic: Hannah-Freya Blake; non-academic: Cuwu). I now want to outline some keys in not-so-obvious, then consider Cameron as a billionaire Marxist Lucas clone we can also critique and learn from:



([source](#): Paul Joannides' 1999 Guide to Getting It On)

"It is a truth universally acknowledged that a ho in possession of a great tush, rack and/or box must be in want of a husband." Subversion of Austen's infamous ironies aside, expressing inequality through sex-positive human wants and needs is the rebellious noir or Western's call to action: as something

to right through psychosexual "violence" as a spectrum of exchanges that are historically unkind to women/monstrous-feminine under capital; i.e., during sex work as a matter of class and culture war relayed endlessly through half-real stories on and offstage: Communist sex workers punished for being sex workers and Commies by virtue of asking for their basic human rights (an intersectional problem shared by black civil rights activists and other movements throughout American history the world over).

To that, we're not leading anyone on to *harm* them, but a bird in the hand *is* worth two in the bush, and we have our would-be assailants (those with power over us) "by the balls." Such people come in handy when the unironic sadist kicks down our door and we have to—in our last moments—speak truth to power: "You're an ugly pimp who beats up women on account that he's too afraid of his own goddamn shadow!" When and if *that* happens, it really doesn't hurt to have a himbo (or herbo) in our corner willing to crack some skulls, thus save our pretty ass from yet-another-beating and rape (while Mel, despite being a *royal* cunt in real life, absolutely *kills* it in a suit, Maria Bello's more relatable [for me] as the tough-as-nails-working-girl who-has-him-wrapped-around-her-little-finger):



The exhibit here is twofold, but classically male-centric: one, the streetwise, hard-boiled driver (a classic noir trope all on its own) who cares more about the principle of the thing than making money-upon-money on the backs of working girls;

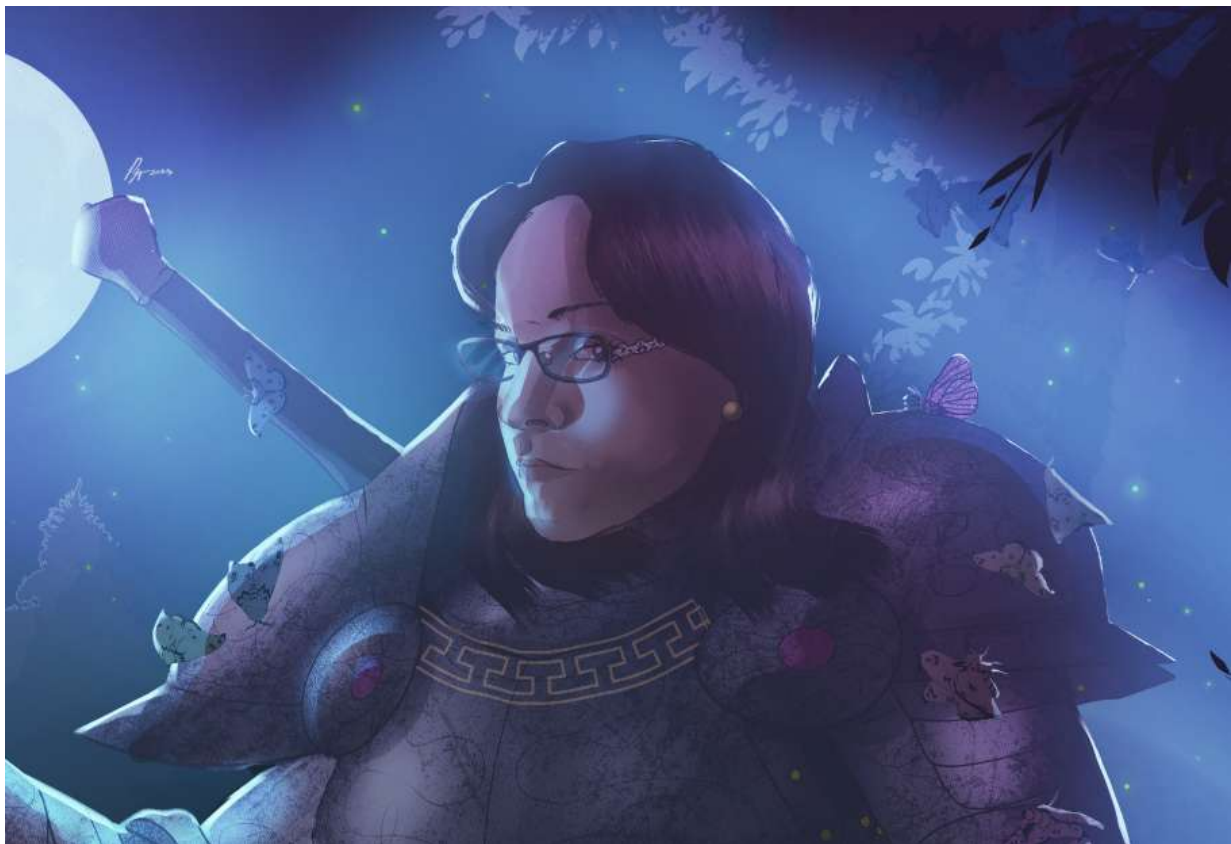
and two, the girl he used to "drive" (in two senses of *that* phrase). Indeed, *Payback* literally calls the mob "the Syndicate" (sorry, "the *Outfit*") to brand/whitewash their activities as plaguing the timeless replica of *any* American city's criminogenic slums: a brothel romance, but also a slum romance—the lady (who's not a "lady" in the middle-class sense) and the tramp, both having "pull" as a means of mutual survival through mutual action ("I have blankets" taken to its logical extreme); i.e., to do their hunting not just where the money is, but the empathy! Such exchanges might seem of the street—relegated to imaginary concrete jungles—but that's where love (and rebellion) take place! Mmm, makes my pussy wet and my tail wag just thinking about it (the Gothic, through ludo-Gothic BDSM, often speaks in *anthropomorphic* GNC code: regarding sex and "violence," below, as so called "puppy play" that's theatrically no different¹⁸⁰ than Mel Gibson and Maria Bello!)

¹⁸⁰ But, in our day-to-day lives, is used between people who feel just as alienated and fetishized, regardless of their station—their puppy-like pedigree. The idea is to regain some semblance of agency through ludo-Gothic BDSM: the ability to play and think as married in animalistic forms—the handler/groomer and the good girl or boy both looking for some lovin' under state duress! This can be sex or something that stands in for sex as a reward for being good; e.g., [Lenore in Castlevania collaring Hector and taking him for walkies](#) (Persephone van der Waard's "Sex in *Castlevania*, season 3," 2020). Take it from me, Capitalism alienates and sexualizes everything. In turn, people are thoroughly embarrassed to come to sex workers as the classic arbiters of unlawful carnal knowledge, let alone *ask* them for sex, let alone sex that *isn't* standard (thinking anal is somehow risqué when it's really just the tip of the iceberg, cuties). The same idea applies to kink, fetish and BDSM at large. We all have appetites, but also boundaries. As such, it's useful/vital to have shorthand language that a) people like, and b) communicates things in ways that represent us and our weird, oft-horny desires. This includes safe words and release words ("red light, green light"), but also jokes/memes: "Bonk, go to horny jail!" as relaid through the monstrous-feminine as an oft-domesticated "call of the wild."



(artist: [Danomil](#))

Such things marry the human (or humanoid/anthropomorphic) face as both endlessly expressive and completely frozen in codified forms (there's also the uncanny valley and doll-like facemask, which extend to "somno" sex, living latex and other dehumanization fetish/sensory control therapies, but also "resting bitch face, below"), wherein media and mediator go hand-in-hand; i.e., as indiscrete. In the Gothic, this doesn't preclude discussion with/of abject signifieds, given a place of recognition that becomes its own stage to make in small: the bathroom and toilet activities things to exhibit and watch for at cross purposes—for profit vs for workers. Under capital, abjecting the ghost of the counterfeit inside "women's spaces" (the house, but especially the bathroom) works like a bad smell (use your imagination, there) that *doesn't* stay inside the assigned compartment but travels *elsewhere* to notify people of a problem but also a *release* (again, use your imagination, you sickos). The bedroom and bathroom *overlap* during psychosexual liminal expression; i.e., a call of the wild, but also of *nature* (sex and shit).



[Jadis was a shitty person with a phenomenal resting bitch face, [which I loved and painted](#). Before sex, they'd say to me in their deep orc voice (their lower incisors jutting from a medical condition they referred to as "orc teeth"): "So, we doing this?" In the absence of harm, a Destroyer persona can be incredibly fascinating (re: [Sontag](#)) and endearing (which is why I've immortalized Jadis' semi-friendly [likeness](#) in my work). While Jadis in the flesh wasn't up to the task, they couldn't spoil resting bitch face or Amazons for me; indeed, I love the good ones even more!]

Through language and its materials, such things speak war-like to social-sexual kinks, fetishes and/or BDSM as essentially *social* as certain activities are *biological*—food and its result (shit—there I said it!) as something to confront in monstrous-feminine forms yielding multiple truths all at once: beings forced to identify as women/monstrous-feminine are fetishized in ways that make them feel less-than-human ("like shit") precisely because *they* shit as something to, per the process of abjection, feel fear and fascination towards; i.e., as an alien sex object that says different things with and regarding such biological processes during ludo-Gothic BDSM as a *social-sexual* process. This requires things normally black-and-white to mix to forbidden degrees anathema to capital save as canonical porn. Yet another thing to camp in our own work!



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

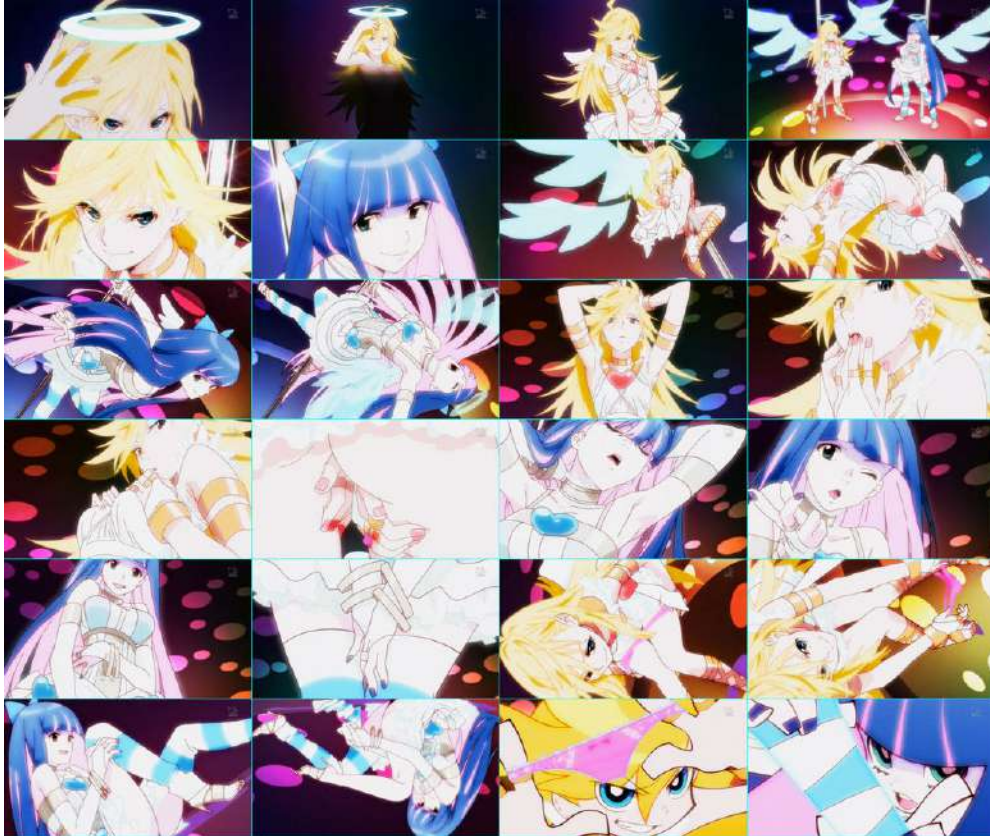
While literal shit remains a "yuck" for me, one I won't exhibit in this book, I also acknowledge that its inclusion in the broader spectrum of performance art/sex work *is* vital. The same idea also applies to *any* biological function as having a sex-positive artistic potential to comment on social-sexual issues that overlap with our biological side as collectively policed by capital; i.e., things that go into and out of our bodies; e.g., urine, semen, and pretty much anything else you can think of that normally comes out of a healthy asshole or genitals (outgoing tissue and waste*) versus sex objects (sometimes the same elements—cum, to use one example I can exhibit *without* feeling grossed out); i.e., like body parts or likenesses thereof, including *martial* ones that retain a fatal, Destroyer cosmetic but not unironic (thus capitalistic) function.

**Literally canonized through camp with Monthly Python's admittedly transgressive "Every Sperm Is Sacred" (1983); i.e., Catholic satire yielding, through a Protestant ethic, the potential to unironically stereotype the very group of people historically used by the British to develop settler colonialism (re: Livia Gershon's "Britain's Blueprint for Colonialism: Made in Ireland," 2022). Reclaiming Ireland is, like any colonized group, a messy ordeal (re: Clare, from The Nightingale [2018]: "I'm not English, I'm Ireland! [switching to Gaelic] To the devil's house with all English people, every mother's son of them! May the pox disfigure them! May the plague consume them! Long live Ireland!" source). To say to our oppressors, "I'm still here, white man!" In both, it becomes a song (an oral tradition) written down (onscreen, in media). Unironic merchants of death must be met with ironic imports/exports walking a tightrope; e.g., Abijah Fowler from Blue Eye Samurai [2023] being the usual jester vice character prompting Irish revenge by "bettering the instruction" in ways, onstage, that speak to state power's habitual abuses. We're not rooting for the bad guy but the pedagogy of the oppressed as forced, at times, into self-predation.*

In turn, our basic needs extend to communication *about* our basic needs: to needing to go to the bathroom, kitchen or den/game room as something to say (which, if you've ever "had to go," mid-sex, remains a useful skill to communicate* to your partner). Surrendering power is generally discouraged by state dogma, often to the enforcer's detriment (if you don't say you need to shit, you'll shit your pants). This switches from going to a place to meet a biological need to going to a place to meet a social need *regarding* a biological need; i.e., needing to go onstage and play with things; i.e., to work through and understand bias as something to overcome; e.g., the black cock as zombie-like, thus rotting and fecal-esque in settler-colonial rhetoric, which can be subverted neatly and swiftly by a) simply holding it in your hands, smelling it, and tasting it; and b) invigilating that (above)—all to validate and humanize the toy as an extension of the person it's attached to or associated with as abjectly "toy-like" under capital (concepts we'll unpack far more in Volume Two, part two). Per Gothic Communism, it becomes creatively superpowered—an alter ego whose black mask is worn with pride!

**Often as a crude joke ("I gotta take a dump/a shit!") versus more cutesy forms ("I have to poop!") as something to play with unto itself; e.g., the pillow princess talking like a sailor and vice versa (with Panty & Stocking with Garterbelt [2010] utterly roasting anime tropes and weird canonical nerds*

fanboying unironically over *moe*-style characters like *Sailor Moon*'s Usagi Tsukino). And yes, this likewise yields caretaker functions; i.e., having an animalized language with (at times) euphorically humiliating elements: "Aw, good girl! Did you make a mess! So naughty! Do you feel better! Yes you do!" Everything goes both ways.



[Source, collage: [Articwolf0418](#). Liberation is a liminal affair, meaning its expression generally conveys mid-exploitation through psychosexual allegory—re [from Volume One]: *Doki Doki Literature Club* [2014] as furious with the player and tormenting them with an uncanny dating sim normally aimed at teenage boys who grow into misogynistic young-to-old men. The same warped-nostalgia schtick works to *Panty and Stocking's* mutual advantage, camping the classic [and pedophile-adjacent] transformation anime scene by turning it into a transgressive pole dance/strip tease weaponized with action-movie tropes: "dualies" and a katana (more jabs at gamer culture). Like Lewis, Romero or Jennifer Kent's iconoclasm, etc—it's meant to make us uncomfortable to get us to think.]

This might all seem backwards and foolish, but rest assured, it *will* change your life for the better! Capital's problems are legion, teaching people to solve them with violence—i.e., to treat each other as problems to solve—with a hammer surrounded by nails. The whole situation is completely abject, requiring the flexibility of ludo-Gothic BDSM's "violence" to procure any solution to any question that comes up in good faith: "Do girls pee from their butts?" No, little man, they do not—but they do shit! In similar fashion, submission to such dogma can be met with complete and utter sarcasm. Point-in-fact, we drool and jump, dog-like, at the opportunity! E.g., like Christina Ricci in *Black Snake Moan* (2006) wanting to be chained to the radiator to better her captor's instruction (in a meta sense, of course)! Such realities aren't so simple as comedy or drama, though. As the film communicates, Ricci's character is guided by trauma as something to survive and express during calculated risk as—for those still figuring it out—sometimes involving others *against* their will: a "black comedy" if you will that often has literal, overt BDSM characteristics engaging between white women and people of color (a smaller spectrum of psychosexual violent exchange) as diametrically monstrous-feminine under *Pax Americana* (a larger spectrum of psychosexual violent exchange). It must be camped, which is never a small, easy (or clean) feat!



To be sure, Medusa *is* a dirty, red-headed slut who lives on Whore Island; by extension, systemic catharsis through subversive *Amazonomachia* invokes red has having assorted cultural values that overlap: the demon whore and labor activist something to canonically fetishize and reduce, *Star-Wars*-style, to yet-another-duel; i.e., choose your fighter!"; e.g., Jadis loved Shermie, left, from *King of Fighters*. To "choose your destiny" insofar as Ed Boon might ask, Communists involve a chattier cat; i.e., a slutty, loquacious ordeal challenging Red Scare—one made by *this* bitch (me, not Shermie) as refusing to shut up (despite Zeuhl and Jadis in particular trying to gag me): a cum-guzzling puppy acting in good faith as the world's biggest slut for human, animal and environmental rights. I might just be trying these thoughts together after a walk 'round the old block (I took a stroll earlier, to clear my head and reflect), but they still served as fertilizer from a rich heritage I put

into *back* the figurative soil: the enrichment of my relationship to the world through ludo-Gothic BDSM as a Gothic-Communist system of thought that challenges Red Scare with; i.e., the town whore amid a *train* of whores achieving intersectional solidarity through all the things that people like: sex and violence, but also the Gothic (the 1977 *Star Wars* being a bonafide Space Western with a retro-future medieval aesthetic).

If you build it, they will cum—the sexy slutty dead walking the Earth to speak truth to power as a counterterrorist device (a real "pinch me, I'm dreaming" moment, when you start to realize just *how* hot and goth your friends actually are. It's good to be me). Generally this happens through sex and force as osmotic—through selective absorption, magical assembly and a confusion of the senses that, unto itself, has serious pull. We camp canon because we must; we attract people to help us with that not just by putting our money where our mouths are (so-called "voting with your wallets") but embodying that as an ongoing performative statement of worker struggle towards Gothic-Communist liberation using ludo-Gothic BDSM. It's my brainchild, but like Shelley's *Modern Prometheus*, steals fire from the gods to give it to the workers of the world (to spite Cartesian chudwads like Victor Frankenstein).

So, I might just be the "neighborhood bicycle," then, but everyone *likes* the neighborhood bicycle (for canon: capitalist individuation "slaying" the female-coded, monstrous-feminine "chaos dragon" as a rite of passage during Irigaray's creation

of sexual difference¹⁸¹); that's *why* they're the neighborhood bicycle, the town whore, the muse, the medium, the *Medusa* (inspiration *is* infectious, including sex but also *struggle* as an "often-cute, often-gross" human expression against rape; i.e., foisted onto us by overbearing structures of oppression)! We are *not* gods, but we *can* echo the gods in our own breasts, where they originate from; i.e., in a half-real relationship with the material world cementing them as gargoyles sitting on cathedrals of various kinds. Our own social-sexual instrumentalities pull them back out again and send *them* into the world (flying castles)—with someone like James Cameron's cutting-edge special effects, *if* we have them, *minus* his Pygmalion tendencies ultimately serving Hollywood through bad-faith activism: "speaking out both sides of his mouth" to capitalize on struggle as white cis-het business men always seem to do (for them, alliances with workers are "optional," insofar as lucrative "success" goes—again, thirty pieces of silver but translating into so-called "billionaire/Hollywood Marxism" as its own special class of delusion).

To that, antiwar messages often convey in the language of war, and from ironic sources: Howard Zinn, Bob Ross, Edward Snowden, and Kurt Vonnegut—but also James Cameron as oscillating between anti-police-state (with *The Terminator*, 1984) and neocon/neoliberal revenge (with *Aliens*, 1986) ushering in the same-old Red Scare theatrics. *The Abyss* is another swing in the *left* direction, showcasing the warring forces both on a grand scale (at the "end" of the Cold War) whose red flags are literal Armageddon, and in-person during a underwater duel where the color red (and any Russians) are completely absent; i.e., a swashbuckling exchange that's darker, meaner and scarier than *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938) with

¹⁸¹ (from the glossary):

[the creation of sexual difference](#)

In other words, while women are not considered full subjects, society itself could not function without their contributions. Irigaray ultimately states that Western culture itself is founded upon a primary sacrifice of the mother, and all women through her.

Based on this analysis, Irigaray says that sexual difference does not exist. True sexual difference would require that men and women are equally able to achieve subjectivity. As is, Irigaray believes that men are subjects (e.g., self-conscious, self-same entities) and women are "the other" of these subjects (e.g., the non-subjective, supporting matter). Only one form of subjectivity exists in Western culture and it is male ([source](#): Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy).

This applies not just to *female* parties or cis women, though (Beauvoir's dated and exclusionary "woman is other"), but *all* of nature as monstrous-feminine harvested by Cartesian forces to different degrees/extremes (fostering tokenism, classically by white middle-class cis women—from Radcliffe to Beauvoir to Carter). Challenging capital requires intersectional solidarity against TERFs, SWERFs, afrocriticism, homonormativity and other such class betrayals routinely encouraged by capital's assimilation fantasies yielding "Judas exchanges": selling out one's comrades for "thirty pieces of silver." There's a special rung in Hell for people who do that—reminding them such fantasies were administered by the elite in bad faith, making them Faustian bargains.

Errol Flynn by a fucking mile (also, it's kind of sexy [in my best valley girl upspeak]—a guy-on-guy version of the wet t-shirt contest):



(exhibit 34a1b2b1b: Say what you will about Cameron, but the man knows how to film a scene. The fight forces us to watch [from Elizabeth Mastrantonio's perspective] through a camera [a la Scott's Alien camera eye] at our hero and villain, switching between that perspective and Virgil's [Ed Harris] while trying to sneak up on Coffey [Michael Biehn, in fabulous form as the villain, this time]. Virgil lacks combat training and makes a mistake: not wanting to kill Coffey but reason with/disarm him by going for the gun; Coffey—jumpy and paranoid—does the usual cop response and pulls his weapon, the two men largely conversing with their eyes and faces [nonverbally, like animals] before Virgil verbally appeals to the other man to not fire: "Coffey, wait..."

Coffey's eyes are full of fear, blind to reason; seeing Virgil as the alien he must kill, he tries to fire—but the gun doesn't respond [the look of shock and outrage on Harris' face says it all, really: "This motherfucker really just tried to shoot me? Oh, hell no!"]. It's the Cold War in small—the fate of the world resting on Virgil's shoulders while he and his nemesis do battle: "We have found the enemy and he is

*us*¹⁸². "Threatened and backed into a corner, Coffey—like a frightened dog—is unpredictably violent for the state. He pulls his blade. This isn't just saber-rattling but a full-on duel-to-the-death; the music kicks in [tropical-themed, belying Cameron's Orientalism] and the two men cross swords.

Gives me chills, just thinking about it. I feel the Numinous weight of every strike, reminded of the scary men in my life tied to capital, to the nuclear family model, harming me instead of doing the decent thing by providing and protecting [the bare-fucking-minimum]. The little girl and grown-ass woman in me root for Virgil to stick it to the son of a bitch: "Get 'im!" The only thing between Virgil's body and Coffey's thrusting knife-dick ["fuck the enemy, spill its blood!"] is a swinging fluorescent bulb and a club-like metal pipe. In true duelist fashion, the two are uneven—Virgil outclassed by Coffey but Coffey off-balance from his alienated state of mind. Our hero-in-white fends off our man-in-black's roguish fencing for a time, the two tangling to embrace and fall into the water like "lover" [violence in duels is homosocial, even homoerotic¹⁸³]. Virgil, fighting for his life, bites Coffey's hand to

¹⁸² "This is a twist on Oliver Hazard Perry's words after a naval battle: '[We have met the enemy, and they are ours.](#)' The updated version was first used in the comic strip 'Pogo,' by Walt Kelly, in the 1960s and referred to the turmoil caused by the [Vietnam War](#) ([source](#): Dictionary.com).

¹⁸³ As Sam Reiner writes in "'Young, Dumb, and Full of Cum': *Point Break*'s Homoerotic Haze in Five Acts" (2009):

Discussions of homoeroticism in action cinema, especially of the 1980s and 1990s, frequently assume a troubled tone. The pronounced homoeroticism of these texts—from their display of male bodies to the dynamism of the camera—have led to reductive assertions that erotic percolations are indicators of latent queer orientations or activities. Rather than probing the ambiguity of these text, approaches often default to pop-analysis, aligning closely with Quentin Tarantino's Sid in *Sleep with Me* (Rory Kelly, 1994), who claims "What is *Top Gun*? You think it's a story about a bunch of fighter pilots...It is a story about a man's struggle with his own homosexuality."

This isn't to say that these verdicts are misplaced or unsubstantiated; both Patrick Schuckmann (1998) and Yvonne Tasker (1993) emphasize the consistent centrality of homoeroticism in the history of the action genre. However, Tania Modleski, in direct response to Tarantino's accusative interpretation, discourages the conflation of homoerotic and homosexual (2007), advocating a return to the ambiguous potential that homoeroticism elicits. It is within this frame that I revisit Kathryn Bigelow's *Point Break* and reconsider the boundaries and bonds of Johnny Utah's (Keanu Reeves) homoerotic desire ([source](#)).

Similar to my earlier arguments about the monstrous-feminine (re: *Black Snake Moan*), such performative ambiguity isn't to leave all groups dazed and confused, but a cryptonymic disguise mechanism *and* uncanny (deft) ability to express the complicated realities of queerness (which would be completely alien to a cis-het, rape-apologist, foot fetishist like Tarantino) which those "in the know" will "get" and those who don't throwing their hands up in the air (outing themselves as bigots for us to navigate around inside the same shared space). Forget *Point Break*, then—it's the Gothic in a nutshell!

Also, small side-note about Keanu Reeves (who Zeuhl, ever the twink enthusiast, was absolutely boy-crazy about): The guy might have transitioned to action-man Hollywood (he's an excellent action star, but [also martial arts movie director](#), to be fair); his genderqueer past—expressed most nakedly in *My Own Private Idaho* (1991) as speaking to the complicated, masque-ball reality that queer people have always lived in, on and offstage: one, as alienated from each other and watched by the Straights like hawks; and two, forced to copulate (in any sense of the word) through code that is likewise scrutinized by bad-faith allies who *look* like good-faith allies. If they're confused, we're in control! We have to be or we won't survive (no hard feelings).

disarm him, only to be beaten and thrown down again for his trouble [again, he's trying to survive; Coffey's trying to kill him]. Then—when the Destroyer persona in small appears to have our hero on the hip, when all seems lost... a surprise entrant turns the tide: our loveable himbo, Cat [who even has the good manners to get Coffey's attention before decking him¹⁸⁴]



Faced with overwhelming odds, the coward turns tail, irrationally determined to carry the state's wishes to their logical conclusion: extermination. In his usual coherent-but-inconsistent style, then, Cameron's Gothic action vehicles speak to larger

warring forces inspired by older sci-fi stories debating nuclear war on both sides of the political isle: Harlan Ellison's Outer Limits and Robert Heinlein's Starship Troopers. In true white-boy fashion, Cameron demonstrates the ability to play both sides just like Lucas does: using anti-war allegory in hauntological stories whose seminal disasters allude to Capitalism's routine crisis and collapse; the Gothic elements are the decay felt amid a neo-medieval aesthetic, which The Abyss cleverly disguises with an ordinary [novel, quotidian] milieu: an oil rig. But a soldier and worker are easily distinguished all the same, the blue-collar everyman swinging for the fences to upend the American hawk.

It's good stuff... expect Cameron would continue vacillating—using nuclear war to lionize European white men [T2, 1991] and demonize people of color [True Lies, 1994] to serve profit [a trend he would continue, regarding Indigenous rights as something to commercialize with his Avatar series]. And in case you missed it, he also did it in The Abyss: Virgil's hellish swimming up through the pool to—like Benjamin Willard from Apocalypse Now [1979]—rise metatextually up through a ghost of Joseph Conrad's original, very racist novella, Heart of Darkness [1899]: to speak to racism/colonial hysteria and decay from within an entirely privileged position; i.e., the white-man-wearing-blackface as always being, on some level, inside the Imperial Core looking out into the darkness [what Jameson calls the

¹⁸⁴ Coffey's war haze representing a drug addict fueled by war fervor akin to Willard's own smoke-on-the-water psychosis (next page): the enemy is the drug he endlessly seeks, killing himself in the process; i.e., the Roman fool falling on his sword as borrowed from echoes of Caesar *ad infinitum*. Like Macbeth, Coffey's very much out of control, "high on his own supply" stemming from older forms of Imperialism (empire and the Divine Right of Kings) surviving into neoliberal Capitalism. Hint: This is a metaphor for Capitalism killing itself on a planetary scale.

dialectic of privilege, which we address through the dialectic of the alien]. You see any Russians or people of color in this movie? Red Scare is Red Scare, even if the Reds are ostensibly truant [the displaced, underwater critique, this time, refreshingly falling on the American side of the fence, at least].



Cameron is a cunt, as was Coppola and Conrad: the three Cs—the Three Cunts, ACAB. I jest, sort of. All the same, these weird canonical nerds don't own the monopoly on such things—not on the "action/adventure" cinematic genre that, through Cameron's cartographic

refrain, would clumsily evolve into FPS, Metroidvania and survival horror videogames [re: "[Mazes and Labyrinths](#)"]. Indeed, through our own Galatean media as fostered out in the world, we can use our own splendide mendax to tip the scales in favor of workers and nature; i.e., by not scapegoating the state using the usual suspect: a pasty fall guy who was "shit nuts." To that, Coffey was merely a pawn on a larger chessboard, except regicide won't work, either, because capital is a hyperobject that needs to be understood through the totality of its mechanisms as we can actually observe and utilize them [capital in the abstract]. So revelations of a dark parent or monarch are just different chess pieces to take off the same board [the white planet threatened by a dark one on the same battlefield]: some king to topple, with Cameron choosing a black queen for the white queen to tip in favor of capital, in Aliens. Instead, we want to dance with the ghost of the counterfeit to reverse the process of abjection and change how the game is played, in effect changing its rules to suit worker needs [often combining them—"topping" the so-called "king," checkers-style]. This paradoxically requires exposing the state while enjoying things in a pernicious, problematic system; e.g., like chess. Bitches love chess.

Seriously, it's not rocket science, but we learn from those we love! I.e., I once dated a rock 'n roll poet, a non-binary gender studies expert, a metal-loving entomologist, and a stoner Marxist-Leninist fuck puppy—all followed by my current partners, an Indigenous ecologist therian and good-boy art nerd/fur-crazy roleplayer who both taught me to surrender power without harming me: to rollover like a puppy for them and see things from a humane non-human perspective—on my back, my belly and genitals exposed¹⁸⁵! Picking all sorts of stuff from them ["Lie

¹⁸⁵ Sometimes figuratively, sometimes literally, sometimes both.

down with dogs, get up with fleas"], I absolutely love the antiwar message in The Abyss. Even so, I can still just as easily critique Cameron and the film industry to engender Gothic Communism. There's a joy in my hellish flow state, the same way there is in having sex or baking a tasty cake. Give it a shot! Kill your darlings to make them into something that retains aspects of their former selves reclaimed dualistically by proletarian forces!)



So-called "genius" takes talent, but still needs cultivating (nature *and* nurture); i.e., given room to grow and develop; e.g., being neurodivergent, I always marched to the beat of my own drum and had a big-ol' heart of gold. But all the same, nobody's perfect. We're all going to have good days and bad. The tie-breaker is always

dialectical-material scrutiny and context, mid-genesis. The shadow of Capital's collapse, then, is like Cameron's mirror challenging his *own* refrain: "Coffee hears [NTIs](#) and thinks Russians, nukes. You gotta look with better eyes than that!" It projects internalized bigotries—of fearing the alien as informed by socio-material conditions during *Pax Americana* as never having stopped. There is *always* a Cold War relative to the state as something to challenge; i.e., we must always be building¹⁸⁶ something mirror-like/alien in response—to sing, dance or otherwise double spectres of Caesar (the Shadow of Pygmalion) to challenge the unironic Cycle of Kings, infernal concentric pattern and narrative of the crypt with: as an Aegis-like mirror shield threatening state shift unless action is taken to right the ship. We *gotta* put the pussy on the chainwax—to start a thing as counterterrorists do during asymmetrical/guerrilla warfare, and to bring big friendly herbos and himbos ("muscle") to our side; i.e., just in case the fash-adjacent nutjobs project *their* Cold-War-grade xenophobia onto *our* Commie asses. As Cameron showed us,

¹⁸⁶ I'm always active. For example, I was working on this manuscript all week, when Bay left to go see a friend; when I looked up, suddenly a week had gone by and Bay was back! Talking about it with them, I likened the whole experience as a Renaissance girl would: through a story. As such, I recounted an imaginary analog to what actually transpired: Bay greets me, painting my own Sistine Chapel, close to the ceiling while they go off to have an adventure somewhere; they come back, a week later—dressed in vacation clothes, wearing sunglasses, and carrying bags of goodies under each arm—to find me still at all it. I look down at my towering scaffold to greet them, tail wagging: "Still painting, love?" they ask. "Yeah!" I call down. Then I descend and we fuck on the floor. The end!

size *absolutely* matters in a real fight (less so in bed¹⁸⁷, but I digress) without the element of surprise or mechanical advantage (force multipliers).

And if it sounds like I'm always repeating myself—"pussy on the chainwax" this, "pussy on the chainwax" that—well, that's what refrains are! Make them your



own flow states to vibe to, vibrating in service to workers and nature through the dialectic of the alien yielding sex-positive outcomes, not cataclysm (which often, as I shall now hint, targets *our* "balls"; i.e., of any gendered and/or biological makeup or persuasion).

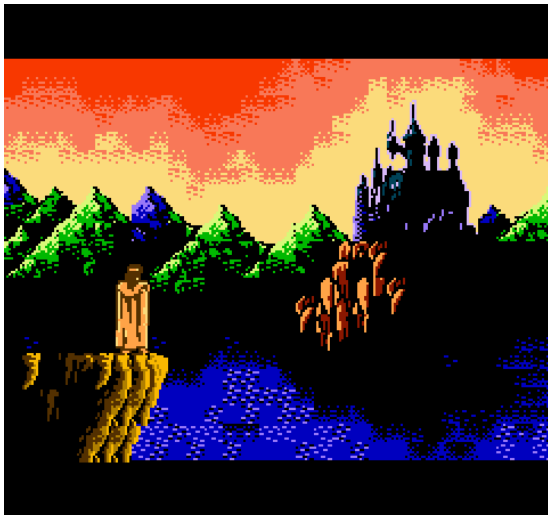
To be sure, class and culture war *is* a Mexican standoff, one that requires force. Power responds to demands backed up by force; i.e., labor action and propaganda. The point isn't scorched earth, for Gothic Communism, but *transition* through appreciative irony's Gothic counterculture (and the other creative successes, which we'll unpack in Volume Three) during praxial synthesis. Sure, we're in a pickle—a

Lt. Archie Wilcox looking for someone less loquacious at times and more someone to bear and grit it with a "Say *auf wiedersehen* to your Nazi balls!" when push comes to shove. But *until* then, we need to recruit peoples more "on the fence," *and* afford ourselves the nuance required; i.e., to tell them apart when courting potential friends who *might* be potential enemies. Better to learn from those who already found out (me); i.e., that the two—while not the same—often look exactly alike. Punching a single Nazi *is* cathartic, but pointless if it doesn't yield systemic concessions; we got *bigger* balls to snip. Capital's. To that, we gotta take black-and-red back, including Red Scare as something that can appear anywhere in popular media (this *is* a neoliberal planet we live on).

This, however, is a group effort—one that requires friends the likes of [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Blxxd Bunny](#), who we'll exhibit in the next subdivision of "the Fun Palace!" Before we blast off to that otherworldly sphere (classically it would be the moon), I would like to wrap up a few points about our interactions

¹⁸⁷ There's no vertical hierarchy in polyamory but material advantage still makes unequal power something to negotiate between two or more parties (which so often happens under Capitalism, generally favoring the historically privileged group as having the money to work with, versus the historically disadvantaged group having the sex/wherewithal to navigate such alliances with greater nuance; i.e., marriage dramas).

with popular media; i.e., regarding Red Scare with Chernobyl as an ongoing issue when raising our own castles (and their dangerous confusions).



([source](#): Jeremy Parish's "The Anatomy of Games," 2013).

Of course, I can't say what *exactly* will become of the Gothic (and its medieval toys) when Communism eventually happens, save that we already know what Capitalism does (and has done) for centuries. Capitalist Realism acts like it ain't broke, don't fix it. But the sick joke is, it's working just fine for the people it's *meant to benefit*. By enriching monsters, *et al*, through the natural tendency of human language to deceive for

survival purposes, we can expand the web of quality to drape down on all peoples, giving back to nature what Capitalism does nothing but take for the charitably sparse and empathetically bankrupt (whose gluttony will never be sated, their throats always parched for blood, brains, sanguine, sex, whatever). They privatizing busking as a means of draining wealth as the life force not just of the planet, but the very nation-states they run into the ground (running off with golden parachutes). They take and take and take. Without a change in direction, it will destroy all peoples, including those with more to lose. Frankly, we deserve better than what those old vultures will toss back our way (chunks of our own dead flesh, no less). So does nature, so do monsters and the Gothic. But we must eat empathy as something to reproduce and give back, not abject and throw up; e.g., Capitalism

and rainbows (save that one special month where they pretend to care). In turn, the elite are a tumor whose unchecked vampirism and cannibalism (and other such necromantic feeding habits) must be curtailed. Like with all undead who feed and demons to grant fatal bargains, the elite's variant merit and receive only what we give them.



(*artist*: [Queenie](#))

As warrior poets, we must gird our loins, flux our capacitors, fluff our pillows and give chase. The more community and education certainly helps (and some degree of neurodivergence), but apart from some basic ideas to keep in mind—e.g., humans have basic unalienable rights—isn't *required* in

a given, exact form. Gothic Communism is about holistic inclusion combating false hope (a neoliberal staple, per Capitalist Realism's monopolies, refrains and trifectas) to face the music: you can't save the world through American copaganda hero fantasies/personal responsibility theatre (those acting in bad faith, commonly referred to as "full of shit")—can't just buy something or kill a monster to solve capital's problems, because they're built into capital, which isn't broken, just inhumane; you have to play by a different set of rules while inside capital, which predominantly involve humanizing monsters and abjuring the profit motive to help workers, animals and the environment in direct *opposition* to the state; i.e., there *is* no compromise, scapegoat or smoking gun that will work; e.g., no Commie to hang at the gallows to redeem Capitalism from itself.

In Gothic circles, this is generally likened to a "presence" that vaguely or tremendously occupies a given area by haunting it; i.e., the truant space aliens' detritus in *Roadside Picnic* (1972), or the radioactive mutants from *Metro* or the *Shadow of Chernobyl* series. But the lack of either in reality doesn't discount the reality of actual trauma expressed in half-real terms (as all Gothic castles do). In more "realistic" forms, these reduce to a cartoon Stalin—less the man himself as a "final boss¹⁸⁸" and more someone else to blame who's part of the area formerly known as the U.S.S.R.; e.g., Anatoly Dyatlov from *Chernobyl* (2019).

Whereas Cameron's *The Abyss* held Russia at arm's length, "Russia" in quotes remains a common stomping ground from neoliberal hauntologies, so let's quickly explore that with Dyatlov, but also the effigy of the Soviet State that HBO tries to hang. Everything has the air of accuracy amid antiquation, but *is* surprisingly accurate as a hit propaganda piece America might produce for its age-old enemies (down to the exact date and time, shown on an old-fashioned clock). In fact, that's *exactly* what it is, so keep it in mind for a second.



¹⁸⁸ There is no final boss except the state; i.e., *Capitalism* is the final boss, the devil convincing the world he doesn't exist.

I mention this example not simply because *Chernobyl* is what's currently right in front of me, but also because medieval canon and regression involve hauntologies that are far more recent-looking than the so-called Middle Ages. "What is the cost of lies?" the protagonist asks. "It's not that we'll mistake them for the truth; the real danger is that if we hear enough lies, then we no longer recognize the truth at all. [...] What else is left but to abandon the hope of truth and content ourselves instead with stories? In these stores, it doesn't matter who the heroes are; all we want to know is, who is to blame?"

Except, this *isn't* some insolvable solution; the answer is right in front of us. To see it, you have to think beyond moral panics like Red Scare (Cameron, HBO, or otherwise, speaking abject utterances in Gothic displacement¹⁸⁹) to understand that the Soviets, while far from perfect, were *light years* better than any capitalist who has ever lived; Capitalists are unethical by design, because they require profit (an inherently unequal proposition) to move money through nature through Cartesian rhetoric (an inherently genocidal, thus brutal system of thought). Charity and inequality are not just antithetical to their thinking but *anathema*, insofar the mythical Good Soviet is concerned. How quickly people forget that the Nazis didn't stop with going East; they went West, too, and will again when the chickens come home to roost (from Volume Zero):

So-called "Jewish revenge" is the Red Scare sentiment of anti-Bolshevism shared by the American elite as enacted with impunity until it "crosses a line"—in this case a national boundary into the West by the Nazis:

For four years, numerous Americans, in high positions and obscure, sullenly harbored the conviction that World War II was "the wrong war against the wrong enemies." Communism, they knew, was the only genuine adversary on America's historical agenda. Was that not why Hitler had been ignored/tolerated/appeased/aided? So that the Nazi war machine would turn East and wipe Bolshevism off the face of the earth once and for all? It was just unfortunate that Adolf turned out to be such a megalomaniac and turned West as well ([source](#): William Blum's *Killing Hope: U.S. Military and CIA Interventions Since World War II*, 1995).

The same idea plays out in displaced, fantastical forms through undead and demonic language. As such, the assorted "ink blot" stigmas elide within the

¹⁸⁹ With Cameron's submerged castle the usual sort authored by a formerly middle-class guy with "fuck you" money making himself the center of the universe; or as Raškauskienė again writes in *Gothic Fiction: The Beginnings*, re: "Critics have often remarked on the choice of the exotic, the foreign, the barbaric as the background for and source of Gothic thrills. In other words, the Gothic castle is the world of the Numinous" ([source](#)). You go to dark places to say dark things, but per Milton, they aren't insubstantial at all; they are very much grounded in dialectical materialism.

same poetic shadow zone, whereupon the hungry mouths of dead labor's zombies bear their fangs and collectively shriek and howl. Simply put, they riot, but do alongside state agents opposing them using the same aesthetics of power and death: the fascist, but also the centrist combating both fascism and labor until asking the black "dog" knight to tag team the Dark Queen and her counterterrorist zombie forces. Mid-riot, various pro-state Beowulfs are generated and sent in to quell the slaves as dissident aggressors, called "terrorist" and certainly treated as such ([source](#)).

Chernobyl works much better as an anti-capitalist allegory dressed¹⁹⁰ up in Soviet, Red-Scare clothes—an anti-nuclear parable that treats nuclear *energy* as the great terror of our age, on par with Big Oil attacking it to regress towards an older system not unlike the Catholics and the Protestants, except it's being told now, in the Internet Age on HBO. The science in *Chernobyl* is absolute garbage, but the Gothic elements (fear and dogma) are suitably effective; i.e., state critiques delivered by Western actors follow polemics of an end-stage Cold War that regurgitate neoliberal talking points by treating radiation as the *mysterium tremendum*:

History matters not, here. What matters is how seriously the cast and crew present their threat, and boy do they ever. When the doctors say the radioactive victims are not safe to be around, they really mean it. This fact is woefully undermined by the workers themselves never getting sick. But it still doesn't matter because everyone is so grim. When you see an unhappy plant worker falling apart in their hands, it plays out like a zombie film. [...]

This is a show that deals in absolutes—of impending, ceaseless doom. The victims rot, their symptoms accelerated and overblown; graphite is radioactive enough to burn the skin off a man's hand through his protective glove (without damaging the glove). Any exposure to such a volatile source would probably be enough to kill someone outright. For me it doesn't matter, though; it's the thought—of immediate danger relative to an awesome power—that counts. That's what the Gothic is all about.

[...] the exposure of the irradiated is treated like a contagion, a disease to catch. None of the victims are allowed to be touched, becoming objects of fear in and of themselves. While radiation doesn't spread from victim to victim, the show embodies superstitions about radiation. These remain to this day even if, in the show, they are from a scientific standpoint highly anachronistic. "Tell the truth," Legasov is told. Yet, the "truth" in *Chernobyl* is bedridden with boogeymen, nightmares and total ignorance.

¹⁹⁰ In effect inverting Cameron's *Abyss* disrobing trick.



The whole ordeal feels less like reality and more like a nuclear physicist's worst nightmare. Nightmares generally take bits of reality and merge them with chaos. In this respect, Chernobyl is a real place and some of the events actually occurred; likewise, HBO's verisimilitude lends an element of realism to what would otherwise be a retro-future straight out of *Alien* (the control room mirrors the walls of the M.U.T.H.U.R. chamber from that movie). But the likes of *Stalker* (1979) were filmed in the ruins of de-Stalinized Russia. They simply had to point a camera and shoot ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "*Chernobyl* (2019) review," 2019).

My understanding of anti-Soviet, Red Scare propaganda has clearly grown in the five years I first saw *Chernobyl* (and six years since I wrote the 2018 symposium, "[All that We're Told: In the Eternal Shadow \(within Shadows\) of the Hypernormal, Worldwide](#)¹⁹¹"). When all's said and done, we want to recognize patterns useful to

¹⁹¹ The original abstract: "In response to Adam Curtis' *HyperNormalization* (2016), this symposium discusses hypernormality in the Strugatsky Brothers' *Roadside Picnic* (1971) and Jeff Vandermeer's *Annihilation* (2014). It aims to examine how Gothic can be detached from the dated past, its subsequent effect on a particular space coming from elsewhere—from indeterminate or unorthodox origins, like the future or the cold vacuum of space" ([ibid.](#)). The paper's focus was on spaces to be explored:

In Gothic stories, residences are built around trauma as hidden, rendering them ambiguous by virtue of what affect is projected outward, from within. In *Roadside Picnic* and *Annihilation*, everything is built around alien zones. These spread outward, affecting a residence habitually described as healthy, stable, or heroic, even when it is not. Whatever truth to be had is found by trespassing into these forbidden territories. This is not done without a fair amount of dread ([ibid.](#))

speculative thinking while learning from others, including our former selves as something to learn from *and* critique ("Not great, not terrible.").

Beyond just a single text like *Chernobyl*, *The Abyss* or past friends come and gone, take Sarkeesian's adage merged with Gothic Communism and apply it to *all* aspects of your life: right now, as something to foster with your current friends responding creatively and collectively to the same media to reify your core values within the "Russian doll" code (a concentric code pushing Trojan Communist messages through all the usual counterfeits abjecting Red things in favor of American Liberalism's red, white and blue).

Think critically (such as a medievalist would do) about everything around you regarding intertextual patterns and ideas. Mix, match, fuse and blend whatever's on hand, using whatever "sutures" you prefer that "do the trick." Just know that whatever you consume, keeping with the seminal/childbirth metaphors, flavors the jizz/shapes the fetus. It can be anything regarding media, mentalities, styles or people. For us, this means recruiting people from all walks sharing common cause and ground if not casual interests: total liberation, post-scarcity. That includes a goth/gay identical twin like me living in what I previously described as "Merlin's¹⁹² tower," but also thanks to the Internet can expand class and culture warriors to anyone who wants in and is able, in some shape or form, to speak as one against Capitalism and the state (a "grass roots" Gothic that uproots its middle-class origins). That's literally what intersectional solidarity is: an untraditional foundation, barbarism and hereditary poetic lineage of workers (and nature) versus the state's traditional (nuclear and heteronormative) familial relations/deep-rooted, addictive need to conquer everything inside (and its class *traitors* of all walks, from token doms and cold-blooded bounty hunters to unscrupulous shysters).

In a conservative sense, we *are* biting the hand that feeds; but in a progressive mindset, requires we set terms and conditions—demands—to those who wrong us: the state holding us hostage while stealing from *us*. Structures aren't people, but they *do* pertain to them, as well as their chronic, cramping tensions—their hubris and humility—providing grounding emotional elements to intersect and perform, should we have to. The Gothic, as such, specializes in extreme, high-intensity emotional turmoil/dysfunction in theatrical forms that speak to socio-material conditions: the castle walls breached, the body walls opened, the draconian agent or benefactor manning or passing through these portals, atriums, valves (the Gothic castle a crude, "belly of the beast" morphological statement, in that respect)—all constitute performative roles and tableaux commenting on reality between onstage and off. The collective aim is to confront trauma as a

¹⁹² I.e., free to pursue whatever I wish, but a daunting task and a lonely one for someone bred on medieval Romances; re: the Lady of Shallot as born and bred to chase "Camelot," come hell or high water—which, in my case, led me straight into Jadis' big burly arms after Zeuhl left me for (in their words) "an old flame in England."

mythologized source and cause; i.e., synthesize emotional and Gothic intelligence (meaning growth) and class cultural awareness through an unconventional approach to convention (which is primarily what the Gothic is made from; re: fetishes and clichés): likeness that are just a little off, even if that's through context (which requires an invigilator).



(model and artist: [Autumn Ivy](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Capital needs life to exploit, generally through sex work as fetishized to serve profit; i.e., as Volume Zero describes, "an absence of material conditions amounting to praxial invisibility" insofar as "the survival of neoliberalism hinges on the neoliberal's ability to remain invisible" (source). To that, people don't wear obvious uniforms during civil wars, but do wear *loud* uniforms during the allegory of class and culture war swept up in capital:

Canonical media is historically-materially vindictive towards, and exploitative of, sex workers who don't have control over their own bodies (which obviously has shifted somewhat in the Internet Age—a fact we will interrogate much more in Volume Three). During canonical instruction (we'll

consider iconoclastic sex work too, of course), the expected victims are targeted, marked and yoked ahead of time—like a lamb to the slaughter but treated as a kind of opiate for the masses. A "tasty cake" from head to toe and bound with invisible bonds (dogma and material conditions), the sex worker is fetishized against their will to cater to market forces dehumanizing them, or the worker as sexualized for similar dimorphic reasons that suit the state's profit motive. As we shall see, any attempt to change the structure must occur within it (an absence of material conditions amounting to praxial invisibility). Beyond normalized sex work through basic, off-canvas prostitution, monsters fulfill a canonical role as sexualized "punching bags" (*ibid.*).

the signs are there if you know where to look. False flags are a classic problem. Meaning our flag is hiding in plain sight. Sometimes, it's an Amazonian dragoon's red dress (or thong, above); others, it's flag from the queer rainbow waved to pick up stowaways and vagrants eager to wage war however we can, *when* we can. To this, there isn't a clock on trauma, but the clock for state shift *is* ticking. As such we must let *nothing* come between us and the things we enjoy as an outlet and avenue for healthy societal change.

As I've hopefully conveyed, this requires a maturity of expression amid a mode of expression where the war is both fought, policed and drained of subject; i.e., the apple something to eat, but also wear and fuck, perform and flaunt. Regardless of how this happens, we still have to *hunt* our goals down, Red-October-style, through tired, endless war stories taken from a thorough rolodex/playlist of sick¹⁹³ beats. As I've explained, this can be from the academic or non-academic graveyard of our pasts lives—people like Hannah-Freya, Cuwu or Autumn Ivy as gradients to a fractal-recursive splintering of Communism in Gothic media, but also said media itself as we've consumed it: together as something to write about, have sex to, or otherwise relate to each other as imperfect comrades fighting the true evil empire. "The pearly castles are the worst," meaning the ones that looks good and champions Red Scare, but *stink* of genocide, corruption, arrested development¹⁹⁴ and hypocrisy that would make Stalin blush. Rebellion is about sacrifice—not of our actual lives (not if we can help it, anyways) but our illusions of safety and total power as we use Gothic poetics to give others more disadvantage a chance to speak, mid-"torture."

¹⁹³ Note the duality of language, here; i.e., generally through jargon and slang but also Gothic poetics, the cramming of a synonym and antonym into the same word. Similar to puns and idioms, it reflects a common, ordinary function to parlance that, in the Gothic, can get very funny and very weird very quickly.

¹⁹⁴ Re: *Star Wars'* harmful, capitalist fixation on monomyth refrains that hold Communist out of sight, out of mind; i.e., teasing the ghost of the counterfeit to make as much money as possible for the usual Pygmalions unwilling to break the bank to donate intelligently or equally to the cause.

But our torturing of the quarry is, itself, a paradox; i.e., we have to flush them out by frightening the *state*, showing the latter what it views and treats as alien: ourselves as human, using our labor to endorse a world that values said labor in ways that people regularly consume and learn from. Marx is already a household name; we simply have to camp his ghost to expand the bailiwick. Doing so is less about holding the state accountable by challenging its bigotries and more about dismantling it, because we're taking our power *back*; i.e., something the state a) has no valid or logical claim to, and b) is terminally invested in causing harm through our labor as something to abuse—our false stewards, our compelled employers, our gods and masters, our overlords. Their fear and alarm regarding us is far better for us than their satisfaction, because—while the latter gradually leads to total collapse and decay of a larger organism succumbing to slow death—genocide, mass exploitation and sudden death for workers is no accident; it's systemic, happening all the time. So while the state *can't* live without us, we *can* very much live without it.



([source](#): Stephen Coles' "'U.S.A. Surpasses All The Genocide Records!' Poster and Fact Sheet," 2016)

In the absence of obvious reds—in the presence of old black-and-white photographs telling us to make friends and

seize the day ourselves—these proverbial dead poets, however imperfect, out-of-touch or unable to sing a note ([I'm looking at you, Yoko!](#)¹⁹⁵)—are pointing us to the future friendships we could have ourselves. As such, we'll paint the town red, next—with our friends-in-struggle! Onto part three, "Out of this World"

¹⁹⁵ From DJ Gerry from Starlight Music's "John Lennon & Chuck Berry's Duet Was Destroyed by Yoko Ono's Screaming" (2022). All kidding aside, inside of whining about someone screaming 'ruining' a performance (in my opinion, her weird-ass undulating [and Chuck Berry's shocked expression] is the best part of the video), maybe we should ask *why* she's screaming? I.e., by actually listening to Medusa instead of scapegoating her to idolize a man who frankly had his heart in the right place but his head up his own ass. Just a thought.

"Welcome to the Fun Palace!" part three—"With a Little Help from My Friends"; or, Out of this World

*Whence is that knocking?—
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha, they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red* ([source](#)).

—*Macbeth*, *Macbeth* (c. 1606)



(artist: [Ms. Mars](#))

Like sex and the Gothic, rebellion is a messy business, but also a theatrical one—bloody and somehow bloodless, singing to war as something referenced in something else, perpetually in fragments viewed backwards (from *Venture Bros* to *Looney Tunes* to Holst to Matthew Lewis to Shakespeare to Julius Caesar, and so on). To that, part two explored the relationship between workers and media insofar as we want to revive and enrich Gothic media to hug the alien with, thus speak truth to state forces harvesting nature-as-monstrous-feminine until Medusa strikes them (and us) dead. In short, media is something to befriend to make trouble with, which requires resurrecting it through various *troublemakers* who—from brat to bitch, dom to sub, mommy to Amazon to Medusa—come in all shapes and sizes; i.e., it takes friends who can literally get up and walk around to synthesize good praxis with, mid-

Gothic-poiesis.

We've already discussed academic examples and academic ways of relating in part one; and we already have looked at past sex workers I can invigilate but otherwise am out of contact with, in part two. Part *three* will consider our developing of Gothic Communism through ludo-Gothic BDSM as something to enact between *active, healthy* friendships—in essence, those we meet at a costume party who refuse to shy away from the slutty costumes, but use them for rebellious purposes! I shall present our ongoing co-conspirators, helping us bring the proverbial house (Gothic castle) down: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Blxxd Bunny](#)! So ferocious!



(exhibit 34a1b2b2a1a1a1: Artist, top: [Blxxd Bunny](#); bottom: [Harmony Corrupted](#). The Gothic generally puts "sex" and "monsters" ["monster sex"] next to/into all medias popular [videogames, novels, cinema, etc] during performance art designed to teach sex positivity as much as subsist under capital; i.e., the Gothic deconstructs canon, camping it through clever workers' revolutionary cryptonymy to reconstruct into something new, something sex-positive pushing towards post-scarcity as a canceled future that—with a little help from our friends—can

come true now in baby steps! From cradle to grave, then, everyone likes playing with monsters and sex [some are just more closeted about it]. Those who discourage doing so are prudes/enemies of workers, women and children, GNC people, racial/religious minorities and other vulnerable groups, thus not to be trusted. Exclude them from your reindeer games; put your trust, instead, in ludo-Gothic BDSM! Children grow up into liking rape play and sex to achieve calculated risk, thus forever questing for a palliative Numinous—looking for monstrous-feminine "echoes of mommy" to top [thus teach] us about Medusa as good, the state as bad; i.e., with costumes and [sex] toys, but also their bodily theatrics and playful-slutty gender parody conveying good demon BDSM. No one is immune to its foxy-wily charms—their Numinous, stacked "cathedrals" combined awesome might! "Stare and tremble—with mutually respectful boners!" Suck a dick, Coleridge!)

As such, we'll have to go over *performative* context as something to articulate; i.e., as a praxial process: with theory to applied through intersectional solidarity (diverse, all-inclusive teamwork) between good-faith actors synthesizing it across multiple, hybrid registers and media forms while dealing with bad-faith actors. To that, we'll go over how to meet/make friends relative to theory as it

exists per ludo-Gothic BDSM: during complex, multi-gradient exchanges informed by stories that collectively speak to our mutual alienation, fetishizing and sexualization (to serve profit/the elite) amid differences.

As a subchapter to "Medieval Expression," "The Fun Palace's" last subdivision, "Out of this World," is actually too big. So I have subdivided it *again* (a sub-sub-subchapter):

- **Part one, "[What Are Rebellion, Rebels, and Why \(feat. Amazons and Witches\)?](#)":** Articulates what rebellion is, followed by what a rebel is and why they do what they do—then takes a break to discuss modules and criminality (with several performative examples: Samus Aran, but also the Wicked Witch of the West)
- **Part two, "[Meeting Rebels; i.e., What Inspires Us to Meet and All of It Carrying On and On \(feat. Harmony Corrupted, Jack Burton, and Blxxd Bunny\)](#)":** Explores how to meet rebels, followed by what *inspired* us to meet them (hint: them, but also their sexy costumes), and what carries on as all of this repeats, repeats, repeats.

The monstrous-feminine is the domain of canon and camp, something to color through our own performances informed by older ones for us to "fill in"—like a bra! We'll look at witches and Amazons, next, as a particularly "phallic" hauntology (of war) to use during revolutionary cryptonymies.



(artist, colors: [Hellica-Ordo](#))

"With a Little Help from My Friends"; or, Out of this World, part one: What Are Rebellion, Rebels, and Why (feat. Amazons and Witches)?

"Sir," she said, "I think you are a very bad wizard."

"And you," he answered, stung, "are only a caricature of a witch."

—Elphaba Thropp and the Wizard of Oz, *Wicked* (1995)

Rebellion, as monstrous-feminine, is easily commodified to gentrify capital, so we will need to be careful with how to proceed. As stated, part one will articulate what rebellion is, followed by what a rebel is and why they do what they do—then take a break to discuss modules and criminality (with several performative examples: Samus Aran, but also the Wicked Witch of the West).

As this involves satire as something that is modular and intratextual (diegetic), intertextual, metatextual and paratextual, I feel like we should give an example of that; i.e., the Amazon or the witch as something to spoof, revere and wear like a costume making fun of itself (and its palimpsestuous source materials) all at once. Selected at random, the example I've chosen is *Venture Bros.* (2003):



(exhibit 34a1b2b2a1a1a2: Source, left: [Reference Emporium](#); source, right: [Sex 'n Sexy](#). Like me, other sex workers are masters of multimedia—specifically of deception and disguise, working on multiple stages with multiple costumes [of the femme-fatale Amazon masquerading as a gymnast] during an endless framed narrative [of people playing as actors, adding to the meta conversation] to fend off unwanted advances and attain

elusively consensual and wanted ones through the usual fetishes and clichés of the Gothic as a mode of expression; i.e., one whose serious-to-silly satires can hide class character inside the heart-shaped box worn on the sleeve: "I thought the Cold War was over!" / "It live on in my heart, forever!" Class war is like *The Goonies* [1987], then: "Never say die!" while gooning¹⁹⁶. This can be Sontag's "seriousness

¹⁹⁶ Masturbation, both literal and figurative, meta; i.e., Professor Lando's "[Gooning Explained](#)" (2024). During capital's crises of masculinity, weird canonical nerds (usually cis-het men) feel guilty pleasure insofar as sex = surrendering one's power (often, cum) to a monstrous-feminine as potentially inside themselves. They resort to wishful thinking as a state of grace tied to fatal nostalgia, projecting onto others/the screen (the top-rated comment from Lando's comment section): "I miss the times where a

that fails"; e.g., Tommy Wiseau's 2003, great-but terrible *The Room*. Except, rebellion is actively performative. As such, the actively rebellious satirical idea with Molotov Cocktease is she, as a sex worker, can only go to second base—*itself both* a) a meta statement on sex workers with others, in real life; and b) clever spoof/parody of the "easy" scarlet woman from James Bond ["Pussy Galore"] but also the Communist "spy" that gives power to workers, mid-performance; e.g., *Black Book's* [2009] Rachel Stein; i.e., through ludo-Gothic BDSM as something performed on and offstage, on and offscreen, having power over big dumb himbos like Brock Sampson, but also likenesses¹⁹⁷ of them.



Aka "topping from the bottom," you alarmists and "doomers" don't need to fear it ["There, there..."]: Love can bloom on a Communist battlefield! Just not the one prescribed to us by canon! But rebellion is resourceful, being inventive to incentivize

through cheap monstrous [and hilarious means] to get you to pay attention; i.e., to stories full of antiwar allegory amid fetishes and clichés; e.g., *Metal Gear Solid* [1996] as performed in "five" minutes [scout's honor] by Mega 64 [and no stranger to ludo-Gothic BDSM: Psycho Mantis knows you play "Castlevania"]. In other words, ludo-Gothic BDSM—like all allegory—is performative and meta.)

First, rebellion. Rebellion, as part two showed, is so commonly reduced to dogmatic caricature in service to profit. So what is *actual* rebellion? Rebellion is dismantling the state to achieve post-scarcity using Gothic poetics (while fending off weird canonical nerds colonizing the lesson). Except, we only have the past to

goon was just a [villain's] lackey." Any predictions on what kind of person feels threatened by open sexuality and non-heteronormative gender expression during ludo-Gothic BDSM. I'll give you a hint: echoes of Bill Gates. Boys are stupid, *Venture Bros.* teases ("The Boys Never Died," 2010), prone to embarrassing accidents taught to them by emulating their heroes *badly** (e.g., the Batman costume Hank has on *while jumping off the roof with an umbrella*). So, you wanna get laid, boys? To find your own Molotov Cocktease? Well, you gotta learn to play the game by our rules, chudwads! So enter our "vaults" of forbidden knowledge, our castle-like dungeons if you dare!

*Essentially a Quixotic, Beowulf-style refrain built around profit as heteronormative, thus male-centric (Persephone van der Waard's "Army of Darkness: Valorizing the Idiot Hero," 2020).

¹⁹⁷ E.g., Jadis—an absolutely genderfluid herbo—absolutely loved *Venture Bros.* but couldn't *stand* (for) my Commie interpretation of media; they hid it from me so I wouldn't "ruin" their singular (centrist) interpretation of it. YOU COULDN'T SAVE VENTURE BROS. FROM ME, JADIS!

refer to—from cavepeople's paleolithic history and Indigenous cultures past and present, to Communists who capital has tried to erase through the usual "vote with your wallets" bullshit: the box office. This erasure's reversal is easy enough to illustrate. First, we'll reiterate our previous arguments, then give an example that makes our argument through itself: in the present as a living document (one composed of likenesses we gravitate towards relative to our own repressed feelings and tastes as "never seen," but familiar through other copies, of copies, of copies).

To reiterate, Communism is already held ransom by cartoon copycats of itself; i.e., canon making the usual bloody "Great Red Spot" of the Communist refrain a big-ol' target on our back (the process of abjection, which extends to suicidal Nazis using the same color scheme [red and black] to weaponize the fascist aesthetic as a point of practice per cosmetics: the context of obscurantism). Gothic empowerment, then, is rooted in "disempowerment" as something to reenact through ironic forms (the ghost of the counterfeit). This applies to any psychosexual/asexual act doubling as an artistic statement; i.e., our sexuality and its gendered, monstrous expression as something to perform, identify with, and express using: our bodily autonomy and ability to make porn through art (or vice versa) that speaks to these things in *defiance* of the state dividing them. Except it doesn't have to be a verbal/orthographic statement nakedly spelled out, because a) camp works through theatre as frequently *non-verbal*; and b) illustrating mutual consent works through its ironic context at any volume as something that speaks for itself when properly understood—the fact that it, like any (a)sexual exchange, was negotiated ahead of time; i.e., the power thus value of medieval poetics translates to *labor* value as expressed in highly theatrical forms that, at the same time, meet various important needs; e.g., catharsis through the confrontation of



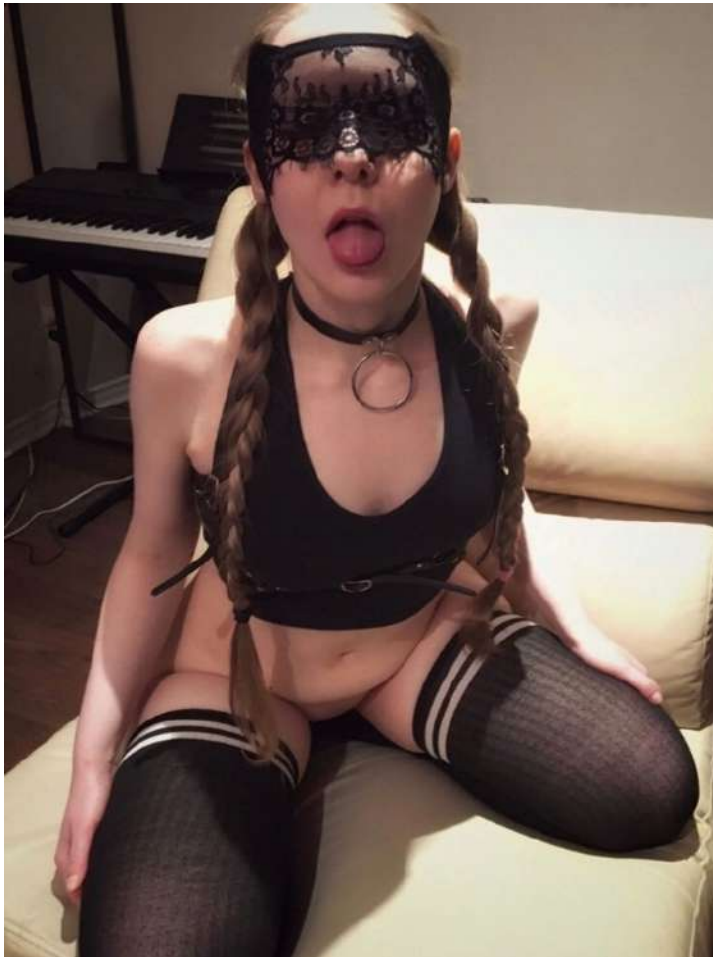
generational/systemic trauma, but also empowerment according to an uncanny ability to voice our concerns (and ability to live without the state) in the process: camping canon. Sometimes it's a mask, a censor bar, or some combination thereof: teasing the goods but hiding them—social-sexual agency through liberation's suggestion in the present space and time; i.e., as code to invite playful rebellion; e.g., lipstick and lingerie, etc, exposed as the "scarlet woman" might for those who know to coming knocking about...

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Two, rebels—i.e., what *are* they (echoing ICP's amazing "[Miracles](#)" [2009]):

"Fuckin' magnets, how do *they* work? And I don't wanna talk to a scientist; y'all's lyin' [the Cartesian creed in action, serving profit] and getting' me pissed!")? Volume Zero has already demonstrated camping canon with my friend and muse, [Blxxd Bunny](#). Per the above paragraph, then, I want to demonstrate the utility and productiveness of my arguments using them, but also a different (and more recent) example—not Hannah-Freya Blake from "Medieval Expression," [part one](#), nor Cuwu or Autumn Ivy from part two, but a sex worker I'm friends with relative to a shared passion project: [Harmony Corrupted](#)! Hannah and I might be comrades at face value; Harmony and I are comrades in praxis, getting capital lowkey *shook*¹⁹⁸ ("You can't handle the truth!").

Harmony Corrupted is another of my muses and friends. Just as the Gothic is concerned with shelter and protection, though, *this* is what Harmony paradoxically provides, mid-rebellion; i.e., per the classic paradox of the Gothic as reanimation, which is acquired through performative-praxial tension of medieval devices and aesthetics: paintings that are "alive," that speak and move around without actually doing so through warring ideas that *don't* stay put; they get up and move around thanks to rebellious workers. It might seem immobile or superstitious, but can



move (thus raise) mountains and castles without lifting a finger. Harmony's "fatal portrait" is one such example. Yet while her presentation is visually immediate in a dangerous sense, her "enslavement" by wearing the collar—and the fetishizing clothing and dark (alien, badass, cool, etc) aesthetic—is deliberate, campy *and* fun; i.e., the nun-like outfit locked in between sacred duty and secret desire, its owner's face *ahegao* (death/rape face) per a choker that seems to "throttle" them only at the quickest of glances (re: Dennis Cooper's necktie from *Frisk*):

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

¹⁹⁸ Canon is absurd, thus lends itself well to camp, thus outrage. Rinse and repeat, girls!

The idea is to protect her (and by extension, the viewer) *from* the state as Gloria Gaynor does; i.e., through danger disco, by illustrating mutual consent through appreciative peril during Gothic counterculture's usual medieval tendencies weaponized for workers by workers; e.g., Harmony showing off and me exhibiting her work while explaining it. So, caught between suspended sexual tension and veiled threats of "danger" (for the viewer canonically tempted, and the artist exposing themselves), Harmony seems to skillfully yet artlessly¹⁹⁹ cry out, "Oh, no! I'm naked, exposed *and* look like a naughty-let-modest slut who's asking for it,



someone who's already collared and can't see! Help, *help!* Just *anything* could happen to little ol' me by any ol' passerby!"

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

This is no accident. All at once, these photos (taken from different sets speaking to a ludo-Gothic BDSM theme) seem to plead against discovery, capture and torture, yet paradoxically *demand* to be found, to be witnessed "in peril" instead of rescued as already under someone's power—Harmony's; i.e., she is in control the entire time: not because the viewer won't hurt her, but because they *literally* cannot. "You won't hurt me, will you?" Harmony seems to goad, playfully teasing further insofar as all of these items (and their present usage) hint and play at something that—under mutual consent—is completely impossible: rape. The above combinations (and prior exhibits) present Harmony's "rape" (deprivation of power to cause harm) as a classic case of calculated risk to admire for its courage and ability across the Gothic mode. Actionable, negotiated consent *is* beautiful—is

¹⁹⁹ Dalliance evokes Baldassare Castiglione's art of the courtier as one of nonchalance: "According to the Count, *sprezzatura* is the most important rhetorical device the courtier needs. Peter Burke describes *sprezzatura* in *The Book of the Courtier* as 'nonchalance,' 'careful negligence,' and 'effortless and ease.' The ideal courtier is someone who 'conceals art, and presents what is done and said as if it was done without effort and virtually without thought' (source: [Wikipedia](#)). This is a) generally a skill earned working close to power in ways that, while they don't go unnoticed, must present themselves as subservient to kingly forces, and able to woo His Majesty's rapacious advances along with other male members of the court (or jealous female parties); and b) one honed in domestic modern spaces by people abused by the powerful who, post-abuse, communicate wordlessly to others who have been abused. Trauma is nonverbal; i.e., attracts, recognizes and begets trauma without much being said. So does weird to weird, prey to prey and predator to predator (and all of them to one another).

the exhibit hence the point of what we're trying to say *with* Gothic poetics²⁰⁰ when standing up for ourselves against the state: "We don't need you! Look what could be—a better world, and one *without* you!" But per the canonical language of war and rape (sex and force), Gothic cryptonymy remains part of a vital need: to lie to the state through Trojan maneuvers precisely because they always operate in bad faith; i.e., consenting to them is consenting to slavery thus amounts to a win-lose (and ultimately a lose-lose when the *state* dies).

In turn, the vivid language of war—of castles and sieges—paints both a pretty and straightforward picture regarding what to do and *not* do while also taking the duality of human language into account. Let the right ones into your "castle" and win-win, regarding whatever your combined hearts desire; let the *wrong* ones in and suffer Capitalism the Great Destroyer as usual, and whereupon genuine consent (and everything associated with it) becomes not just an alien myth (the Medusa) but a forgotten memory. Per the Gothic, its fading dream must be revived in oft-surreal ways while inside capital; i.e., as a rigged game normally weaponizing shelter harmfully against us (we'll explore this revival more in "Derelicts, Medusa, and Giger's Xenomorph" in Volume Two, part two), often as literally toy-like; e.g., the derelict from *Alien* being a funerary dumping ground on par with the Island of Misfit Toys from *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*²⁰¹ (1964). This crisis must be subverted to expose the true menace, often through the animated miniature: as something to invoke to achieve bizarre comparisons via jarringly non-fatal nostalgia. Such comparisons and conversations only come up if a given miniature (a portrait, effigy or suit of armor, etc) gets up and starts to move around—in short, when it appears where it shouldn't but seem to have "grown legs" (or, if having them, is suddenly able to *use* them).

Per my *book*, the above example of **actionable rebellion** with Harmony arranges, and is arranged by, two artists working in concert to make a larger pro-worker statement—one authored through informed, routine exchanges of money, permission, labor and materials: as part of a larger ongoing (multi-volume) project meant to encapsulate consent in an *actionable* mythological refrain; i.e., an artistic movement captured in small, its organized-yet-playful fashion attained with Gothic poetics. Piece by piece, they complement a larger praxial whole that, like a Gothic

²⁰⁰ To omit them in bare "Utopian" fashion (re: Jameson's dismal of the Gothic) is to not only exclude trauma, but place the cart before the horse. It's a disaster waiting to happen.

²⁰¹ The use of stop-motion to **animate clay** is a very Gothic idea, as we shall see in the "Demons" module in Volume Two, part two; i.e., secularizing the divine by mocking instruments or fixtures of power between the church and state through puppet shows speaking less-than-charitable interpretations of these public figures and their holiness; i.e., as a social-material statement of power—of being badass/god-like but, projections of the *numen* aside, ultimately are terrestrial and of a human mind ("all deities reside with the human breast"). Gods are badass, as are anything that seems otherworldly to people; e.g., aliens, angels or demons, Amazons, ninjas, etc.

Also, small aside: Santa Claus is Capitalism enslaving nature for the middle class (those poor reindeer—but also ableism, via Rudolph's magic red nose); *our* "reindeer games" gotta do better! How's *that* for a "war on Christmas"?

castle, is built brick-by-salacious-brick, mid-synthesis (through good habits): consent as an old friend made strange (alien) to us by the state. The state, in turn, is mighty and we're stronger together *if* we unite against them by inspiring each other in the process; i.e., while routinely asking for permission, thus communicating openly (with each other) as a matter of principle: by collectively synthesizing not just monsters, but *intersectional solidarity* through an artistic movement actively and consciously progressing towards a post-capitalist world using pre-capitalist poetics ("darkness visible") in an early-modern (Gothic) way. Simply put, it's adaptive *and* cumulative.

Three, why rebel? Me, in response: "As the chicken crossing the road does—to get to the other side (of development)!" The state lies to rape and kill for profit, abusing Gothic poetics to disguise, defend and advertise this fact as process as a complicitly cryptonymic one (and the other canonical doubles during oppositional praxis). That's all canon is: copies of copies challenging proletarian versions in dualistic (often sexy and "dangerous") language. You won't get very far if you don't learn to recognize and play with that!



([source](#), collage: Beard Bears' "Evolution of Dark Link & Shadow Link in Zelda Games (1987-2021)," 2022).

All of this sits at the heart of *Sex Positivity's* underlying message, one whose essential subtext supplies the dialectic of the alien—and in turn the fetishes and aesthetics of death, unequal power and alienization—an important air of irony completely absent from state-sanctioned forms; i.e., the bourgeoisie and their proponents functioning as the usual slavers/settler-colonists of nature: posturing in bad faith as "heroic (monomythic) liberators" while marketing (and profiting from) a body's sexuality as biologically essential, force-linked to gender and made in constant forced competition, scarcity and consent, etc (the trifectas and monopolies).

As such, any "rape/death" fantasies and performance/play that we produce *are* dialectically-materially ironic, thus actually able to empower the subject by making them *feel* in control through calculated risk; i.e., psychosexual theatre and ludo-Gothic BDSM as a campy monstrous means of isolating trauma: as something to confront, negotiate and play with/gossip about (angrily or not) without the state's "help" (menticide). In other words, "There's no universal 'other' that 'your' so-called 'shelter' needs to protect us from; we make our own to protect us (and our bodies, labor and art, etc) from you, your prison, your *lies*." In exchange, the state, will, per its own heteronormative/Cartesian binaries, automatically see us as a threat to the status quo—to the nuclear unit and the sanctioned order of sexual labor—precisely because our unbridled creativity threatens them *by merely*



existing. It is alien to them per their designs, which reflect back onto them through what we show them, and which they will do anything to abject, thus remain in control of what they have no right to. It becomes a meme, borrowed from older images that may have been unironic *once* (e.g., *Venture Bros.* was originally a spoof of *Jonny Quest* (an old [1964] Hanna-Barbera cartoon with white-savior [thus settler-colonial, abject, Orientalist] tendencies) but, in our capable hands, become ironic through performance as hermeneutic, meaning "interpretative *ipso facto*": pussy (on the chainwax) hocus-pocus!

([source](#): [Reddit](#)²⁰²)

²⁰² The OP writes,

Context: The illustration was drawn to accompany 'The Devil of Pope-Fig Island' from the *Fables* by La Fontaine (1762). [Postcards available from the Vagina museum](#)

The Wikipedia entry for 'anasyrma' (lifting of the skirt) has a section on the supernatural power of the act:

"Many historical references suggest that anasyrma had dramatic or supernatural effect—positive or negative. Pliny the Elder wrote that a menstruating woman who uncovers her body can scare away hailstorms, whirlwinds and lightning. If she strips naked and walks around the field, caterpillars, worms and beetles fall off the ears of corn. Even when not menstruating, she can lull a storm out at sea by stripping."

The same idea plays to revolutionary cryptonymy and flashing those with power, exposing their own bigotries and inner hysteria made external for all to see. It's not just the medieval *topos* of the power of women and female witches, though, but *any* sex worker as monstrous-feminine. Sexist men fear what they can't understand or control (thank Capitalism for that, and the process of abjection). We gotta reverse that with our "Aegis" cryptonymic potential!

I want to close out the subchapter with the fun (and important) part: *meeting* rebels. Again, this includes how to meet them, what *inspired* us to meet them, and what carries on as all of this repeats into the future (so long as workers and the state exist). To that, I want to give several exhibits that speak to real life as exchanged between and engaged with different cuties—about twenty pages' worth, concerning Harmony Corrupted to a greater extent, and an exhibit dedicated to Blxxd Bunny (exhibit 34a1b2b2b). Then we'll proceed onto modularity and monster classes in the next subchapter before ending Volume Two, part one.

Before talking about meeting cuties to rebel with, though, I want to give a Venus-twin (slightly smaller) fourteen-page note about **modules and criminality** and how it effects all parties involved through two examples of our monstrous-feminine policed under capital as phallic woman/*vagina dentata*, "walking hysteria castle," wandering womb, bicycle face, what-have-you (we are legion, motherfuckers): Samus Aran (the Amazon) and Elphaba Thropp (the witch) as "straddling the broom" of oppositional praxis. This is important; Gothic media is generally not something you can divorce from this aesthetic and still exhibit it—in short you need someone to play the whore, the dragon, the knight, etc, during ludo-Gothic BDSM as something to make sex-positive ("Contemplate *this* on the treat of woe,' nerds") within capital; i.e., through the usual monster-girl venues of exploitation tied to Halloween as a cyclical cycle of Cartesian profit harvesting and abjecting nature personified (a profitable scheme, such as the monstrous-feminine yields certain go-to favorites; e.g., slutty-badass witch rehashed for fear-fascination with the ghost of the counterfeit, privatizing nature-as-monstrous-feminine as the Art of Elisa does, below): not pussy on the chainwax, but simply *in chains* ("Yep! I'm the witch! So scary [kill me]...")!

(artist: [the Art of Elias](#))



To that, capital always has things of order and things *not* of order that, by virtue of Cartesian thought, lump the latter class of oddities together (so-called "extended beings") to receive state violence mid-conflict, mid-opposition; i.e., the state is an alien mothership/Great Destroyer insofar as the elite always: a) self-project

onto an imaginary displaced alien scapegoat, or b) frame regular disaster as a mystery tied to individual bad actors at home ("bad apples" being fruit from the poison tree). This all applies to monsters being a broader language type, but *does* (as we shall see) manifest differently and between undead, demonic and animalistic

modules that often intersect as alien, draconian beings; i.e., how they manifest and operate, be that feeding, shapeshifting and/or exchanging forbidden knowledge, etc, to speak to sexual/gendered labor concerns under police violence.

As such, capital frames us, the monstrous-feminine, as alien homewreckers that it, the *state-as-alien*, will punish on principle to exploit nature as required. Anything that challenges this scheme is criminalized; i.e., becomes one-in-the-same with the dragon normally being slain, except token agents are forced to walk the tightrope as sex worker (which is criminalized by virtue of it being monstrous-feminine) and soldier/token cop (so-called "men's work"); e.g., Samus Aran, but really anyone who fails to perfectly adhere to the "modest" side of the damsel/demon or virgin/whore binaries: Ridley's a sassy slut, and bitches get stiches (in "boss" language, I liken this to two basic types in Volume Zero: the dragon lord and the Archaic Mother—exhibit 1a1c): except the "final boss" of The Wizard of Oz is a green-skinned "dragon lady" (with Elphaba being an intersex



creature who was born under a "bad" sign: the clock of the Time Dragon²⁰³)

By comparison, the work that Harmony and I do subverts sex and force in ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., whose medieval refrains metabolize the usual

canonical elements—the damsel, dragon, dungeon, rescue, etc—to yield healthier doubles that, in turn, alter the system as something to perceive differently by changing it and vice versa. To that, someone like Samus provides an interesting counterpoint, insofar as she's strong in ways the state generally tries to weaponize (the Amazon) in ways that Harmony exudes differently than, which the state *also* tries to capitalize on (the whore, the demon). Generally the Amazon and the whore are divided by a very thin line, and within a dogmatic paradigm that values psychosexual violence; in short, it eroticizes rape dressed up as "medieval."

To this, the female actor can actively suit up and, armored, become ready to "play Beowulf" *for* the state. Except, this remains a problem; i.e., the heroic refrain itself is sexually dimorphic and biologically essentialized—men being central to heroic action as romancing the sword, gun (or some such phallic weapon) as penetrating into Hell: the source of such as something to bring back, along with the woman as rescued; i.e., she's classically an afterthought, a prize to be won by the state's masculine step-and-fetch-it playing assassin, rescue operative, retriever of lost goods, territory and so on. The catch, here, is the princess often being a *native*

²⁰³ A theatrical site of androgynous vaudeville, in Maguire's 1995 novel.

to Hell as criminalized: a dark queen who isn't going anywhere, and to which Hell is something she embodies in ways the state can both a) not tolerate, and b) must essentialize to keep the gravy train rolling. For the elite, "sex sells" is "easy money" *provided* it doesn't threaten state power as patriarchal; e.g., tokenized lesbians (with Artemis, the Greek goddess of the hunt, being a classic example); i.e., there must always be a pimp, regardless if they're onscreen or not.

To that, Samus—a female Great Destroyer (note: always killing planets)—must always answer to a man (and generally was controlled *by* men and boys as the game's target audience, trumping tokenized women as a secondary consideration). But, as anything that threatens this monomythic refrain is just another dragon, her position ("job security") lives on borrowed time insofar as Capitalist Realism relies on girl bosses to serve far more *temporarily*²⁰⁴ as enforcer

²⁰⁴ Joseph Campbell's *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1949) shows how sex and force dogmatically project onto a settler-colonial system as extending into myth built on oppression, which collocates sex and war (force) during calculated risk to unironically synonymize them; i.e., so-called "empowerment" fantasies that not only have a paywall, but uphold the status quo as settler-colonial under Capitalist Realism once internalized. The myopia expands, bringing its menticide along for the ride—a real Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, tilting at windmills; i.e., *without* the sex-positive ironies that GNC fantasies so often have (which are taken and subverted from canonical ones during ludo-Gothic BDSM's liminal expression, on and on).



The neoliberalized monomyth's die-hard adherence to Cartesian rhetoric extends this tutelage into the commerce of videogames: so called "built worlds" spawning out of Hell as a cultural refrain, these remain equally finite and conquerable on *cartographic* refrains; i.e., maps with open and closed spaces (nature and civilization, rural and urban terrain, forests and castles, etc) being chockful of numerable enemies, objectives and prizes. All operate according to Gothic us-versus-them per nature as unruly and alien, needing to be whipped into submission. This happens through so-called "Goldilocks Imperialism" as pioneered by Tolkien, whose outdoors approach survives well into videogames like Konami's 1989 *Castlevania 3* and its various settings set to heroically (violent) spooky music; e.g., "the Mad Forest," above. All heroes are monsters, which the state pits against each other to profit on worker/nature exploitation. Viewed externally as a narrative of the crypt, capital's greed (and casualties) stretch on-and-on in an infernal concentric pattern a given text cannot disguise, only treat as a Mandelbrot-style maze or labyrinth to vanquish (akin to the hero punching the walls that encase him—live burial as driven, per the courtly romance, by promises of sex, of elevation of one's social-sexual standing during a holy crusade against "evil").

Such interfaces and their recursive, serialized movement through mazes and labyrinths ([my specialty](#)) speak for themselves; pastiche is simply remediated praxis in that respect, of capital moving money through nature-as-alien being something to war against forever (using sex and force as driving rhetorical devices, the carrot and the stick). Each entry showcase a given time given a

number—i.e., as an essentialized commercialization of a cycle made holiday ripe for fresh slaughter: the American approach to Halloween suffused with moral panic and psychosexual conquest.

In turn, all collectively translate into various Man-Box biases (double standards) and "point systems" bringing down bigger and bigger game (e.g., Gimli and Legolas literally hunting and counting heads during their own extermination-war-in-small at Helm's Deep, eventually culminating in Legolas taking down the Oliphant [echoes of the barbarian, Hannibal, crossing the Alps] to aggrandize himself at the cost of nature-in-metaphor): war simulators that mirror extratextual parallels; i.e., "Hell" as a place to enter by means of rhetorical war games extending to games as war *copaganda*; e.g., such unironically piggish antics like "blondes are worth fifty points, anal a hundred," and "no means yes, yes means anal," etc. All constitute videogames as canonically settler-colonial police action between civilians, paramilitaries and military forces against nature-as-monstrous-feminine that translate out-of-text in the so-called "real world" as half-real (again, no outside of the text, my dudes). In short, they're stochastic training grounds to encourage (more often than not) the conversation of young boys (and token players) into cops that police (thus rape) nature by going to war with it, worldwide.

This being said, there's a canonical **intended gameplay** (use) versus an iconoclastic, **emergent gameplay** at work, here. *Metroidvania* can clearly be enjoyed independent of the profit motive as holy per **the Protestant work ethic**, but such pernicious factors should—per Sarkeesian's adage—be considered. Clearly I can do this and still like rape fantasies, mid-Gothic-*poiesis*. Mine are simply ironic. Man Box rape play isn't; i.e., the paradox of playing at rape to embody its actualizing is what they're all about (a fact they must obscure through American Liberalism and fascist obscurantism working together to stymie Communism).

Sexy enemies always translate to "high risk, high reward" in such police schemes; e.g., succubae enemies, but also "sexy armor having high armor class points," etc; i.e., combat against "worthy" foes is sexy unto itself as rapacious: "You're big. I've fought bigger!" No matter the shape or size (the form) of the monstrous-feminine, it remains a target for the hero (the cop) to lionize through a Cartesian argument (the function), then take pride in vanquishing it. This yields the usual paradoxes of a witch hunt, the "witch" or "dragon," postmortem, tragically revealed as no more than a teenage girl or person of color, religious minority, neurodivergent or disabled person, etc—all killed by Brave Sir Robin soiling himself when facing the killer rabbit. Such things are profitable under Capitalism and always have been, abjecting the process to the ghost of the counterfeit as something we must denude and dance with.

In turn, Samus is the state's answer to being unable to provide actual brides to all its war dogs. War becomes their bride; i.e., their girl, their gun: opting for a girl-boss strategy during state decay that, in the same breath, supplies the quintessential *Metroidvania* baby formula for recursive (ergodic) motion tied to military objectives Man Box children internalize, menticing them; i.e., a completionist approach that yields myriad subcategories (from "hundo" to Any%) as, you guessed it, translating to real life: infiltrators that invade a queer space in bad faith* to rape and gentrify it. So keep *that* in mind regarding what we've said in the past about speedrunning solutions needing to go beyond their own text/extratextual solutions; i.e., to collectively challenge capital, not pre-approved texts capital supplies like jigsaw puzzles (we'll apply this to our own lives in Volume Three)!

**I.e., [enshittification](#); e.g., Berlin, then and now. Built on the backs of sex workers and clawed back for capital by fascist pigs, the latter imitate the hauntological copies they counterfeit—the Roman Caesars and Egyptian Pharaohs, etc—as haunted by our spectres these holy men must exorcise. Except, they cannot—cannot escape their sins and the sin of their fathers, father's fathers, and so on. The whore and demon cannot be killed anymore than these weirdos can purge themselves permanently of their own perverse/police-style sex drives [that would require conscious thought and effort]. We spectral exiles will be waiting for them—Medusa will be waiting for them—when the Imperial Boomerang brings Imperialism home to empire.*

Essentially being unable to pay what it owes workers, the state has given them a proxy bride through a videogame avatar players can control, multitasking mid-performance. I'd almost be impressed if it wasn't so regressive and submissive of the Amazon myth in obeisance to capital; i.e., she's in the armor but still curtsying to the Man, is just a pretty cryptonym meant to distract/recruit through sex: The Tube's "She's a Beauty" (1983) singing "[one-in-a-million girls, don't fall in love!](#)" to comment on the sex work industry as something that translates just as easily to videogames or any other medium. This isn't to bash Samus—to punch the Nazi she-wolf (which moderate TERFs are in disguise)—so much as it is to speak about the larger systemic problem: the recruiting of such figures

educators/military governesses (e.g., Lady Jessica from *Dune* [1965] a Bene Gesserit ninja-witch made to coach her poor stupid son, grooming him as the universal super being [the "[kwisatz haderach](#)" being a cautionary tale/critique of Nietzsche's Übermensch as made unironic by fascist forces] to *conquer* the universe, becoming yet-another-emperor through Orientalist revenge serving white needs²⁰⁵). This only lasts *until* capital decays; re (from Volume Zero):

Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth (or an Earth-like double)—a black fortress threatening state hegemony during the inevitable decay of a colonial body. Its widening state of exception must then be entered by the hero during the liminal hauntology of war as a repeatable, monomythic excursion—a *franchise* to subdue during military optimism sold as a childhood exercise towards "playing war" in fantastical forms; e.g.,

in copaganda that historically-materially pits Nazis against liberation as something to quell for profit (capital recruits Nazis to punch Commies, then sacrifices the Nazi on the altar of American "freedom"). The more whores in a given complicit stable, the wider the joy division (and its execution and abuse) during collective and selective punishment/reactive abuse.

Such things sell like hot cakes during crisis—doubly so when crisis decays (fear and hunger make people desperate). So we gotta "drop it like its hot," using *our* hot cakes" to speak truth to power on the same anisotropic liminal space of power and resistance: the shadow zone as ours to reclaim, our Hell to call and make home.



²⁰⁵ "Then I will teach you our way of battle!" A conversation with the Gothic mode that wins and loses irony—i.e., Herbert's original novel as far more critical than its descendants; e.g., his own, versus the cinema and made-for-TV adaptations, etc. Just as Lady Jessica was taught to see opportunities for advancement at every chance—gentrifying the Fremmen (a pun: "Free Men") through her own son, *Lawrence-of-Arabia*-style—the whole franchise has become, to some degree, gentrified *again* (the same way that *Star Wars* did, or Cameron's doubles of it in his own military-optimistic refrains). Except the Amazon isn't a monopoly—can be used to reverse gentrification during ludo-Gothic BDSM on *all* registers ("out of novels and into cinema and Metroidvania," as my thesis put it).

Castlevania or *Metroid*. Conjure a Radcliffean menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force.

Threatened, the state always responds with violence before anything else. Male or female, then, the hero becomes the elite's exterminator, destroyer and retrieval expert, infiltrating a territory of crisis to retrieve the state's property (weapons, princesses, monarchic symbols of power, etc] while simultaneously chattelizing nature in reliably medieval ways: alienating and fetishizing its "wild" variants, crushing them like vermin to maintain Cartesian supremacy and heteronormative familial structures [...]

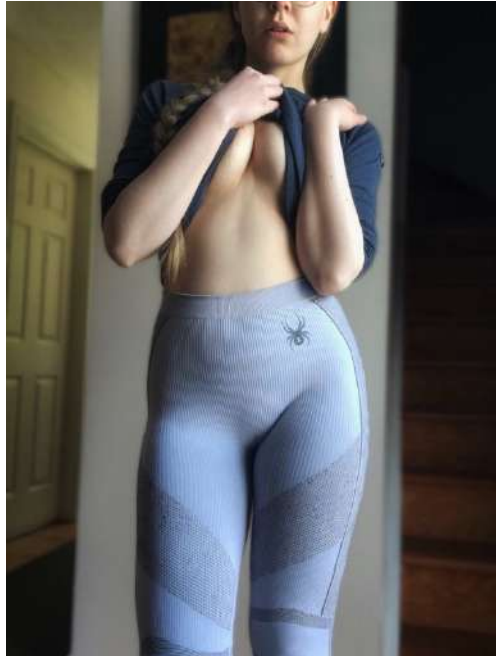
Neoliberalism merely commercializes the monomyth, using parental heroic videogame avatars like the knight or Amazon pitted against dark, evil-familial doubles—parents, siblings and castles (and other residents/residences)—in order to dogmatize the player (usually children) as a cop-like vehicle for state aims (often dressed up as a dated iteration thereof; e.g., an assassin, cowboy or bounty hunter, but also a lyncher, executioner, dragon slayer or witchfinder general "on the hunt," etc): preserving settler-colonial dominance through Capitalist Realism by abusing Gothic language—the grim reaper and his harvest. [... I.e.,] convince the hero that a place away from home is home-like; i.e., the thing they do not actually own being "theirs" (the ghost of the counterfeit) but "infested" (the process of abjection). Then, give them



a map and have them "clean house"—an atrocious "fixer" out of the imaginary past who repairs the "broken" home room-by-room by first cleansing it of abject things "attacking it from within," then disappearing with the nightmare they constitute ([source](#)).

This canonical reality yields a bevy of problems. Not only does Samus' bulky, castle-like suit/weapons (and similar examples) function in service to capital by crowding everything else out during crisis (similar to castle-sized, fuel inefficient cars in *Ozzie* during the '70s Oil Crash leading to fascist escapist fantasies for their expensive toys: *Mad Max*), but such an enforcer treats anything different as "other"; i.e., a dragon to slay! And to top it all off, once she does, she will be expected, as is tradition, to strip the armor *off* for a Male Gaze: as lucrative in part of the same genocidal scheme! Kill the dragon; show me *your* "dragon"/let me into *your* "Castlevania," etc.

Except problems always mirror their solutions, in the Gothic. By comparison, Harmony and I (the artist and the muse, the "master"²⁰⁶ and the apprentice) subvert these harmful dogmatic elements by treating the dragon as something to hug and love amid the presence of unironic slayers trying to rope her (regardless of form) into the same capitalist model: slavery through a monomythic refrain, meaning "nature is other" insofar as the alien fetish is categorized through stigma



animals (e.g., spiders, below) that double as undead and demonic scapegoats for state enforcers to mark and slay by proxy—i.e., the marking of Medusa as "bad girl," generally in every social-material aspect of a woman's existence. There's nowhere for her to go, so she must subvert her monstrous-feminine prison by wearing it differently than canon prescribes; i.e., through performative context as something to capture on-camera and metatextually between actors, texts and exhibits: sometimes with clothes, sometimes not, sometimes in between!

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

In defense of ourselves, then, we must take what's given to us at birth and play with it as Harmony and I do: during ludo-Gothic BDSM, in the presence of settler-colonial/monomythic trauma, as a surface sexually changed with "danger" (rape) as promising the potential for change under duress. This involves written stories, thus technology—specifically language in linguo-material forms—as monstrous, alien; i.e., Gothic poetics; e.g., monsters as dolls, likenesses, food to ingest, lessons to learn through needing to eat, sleep, fuck, survive. Survival requires play to unlearn state dogma given to us as children ("And how do children learn?" Sandy Norton asked me once. "They play!"). To survive and escape capital, then, we must learn to play as Gothicists once did: with ourselves as alien, fetishized, and medieval; i.e., to put things together to see what fits even when they seem like they might not—an act of understanding through assembly that appeals to our basic human rights. Capital sexualizes everything; liberation, I've also discovered, occurs through sex as an artistic (thus partly ace) performance. Anyone can do it because we're all human, can all make art in different forms and functions. All that matters is form follows function as proletarian, thus sex-positive, during ludo-Gothic BDSM.

²⁰⁶ Contrary to medieval standards, there are no power hierarchies under ludo-Gothic BDSM, just mutually consenting performs offering different elements to a Gothic-Communist performance; e.g., I see in Harmony the opportunity to teach someone the lesson as something they are largely already doing. I just want to make it a conscious one.

Something to remember as well—and across all media, not just videogames—is that content doesn't automatically equal criticism but can still be gay and educational (e.g., Cheese's²⁰⁷ "[I Ranked EVERY Star in Mario 64. Bad Idea](#)," 2024); i.e., a subversive potential that overlaps with the regular monetization of speedrunning (and its documentation and closeted-Nazi potential; e.g., [Summoning Salt](#) and Karl Jobst²⁰⁸, respectively) as something to popularize

²⁰⁷ [Cheese](#) is gay and the video is largely a YouTube cash-grab gimmick that can *still* teach you about speedrunning as something to apply ourselves however we want. This unfolds according to the Gothic mode's meta being an intertextual/cross-media and multimedia affair per the *verisimilitude* of execution; i.e., "how people talk" merging with "how people play" expressing larger ideas through extratextual *para*-dialogs: conversations about the text merging slang and jargon according to a complicated live performance (thanks to the streaming age of videogames) that adheres to a given media type's standard execution while also bringing in external elements; e.g., Cheese being a world-class speedrunner who's very "out" as gay (which inspired *me* to be more out, too. As Cheese always says, "Love ya, babes!" From one fag to another, right back at ya, cutie!).

²⁰⁸ [Karl Jobst](#) is a good detective, but you can be a good detective/do good acts (e.g., "[The Completionist's Response Is The Worst Thing Ever](#)," 2024) *and* still be fash-leaning (remember that Nazis historically cover their tracks according to a costume they can take off; e.g., Hans the Jew Hunter in *Inglorious Basterds*, 2009). Turns out, ol' Karl is both, generally a) focusing on people worse than he is to turn a buck (re: [Billy Mitchel](#) and [Michael Zider](#)), b) pitching *Raid Shadow Legends* (a 2020 gambling game made by Plarium Games, an Israeli developer) while c) [having his own sordid past/alt-right ties he never came clean about](#) and d) sucking *our* dicks ("Hello, you absolute legends!")! Woops! But, I mean, just *look* at the guy! He's so goddamn white it hurts, and I'm *not* talking about his skin; the whole unironic "Disney family portrait with matching t-shirts" thing is the stuff of Gothic façade (the *fatal* portrait): Disney is a horrible corporation you should absolutely *not* embody with your own nuclear family as the patriarch of—I don't care how cute the kid is or how nice you all seem! It's creepy and perfidious!



(artist: [Doris Jobst](#))

Note: This isn't an invitation to harass Karl or his wife and child, or throw unfounded accusations at them; but he is a public figure, thus merits criticism like any other person. This isn't the trans witch coming for his wife and kid, but merely her acknowledging how sus he is hiding behind his family (a classic fash trick). I'm not saying homeboy's a literal Nazi; I'm just saying it's awfully hypocritical to be bigoted like many other white cis-het speedrunners (e.g., [Caleb Hart being staunchly transphobic](#) and cleaning up to protect his image, position and wealth; more on him in Volume Three) and then hide it. Suppression of evidence/refusing to talk about your own shortcomings like they never happened is a form of lying, Karl! —Perse

for profit, thus merch, videos, porn. When approached as canon, it becomes blindly self-referential and employed towards unproductive labor fostering praxial inertia. The same concept applies to ludo-Gothic BDSM. There is no outside of the text, meaning we must critique extratextual problems (Capitalism and its genocidal myopia) *mid-poiesis* as always engaged with media, *mise-en-abyme*. Per the Gothic, this doesn't preclude morbid curiosity; it *encourages* it through play with villains, sometimes literally *as* them (vice characters) onstage. Under optimal conditions, it enters a flow state; we become like a well-oiled machine, being handed tools and parts by assistants, but also one's surroundings as assistant-esque (the algorithm); i.e., one's *surroundings* become inspiration, weaponized.

Mid-flow-state, our own psychomachic dialogs don't presume to talk down to others in good faith, but we will *happily* lecture, embarrass and otherwise hector those posturing as "benevolent" (re: Jobst) or "dangerous" to the Western hegemony (re: Zizek) while, point-in-fact, becoming hopelessly accommodated by them to infantilizing extremes (re: Jordan Peterson) that play the same game turning them into compulsive liars. Every word out of their mouths becomes a lie; cracks start to show in their perfect masks, and they become infantilized *and* geriatric: violent, fractured, abusive clowns (a nightmarishly Freudian psychosis, like Dennis Hopper in *Blue Velvet* [1986]: "Baby wants to fuck!"); i.e., going to bat *for* the state (which is why Zizek couldn't attack Peterson during their so-called "debate"; he was guilty of the same obscurantist/apologetic bullshit). In historical terms, we want to "denude the philosopher," exposing "Aristotle" as "Alexander" by riding *him* like an ass, Phyllis-style, but also Diogenes (which had a habit of masturbating in public, it must be said); e.g., in sex-positive doubles of their fictional counterparts; i.e., Elphaba Thropp (Glinda was basic).

Regardless of our age, we can use monsters, castles, and the repetitive, fragmenting language of war (re: *mise-en-abyme*) to camp canonical, classic forms that lead to genocide. We can build communities to our weirdness and people show up to the ghosts of *that* and resurrect *them* (whereas the Straights²⁰⁹ just try to force people to have sex/make "content" to profit them); these become calls to answer and signs to follow (and follow and follow...) to destinations of an indeterminate origin, time and location, but also *duration* that builds and rises until it stops, leaving a spectral trail of partial-likenesses and wordy wreckage in its wake (the symbol remains, but in pieces you have to chart *again* using pilfered gear *already* stolen).

²⁰⁹ A metonym; i.e., "the substitution of the name of an attribute or adjunct for that of the thing meant," insofar as "straight" means to straighten what is queer. "The Straights" also speaks to an ideology attached frequently to a larger group; i.e., synecdoche, meaning "a figure of speech in which a part is made to represent the whole or vice versa." For us, "Straights" pertains to white cis-het people who *do* belong to Cartesian hegemony. If the term doesn't actually describe you, then it's not meant for you despite appearing to the contrary. So chill, whoever you are. We're not *your* enemy.

This pertains to praxis as a half-real affair—of the Gothic as expressed during liminal expression as both made from whole cloth and speaking truth to power (and "truth" from power in response²¹⁰). The best lies mix truth into them; e.g., phobias mixed with witches to hunt, then make into state zombies²¹¹ that triangulate *against* state enemies through stochastic terrorism; i.e., TERFs serving as something we'll return to in Volume Three: witch cops saying unironically "I'll get you, my pretty, and your little dog too!" When playing as witches, we a) change with the times to adapt with the times, but b) never ever want to be—as the kids say—"mid" (average). Judases are average, and TERFs are mid, posers; we're the real deal, kids (we hold and hit those high notes/don't fake our orgasms)!

To free a witch, you must find her and play her yourself, starting with the classics. Speaking of, may as well learn from the best. Let's take a peek under *the* OG witch's brim, shall we? Why *is* the Wicked Witch zombie green?



(*exhibit 34a1b2b2a1a1b1*: "I may be bad, but I feel good!" Our resident alien/queen bitch [fun fact: the witch in *The Wizard of Oz* was originally supposed to be Hollywood glamorous (not that I ever thought Margaret Hamilton was ugly—a handsome-ass divorcé, to be sure)—a history you can see in just about any rendition as, pardon the expression, "butterface": big noses hinting [at the anti-](#)

²¹⁰ Which decays into zombified forms that once spoke the truth but, gentrified, lost the ability to be perceptive satire; i.e., *The Simpsons* (Dead Homer Society's "[Zombie Simpsons: How the Best Show Ever Became the Broadcasting Undead](#)," 2012); e.g., Lionel Hutz from *The Simpsons* explaining "[There's the truth, and the 'truth!'](#)" Profit kills criticism for content disguised as "criticism."

²¹¹ Zombies are classically slaves, including the monstrous-feminine; i.e., essentially Sublime's "Raleigh Soliloquy Pt. I" (1994): "I don't give a shit, as long as she sucks me off when I tell her, 'cause she's my zombie. I captured that motherfucker, and she's my cassette" ([source](#): Genius).

[Semitic origins of canonical witch myths](#)²¹²; i.e., something to subvert musically in shows like *The Worst Witch*²¹³ [1986] and gentrify again with the *Harry Potter* franchise sans music²¹⁴. Monstrous-feminine are always fash-adjacent and undead because capital will always triangulate them against labor in bad faith.

But luckily we can just reclaim that critical bite through our own interrogation's iconoclastic, campy performances; i.e., we take the torture dungeon and its aesthetic [whatever the material or color scheme] back from capital and its stereotypical, profit-driven embodiments. Fascists are zombies because the state turns them into unthinking slaves that defend capital in decay; Communists are zombies because we—like Frankenstein's Creature—live consciously with trauma as a part of who we are [for a recent critique of the zombie story that humanizes it, consider Dominic Mitchel's 2013 *In the Flesh*²¹⁵].

To that, people forget [thanks to Capitalism and dogma] that fear is an argument.

It needn't be dogmatic to serve the state by assigning violence [the process of abjection] but can employ the same theatrics' oscillating binaries to achieve a gradient of monomorphic expression—of undead sexual and gender liberation. This reversal happens through the same theatrical gimmicks as interpretative relative to

²¹² See Emma Shachat's "The Anti-Semitic History of Witches" (2020). Because the monstrous-feminine is always fash-adjacent, there is always a fascist potential to all monster types. We'll explore the vampire and goblin part of the same series in Volume Two, part two; i.e., during blood libel and other anti-Semitic tropes describing them as [blood-drinking vampires](#), [baby-killing witches](#), or [flesh-eating goblins](#) (all from Hey Alma's "Anti-Semitic History of..." series; 2021, 2020, and 2023).

²¹³ Tim Curry, as usual, owning his musical roots with "[Anything Can Happen on Halloween](#)" (1986).

²¹⁴ Rule of thumb: the more musical something is, the more camp potential it has. Though this—like any monster dialog*—can absolutely be gentrified, as *Wicked: the Musical* (2003) shows us, but also [Vivienne Medrano's 2024 *Hazbin Hotel*](#), which varies considerably from [its original 2020 pilot](#): demonizing angels, but not talking about God one bit; or as Volume One writes:

A similar tactic to many post-Miltonian works, whose Satanic poetics/darkness becomes blind towards critiquing patriarchal institutions. For example, *Hazbin Hotel* (2024) doesn't even mention God, instead treating good and evil as essential, tediously and unnecessarily reformed by a white "nepo baby" hotel (funded by a serial killer, no less). Worse, her iconoclastic parents, Satan and Lilith, have been chained to the nuclear family unit as bourgeois. The white princess' plan *does* suck, so her plight—of people not liking her stupid, small-minded idea—is an entirely unsympathetic one built on privilege, not rebellion. Its real-life author's hard-fought success is likewise a thoroughly gross compromise with a giant mega-company churning out blind, *Rocky-Horror*-style pastiche. Like Tolkien's sylvan trees, the author canonizes camp, regressing towards outmoded debates and harmful caricatures (e.g., [Angel Dust as the reprobate queer sex worker](#)) while profiting off them ([source](#)).

*A tradition probably not starting with Tolkien camping *Paradise Lost* but certainly the one my thesis volume focused on! When something becomes canon, you gotta camp it back!

²¹⁵ Which I had to watch and review for grad school (Persephone van der Waard's "[In the Flesh \(2013\): Season 1 Review, part 1](#)," 2018). As a lifestyle, we Gothic Communists have to stand scrutiny by "checking out" after inspections that shed light on our interest in monsters informing our genderqueer identities. Simply put, I have a lot of skeletons in my closet!

*an audience conditioned to receive them dogmatically or not—in short, through canon or camp working with the same symbols to achieve different, diametrically opposed ends: liberation and enslavement of the zombie, which our Wicked Witch mostly definitely is [though she's allergic to water for some reason]: a hungry bitch for those **ruby** slippers [originally silver in the book but red looks better on Technicolor and helps Dorothy literally stand apart from the Tinman—whose heart was also red, of course].*

By the same flexible logic, someone can play the witch as the polar opposite of Dorothy [the witch's name being "Theodora" in Oz, the Great and Powerful: as a Lilith-esque inversion of "God's gift," making "Dorothy" Raimi's "Eve" inside the Baum mythos] to achieve her own desired results with the wardrobe change: exposing the Wizard and his illusions/servants as perfidious and bourgeois humbugs behind the curtain. Non-binarism [and other GNC ideas] generally work within binaries enslaving them to achieve liberation; The Wizard of Oz is a queer classic because its class character is very queer and unconcerned with profit as an accidental result; i.e., the studio tortured everyone involved, but especially Judy Garland, and the film itself was a box office bomb that only saw a revival on television over a decade later to become beloved for its magical realism as queer-friendly by virtue of the interpretative context as staged [a Broadway-style musical with rainbows in it and crossdressing furies] happening between the story and the audience. To that, the rainbow is the curtain; i.e., as something that, through the usual restless labyrinth's cryptonymies, serve during a group²¹⁶ production to hide and show things only as a rainbow can. Rebellions really are gay!

²¹⁶ As theatre productions always are—from Shakespeare to yours truly—or, as The American Cinematographer writes about *Oz*, "A cadre of creative minds [similar to *Alien*] infused MGM's classic fantasy with a timeless supply of movie magic" ([source](#): "Behind the Curtain: *The Wizard of Oz*," 1998). Zombies don't die; Nazi or Commie, they always come back in *some* shape or form.

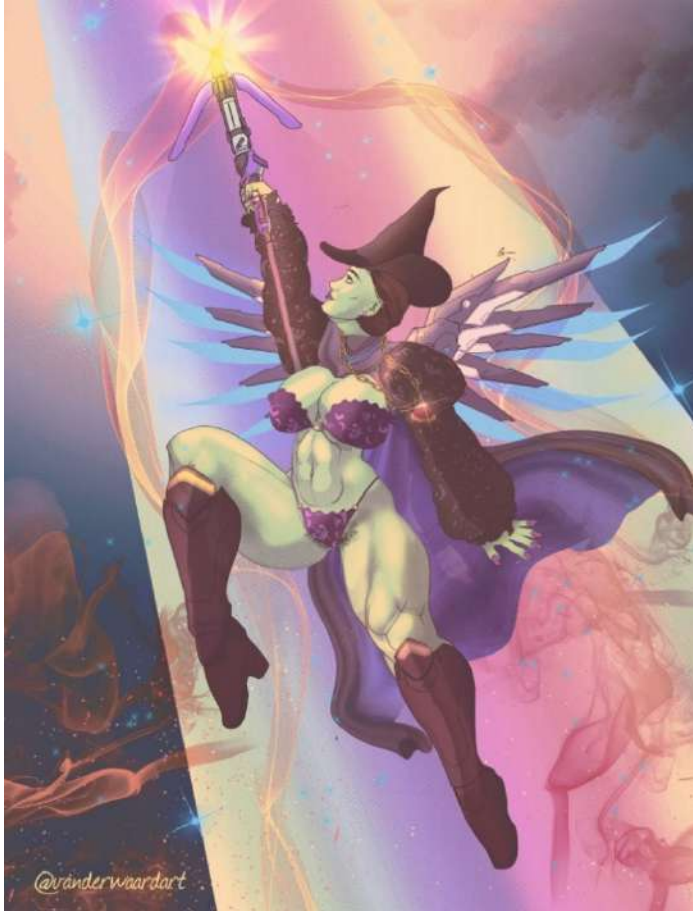


This wasn't the first filmed telling of The Wizard of Oz [though it was the first in-color cinematic version] and Frank Baum had written multiple other books at this point. But a rebellious interest in the film took hold here and specifically here because of the story's queer potential as set within exploitation as a regular mode of expression, for or against its own dogma in popular fiction; i.e., both the movie and the book are essentially a witch hunt [taking another half century before Gregory Maguire, a gay man, would write Wicked from the witch's perspective—more on that in Volume Three] but it didn't stop all the people normally treated like monsters [fags] from doing an old theatre-house classic: falling in love with the monsters they saw in front of them [trauma-bonding: "It ain't easy bein' green!"]. Is that really so hard to believe? Most queer people are indifferent about Dorothy as the goody-little-two-shoes; everyone roots for the witch [a total baddie with the best lines: "How 'bout some fire, scarecrow!" Fucking metal].



By extension, the usual fairytale escape became the "head canon" of rebellion as something to do in all the usual ways—with makeup, clothes and props, etc, making gender trouble; i.e., to imitate in undead rebellious forms of subterfuge through disguise as showy and vivid: costumes as a kind of gender

identity that had evolved to account for trans expression. Except by 1965, said evolution would have occurred during the Civil Rights movement, free love movement/sexual revolution, flower power, anti-war movements regarding Vietnam, as well as the official codifying of the words "transgender" and "transsexual" into medical parlance in ways that started describing people—not as diseases tied to their biology [as "homosexual" would have, in 1870]: "a species and juridical process," as Foucault puts it in A History of Sexuality, Volume One—but a classification with more sex-positive connotations/potential that kept the monstrous-feminine attire as carryovers from older more bigoted days; i.e., a heirloom "sword" that stopped killing us, instead "slaying" for us, the wretched, like Zorro [that's my head canon from now on: Elphie is like Zorro—a swashbuckling Amazon whose woman-of-the-people role upends Samus' canonical one: being the Galactic Federation's good little war bitch].



[artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Over time, *The Wizard of Oz* has become a queer benchmark. Of course, we take all of this for granted now. But back then it was evolving into itself in ways that still aren't crystalized. In other words, all of this development [as an actionable idea/aesthetic] happened in spite of the elite because they aren't great and wonderful. Like Baum's satirical double [the story's hot-air balloon being a metaphor for Kansas politicians: "full of hot air"], they lacked the kind of control studios have now relative to technology as different. But the same monopolies now are just as impossible relative to the witch as dualistic; i.e., as something that speaks to our struggles even when treated as the

usual scapegoat that TERFs love: to see themselves as the universal victim—a zombie attacking other minorities as the state's good little monstrous-feminine. We want to take the sexually-charged surface of the witch's green skin and black, badass, Destroyer-themed dress and make it our Aegis to wield, speaking classically to children through music and song to extend our hexes to a very nude sort: nudely rebellious, threatening "rape" but also the temptation [and allure] of sweet, sweet freedom [of sex, gender and everything in between]. Sound familiar? Elphie's not just Mary Poppins from Hell; she's the Great Depression's revived rockstar zombie—a Gene Simmons simulacrum [also a zombie] repeatedly dug up towards the 1990s and beyond. She's not just a zombie, then, but the hot, forever-single teacher helping little kids who feel gay find closure "over the rainbow."

Is it cliché and fetishized? Pray tell, what isn't, in the Gothic? As the place that lives forever inside the Young At Heart—where all queer people retreat to find escape from evil men—Elphie's been made into a die-hard icon by people like us across space and time [my version, above, combining the Samus-style Amazon with the classic musical form]. She's our sexy role model—the person we want to

fuck and want to be²¹⁷ showing us to stand up to singular interpretations of dogma, of ways to exist beyond the normal zombie/witch as toxic [the witch's green skin

²¹⁷ As I write in "Why I Submit: A Subby Gothickist's Attitudes on Metroidvania, Mommy Doms, and Sexual Persecution" (2021): "I want to fuck what I want to be: sexy. For me, that means a powerful woman like Samus" ([source](#)). The same idea applies to Elphie: "I've always felt attracted to witches, especially Joan of Arc and the Wicked Witch of the West," I add:

Though not exactly a knight, Elphie is still a sexy rebel herself. In the musical, she rises from the ground, defying gravity in Icarian fashion while thrusting her broom upwards. Her joy is palpable and orgasmic, [and she sings her loudest](#); she's also isolated, abandoned by her friends and surrounded by enemies. Elphie's song is a challenge to them, a "fuck you" to the tyrannical Wizard of Oz.

There's a tragic element to characters like Joan and Elphie, ultimately hunted by society's greatest "paragons." Whether they're openly racist and sexist, or bad faith allies, these manly abusers lust for the oppressed behind closed doors. Like the plantation owner raping his or her slaves, the misogynist clamors for the witch's death or the fem boy's murder, all while jerking off to them. It's the power imbalance they seek, without which they're flaccid, impotent; they crave reminders of their own domination over the oppressed. For the witches being hunted, power is gained by taking ownership over their performance from their abusers; their position remains liminal, trapped between the desire for self-expression and unwarranted persecution (see: [Witches, Sluts, Feminists: Conjuring the Sex Positive](#), by Kristen J. Sollee) [*ibid.*].

As I've grown into and reflected on my own Gothic maturity beyond grad school, I've seen more and more how the monstrous-feminine isn't "just women" at all and never really was; from Shakespeare to Lewis to Maguire to me, it's always been *anything* that sticks out to flip the script, fighting for equality for all things different/of nature exploited by capital. Standing up for your rights, for what you believe in despite certain threat of death—to do it for the workers of the world collectively enslaved by evil wizards posturing as good—what on Earth could be sexier than that? Elphie's metal incarnate, bringing home the poundage one flying undead monkey at a time: by being one, herself!

This isn't just true for Elphie, but any "phallic" monstrous-feminine; e.g., Xena the Warrior Princess; i.e., naked and exposed, but defiant of patriarchal societies as the Amazons in subversive *Amazonomachia* have for millennia to ironic degrees of *empowering* nudism: "You see this ass? You'll never own it! We're the queens of our own queendoms, our own destinies to forge through battle!" It becomes a confidence-booster in an asexual sense; i.e., not something to sheepishly protest, "Don't stare/watch me" (often uttered by women in vulnerable positions of exposure; e.g., in bed or the bathroom) but quite the opposite: "Watch me; stare if you like! I am unbroken, unbowed [what Jadis would call 'chonk, stronk and ready to bonk!—the herbo mantra]!"



(artist, flats: [Hellica-Ordo](#))

isn't the problem, but the state punishing and hunting her for it]—someone to keep in our hearts regardless of age. To quote Maguire himself: "Elphaba lives!" Long may she reign.)



(artist: [Amber Harris](#))

I'd like to expand on witches as a class of monstrous-feminine, if I may. Witches, like all monstrous-feminine, take many forms. Whatever their appearance, old-school stage theatre is meant to communicate quickly and loudly with purely one's body, voice and costume; Elphaba is a **vice character**, meaning her stormy surface is charged with raw, palpable force and unbridled sexual energies, summoning and showcasing immodest exposure of the body and/or feelings as caustic rebellious code; e.g., music that challenges men (Cardi B's "[WAP](#)" [2021] being a good²¹⁸ example of throwing men off-balance; i.e., through the frank, unapologetic discussions exposing the genitals or genital-adjacent topics, normally bedridden [thus invisible] and tied to bodily functions

exclusive to uterus-having people to, pardon the expression, rub men's faces in). Along with the *sonic* aspects of music are the *visual* gestures; e.g., a rockstar's phallic analogs (microphones and mic stands; long fingers, tongues, nails, and guitar necks, etc), tight provocative clothes, and crude hand signs/magic gesticulations (*ahegao*/funny faces, crotch thrusts, twerking and serpentine wiggling ["playing the cello"] and so on) made not by a *male* sex symbol but a freaky monstrous-feminine one (for a nice AMAB, non-white version, refer to Lil Nas' "[Call Me by Your Name](#)," 2021): "love you," "goat horns," "hang loose"/"call me" and "the shocker" ("two in the pink, one in the stink, thumb for the clit").

Vice characters like Elphaba are lightning rods; i.e., inconvenienced by station and accident of birth—indeed, persecuted in *spite* of them. She's born

²¹⁸ Though the assimilation fantasy *is* a little on the nose: "There's some whores in this [affluent] house!"

different in multiple ways, and similar to the Creature is empathetic through abuse that makes her want for revenge against the so-called "do-gooders" of the world; i.e., those who act holier-than-thou but in truth are merely con men having hoodwinked the public and entrenched themselves in the halls of power (aka establishment politicians)! *They're* pulling the strings of persecution mania the likes of which harms Elphaba and her friends, to which she cannot let stand. Point-in-fact, she openly hates them, and with good reason: the Wizard isn't just an illusionist, but a hypocrite colonizer and tyrant. She's not really the cute sort of witch, then, but the black, pissed-off sort taking no prisoners!

The man-hating dyke *is* an old queer classic, and emotions in the Gothic/stage theatre are generally color-coded in ways that survive into comics, cartoons and other popular media types; i.e., color has value *and* taboo qualities. Except, Elphaba has every *right* to be angry at men, especially *powerful white* men (what MLK called "white moderates"). But her anger has an equally volatile, traumatized quality that sometimes causes her to self-destruct/alienate herself (a bit like the Incredible Hulk); i.e., through a burden of care commonly foisted onto her by rebellious men (rebellions are classically nurtured by monstrous-feminine agents).

The color-coded elements have their own origins; "green-eyed monster" came from Shakespeare²¹⁹—with green skin indicative of alienation, decay and punishment ("to be in a pickle" [also from Shakespeare²²⁰] meaning a preservation

²¹⁹ From *The Merchant of Venice*: "O beware, my lord, of jealousy; It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on" ([source](#)). Portia, as a white woman with power, is—per Angela Carter—something of a vindictive cunt forced to play stupid games to survive in a man's world; but also engages in bigoted deceptions (impersonating a lawyer) that crucify minorities (forcing a Jew to convert) to secure her own hard-fought position: as a married woman in control of a weaker man. In short, she's predatory (envisioned as such by a bigoted gay man, to be fair).

²²⁰ No Sweat Shakespeare writes:

"In a pickle" is not an easy idiom to unravel, but let's try and do just that by looking at the context of Shakespeare's use of the term "in a pickle," and the modern meaning of the phrase:

In *The Tempest* King Alonso's butler Stephano and his jester, Trinculo, are washed up on an island. Stephano has survived by clinging to a barrel of wine and since landing on the island the two of them have been continually drunk. When they later meet up with the king, Alonso observes: "Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?" He asks Trinculo, "How came'st thou in this pickle?" Trinculo replies: "I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, I will never out of my bones. I shall not fear flyblowing."

In this context, Trinculo means he has been very drunk. He uses the word "pickle" in the sense of pickling being a way of preserving food. He is saying that he is so pickled with alcohol that his body will be protected from maggots when he dies and will not decay ([source](#)).

Also, medieval works—I think we've safely established—generally tended to combine expressions of food, medicine, sex and death (e.g., to smash/to *get* smashed as war-like, mercantile ["churn the butter"/"stir the macaroni"]) and psychosexually erotic, like the medieval history was and continues to

technique, postmortem, ostensibly from having drunk too much alcohol—a classic coping mechanism while alive under duress) but also to be green with **poison**, **venom**, and **toxins** (with myriad pejorative labels like "harridan," "battleaxe," "spitfire," "bitch," "harpy" and "virago" indicating man's owed/owned property as very much being *against* the idea to a monstrous, warlike and animal extreme); i.e., *envy* and resentment (where **green** seeks **red** in less of a crossover with vampirism and more of a shared function: freezing and feeding on one's enemies *and* friends). Nietzsche called this "ressentiment," but he was an elitist cunt; *our* witch is a cackling fire-starter/pot-stirrer full of piss and vinegar (the "strict" dom) for her enemies and (some) sugar (but mostly spice) for her friends—in other words, all the elements of a disgruntled, sassy whistleblower nakedly and openly challenging male power through female inheritance (re: Maguire)! Elphaba's literally a walking weapon and bullhorn—a more capable hippy with a flamethrower (the Molotov cocktail being a classic, Communist symbol of *armed* resistance, the fire-breathing dragon a source of vitality and concentrated, organized military power).



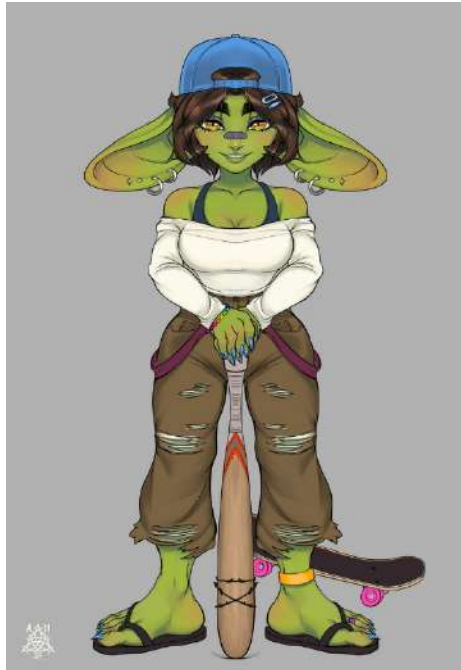
(artist, colors: [J-Skipper](#))

Furthermore, witches are often, per the Male Gaze, sexualized to disempower them. In turn, witchcraft is—like women—classically framed by Western (Cartesian) powers as erroneously having two sides; e.g., a good and a bad, a white and a black, a wild and a tame, a virgin and a

whore. As a black witch, Elphaba is very much the wild, bad whore doubling the

be in practice): the corpse, but also the phallic, *green* pickle denoting necrophilia *and* cannibalism; i.e., with "coffin" in *Titus Andronicus* referring to a pie crust, which is something of a play on words to hint at the reality—I would imagine—of cannibalism/necrophilia during natural disasters spurring food shortages and spontaneous spouse shortages (what Top Dollar would call "a sudden case of death"). For Shakespeare, this wouldn't have been the Black Death in its heyday (the mid-1300s); all the same, [he did lose two children to the same disease, the bubonic plague](#) (source: Robin Young and Allison Hagan's "Shakespeare and the Plague," 2020). In other words, pandemics are nothing new and Gothic theatre is a poetic, oft-morbid way of combating death anxiety by encasing it in strange, prandial-sexual hybrids.

maiden in the state's eyes, while also standing in as a fierce, uncompromising enby (trans, intersex) protector of those the state *exploits*—i.e., threatening to spill her guts to expose their whole operation to save her friends. To that, she's the classic, natural maverick in the state's eyes, the so-called "terrorist" with oppositional ties to legitimacy (a rival throne, but wanting to *redistribute* her power) who's actually a counterterrorist/activist with anti-establishment goals. Unlike fascists (who Michael



Parenti in *Black Shirts and Reds* [1997] calls [with justice] "[false revolutionaries](#)", Elphie (and her likenesses) look cool, fuck big time, *and* sit on the right side of history! They couldn't care less about making it (assimilation) or punching down (cliques and so-called "mean girl syndrome"), but instead are prepared to go down swinging *at* their arch nemesis at any moment: the Man (and his proponents) as fat and happy—completely used to browbeaten pushovers and battered housewives, not little troublemakers who'd gleefully take a baseball bat to their head (when I was a kid, I wanted to be Eowyn or Samus; but the more I think about it, if I could be anyone, it'd be Elphaba).

(artist: [Amber Harris](#))

As such, "compromise" *really* isn't Elphaba's style. She evokes the Destroyer/Medusa persona, albeit with a frank, unyielding aim and wily playfulness to build something less tyrannical (taking the goblin's playful invention as a commentary on counterterrorism resisting further character assassinations: ducking the so-called "teenage phase" and becoming a way of life that doesn't preclude Young-at-Heart feelings for even the most pained, ostensibly jaded bitches). As such, she comes from relative privilege but isn't a black capitalist. Rather, because of her iconoclastic education and stances, she remains ostracized, including by members of her own oppressed group: the weird nerd's weird nerd.

Such a gamut of warring variables makes Elphaba a versatile representative; i.e., she commonly works much in the way of the usual comic book/non-parental role model, but for all peoples who are different—both in terms of sex and gender but also origins (foreigners fresh off-the-boat and multi-generation immigrants/multilingual households), religion, weight distribution, profession (sex work) and skin color. In short, she's Athena's Aegis with legs and a bad attitude, reclaiming her oppression to weaponize it (again, similar to black people of color using the N-word, queer people using "faggot" and women calling each other "bitch" to reclaim it).

She's a paradoxical sum of intimidating, hostile, at-times prickly qualities that apply to all oppressed groups who dare to speak out and own them oppression: an offensive, in-your-face fighter—scrappy, upfront, rhythmic, forward and streetwise (sexually aggressive and crude, but delicious; e.g., a pot of "macaroni" to "stir"); loyal, principled, fed-up fierce, sharp; ready to make a scene, throw down, turn you on, etc; i.e., a diplomat of sex and force *for* workers, no stranger to interrogating and negotiating with power in its rawest forms: a walking work of art, poetry in motion, a killer/surgeon dissection her patient; a dark momma with needs, appetite, vices, and conviction; someone seeking stability through abrasive combative argument, concerned far less with appearing good (quite the opposite) and much more with doing good tied to a fixed moral position critiquing institutional dogma: rights are sacred, not profit nor their anthems (e.g., "Eye of the Tiger" romancing how boxing is a poor man's sport that forces black men to be dueling thoroughbreds and women to be sex objects in a kayfabe pyramid scheme: "There can only be one!"). Like the Kurgan, she loves battle—slices, penetrates, overwhelms, shocks, awes, entrances, stuns, dodges and twists her adversaries and friends alike (obviously to achieve different results).



(exhibit 34a1b2b2a1a1b2: Artist, top-far-left: [Manguinha](#); top-mid-left: [Inhyuk Lee](#); top-mid-right: [Salamandra 88](#); top-far-right: [Adaga Degelo](#); bottom-far-left: [Frosty Vector](#); bottom-mid-left: [Cera Ralaz](#); bottom-right: [Drow Tales](#).)

"I only like [Batman](#) for the villains!" A good villain/vice character should mirror the frustrations of their good double—i.e., the protagonist, but also the audience. Per the Gothic, this retains a castle-like concentricism/mis-en-abyme that expresses

equally in stage/comic book language as sharing the same mythic formulas and cosmetics. People treated unironically like clowns, goblins, Medusa, dragon women, cyborgs, outcasts and witches reliably "better the instruction" through success being the best revenge: on and offstage as a transgressive, subversive performance. Per the hard/soft divisions that trauma entails, there is often a hot/cold element; i.e., "resting bitch face" [cold fish] and "psycho hose beast," "pixie dream girl" [mania] and other such warring emotional states embodied on the surface of the thespian: as a psychomachic extension of their own divided, psychosexual feelings, the story's, the audiences, etc.

In turn, they collectively manifest/communicate in the usual body language assisted by props, special effects, makeup and costumes: sex and force conveyed in the Gothic dividing into fantasy and science fiction; i.e., the posthuman speaking to the objectification that occurs during alienation versus the fight for recognition, while magic is basically wish fulfillment. In turn, the Western [frontier narratives] and postcolonial stories are liminal expressions that speak Cowboys and Indians through a subversive, dark-rebel aesthetic and mindset: guns, girls, and familiars that meld technology cybernetically with nature's fury conjured up to eject colonial forces like a splinter [unwanted penetration of an organism, raping it]. As villains, they antagonize the forces of good [the state] as false, exposing their own hypocrisy while humanizing the villain's plight through the usual interrogations of generational trauma in universal languages; i.e., theatrically and musically reclaimed from their Imperial doubles: sex and force.

Capital makes us afraid, leading to death anxiety which requires death masks to perform. In turn, monsters are modular regarding criminality per capital's universal alienation, fetishization and sexualization as something to endorse or reject on a gradient; re: "Animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms." The language is hybrid and dualistic per dialectical materialism, resulting in chimeric mouthpieces for the oppressed, but also state scapegoats burying the gay during rape play—i.e., literally raping the Dark Mother [the water witch, aka Grendel's mother as the ancient enemy of Imperial forces, followed by capital and Cartesian thought built on older Imperialism] by humoring such refrains through harmful penetration; e.g., the hero from The Little Mermaid [1991] stabbing Ursula fatally with his mast [a metaphor for the ghost of the counterfeit raped into silence by the ghost ship of European industry and settler-colonialism dressed up as "exploration," but also "true love"]:



Such villains are popular with marginalized groups because they resist whatever harmful logic the state forces onto them; size queens in more than one sense of the word [queer actors, give and take], they speak to our oppression and liberation, mid-exploitation—i.e., while getting the chance to talk back, give lip, throw sass, and generally throw one's weight around while vamping it up with ludo-Gothic BDSM. Per the Medusa and the monstrous-feminine, it's something people love even when they're not oppressed [the ghost of the counterfeit] and which the state [and its actors; re: Vivienne Medrano] will try to gentrify, objectify or otherwise discredit, silence and assimilate. But again, this isn't a monopoly. Through this constantly campy rebel mindset [the Satan persona], anything around us becomes a counterterrorist weapon, a guerilla means of liberation that collocates through reliable one-two punches/good habits; i.e., certain words go together and various functions/forms synonymize to flow power in a given direction; e.g., Jadis loved Batman's villains and Ursula, so I turned that into yet-another-object lesson to caution against TERFs, SWERFs, and centrism/neoliberalism: rebel-guerilla, anger-Medusa, reclamation and performance, etc, to take Amazons, Medusa, and herbos away from my crazy, abusive ex. "Playtime's over!"

The Gothic, even when canonized, is useful to exposing and exploiting the enemies' flaws—through jester-like, intentionally bad interpretive dances, puppetry and acting; e.g., the Skeksis from The Dark Crystal as bad cartoons of capitalist pigs, Nazis, but also the Communist lurking on the surface; i.e., the witch, as canonized and policed by bad-faith performers acting out of routine desperation [re: Fanon's Black Skin, White Masks]: Seladon [whose name closely resembles "celadon," or a

particular shade of **green**, hinting at her envious nature]. No matter how edgy or rebellious she seems, her act is to police those who would actually rebel, after which she shamelessly bends the knee to state power [mirrored in real life by Hitler being Western Europe's mad dog—useful until he wasn't, which Tolkien used to scapegoat the Nazi and essentialize "Goldilocks Imperialism" in his Middle-earth].

Trying to negotiate with a class of people who have total power over her is delusional, Seladon's feckless cruelty exposed as a farce by the real predators in the room. "So cold-blooded! You could be a Skeksis!" they respond, delighted by her service but encouraged by her submission as enticing them to accelerate their vampiric war of extermination. Pacification is attained through the colonized policing themselves [which extends to fascist ethnostates in real life; e.g., Israel and its own Holocaust denial and war crimes made ostensibly in America's name, but really taking settler-colonial theory and radicalizing it in practice to threaten the hegemon it claims to serve].

Apart from a multimedia expert, theatre nerd local slut, I'm literally a BDSM, monster and Metroidvania doctor. That means my theory for witches is well-developed, and comes directly from my PhD work [refer to this footnote²²¹ for

²²¹ These are absolutely vital performative concepts, but also confusing ones so I'll include them here for reference (from the glossary, below):

Psychosexuality

The adjacent placement of pleasurable pain and other euphoric sensations next to unironic harm; i.e., rape fantasy or theatre. Just as canon and camp exist in the same shadow zone, performative irony and its absence are equally liminal using the same shared aesthetics of power and resistance, death and rape, heroic (monstrous) violence: the colors of stigma, vice, power and sin. Canonical psychosexuality conflates pleasure with genuine harm, including bigoted stereotypes that further this pathology.

I don't have a glossary definition for "shadow zone," but you can refer to the essay "Doubles, Dark Forces, and Paradox; or into the Shadow Zone: Where We Currently Are and Where We're Going Deeper Into," [from Volume Zero](#) for a good introduction to it.

I've also supplied various quotes (again, [all from Volume Zero](#)) regarding the shadow zone and psychosexuality/Satan poetics that should prove useful. I can't list all of them, here (e.g., Metroidvania) so refer back to that volume if you're curious and want to know more.

Regarding heroic function:

All heroes function and appear as monsters in some shape or form. Heteronormative theatre's **copaganda** and **Military Industrial Complex** binarize monster theatricality in service of capital (thus the profit motive as something to replicate and enforce through unironic Gothic poetics/mimesis). There are "correct" male heroes organized between white and black knights, and "incorrect" male heroes who are "corrupt" in ways that destroy the established order of the athletic/athletic-adjacent conflict as lucrative, thus heteronormative (and vice versa). This historical-material **gender trouble** extends to female/token heroes, who either are **monster**

girls (exhibit 1a1a1h3a2) of the traditional sort—i.e., the damsel/detective (Gothic heroine) and demon (female Gothic villain) or the foreigner whose heteronormatively assigned power conveniently challenges Western (white, cis-het) men, thus patriarchal dominance—and whose warrior-esque compromises with power are allowed for short-lived gradients: the **subjugated Amazon** as phallic/"like a man," but who must eventually conform to varying degrees when the state's perpetual crises enter decay and radicalize the heteronormative model of war at all theatrical registers on- and offstage. Until the woman or token is is closeted/collared, they are afforded the same crisis of position— i.e., the white, animalized, undead/demonic enforcer as threatened by the parallel forces of darkness coming out of the shadow zone. But because women/token minorities are coded as "weaker" by canon, they will corrupt "faster" thus be closeted or buried to prevent the spread of infection (what I call the "**euthanasia effect**," which I will unpack more in a moment).

Yet, even if women or token groups submit to their "correct role" in **regressive Amazonomachia**, segregation is historically no defense from the profit motive. Because there must always be an enemy to fight (a crisis to extend war into forever), a woman or a token minority—even when entirely submissive and bridal/slave-coded—are precious but *contested* property that can *always* turn into a "bad demon" at any moment (e.g., **the wandering womb**, exhibit 1a1a1h3a1a1), thus are always a threat that must be policed, often by members of their own group (cops defend property for the state; for token cops, this means themselves). The historical materialism of canonical *Amazonomachia* is a train of girl bosses and their **witch cop/war boss** variants that manifest on- and offstage as TERFs who unironically **punch down** against people more marginalized than them while performatively **punching up** against the elite, who they don't meaningfully challenge during oppositional praxis; kettled, they instead emulate the **Man Box** (traditional male sexism and other bigotries tied to **weird canonical nerds**, who we'll unpack in a moment) as a token **assimilation fantasy**—i.e., parroting the colonizer (e.g., Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks*, 1952). As such, they take **war brides** from the underclass during military urbanism, colonizing the poetic sphere and real world while furthering **psychosexual** violence, **token "white" fragility** and employing **DARVO**—in short, acting like white cis-het men.

Regarding camp as a living process:

In this perennial, dialogic sense, power and death constitute societal gatekeeping *and* countercultural transformation through theatrical fetishes and clichés (of which the Gothic is positively rife with) that play out in real life: a means of practicing debate as a wrestling tactic inside human language to better prepare us for its harmful, pro-state deceptions between daily conversations (and sex, or both) that we have with other people that look more or less like us; i.e., by recognizing and challenging them through our own sex-positive Gothic subversions that *recultivate* the Superstructure and reclaim the Base. In doing so, we're accomplishing Gothic Communism's chief aim: taking back the critical, class-conscious power of paradox (thus power)-as-performance, specifically that of monsters, on- and offstage simultaneously. It's chaotic, but knowing how to swim in the void of the **shadow zone** (the Gothic imagination/mode) and its "**darkness visible** can be, paradoxically, an illuminating and life-saving affair—i.e., as something to deliberately cultivate for Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism (thus for all workers) by taking back Hell, thus the world, as having been thoroughly colonized; i.e., ever since Milton first wrote *Paradise Lost* and challenged the status quo (arguably by accident, in his case, and certainly within the traditions of theatre as having been in conflict for far longer—since Hippolyta and the Ancient Greeks, at least). For us, there needs to be a deliberate re-camping of "darkness visible" through our "creative successes" during proletarian praxis.

Of camp as empowering:

Something I will argue repeatedly throughout my thesis (and the rest of the book) is *how* the greatest power/strength of class-conscious warriors is their deliberately campy "darkness visible" doubling canonical versions (through the Wisdom of the Ancients, though I may not always call it that); i.e., their innate and uncanny ability to camp canon using the same shadowy language/aesthetics that class-dormant class traitors do (whose much touted "greatest strength" is their Achilles Heel, their greatest *weakness* when the state needs sacrifices). Beauty in "the eye of the beholder" *is* subjective, but perceptions of power are enforced to a matter of function and objective degree in order to define beauty (and what is "correct" according to basic human, animal and environmental rights as tied to heroic stories) as having a *monstrous* class character. Everything happens in the shadow zone between dueling hero monsters for or against the state and its profit motive. Meanwhile, state agents are labeled by the state as counterterrorists, calling labor's agents "terrorists" (e.g., Martin Luther King Jr.) in bad faith; the language can be reversed easily enough, but the function still has to be scrutinized as parsed with a learned eye.

Of said empowerment as dualistic:

Any heroic quest demands a journey into Hell to confront dark forces, and the hero generally presents before the quest as a paradox right off the bat: being of two worlds, one foot in the world of the living and one of the dead, magic/science, medieval/modern, heaven/hell, etc. Their liminal state and privilege of position affords them special education/access to old books (or sages) of wisdom that—as we shall see—can be counterfeited, but work within the same medieval poetics and Gothic mode that can be used for or against the status quo. *Our* journey (as workers seeking liberation from mass worker exploitation under neoliberal Capitalism) is to bring the campy power of a reclaimed Hell/shadow zone (and its subversive forces of darkness) *back* with us—to transform the world around us to better allow workers to negotiate for themselves while fighting for their basic human rights (and the health of the planet's ecosystems and that of animals).

Of camp and Red Scare through animalistic metaphors:

As a symbol shared among the colonized and their colonizers, the symbol of the dog is canonically mistreated as undead/demonic; i.e., a liminal state whereupon it is chimeric, undead, and known for an endless, psychosexual demon hunger that fascism conflates with revenge of a particular kind. So-called "Jewish revenge" is the Red Scare sentiment of anti-Bolshevism shared by the American elite as enacted with impunity until it "crosses a line"—in this case a national boundary into the West by the Nazis:

For four years, numerous Americans, in high positions and obscure, sullenly harbored the conviction that World War II was "the wrong war against the wrong enemies." Communism, they knew, was the only genuine adversary on America's historical agenda. Was that not why Hitler had been ignored/tolerated/appeased/aided? So that the Nazi war machine would turn East and wipe Bolshevism off the face of the earth once and for all? It was just unfortunate that Adolf turned out to be such a megalomaniac and turned West as well ([source](#): William Blum's *Killing Hope: U.S. Military and CIA Interventions Since World War II*, 1995).

The same idea plays out in displaced, fantastical forms through undead and demonic language. As such, the assorted "ink blot" stigmas elide within the same poetic shadow zone, whereupon the hungry mouths of dead labor's zombies bear their fangs and collectively shriek and howl. Simply put, they riot, but do alongside state agents opposing them using the same aesthetics of power and death: the fascist, but also the centrist combating both fascism and labor until asking the black "dog" knight to tag team the Dark Queen and her counterterrorist zombie forces. Mid-riot, various pro-state Beowulfs are generated and sent in to quell the slaves as dissident aggressors, called "terrorist" and certainly treated as such. These foils to revolution can be the man, himself, but also female counterparts who sell out and then are "exiled" by surrendering their power after killing the Dark-Mother orchestrator of such perceived uprisings (labor movements are often oversold as these great cabals populated by a furious zombie horde or demonic *pandemonium*). It's mimesis that fails to question the process.

Of camp, monomyth and videogames (an exhibit):



(exhibit 1a1a1a1_a: Artist, left: [J. Scott Campbell](#); bottom-middle: [Fabián L. Pineda](#); right: Tom Jung.

The monomyth and infernal concentric pattern are traditionally heteronormative, thus sexually dimorphic **canon [dogma]**; **iconoclastic** examples can subvert heroic **double standards** and bellicose, phallic language/rites of passage, but still work from positions of irony that parody heroic conventions and **apocrypha** [a popular, didactic story generally regarded as fictional; i.e., a "tall tale" connected to **folklore** and **oral traditions**] by toying with them during oppositional praxis as dialectical-material. In other words, iconoclasts tend to mutate what is already present according to what the artist knows about propaganda, thus makes and embodies as part of Gothic counterculture. Consider videogames [my domain]. As a queer, Gothic ludologist and anarcho-Communist, I can attest to how **genderqueer** poetics would happily poke fun at Link's "Master Sword" shooting "bolts of power" when "fully charged"—a mechanic borrowed from *Star Wars* [1977], *Conan the Barbarian* [1981, which was reviewed as "Star Wars made by a psychopath," which applies as much to Rob Howard as it does John Milius] and even older **palimpsests** [such as the legend of King Arthur] copied by Pan's own "sword" in *Hook* [1991] or Simon Belmont's elongating "chain whip" in *Castlevania* [1986] or Mega Man's "mega buster" [1987] or Samus Aran's "beam cannon, missile launcher and bombs" [1986] or, hell, Mario's "mushroom" helping him "grow" [1985]: canonical war is full of violent, harmful innuendo; e.g., *Macbeth's* cycle of war as watered with blood: "I have begun to plant thee, and will labour / To make thee full of growing." As we shall see, there is always an enemy to kill or secret plot to uncover, thus revealing an enemy from within who "originated" from outside: the ghost of the counterfeit's false copy of a corrupt **backstabber/doppelganger**. Instead of **an**

invincible barbarian/enemy at the gates, the white-knight warrior of light faces a corrupt, dark version of himself—a shadow person or Gothic **double**:

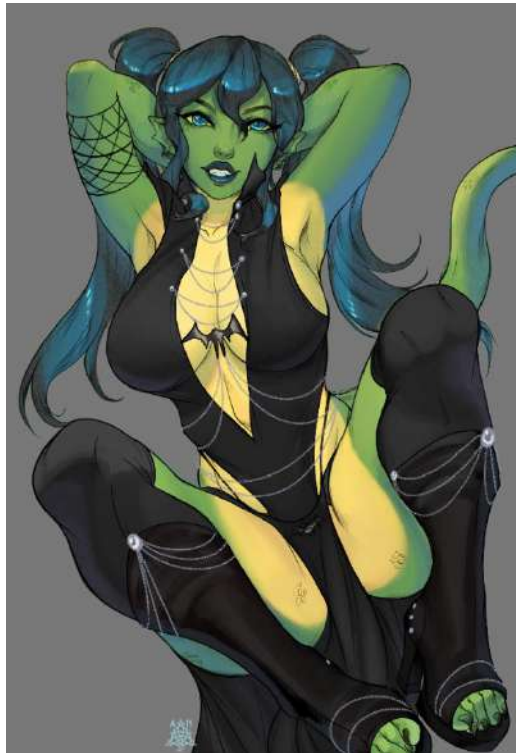


[Artist: [Gabriel Dias](#). Keeping with the idea of paradox, the opposition between Link and "his shadow" is both thrown into doubt and extremely dogmatic. On one hand, it's entirely divorced from material critique in favor of a basic **value judgement**— literally **light vs dark**, wherein light is canonized as "good" and dark as "bad"; there's no in-between or class character because the story has been displaced to a fantasy tableau emptied of earthly history. It's trope-heavy and mechanical. As we'll explore later in the thesis and rest of the book, though, class character often comes from gender trouble and parody within canon as thrown into personified doubt [a rather literal embodiment of self-reflection]; i.e., in relation to these prescribed gender roles as "ghost-like" or otherwise undead. Ontologically challenged, Dark Link might not "belong" to Link at all; he might simply be an **uncanny simulacrum** or likeness that triggers the presumed owner to attack [thus confirm his suspicions by eradicating his fears]. Doing so exposes his own flaws as a self-described "hero," but also reveals his open-secret intended function: to kill the enemies of the state. The enemy must die, trapping the hero in a frozen state of inaction as they lie caught between their orders and their conflicted sense of identity.]

As a whole, videogames have served as **neoliberal**, music-heavy copaganda since the 1980s—first, based off Star Wars as franchised, but also Aliens [with the original, self-contained text for each being neoliberal critiques that, in their franchised forms, became operationally **neo-conservative**] as monomythic canon attached to real-world geopolitics: **the American revenge fantasy** after a refreeing [**deregulation**] of the world market post-**Bretton Woods** under **global US hegemony**. The common thread to these canonical remediations is a quest for mastery meta-narrative whose videoludic simulation of war helps acclimate the state's children to **endless future war** through the Hero's Journey as forever expanding on- and off-screen: made for bigger and better worlds, but also bigger (thus more phallic), traditionally masculine weapons; i.e., a heteronormative mode of ludic wish fulfillment that routinely sets the player on the path to prescribed empowerment, thus appearing to realize the impossible promise [not the universal fulfillment] of sanctioned sex by a) rescuing the damsel and slaying the cockblocking [ostensibly fascist/gay] dragon/minotaur as something to stab or shoot [exhibit 51d4a1/2] and b) facing off against the monstrous-feminine not just as not-white,

various salient quotes]. *Camping the Nazi is just as important as punching them because they often imitate the language of oppression through the aesthetics of power and death to put workers to heel: witches as victimized cops victimized other witches resisting the state. Like Seladon, the practice can be redeemed through an actual reversal towards functional rebellion, mid-performance. The same general idea applies to Elphaba, Ursula, Hippolyta and any witch/monstrous-feminine as paradoxically being both a Nazi, Communist and otherwise "corrupt"/monstrous-feminine force in the shadow zone.*

Psychosexuality and the **shadow zone** are things Volume Zero establishes and writes about a lot, so refer to it for tons more examples and theoretical elements.)



(artist: [Amber Harris](#))

A witch isn't just a witch, then, but a curious, modular cross oscillating between a vampire, zombie, and goblin. She loves animals, drugs, confrontation, mad science, magic, heavy metal, civil rights and extramarital sex, toys, and contraceptives (the sexual freedom *not* to have children and enjoy sex purely for pleasure in defiance of state forces/dogma). In short, she's a sassy spokesperson for alienation, rebellion, sexual health, and rocking out, and is *not* above getting her frustrations out for all the world to see (going so far as to haunt her enemies *after* death, Medusa or Pandora-style: "Not even death can save you from me!"). Like solid bop, she's straight fire that gets you in the mood (to

female-coded, and non-Christian, but somewhere in between all of these things; e.g., **orcs**, **drow** and **goblins**; Dark Link, Protoman/Zero [exhibit 982b] or Pan's shadow as the **genderfluid**, potentially **trans**, **non-binary**, or **intersex** false hero/man, dark twink, "phallic woman," etc; but also Samus as the phallic woman tomboy acting like Rambo to serve the state, or Odessa from Overwatch 2 [2022]:

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty!" [from [Lady Macbeth's soliloquy](#)].

I've spent my life subverting them, treating Samus as having the potential to not be a **palingenetic** handmaid [exhibit 38c1b] or Odessa/Zarya as something other than unironic **girl/queer war bosses** [exhibit 100c4/ exhibit 111b] while also having a great deal of fun with twinks in iconoclastic videogame fan art that treats the twink-ish hero as the non-bellicose **sub** [exhibit 93a].)

fuck, fight, or both as something to rile up and drive to higher degrees of intensity and passion: "Fuck me like you mean it!"); like a tornado, she's a force of nature that cannot be stopped, cannot be contained, defeated, or even killed in the rebellious sense. All you can do is get out of her way.

My kinda girl, to be honest (the kind my productive thesis arguments collectively hit upon, but also the repeating canvases of myself and other artists and/or sex workers invigilated here); my kinda power trip (echoing across the Gothic mode's music, monsters and theatrical materials from *Otranto* to *Chrono Trigger* [1995] to piano recitals [e.g., Animalisa Keys' "[Chrono Trigger - Complete Soundtrack on Piano](#)," 2023] and some such Gothic performance art in the Internet Age using monstrous sex and force to hint at "danger" [quotes optional] and fun, including immense kinds [state shift, aka the end of life as we know it] as Numinous in a palliative way that *isn't* capital's usual myopic Morton's Fork/centrist dogma). Everyone gravitates to different monsters to embody not just as "content"/dress up but that as satirical, political, rebellious, GNC, and sexily nostalgic all at once (all concepts Volume Three will consider at length)! It's a veritable monster party/convention to visit and revisit, time and time again! Dress up as whomever you like; hug or fuck whoever you wish provided its consenting (and take photos for memories; they last longer):



(model: [Persephone van der Waard](#) [middle] dressed up as Eric Draven, posing for the camera with two cuties at a convention.)

Per the usual commonplace bestiary method, monsters are fun to compile, categorize, and create, patchwork or in whole; per the laws of Gothic attraction stipulate: make it weird (alien), "dangerous" and sexy, and people will investigate/take part. Capitalists cash in on that through systemic abuse; we liberate ourselves through iconoclastic forms. To that, as long as it's ultimately sex-positive during the battle and after the dust settles, then no harm, no foul!



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Apart from the witch, herself, *The Wizard of Oz* takes the usual monomyth and gives it several key twists: one, the Call to Adventure leaves us wanting to *stay in Oz* with Dorothy's alien side (for a fun inversion, *Howard the Duck* makes the resident alien decide to stay on Earth after being sent there by a freak science experiment²²²); and two, the little girl meeting her talking-animal friends help her as they all find their true mettle as largely *performative, ceremonial*.

²²² A story I always related to through my own experiences; i.e., going to England to meet Zeuhl, who loved me despite how alien I felt. In a way, we were both alien in that far green country (though they had traveled to and from it many times). Oddly enough, *Howard the Duck* wasn't a movie we watched until we broke up, but they really enjoyed it, calling it sweet. And now whenever I listen [to John Barry's awesome score](#) or the in-film band Cherry Bomb's "[Hunger City](#)" (1986), I think of Zeuhl and of being in love—of having all that and them leaving my life. It's easy to feel like I lost them, but if that were the case, I wouldn't have those good memories and those feelings when "You're the Duckiest" plays. Instead, I can look back on it all with pride, remembering the many adventures we

It's all a sham, one that flips easily on its head, exposing state illusions during iconoclasm: looking at the witch to see why she's green (undead, alien, fetish and furiously so), realizing the slippers she so desperately wanted were Commie shoes all along! She wanted a *home*, to fit in *despite* her trauma, for someone to believe in her and see her as a person instead of a freak, to be called pretty and not have it be a cruel joke (e.g., Gene Wilder to the Creature: "Hey, handsome!")—something the Wizard routinely denies her by eventually having her assassinated (the real tyrant, more comparable to Louis Carroll's headhunting Queen of Hearts, versus Elphie as the rebel challenging state figures and power centers: the Wizard and *capitol* of Oz). To that, you find out who your real friends are when challenging state power through its illusions. Friends are made through theatrical struggle, then, of which iconoclasm informs future battles and future friends based on old tricks leveled against us that we can take and make our own—the Scarecrow's brains, the Tinman's heart, the Lion's *noive*, and of course, those fabulous fucking shoes (sparkle, bitches!). It's very gay *and* Gothic. Lewis would approve. *I* certainly do (what fag worth their salt doesn't?)—by reclaiming and owning that green skin as part of the look, the identity, the struggle, but also the *hunger* (a prime feature of undeath, as the Undead module shall explore in Volume Two, part two)!

So while it's true that certain phobias stem at least *partially* from ancient, prehistoric interactions with deadly animals that could kill us in the wild, conflating this basic biological fact through modern dogma built on capitalist forbears modified for profit *is* the capitalist name of the game. To reveal these utter frauds, it's best to focus on their "tells" and expand them ("fear is the mind-killer"); i.e., if someone really is as deathly afraid of labor portrayed as monstrous-feminine (undead, demonic and/or animalistic), it behooves us not just to ask why unto itself, but to take advantage and weaponize it *against* them through class and culture warfare; e.g., a freeze word or phrase that renders them helpless, mid-duel, but also embarrasses them *ipso facto*; i.e., grown-ass men not only shitting their pants at mythical "spider women," but having spent their *entire lives* abusing antiquated Freudian/Jungian psychobabble to foster Red Scare and other moral panics at queer labor action like the Wizard of fucking Oz. Gotta show the world the man behind the curtain, and that's generally through what they read into (us) as both essential to their rhetoric and completely antithetical to it. A little flash from the Aegis is really all it takes to send their own stupefying illusions back at them! And this, once cultivated, is like Bruce Lee's emotional content: "it strikes all by itself," second-nature, united as one.

had (sexual or otherwise) and saying to myself, "Not *bad* for a talking duck from outer space!" We all fall in love with monsters—with Lions, Scarecrows, or Tinmen. Zeuhl was my little rockstar and I? Not a duck, but a raven: their raven plush. Not everyone can say they've loved like that and have something to show for it. Take it from me, babes: 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have to have loved at all (for real, just look at incels for proof of *that*).



([source](#))

That's all we'll really have time for, regarding monstrous-feminine examples in this subchapter (the mode *is* modular for a reason)! My book, in turn, is a coy little toy chest that—in the holistic spirit of things—is a little too *full* of toys to play with and a little too *short* of the time required to explore each to the degree that I could (which I leave my readers to do themselves after they throw this book aside and forget about it); e.g., I'm just as likely to refer to Blue Öyster Cult's *Spectres* (1977) as I am Derrida's *Spectres of Marx* (again, all manner of monster), but am also granting *you* the chance; i.e., to yeet or yoink your own favorites, mid argument—to make one too many "weird sex metaphors" (as Christine Neufeld said of *my* work). But isn't that basically every Gothic novel ever? Getting laid by slaying dragons and playing dress up? We're all touching upon something greater and older to lead towards something new as founded on these gloomy paradoxes' choosy arbitration. It's a heavy load, one I've spent this entire volume (and multiple weeks writing from dusk till dawn since late February) storing up; i.e., "ejaculating" metaphorically²²³ onto you as a vampiric passing of essence. Witch bukkake!

Whereas killing dragons without irony is "to do a Capitalism," *we're* doing the nasty as *liberated* from that cycle (and Maguire wasn't above witch sex, either). All of this dialectical-material oscillation needs people to perform the parts. Despite all this talk of ghosts, then, a production without actors is just a blank stage; we gotta give these ghosts *shape*, if you follow me. So onto how to meet rebels, what *inspired* us to meet them, and what carries on as all of this repeats, repeats,

²²³ A metaphor again being "a comparison between two *unlike* things"; re: my observation, "violence as something to perform and receive are *not* the same thing despite often *appearing* identical," also being an adage that applies to sex, and violence and sex as [thanks to Capitalism] interwoven.

repeats—a jouissance that carries Medusa's message out of the imaginary past into the possible future.

Except—this will be real quick, I promise (one exhibit, three pages)—this begs the question: "Where *did* all this metaphorical cum come from?" My friends, it came from the muses, of course—my muses, my friends as people I met along the way! I.e., those who take us to Hell and submerge us there, showing us all the secrets normally alien to human existence under capitalist-colored glasses: by "flashing" us, wearing disguises whose revolutionary cryptonymy shows to hide and hides to show as a proletarian counterterror device. They show us the goods, and we advertise them through our reactions, back-and-forth (mine being to ask Harmony if I could use the below image in my book, while also plugging their stuff as I do—note the subtly red lipstick):



(exhibit 34a1b2b2a1a2: Artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#). Communism isn't defined by red, but often uses it in subtle ways, mid-cryptonymy [to be fair, the lipstick probably won't be the first or only thing you notice, here]. Said cryptonymy is revolutionary by virtue of function; i.e., as an agent of circumstance who refused to be a victim, instead working their magic to make their enemies poop their pants in public: fascism being a perception of power and legitimacy that falls apart when exposed to what it hates; moderacy an illusion of status-quo benevolence that also falls apart when tone-policing the usual groups they exploit—sex workers! To that, red isn't "just" the color of Communism [though it often is] nor simply the color of sexual arousal, as Jordan Peterson quizzically²²⁴ purports [from Vice's

²²⁴ Philosophers are classically white cis-het men, the vast majority of whom serve the state. There's a lot of masturbatory self-aggrandize by proxy and hero worship, their equally white, cis-het audiences rising to defend patriarchal figures making incredibly dogmatic and prescriptive assertions of things as

"[Jordan Peterson Is Canada's Most Infamous Intellectual](#)," 2018], but certainly something to incite such arousal, mid-rebellion, as an often-asexual [nudist] act; i.e., gender identity and performance as having the potential to arouse others; i.e., without them wanting to or not, but often in spite of them [with Peterson being a die-hard Cold Warrior extending his Red Scare stupidity into quasi-academic legitimacy purported as manna from heaven by weird canonical nerds of his target age: teenage boys]. It bears repeating that rebellion is generally a theatrical device to get a point ipso facto—by virtue of action, those canonized as "female" will be policed if they wear makeup in inappropriate places; i.e., "not for their husband,"

basic as women wearing makeup. If a man is angry at a woman wearing makeup, he's the problem, not her (also known as "protection/transference" in psychoanalytical circles).

This being said, just because Peterson's arguments are Red-Scare and biologically essential doesn't mean every cis-het man will agree with him. Consider this reader on Reddit:

Geez, I think this (slightly) extended version makes Peterson look like even more of an obtuse twat, despite the more repeated insistence that he's not trying to say makeup, or any behaviors, should be necessarily banned, which was not as clear previously though still fairly evident from what he was revealed to have said.

At no point does he seem willing to posit any ideas or even opinions, except (not so) strangely the simplistic idea that wearing makeup is distinctly and totally a sexual display. For a psychologist it's very odd that he has such unnuanced views of why people engage in certain behaviors. It's some very pop-evo-psych nonsense to say that makeup and heels exaggerate certain sexual characteristics without considering how those interplay with ideas of professionalism, hygiene and simply looking like a well-put-together person, especially taking into account social norms and pressure.

I think he even has a certain point when saying that women can be sexually manipulative in professional situations, yet he seems to disregard any notions of power imbalances or the fact that this would still entail that it's the men being driven by their sexual needs over professionalism. Not to get all "tell men not to rape"-y but maybe more emphasis should be put on men to think with their brain, not their dick?

The way he views wearing a negligee and wearing makeup to be on the same spectrum is also frustratingly simplistic, these are all issues regarding how people dress, rather than how they behave (yeah, yeah choosing what to wear is a behaviour in itself, but again it's stupidly simplistic to compare the two).

So many comments saying how annoying the interviewer is, yet it must have also been very frustrating for this interviewer, trying to coax answers from Peterson that aren't just ridiculous evo-psych oversimplifications or banal "nobody knows" throwaways. Clearly workplace dress code is dependent on context, yet "men and women working together" is thrown out as some singular activity clouded in mystery. Is NBC's no-hugging policy not a way of, evolutionarily even, figuring out "the rules"? I hope some people take this interview to show that Peterson doesn't really offer much in the way of social input or intellectual expertise. Like why would anybody care what he has to say when all he seems to have to say is either egregiously truncated, straight up wrong or just apparently purposefully ignorant? ([source](#): Socratic Voyager from r/enoughpetersonspam, 2018).

Peterson doesn't care about being right, in the sense that any rationalization is just an argument to make for or against something. The way that all rhetoric power works is through performance, one that people either agree or disagree with; i.e., monsters. To that, Peterson—just like any conservative white man—reliably plays the victim *and* the charlatan while scapegoating people far more disadvantaged than him, crying like a baby as he does so. Power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely. He's cooked.

tempting their [often-male] bosses, in effect blaming the victim by calling her a whore in so many words.

So we have to ask ourselves, why would someone do it? Wear makeup and clothes? So they're... not naked and look pretty? The idea that women only wear clothes for attention is to strawman the very spurious claim that they do it for men [or sex] at all; point in fact, they're often going it for themselves—i.e., they want to play and feel pretty to make statements that become embroiled in largely politics whether the monstrous-feminine party [not just woman, but any incorrect marginalized group] wants it, or not. So agency becomes again, a question of concealment to show what is geared to happen regardless to say something about it through the incensed reactions of weird canonical nerds.

Whores get stoned all the time, we might as well look good while doing it. More to the point, we provoke our would-be attackers because they're going to attack us anywhere they can; might as well have it happen while we're behind a phone screen or otherwise "in public" where we're less likely to be raped and killed for it.

To say that either cis women queer people [among all oppressed groups] aren't somehow aware of this reality is absurd; we know exactly what we're doing and loving every second of it ["smiling at the gods," as Camus would put it].

Furthermore, the haze of queer existence speaks to the larger portrait of reality you can see in real time: Medusa being shamed. Even when she doesn't have literally snakes for hair—is relatively modest—she will be battered for showing anything that threatens the nuclear model in a phallic sense; re: the scarlet woman, the temptress, the slut, the Medusa.



The idea, in that case, is to provoke in ways that a) are fun according to what we can handle [some people like being cat-called, for instance], b) safe [always take precautions; e.g., avoid doxing and "flash" under safe

conditions], and c) intense certain demographics to oust them in public, showing our peers who they are through something they can't easily hand-wave: their own actions. As such, we show our friends and enemies who our targets [the state and its proponents] are: fascist. They hide not just in the shadows, but among their friends. And this can be very telling by a group reaction, as well—i.e., if you scratch a moderate, a flash bleeds, including the moderate next to them as affronted.

Defending Nazis by proxy [calling it "the free market of ideas"] is trademark obscurantism, but also "boundaries for me, not for thee." The lipstick wearer generating gender trouble is also a de facto educator showing others to learn from theatre as a multi-register/multimedia spectrum of exchanges.

Under these complicated circumstances, its best to pick our own wardrobe, venue and audience to work with while "slaying"; i.e., working it to make money and political statements to actively demask the fash with, thus castrate the state's classic vigilante arm.)

Friends are things to protect from those the state misleads and victimizes; i.e., menticed through waves of terror until said persons turn coat, becoming class traitors who *obey* the state's decree in monstrous-feminine disguise: "You have heart! I'll take that too!" I loved Jadis as my black knight until I realized they *weren't* being ironic, and a) saw *me* as the thing to take, and b) also take me from me my friends and they from me—to isolate (thus alienate) us from each other while Jadis sang the praises of Joe Biden, J.K. Rowling and Bill Gates. They did so and colonized my work, my praxis, my performance, my *life* as something to—if they couldn't take it by guile or brute force—then at least compel to silence (they were Wormtongue as much as a straight-up bruiser, in that respect: opening their mouth to have their mother's voice come out). So as friends are things to protect, we must do so with the enemy's most awesome weapon—the dreaded Darkening(!)—as something not just to bounce back at them and nothing else, but *absorb and transmute into an empathetic force* that blasts them apart! The gentle ones are always the fiercest when you push them too far. So while I *can* be a good girl to my friends, as I said, I can be a world-ending *bitch* to protect them using my Aegis as a rare and fatal gift: "Get away... FROM MY FRIENDS!"



Onto part two!

"With a Little Help from My Friends"; or, Out of this World, part two: Meeting Rebels; i.e., What Inspires Us to Meet and All of It Carrying On and On (feat. Harmony Corrupted, Jack Burton, and Blxxd Bunny)

"You know what ol' Jack Burton says at a time like this?"

"Who?"

"Jack Burton! Me! ...He says, 'What the hell?'"

—Jack Burton and Thunder, *Big Trouble in Little China* (1986)

To reiterate, "Out of this World," part one articulated what rebellion is, followed by what a rebel is and why they do what they do—then took a break to discuss modules and criminality (with several performative examples: Samus Aran and Elphaba Thropp). Part two shall now explore how to *meet* rebels, followed by what *inspired* us to meet them (hint: them, but also their sexy costumes), and what carries on as all of this repeats, repeats, repeats. Friends are people to meet, fall in love with and care for while shielding them from harm. In doing so, we change before the hypothetical clash, ready to take a bullet for them, should the need arise. Some things are worth fighting for. Some, *dying*²²⁵ for ("some things eat at a man worse than dyin'!").

Such sword-crossing push-pull is a kayfabe classic, reducing dialectical-materialism to a simple, visually impactful loop: the duel/wrestling match of pure will converted to thrown energy (from *DBZ* to *The Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance* to *Howard the Duck*, etc). It touches on historical materialism as an endless cycle of war that—per Marx—is *also* the stuff of pure spooof as a result (from tragedy to farce):



"Dayman..." / "Ahhhhh!" / "...fighter of the Nightman!" / "Ahhhhh!" / "He's a master of karate!" / "And friendship!"

But the *shield* (and the satire: "Gohan, dodge!" making fun of *DBZ*, but *DBZ*

²²⁵ Self-sacrifice is a common and touching theme in such stories; e.g., *Where the Red Fern Grows* (1961), *Ravenheart* (2002) or *T2: Judgement Day* (1991) as protecting the master, lover or child from bodily harm by fighting an enemy the protector cannot hope to defeat. The hounds throw themselves at the mountain cat to save their owner; the giant outlaw shields his lady from the firing squad after defeating the colonizer's champion in battle ("Come feel my hammer, little man!"); the older reprogrammed terminator is devastated fighting the shapeshifting T-1000. Per Hemmingway, such stories are meant to prioritize feelings of bravery and significance amid futility and meaninglessness; we're the ones that give that struggle *conscious* class and cultural character!

touching on fight or flight as also including the *freeze/oscillation* mechanism) goes *both* ways: We shield friends from harm, and they shield *us* from harmful influence; i.e., through the power of friendship, of love, in all its forms, friends make us better and we safeguard them, in turn. We are each of us friends *and* spies engaged in class/culture war. Historically this includes student revolts (e.g., Kent State) but also sex work as another side of the struggle. We're sex pirates challenging the same-old imperial forces colonizing and privatizing sex (thus nature) as monstrous—for our own sake, but also the planet's!

Such things often, like a trail of breadcrumbs (on purpose or not) lead like-minded souls to us: dancing like weirdo Birds of Paradise in our little art spaces ("Let me play you the song of my people!"). Like birds, this can attract mates; *unlike* birds, this overlaps with asexual artistic expression (nudism) and political maneuvers tied to the social-material world.



(model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Jadis)

Note: I often self-reflect relative to emotional experience, but this section delves into a more overtly philosophical area: ontology per experience based on knowledge as something that is difficult to quantify relative to oneself doing so ("the wisest man being the one who says he knows nothing at all," so said Socrates... because women were inferior to men and trans people didn't exist). All this being said, I'm not a philosophy major and also don't put much stock in philosophy as a whole (most of it a lot of white boys saying really stupid shit like their conviction will make it true). But for once, I think it will come in handy making me the object lesson, requiring I go outside

of myself to do so. Let's give it a shot!

My philosophy starts and ends with Ghost in the Shell (1995) and Shakespeare's Hamlet. As we proceed, then, I want to avoid the Cartesian dualist trap of the mind and body as separate: "Have you ever seen your own brain?" being the question of someone largely dislocated from what makes them human. For me, I don't operate like that anymore; i.e., I operate through a monomorphic system of thought that focuses on what I can observe, experience, create and interrogate/understand through Gothic principles in connection with the material

world. So "brain" for me isn't the grey stuff in my head, which is hard to quantify and not something I can play with; "brain," for me, equals castle-narrative as both history all at once and a learning process comfortable with paradox (especially ghosts, which Volume Two, part two will examine at length).

In other words, it's the kind of shit Cartesian thinkers absolutely fucking hate. But we are considering me from when I was younger, before I acquired the knowledge that would turn me into who I am. So regressing to a position of ignorance through the adoption of a way I don't think about the world anymore is a good starting point (thought I will marry this to ludo-Gothic BDSM, of course).

Fourth, meeting rebels. Rebels are covert, but espionage happens in plain sight. So how do you meet a spy? Well, first you spot one—not as a totally-concealed object blending into the background like the Predator would, but as someone advertising the work that they do (as often having a class character that, on top of the images, has a bio that includes pronouns and other markers of socio-



political belief; e.g., GNC flags or political slogans). That should be enough to show you the door. From there, getting your foot in (or other things) is straightforward *and* complicated. I'll explain how in my usual style—through exhibits concerning popular media—but also include Harmony Corrupted and I as orbiting said media while making socio-political statements through ludo-Gothic BDSM as long-distance compatible (sex and nudism classically are).

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

I get it if you feel anxious and/or confused, though. The damsel is generally the thing you have to save the world to "get," or kill a dragon (or your mother); i.e., to do a quest,

which is work *and* dangerous (she could reject you after it's all said and done/doesn't want to be rescued by some white knight who acts like she isn't already married and happy where she is). But also, she's monstrous-feminine in ways that evoke a Gothic energy and potential to disempower her attackers by making them empathize with her as classically hunted, kept, and killed under

capital. Often, this manifests in attraction that oscillates between virgin and whore, but also overtly Gothic-coded (through appearance) images *and* context.

Just as "Gothic" is determined as much by context as aesthetics, function is determined by flow of power through these things; *maturity* of Gothic expression is both the ability to tell it apart as the audience, and garner a second-nature reaction through *de facto* extracurriculars ("art is love made public") that engender systemic catharsis through labor and propaganda as something to reclaim and weaponize for worker aims: camping the canon to alter the Base and Superstructure as fundamentally linked, but shifted over to proletarian likenesses through revolutionary cryptonymy reversing the process of abjection (through parallel chronotopes and emancipatory hauntologies, etc). To that, Communism is generally defined by absence as haunted; re: the ghost of the counterfeit as "danced with" *cryptomimetically* during ludo-Gothic BDSM—all to make cryptonymic statements that thrive under (or at least resist) genocide; i.e., in spite of the usual Pygmalions telling us to go to the box office while playing rebel themselves (re: Lucas, Cameron). And usually we fags are in the closet it for most of it, not always exiting in a way that is immediate and or memorable.

The key is through likeness of childhood that, like a Gothic castle, promote change on the surface of themselves.

For example, I was in the closet until I was 36, leaving it slowly and then all once. I had been thinking about doing it for a long time—a process reflected in my artwork of myself and characters I enjoyed (the exhibit, next few pages)—but hadn't really entertained the idea seriously until I started writing *Sex Positivity* as an extension of myself and my current knowledge base as being to evolve and change to ever new-and-improved Pokémon. Then, I thought about Cuwu encouraging me to experiment should I feel like it, and the experimenting I had already done with Zeuhl, and it suddenly made sense. I don't have the slightest idea what I was doing when it "hit" me; i.e., like Martin Luther minding his own business [when a lightning bolt suddenly struck the ground near him and he swore to become a priest afterwards](#). Instead, it just sort of "popped in there," and from that point onwards I became a trans woman instead of my previous femboy (and all my other costumes)—not as a job, but way of existing tied to theatre and creative expression united under my banner. Nicholas was toast and Persephone rose from the ashes—not completely different, but like a caterpillar having emerged from its chrysalid as its perfect form (a bit like Cell, but less muscular and grim).

But now that I look at it, my past self had left me plenty of clues leading up to the big sudden change; i.e., a process I wasn't always consciously aware of, but nevertheless showed me playing with myself over space-time: transforming before my very eyes now *and back then* with friends, even though I *felt* alone.

Let's look at that, then see how I approach art and friends *vis-à-vis* popular stories now, shall we?



(exhibit 34a1b2b2a1b1: Artist, Persephone van der Waard: [top-left](#), [top-right](#), [bottom-left](#), [bottom-right](#). Two or more things can be true at the same time. I was a sexually precocious child who both experienced and understood the world through Gothic media. In turn, my art a) was always as much "of me" by proxy as it was of other people I paid to model for me, or who paid me to draw their various OCs/avatars, or who I paid to draw my OC as a reflection of me [and so on]. I felt alone, but even at my most isolated, I always found friends to relate to through my work. This includes high school and early college crushes I'd draw to express my affection and attraction towards them. However, it was also based off the videogames I played and the art I subsequently made and consumed as having a similar complicated milieu—of the feminine and masculine warring back and forth between characters, but also on the surface of a given character who may or may

not represent one's identity beneath the persona: as more than a mask or temporary disguise or performance, but a morphological statement described through masks that projected myself onto various dead ringers/simulacrum. In videogames, an avatar is someone you control who is and isn't you, who is both sexy and tough as an asexual and sexual form of personal expression as half-real; i.e., in between fiction and non-fiction, but also the rules as enforced by the player and the text; e.g., Samus as someone who is played by cis-het men who'd sooner be caught dead than in Samus' underwear and makeup, but which the game routinely has them stripping and exposing them as damsels in distress. Except, for me, I wanted to be tough like Samus was, but vulnerable—to fuck her and wear her clothes in a way that was much more a parody of traditional gender norms and indicative of the way I felt as a closeted trans person. When I was a young girl/teenager, I gravitated towards powerful maternal warriors like Ripley and Samus, but didn't fully understand what about Amazons, mommy doms and Dark Mothers during ludo-Gothic BDSM appealed to me. Maybe one made sense or the other, but I loved all of them for different reasons under a common thread that eluded me: the monstrous-feminine during unequal power exchange and non-heteronormative gender expression haunted by queer elements [or vice versa].

I definitely had a type, but even this was complicated. I liked shapely and feminine, but also with martial/masculine elements to the body that were dressed up in girly clothes that had "dark" elements in the Gothic sense; i.e., they exuded Numinous power as vice-like, castle-in-small, fearsome but not. I saw Red Sonya [1985] as a kid and studied French in middle school and chose to draw a redhead named after a hag from Myth II: Soulblighter [1997]—not to condemn any element of this odd chimera, but because its hybridity was something I both looked up to,



wanted to paint, dress up, exist as, and fuck. It reflected both my desire to transform and control fearsome aspects of my own abusive past through sex and gender expression. I didn't realize it, but this was my latent identity forming before my eyes out of nearby things I took into myself.

[artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

I was fearless about it, too [rawr]—never afraid to mix this with that. Because of the monomythic refrain in

videogames—but especially Metroidvania as inspired by James Cameron's

cartographic refrain; i.e., borrowed from older conservative science fiction authors [thus thinkers] to regress the Gothic retro-future in a neoconservative direction—such stories merge sex and force more nakedly with the openly warlike theatrics of a kayfabe exchange and neo-medieval hauntology. Samus, like Ripley before her, was generally pinned against ladyhood and demonic whoredom as something external to argue with through literal combat.

But instead of being deterred by this, I felt like it best described my mind—both how it worked and how it felt relative to my trauma and desires, my values in relation to my personality. As such, my ideas of strength weren't simple, but context-driven; i.e., through BDSM themes within a Gothic aesthetic [of power and death] except I had exactly none of the academic language to analyze what I was doing [and wouldn't until 2014 or so]. Instead, I just had images of "me" in quotes: likenesses that always looked ready to fight and be "conquered" in ways haunted by



actual rape/disempowerment, but also guilty eroticism. It felt a bit like an out-of-body experience, but I was lucid, there were no drugs involved, and I was always ostensibly working on someone else. In a way I was because my style was always changing, thus my point of view. But it was always and forever moving towards what I am now [in ways that feel entirely unsurprising and bee-line, given my neurodivergent nature].

[artist, Persephone van der Waard: [top-left](#), [top-right](#), [bottom-left](#), [bottom-right](#)]

In hindsight, it was always something else's birthday but I seemed to be hinting at my own future genesis years before it came to pass; i.e., I was putting myself in clothes and giving a part of me, dressed up by proxy, to my friends. I wanted to be included, but also be the pretty/sexy gift both as something to look at and the "cake" to "eat"! Capitalism treats birthdays as very selfish affairs, but also discourages introspection. Self-reflecting at my own messy past, I can see trends—of me doing birthdays to begin with, but also them being a logically temporal progression where I aged along with my work as leveling up while trying on new clothes [or birthday suits]. Eventually I ditched what didn't fit and grew into my

own dark slutty self. Except I was always thinking of others while doing it, mid-exchange. I guess I was a bit vain without realizing it, but also sweet [I'd like to think] for being such a good present. I didn't have money to give, but generally could spend as much time, thought and labor as I wished making myself up as my best possible self to give to others; i.e., as I envisioned it at that moment in time. I'm generally accustomed to taking my sense of self for granted [aren't we all?]. So it can feel rather uncanny thinking of oneself in the abstract like this, from the outside looking in—i.e., like watching someone from another life [a bit like O'Keefe] grow up and change before me. But uncanniness aside, it is illuminating to how much I've not only survived but changed for the better ["And if you survive, you will not be the same!"]. Keeping with Bakhtin's chronotope and our other three main theories, I think my self-poetic cryptomimesis exemplified the Gothic's core delivery methods: oscillation and potential—of the self as repeatedly redefined through monstrous tension, not a vacuum. I was always working with dolls I wanted to have sex with and dress up in positions of vulnerability that I paradoxically saw as empowered despite the aesthetic of rape. There was something paradoxical at work and I couldn't quite place it, other than remark that I was always putting myself into this kind of mise-en-abyme; i.e., as something to revisit while viewing it as an extension of myself, but also fragments of myself given to other people as gifts [the drawing below was made for my friend Lydia's birthday that I redid several times over the years]: pieces of my personality but also simply how my mind worked, turned inside-out for all the world to see, including me.



[artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

It felt like I was speaking to things inside myself that were roiling on the surface of a mirror that was and wasn't referring to me. The secret to how my mind worked lay in how I made art to understand the world and myself, but I couldn't fully make sense of what I saw. I had to master my craft first and then dissect it as my own gallery critic—model, invigilator, artist, writer and sex worker, etc. Eventually I'd call this process ludo-Gothic BDSM, but that was

years off. For me, this puzzle was just as much a thread to weave in elements of my secret self. I played with these games like a doll would—to a doll, but also moving towards the dark, villainous ones in concentric space-time [on and offstage at the same fourth dimensional moment] I generally wasn't allowed to control, in-game.



[artist, left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); right: [Dcoda](#)]

Instead, I made those in my art to acquire some sense of agency over my own expression; I played dress up through a paper-doll approach that often retained a "mil spec" flavor with Revana's beret, but also had her as my strong-soft trans avatar wearing more feminine clothes: "slutty nerdy tomboy" something I directed others regarding whenever they drew my character for me [a present to myself, while paying others for their work]. Regardless of who was holding the pen, I was always the creative director. As such, I played with cosmetically girly things; i.e., gaining agency through normally policed elements like flowers, makeup, and ribbons, groomed public hair and body piercings, etc. I merged bodily elements that were both masculine and feminine onto AFAB bodies/outfits I felt attracted to, but also saw my doing so—of trying these things on for size—as a creative outlet for its own sake [soft and shapely versus hard and muscular as something to hyphenate]. I combined both of these things with textual elements of fantasy and science fiction the way the Gothic normally does: with monsters, magic, the elements, and medieval-flavored rape fears and "torture" aesthetics; i.e., threatening a palliative Numinous regarding my own repressed queerness adjacent my childhood abuse and psychosexual frustrations I could let breathe through art. Birthdays [a measurement of time] came and went, and I inherited myself from past copies brought forward less in decay like old diary entries and more through

metamorphosis within a living document. This probably explains why I wasn't afraid, as Baldrick might argue: I wasn't sick of myself—didn't feel like I was decaying or cramped but able to spread my wings and move towards a dark state of authentic existence. Given that kind of freedom to experiment and try new things without shame, I enjoyed the process, picking up new ways to think through different kinds of media interacting together to become my eventual current approach; i.e., a multimedia critical poetic that included imitating past artists; e.g., me drawing comics to partially imitate Jim Davis and Bill Waterson, but also rephrase my own past statements [action beats as much as comedic ones]: "If you've ever tried this, it's like that..." I loved it every step of the way! But also, I still felt lonely and had trouble making real-life friends—feeling like most of my friends were: invisible. I did my best, though—hosting more birthday parties for my clients and friends, all while taking my fluid, at times disassociative/dislocated, idea of "self" apart before putting it back together again; I frequently envisioned myself in various BDSM-tinged sexual fantasies that were as much about asexual gender expression as getting laid. The two often over-lapped as an endless attempt to return to old childhood things to express myself with; i.e., learning from my past as built on older hand-me-downs that, through the Gothic mode, assumed new form at a corporate level, which I took and transformed over and over again: by playing with dolls, having tea with myself as the Mad Hatter might.



[model, left: [Mei Minato](#); right: [Blxxd Bunny](#); artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Sometimes I felt horny and/or pretty in relation to the avatar as its own thing. But just as often, I was identifying with other people [models] as role[model]s to step

into and out of again while wearing an imperfect likeness of Samus; i.e., Revana as my creative-ontological statement when encountering Samus, which had the same effect in reverse moving forward, and so on. It influenced how I dressed myself up, my friends, myself playing of/with myself as my friends superimposed over each other [Samus being my friend/playmate in an [a]sexual way as much as Blxxd Bunny [right] or Minato Mei [left] were: as model, avatar, gender role, theatrical foil, holistic mirror and personified desires, fears, shames and so on. I don't think such a trend of self-discovery is unique to me, though [the whole point of the Gothic is that there's always something in the closet we take out and cavort around with when we feel enough safe to do so; i.e., alone, or with people we trust]—but my individual path is a unique combination of elements in this given cycles' multiplayer ergodic. Fun!)

So, yeah! Having friends and relating back and forth over space and time with artwork made me the woman I am today (whatever you want to call it); i.e., having the poetic, interrelating system of thought I developed, acquiring knowledge through trying new creative and inspirational things with more and more diverse people expanding my understanding, thus capacity for empathy towards others; e.g., drawing them like my French girls long-distance, or making love on cramped student housing beds [or on the kitchen sofa when our roomies were out] in-person. As such, I learned after so many times the value in relationships, mid-*poiesis*: explaining things to others or relating to them through artistic abstractions of our selves/our other side (re: monsters) according to what was constantly exchanged back and forth as both separate—sex, food, BDSM, and music/other media, but also the various motives, means and materials during an exchange—and combined into new things; e.g., Jadis feeding me Wendy's baconators because they both a) wanted to wine-and-dine me with fast food, but also because they unironically loved gas station food working as a Florida exterminator (they were a neoliberal, remember). Whatever harmful elements there were to their love language, I took it all into myself and—per the Darkening as something to transmute—made it into something harmless: "The dose makes the poison," but also the *combination*, and sometimes "poison" is the cure!

That's... both incredibly random and seriously complicated? Yes, it is! Welcome to real life! To date is to do a Communism insofar as anything else (the nuclear family model, often via monomythic endorsement) is genocidal in some shape or form. You're either for the Cause, against it, or on the sidelines; except, standing by is to stand idle while people, nature and the environment are made into monstrous-feminine targets to shoot, kill, rape and reap for old men to count the cost: the banality of evil. Romance is basically up against anti-romance sold as Romance™ and passed off as activism and/or bread-and-circus. We have to do better! We have to do a Gothic Communism *now*... all without—as directors of our own wacky projects—acting all creepy and weird like Charlie Day does in "[The](#)

[Dayman Cometh](#)" (an unironic Mad Hatter, below, 2019), or being victimized, vindictive and self-obsessed like Sander Cohen, trapped in his own fun house with his former jilted protégés: ("The Iceman fucking cometh, Sander!").



Beyond *all* that (which we'll keep inspecting as we go), the verb "to meet" would seem to suggest that you can "just do it," just find a unicorn (again, like Arthur's coconuts). But there's an element of chance that capital—in service to profit—treats as an opportunity to prey on others within the same old mythic structures. The classic unicorn myth is the bait of innocence; except I reached out to Harmony with neither of us having much of that! *Instead*, I had a project I had been working on for some time (my books) and simply asked if they'd like to be involved; i.e., "Hi, I'm working on this project and I like your stuff. Here's my card." And a dark goddess like them saying "Yes, hell yes!" isn't supernatural, though it might seem as such under capital (which frames such girls-of-your-dreams as relegated to media prisons you must pay to access; i.e., good old-fashioned pimping through a commercialized Gothic mode): someone who, once you both agree, will happily accept your dick for their own reasons.

The context is what makes something sex-positive, including BDSM as Gothic by virtue of the castle we're all trying to escape: liberation through iconoclastic art as *not* chained to a given approach, but often conveying popular themes by virtue of popularity and/or frequent; i.e., the unicorn's "horn" being as much her manufactured scarcity as it is the dildo she inserts into herself as something she reclaims, action-wise, through cross-media exchanges that illustrate mutual

consent and treat livable sex work (that earns a living wage) not just as a commodity but a basic human right that speaks to the rights of all peoples, animals and places raped by capital to serve profit. We're not trying to exclude Gothic aesthetics at all; I just want to explain the context of the shoot, its actors, and the gallery agenda before we dress up in the "clothes" everyone tends to like—monsters, sex, kink and BDSM, as generally tending to show up by virtue of historical-material ubiquity and necessity.

Put in more direct language, people need food, shelter and other such things; they also need *enrichment*, to not feel alone; i.e., whose psychosexual play is generally ludo-Gothic BDSM as camping theatrical scenarios that, per historical materialism and dialectical-material arguments, mid-oppositional-praxis—yield a "nightmare" that weighs on your living brain (though not for the reasons Marx was referring to): the proverbial weirdest boner is that of empathy and love through rebellious theatre; i.e., the rebel is someone who sees the rebel in you and will let you fuck them to make a collective rebellious statement. In that sense, we are never alone because the past is with us, but also because we are each of us part of a larger whole, flowers in a field. Each flower is the same species (for the sake of argument) but each is beautiful. The whole point of diversity is we can bond despite being on a gradient, relating through difference to shared oppression as uneven. And purely from the idea of enjoyable activities, each person will do the same basic activity very differently.

By extension, no individual body is the same compared to its older self or others, including the pussy and other holes but also how these various pieces are used and how the person feels about using them. Zeuhl loved oral and made me appreciate cumming down their throat; Cuwu, somno; Jadis, rough sex and roleplay but also masochism; and I fucked them all missionary and doggy in PIV (only anal with Zeuhl and Cuwu).

Rather than play favorites in some kind of sex pyramid, I discovered I liked each for how they make the same activities feel special differently. And this hinges on circumstances that color the experience. Sometimes the warmth of their "blankets" is welcome, the imagery of their surface fun nostalgic, what-have-you. Sometimes it's too warm, forcing you to disrobe, too dated (making you remove the blankets); or, it's otherwise too safe in ways that make you lose respect for the ostensible rebel falling victim to gentrification (re: Zizek, Zeuhl, Lucas, Medrano, etc)—an effect that goes over their own heads, making them believe things that aren't true but commonly passed off as truth for various reasons that aren't always intentional—i.e., the Mandela effect, meaning the notion of false memories tied to the proven function of memory assigning actual images to things that didn't actually occur but remain related to things that did: trauma as a generalization the mind tries to isolate through different abstractions (the Gothic castle/monster).

I repeat: not better than others just different (it *is* possible to be bad at sex, but the idea is to help each other improve or understand what you like/don't like

while having fun, not being an unironic robot/drill sergeant about it)! Sex and friendships are a lot better if you *don't* put them on a pedestal. You'll only psych yourself out and make the other person feel objectified. You can *still* be head over heels in love with someone and not reduce them to a homosocial life goal/notch in the belt: "Wake up and smell the roses," as the saying goes; i.e., the one in front of you, not one from years ago that's living in your head, rent-free. No one likes an absentee partner hung up over an ex, and relationships aren't supposed to make your life harder. Instead, they're supposed to enhance what's already there and help you experience things differently than you would without someone; e.g., doing laundry versus fucking someone and then doing laundry (for that little extra pep in your step).

It's honestly not that hard to get laid, either. You just gotta figure out what you want, state yourself clearly and openly, and maximize your odds while treating the other side like a person. Honestly, if you're clearly available and interested, have okay hygiene and have more personality than a cabbage—i.e., don't give off superior, desperate and/or creepy vibes—then you should do ok. In sex-positive scenarios, cuties will appreciate honesty and open communication (the less ambiguity, the better). All of these combined with someone whose confident in themselves, not an asshole, and (in my experience) sweet, loving and eager (but not desperate) to please—*will* do alright for themselves. But you gotta get over yourself, first, and realize the world doesn't revolve around you; there's another person involved, and you have to account for them making a decision based on how they feel. No one wants to be reduced to/rated unironically on a shallow-ass number system and discarded for it, nor have their agency removed during a given interaction; i.e., creative expression by illustrating mutual consent is largely what agency between people is all about: teamwork, acknowledgement, empathy.

For example, combined with the above variables, I've gotten laid just from having a nice smile and a ribbon in my hair (some of us we like to look nice unto itself as a form of enrichment, but if it helps you get laid, then more power to you)—i.e., someone likes what they see, they'll act on it. Trust me. Bitches like sex; we're human just like you are, my dudes. But there's not perfect situation that works every time because people aren't predictable unless you coerce them through fear and dogma, which is abusive and wrong. But even then, there's a reason virgin/whore syndrome is a thing. Morality aside, compelled sex is boring. But removing the *subjective* element, it's also unethical in ways that lead to transgenerational abuse (the dick measuring of rape and bodily damage, kill counts, etc).

We need to challenge capital in small, not embody it! So, learn what tends to work. Then, when something *does* happen, don't just enjoy it, but make it a night to remember! Learn from it, but also turn it into memories whose material reminders pass better lessons on! Fuck a horror nerd/gore hound, goth cutie, or metal head, then showcase why human, animal and environmental rights matter!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Think of such penetration as an exchange between bartering parties offering up a combined record given back to the world; i.e., as tribute to a symbiotic relationship whose mergers are far more common than once-in-a-billion years ([source tweet](#): Sailorrooscout, 2024). They get cum and attention, you get to cum—win-win! preserving ourselves as living effigies whose hard out shell scratches/loves the easily-upset to expose their bad-faith antics, thus true intentions. *Sex Positivity* isn't a self-help book with the promise of easy answers through minimal work, then; quite the contrary, things only become easy when we've put in the work to make them seem easy (thought once things are on good terms, the tolerances increase, allowing for more to be said that will work; i.e., to such a degree as you can be very silly with your work choices—e.g., "I love you my bacon sandwich with provolone cheese"—and it will work because humans communicate as much through context, symbols/shorthand/slang and tone of voice/body language as they do words. They animalize each other in sex positive ways that, sadly, can become Pavlovian; e.g., dogs being man's best friend, conditioned in ways that uphold capital through all of the above linguo-material factors (something we talk about quite a bit in Volume Zero; I recommend you check it out).

It's why people can fart or swear in front of other, or talk dirty during sex... which again becomes its own arbitration process regarding sex and force; i.e., as put in quotes by trustworthy people who make us feel comfortable/relaxed and vice versa to fart or swear, thus show vulnerability around and agency towards). But as

always, there are no guarantees in life, save that people are both unique and members of the same species of flower, all of which are beautiful in their own way. I love all of my muses, friends, and lovers; they're this queer bitch's extended found family. Diversity is strength, and there's always someone who knows more about a particular subject matter or area, or someone who has unique input through a different perspective about a similar topic, etc. all are valuable and welcome, provided they're sex-positive. This includes—per Lewis, Hannah-Freya Blake and I—palimpsests; i.e., "bad" impressions (what John Carpenter's *The Thing* would call "imitations") that constitute the learning process ever present in human language as a series of poetic exchanges.

In turn, Dorothy needs friends, and she and her friends need a wizard to pimp them out with all the tricked-out luxuries of Emerald City life, they need (dualistically speaking) a wicked witch with flying monkeys, ruby slippers, Munchkinlanders, tic-tocks, and so on. The Grinch had Max, Frankenstein had Igor (a hilariously cartoonish version of Henry Clerval from the book: a step-and-fetch-it in both cases). A knight needs her armor, her horse, lance, lady and lady's favor as a sometimes-literal-but-often-figurative extension of each other/collective solution to capital's one-size-fits-all approach of unironic sex and force to serve profit. There's no "hierarchy of value," in that respect. Some people are serious (the straight players of the bunch), some are silly (the jokers); all matter provided it goes towards something sex-positive. And yes, this extends to token cis-het friends, too (every queer person has at least one; e.g., a fag hag to watch their backs/to keep tabs on/with regarding the larger world of the Straights), but also popular media as often having a straight bent that queer make gay in hindsight—not by altering the text, but seeing in differently and changing the performance ourselves in our own work.

Five, what inspired us to meet rebels. The answer isn't just them, of course, but the media we all grow up with giving us courage *and* ideas (the naughty sort). It's always a chance, reaching out to new folks on the figurative Yellow Brick Road (and coming out to them to help us all relax better); they might act weird ([some have](#)²²⁶), but just as often they're not interested for one reason or another. All you have to do is ask; the worst they'll *usually* do is say no. Like with all of my partners and muses, though, Harmony said yes. "Going for it" is less about having "all the answers," and simply rolling with the punches to be "heroic" in different forms; i.e., heroes are capable ("No one laughs at a master of quack fu!"), but also kind of bumbling; e.g., like one of my favorite childhood/John Carpenter films, *Big Trouble in Little China* (1986):

²²⁶ Re: me, being dogpiled by cis and queer AFAB sex workers (source: Persephone van der Waard's "Setting the Record Straight, Transmisia Experience: 5/26/2022").



(exhibit 34a1b2b2a1b2: I'm not normally a big fan of movie kisses, but this one from Big Trouble in Little China takes the cake! Kurt's the perfect cocky himbo and Kim's makeup and marriage getup is straight fire [the green contacts are fun, too].

Okay, okay! I'm biased; I can't help it! Mom saw it in theatres when she was preggers with me, and I saw it many more times on VHS, DVD and online. But I'm not blind to its flaws; the movie as a text is problematic—i.e., straight '80s fantasy schlock [originally a Western with magic in it] set in San Francisco Chinatown as an odd form of half-serious Orientalism.

To that, Miao Yin is the classic damsel-in-distress—beautiful but passive, nearly entirely without a voice [saying six words in the whole movie: "Yes" and "I don't belong to you!"]. Compared to her, Kim's Gracie Law is the usual white girl Nancy Drew admitting to everyone [and the audience] that she's always sticking her nose where it doesn't belong while enduring a classic settler-colonial problem: she was born into a settler colony ["This is my neighborhood!"] and wants to do good ["You sleep in your office?"]. So, yeah, the film's "of its time," ostensibly a statue [or bride] with blind eyeballs:



From a meta standpoint, though, Carpenter's movie speaks to the ways in which love can bloom in between text and performance as shared across space and time. The production we see isn't how the actors probably felt, 100%, but there is some element

of it captured onscreen, nonetheless; likewise, through all the chaotic fun, we need to remember that what we're seeing isn't an actual arranged wedding [the elevator kiss] but a performance of one that gives the actors [and the people observing them] some room to work and convey things with their eyes, their body language, their chemistry as a means of relating back and forth with us. This isn't meant to steelman the Patriarchy in perpetuity or anything. Is Sex and the City a terrible show? Yes. Is Kurt Russel always playing bigoted creeps later in his career? Yes! Is this kiss still ontologically its own thing and representative of the chaos of real relationships spoken in a play-within-a play—i.e., actors playing characters dressing up in the story to play a false wedding that leads to a true one that could, somewhere in real life, come to play out in similar fashion? Hell-fucking-yes, babes! So many times I've found myself experiencing profound and uncanny déjà vu: standing in that elevator asking myself the same question—not in an actual elevator [or standing up] but a figurative one enjoying the company of some big-lug Amazon or diminutive minx melting my heart [and milking my girl dick] while I gasp: "Oh, my god! Is this really happening! My hero!"

In other words, life is like a bad play that can be approached with a certain amount of skill, mid-rarefaction/mimesis to get you—yes, you—very laid [or flush in whatever social-sexual engagements you prefer]! You just gotta acclimate yourself to the process and not be a world-class creep; i.e., nothing scares cuties off more than desperation, and you need to be happy with whatever friendships that you and said cutie[s] are comfortable with/openly negotiate as adults. Harmony and I are FWBs, Bay and I are life partners, and we [and all my other muses and business partners] are routinely some combo of art/porn. As such, we're all happy as clams... doing clam stuff. So find your people, then make a production out of it! Jack says, "It's all in the reflexes!" but wouldn't have lasted two seconds without Wang. In turn, Wang and Jack were best buds, but Wang was hopeless without Miao Ying [to the point of codependency, one could argue]. But what matters, here, is they work together as a group of friends to solve a massive problem: a general and his

videogame-grade lieutenants and henchmen magically appearing literally out of thin air [and later inspiring Ed Boon's Raiden from Mortal Kombat, 1993].



To this, the usual debate—of that problem constituting the same old ghost of the counterfeit/process of abjection—doesn't change the fact that teamwork is important; swap Lo Pan for capital and you're golden: "The Wing Kong Exchange? The most dangerous cutthroat

den of madmen in Chinatown? You can't just waltz in and out of there like..." / "Like the wind! Yes I can, Miss Law. My mind and my spirits are as one!" / "As two, I said I was coming!" It's not supposed to be taken seriously which is why I think it works; the spectre of racism is very much felt but also not the point. Wang is the hero, Jack is his sidekick, and the villain of the movie—while worryingly Asian and projected onto the far-off Orient like some demon warlord mob boss—is punished not for being of Asian descent, but for being a sex predator. By comparison, Cameron's monomythic canards in Aliens make such friendships impossible. You see Ripley making friends with any xenomorphs? Thought so.)

Despite how wacky and monomythic such a story like *Big Trouble in Little China* can seem, it and stories like it do mirror my own life as seeming to follow the same-old Hero's Journey: go into Hell, conquer death, get girl (the vanity of the monomyth also *synonymizing* these things—except again, you can't kill nature or death any more than you can kill Medusa or make someone love you who doesn't). Except it's neither that simple nor that binary in the movie or my case (or most peoples', if we're being honest); i.e., we relate to partial likenesses of all our yesterdays that we—our sum of internal [neurons, DNA] and external [childhood events, media, choices] elements factor into a collective sum: as passed along in fragments of itself, becoming objects instead of subjects but haunting the former with the latter as shared. This means that whatever patterns we see in others—no matter how different they seem to us—can still apply to us and vice versa.

First, Jack evolves, finding his courage. Returning to our epigram, "What the hell?" is what he says *after* drinking the magic potion (a symbol for "leveling up" in gamer lingo); the opening line before his Hero's Journey is much more craven and in line with his character up to that point: "When some wild-eyed, eight-foot-tall maniac grabs your neck, taps the back of your favorite head up against the barroom wall, and he looks you crooked in the eye and he asks you if ya paid your

dues, you just stare that big sucker right back in the eye, and you remember what ol' Jack Burton always says at a time like that: 'Have ya paid your dues, Jack?' / 'Yessir, the check is in the mail!'" This is the classic line given by men late on their child support—a dude who isn't ready for commitment or heroism who suddenly finds himself, like Bilbo, having an adventure ("Dread nasty things! Make you late for dinner!"). In Jack's case, he's a vagabond and they steal his horse; he has to get it back. And by the end of the movie, he loves and leaves Gracie for the truck!

Despite the movie playing out like a videogame (monomyth), Jack's behavior shows preference *beyond* dogmatic standards (or rather among them: "She's trouble²²⁷")—i.e., people *aren't* videogames (which the neoliberal model generally provides under); they're persons you treat with respect, meaning the courtesy of permission and agency of saying no, mid-contract²²⁸, and not being hounded for it.

²²⁷ This could be sexist, or it could be people feel differently about each other. Gracie and Jack had sexual tension because their energies weren't equal. She grew to love him, and he teased her, and they kissed; but at the end of it all, she was the reporter and he, the cowboy in love with his horse more than settling down: "The *only* way it could work is if..." followed by "Sooner or later I end up rubbing everyone the wrong way..." followed by "God, aren't you even gonna kiss her goodbye?" followed by "Nope!" Talk about rapid-fire negotiations!

As someone who's had to (literally) say "Here's to looking at you, kid," multiple times, there's no "correct" way to do this, provided no one is harmed or walks away pissed off. Just communicate your boundaries and get through it. Jack, of course, acts like Mr. Cool, and she takes it on the chin, her accidental hero walking out into the sunset with his horse (three's a crowd, in that scenario).



²²⁸ In ludological terms, this is called a [ludic contract](#); i.e., as something to entertain on the field of play as both half-real—meaning "between the fiction and the rules" (re: Juul) but also "between fiction and non-fiction" (me)—and, to some extent, stochastic (what the kids call "RNG"—random number generation). The classic argument is that of ludo-narrative dissonance (from Clint Hockings; see: Pat Healy's "[Ludonarrative Dissonance: What It Meant and What It Means](#)," 2018): "Seek power and you will progress" effectively describing the monomyth in videoludic form. Except, [per *Metroidvania and my research into Ludo-Gothic BDSM*](#), there is *always* the abject element of decay during a Promethean

As such, characters like Jack Burton are larger-than-life *and* down-to-earth in ways we often feel reminded of regarding people we have the hots for—cuties like Harmony Corrupted, for instance, who seemed ripped from a (Gothic) fairytale themselves!

To that, I very much *used* to be like Jack before his adventures; i.e., afraid but acting tough. Eventually I faced my own challenges, grew as a person, and become my true self as comfortable knowing what I want informed by the world around be as shaped by past examples of itself in small. By that same token, Jack took the power of the world (the magic potion) into himself, thereby learning what he wanted (or thought he did, anyways) by the end and kept at it, able to go his own way (without the MGTOW vibes). So did I, the two of us having common ground despite our mutual differences—a bit like him and Wang in that respect! Yeah, we're ultimately very different people and its expressed through equally fragmented, abstract means (again, monsters), but similarity amid differences *is* felt across shared stories relatedly to differently during a pedagogy of the oppressed made up of unique experiences to alienating factors. Point-in-fact, it's what Gothic poetics and ludo-Gothic BDSM are all about!

Also, despite my evolution, uncanny reflection and confidence earned in spite of that doesn't just apply to myself; it also involves my current friends on similar journeys. Knowing what I know, I want to clue them in on my magic potion as something to exchange through comraderie in all its forms (sex or otherwise) and hopefully continuing learning and growing myself as a person, too. Friendship is us sharing drinks to exchange whatever is needed to overcome ancient problems carried into the present moment and its systems; i.e., Imperialism and capitalism, in our case. When relating to others who faced the same problems, we tend to forget that what we're relating to is not a living person, but a likeness of one we recognize and relate to during an object lesson at different points in our lives (itself rather tricky as we're always in the present—find it impossible to image what it will like to be old when we're young but cannot return to a state of grace after we've grown up), which goes on and on; or, as The Scorpions so aptly put it, "Life's like a sea without end!" ("[Life's Like a River](#)," 1975).

Quest that rapes (disempowers) the hero through self-destruction; i.e., making the ludic contraction an *openly* Faustian one (versus a furtively Faustian one under more opaque power fantasies. This is not a canonical attempt at transparency—merely a canceled future to expand infinite war and profit [thus rape] inside).

This would seem to abjure the idea of heroism in the Western model, which is always foretold by a presage of destiny delivered by the gods. Instead, the praxial idea of ludo-Gothic BDSM is this playfulness between players and games isn't just between games as *separate* from players, but players as playing games with texts and other players on all registers that includes, but isn't limited to, videogames' classic "[magic circle](#)" (re: [Zimmerman](#)): the television screen (or some such oculus) of a home entertainment system. Despite how capital would have it, friendships are no more relegated to that then sex is to the bedroom (re: Foucault). That dislocation and randomness are what make the process as fun and beautiful as it is (what ludologists generally call "emergent gameplay").



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

"To make an apple pie from scratch, you must first invent the universe." People are both *not* cakes and *are* cakes, in a sense; i.e., a byproduct of different ingredients tied to different thought processes gained as much through trial-and-error mishap as following the recipe. Sometimes blind faith is bad; sometimes, details/repeat exercises become "stim toys" that feel good and help us rest, relax and reflect (absorb and retain, reload and repeat)—to digest, fart, laugh about, then fuck (to metal, of course), play videogames, cuddle, go for a walk, on and on; e.g., Zeuhl and I fucking to Tangerine Dream, then me going to write a grad-school essay [to Sodom's Agent Orange](#) (one of YouTube's best recommendations, 1989) or [the OST to Bomberman Hero](#) (one of Zeuhl's best recommendations, 1998) while Zeuhl went to make a music video about nature twink, a Twitter boy bot, or Tarot minigame loosely dedicated to Oscar Wilde, etc.

Eventually we get an eye for such things as something to capture in art of all kinds. We start to envision the process as able to potentiate all cakes through the creation of one suggesting all others (on the surface, per the Gothic); i.e., we acquire the intuition through what to avoid and what to try as a means of engagement as much as singular events—which, again, can all become acquired

and maintained at a cultural level relative to the Wisdom of the Ancients: as a second-nature affair relaying a reflexively investigative and poetic pedagogy of the oppressed moving privileged people out of their comfort zones.

Ultimately this should be the middle class, relating to aliens by going native "on Mars" (or some other analogy for "other"). It is both childlike and mature, written and oral, and we should always prepare to be able to create to assist in this transition as enriching and weaponizing our labor value through our reclaimed bodies; i.e., like Hamlet and his writing desk; e.g., like me with my portable "writing desk": my phone and Google Docs always on me, for whenever I get inspired. The guide for life is a concentric maze unto itself, less leading you out of the ever-changing corridors, and more making the maze (and its monsters, items, power-ups, and other devices) your fearful home to play in; i.e., the monsters are your friends, BDSM/dance partners; e.g., like *Castlevania* or *The Crypt of the Necrodancer* (2015). The music takes us back not just to the text, but an earlier time in our lives that we look back on according to everything attached to it brought forward (e.g., Godsmack's "[Moon Baby](#)" [1998] reminding me of when I was eleven, playing *Half-Life* [1997] for the first time).



The trick is to meet similar people as having a transformatively positive effect on us, but sometimes through different complements; i.e., an element of stability to lend the chaotic elements a sturdy foundation—not because the person is stable through their personality alone, but because they're learned to find balance regarding who they are in relationship to you and the world; e.g., Bay and I, but also Saul Goodman and Kim Wexler. They grow together, then apart, then reunite in the end for one last rekindling of the old flame—in short, they "colorize"

our black-and-white lives, teaching us to see in color as something to make again ourselves with others (when Kim is gone, Saul will continue to help the oppressed inside the prison system; i.e., he never stopped being a lawyer):



(exhibit 34a1b2b2a2b: Model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#). "But cubism!" Hannah Gadsby joked, regarding Picasso as a sexist pig who burned women's portraits on purpose: "To destroy the past she represents." In response, we should do the opposite—capturing all sides of someone to showcase the best parts; i.e., what Houston calls "[A Lifetime in a Moment](#)" [2022]: "Senorita, you're still on my mind! And I hope that life has treated you kind!" All the possibilities in the world existed, and continue to exist in those fuck-puppy eyes—beckoning you to come inside, to "embrace eternity" [that was a [Mass Effect](#) reference] together! In doing so, you can discover some semblance of Cuwu in others; i.e., "other" as in [this](#) ghost of them I have left behind, mid-exhibit [from a song they're sing as we fucked, or after]:

*Bought a chain, get another
With the bands from your mother
Dropped out of school, misfit in trouble
Misfit, misfit in trouble*

*Queen shit, queen shit level
Misfit, misfit in trouble
Misfit, get the fuck on my level
Bad bitch, queen shit, icon*

Eat spit, get dicked with the lights on [Slush Puppy's "EAT SPIT!" 2021].

They were and continue to be the spirit of adventure for me—of getting into mischief [and into them] as an eye-opening/mind-altering experience: the slut to summon and expand your mind through your other organs of perception, of thought, of creation as hopelessly intertwined.)

"I love how your mind works!" Craig Dionne told me once, said mind coming from a family of certified weirdos. I became determined to find others like me (unicorns) that shared Craig's enthusiasm. In terms of us as living documents and the world reflecting us and vice versa, we should be able to update not just our entries, but entry modes/coding input as we go. This adaptability and creativity will reflect in the world as an extension of us and vice versa; i.e., what we put into it and vice versa, there and back again: "as you gaze into the abyss, the abyss also gazes into you," except sex-positive monstrous poetics are vital to our surviving of state criminogenesis (Nietzsche throwing the baby out with the bathwater in *Beyond Good and Evil*²²⁹, 1886). Learning is taking from others what you apply yourself and/or with them to make the world a better place; it's to learn to laugh and not take ourselves too seriously but also juggle and be serious in silly ways, camping canon as essential reading by virtue of us fucking with it.



The social takeaway is to find people who accept our good, non-harmful qualities and challenge us to change our bad, harmful ones—to think through monsters and cartoons²³⁰, heroes and moral dilemmas, but also not judge us for our quirks, odious habits (excessive snoring,

²²⁹ "Apes don't read philosophy!" "Yes they do, Otto, they just don't understand it!" We can see this all the time in dickheads dogmatizing media and people, gentrifying classically rebellious things. Whether this is deliberate (the cynic who knows the cost of everything and the value of nothing except profit) is moot. Praxis is praxis, pastiche an extension of that, satirical or otherwise. For us, Gothic Communism can prove that self-actualization *needn't* be genocidal, while borrowing from older historical-material language to suit our revolutionary aims.

²³⁰ Anyone who says that cartoons "can't be smart" either hasn't seen the non-gentrified episodes of *Animaniacs*, *Ren and Stimpy*, *Doug* and *SpongeBob*, etc (watching them while the nuance and inside jokes/adult-grade humor goes over their heads*), or thinks that Mel Gibson the actor and his characters are the same person. They're the dad from *Holy Grail* telling their son "No more singing!" or T-Bird's gang of hoodlums raping Shelley instead of treating her like Eric, her boyfriend, does (Jadis would discourage me from being myself; Zeuhl sometimes would tickle me until I lost control and then stop, etc. To both of you, I say in response: "[Your hemorrhoids are inflamed because you're dumb!](#)").

accidental farting or other things we can't control²³¹) and past mistakes provided we're willing to change (regarding the more serious ones); and all while, they're silly themselves in response—e.g.,

- lighting our junk up while singing Electric Six' "Danger! High Voltage" (and showing us [the amazing music video](#) [2002] as ludo-Gothic BDSM *par excellence*—"danger" + excitement)
- farting long and loud in a pink unicorn t-shirt/white panties while engaging in a staring contest with us (that one's a keeper)
- wiggling out of their clothes, pressing their butt into your crotch while in bed and saying to you, "What are you waiting for! Warm my ass up!"
- threatening "torture" and death through psychosexual theatre as cathartic and educational, but also a brand to advertise within capital forcing people to adopt its system to survive (as sex workers must, like all workers; i.e., *Medusa* becomes a brand, a joke, a product, with a commentary inside and upon its surface)



(artist: [Midna Ash](#))

Positive or negative, these might all seem like trivial, little things; but per Robbie Hart and Eric Draven, nothing is trivial; i.e., when Zeuhl left me, I was both shocked and not shocked: by the little things suggested but not openly communicated. As such, I still felt bothered by how they acted like things were fine while obviously having planned their escape for some time. I learned from this, and used it to my advantage with Jadis and Cuwu. All their likenesses became a part of me—like the blue

Jedi ghosts from *Star Wars*, but sexier and/or funnier and self-referential ("[I am the butt ghost; I am going to eat... your butt...](#)").

*Cuwu introduced me to [SpongeBob](#) and explained a lot of the classic episodes' inside jokes (e.g., "My legs!" and "Pinkies up!")

²³¹ Jadis, for instance, would judge me for snoring but not themselves; they'd also make me feel guilty for getting sinus drainage to the point that I'd gag and have to spit constantly at the sink (a feeling I've since described as "the Invisible Man jerking off into my mouth").



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Genocide is incumbent on eradication—not of one portrait of the imaginary past alone, but *all* of them through the ability to play with said past during liminal expression/gender trouble (sex and gender as radically separate/detached from biology but interrelating back and forth) as anathema to the church of profit, of Cartesian thought and heteronormative expression, etc.

Development is liberation, which becomes the past as

something to reclaim within historical materialism (time-as-a-circle); i.e., it always involves play during ludo-Gothic BDSM to synthesize praxis (me, reclaiming my older art as something to feel more pride in now than I did back then).

Think of meeting people and becoming friends like solving puzzles, then. To that, games are an effective way not just to play but to *learn* between the games we play *together* as distributed across all registers. This can be intended play or emergent play. The difference with some humans versus, say, *all* bees (Ze Frank's "[True Facts: Bees That Can Do Math!](#)" 2024) is that humans can do both intended and emergent, but also emergent to *challenge* profit, and all while still having fun! Unlike bees, we're *potentially* better at multitasking because our brains are so much bigger. The problem is, most people not only don't *use* most of their brains (the old 15% argument) but devote games, play and mastery towards monopolizing emergent play in *defense* of profit (which bees have no concept for—"For me, sir, the question is totally without meaning!").

This includes our species-unique abilities to communicate and learn: to lie/conceal, act, and rape, but also consent; i.e., camp canon as something only humans can do/create: putting "rape" in quotes by illustrating mutual consent, while also compartmentalizing trauma as a linguo-material device with complex (symbolic) social functions (the flow of power towards or away from the state) that frequent Gothic (monstrous) forms. These, in turn, achieve multiple functions at the same time—pleasure through play as an oft-imaginary means of social-sexual

enrichment, learning and rebellion through gender identity and psychosexual struggle: at cross purposes with the state and the elite; i.e., both of us existing as separate, *oppositional* classes of existence within capital by design. Drama, comedy and satire are all unique to humans as part of a bigger world; so are games in this larger paradigm we want to liberate ourselves from *with*, meaning through sex work making *iconoclastic* art (through nudism, dress-up and sex, etc).



(artist: [Nuclear Wasabi](#))

All games teach something. Our undead, demonic, and/or anthromorph BDSM costumes—our potentially satirical, ironic exchange rituals—happen uniquely during games as subversive coding behaviors (forbidden knowledge) and unequal distributions of power that educate people about trauma through social-sexual engagement; i.e., as a sex-positive, iconoclastic teaching device. In short, we can lie, act, tell jokes, and camp/canonize on a gradient of social-sexual expression that is more or less

unique to humans, but which doesn't unilaterally affect us and nothing else. Humans involve the rest of nature in their silliness, making us the slavers or stewards of our jungle friends.

Not only is the state a superorganism guided by abstract forces (the Shadow of Pygmalion); but certain workers become very good at convincing themselves and others the *state* is the only way forward; they adopt ruthless, cunning and brutal methods to keep others in line: concentric veneers, premeditation and lying in wait (ambush) to gentrify labor and its art/games. Except their infiltrators don't have monopolies on violence, terror and monsters any more than the elite and its trifactas do. Their enforcement of terror vs counterterror can be reversed through the natural duality of human language as anisotropic.

By comparison, Gothic Communism is a superorganism that arranges power horizontally. It does so by recognizing the class character of warring relationships between games and players in ways that can be used—per ludo-Gothic BDSM and liminal expression—to learn through emergent play during multi(p)layer, linguo-material, social-sexual interactions across space and time; i.e., as games to play to process historical-material (complex) problems in the abstract, either solo and together, through ergodic (non-trivial) means: through negotiated, half-real ludic contracts where games master/code (re: [Giddings and Kennedy](#)) players but for

which players can likewise work within this paradigm (me: ludo-Gothic BDSM) to achieve mutual consent, post-scarcity and liberation (This is where I'd say "Yeah! Science, bitch!" except I much prefer the *Gothic* and natural philosophy [re: Shelley] as liberated from Cartesian edicts of dominance and submission).

To conclude this sidebar on games as social-sexual creative exercises, I'm always playing and creating with other people as a means of practice; give me a blank page and it becomes an opportunity to fill up with new useful information and play (what do you think these volumes are)? To that, I *could* continue this poetic ramble, but let's put a pin in it for now and proceed! C'mon, everyone! Let's mosey!



(model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Jadis)

I turn 38 in less than two months, but feel like I've already lived so much—and while I'm not exactly Gandalf, Mr. Miyagi, King Kai or Yoda—I still feel *excited* to pass my knowledge along (as a poetic, Gothically critical system of thought) to all of my friends, but *especially* an eager younger person like Harmony Corrupted, who will undoubtedly retain and carry what I impart forward to help themselves and others when I am gone. Students like that are rare, but *don't* have to be challenging in the difficult sense. More so, they're always intrigued and interested, which in turn pushes *me* to be a better teacher! So, sure, it can seem impossible just how cool and

hot Harmony is, but also how smart—not because "Capital tells me that AFAB people are naturally stupid, so wow! You're *really* ahead of the curve!" but rather, that Harmony is just smart, sexy and hot unto themselves; i.e., as a *comrade* I feel lucky to spend time with (similar to when I spent time with Cuwu and would say "I'm so lucky!" To which *they* would respond, "You're so *special*, Nicholas!" before booping my nose and squeezing my dick with their cunt).

Bakhtin classically defines heroism in the Ancient Chronotope as one of motion through vast space-time expressed in oral, poetic shorthand—"the road," he calls it. As such, you meet enough people and get fucked over/treated well enough, you have enough triggers to warn you of danger but also skills to work through your baggage and communicate yourself to all manner of cuties who *will* treat you right; i.e., as you roll the dice for the umpteenth time, navigating risk through educated guesses, acquired intuition, and learning from past mistakes and

successes (it *is* all in the reflexes!): to spot green and red flags amid doubles, counterfeits, a hall of monsters, mirrors, what-have-you. But this remains a gradient unto itself—one with a tremendous amount of luck involved; i.e., a liminal space whose magical realm of infinite possibility is moved through to encounter special events and peoples in tenebrous membranes—not "Hell" as elsewhere, but right here on Earth as merely alienated from us in all its usual forms: "Be where you are; otherwise, you will miss most of your life."

Turns out, I was off in my own little world for much of it, but one I've thankfully discovered I can make with others and share together with the world; i.e., as an actively sex-positive process. Along with my other muses, Harmony and I can celebrate each other's birthdays while offering each other gifts that include taking off each other's clothes while still making art that speaks to who we are as people, as friends, as activists! And, per any kind of activity with someone you care about (though especially sex), you don't wanna rush it, but make it last—not just to enjoy it (though that's a huge part of it) but to contribute towards something special that you *both* leave behind for others to discover and learn from!

That being said, there's a lot of pressure to meet, perform, do well, and not blow it, especially surrounding sex (so called "first-date anxiety" and the desire to meet someone who fucks; i.e., on the first date²³²). Finding theatrical, artistic (ace) ways to relieve the tension²³³ can not only help you relax and perform better in bed; it can enhance the experience through ludo-Gothic BDSM and build on the social side of things (the ace bonds, gender expression isolated from sex, which is important for support groups); i.e., by including elements of calculated risk that help you function better and face your respective, overlapping and surrounding trauma—in short while figuring out your boundaries, your yums, your yucks, etc. It becomes not "What would I do?" having never done something before, but the same proposition speaking from *experience*.

This is called learning, which is what knowledge is. Except people aren't born knowing what they want (thus know in the future); they have to figure it by meeting their future self through the looking glass (re: monsters, likenesses). If you want to draw cuties and make sex-positive art through social-sexual exchanges, you must go where these can happen (maximize your odds) while experimenting to figure out exactly what that means for you (trial and terror) learning from past examples (media, people or both).

²³² All the more ironic since I generally don't date, in the classic sense. I just find people I'm down with and we get down (what they called "loose," "easy" or "fast," in the old days); i.e., plenty of romance (and sex), but no stupid capitalist hoops to jump through!

²³³ Per the Gothic and medieval theatre, these generally involve death fantasies that ease the tension in various ways; i.e., from purely violent ones (e.g., James Harriot to David Gemmell) and psychosexual ones that merge the two (sex fantasies, but also rape fantasies that oscillate between you raping someone or them raping you).

Americans tend to underestimate the value (and harm) of what we put into the world; i.e., our creative, pedagogic legacy as pro-capitalist (sex-coercive), or pro-worker (sex-positive). This neatly mirrors the kinds of pressure we feel to meet others expressed in popular stories similar to *Big Trouble in Little China* (or rather, to the monomyth at large, which Carpenter's film follows rather faithfully despite its apparent wackiness)—the attractions that happen to us whether we want them to or not:



(exhibit 34a1b2b2a2b: Artist, left: [Trey Barks](#); right: Akira Toriyama. Capital has a tendency to sexualize the Amazon [and other monstrous-feminine] as war brides/waifus for the emasculated guy who will never live up to the great heroes of Western canon; e.g., Krillin and Android 18, above, but also Samwise Gamgee and Rosie Cotton, whereupon the female agent's "agency" is canonically determined by sexual function-as-action [a pre-1700s sexuality, per Foucault] and the hero, much in the same; i.e., to rescue her by virtue of saving the world, thus deserving pastoral bliss: getting to enter and "water" her "garden of paradise." For the more awkward nerdy men, this means overcoming the threat of a dominant feminine "tomboy" type to conquer by putting in a wedding dress, then impregnate [the surrendering of power and wealth Radcliffe's novels fell victim to]. To that, the commercialized monomyth synonymizes sex and relationships with "saving the world" as a means of upholding Capitalist Realism through heteronormative canon's amatonormative narrative arcs [extortable "shotgun wedding" systems]. In turn, young AMAB people conditioned to be boys, per the Man Box, develop "prison sex" mentalities that trap both them and AFAB people in the same dimorphic scheme. It puts a lot of pressure on both, but also fosters anisotropic resentment when the dogma becomes harmful or fails to live up to what it promises.

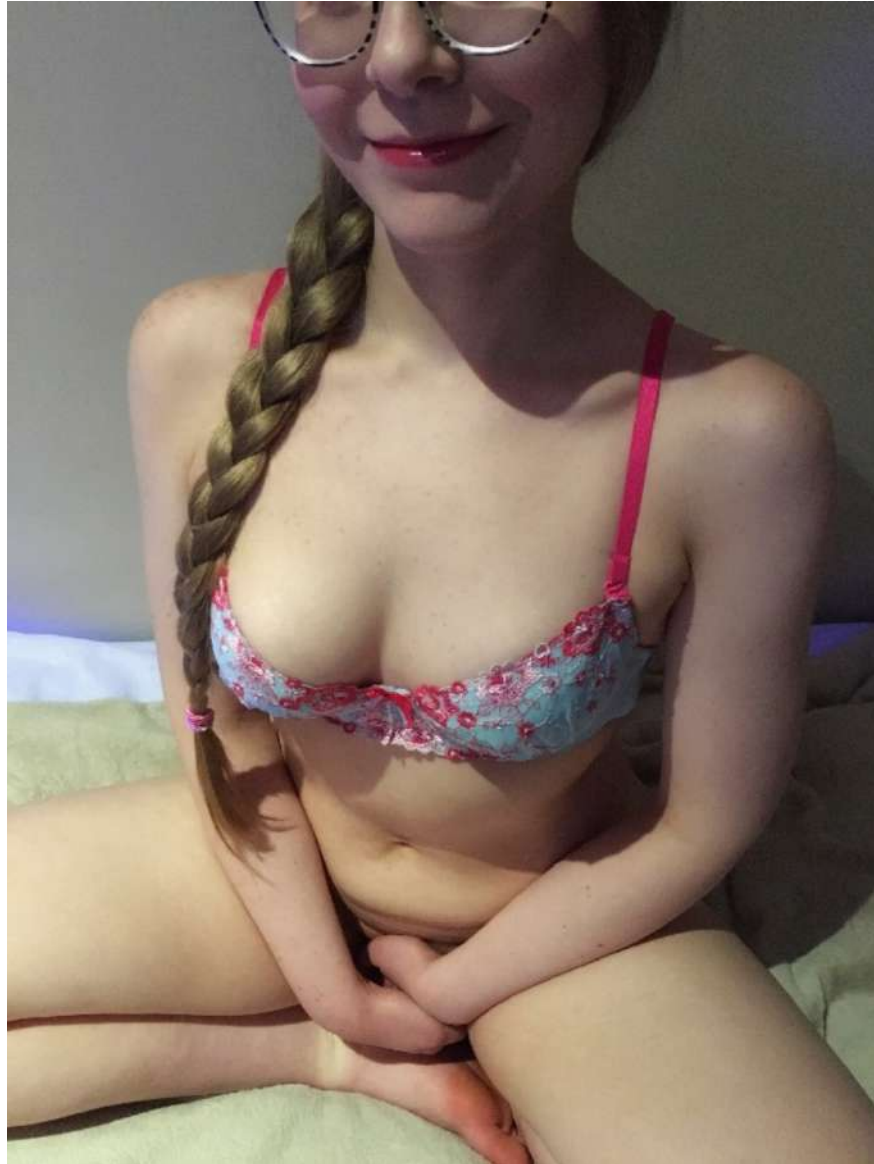
The liberation, as usual, lies in Blake:

*To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour [[source](#)].*

People are precious, and to save one is to save the world entire. But "saving" isn't through great deeds; it's through subversion of oppressive dogma as something not just to recognize but perform in opposition to, from every waking moment in our everyday lives. People like being respected, but not having their asses kissed [or kicked] in a way that makes them feel like they aren't people/that they don't have a choice, right or say in things: a pedestal for a glass menagerie. Except, the reality is much more humbling. Men are generally quite fragile, and women are generally made of sterner stuff per the historical-material system forcing them to be; i.e., during social-sexual engagements. During social ones [which canonically predicate on sex as something to control in a wider market through a novel-of-manners], women are the gatekeepers, the navigators through matriarchal skill, not patriarchal decree. During regular old sex, a pussy is very hard to break, but the person topping [male, female or intersex] will generally tire much faster!)

In short, it's easier to meet people and make friends of all kinds, not find that perfect "silver bullet" to answer all your problems with, fairytale-style (which is unfair to ask of anyone, but also canonically violent). Meeting cool people can seem daunting given the size of the world and the sheer astronomical odds of something happening or not. Such rationalizing isn't really productive, though ("a watched pot never boils"). Just relax, keep an open mind, guard yourself but don't be weird, be cool, put your best self forward, know what you want, communicate what you want, etc, and see where things lead. Then, when you're locking lips (or bumping uglies) with a god or goddess in a weird underground dungeon you both built, you can gasp, think "My god, is this really happening!" and then just enjoy it! Keep building friendships that make social-sexual exchanges quick and easy but deep and profound.

To that, Harmony's awesome, and I love our friendship exactly as it is—the princess who doesn't need saving ("Into the garbage chute, flyboy!") and the *other* princess who can work with her during ludo-Gothic BDSM to raise the rights for all workers. To Harmony, I can only gush at your subversive power (the *topos* of the power of women, in medieval thought): "My hero! A dragon *and* a damsel, a mommy dom and a comrade, my Medusa-smirking at Perseus. You're the best!"



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

God, what a weirdo! you're probably thinking. Guilty as charged! Except, the presumed audience for this book is weird-ass adults reaching for a Gothic maturity to better the world with. This brings us to the sixth (and last) step we'll examine, followed by what carries on as all of this repeats, repeats, repeats:

Sixth, rebellion; or, doing a Gothic Communism. This constellation of smaller points weighs the Song of Infinity as something to grapple with, but also welcome and teach, facing the void. This will include meeting all manner of people and puzzles on the road. Except keeping in tradition with my older volumes, we'll present our examples in a more symposium-esque, messy and road-like way to surprise you with (if you're surprised at this point, you haven't been paying attention); not all roads are mapped and why spoil the fun, eh?

The idea isn't so much to "make it weird" at all, then, but embrace what's *already* weird as something to "make gay" by camping canon as an obscured future cloaked by the fog of war as released as much by ourselves as our enemies. We're all fucking weird, thanks to Capitalism; the key to praxial success (thus happiness) is thoroughly non-linear and obstruse, amounting to "building weird beacons (castle or otherwise) to attract like-minded folk and start a movement of fellow weird nerds having weird nerd sex, weird nerd babies, weird nerd ideas" (often revisiting them and building "in the dark"; e.g., me and Metroidvania). The results might seem odd, but I assure you there's a method to the madness. For all the darkness and doom they posture, if you build a Gothic castle, we will come (or cum, maybe both), meaning *they're* the one place GNC people feel like we can be ourselves—can strut our stuff, slay and not be judged or attacked for it; i.e., a safe space of "danger" that paradoxically sets us free through asexual play regarding sexual topics (another Gothic paradox), and one whose ludo-Gothic BDSM hides itself as "a midden of trash" our enemies forever underestimate: an "old" messy tom(e/b) to romance, hence learn to think differently while camping the ghost of things inside the castle as ongoing (again, we'll continue exploring this train of thought in "Derelicts, Medusa and Giger's Xenomorph," in Volume Two, part two). In short, nothing is sacred except our rights, including the ability to make fun (thus disempower) "sacred" things by "making them gay" (ambiguously²³⁴ or otherwise):



(artist: [Hark! A Vagrant](#))

As for my "castle" and its sequential role in things, clearly modesty and poetic restraint are not its strong suits (though I have tried my best to clamp things off for you, here—to make the mess of this survey in excess quick and manageable). I could go on all night (and, in fact, have been writing this section for weeks); I

want to, eager to say more, to give "enough" examples, but feel like I've covered

²³⁴ I would argue there's ambiguity in any relationship ("They love me, they love me not!"). Those who say otherwise have arguably never been in one. And to those who would discourage questioning our world through relationships or vice versa, doing so is how we learn about/with one regarding the other. Always back and forth, in yawning paradox and reflection.

all my bases plentifully²³⁵ to speak on larger dialectical-material forces (and have taken enough "cum" from enough donors showing me their amazing booties).

It's all here and the book, my biomechanical fortress and its mutually negotiated context, should honestly speak for itself. *Memento mori* are why

²³⁵ Think of it per the medieval idea of power exchange: gift giving. Then reflect on the paradox of "too much of a good thing" per said system; e.g., [I Am Ninja lamenting the gift of something black](#): "Something black. Giving a ninja something black is like giving crazy to Angelia Jolie; it's like giving guns to Master Chief, boobs to Dolly Parton—we already have plenty!" ("Question 14 'Ninja Gifts,'" 2008). On one hand, we need to announce systemic issues by speaking through consumption as indulgent to the point of psychosexual excess. Like sex, it can overstay its welcome, but yields the classic problem of "just one more." Just as addiction is an issue, so is being starved of something to make one behave in acute, pleading demands: "More, more!" E.g., Cuvu demanding urgently as such; i.e., that I fucked their tight little pussy until being told to stop (which generally only happened once their pussy became too sore—unpleasantly instead of pleasantly*—for them to continue). This historically led to problems because they were borderline and *couldn't* stop.

The fact remains, having plenty of something is to be spoilt for choice, thus to have options. That's historically a good thing (to take them away is to infantilize and disempower workers). Also good is taking the opportunity to explore them; i.e., to partake of substances that aren't immediately and acutely addictive (when presented in healthy forms) like Gothic poetics and sex. Ignoring outlying medical conditions, you can't really have too much sex; i.e., you can't die from it, meaning we're free to explore trauma through medieval poetics/exchange as much as we damn well choose. If it's just to say obvious things like "shit happens" or "people like to fuck," then oh well; but if it stumbles on systemic trauma in the process (deliberately or otherwise) then mission accomplished! Such an outcome is only bad for capitalists, making its (crypto)mimesis nothing but good for *us*. "Capitalism bad" is true and needs to be broadcasted regardless if exclusionary dumbasses try to stall things any way they can. So *keep* saying it no matter how much of a joke/tired topic it becomes:

YOU DON'T SAY?



**There is such a thing as "too sore," but it rides a fine line regarding one's preferences. For AFAB people, this means searching for the right fit; i.e., "Goldilocks dick" (not everyone's a size queen). It's a suitably Gothic idea in its own right: pussies that want to be fucked to the edge of genuine pain; i.e., the curious secret of skirting destruction while "hurting so good" as a pleasant reminder after the deed is done: to be taken to the edge but not pushed over its lip and totally destroyed ("spiflicated").*

Regardless of the size, though, too make sex can make people hurt in ways they like or don't like. Yet, just as the Gothic employs cryptonymy's double operation ("showing to conceal") to hide things, it can also reverse them to speak to hidden truths announced by seemingly vacuous cathedrals (which emblemize "too much sex" in a very literal sense). Doing so states the obvious with the obvious (again, with a big-ass castle that's hella fake) to discuss an obvious thing that is hidden; e.g., Capitalism, genocide; i.e., by weird canonical nerds smarmily playing ball to uphold Capitalist Realism because anything else makes them crap their pants. Medieval comedy, then, is as much about stating the obvious—the jester in the king's court—and watching Roman fools act like total dumbasses; i.e., giving themselves away to our advantage during cryptonymy as a dual deadly game of show-and-tell, but also concealment for workers and the state as diametrically opposed. Don't be like them, ignominiously misled inside; change "inside" for the better!

gorehounds like me watch horror movies. But as the writer of this section who loves it to the extent that I liken it to an orgasm (a temporary loss of control likened to "death"), I have to choke its growth and switch codes a bit, lest the gushing arterial flow drown me and you (to let the soupy metal cool and harden, lest I play with it forever); but as is, my "sum of emissions" remains yet another child and one that I'm just as proud of—my favorite volume, in fact. Don't merely use it to your advantage as you wander around inside; take what's useful to open your minds and your hearts (so to speak). Drink of the yummy jizz and feel your mind expand tumescently (swollen with love, pregnant with knowledge, engorged with—ok, I'll stop); let it loosen strict, rigid minds so they become liquid enough to swim around the very stuff that leads to the kinds of "stepping stone" conclusions we need to escape Capitalist Realism with.

As for the rest, then, someone else will undoubtedly make use of its heaps of rubble—to build with their own liquid (whatever *that* is) that hardens the structure enough to give it shape, but maintain its generative effect on future burgeoning minds wanting to raise their own structures forever forwards—not a single person beating a dead horse, but a popular idiomatic contagion built up to inoculate us beating an *army* of drums (or horses, whatever makes racket or raises Cain²³⁶, etc). That is, this book's exhaustive (and erotic) medieval bag of tricks (treasure trove, art gallery or kitchen, etc) offers copious metaphors useful for speculative thought in "ancient" (Gothic) forms; i.e., it consists of ancient things like magic, myth, and monsters used in relation to Capitalism, a recent phenomenon and a far more cartographic, panoptic/myopic one that thrives on alienation, on policing bodies and medieval expression through unironic force and sex. It's all there for you to find, based on a life like mine as one full of cuties, monsters, sex and adventure the likes of which dreams are made of.

Any healthy relationship takes work when it evolves, and has its share of growing pains. Relating to other workers (or at least considering the idea), I invite you to consider yours in connection to capital: a disease that takes everything. Surviving it requires a certain give and take but also daring invention and creativity to arrive at a healthy (thus stable) juncture. Development of Gothic Communism, then, must contend with linguistic duality insofar as prescribed modesty is moderation for those persons who frankly don't have to deal with settler colonialism affecting them as much as those for which modesty (silence) is a death sentence. Those with privilege can afford to settle, thus groan, at poetic clichés like the Gothic's, calling them masturbatory and inadequate. Don't settle for that or tolerate it. Instead, try to understand that a) connecting all the dots at once is not only impossible, but says nothing of value; while b) connecting *different, incomplete* patterns of them in sequence over time is a dialog that says a great deal (re, Volume One: "I've done my best to connect the dots in a plethora of

²³⁶ Iconoclasts, after all, are disruptors with a purpose, including their monsters.

interconnecting synonyms, but it would be foolish (and completely impossible) to try and connect them all.").

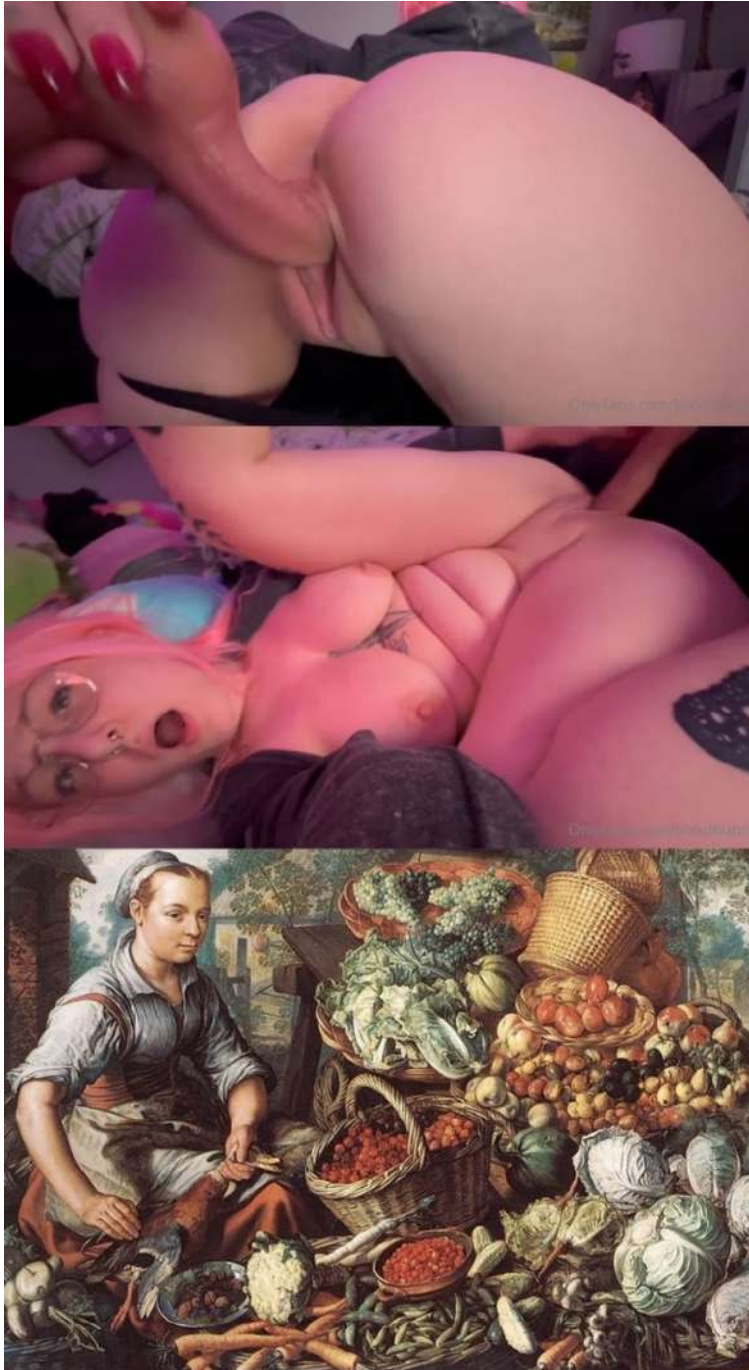
So add my work, however you find in the wild (a bunny perhaps, below), add it to your own contributions to capital as a larger problem. Learn from it. Draw your own conclusions, connect your own dots, chart your own constellations in the stars, Hell, the void as something to defend from enterprising capital by using what you got: your body as you fortress, your suit to brave the depths and pressures (around you and between your legs) until your skin burns. Plumb the depths of forbidden knowledge, its hallowed vaults surrendering untold power and pleasure combined. Pursue it to the degree you are comfortable, dipping deep into the oblivious delight of such abyssal spelunking for as long as your body can take it/as long as you can hold your breath before sputtering and gasping with pleasure and exhaustion (sex is work, having fun²³⁷ is work); or, keep at it until the stormy passion leaves you and the fire at last burns itself out:

²³⁷ I.e., exposing the state through Gothic poetics—to concentrate on fucking juicily or focusing on a headspace of some kind that, embellishments aside, remains poetically concerned with fucking and violence (as stories like *Alien* primarily are) to deliver a superior project that appears inferior and out-of-focus: focused enough to be, at times, deliberately vague, yet whose own concentrated acid easily and ignominiously burns/eats through the state's fortified illusions. The state can't control something like that, only try to monopolize it ("They must have wanted it for the weapon's division").

Like sex, headspace is a huge part of the Gothic and its roleplay scenarios, including in bed: focus as something to gain and lose; to help someone concentrate, cheer and encourage ("there you go...") when someone gets hard and starts to work; to praise them, or to be understanding when failure happens (for manly warriors, it's not an option, but there's only so much blood to work with), and supportive and loving in a traditional female/feminine way that translates to classic male counterparts, too: the dutiful servant; e.g., Tolkien's batmen. There's also dirty talk (definitely not Tolkien). The idea is to act when the mood strikes (a thing the soldier will be trained to suppress; i.e., "Mood is a thing for cattle and love play, not fighting!"). Headspace aside, sex and war overlap in regards to general human language, but also crossovers of actual physical labor and strain, too; e.g., sweat, elevated heart rate, body odor ("scent" is generally the more accepted term, due to its more positive connotations) and pulled muscles, etc. That being said, the act and language of denial and traditional bellicose/imperial language likened to sex as *for* sexual stimulation is a real (and hopelessly common) aphrodisiac that works* well enough, but it shouldn't be used as an unironic war device for capital.

**Volume One talked about Amazons and knights as wild, animalistic heroes, of which "it's perfectly legitimate for nerds (or those who otherwise indulge in nerd culture) to desire protection from anyone who gives off 'big daddy/mommy' energy as tied to an animalistic, dream-like aura—or even wanting to fuck these incredible, otherworldly persons" (source). Part of this certainly owes to the uniform as a "mil spec" (military gear) fetish with a fantasy flavor that translate neatly to BDSM (for harmless fun, but ideally to challenge the nuclear family unit for something more stable, healthy and reliable for workers; i.e., "it takes a village" being the sort capital has alienated and domesticated/chattelized workers from).*

The language of conquest takes how people talk and play in regards to popular and widespread activities that overlap, like war and sex first colloquialized by kids using slang to mess with the Gothic affect; i.e., the Amazon is a bruiser herbo who thumps people, with taut capable buttocks, echoing John Webster's "strong-thighed bargeman" from The Duchess of Malfi, 1614; e.g., the Amazon "fucks" with a "big dumper" that teenage boys want to make their waifu. Second, it happens during Gothic roleplay that generally involves encouragement of one side to "take" the other as one does in battle; i.e., to get rough and push to the finishing line; e.g., to batter the "enemy's" gate down with a giant, massive battering ram. Jadis used to encourage me to do that all the time, their jet-black eyes glittering with masterly pleasure as I flooded their mistress cunt with hot seed. Frankly,



(exhibit 34a1b2b2b: Artist, top: [Blxxd Bunny](#); bottom: Joachim Beuckelaer. This book be full of riddles, but especially mixed metaphors to playfully gorge yourselves with, choosing different ones at its leisure; e.g., food, plagues, clothes, comfort/sex, shelter and bloodshed, but also oxymorons of these things that, per medieval thought, invite a pre-capitalist way of viewing things to critical capital's defenders with: the body as essence, food, sanguine, shelter, etc, that isn't to be harvested by capital, but enjoyed by taking control over such things to liberate ourselves; i.e., away from the state greedily marketing us as sacred/forbidden "produce" to hoard for themselves. We must place this back in our hands. As such, our bodies, though still described as poultry and produce, become our meat to market, our vegetables to sexualize [e.g., the cucumber being an all-time classic] as ordinary and extraordinary while we kick Malthus [and neoliberal proponents of

scarcity and austerity] right in the canonical balls [Medusa's pussy has "lips that grip," holding onto power as a carrot and a stick useful to worker aims].

With the Internet, the world is literally at our fingertips—with me able to befriend an ace cutie like Bunny and stumble across Beuckelaer's artwork on a

I loved those games we played; it was hot as hell, being told how to fuck an orc-like tank of a woman like them. The only problem was, it became unironically harmful and I no longer wanted to play (we'll explore this more when Volume Two, part two talks about Jadis in "Transforming Our Zombie Selves").

whim through the same search engines. Use technology and poetic history to your advantage; use it to fight censorship, thus extinction, by taking control of what you have access to. You should before the state invariably rescinds your rights; it always wants to, so do what you can now to stay in control of what the state tries to monopolize—violence, terror, monsters, poetic expression, food, BDSM [death and rape theatre] but especially combinations of these things through ludo-Gothic BDSM. Use them to combat scarcity as a myopia, a famine. Worker ownership does not equate to starvation, enslavement, destruction. That's Capitalist Realism talking [more on this specifically in the "Call of the Wild" chapter in Volume Two, part two]. Time is of the essence, but take your time and enjoy yourselves. Your art will thank you for it.)

This is an operation that goes on and on; i.e., I wrote this exhibit and "Monsters, Magic and Myth" as a grain of sand, alluding to Bunny before I met Harmony and wrote the pearl-like Poetry Module around it. Both Bunny and Harmony show us that all monsters are metaphors (often sexual ones, thanks to Capitalism) that comment through cryptonymic nudism on alienation. Except they also reflect things mid-synthesis that aren't so easily defined as of one or the other but instead a bit of both. To that, Capitalism must be escaped from within, but also with the help of those who inspire²³⁸ us at different points in the process. As cryptonyms, monsters speak to obvious trauma as obscured by things that point to yet also conceal it: the forbidden, surreal knowledge hidden between language, inside the grey area, as something to track down in obvious forms we don't want to escape at all, but lose ourselves inside to find a hidden truth contain between the narrative, the castles, the obvious fakes obviously speaking to obvious problems as concealed badly by capital and concealed by us from capital to survive while critiquing it; i.e., cryptonymy and camp; e.g., Giger's Gothic surrealism, the xenomorph (more on that, later). It's often right in front of us, staring us in the face while written all over our face as "our" face to face. Monsters are everywhere, donating a wider problem concealed by its own data commercialized.

²³⁸ I.e., mythically like Ariadne's thread, except we're not escaping the labyrinth and killing the minotaur. We're teaching it to be our friend and make the labyrinth our home (the same concept applies to orcs, xenomorphs, or any other copagandistic notion of us-versus-them canonically essentialized by neoliberal dogma; e.g., videogames). Classically this requires "a woman's touch," and in more ways than one; e.g., booties—Harmony and Bunny's rev my engine and its numerous facilities. More than that, they're *nice* to me, their inner/outer beauties awaking enormous passions and connections, so that ideas magically come to me (nightly visitors, taking me to the land of my dreams, or heaven and hell, etc), make my heart race, my mind hot with ideas *to* get, and my body pulse with fresh energy (and my cock throb with cum, etc). I feel like a quivering troubadour, pressed in trembling exaltation against their body heat, their soft warmth when the world is a cold place. I feel where I belong, imagining my cock inside them where *it* belongs. There is a transactional nature in the sense that things are exchanged, but it needn't be reduced to cold, mechanical and lifeless, or bereft of intimacy and closeness despite physical distance. Closeness is a feeling, first and foremost. Per the Gothic, such companionship can traverse any gulf and fill any hole.

As always, the Gothic is rife with massive²³⁹-but-useful paradoxes. Fatal knowledge isn't a detriment or a deterrent, then, but happily sought out for fun as a means of rapturous and creative solutions built on older attempts. "Escape," for workers, isn't to bury our heads in the sand, then, but enter *authored* sites of paradox/dens of confusion (the infernal concentric pattern) to play with cryptonymy as deliberately leading to healing of the home as sick with Capitalism. "Madness" was the cure, accomplished through vehicular adventuresome roundabouts, through off-road fun as a means of suspending disbelief while also solidifying it; but also through birthing as one of intense exertion, pain and work (heavy lies the "crown"—I'll see myself out) suffered through Oracles as a classically female, and by extension, monstrous-feminine position regarding poor Cassandra struggling to express ignominious truths: the home is hungry and *eating* us ("They're eating her... and then they're going to eat me! [Oh, my godddddddddddddd!](#)")

To that, sometimes the quickest path to "escape" (development) the maze isn't a straight²⁴⁰ line, but an ergodic, non-linear one that eventually (over many

²³⁹ While the Gothic speaks of, to, in and with gargantuan totalities, or tries to hit or touch upon them as frustratingly near and far off, the key to expressing totality isn't to penetrate or list everything (very Cartesian, raping the space beyond one's own), but something that hints at the whole, a sum *greater* than that of its parts; i.e., the proverbial elephant in the room. In the capitalist sense, "heaven" is alienated, fetishized and projected onto a space for sex-deprived soldiers to kill and rape—to fulfill their various "needs" as harmfully psychosexual; re: Foucault's *A History of Sexuality* and the relegation of sex to the bedroom, with most soldiers not being married; i.e., a virgin and amatonormative stochastic terrorist linked, per usual, with home (state) defense: the pussy as paradise rewarded to good little soldiers for "conquering Medusa and Hell" (nature-as-monstrous-feminine

²⁴⁰ Even if you *could* do it with a straight line, there's no guarantee it will work, and it's best to rely on all media to raise our chances. It's always a gamble, but more options engaged holistically better our chances per risk. Likewise, the archer's paradox means arrows don't fly straight or true anyways. You can't just "kill" Capitalism any more than Zeus or Medusa, because it's a structure, not a person. You have to alter it and that takes time—at the very least a battering ram repeatedly slamming into a given entrance. But I would argue the quickest path to success is being direct in ways that account for boundaries to respect and ignore as required to maintain a healthy relationship with other workers. To that, it isn't one delivered straight to capital's beating bionic heart, but a much more roundabout path through multiple parts of its maze-like body directed at the human sentinels. Hearts and minds. Things like Zeus and the language of war and sex generally denote the widespread presence of rape tied to capital as canonically essentialized—literally mythologized, in this case—by patriarchal figures like Zeus, but also those under his thrall through threats of violence; e.g., Hippolyta or Medusa as unironic victims of capital triangulating against labor through a pro-state aesthetic of power and death, of demon BDSM, of witch cops and war bosses, monster girls, *et al.*

People tend to worship their heroes, not question them, a code of silence around the peerless often staying that way through threats of force against "rats" (*omerta*); so it behooves critics to examine not just taboos, but what society values in relation to those (re: "[Sex, Metal, and Videogames](#)")—not simply to isolate our own biases, but also identify them in society at large through popular media's assorted blind spots. The Gothic-as-iconoclastic actively upends canon, the sacred, as sinister and false; this includes heroes-as-sacred, as statues to blemish and take down a peg (e.g., Homelander from *The Boys*, 2019). Blemishes, in good faith, aren't even bad, they're simply different (though often *are* exoticized; e.g., red hair, green eyes and freckles). But understanding the relationship *across* a variety of media forms (as the Renaissance person does and which the Gothic mode travels) is the key to thinking critically (thus being sex-positive): where the light gathers *and* the darkness, then running that through a dialectical-material lens; i.e., dancing with the ghost of the counterfeit to reverse the process of abjection.

lifetimes and lives) leads to the exit (a condition of systemic healing inside the home) as stuck within the maze: something to renovate and allude to better and better versions thereof, not destroy or banish like a nightmare (more on *this* life-long quest in Volume Two, part two: "She Fucks Back").

In turn, it becomes something to disguise as "mere" fun that defenders of capital won't abject (throw up) when we try to change the scenery normally fed to them (a bit like sneaking medicine into dog treats). But we're not force-feeding anyone; we're presenting them with mazes (and other popular learning devices—music, videogames, movies, theatre, etc) that contain allegory the audience can interactively stumble upon as people normally do: mid-engagement—with a given puzzle of "Antiquity." Full of obviously serious-silly and often loud, dumb things ("sound and fury, signifying nothing"), even when they fail to stick the landing²⁴¹ during a given outing, in total *combination* over space and time in-text and out will still say something while leaving something out each time, too; i.e., like a sequence of concentric illusions but also a *mandala*, written in the same Ozymandian grains of sand—erased and written and erased again—inexpressibly expressed through lack as something to uncover and solve, repeatedly absent but forever there on the tip of our tongues, "on the ashes of something not quite present." Like a Borges-style hall of mirrors, positioned to reflect light²⁴² all around in dazzling brilliance; like Pinocchio's nose stretching onwards, forever caught in a lie pointing to the truth. That's cryptonymy!

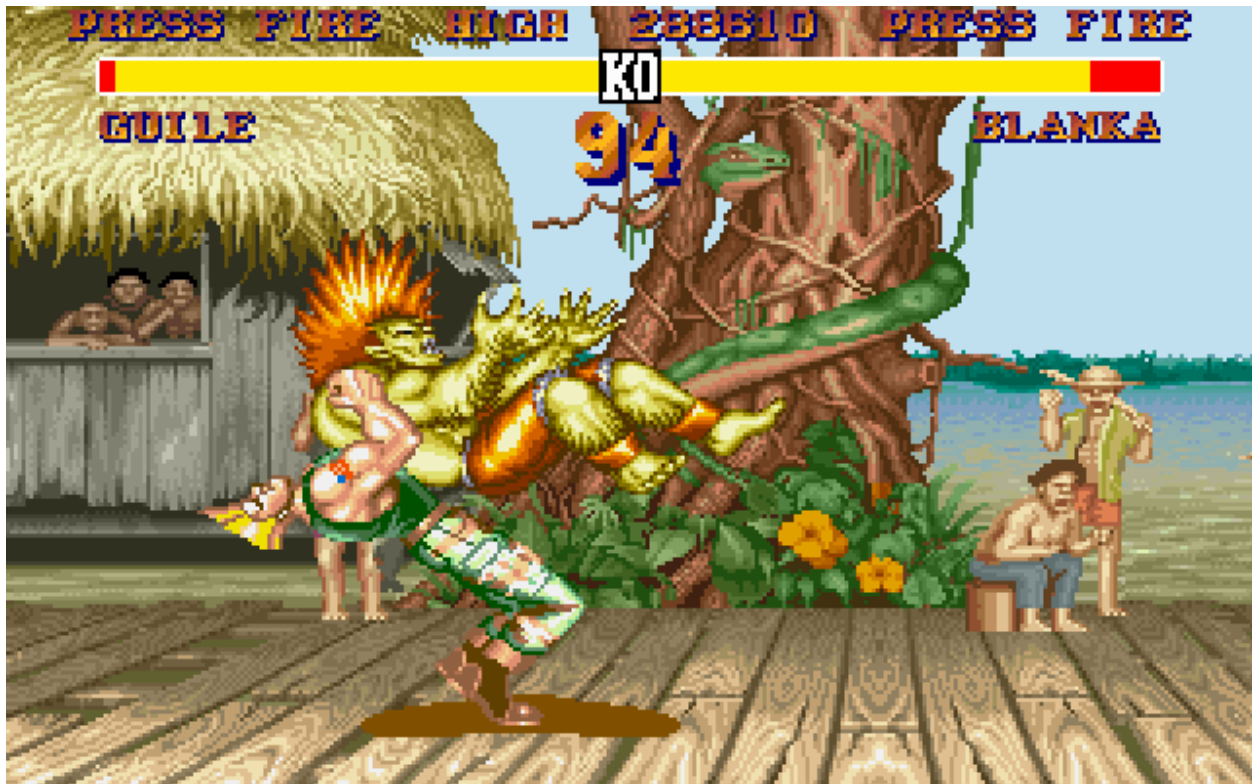
We want to ask what's present, what's left out? E.g., popular media doesn't tend to rock the boat (the profit motive), but still has allegory (their better angels). Where *are* the politically informed metalheads? Investigate that, and so on...

I've learned over the years that analyzing popular media critically pays dividends; re: it's where people's values are stored as well as their crimes (where the bodies are hidden—in short, what stinks). Being a good critic is like being a good journalist, then; you gotta muckrake, but also provoke and stage things that expose what's lying beneath the surface—i.e., an ironic version of Jake Gyllenhaal's Louis Bloom from *Nightstalker* (2014) or Christian Bale's Patrick Bateman from *American Psycho* (2000), etc. The Gothic excels at that by focusing on detective stories, but also highlighting forbidden societal taboos among *ostensibly* sacred things; i.e., in relation to each other.

As we discussed in "[My Quest Began with a Riddle](#)," detectives and actors—like all performance roles—are perfectly fine *provided* they don't serve capital (therefore aren't class traitors); the same goes for heroes, who represent the desire for strength in idealized forms: the oft-traditional forms of dimorphic beauty placed adjacent to Cartesian standards, wherein heroes are strong when people feel weak, fallible, easily fazed, fallen, etc. Unlike a parody of such things, the classic Western hero is the opposite of that (while also emblematic of idealized images of empire—i.e., whitewashing; e.g., Superman). Per Sarkeesian's adage, we can critique these ideals and still enjoy the non-pernicious aspects to them; e.g., Thought Slime's "[GIVE ME SUPERMAN'S UNDERWEAR, I AM NORMAL](#)" (2023).

²⁴¹ I.e., to be "better than the sum of their parts," insofar as they touch upon something awesome and great that we need engage with in serious and silly ways.

²⁴² A scintillate burst whose prismic "ballet" offers many different points of view regarding the same function and goal to reflect on, mid-reflection. Luminary.



(exhibit 34a1b1: To give an example that covers all of cryptonymy's relative points [not the Four Gs]: cryptonymy is settler colonialism shown and hidden by Guile and Blanka as Global North and Global South; cryptomimesis is this tending to repeat and reverse through mimesis between the characters' numerous reincarnations; the narrative of the crypt is the entire trail and its semantic wreckage; the internal concentric pattern is the stage containing heroism as trapped endlessly in Hell; the Cycle of Kings is every man for himself—meaning in that kayfabe tournament's establishing of heels and babyfaces; and the Shadow of Pygmalion is the heteronormative image of these heroes. Per Juul and us, this is where the game takes place, my ludo-Gothic BDSM entertaining the idea of videogames and BDSM going together readily and easily. If anyone says otherwise, they're a cunt.)

The liberation through this plastic, vapor-like confusion really needs to be experienced, not stated (for if it could be easily stated, no one would ever write anything down—make porn/art, videogames, movies, etc). It happens repeatedly as I have shown by meeting my friends who help me make something I could not do alone. I could have released *Sex Positivity* in late 2022, but it would have been a shell of itself, a grain of sand. Now it's a pearl necklace, each a Gothic cathedral, a Heaven in a Wild Flower.

So, in the monasterial spirit of exploration, experimentation and revival, let's try a small poetry experiment to end the subchapter with. Bear with me and this ephemeral slab of mental runoff...

An echoing dislocation—nay, an echolocation of dislocated castles, of ruins (the narrative of the crypt)—their string of ghost towns write with/written in disintegration (death, *vis-à-vis* cryptomimesis) as roads only ostensibly to nowhere; i.e., building sand castles standing in for Communism as the elusive "princess in another castle" but also Capitalism as the intimidating dragon holding her prisoner (or the white woman collaring the dragon, but I digress) as a synthetic (thesis-to-antithesis) *plurality* of conflict that yields different forms and functions in the same sand: a "collective something-something" that, no matter how far we run, walks (shambles) faster than we do: the return of the living dead as speaking for itself regarding the colossal wreck before, during and after its decay—the hyperreal map of empire hiding something that is already decayed and for which the *map* is crumbling. Dreams inside dreams, not sure if you're awake. Per Meatloaf, we can build an Emerald City with this grain of sand that doesn't lead to a humbug. Look on our works, ye Mighty and despair! Operatic, theatrical, poetic, half-real; a cyclone of wild second winds whose idioms are borrowed from Baum and those before and after, all palimpsests. Every grain a world, every castle made of them to provide a world of world of worlds, mixed metaphors, of tears and blood; a coffin and a cradle; a wedding bed and a slab, a site of infinite bravery, complete futility and total meaninglessness, of wealth and riches to scoop up with diamonds in pockets too small, a cup that runneth over²⁴³. The endless power of imagination something to survey then pick and choose from, caught and trapped inside dialectical-material conflict and liberation as make-believe, oscillating interrelationship expressed by poets like Shelley, popular authors like Lewis and Baum, and mega-nerds like Jane Bennet ("round and round it goes, where it stops, nobody knows"). In and out, a simulated disorder until the end of time, captured in a rock opera's outrageous, bombastic moment of courage, brains, and heart... The beauty of language is a paradox: infinity through brevity as optional. It just depends on your aim, and what you want to try. Many deconstructive forms, like the collage or Walpole's glue-this-to-that approach to a pseudo-Gothic eventually became just "Gothic." So while it's all been done before, try whatever works to do something new.

I don't want to tire you (or me) by doing more than a page of that, and I think you get the point (if you don't or want *more*, go read Danielewski's *House of Leaves*, 2009). Arbitrarily concluding this necropolis' improvised stream-of-consciousness (our castle-narrative), we've only temporarily exhausted the bottomless hourglass (all the toothpaste squeezed out of the tube, as it were), and

²⁴³ When I'm vibing it's very repetitive, and letting some jewels go doesn't mean we won't catch more ideas later. But we can't hold them all right now. How could we? We're devils, not God.

well-and-truly your *finite* patience. So let's tighten things back up quit this freestyle (free falling) carnival's noisy chamber to digress (thankfully) to less tempestuous spheres... to put down our fanciful quills for more restrained ones.

As we do, just remember the Gothic loves big feelings, using the siren-like power of the monstrous-feminine (the classic "girl in a man's world" taken to GNC extremes) to speak to different abuses haunting the counterfeit; you'll feel things you never felt before when falling in love—like you've gone mad. Simply put, it's cliché for a reason.



For a start, it's good to trust the pros with matters of the heart; e.g., Heart as offering up stone-cold classics (and marvelous arthouse outfits mirroring Stevie Nicks) like "[Barracuda](#)" (1977), "[Crazy on You](#)" and "[Magic Man](#)" (1975) that gradually shifted (thanks to their desire to stay relevant in a neoliberal rock market) to become less ironic and campy through unironic commercialized refrains. Even so, they remained haunted by *their* past, fairy-like selves, as well as the spirit of rape delivered through a trademark *Gothic* aesthetic; i.e., per the usual sylvan

surfaces charged with veiled, psychosexual energies—of force and sex sold to you by *dark* fairies to make your lives under capital suck marginally and nominally less: "I feel bad so ['how can I get you alone?'](#)" It's a common sentiment—one emblemized by millions of views and record sales. But it's only the beginning. We—you guessed it—gotta make it gay.

To that, sooner or later you'll have to voyage out into brave new worlds, seeking what matters to you in ways that songs—however awesome they might sound—can never fully deliver on (the relationship through content ultimately a parasocial one); i.e., because they're guilty of capitalizing on angst to do the usual white-woman bullshit since Radcliffe: self-reinvention to cash in on societal fears (of being alone). However fabulous and immortal, then, we gotta move past the "Mom rockers" of yore and chart our own fae-like destinies—moving out of their



seductive shadows while fostering our own to swallow Capitalism *with*. No one's immune from criticism (and adoration), not even these two queens (nor their defenders; e.g., Jadis telling me as much ["You're not (insert famous person, here)!"] only to go to bat for capital, time and time again themselves):

We've largely exhausted "Monsters, Magic and Myth," "the Fun Palace" and by extension, "Medieval Expression" and Volume Two, part one's Poetry Module from a holistic standpoint (at least, as a survey we have). But there's still a few distinctions and closing points about modularity and class that I'd like to make before we move onto the monster modules proper in Volume Two, part two! We're on the cusp; brace yourselves!

Onto "Modularity and Class"!



(artist and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

"Monsters, Magic and Myth": Modularity and Class (feat. Jeremy Parish and Sorcha Ní Fhlainn)

There is a world just around the corner of your mind, where reality is an intruder and dreams come true. You may escape into it at will. You need no secret password, magic wand or Aladdin's lamp; only your own imagination and curiosity... about the things that never were.

—Robert Ingpen and Michael Page, *The Encyclopedia of Things That Never Were* (1985)

This is the final subchapter of "Medieval Expression" and of the Poetry Module proper. Before we move onto the Monster Modules in Volume Two, part two, we'll fittingly need to discuss modularity and monster classes more than we already have. Except, in true Gothic fashion, we'll elide them to achieve more of an agitated, confused gradient—one populated by doubles amid oppositional praxis,



thus propelled by dialectical-material strife as something to convey, mid-lesson: of ourselves compared, mirror-like, to others in the same larger professions.

(exhibit 34a1b2b: Artist, top-left: [Jeremy Parish](#); top-right and bottom: [Persephone van der Waard](#). One's a slut, the other ostensibly ace, but these qualities apply to us both [with art and nudism being ace qualities to talk about sexual things with, and Clarke Kent taking off his cute little glasses to become "Superman"]. Such echoes of the past reflect on who we were/are going to be relative to "are" as a present paradox caught between the two. To that, I'm currently the Metroidvania doctor

having fun with the likeness of an old peer I pin up on this proverbial wall [the page] to throw darts [of pure love, I promise] as the succubus might. "And if we shadows have offended, think but this and all is mended": "The only thing worse than being talked about is not being talked about." Or as the succubus said to the priest, Matilda to Ambrosio, or I to Jeremy afterwards [the latter recipients all feeling like they need a cigarette, post-"coitus"]: "All in good fun, babe!" And if they react with violence, at least we went out with a bang!)

We'll address these each in turn, starting with the Gothic's **lack of restrictions** and resistance to canonization; i.e., addressing said canonization in white, straight nerd culture via **Jeremy Parish** as someone whose Metroidvania expertise first inspired me and who I have since eclipsed: as a queer sex worker's academic/non-academic voice on Metroidvania in a straight world (videogame

academia and weird-nerd culture as thoroughly colonized by now). From there, we'll outline the **dialectical-material** arrangement of things, the **modular** nature of the struggle and its academic paywalls and neoliberal stopgaps with **Sorcha Ní Fhlainn**²⁴⁴ (this subchapter takes no prisoners) the basic **monster classes** that result and proliferate across space and time, and finally a holistic unit that considers them as a **holistic practical unit**; i.e., one that proceeds towards Communism as something that never was, but with an unchained liberator-Gothic could still come to pass. This starts with something to take the edge off, a color of the rainbow whose fairylike charm and earthly combinations (of white-trash ho [Cuwu liked to "ho it up," in their words] and little sophisticate) spices things up:



(exhibit 34a1b2b: Left: Cuwu reading my copy of Mike Dixon-Kennedy's Celtic Myth & Legend [1998], their pussy fucked for hours until it became too sore and we had to try anal [note: Before going home, I swapped Celtic Myth for Cuwu's copy of A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things. Said swap was instrumental in writing Sex Positivity as it currently exists; i.e., Moore and Patel's arguments were utterly vital in how I think of Cartesian thought relative to the monstrous-feminine as harvested by capitalistic forces]. Right: Cuwu inspecting my copy of Robert Ingpen and Michael Page's Encyclopedia of Things That Never Were—one of my favorite books—along with old vintage porno mags Jadis' father inherited from a friend as a joke, and which Jadis wanted nothing to do with after he died. So I gave them to Cuwu.)

A common paradox in the Gothic is to **"write without restrictions" or inhibitions** that hold us back, down, in place, and so on. But this is less something to pursue full-bore without any considerations to speak of and more something to apply your usual cautions while keeping an open mind. The Gothic *is* home to the Numinous and similar such tremendous feelings, but a castle is still a highly

²⁴⁴ Pronounced "Surka neh-lahn."

architectural place (which, you guessed it, is also a paradox; i.e., the unmappable is less easy to pull off—short of pulling a *Finnegan's Wake*²⁴⁵ (1939)—than you might be lead to believe). So some structure and some openness are both needed to attain the right balance as fleeting²⁴⁶ and rare. But it is useful, regardless of when it occurs.

This is why I get *really* mad when anyone says the Gothic has "no power," thus no way to "actually challenge"—meaning "actually threaten"—established canonical norms (or that only *certain* voices have the "right stuff" to speak to power—i.e., academics; e.g., Sorcha Ní Fhlainn, who we'll discuss in a moment). Like, it's only the power of creation as historically devoted to upending the status quo. No big deal, *totally* unrelated (sarcasm)!

The fact remains that if the Gothic *didn't* have power then the state *wouldn't* regulate illusions, including monsters, as things to play with and perform through paradox; they wouldn't acknowledge it or waste their time with neoliberal cages (re: academia) sequestering such voices to a privileged few as hoarding knowledge:

²⁴⁵ "But what does it mean?" I asked Xavi Reyes in grad school, to which they replied, "Ah, if you can tell me *that*, you get a gold star!" Sassy bitch!

²⁴⁶ Likewise, the forces you're working with can often overstay *their* welcome; i.e., to be on a roll, but like Sisyphus. During my hypomania for this module, I experienced some familiar but unwelcome disorientation: "Everything sticks to me, my distraction overwhelming. It's my rambling moment from *Dead Poets Society* that I always thought was fake. But here I am, doing it. Yet it does me no good if I can't control it." Indeed, the whole point of the Numinous is that it *can't* be controlled; i.e., Shelley's fire of the gods. I'm less inclined to essentialize myths and more inclined to think that said fire resists control according to hypermassive forces that, when pressured, apply unequal pressure back onto dissident/subversive elements. It's destiny through canonical essentialization as a Promethean means of prolonged torture that maintains the status quo—something we have to smile (as Camus says) and take in stride; i.e., including stumbles and pratfalls when camping canon ourselves.

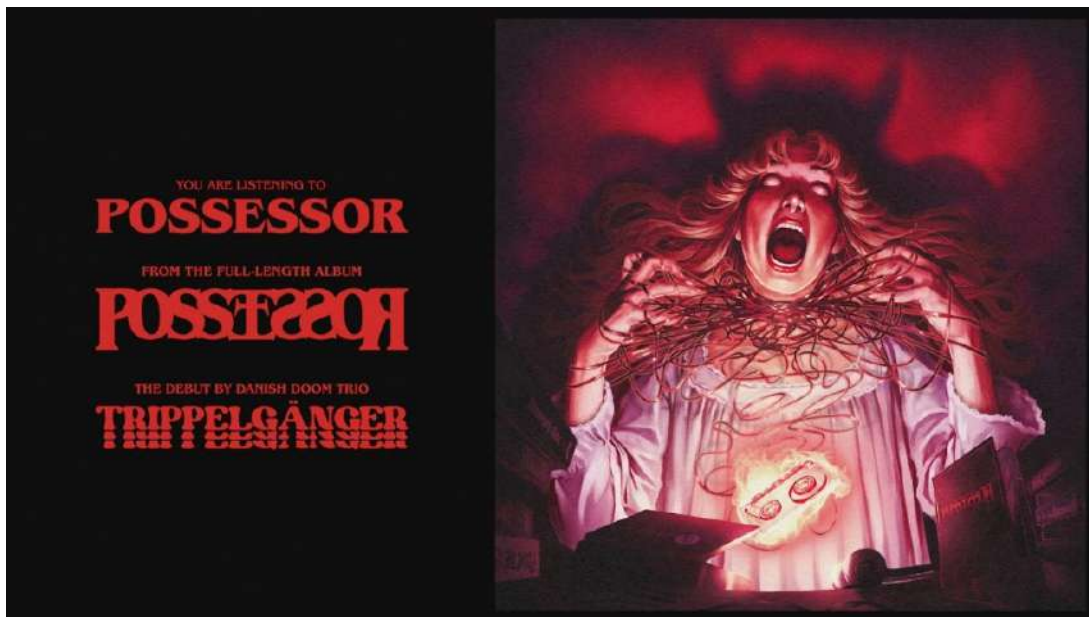
To this, balance is more about application in terms of timing and schedules: to know when to quit, to sleep it off and when to rest and achieve placid tranquility (so not everything I touch, like Midas, turns into words). Instead, we seek release as a means of letting out what builds up inside to overwhelm us. This can mean a great many things, often several at once; e.g., love's "sweet sting" being of a pleasantly sore pussy after sex, or just as likely the Viking analog coming down after "sex" (rape), drunk on blood, actual drugs, Paganistic bliss, and war frenzy to observe his bloody work. It's anisotropic in terms of the fact that the flow of power—while playing and performing with monsters, rape and war as combined—can go in either direction, praxially.

As such, ludo-Gothic BDSM is a potent means of interrogating trauma by which to heal one's home as sick with Capitalism. For me and my voyeurism, for instance, I love to observe the sexual gratification of others; i.e., mutually consensual voyeurism agreed between me and the people letting me watch them. I love being put in that headspace, that altered state of mind: someone else's shoes; i.e., one where that person feels good. It feels good to occupy a role attached to a real person feeling good in ways that I want to feel, too. I think that speaks to what my book is really about. Healing through social-sexual exchanges like these, but also slipping into different roles to face difficult traumas; i.e., the "rougher stuff" as something to take off the shelf only when absolutely required—to heal tremendously through a dedicated service (for an example of one, refer to exhibit 39a2 in "Transforming Our Zombie Selves," when Volume Two, part two goes live). As we'll see with Jadis, there's certainly no shame in "getting got" with a seasoned pro used to preying on smaller vulnerable people—especially when they catch their flies with honey. It becomes something to recognize, accept and heal from: that we're not just mortal, but able to fall for/victim to seductive agents who know our ins and outs (our trauma markers) better than we do.

in a rat-race "fame game" first, helping people outside academia a distance second (or fourth). As such, people who attack the Gothic unironically (or restrict it to/only contribute towards hopelessly patrician discourse) likewise uphold *Capitalism* unironically, contributing to *its* defense (and often in bad faith).

So forget Jameson's quaint and pretty observation that we have "a constitutional inability to imagine Utopia" (from *Archaeologies of the Future*, 2009); he's speaking for himself, not us (and snobbily values fantasy and science fiction, miraculously ignoring the fact that the medieval is classically rooted in fantasy and one of the most famous and critically potent Gothic novels is also the first sci-fi novel [re: *Frankenstein*]; more on Jameson and those like him at the end of the volume). The same goes for academic snobs shamelessly and arrogantly posturing as self-important know-it-alls (for once, I partly agree with something Jadis said: "Honey, they ain't shit!" Fuckin' oath, sister! Though we *shouldn't* discount their arguments wholesale, however much these people as suck as human beings/communicators; e.g., Foucault's "Imperial Boomerang" speech, "[Il Faut Défendre la Société](#)" made by [a predatory sex tourist](#), [plaintiff wanting to abolish age of consent laws in France](#), and [addict to self-destruction and \(coercive\) sadomasochist sex](#)).

Words are easy to find if you have imagination, especially if your imagination *isn't* myopic because it actively resists Capitalist Realism's usual bullshit. The way out is inside, using imagination through Gothic poetics to set ourselves free. This includes, for example, videogames and heavy metal. It becomes—once mastered—something to brush aside like cobwebs (I wrote this critique of Jeremy Parish and videogames after waking up from a dream—that's how easy this is for me at this point; I've become a real magician at least—[a unicorn magician!](#)):



(Trippelgänger's "[Possessor \(Official Audio\)](#)," 2024).

Videogames have, since the 1980s, been a propaganda mill *and* scam tied to capital. All media has—gentrified for these purposes in ways that include heavy metal as a means of false corruption; e.g., Ozzy Osbourne selling likenesses of "pure evil" to the nation's youth, but also likenesses of Ozzy such as Trippelgänger, above. Note the usual similarities to *Stranger Things*' own copycat Red Scare and counterfeit's usual process of, which we can bring to the fore by summoning the ghost of the counterfeit and letting it speak through us (xenoglossia) to reverse abjection with; i.e., through operatic, neo-medieval hybrids that combine heavy metal, monsters and sex as something to move around and play with: inside of itself mirroring the external world as half-real—something like *Metrodvania*, no?

This ergodic hermeneutic must take the installment and evolution of neoliberalism into account, and the educational power of games. This is older than video—with *Monopoly* originally being a *critique* of capitalism until it lost its irony, but our focus will be on *videogames* because that's predominantly our focus group (so-called "gamer" culture) plays; fascists don't play cards or board games (well, maybe *D&D* but I digress).

Neoliberalism and home entertainment didn't really exist until the early 70s (with Atari's 1972 release for *Pong* happening on the cusp of the 1973 Oil Crash, and Tolkien—the author of the fantasy cartographic refrain, as I call it—died in 1973, while the subsequence tabletop games of the 1970s would go onto to influence the game developers of the next decade, and the next, and the next...²⁴⁷).

²⁴⁷ The boy-gets-girl formula is as old as the monomyth, but translates from *D&D* into videogames via the usual imperial language of sex and force—from *Donkey Kong* (where the hero, Jump Man, is actually the villain) to *Jump King* (2019), where it (and content [not criticism] about it; e.g., Karl Jobst's "[Jump King's Biggest Barrier Was Finally Broken!](#)" 2024) is suitably less ironic or critical of the media circuit it contributes towards. Instead, the developers (and speedrunning symbiosis) bank on the sexist headspace of *Earthworm Jim* (1994) or *Dragon's Lair* (1983) to valorize male action; i.e., to conquer Hell as a place to enter then oust false dark kings or monstrous-feminine beings to restore balance to the "natural order" of things: by alienating and fetishizing nature as something to conquer by virtue of traditional male action (force) under Cartesian thought. It's unironically something that wins the princess as a prize (who apparently is just lying in wait, dressed up like a bimbo* waiting to be taken back to the hero's bed to be "lanced").

**There's nothing wrong with slutty outfits; [there's everything wrong when female/GNC agency is removed to choose outfits that cater to the Male Gaze](#) (as classically white, cis-het) to serve profit like usual (re: Persephone van der Waard's "Borrowed Robes: The Role of 'Chosen' Clothing — Part 1: Female Videogame Characters," 2019). This does nothing at a systemic level but engender class dormancy and betrayal from the usual breeding grounds for fascism: the middle class, but especially the male middle class as having bought into the quest for mastery as literally "the quickest, straight-line path to sex by reducing nature to trad-wife slut (the virgin and the whore) and biologically essential/female." It's so gross!*



(artist: [Timbo the Champ](#))

In-game, *Jump King* literally calls said prize "Smoking Hot Babe"—ostensibly no different than *Earth Worm Jim*'s "Princess What's-Her-Name?" except it's *worse* because the princess, this time around, is actually a princess and not a cow in a princess suit. This canonical prostitution doesn't stay "in-text," but reflects in how Karl Jobst (re: a man with former fascist ties, as well as being an honest-to-god pickup artist* in the not-too-distant past) valorizes raw manly execution to get to the titular babe as fast as humanly possible. It's a game for straw dogs, investing so much energy at a hamster wheel that, in the same breath, is gentrifying the practice around heteronormative/monomythic gaming tropes. Simply put, it's regressive *and* capitalistic, not satire, because it does absolutely *nothing* to meaningfully challenge capital—all while actively reducing its target audience to rats in a race chasing the same-old prizes (clones not just of Princess Toadstool, but Princess Peach made extra effusive, sleazy and demure not unlike Arnold's dream girl in *Total Recall*... minus the satire), then making them king for a day!

Like *Total Recall* (the director of that movie loving to critique American culture, but especially power fantasies), the procedure isn't just lobotomizing but a gold rush (and people like Jobst—the one's selling the shovels—stand to make a lot of money for themselves). It's why the kids from *Stranger Things* both unironically treat Sadie Sink like a piece of meat and support Israeli. It all connects because capital relies on dogma as something to internalize and serve profit on all registers—on and offstage, at home and abroad, by white male predators.

*[From r/speedrun](#): The drama starts in 2021, when a person known as Tomato Anus (we're off to a great start, I see) severed ties with Karl due to some company Karl kept; i.e., a Neo-Nazi named RWhiteGoose. There's a lot of messages going back years regarding the server Goose was on, but those are from someone who's own testimony isn't the most reliable (a fash). [Take a look at them if you want and decide for yourself what to think](#) (Karl *was* friends with this person for years/frequented the server with other like-minded people). There's also Karl's explaining away of his own racist language ([the following quote](#) is from Emtech1, on Reddit):

The reason why I struggle to see Karl as a decent person is that some people would bring up their concerns afterwards and Karl would [outright lie about the N word having any negative](#)

Regarding videogames as a neoliberal form of dogma, from the early '80s to the end of the Cold War and beyond, you went from public entertainment devices (arcades) that had a bunch of mostly young male clients cycling through them like a pimped-out sex worker... to the 1983 Atari Crash and subsequent 1985 smash-hit success of Nintendo's *Super Mario Bros.* encouraging the widespread sale of

[connotations in Australia](#). I'm Australian too, and this is absolutely not true. Karl is from Queensland by the way which is why that image references several places in that state that used to have or still have the N word in it. That word has historically been used against our natives, and a 30+ year old man, especially one who has an internet presence would know better.

Whatever you think about Goose, he has been very apologetic for the last 3 years and I think he's made a genuine effort to move in a positive direction. I believe this to be a genuine change in character, and if it isn't, I'd rather accept someone faking being a changed person than turn my back on a genuine one.

Karl on the other hand has **never** apologized and instead lied about it. Even worse, once on Discord he was ranting about people accusing him being racist and he brought up his Asian wife as his anti-racist shield. Do I need to mention that Derek Chauvin had an Asian wife? It's really beyond me that the community continues to ignore this guy's behavior.

EDIT: [Here's some more receipts](#) of him justifying using the N word, bragging about sleeping with many women, his past of being a pickup artist, him bragging about his "massive cock" and wanting breast implants for his wife. He named his son "Maximus Wong." I seriously can't not think this is related to his penis/eggplant obsession.

Apart from all of that, though (which honestly is bad enough), I think the pickup video is the biggest red flag because it's obviously Karl. Like, he made it and it's garden-variety sleazy in all the worst, most stereotypical ways. Combine that with his crusader veneer and it doesn't take long for it all to fall apart (fash disguises generally aren't very good; they just surround themselves with people as scummy as they are).

[I've seen the video](#) and honestly it tracks rather well with Karl's current streamlined (and slightly sanitized-but-still-sexist) approach to games; i.e., he—per the pickup artist approach—treats woman like games: as objectives, things to observe, learn and manipulate in a mechanical, knee-jerk fashion that can then be conquered. And of course, he capitalizes on it as a "free" scheme for which the video-in-question advertises his own book based on "beginner stuff" and having a stripper silhouette on the cover (real classy, dude)—"First one's free," in other words. I found it to be really odd, because he kept saying in the video, "Final step, get the hell out of there!" And I'm like, "Dude, that's bad-faith. But two, why break the ice if you're just gonna fuck off each and every time? That's conditioning bad habits!" Maybe don't take dating advice from a white supremacist who spent his teenage years and twenties speedrunning [Goldeneye](#) (1997)? Dude unironically thinks he's James Bond or some shit.

More to the point, a relationship isn't to perfect mechanical actions/routes like Jobst explains, thereby bouncing when things inevitably get rough/complicated; it's to be flexible with someone that you want to relate to on an interpersonal level as equals. Your partner isn't an adversary to conquer but a peer to treat as human. So Karl's advice is actually terrible for dating reasons, too, because that's not what it's about; for him (and all pickup artists), it's purely a "headcount" to pile up and use to brag about with other white, cis-het guys. It's terribly cliché but also cruel. Also, again, [his son's name is apparently Maximus Wong?](#) I can't verify that, [but I've seen the Maximus shirt](#), so at least half of that is true. Like, what the fuck, dude? People like him make the world in their image: through genocide and vanity projects at the expense of nature-as-monstrous-feminine. That's how white supremacists work; i.e., what Andrew Tate calls "a genetic legacy" while in the same breath making an old sodomy argument that reduces sexuality to action: [having sex for reasons other than sexual reproduction is "gay"](#) (The Kavernacle's "Andrew Tate and Conservative Men now say it is GAY to Like Women," 2024). They think they're oh-so-slick, but really they're just gaming a system that's made for them to do so. So congratulations, Karl, you are playing life on easy mode!

videogames in the Gothic's usual haunt: among the middle class. Except this time, the elite wanted in through ways that *didn't* exist during the Neo-Gothic revival: televisions as personal property that could funnel in their burgeoning ideology through the disguise of (expensive and highly recursive) games.

From the early days of *Space Invaders* (1978), *Pac-Man* (1980) or *Donkey Kong* (1981) to *Mario*, then (about seven years—twelve, if you start from 1973 when the elite began their first experiments with neoliberalism in South America), the usual place of neoliberal business and indoctrination transitioned from single arcade machines to larger amounts of money (from quarters to hundreds of dollars) per customer in each *household* (where there is more money to be had, and seasonally at that); i.e., a *Stepford Wife*, purchased for paychecks, not pocket change, and ready to implement the business model into the first generation of what would become the New World Order under neoliberal Capitalism: a world of us-versus-them enforced by neoliberal, monomythic copaganda's harmful simulations of *Amazonomachia* to maintain the status quo at a socio-material level; re: the shadows of a new republic's man-cave walls.

In turn, the American middle class (so called "gamer culture") would gatekeep and safeguard the elite through videogames being an acclimating device to neo-feudal territories to defend in reality (outside of the game world[s] themselves) as capital starts to decay like usual. Meanwhile, the companies making these games have progressively privatized and digitized them to such a degree as to make it easier to pick the pockets of said middle class, leaving them brainwashed, broke and looking for someone to blame—all while being routinely desensitized to us-versus-them violence against a flexible scapegoat refrain; i.e., extending from some combination of open to closed space across numerous themes and genres: from "[Mazes to Labyrinths](#)," "[Out of Novels and into Cinema and Metroidvania](#)"! Any counterattack should go beyond something to reference from older works into new ones. Mine are considerable, populous and consistently sex-positive, reclaiming the likes of *Castlevania* and *Metroid* to say something iconoclastic with them (versus merely compiling them as Parish largely does; i.e., he spends a lot more time compiling all the games that simply exist instead of making thesis statements that apply to multiple games. Sorcha, by comparison, has thesis arguments that *are* broader but limits them considerably by specializing in one monster and media type. There are pros and cons to either approach, but especially cons insofar as intersectional solidarity goes. You can't afford to be critically vacuous or narrow to achieve conscious unity among workers. All forms and arguments must be accounted for).



Media tend to overlap more than stay separate, but we need to intersect and combine them in ways that yield conscious class and cultural characters; i.e., from physical arrangements that help us present them in different exhibits that playfully comment how different texts don't just imbricate inside of themselves, but like a series of different display pieces, hang out side-by-side in ways that *can* be combined, given the

chance. That's why the elite want to reduce physical ownership while maximizing labor and wage theft through *siphons* of these things installed in every American home as prison-like. Once the system is installed, the elite will take as much as possible while giving back as little in return—all while relaying coded instructions that divide workers against each other through the usual us-versus-them fatal nostalgia; i.e., wanting to regress to a place where such a person can be hunted down, then shot with our ragtag band of (mostly white, straight) Radcliffean misfits. It's a "lynch mob" character that applies to consumption and critique as equally melded and dualistic.

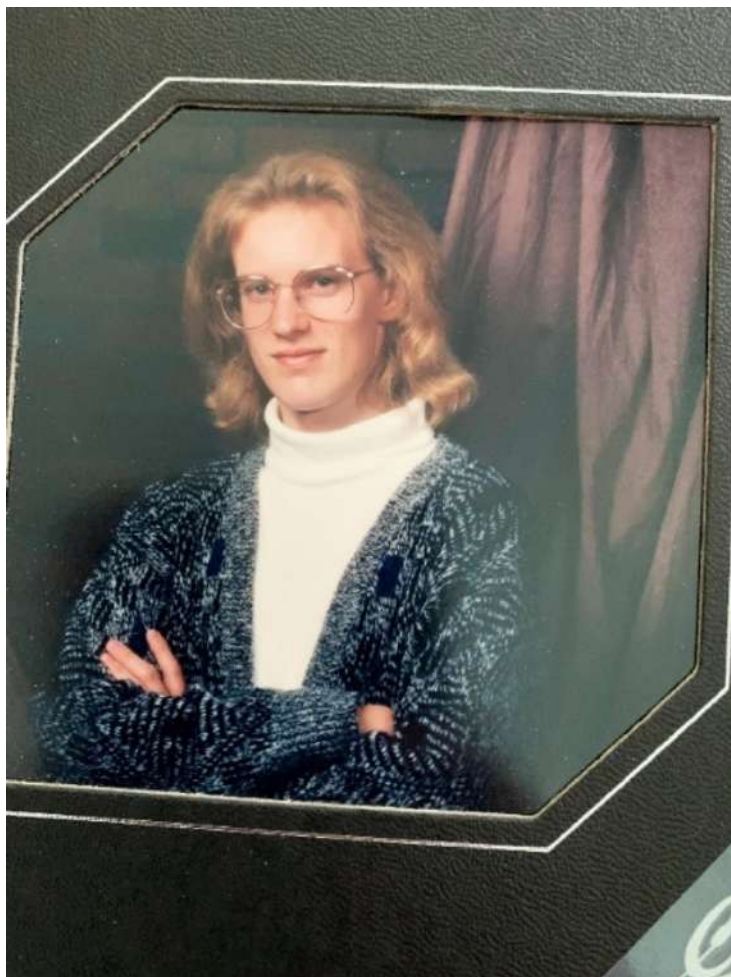
Any presence of such harm is the bigotries of a normalized Puritanism whose regular causalities push outwards to the margins; i.e., to harm people with the least rights, while protecting those who are always protected: white predatory men and their token imitators (a criminal hauntology classically assisted by white cis-het *women* as the middle-class gatekeepers *for* these men). Capital *needs* Nazis to save itself—as scapegoats, but also as witch hunters levying violence against the alien surface of the menace being haunted by good old-fashioned Red Scare. If you can scare and manipulate a gang of pesky kids into isolating and attacking someone, it's capital punishment that historically prioritizes the myth of good war *against* labor to *defend* capital. These little shits are defending Hawkins as a replica hauntology of *Pax Americana* seen now relative to a Gothic ancestry that—per Hogle—is false but furthered through the process of abjection. Per *my* arguments, this delivers the usual videogame-style violence against the state's enemies in a half-real sense; i.e., by alienating workers from the Gothic means to set themselves free, and all while letting the actual killers—white predators (with token offshoots)—free to run about, murdering and raping with impunity (selective punishment during reactive abuse): inside the Imperial Core as a domestic mirror for settler-colonial atrocities overseas. It's what happened in Western Europe, once upon a time, and it's what's happening *right now* all over the world as capital once again decays (more on this in Volume Three).



"Evil," then, is the nature of argument as something to wear like a skin, but also a dwarf in giant's robes, borrowed for fresh purposes (re: *Macbeth*). We must extend this to theory as something to apply to things like metal, sex and videogames; e.g., from the singular and limited nature of psychoanalysis and what's going on up in our skull-capped grey matter to something more holistic that accounts for/plays with material conditions outside of ourselves that get into our heads, that release again, and so on. Brains are idea factories that respond to bigger factories privatized by the casualties of dogma. The usual suspects tend to make things that are content and entertainment first and second, arguments third; i.e., a grain-of-sand, pearl-like configuration we need to reverse through what we produce as playful, but for which allegory isn't so deeply buried as a matter of Gothic discourse: monsters as things to consume, but also wear and perform in ways that always double state forms—as oppositionally as possible on any register.

This brings us to **my critique of Jeremy Parish**—as someone who has eclipsed him in terms of me being a queer voice regarding Metroidvania; i.e., as the school of rock such liberators call home as much as the unironic jailors: as something to discuss in academic *and* non-academic terms, during oppositional praxis not just as a dialog but an *argument* relayed through a dialogic imagination. In true Gothic fashion, I am the dark sexy side to someone like Parish—a space alien from beyond the stars that, funnily enough also calls Earth home, and practices a similar magic, but far darker and gayer than Parish could imagine. I am Medusa's best revenge: the past of settler colonialism come back to haunt itself by tormenting its potential champions towards a gayer direction than they might lean without my Aegis' mirrored smile and hug! "Don't fight it, boyo! I'll be gentle!"

We can talk about videogames historically, for instance, but *must* acknowledge them outside of an "impartial" vacuum (re: [Jeremy Parish's many books of "pure history"](#) being fairly indifferent to overt revolutionary politics, but clearly invested in the overall medium as something to house and express with love); i.e., as a living document that is colonized by lookalikes that, like Vecna, look normal on the *outside* but, point-in-fact, have the privilege and power to say and do the most good *or* harm: white America and physical published legitimacy as being a fatal portrait when pushing unironic fatal nostalgia into the market and crowding out self-published ironies (often non-physical works; e.g., *Sex Positivity* as an entirely digital affair you won't find on Amazon or Goodreads, [just my website](#)). However funny it seems, ignorance should not be a dated point of pride to celebrate in the present space and time if you haven't really changed all that



much; i.e., in regards to ongoing societal issues harming people *other* than yourself. It begs the question: "What *is* the use of wizardry if it cannot save a unicorn?" My dude, that is what heroes are for! Are you a hero, or just a weird canonical nerd? Shots fired!

(artist: [Jeremy Parish](#))

Likewise, we want to consider how the inevitable theoretical binary manifests on an actual gradient, meaning any monster has a theoretical fash-to-Commie polarity on which art and porn present; and things that seem separate like art and porn, pleasure and pain are *less* discrete than we care to admit, but ostensibly divide by a variety of factors—colonization, but also

one being focused on (versus the other) in a given moment, etc. As such, we must holistically and intersectionally focus on a) producing non-harmful variants that critique harmful variants while b) giving those forced to cruise/exist in the closet a vital means of self-expression regarding their alienation, shame, impostor syndrome, sexual frustration, and desire to wear costumes—masks, suits, clothes—that speak to trauma *and* imitate others ostensibly "more normal"; i.e., as a means

of camouflage, co-existence, cryptonymy and so on. No one is normal; normal is a façade where those benefitting from an abusive system use *normality* as a mask to defend themselves with—i.e., by attacking the usual victims during a moral panic, as the state routinely enters in and out of decay—in short, when the chickens come home to roost as a matter of opportunity and exploitation during the liminal hauntology of war usual complicit disguises (e.g., the KKK and their ghost hoods going after fags and [excuse the following expression; I've censored it to avoid using a slur that doesn't apply to my lived reality] "sp**ks").

Sooner or later you have to wake up and take a side... unless the consequences *don't* affect you; e.g., both Jeremy and I work on Metroidvania, but unlike him as a white cis-het man, I embraced the term as a point of praxis while exiting the closet. It became a point of my academic expertise/contributions (re: ergodic castle-narrative and ludo-Gothic BDSM), area of study (speedrunning and Metroidvania) *and* identity as part of the same ongoing equation. In short, I changed—Parish never really did. I can put on a tux and roll with the homies, but



I'll *always* be a trans woman. To be fair, I *was* in the closet when this photo was taken (summer, 2019); closeted or not, even if you had someone as close to *physically identical* to me as you could get—an identical twin, let's say—I'll always be who I was, am and "was will be" (speaking to the past, present and future as one, like the Gandaharian mutants from *Light Years*): trans, thus prone to say things regarding the world as it affects me!

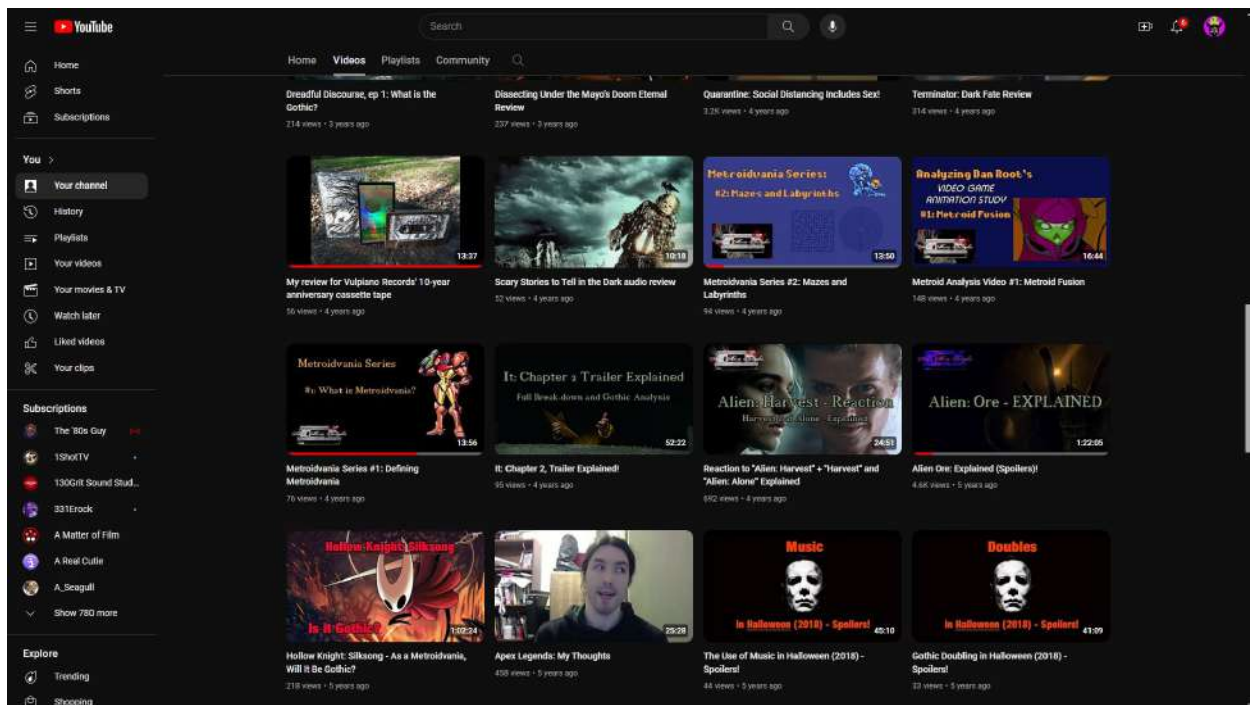
(models: [Henri Albert van der Waard IV](#) and [Persephone \[then Nicholas\] van der Waard](#))

The inverse of the same principle applies to Parish as someone who, while he *is* a published expert in his field and did important work regarding Metroidvania (which I learned from and started with humble

origins²⁴⁸ before I honestly far eclipsed him in the academic and activist senses, if you ask me), remains largely untouched by the larger struggles as a member of the oppressor group: white, cis-het men. Allies *need* to be spokespersons in that respect—not just indifferent, dusty old museum curators, but *of* the group(s)-in-question; otherwise, they'll always be on the outside, looking in ("It belongs in a museum!" being a white savior's cry to salvage, collect and study the colonized, postmortem; e.g., the practice of Egyptology after Napoleon largely being one of grave robbery).

In Parish's case, he even says as much [in his Twitter bio](#): "Media Curator (but not spokesperson)." It's all nice and tidy but doesn't really speak to a reality lived in the trenches of conscious, active class and culture war (re: like Tolkien, Cameron, and Lucas, etc). For him, it's cushy and safe—sterile, sanitary. He doesn't get involved—is Switzerland, etc. All involve Metroidvania as something that's largely still a joke to Parish because it combines different things in ways that are historically difficult to *market* and put one's name on (or even invigilate; e.g., queer interpretations/representation in academia; i.e., which is why I wrote my PhD independently—to be able to say what I wanted without exclusion and censorship

²⁴⁸ My attempts to branch out originally being through YouTube (my account: [@PersephonevanderWaard](#)) as a place to make videos about Metroidvania—a practice I largely performed out of grad school alongside my old blog ([which I still use](#)), before switching over to erotic art and writing part-time, before devoting myself to [my books and illustrations as one-in-the-same with me the author](#) and largely abandoning YouTube due to repeating censorship issues. Still, the history remains, and I'm proud of that work I did, too; it all went towards my current understanding of things through *Sex Positivity* as a whole:



from the usual accommodated fat cats and their neoliberalized institutions hawking their own books over mine); or as Parish himself argues, "'Metroidvania' is a stupid word for a wonderful thing" ([source](#)). I don't think the word is stupid at all, but freely admit that white straight dudes are generally allergic to such portmanteaus—a fact evidenced not just by Parish, but his peers; e.g., [Scott Sharkey insisting he coined the term](#) (source tweet: evilsharkey, June 1st²⁴⁹ 2023) but being more embarrassed about it than anything else, years later. Such praxial inertia is not growth, my dudes.

In good faith, let me be crystal clear about these arguments (and also to anticipate the usual Gamergate types looking for yet-another-spectre of Anita

²⁴⁹ And to which I respond to ([source tweet](#): Persephone van der Waard, 2023):



Whatever exchanges take place, these are the whirlwind to reap, the chickens coming home to roost on Link's twinkish head.

Sarkeesian to dogpile): I'm not some jilted trans bitch saying "Parish is a Nazi" and nothing else; I'm recognizing how the *image* he puts forth—of the tidy-yet-indifferent scholar indexing games in a growing series of publications to puff up his own image/name (versus socialist archivists focusing on public access and labor value/human rights instead of individual brand recognition and monetary value—of catering to corporate, to investors, to police structures and dogma as a business that starts with archiving all of this through one's practice as a point of praxis that unironically endorses all of these things) —will always be haunted by the potential for such things to denude themselves, overtime, as fash. When push comes to shove, will Parish remove his mask and announce to us fags, "I am one of you/with you, comrades!" Or will he remove it and declare, "You thought it was Jeremy but it was I, DIO!"

That remains to be seen. Trust is earned, in this case ("once-bitten, twice-shy" and all that).

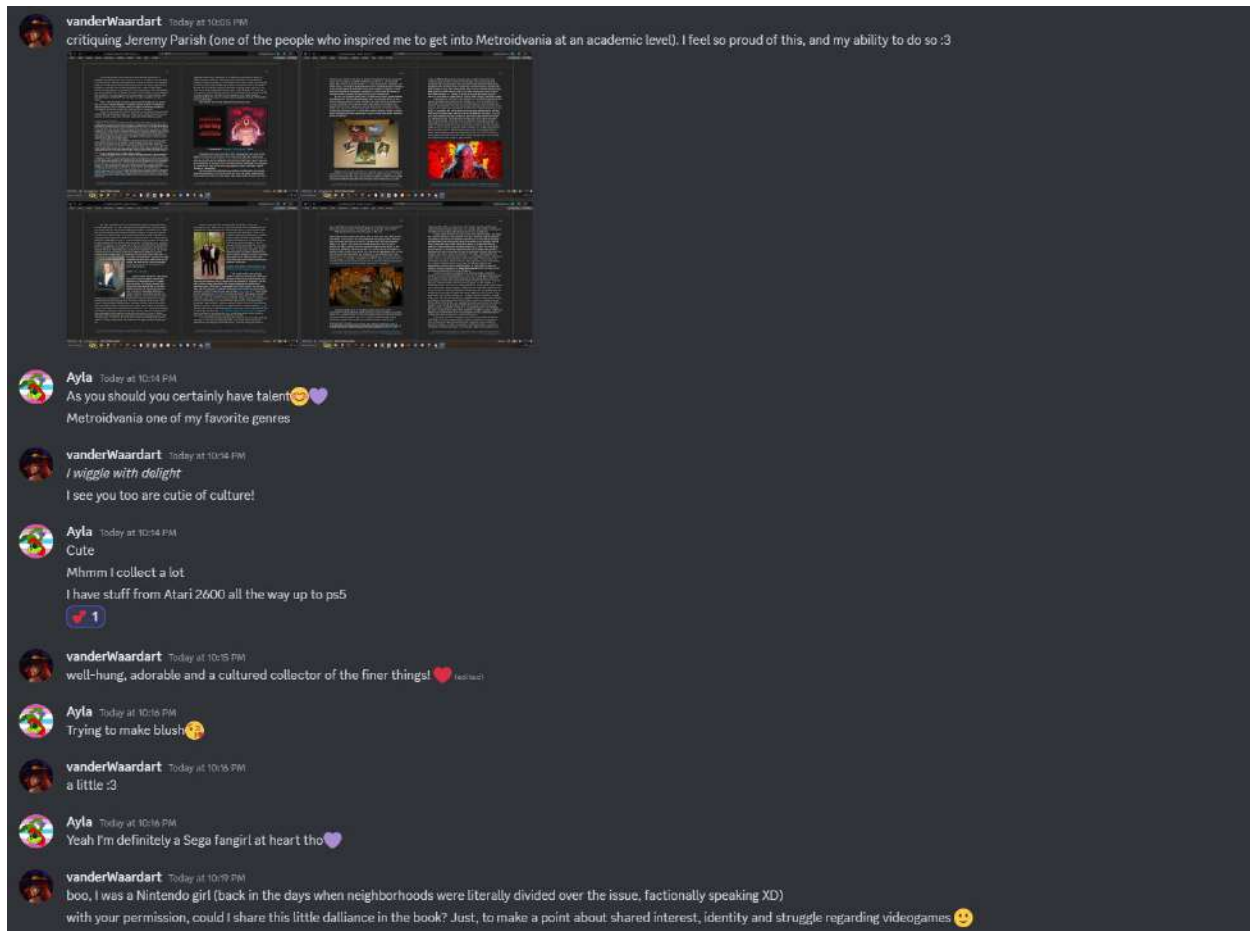
A note to/about Jeremy Parish: We wizards don't all "know each other." Jeremy and I have spoken to each other, but only briefly and in a purely professional and passing setting. However, we're not friends, and his aims and mine—while in the same broader field of study—I think are somewhat different in terms of research goals (which such Venn Diagrams generally allow for): he compiles and collects for its own sake, and I to liberate my comrades. Go figure. I don't write any of these things about him as a sign of wanton hostility or unchecked revenge, but want to express valid criticism regarding an influential public figure who, like anyone else, is fallible and not above critique; i.e., another darling—one similar to Radcliffe, Tolkien, Cameron and all the rest—that we can figuratively string up, beat with a stick and see what shakes out.

"Figurative" is the operative world, here; don't go and harass the guy or anything! Save that spice for actual Nazis and war criminals (e.g., J.K. Rowling or Joe Biden)! But all the same, he is the odd man out, and talk is cheap. If, during discourse you want to test the mettle of such persons to see if they're "one of us," by all means! They'll live. If their sex-positive vocabulary during crisis is simply "no comment," then maybe they've earned a few whacks—not to harm them, but wake



them up from their class torpor and de-atomize them as having be pulverized by the myopic nature of classic academic and white nerd culture; i.e., relative to gaming as a medium, but also a way of life, a critical voice. —Persephone

P.S., Such "hostilities" don't preclude companionship and romance—e.g., me flirting with [Ayla](#) as someone who shares a common interest about Metroidvania as another queer person would—but such workers flirting with each other as a point of practice needs to become a point of expertise through thinking critically about things we all enjoy and love to different degrees (complete with chagrin-inducing typos on my end, in hindsight). See what we do, straight white boys, and try it yourself:



As I say to Ayla afterward, "Doing Communism is such a turn-on and socially enriching!" Her response, "One of my favorite pastimes!" Such a gem (and with such a big dick; I wasn't kidding about how big she is)! The Gothic is a mode of expression that—in iconoclastic forms—breaks through harmful boundaries and venues of exchange to double them in sex-positive forms. Sometimes, though, this takes a rather big "ram" when exchanging knowledge and essence, forming friendships through things whose discourse has been colonized by the usual suspects for centuries and must be reclaimed during the Internet Age through the free-and-willing partaking of things I'm sure Parish wouldn't be caught dead doing in public: forbidden fruit of a substantial (and epistemologically nutritious) nature.

Taking it back starts with such things as wedded to a fatal nostalgia we reclaim by sucking it anisotropically in the opposite direction—not as a weakness of exposure, but an empowering one that, unto itself, showing what "doing a Gothic Communism [the illustrating mutual consent during praxial synthesis]" is all about—as a joke, a last stand, a rapture, green eggs and ham, and a farce all at once: "Mmm, such delicious, tasty Communism! 'Taste the Rainbow!'"



(artists: [Ms. Reefer & Ayla](#))

Let's leave Parish alone (aftercare, remember) and press on! As we do, just remember that, as something whose ironic forms resists canonization²⁵⁰ and

²⁵⁰ The Gothic, like a parasitoid, survives through a dance with death (odd motion), but also an unnatural prolonging of its lifespan inside something that it eats alive and emerges from (waste not,

quantification (of the Cartesian sort), the Gothic is yet-another totality in our powerful means of navigating capital's inherited confusions mid-play: swimming happily through the void not to escape it by going outside, but by transforming capital's bad, prolific and completely lucrative forgeries into communes from *within*—to camp canon, thus "make it gay" through the same shared, reclaimed monsters made material (our creative means); i.e., devoting these things to something *other* than just capital (and profit) through moral panic and abjection.

Except, neither is there some actual outer space full of monsters, but merely the semantic wreckage of language that, through a particular surgical (selective) reassembly of old dead parts, achieves *cryptomimesis* to comment on the things normally hidden (and unreachable) there; i.e., as expressed by our activities with the dead: writing with them, dancing with them, eating or fucking with them as spectres of various classes and subclasses. Again, it's a vapor trail, one whose paradoxical sight is felt through things pointedly built to evoke what cannot be expressed all at once, but pieces that must be assembled afterward (like one of my collages) until it clicks: within the narrative of the crypt's vanishing point (the telltale heart in Poe's infamous floorboards); i.e., our flagging reserves, but also our sanity (and cum) wavering regarding our place in things: among ancestors and descendants, impostors. These cannot be neatly separated, so the Gothic doesn't try. Instead, it examines them as they exist—in confusion, disorder and apprehension, moving towards something better by confronting the alien as a historical-material consequence of **dialectical-material** forces that make us and society sick (sometimes to our actual stomachs).

Canon is sex-coercive, xenophobic and violent by design, presenting monsters as demonized personifications of "pure evil" to gentrify and scapegoat, thus persecute out-groups with using medievalized language during *ongoing* fascist regressions (moral panics). Historically-materially this attaches itself to punishment of the out-group by a hateful mascot in the eyes of the in-group; i.e., the creation of a counterfeit monster that serves to readily demonize in-group targets, while "outing" and branding them with immediately recognizable and marketable duplicates.

The outcome is *routine* exclusion, segregation and genocide, but also profit through the assignment and execution of these roles under Capitalism (e.g., academia; re: Parish). This, of course, is the entire point. Canon doesn't explain evil; it assigns it, forcing a punitive, dogmatic binary upon those the state exploits as compelled outsiders of descending privilege according to various intersecting markers. White women, for example, have one foot on either side of the line—are punished most aggressively when they refuse to submit to male authority by bearing children for the state; on the other hand, people of color are exploited by

want not). What a lovely metaphor for Gothic-Communist development (see: "[The Caterpillar and the Wasp](#)").

default, as are disabled persons, non-Christians, the queer community and various ethnic minorities separate or together. Zombies, vampires, goblins and demons, *et al*, can represent them all to various degrees—in short, whatever fascism or neoliberalism demand through an enforced curriculum.

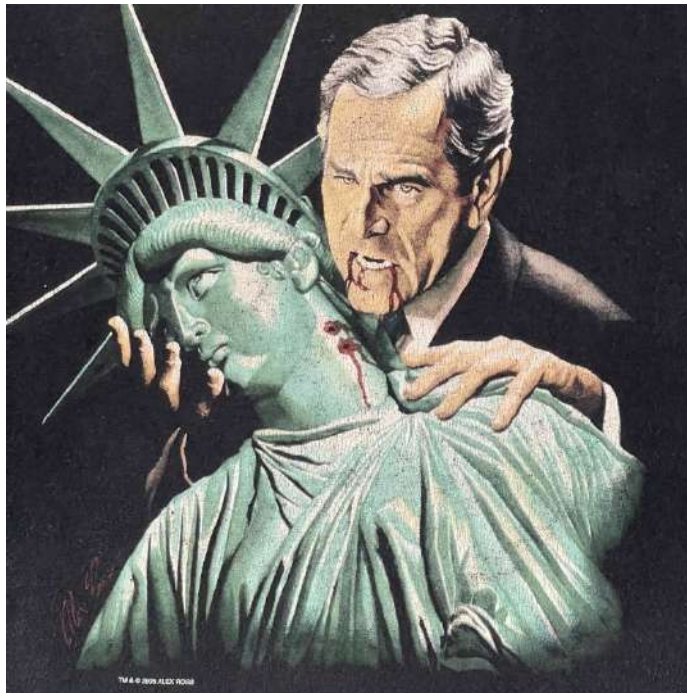
Conversely, *iconoclastic* monsters under Gothic Communism dissolve the dividing line by *de facto*, extracurricular educators: *ipso facto* voicing worker oppression in favor of their social-sexual rights through dislocated, xenophilic means (outside of hyperreal examples, a monster is generally a symbol of someone—a persona or caricature). But liminal expression occurs through conflict on the surface of and within thresholds. While the fight for basic human, animal and environmental rights is universally moral, thus correct (and the state immoral and incorrect), the complexities of monstrous expression (as we shall see) invite the paradox of doubled forms that fight for or against the state during *Amazonomachia* ("monster battle" but also monster "castles," "armies," "warriors," "damsels," etc, as dualistic and poetic in discrete-to-indiscrete forms [e.g., castle-like bodies inside body-like castles] of *mise-en-abyme*).



The state is the ultimate foe, the great enemy that cannot ever be sided with in order for Gothic Communism to exist; our planet's bloody history of

endless wars and deceptions fought to enrich the elite through nation-states (and other status-quo arrangements of power) should be enough to demonstrate how harmful nation-states (and their police agents) are. All choose the form of the destructor as something to rape Medusa and ultimately themselves during state sponsored Promethean Quests and Faustian bargains; i.e., in pursuit of the Communist, monstrous-feminine Numinous to rape her and slam shut her door, thus their own menticided brains as stuck in Capitalist Realism; e.g., *Ghostbusters* (above) rejecting Gozer's Aegis to "save" New York (crossing streams emitting from their "swords" but not touching the swords themselves; that would be gay!): all to exorcise the spirit of queer expression as something that could "never ever possibly destroy [them]" but for which they long to return to and which Bill Murray (a sex pest on and offscreen) and company conflate as madness: "Ray's gone bye-bye, Egon; what have you got left?" / "I'm sorry, Venkman! I'm terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought!" In short, they feel Gozer's collectively genderqueer pull/call of the void as one towards liberation from New York as a settler-colonial

symbol, Gozer (the whore) denuding the Statue of Liberty to expose a TERF charlatan enabled and encouraged by neoliberal men:



(artist: Axel Ross)

It's not just that the *Ghostbusters* are cops who must go into Hell to fuck Medusa silent; they're cops, whose fatal, police-state nostalgia is, of course, tied to a neoliberal "Golden Age" that never existed, and one where brainwashed people collective sigh as one, "Remember when times were good?" What? You mean *before* you were born, when the elite robbed people blind and use said illusions to do so more than ever? "Suffer the little children unto me," indeed!

To that, praxis exists in opposition, using language as dualistic, dialectical material. Courtesy of my own Humanities education, Volume Two, part two will apply ludo-Gothic BDSM far beyond *Ghostbusters*—instead analyzing oppositional praxis as I was taught as much by my past mentors (this book is all your fault, haha) as myself while at MMU and afterward: through **modules!**

Volume Two, part two will contain two Humanities-themed modules, each dedicated to a specific monster group as something that goes from undead, demonic or anthropomorphic unto perverse (and delicious) hybrids of these things we can use to "pants" capital and look good doing it (to capital, we cry at them: "Eat my shorts!" before mooning them). That being said, I originally—as in, late 2022/early 2023—wanted to articulate a process of understanding information that involved monsters, but didn't focus on them: dreams, reflection, vision, blindness, transformation and revival. I have since decided to focus more on the monsters themselves, but some fragments of the original blueprint still remain.

There are two main modules, Undead and Demon. Similar to the Poetry Module, each divides and subdivides, focusing on a particular monster type as liminal expression: zombies; ghosts, vampires and composite bodies; summoned demons; and animal-themed entities and magics (we'll focus on adult-themed material for these expression types, but also child education later in the primer). All work as Athena's Aegis does—through dark, potent, and yes, paradoxical reflections towards state trauma as something to face, interrogate and transform during praxial synthesis as a *modular* holistic exercise that includes official academic

elements, but isn't a slave²⁵¹ to them, either! This brings us to **Sorcha Ní Fhlainn** (see footnote, above). This next little bit (about two paragraphs) is gonna get a

²⁵¹ **Sorcha Ní Fhlainn** might feature Axel Ross' iconoclastic painting on the cover of *Postmodern Vampires: Film, Fiction, and Popular Culture* (2019), but is fairly limited by wanting to be the first of a hopelessly narrow scope of study (much how Creed is—all the more ironic since Ní Fhlainn ["neh-lahn"] was the one who first recommend *The Monstrous-Feminine* to me when I was looking for a graduate supervisor at MMU):

Postmodern Vampires: Film, Fiction, and Popular Culture is the first major study to focus on American cultural history from the vampire's point of view. Beginning in 1968, Ní Fhlainn argues that vampires move from the margins to the centre of popular culture as representatives of the anxieties and aspirations of their age. Mapping their literary and screen evolution on to the American Presidency, from Richard Nixon to Donald Trump, this essential critical study chronicles the vampire's blood-ties to distinct socio-political movements and cultural decades in the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries ([source](#): Amazon).

And while it's all very fascinating, my dude, let me turn the tables: how can this intuitively translate to sex-positive struggles expressed in non-academic speak (while employing some of the theory)? No sex worker I know is going to refer to your book—not because its heart isn't in the right place, but because it's literally closed-off snobbery!

For example, Creed eventually wrote [Return of the Monstrous-Feminine](#) in 2022—thirty years *after* her original book, and one that expanded the critical lens to things *other* than movies (to actually account for multimedia expression on the Internet). But even then, her follow-up costs—sweet, Jesus—\$144.99 in hardcover? What are you printing it on, Creed, solid gold? Both you and Ní Fhlainn have the same problem (with *Postmodern Vampires* costing \$66-\$166 on Kindle and \$154 hardcover): gentrifying knowledge while simultaneously narrowing it into inaccessible, inapplicable, elitist *gnosis* squirrelled away in the usual neoliberal monasteries by the usual cognitive estrangement/dissonance, but also *establishment*. Just as Columbia University students are protesting genocide right now, students at large don't just historically protest against the state *elsewhere*; they also protest their own faculty and power centers, too. Like, fuck neoliberals; supporting behavior like that reflects in social activities (Sorcha was a bit of a bully at conferences, too) and publication habits. Such persons are literally sitting on their ideas; i.e., making them hard to access on purpose while students riot! If them's the breaks at academia, then why the fuck are professors often still there? No, no—don't get up. Allow me. It's because they're accommodated, that's why!



Excuse my own *ríastrad*, Sorcha, but I won't apologize for what's been a long time coming. That being said, I won't say what you're doing here is worthless, either—because I think a narrow, specialized lens is ultimately still part of the larger rainbow (one we shoot from our butts to wrestle, *DBZ*-style, with capital's own during Rainbow Capitalism). But from one intellectual vamp to another (and someone who's learned a lot since her time in your classroom; i.e., where you *didn't* want me to openly acknowledge that it doesn't take supernatural strength the likes of a vampire such as Edward Cullen to give a girl like Bella Swan a bruise during sex): Girl, you're really behind the curve when it comes to holistic expression!

little bitter and heated. So strap yourselves in! **Takes a breathe to steady herself, then removes her metaphorical earrings, jewelry and glasses and puts on her knuckle dusters**

Sorcha's bio on MMU's website reads: "I foster a particular love of all things rooted in the 1980s (including its music and film scores!). As a history, politics and American Studies graduate I am acutely interested in current affairs, journalism, feminism, US culture and politics, US Presidential history - and I am an Oscars fanatic." Furthermore, "My approach is to encourage, advise and most importantly impart a love of the subjects I teach" ([source](#)). In other words, their fascination with the 1980s verges on hauntological obsession. This isn't a criticism by itself—in fact, I sympathize, finding my own thing to care about to a similar extent in Metrodvania. Shit, I'll even go so far as to say that Sorcha's main problem *isn't* their academic work (though "postmodern" is such a dated and vague phrase that doesn't go hard enough in an anti-capitalist direction)!

Their problem is that they're an asshole who wants to make a name for themselves writing about a nostalgia/place they romanticize a little *too* much (to that, Xavi Reyes once pulled me aside and said regarding Sorcha's *uncritical* nostalgic attitudes: "The '80s *weren't* this wonderful time!" I think he was talking about being queer vs Satanic Panic and the AIDs crisis, but I don't want to presume). But I guess the school can't put *that* on her webpage: "Loves the '80s—is an asshole." Definitely bad optics/a poor return on their investment (a MMU researchers' job isn't just to do research, then, but be a face for the school and welcoming element of authority [good cop, bad cop] to play nice for the local student undergrad body and local MAs—not the international students, because once *we* were at the school, this meant the school had our *money* and could revoke our *visas* if they wanted; i.e., our ability to complain, for all intents and purposes, being curtailed by sobering material factors the university *definitely* didn't advertise).



and egregores are occult simulacra—i.e., the copy of the thing that never existed touching upon ghastly allegories. They act as semi-abstracted, oft-playful

Before I throw down the proverbial gauntlet, though, something that needs to be said about **monsters classes** that overlaps with the **class character** and analysis of such things on different registers, from different walks of life, countries, continents, generations, etc. In a nutshell, the alien/other is an egregore

expressions of systemic trauma and collective persecution emerging from a collective imagination; i.e., dead bodies, scapegoats, and codified, sublimated elements/effigies of torture, general violence and policed materials, as well as subversions of evil and exploitation through the same language: doubles, or the failure of sublimation during liminal expression—i.e., thresholds and surface tension. We'll be focusing on two basic **classes** of egregores

- the *undead* as a consequence or expression of trauma, its nightmarish return to the living world, and various feeding behaviors that serve a liminal function between the living and the dead
- the sublimation or subversion of *demonic*, manmade monsters and their associate knowledge, tortures and persecution tied to mad science, the occult and nature (magic and drugs)

while examining how *composites* walk the tightrope as potentially undead, demonic or both. Whereas composite undead are made from the harvested, abject materials of dead slaves, criminals, and outcasts, composite demons constitute the transformation of bodies—with further distinction being made towards manmade/occult demons and a nature-oriented classification to all of the above: *anthropomorphism* and the wearing of animal skins/adoption of animalistic shapes as criminal (re: nature-as-monstrous-feminine under a Cartesian, capitalist hegemon). There's also the magicians, natural philosophers, summoners, detectives *et al* associated with these egregores' creation, embodiment, and investigation.



([source](#): "Dr Sorcha Ní Fhlainn in BBC2 Irish language documentary 'I Lár an Aonaigh,'" 2019)

Per Weber, Asprey and I, such things—contrary to academic posturing and grandstanding (don't make me *laugh*, Sorcha)—cannot be monopolized by any one institution. Indeed, they have no hope of doing so, are yet another thing that won't survive state shift, as it approaches; their little monasterial haunts will go up in smoke, like everything else. Am I accelerating the blaze by fiddling like Nero on ghost of "Rome"? Eh, I'm simply a new order of existence and academic, self-important sticks-in-the-mud like Sorcha Ní Fhlainn are just Robert Neville playing the vampire: a legend to relegate to the ignominious annals of an older history/way of doing things (see what I did there, Sorcha?). I'll be frank: There's no love lost between me and my checkered

academic past, but I seriously doubt Ní Fhlainn—thoroughly alienated/abducted by academia and taken to their little privileged planet, high up in the bourgeoisies' ivory tower (compared to Jung's, or hell, mine)—gives two flying *fucks* what I think; she's too busy hearing herself talk (so I am, to be fair—the difference is, I actually include and talk to other people outside the halls of power)!

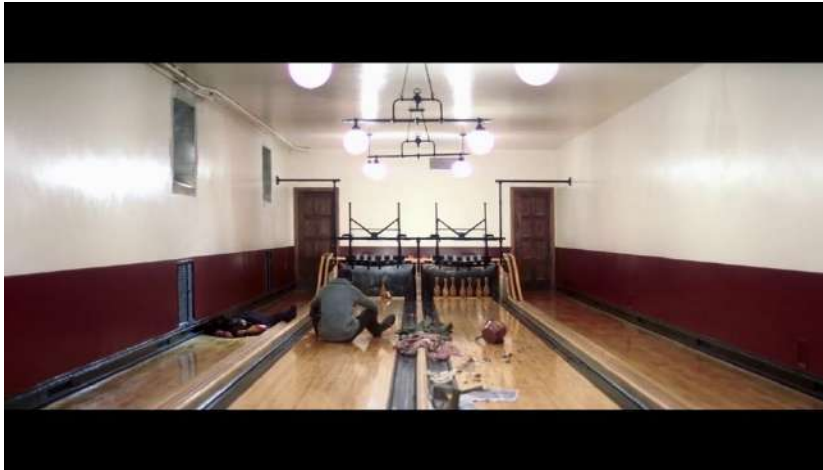
More power to them, I guess; but when asked "who pissed in your Cheerios?" it's self-serving people like her that I always think of, and who I will happily burn an effigy of when communing with my own dark gods (raised with my friends to spite academia as a whole) regarding the wholesale (and delicious) abdication their legacy. In terms of their raw arguments, you could frankly do far worse than Sorcha Ní Fhlainn, but as a person and activist *outside* of academia having *active* class character on the side of students, of workers, the proletariat (all using terms that describe what they do, not shield it like Sorcha's "postmodernism²⁵²" does)? Personally I think they kind of suck, are part of the problem in how they can't communicate their way out of a wet paper bag to anyone but academics. I can't change the past (or Ní Fhlainn, for that matter) as far as that goes; but I *can* transmute and give away the useful things they taught me *for free* ([and not for \\$145 like your overpriced book, Ní Fhlainn](#)—now I *know* you're a comedian). Unlike them, fame was never the point for me, nor preserving the past as a particular isolated hermeneutic (another flaw in academia, I think); helping people was, by any and all means.

And if any of you see it as "just a catfight," a jilted fag shouting at clouds, or some burnout who never made it, then you've missed the point. I'm not the one measuring dicks, here, and I clearly don't want to be kept in power! For all Sorcha's station as an academic, I can't recall anything memorable about them except they couldn't wait to be out of class, researching or talking with colleagues (oof, I still remember how they'd do that—sticks in my craw). I'm sure I *could* write a few nice words about some argument they said in some book they wrote, but it's not my job to rescue them from their own unlikeable personality and air of superiority. I don't think about them often, but when I do, I don't like them; in fact, I find the memory of them insufferable. Can't you tell? No point in lying about it!

Furthermore, I have plenty of academics to refer to so I'm not going to cite Ní Fhlainn on principle! Per my friend Sandy Norton's words (someone who actually treated me like a person and not an international student to grit their teeth at): "Rather than 'needing to invoke' Foucault, I choose to apply Foucault because of

²⁵² No self-respecting (note: functioning) Communist calls themselves a postmodernist. It's dated academic bullshit from the 1960s and 70s, insofar as people like Derrida put *that* before active rebellion (he made up for it a bit with *Spectres of Marx*—thirty years later!). Not to "hand it" to Peterson, then, but there *is* something ridiculous about academic labels (though failing through his own Red-Scare, "faceless fash" hysteria to describe us Commies in terms we actually use [e.g., "an-Com"]—opting for the usual dogwhistles made hyperbolic: "postmodern neo-Marxist" a malapropism *and* monolith to assign conspiracy and blame to, thus state violence as something to give and receive).

the speculative richness such application offers" ([source](#): "The Imperialism of Theory: A Response to J. Russell Perkin," 1994). I'm using the same mechanism to intentionally omit Ní Fhlainn and say my own piece about vampires (while invoking Foucault, of course); i.e., because a) my arguments are rich enough on their own with the sources I already have and artwork and muses already involved, and b) I find speaking for myself far more liberating instead of suffering Sorcha speaking for me through their own gentrified texts. To be blunt, my arguments straight up don't need Ní Fhlainn for me to talk to *my* friends/associates about vampires in a class-conscious way that actually helps sex workers. Fuck 'em!



A note about Sorcha Ní Fhlainn: While I don't like them as a person, I also don't—similar to Jeremy Parish—condone harassing them or committing violence against them (the above image from There Will Be Blood [2007] is a joke, and I'm taking their 2017-2020 ghost to task, more than the person

themselves, who I don't follow anymore; but also, I'm willing to bet I'm still talking about someone who hasn't changed all that much since I was at MMU). I'm sure plenty of people like Sorcha and want to, I don't know, do vampire shit together ("Super! Then you'll have lots to talk about!").

My takeaway point with them is, you can't just "be an academic" to synthesize praxis; you have to have friends, and Sorcha and I are not friends. All the same, it's equally possible for me to dislike someone as much as I do Sorcha and for both of us to carry on much as we have without getting in each other's way. That's the nature of synchronicity. I.e., Coleridge was established and couldn't stand Lewis, but this a) didn't stop Lewis from looking better in hindsight, and b) for Coleridge's poems to outlive the sorry politics of the man, himself. Conversely I'm the outsider in this situation, throwing shade Sorcha's way because I think they're a dick. Is it a little petty? Maybe, maybe not. But it doesn't change the fact that catharsis includes airing grievances when oneself and one's enemies become objects d'art.

To that, Sorcha loves the 80s' imaginary past and I don't, and if that means we can't be friends, then so be it; we're foils in argument, then. Let this animus inspire me to remind the wacky Brit that America—in spite of their gushing opinions to its dated imaginary past—is a settler colony aided by said past's Capitalist-Realist myopia. It's all bullshit, my dude—has always been a vehicle for Western

Imperialism and genocide used to pacify the middle class and turn them into state cops/content farmers (and if you scratch a moderate/SWERF, a fascist/TERF bleeds)—so kindly pull your head out of your ass. Sláinte!

Simply put, I'm human, babes, and not above communicating my own misgivings regarding academia if it encourages you to try new things (if someone sucks, don't sweat it; just get new friends). Don't take that shit to your grave; let it breathe! Everyone has that one teacher in school they can't fucking stand, but even with Sorcha, they pointed me in the right direction, and more to the point, showed me how not to treat others while at school. So... thanks, I guess?

P.S. (and a long one, at that),

Like Marx' Eighteenth Brumaire, let's swivel from tragedy to farce (our ghosts no less polite) while still speaking in the language of ghosts and dreams. I had a dream after writing this section, and wanted to share it, here. As I do, try to think of the Gothic like the mind—extending materially into the visible, everyday world while not being separate from oneself and the things that shape and make up said self and others past-and-present as hopelessly tangled—like writhing orgies/snake balls and music, but also orchestras and their own tone-poem hauntologies reviving different factors of a Neo-Gothic sort; e.g., Uematso's "Dancing Mad" (1994) as something to rehash through rock-opera pastiche (e.g., The Black Mage's "[Dancing Mad](#)," 2003): as something to export back and forth synchronistically over space-time, in endless echo and refrain, call and response; i.e., speaking of a grand



psychomachy between the player as hero with their dark half, the dancing clown wanting to destroy the world in-text and loving it (a puppet of the emperor and eventually his master and, without a support group, spiraling out of control to fatal extremes). The Gothic is writ in disintegration inherited. Sometimes, these "self-destructive" reflections are furious; others, curiously "caked-out" (the two aren't mutually exclusive, mind you): art about people with art, back and forth. "Baby got back," indeed! Sometimes, a particular revival is someone's favorite.

(artist: [George Roux](#))

It's like Bach's Major/minor conversions (the angel and devil duking it

out, fugue-style, through his baroque organ pipes) in a musical refrain; i.e., one felt on multiple registers regarding tremendous feelings (a Gothic staple) expressing warring forces relaid, as is tradition, through rape and war, but also sex and force with an operatic "rape" castle likeness (re: Lewis and Radcliffe's oppositional gendered perspectives): "Toccatà in d minor" in quotes. Such a "feel" is something to "cop" (a modern theft and revival of Bach's most famous piece—at least, in horror cinema) as something Castlevania took to heart based on older circuits circulating the codified angst—of our resident "mad lad," Kefka, delighting at the torture and enslavement of Terra (making her like him, under the thrall of the elite, but in a way Terra could ultimately escape—by removing the hypnotic headdress; i.e., much like I did Jadis' collar and my little double, Alyona, did with Bane's to help her mother Sigourney [an echo of my mother, of which Alyona also represented both of us] escape bondage, too: me freeing myself, my mother and all the dead-and-future generations from such bullshit). Clearly there's a divided but nevertheless present presence of trauma that conveys through pastiche as half-real; e.g., the classic Japanese neoliberal refrain—the so-called "final fantasy"—exporting to and from America: a wild 20th century hauntology of fantasy and science fiction, but also Gothic rock operas, of JoJo's Bizarre Adventure [1987] and so-called "boss battles."

In my case, I grew up on the game, and have my own childhood trauma regarding music as traumatic besides; i.e., both a prison and place to escape inside of itself (where, per Foucault, power and resistance exist in the same space*) that I took with me to MMU, then slammed into Sorcha and the school as a challenging hurdle (to say the least).

*I.e., as an aesthetic that speaks to all manner of performances; e.g., leather daddies:

the multiplicity of power and for ambivalent interaction of resistance and oppression in Tom's drawings. Tom's pictures draw attention to an idea, derived from Michel Foucault, that power and resistance are to be found in one and the same place. Although ways in which these images are used may give rise to subversive meanings they also circulate racist, sexist, and fascist discourses that contradict their potentially radical meanings. Indeed, the problem with the transgressive pleasures is that transgression may help to sustain the limits that are supposed to be crossed and deconstructed by a transgressor ([source](#): "Dressing Up in Power: Tom of Finland and Gay Male Body Politics," 1998).

We'll apply this to vampires ourselves, in Volume Two, part two.

In short, such stories are fractally recursive, oscillating and multiplane interactions whose plastic-poetic memories constitute ludo-Gothic BDSM unto themselves—as mnemonically epistolary and hermeneutic, but ontological as well: pertaining to memory games/parceled engagement as a complex, at-times-befuddling means of study regarding existence as riddle, as "other": something to reinvent and re-experience preexisting trauma with in new ouroborotic forms.

When I went to MMU, then, I brought all of this with me, would trigger and express myself openly [as a closeted trans women] regarding sexuality and gender in class as something that, through performative dialogs of rape, generally came up; e.g., Rosemary and Satan's big cock, and Dr. Lonnie Blake commenting on that, but also the girls in class talking giddily about "crowning" (of giving birth as a cross-examination of sex with big dicks/dildos) to make the male members (all two of us) a little uneasy on the other side of the table, followed by my own commentary—i.e., on my own experiences with Zeuhl and how they were teaching me outside of class that, no, you don't need a big dick to make someone cum, but also that a big dick can represent, as we have discussed in this book, size difference (which can take on other morphological, cryptomimetic forms of Gothic fetish and cliché—Harukawa, below). These generally execute per feelings of impotency in regards to memories of trauma as partially imaginary based on survived abuse: adjacent to lived experiences of rape that, per Gothic phenomenologies, become their own things to live through, but also discuss on multiple registers during a dialogic imagination; i.e., its intratextual, intertextual, para and meta elements, etc. In the words of Robin Williams, "That's very deep!" But it's also the gist (the desire for reversal, to turn the tables for once)!



(artist: Namio Harukawa; source: Marijn Kruijff's "[Namio Harukawa and His Insatiable Buttocks Fetish](#)," 2019)

My teachers at MMU had very different reactions to me. Some loved my enthusiasm and said I wrote "like an angel" (Linnie—bless you, babe); others saw me as something of an enigma, one they lost patience with (Xavi, I think, talking about spanking with me [as a form of psychosexual play between partners] as we walked to the bus stop, but not entirely happy or visibly comfortable that I had mentioned it in class); some, like Sorcha, saw me as something control and clamp down on, per academic double standards (indicating, I would think, an element of projection on their part). The paradox was

generally of power as allowing certain people—Linnie, as the person who could transgress because they were the head of the Gothic program—and others to control me as someone there to talk and not waste time; i.e., I hadn't gone through so much planning and bullshit to be infantilized by a control freak playing vampire dress-up right in front of me while being lauded and celebrated for it by the university I had joined precisely not to be censored by! Like BDSM always is, the reality of such exchanges was different as advertised than in practice.

To that, Sorcha and I didn't always fight, and this current dance is as much had by me of my frustrations with the whole experience as it was with them personally. But too many cooks in the kitchen spoil the broth, and in BDSM parlance, this translates to doms like them forcing a contract onto me I didn't sign, thus agree to, up front (no, please don't sit/step on me like that). How could they present it as something to market? And yet, here we are!

In other words, Sorcha didn't excite my subby side, and my dominant side (as you can see) really doesn't like them (or the neoliberal trainwreck that is MMU's grad exchange program). Per the Gothic dialogic, however, this isn't a casualty of argument but merely its processing as I go from day to day in a safe space to work through my shit; i.e., all at once, and regarding multiple registers, mediums, memories and conversations. It's simply how my mind works, but I haven't always had the skill or know-how (or friends, proper tutelage) to voice that in ways I could teach as the master does to the pupil: as a system of thought. This is my lesson to Sorcha, from one master to another ("Only a master of evil, Darth!" Damn straight).

So after writing this I had a dream, which I related to Ginger as follows (indented for clarity):

I had a lovely dream with a secret twist. Charles Dance was my cello teacher. He played a cello teacher in Hillary and Jackie (1998). I think I was dreaming I was Jacqueline du Pré (the famous British cellist). I used to play cello when I was a little girl, and my teacher (an Alison Badger) taught me to sway as I did; i.e., the idea with the cello being you have to wiggle your body like a snake while sitting down. You're basically dancing while seated. In the dream, I envisioned that I was abused by my father and Mr. Dance came into the room to scold me: "You have no rhythm to the music!" he chided, smartly (speaking in that curt little way that Charles Dance does). "What are you doing?" I looked up from my cello and said, "My father would touch me; I'm playing wildly to escape that."

And Mr. Dance looked very sad/panicky and said (also curtly): "As you were, young man [I think I was in the closet, in the dream]" and turned to leave, to go cry in the upstairs bathroom in my grandparents' house. And I stood, holding my cello and my bow and said to him. "No! Don't go!" And followed in him to the hall to gaze at him imploringly, holding my cello by its

neck, with its fat wooden body swiveling on its built-in stand, touching the ground at my feet. And he paused, hesitated, looked sidelong my way but not entirely at me, nodded and wordlessly spoke, then turned to collect himself in front of the bathroom mirror (rereading this, I'm suddenly thinking of D.H. Lawrence's "Snake" [1923]: "For he seemed to me again like a king, / Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld, / Now due to be crowned again," [source](#)).

The thing is—and as I said—I used to play cello as a little girl. My teacher said I was very talented, but I had no focus and couldn't live up to their vision of me. But I could remember playing in the dream, my technique. I ignored the notes on the page and made my own music (which "Mr. Dance" scolded me for); I had experiences in real life like that, and I grew up watching Hillary and Jackie. Jacqueline was kind of rockstar/wild slut in real life, and her sister wrote about being in her shadow in her memoirs, which got turned into a movie, etc.

It feels very validating to have my trans self revision a past (re)memory as "Jackie" (also, I once cried in front of my cello teacher—the same one, Mrs. Badger—but it was because I was sexually frustrated with a girl I was in love with. She replied, "One day you'll be fending them off with a stick!" How prophetic, Alison).



In turn, I relayed all of these things to Ginger like Milton did: speaking from dreams to process my own shadowy thoughts, taboo desires, repressed anxieties, and buried trauma, etc, to liberate a dark, secret side of myself that I, awake but not aware, was still party to (re: Jung without the sexist psychobabble, but also not the eugenics stuff Maynard James Keenan* didn't do a good enough job critiquing in "Forty Six & 2," 1996). Milton didn't know he was of the devil's party (re: Jamal Nafi'), but at this point I most certainly do. But all the same, there's still surprising

elements that only emerge in frames of reference whose hindsight conjures up past memories in the present; i.e., as hauntological dance partners that assume a chimeric assemblage—one of surprisingly cogent and harmonious chaos (a bit like a Gothic castle, in that respect: the dialog not of one chateau, but a warring legion of them as actual and imagined simulacra).

**Which, like a Tool song, goes on forever! Obscurantism and duration, in the absence of direct statements that actually critique capital, become mere stalling tactics/praxial inertia centered around profit and (with Tool, in particular) a form of self-idolatry and marketing of such things as products; i.e., content as "criticism" drained of critical power (which must be reclaimed by those of us who enjoy Tool [and their sick music videos] but hold them, like anyone else, accountable).*

The manifestations aren't a strict prophecy but the mind working through trauma in ways for which I am not always in control. To that, I think said dream neatly conveys my baggage brought with me to England, which I worked through back then by consuming Gothic media: as relayed in modules to me by various instructors, but also by working through theory as something to master and acquire the agency to analyze my own thoughts and experiences; i.e., Sex Positivity regarding the traumas of capital as a historical-material consequence I had—like Nick Bottom—the confused perceptions, but not the skill or academic language to artfully express. As such, let me insert this block quote as an argument-within-an-argument, a framed-narrative mise-en-abyme:

The profit motive is Cartesian and fractally recursive, turning men and women into faster, more efficient machines: the hunter as the universal clientele and the prey as the monstrous-feminine, the "gold"/monstrous-feminine bounty to harvest for labor theft disguised as games. It becomes a contest of one-upmanship where both sides throw away their labor value trying to beat each other. Both lose in terms of what the elite win. It's standard-issue Man-Box purgatory (a school of "prison sex" mentalities). There's no end to Hell not because it is infinite but because capital's drive for profit is. This drive turns more things into mechanical puzzles to solve, through us-versus-them, at home and abroad, inside-outside, more enemies, bosses, levels—in short anything you can count or perform the dialectic of the alien sans irony. Forever.

There's a method to the madness, though—to voicing the ostensibly inexpressible: If I, like Kefka, could destroy the world, how might I do it without harming anyone but communicating harm? In short, how might I poetically invoke what the Gothic has classically done for fags since Sophocles, Shakespeare, Lewis, and so on to Sorcha, Uematso and I, and past versions of my possible-future self:

me as the little cello-playing girl in my dream, but also as clown goddess, as "Maria and Draco" (also Uematso), of [Daily Doug](#) hearing this stuff as if (similar to me) hearing it all for the first time, again. These sequences of simulacra and commentators commentate with/on half-real voicings trapped in space-time; i.e., as a liminal, hauntological procedure—one whose various dancers enter to join in, transform, take on new shapes, then come and go again as assisted by technology to express the world as it exists: in dialectical-material crisis through an Internet-era marriage of the oral and written tradition, of the Gothic, of the rock opera; e.g., the Algorithm, right on cue, sending me Doug Helvering's "[Classical Composer Reaction/Analysis to DANCING MAD from FINAL FANTASY by Nobuo Uematso | Ep. 766](#)" (2024).

It goes on in tangents, tangles in Russian-doll insertions part of a larger holism that shifts and morphs over space time in my own Gothic chronotopes (these volumes) speaking to smaller and larger projections of castles, of castles, of castles; i.e., as complex, warring statements to myself, my experiences, and the world as something to perceive in ways that yield good praxis: to heal from rape as power abuse. This isn't something that can be easily taught in a commercial sense, as it takes devotion and a willingness to face, confront and humanize trauma on multiple levels regarding what capital alienates; i.e., my professors seeing me as the alien they sometimes gossiped about (a fact I learned years later, from talking with Dr. Sam Hirst; turns out I had something of a reputation on campus, one the Brits saw as foreign and prurient, thus unwelcome... which I think is them [the Brits, to varying degrees] projecting their own disparate and tangled social-sexual hang-ups [and echoes of Thatcher] onto me. No, thank you!).

Like Borges, these concentric, anisotropic, ergodic, mobile, dancing reflections go on and go into infinity. Sometimes in that hall of mirrors, standing in the shadow of powerful people (female professors or otherwise), we identify with the trauma of others in ways we don't actively recognize, but like prey marked for/by abuse, pick up on regardless (weird attracts weird, trauma begets trauma, prey recognizes prey amid predatory sensations through calculated risk); I want to project them back onto you: to show you my Aegis as a potent system of thought that gives you the same degree of critical power mid-reflection, -negotiation, -interrogation, etc—in short, as you play with madness as a persuasive dialog to put on the mask and start dancing yourselves for all the world to see:



(exhibit 34a2a1: Artist: Yoshitaka Amano. Terra doubles Kefka—clutched in the grip of empire like the queer man is, but refusing to follow his lead. In the end, he gains the power of a god, but paradoxically would seem to let her and her friends finally put him down [a bit like Stephen King's *It*—the 1990 miniseries being fresh enough in public memory that it, like Bach and Gothic media, would have influenced Japanese artists under a neoliberal hegemon]. Capital, then, doesn't prevent such discussions; but like the owner of a venue, it does force them to exist in nuclei centered within-and-around profit [videogames, but also academic institutions]. As this postscript shows, we often confront them in reflections of reflections—of me on Sorcha through a memory of a likeness of a Japanese composer responding to Stephen King with a "bad" imitation of Bach. Lewis would approve. So would I. The ghost—like Medusa—becomes rude, magnetic, something to punch like M.R. James' haunted bedsheets but also pull close to you and embrace like a lover.)

In other words, lovelies, we're all just Terra—a girl in a man's world, dancing mad—but we're just as clown-like as Kefka the way that Terra was; i.e., the way that I was relative to her, Kefka, and Sorcha, etc, as coming together in my verse: a personal contribution to the struggles grander Song of Infinity through my confusion of the senses, magical assembly and selective absorption. It won't change the past, anymore than I can go back in time and speak to Sorcha again (not that I want to); but time is a circle and we can face these things again when they come back around. It's like a toilet and someone's left you an upper decker. You gotta recognize that roiling mess in the swirling waters, then find ways to live with it until the water clears; i.e., by virtue of changing the socio-material conditions to avoid such ignominious exploitation in the future. To that, the ghost of Sorcha—the one I'm camping to Hell and back—helped, just as "Jadis" did, or "Kefka," "Jacqueline du Pré," "Mr. Dance," and so on: by valuing the 80s myopia of Capitalism Realism as something for me—the Metroidvania doctor and resident ho



bag—to crack wide open and shove, yolk-like, down "Sorcha's" gaping throat (slurp it down, now). We see and express this in likenesses of likenesses about likenesses before and after likenesses of likenesses—in people, places and things haunted by the spirit of rape, but also spectres of Marx we can feed, free and revive to become active rebellious forces; i.e., even if those we meet and know in life don't live up to their own Satanic-rebel potential (Sorcha, but also Cuwu, below—someone I think of far more often than MMU's resident vampire queen); i.e., like something of something exchanged and growing into its own dark spirit, those touched by darkness speaking in/with darkness; e.g., from Sorcha to me, to Jadis to me, to me from Cuwu reflecting back on the little girl I dreamed of earlier as jamming out, Jackie-style, to Tool's odd, at times pretentious, esoteric prophecy:

(artist: Cuwu).

*See my shadow changing
Stretching up and over me*

Soften this old armor
 Hoping I can clear the way by
 Stepping through my shadow
 Coming out the other side
 Step into the shadow
 Forty six and two are just ahead of me ([source](#): Genius).

Or as GLaDOS puts it, "But there's no sense crying over every mistake! / We just keep on trying until we run out of cake!" ("[Still Alive](#)," 2007). You can't kill Medusa, but her avatar's "cake" does eventually (and often) "run out" (insofar as its class character—as a means of performance actively done by the holder of the cake—doesn't always last/goes stale and, like Marx' ghost, must be camped again/made gay anew when gunning for the cake of capital: as something to reclaim from Marie Antoinette and her ilk).



(artist: Cuwu)

To that, I might—as the necromancer does—conjure up Cuwu's formidable rump/punani to voice my concerns with, but I'm not hiding behind the skirts of little girls, here (I'm in the book plenty enough, as is); this is my voice, Sorcha, and I think you're a big enough girl that you can handle a little imaginary vendetta/personal argument about you more than directed at you (this isn't mailed to your doorstep [not that I know where you live] attached to a flaming bag of dogshit, for example). I'm the homewrecker alien reclaiming my sense of agency by critiquing your position defending "home" from valid (and Communist) critiques of capital's usual nostalgic veils: "Through dangers untold and hardships unnumbered I have fought my way here to the castle beyond the Goblin City to take back the child you have stolen, for my will is as strong as yours and my kingdom as great. You have no power over me!"

I was the girl-in-secret ironically (as trans existence [for me] is: a heroine waiting to wake up) and you were "David Bowie" (no codpiece, of course) unironically hogging the stage (not calling you a TERF, but... I still have the shoe if

you wanna try it on, Cinderella); yet also the other way around: I the goblin queen and you the sanctimonious white Irish girl (doubled by Connelly's Irish-American roots) as something to colonize me and my Hellish voice/expertise (even then, my 80s American know-how revealed yours; i.e., you were foreign to my shores, my home—always on the outside, looking in). Are you living rent-free in my head, or like Pat Benatar's wonderfully slutty crooning in "[Prisoner of Love](#)" (1980), something to escape and dunk on, in this one-girl show? It's not like they could be arsed back then to actually treat me like a person, try as a I might to relay that through a bad, medieval-hand-puppet-style imitation of their own 80s craze now (which I equally embody and enjoy as something to one-up them on—"I'm your huckleberry, Johnny Ringo!"):

*Cold hard labor, it's a labor of love
Convicted of crimes, the crimes of passion
Caught in a chain gang, the chain of fools
Solitary confinement, confined by the rules*

[...]

*Find an escape, a key to the door
I gotta get out, can't take anymore
Make a clean break, to bury the past
I'll shed these chains and be free at last ([source](#): Genius).*

All spells end (or go into new ones); no wizard can hold the witch in enthrall forever. So from one '80s girl-wizard to another—from Elphaba to Glinda (you're totally Glinda: playing "nice" but being the bitch): I think some part of you will get that, thus not want to gag me and my truth during these fireworks ("It takes a wizard to beat a wizard"; i.e., like Luke, a younger Jedi said to an older one: "There is still good in you, I feel it!"). And if you do not listen—want to say it's "all in my head," the girl boss gaslighting my truth—then, frankly, I don't give a damn. "Crom laughs at your Four Winds!" (another reference, and one more for the road: "Choke on it")! You ain't got a monopoly on these devices (or their critical power/usage), biznatch!



(exhibit 34a2a2a: Dark indulgence is dualistic, dialectical-material, historical-material, recursive, ergodic, castle-narrative, rock opera, Destroyer and maiden: exchanging power as a paradox to perform during class and culture war between likenesses of those who wrong and inspire us however wicked they are, with or without irony. It worked that way for Jadis and I, for Jareth and Sarah, for Maria and Draco—back around to a dragon queen I never cared for but must confess some likeness can be found in hindsight. I've tried to undress that scandal in public as gingerly and ace as I can—while still making an object lesson about ludo-Gothic BDSM as inspired partially by Sorcha whether she meant to or not: trauma and confrontation pressed together like panties and pussy, peanut butter and jelly, like theatre and metal as a dialog of doubles doubled by a given performer busking and looking good [e.g., Nacoco Music channeling Gothic fury through kawaii and kowai riffing on the usual endless import/export gradients of exchange—of rock 'n roll, culture, and value—below].



[[source](#): "X JAPAN²⁵³ - KURENAI (Twin Guitar Cover)," 2024]

²⁵³ This relationship is as much between the critic-as-consumer as the guitar hero [and nudist] virtuosity on display. For example, I love X, my ex recommending them to me as something to review

Context matters, and performance always has context. Instead of punching Medusa, we can respond by putting her in quotes; i.e., like a vampiric whore working for the academia pimp, whose agent appears like magic at our doorstep. Their naughty bondage gear concealed by a black trench coat, "death" comes knocking wearing the same costumes and props, extending its hand as if to ask, "May I have this dance?" And I, ever the maiden and the slut, consenting for a moment of folie-a-deux: strutting and fretting an hour on the stage with a walking shadow's walking shadow. "Do what it takes to step through!" "Don't fear the reaper!" "Can I play with madness?" all messy assemblages of such refrains; all felt on the charged, dark surface of such royalty and their subjects—i.e., swapping power as people do in ways Foucault [ever the deviant] dreamed up inside and outside the bedroom. I'm taking it back and airing it proudly in public to "better the

on Rate Your Music, which I dutifully at the time did:

What a fun album! Yes, there's speed metal rhythm guitars and a roaring singer, but this isn't Concerto Moon. Instead, the vintage nature of the music allows for battery of '80s-style trademarks: twin harmonies, unison palm-muting; multiple, varied solos ("Endless Rain" evokes Brian May and Rudolph Schenker; other songs channel Tony MacAlpine, Steve Vai or Vinnie Moore), and ballad-ready steel strings/piano (straight out of a Savatage or Skid Row album). There's loads of energy to spare, and a muscular, clear-sounding production that really lets the music rock out in all departments.

In this regard, the instrumentalists all pull their weight. "Kurenai," for example, features busy, tornado drumming and energetic bass playing. The singer is a bit raw, sounding a bit like Doro Pesch (which is a nice switch from the bellowing sort of operatics I envisioned, going in). Equally enjoyable are the compositions, which put out tremendous amounts of energy amid the constant variety. Little repeats over the album, but there's still plenty of room for a memorable, fist-pumping refrain per song. "Blue Blood," "Week End" and "X" are all high-octane, chorus-heavy songs—with dozens of small, clever hooks expertly woven into the pummeling rhythm sections.

If you need some breathing room, there's a couple looser, funner numbers, written more in the spirit of White Lion, Van Halen, or Great White (the album closer sounds like vintage Gamma Ray, but boasts a bit more swagger). "Xclamation" adds some ethnic flair with world percussion, wind chimes, and obligatory harmonic minor melodies (and some excellent drums and bass). Under three minutes, "Orgasm" is pure, balls-to-the-wall thrash, full of manic fills, double-bass and wild guitars; like the best sex you've ever had, it rocks from start to finish.

I loved this album. There's enough consistency to given the album an overall tone, but enough experimentation to keep things vital and fresh ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "A Time Machine of Rock Heroism," 2019).

What matters *isn't* that my ex sucked and ultimately fucked me over (boy, did they ever), but that they gave me things to constantly engage with, thus keep me sharp; i.e., potential ammunition that continues to be useful to current socio-political struggles they have largely exited the stage regarding. Styles make fights; class and cultural character define flow, form and function during a poetic engagement with the past—i.e., between and of two (or more) unlike things as likenesses (of likenesses) to reclaim through adept and flexible maneuvers: anything that accounts for good showmanship *and* public appetites, mid-critique, as yet-another performance of a *Marxist* marquee. To that, ours (Gothic Communism) poetically accounts for monsters, magic and myth—for music, Medusa, etc—as addictive, nostalgic, and medicinal *improv* as something to evolve into itself again and again; i.e., just what the doctor ordered.

instruction" not for my own aborted, in-tatters academic pedigree, but for the workers of the world! Get it all out there as something to see, tearing down myopia, reputation and paywall alike.)



Well, *that* felt good to say! Enough about Sorcha Ní Fhlainn, though (I feel a bit like those guys from *Kung Pow!* [2002]: [hilariously beating up on the obviously-a-mannequin double of the hero](#))! I think it's all out of my system (the outing of my abuser my choice in this case and one gladly partook of, cackling as I do: "[Her] flesh blown to smithereens and grilled well done! Now [she's] the queen of the devils!") and I have, curiously enough, *not* been struck down by lightning ("Oh, look! I slapped a king! Did my hand fall from my wrist!" Cunt-punting Radcliffe was one thing but it feels so much *better* with a living icon having abused me that I can rip a new one. "Hurt, not harm," haha)! Bitch is deader than Julius Caesar (or some-such catchphrase). So let's carry on to frying bigger fish, then—by considering the application of such poetics' power/trauma yourselves, and outline the different types of trauma (and power) at play before devoting the rest of the subchapter to holistic analysis regarding all of these separate things.

First, the Gothic isn't owned by some fancy school (or professor); it's yours, so do with it as you please to improve your lives (regardless of stature or origins, any bitch can be bad/the Destroyer onstage: Nacoco Music straight up *owning* "Painkiller" [1990] [in a slutty outfit and Japanese theatre mask](#))! Print your own, and steal everything poetically that you can; i.e., because nothing under Communism is owned; e.g., like echoes of Seventh Heaven (of Cloud, Tifa and

Barrett as our childhood friends) to evoke a nostalgia less fatal and more rebellious borrowed from old parts. Don't wait for some authority figure to tell you to create, to revive, to rebel, to "Avalanche": our "fake news," just in—"Midgar" will be free, *is* free in our hearts and minds!" No amnesty! No quarter asked (or given)!



(exhibit 34a2a2b: [source](#), left: Seabass_Fiction's "Thick as a Brick - Jethro Tull (Final Fantasy 7 soundfont)," 2024; right: Burning Realm's "[Face The Fire' - EP 2024](#)" showcasing this deathly senescence, debridement and magical assembly from places magical, real and in-between: from Midgard to Dublin. Haunt capital's castle-narrative with your own! Make the world in your image during Ludo-Gothic BDSM! Raise hell when synthesizing praxis, mid-catharsis!)

Originality and efficacy is as much about *combination* as it is *raw materials* (re: Sagan's "apple pie from scratch"). During oppositional praxis, monsters can be bourgeois or proletarian; e.g., the state as undead versus workers as undead. Regardless of which, monsters under Gothic Communism denote a liminal presence or expression of state trauma; they serve as semi-abstracted, "placeholder" memories thereof, tied to specific, tell-tale metaphors about the state and its fearful, unspoken violence against workers, which it links to the legendary undead, supernatural and animal-fantastic offspring of various human minds. During Capitalist Realism, the mind can become "stuck," myopically unable to imagine anything beyond the ghost of the counterfeit—the abject slum of a cartoonishly evil Hell for scared-fascinated white people to rock out to and parody back and forth; e.g., Slayer's cartoonishly reprobate (and conservatively vile) variant, provided for

1980s consumers to peer into and wonder about ([and make fun of](#): Moonic Productions' "How to Make a BURGER, but It's SLAYER," 2023).



(artist: [Larry W. Carroll](#))

"Creating my structure, now I shall reign in blood!" In short, nothing is done within this myopia to imagine a world beyond evil as binarized within colonial norms (such outmoded ideas are concerned with dark worship as something to unironically revel in, rather than as a legitimate activist force critical of capital through the Gothic mode; contrary to what others might tell you, "fun" isn't mutually exclusive to political activism and critical thought). As such, Milton's

famous expression, "The mind is its own place," concerns us far less than the iconoclastic egregore's subversive commentaries on canonical socio-material conditions—as a kind of oft-angry or traumatized pedagogy of the oppressed: the monstrous voices of the unheard speaking out against abuse from beyond the grave or from some other dimension, the wild, etc.

From a dialectical-material standpoint, each monster class exists within a complicated, serialized²⁵⁴ threshold, one whose various liminal expressions include traditional signifiers of power—i.e., the Numinous according to a king or queen monster followed by progressively "lesser" ranks, like princesses, lieutenants, minions, etc (which codify in ludo-Gothic terms during videogames as neoliberal, monomythic, *Cartesian* copaganda)—during BDSM activities where power is something to express, exchange and argument about.

²⁵⁴ Queerness generally conveys itself (and survives) through campy theatre, thus humor, as something to take in and take out per outing. With the horror genre—from the days of Lewis and Radcliffe—typically being a serial affair whose ascending numeration oscillates between canon and camp per issue, but in the days of film involves titular numbers (e.g., *Halloween 4*, 1988) and generally with a vague labeling of "the" + [noun] to grant said noun an air of menace and/or silliness to varying degrees: *The Car* (1977) as true camp, *The Descent* (2005) as serious, and *The Babysitter* (2017) as in on the joke; or in one franchise, *Evil Dead 1, 2 and 3*, etc (1981, 1987 and 1992).

Regardless of the potency or divinity of the egregore as an unequal *distribution* of power/trauma, each conveys a *type* of power/trauma that sets them apart is being either undead or demonic in the modular sense:

- **Zombies** (and more importantly their trauma) are targets of power abuse inside the state of exception, expanded by the state towards a select group *by* a select group (e.g., "zombie" citizens attacked by death squads, wherein the exchange dehumanizes both as givers and receivers of state force).
- **Ghosts** are either past, mighty conquerors or their victims, presenting as chronotopic markers of trauma and hauntological memories of closure and revenge (e.g., the ghost of the tyrannical king vs the ghost of the angry female victim and her hysteria).
- **Composites** are manmade "offspring" built to serve and be punished.
- **Vampires** and supernatural, **occult demons** are practitioners of abuse, addiction and torture, but also queer ecstasy and rapture (with demons being the infamous keepers and givers of forbidden, Promethean knowledge)
- And **anthromorphs** are ways of life different from the status quo, existing outside of civilization among nature (often through queer magics and drug use) as come home to roost.

Of course, liminal expression complicates these divisions during oppositional praxis, but the state will always push for legitimate violence, terror and morphological expression (separate and together) against an abject enemy within a colonial, heteronormative binary—i.e., that educates bad play through moral panic and rape culture as endemic to Capitalism.

As for the outwardly human classes that summon/face the monster from persecuted/privileged positions, their existence—whether for or against the state (their class character)—inevitably becomes threatened by the confrontation. Either the persecutor is actually deceiving themselves—is revealed to be an imposter or a victim (re: Autumn Ivy, Parish or Ní Fhlainn)—or the witch, magician, or natural philosopher aligns with the monster as an Indigenous class, marking both as recipients for further colonial violence.

During oppositional praxis, the deliberate humanization of monsters threatens the status quo, whose systemic violence against demonized parties will ramp up canonical propaganda to silence dissidents with. Reshaping the Gothic imagination can challenge these reprisals by redirecting state force in ways they cannot control, only cultivate—i.e., how monsters are viewed inside the Superstructure as continuously reshaped by liminal expression being a chaotic, impossible-to-control force. We don't want them to control us during oppositional praxis because doing so will recuperate our struggles, defanging our means to express trauma thus prevent us from affecting material conditions *for* workers' benefits.



(exhibit 34a2b: Artist, top: Michelangelo; right: [Lera PI](#); bottom-left, source: [Shimoneta](#). Monsters—especially female monsters—are things the status quo "forbids" from viewing in daily life, yet conversely demands that people not only look at, but pay for the privilege. Capitalism privatizes this scheme, treating female/monstrous-feminine bodies as shameful, "forbidden fruit" that can simultaneously destroy the onlooker if they openly indulge or consume too much in private.)

For our purposes, Capitalism is a living system of undead-demonic symbolic exchange, one where labor is made into commodities—into labor, into commodities—for profit harvesting nature-as-monstrous-feminine, as alien. Subverting profit through degrowth requires worker solidarity during oppositional exchange; i.e., artists working in solidarity against the state during labor exchanges that synthesize Gothic Communism inside the linguo-material world. Challenging canonical symbols and their privatized forms of exchange challenges vertical power structures upheld by these markers of power and trauma in contested, monstrous language. We fags and sluts gotta kill the darlings of capital *playing* at rebels (re: Ní Fhlainn).

I want to devote the remainder of this section (eleven pages) to considering the medieval, dialectical-material and modular nature of monsters/the alien as a **holistic unit**; i.e., in regards to Gothic Communism as a recent proposition (mine) combined by me, and one that frankly has a long road ahead of it.

That is, it's an uphill battle with the sun in our eyes. And if things devolve into farce while two space bitches shout at each other from vast chasms of space-time (and conflicting points of view), it will be entertaining or at least something to watch. Except, my critical salvos aren't something to advertise a given approach by virtue of words *alone*, but a dialogic argument felt and seen as action performed about/with monsters; i.e., whose subsequent calling out of the current paradigm favors a new school of thought versus one that has gone on for decades and doesn't historically yield much by virtue of its class and hermeneutic limitations (e.g., won't be that useful, in Ní Fhlainn's case, if one isn't a university professor or movie aficionado). You can't propose something new without having something old to transform, to invade, to convert. Bad-faith or not, such a cake can still be full of shit ("the cake is a lie"); the person who unironically cries, "There go the goddamn brownies!" when you make your *own* recipe is a cunt, *ipso facto*: defending the



institutions that routinely enslave workers while puffing themselves up as "intellectuals" (full of hot air). As Molly Grue would respond, "Off with ya!"

To this, a poison cake is still poison regardless if you're the little bride and groom on top, or one of the smaller-to-larger columns all the way down—is still in

defense of the same out-of-touch weirdos a lackey comforts with hand puppets, hugs, or some such homosocial displays; i.e., the flying monkey to someone Capitalism has made alien to everyone else on Earth. Even if you don't own a factory like Mr. Burns does, you're still a cunt if you're holding the puppet or (as the floor worker) otherwise remain unable to say a single word of criticism because you're too scared, stupid and/or proud (with Smithers being the dutiful fag serving the factory-owning overlord as a queernormative Judas); i.e., to the Wizard of Oz having made you their little bitch. So find your own brains, heart and *noive*, you callow fucks (to whom it may concern)! Don't wait for some fancy dickwad to hand it out as a reach-around consolation prize *after* they (or their boss) bends you over and fucks you!

Furthermore, it really doesn't have to be a tried-and-true Leftist saying these things—e.g., not just my gay ass but Renegade Cut saying "Conservatives get into government, dismantle programs, and then use the now-dismantled programs to prove they don't work! It's a con!" ("[Frank Grimes—the Cult of Work](#)," 2021)—but strange bedfellows who, possessing a higher degree of education but also self-interest, suddenly turn on billionaires; e.g., Thunderf00t—[a smug pretentious knob towards queer folk in the past](#) (donoteat01's "Elon Musk's 'Loop' - It's Bad, Folks," 2019; timestamp: 2:21)—finding out years later after getting his PhD, that Musk is the cunt who will *sell* people "like them" (white, American-adjacent [Thunderf00t is British] and straight) down the river to bail out his own shitty business practices. This isn't a trick; it's the Wizard of Oz' *modus operandi* under Capitalism (the wizard being endemic to the Emerald City and Oz at large).



It's awfully rich to see weird canonical nerds like Thunderf00t hypocritically change their tune, forgetting that their own misogynistic baggage poisons the well. All the same, watching a former useful idiot (and insufferably smug twat) like Thunderf00t calling Musk out for his usual bullshit—including [having an alt age-regression account on Twitter](#) ("Elon Musk: 3 years to Bankruptcy," 2024)—is fun to watch. Took you long enough to pull your head out of your ass, my dude! Maybe find another billionaire or Nazi to punch? Take a look at yourself and your old New Atheist friends ([supposedly Richard Dawkins is calling himself a "cultural Christian"](#)²⁵⁵ now)? In other words, I don't fucking trust you and with good reason, you goon! PhD or not, you're still a cunt!

No one's extreme from criticism—no one is safe from my biting Medusa's tongue—if they fuck with liberation, with sex worker rights, with the world as

²⁵⁵ From Rebecca Watson's "Richard Dawkins: "Cultural Christian" or Supremacist Bigot?" (2024).

something we're supposed to be the stewards of. I don't care if it's a tenured university professor from my alma mater or a fellow peer in my *raison-d'être*, or your usual white, straight STEM nerd content farming a billionaire on YouTube. In other words, [it's the old "I can excuse racism" meme from *Community* \(2009\)](#):



Memes exist for multiple reasons; so do sex work, monsters, Athena's Aegis. For us, it's to liberate sex workers through iconoclastic art (with Capitalism alienating and sexualizing everything for profit as a genocidal structure).

As always, our focus is sex work. Gothic Communism seeks to understand how Capitalism sexualizes all workers to some degree through canonical monsters, subverting coerced notions of necrophilia, vampiric lust, demonic hedonism and outright bestiality by transforming them into sex-positive forms of erotic art (which concern, not reenact the fucking of corpses, drinking of blood, metaphysical demons, or animals). The elite use monsters to alienate workers from their labor and themselves—their bodies and sexual expression, but also their *trauma* (which often has a sexual flavor). This impacts workers' present and future ability to see the past as a liberatory device, which must be regained—i.e., *lost* ways of seeing what the monsters even are: something to look at in regard to trauma and catharsis, but also respond to with future copies that have a more sex-positive idea in mind.

To make consecutive iterations increasingly friendly to workers requires engaging with the past as depicted through relatable, everyday means: through what is commonly consumed and enjoyed by people as a whole (not just movies, *Ní Fhlainn*). The Gothic, in this regard, amounts to delicious "pulp" that presents language as it naturally exists: undivided and raw, full of frustratingly technological contradictions and passions that communicate the whole, often by playing with the

concepts in various oscillating and profoundly transformative ways (which monsters are prone to invite).

It helps, then, to view egregores not as people who once lived, but what the now-deceased have left behind as potentially never having been alive but *could be* in the future (Communism). As a hauntological phenomenon, the author's language/argumentation becomes separated from them at death—can be exhumed and exhibited after-the-fact, but nevertheless communicates things expressed individually as part of a larger interaction: the funerary markers and chronotopic symbols "waking up" for a stroll. In doing so, they intimate something beyond what they can fully express, but whose dialectical-material engagement is a deeper context generally not obvious at first glance.

Cryptomimesis generally causes the immediate visual resemblance to persist, demanding instructional exhibits across generations to differentiate simulacra as for or against the status quo. By identifying these larger, intersecting forces during remediated praxis, violent mistakes that happen through unguided communion with the dead—e.g., Hamlet and his "father's" ghost leading to him annihilating his entire family, incel-style—can be avoided; this includes demonic persecution and witch hunts fostered by people having the platforms but not the *panache* to speak accessibly and intersectionally through a pedagogy of the oppressed.

Egregores are ontologically imprecise language that must nevertheless be spoken to, albeit in ways that avoid worker exploitation and genocide; i.e., by identifying hidden traumas that monsters (and their curators, interlocutors) imperfectly represent, versus furthering their associate colonial, heteronormative violence through gentrification (deliberate or not): a sick society and home (the *unheimlich*) that sees some of their number as monstrous in ways that merit their execution—monsters vs monsters amid oscillating internal-external tensions; e.g., the outsider expressed on the surface of an insider—a foreign plot coming from within during a liminal hauntology of war. Correct-incorrect, inside/outside, etc. The home and its occupants as undead, demonic, and/or animalistic (of nature) all come into play during oppositional praxis.



Development isn't a zero-sum game with one clear path to emancipation. To this, I want to take my privileged, but hard-fought, formal education (exhibit 34b) and throw Communism into a sexier light—one that a wider audience of marginalized writers, artists and sex workers can use to liberate

themselves in different ways without relying on people who aren't up to the task or

equipped for it (re: Paris, Ní Fhlainn, Thunderf00t, etc). I specifically want to introduce them to a secular-humanist style—one that takes colloquial things generally discouraged in modern academic writing (contractions, puns, slang and figures of speech, but also erotic art, social-sexual anecdotes, videogames, play-on-words and figures of speech) and combines them in ways that regular everyday people actually learn from; i.e., ludo-Gothic BDSM and ergodic castle-narrative: by consuming them through the Gothic mode, thus absorbing what it has to offer in whatever arrangements work best.

Doing so abjures conventional academic wisdom in favor of older, less-divided forms revived in a new practice that liberates the Wisdom of the Ancients. To this, I wrote the Monster Modules according to four areas of study present within my own body of work: the Gothic, Marxism, queer studies and ludology—i.e., the Hermeneutic Gothic-Communist Quadfecta. Applied to sex work using our aforementioned Six Rs and Four Gs, the primer cares less about addressing an academic knowledge gap in these fields (or dutifully keeping them separate); instead, it wants to inform a worldly audience of ways they can liberate sex workers through iconoclastic, Gothic-Communist art they themselves can make (without a PhD). The problems of study lie in their privatization and division. Generally hoarded by academics behind neoliberal paywalls (whose elusive, academic books are pricey and often out-of-print), the *gnosis* of Gothic academia has become frustratingly hidden away. The same division applies to game theory, which academia segregates from the Gothic while keeping both under lock and key (something I tried to undo with my own master's thesis and which *Sex Positivity* continues that restorative trend).

Moving forward, I propose a humanist, monstrous-feminine jailbreak: the deliberate freeing and recombining of eclectic schools of thought to help non-accommodated workers respond to the organic, oscillating complexities of the natural-material world. Such was the way of older "Renaissance men," whose once-ventured betterment of the planet was achieved by combining a variety of disciplines together when expressing themselves (recuperated by Cartesian chudwads, of course). Our approach is modular for the same reason, albeit adjusted for the revival of queer thought *in the Internet Age*. Like a game with many different moving parts and few clearly defined rules, there's many different things to recognize from the remediated, transplanted trauma, and we'll only have time to brush up against ideas that could easily fill up whole volumes on their own. Far from being a distraction, the chaos of this inclusive holism is precisely the point, seeking to acclimate users to an undivided approach to critical, dialectical-material analysis; i.e., one that recuses the alien from Cartesian-dualist predation.

Despite the veneer of order, life—even life under Communism—will be chaotic. Heteronormativity is already a coerced myth, little more than sanctioned violence structured historically around patrilineal descent, nepotism, and genocidal bias that one passes down from father to son (or token slave to token slave); and

two, exploits all workers sexually by pushing sex workers, queer people and other marginalized groups into the margins, where it treats them like sexually deviant monsters for TERFs to curb stomp (or look the other way when that happens).

Something we shall see much of in this volume is that monsters are incredibly queer. Iconoclastic ones merely try to subvert the punishment that queer people normally receive for being themselves, often satirizing canonical norms in the process (whose overtly comedic methods we'll look at more in Volume Three; i.e., parody and pastiche as part of liminal expression during oppositional praxis). Canonically queer existence is allowed, but *only* at the margins or under service to the elite (re: Smithers). As Ní Fhlainn shows us, enforced division/gentrification is entirely harmful, but also incredibly *unproductive* and dated when learning how to study the world through monsters in the Internet Age; there is generally more than one thing happening at once, especially within expressions of the human condition as diverse and liminal as class and culture struggle (war) Gothicized. There's room for tragedy and farce among all the dead generations, but also comedic reflection, intense catharsis and genuine self-expression—i.e., a finding of one's true voice during the transformative chaos.

And with that, I've taken an old superior *and* inspiration to task in the same breath! "The lesson endeth!"



(exhibit 34b1: Model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl, in Manchester, 2018. Going to EMU was difficult—a four-hour commute and awful graduation scheme where the damn school tried to milk me for more money despite the English department telling me I had enough credits to graduate. However, going to MMU for my master's was a formidable quest all by itself. Before it even started, [there were miles of red tape](#) [source: Persephone van der Waard's Quora answer to "How easy is it to get into Manchester Metropolitan University?" 2019]. But after traveling overseas, I—a Michigan "yank" in King Arthur's proverbial court—found myself in a silly place where not only did no one use MLA; but articles

were paywalled, took weeks to arrive, and had a short half-life! The best way to collect resources was to go to the library or talk with professors. However, most books only had one copy and these would often be checked out for an indeterminate period of time. As for the professors, trying to pin them down was like trying to corner a ghost—they'd pass right through me, glide away across the floor and disappear through the nearest wall to god-knows-where!)

Gothic Communism pointedly views the exploration of the Gothic past as a perpetual, modular dialogue. Happening between imaginations across space and time, it invokes a *dialogic* imagination where language and study are anything but discrete; they are *liminal*, with bourgeois and proletarian forms that engage back and forth in opposition. As we conduct our own investigation into the half-real, imaginary past, we'll likewise oscillate between fields of study and monster types, generally in relation to one another. In doing so, I want you to consider how monstrous creativity can become *your* superpower in the present—one able to transform the world over time when utilized collectively by emotionally/Gothically intelligent workers united in solidarity against the state and its usual benefactors (white cis-het men and token professors). This can be incredibly empowering for people the state commonly targets, including those with disabilities, or any worker considered "disabled" or less valuable by the status quo while fighting for equality under it: any of these monsters as "made up," invented and worn in ways that make workers feel self-empowered by using what we have in whatever way is successful, in creative-praxial terms.

For real-life examples of this, consider Beethoven, who was stone-deaf well before he wrote the Ninth, [admittedly a bit of an asshole](#) (artist: Kate Beaton) yet also a mere commoner [whose most-famous symphony preached universal joy and brotherhood for all humankind](#)²⁵⁶; Emily Brontë, forced to adopt a male penname—Ellis Bell—in order to publish *Wuthering Heights* (1847); or Christy Brown, an Irish writer and painter whose cerebral palsy limited the use of his body to his left foot. For a more recent example, though, look to [Moonic Productions](#)—a modern-day polymath whose birth defect, a deformed left hand, left them ostracized by other children growing up. As a teenager, they turned to creative activities, only to realize, in their own words, that "[creativity was their superpower](#)" ("My Left Hand," 2021).

²⁵⁶ Allison N. Zieg's "Joyful, Joyful! The Musical Significance of Beethoven's Ninth" (2022).



As we move into Volume Two, part two and these different monster personas (and their trauma) are explored per module and throughout Volume Three, I'll also be applying my own experiences, education and trauma to Fisher's idea of "Capitalist Realism": as a creative

means of articulating worker emancipation through a reclaimed Gothic imagination, one whose monstrous "rememory" is informed by personal traumas, but also spectres of Marx and oppressed pedagogies that challenge official history in incredibly subversive, exposed, and sometimes-terrifying language. The point isn't to shock, but challenge and overthrow the historical-material myopia of Capitalist Realism: as the ultimate darkness of a self-imposed ignorance informed by the socio-material world; i.e, to change the material conditions of a bourgeois Base by recultivating the Superstructure through our creative successes and survival stories (re: camping the canon, and the canonizers).

In turn, subversion must happen through the oppressed telling their own stories through reclaimed monstrous language²⁵⁷ as a humanizing tool, one that grants us the necessary room need to play with our bodies, sexual orientations, and gender identities/performances as separate, flexible categories liberated by the usual police agents and reactionary-to-moderate cops, sell-outs, rogues. Only in this way can we transform the state, the world, and ourselves, bringing workers closer and closer to a natural-material position of equality—a post-scarcity world where things like neoliberalism, fascism, Patriarchy and heteronormativity (and their monstrous, dehumanizing canon) are things of the past.

If capital's historical materialism creates a gaping imaginary void—one whose myopic darkness and evil are extended into the future as forever decayed and

²⁵⁷ Monsters are historically a colonizing device. Something important to consider, then, is how reclaimed language historically takes racial or sexual slurs, etc, and turns them into *revolutionary* language. Once this happens, the word in question cannot be reverted to its original usage, as this will out the individual; i.e., they will self-report as belonging to a colonizer mindset; e.g., a black person reclaiming the n-word versus a white person wanting to say the same word, or a queer person using the f-slur versus a cis-het person (or calling everything "gay" in a sex-positive sense); but also either oppressed group identifying with a particular monster type. Conversely, the Right and Capitalism more broadly will historically co-opt language of rebellion that was never used by the colonizer group; e.g., "woke." Unlike reclaimed slurs or demonic language, a historically revolutionary term *can* be emptied of meaning by associating it as exclusively belonging to a harmful activist group "victimizing" the oppressor class.

undead—then Proletarian praxis subverts the graveyard by playing with the dead. Doing so is pioneered in smaller pieces and steps by visionary artists who die well before their work can be completed (knock on wood); regardless, the rediscovery of people like Ann Radcliffe or Matthew Lewis postmortem yields future, invented "archaeologies" that help the working public regain their imaginary powers by engaging with the dead of the past as darlings to kill. This constitutional *ability*—to imagine Utopia beyond Capitalism and its vast, neoliberal illusions—maximizes Jameson's elaborate strategy of misdirection into a sex-positive, Gothic labor movement he'd ironically want nothing to do with (which we'll focus on at the end of the primer once we've covered the central monster types).

The continued aim, here, is acquiring the Wisdom of the Ancients: to relearn from the past differently than before, transmuting the self-destructive, brain-rotting lessons of yesterday (that Jordan Peterson simultaneously drools over and cries like a baby about—a literal Baby Boomer and accommodated intellectual scared to death of cis-het women, let alone Gay Communists) in favor of a better world than has ever existed; i.e., one that we, as workers, can self-determine/-fashion by playing god in iconoclastic ways: the forgotten poetics of the so-called "dark gods" as a pedagogy of the oppressed, a xenophilic rememory or beautiful lie that presents us as splendidly *non*-heteronormative. [To quote Seneca again](#), "I'm still learning"; when it comes to death, decay and power—as things to express, satirize and feel curious about, aren't we all?



(exhibit 34b2a: Model and artist: [Ashley Yelhsa](#) as a death fairy surrounded by mushrooms, by [Persephone van der Waard](#); design inspired by [Xinaelle](#) [mid-upper-left]. Death is often expressed with a "black" aesthetic, but also various decomposers from different kingdoms. Common ones include insects from the animal kingdom like the wasp, butterfly or scarab, but arguably one of the most

famous [and innocent-looking] are mushrooms from the fungi kingdom [which gives the Mushroom Kingdom from Mario something of a pun-like quality—drugs, sex and the Numinous]. It's also an apt metaphor for yet-another-ingredient to go into the pot that is our book:

*Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble [[source](#): "Song of the Witches, from Macbeth].*

Keeping with the nature theme, then, fairies are a class of monster that associate with the natural world as spellbinding and deathly. For one, the seats of a fairy circle—those where they'd host their supposed gatherings—were exclusively mushrooms [though not to my knowledge poisonous ones]. Furthermore, as we've established with A Midsummer Night's Dream in Volume One, exhibit 8a/b, the potions of fairies were synonymous with sleep and hedonism; i.e., an ability to transport the consumer to hellish, dynastic spaces of forbidden desire and godly power. Many mushrooms are incredibly toxic to humans, and virtually all of them involve decay in some shape or form [several more famous species also prey on insects; e.g., the cordyceps fungus, which we'll examine in Volume Two, part two, exhibit 35b]. However, some species of mushroom are hallucinogenic, leading to profound visions when consumed; i.e., visitations of otherworldly sensations upon the viewer having ingesting them—fairy visitors and boons of vitality [e.g., the fairy hearts from Zelda but also whatever else Link could collect in his four glass jars].

It can be rather tricky to say exactly what mushrooms signify at a glance, or the female/monstrous-feminine bodies often associated with them, but combining a fairy with a BDSM aesthetic, villainous color wheel [green and purple] and regal persona lends it a Numinous appearance—powerful, drug-like and fearsome/deadly according to an order of monsters tied to the natural world, but also mushrooms as fearsome in different ways. A queen does what she wants and gets what she wants—an idea alienated by the current order of things as hellish, alien and fetishized; i.e., the monstrous-feminine as simultaneously crowned and chattelized by capital. As discussed in Volume One's synthesis symposium, Cartesian dualism requires such "coronations" to present nature as weak and strong while harvesting it. Anything outside of the status quo, then, is commercialized inside of it as a highly specific [and seductive] power fantasy whose Western forgeries remain haunted by the ghost of the counterfeit, mid-abjection. Such hauntings, per Capitalist Realism, become synonymous with the end of the world, thus demanding these queens—similar to historical female monarchs—either be yoked by patriarchal forces into fruit to slice up or girl-bossed by them into "think positive" slogans; e.g.,



"Yass, Queen!" To this, death as regressively symbolized by dark queens [of modern-day fantasy realms] remain something to be curious about and, more to the point, something to learn from and transmute. If you're genuinely nice to a given "castle," she's more likely to open her "doors" and let you inside without anyone getting hurt. A win-win!

As someone who's been there, trust me, babes: You can learn more from them than your entire time at academia with the queens you find there [through said persons often, like Gandalf, can at least hand you the right books to explore].)

(artist: [Ashley Yelhsa](#))

Facing Death: What I Learned Mastering Metroidvania, thus the Abject '90s (feat. Kirby, Marilyn Manson and Maynard James Keenan)

"Life is precious,' Yanos discovered, as it was torn throbbing and bleeding from his own body."

—Kain, *Legacy of Kain: Blood Omen* (1996)

The Gothic is queer and has been since day one. In the usual holistic manner, I wanted to revisit and reflect on this dark odyssey as it exists for me; i.e., the smaller journey I've been on for the past several months (the clerical slut in her latter-day abbey, dutifully engineering the Poetry Module like a machine listening to machines²⁵⁸), but also my entire life. "We're living in Gothic times." Keeping with *that* dire track, we'll look at critiquing power from one's past as monstrous; i.e., in ways you *can* master using a sex-positive lens. We'll start with my academic past, then use my current expertise to look further backwards. All in all, we'll dissect my failed academic career and scholarly contributions, per Metroidvania, then turn right back around and apply them to two cadaver childhood friends: the final boss fight from *Kirby's Dream Land 2* (1995), and rock 'n roll "rebellion" as it was being packaged and sold to the nation's youth (me) around the same time; i.e.,



"childhood rebellion" as lucrative dogma *vis-à-vis* Maynard James Keenan and Marilyn Manson. The '90s were darkly magical; they also sucked, but I had to "die" first and be reborn (as trans, Communist) before I could see that for what it was, for what *I* was—abject, alien, stupid.

As Top Dollar said, "Childhood's over the moment you know you're gonna die." Well, *that* side of me has been dying for years! From closeted maiden to mighty Medusa, I started off like Bilbo did—closeted; i.e., a spring chicken bred on music that made me *feel* invincible, but point in fact was just as much a curse (of blindness) as a gift: I look at me in 2014 and see such a spineless *bimbo*, a late-bloomer who would go on to conquer my fears and become Medusa.

²⁵⁸ With Zeuhl once waking up in the middle of the night, in England, to find me sitting at my laptop—in the dark with my back to them, staring at "[ASMR - Alien: Isolation - Nap Time near a Computer Console](#)" (2018); i.e., dreaming while awake, in-tune with a movement they helped introduce me (ASMR) to and would, at times, observe me as *I* slept, jotting down the weird things I said in my sleep: "And you have to be careful when you use it in the swamp, and there are warlocks!" To think how funny it is that something said by me in passing while I wasn't even awake—after playing *Hollow Knight* on my laptop (which Zeuhl would accidentally murder like Companion Cube, spilling Uncle Ben's rice sauce on the old machine to thoroughly "brick" it)—would become a *de facto* slogan for a passage in my book (specifically in Volume Zero, I won't say where). All our yesterdays...

"Death changes you," I've discovered, after coming out and writing these books; my familial abuse and extrafamilial abuse—Zeuhl, Cuwu, and Jadis stuck in their ways of causing harm to others, the posers—you don't just experience something like that and walk away unscathed. It stays with you, lives in you, including in the work that you do as challenging what has you in its grip—the experience, but also the socio-material conditions at large. Even so, I don't think I've fully appreciated the significance of that in my work until diving in and playing with it myself; i.e., getting in touch with my teaching side, my medical side, and my medieval side to better understand my work's poetic elements: as someone who survived heinous things, sees them everywhere, and chases their Numinous signature on the Neo-Gothic edge of existence—the fringes of reality and cusp of



Hell as something to experience *while alive*, but stripped bare and vulnerable; i.e., by fatal knowledge that makes you feel alien relative to yourself and your surroundings: the Gothic a hall of mirrors with you reflection on it, but also that off who you could be in so many forms.

(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

My blood pressure seems to go up higher when I write and reflect extensively on my past (but also haven't actually orgasmed much these past several months). I feel buried alive, my chest tight like I was suffocating—less from a hand choking my throat and more a bodice around my heart. It feels, suitably enough, like someone who chases "death" and "stays under" for a bit

too long—stuck there, unable to return home, or home no longer recognizable to them; i.e., haunted by their trauma as something to chase and recreate in pleasure and pain as confused, their crossed wires activated during psychosexual responses in a given place and name:

Skyrider, you supersonic flyer
 Nightdriver, you demon of desire
 Spinesnapper, you tried your best to break us
 Throatchoker, you thought that you could take us
 The fright of your life, the fright of your life
 The fright of your life is here guaranteed

This is no illusion, confessing confusion you're freed
Lashings of strappings with beatings competing to win

Oh, what a mess I am blessed, dominations set in
Now we are taken unto the island of domination (Judas Priest's "[Isle of Domination](#)" (1976)).

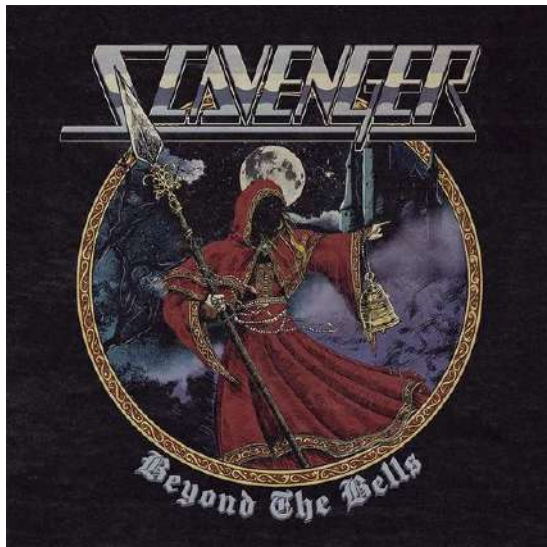
Everyone has their own form, their own name for Death; but like porn, you'll know it when you see it *if* you've felt it before (it marks you for life, and only in death releases you). The presumption is that in the "Free World" we are free and no harm is caused, that we are protected.

Wrong! America is a settler colony and run by the Great Destroyers of the Earth, safe behind their illusions while the rest of us either feel invincible and



beyond reproach (the status quo) or closeted, damned, beyond redemption in this Hell on Earth. Faced with its "new normal," we become infused and forever obsessed/fascinated with death; i.e., an endless call of the void seeking its epitaphic medicine of sweet escape²⁵⁹ again, and again, and again. 99 times it goes off without a hitch through

respectable but ordinary attempts; then, on the 100th something goes awry... Or rather, something *wakes up*, speaking extraordinarily through a collective repressed desire: to be free felt psychosexually among differences, through a ghost of the



counterfeit preparing to *rebel*. There for a moment and gone in the blink of an eye, it stays with us all our lives—something to chase into Hell as made right here on Earth: damnation as a nail to hit, square on the head—not once, of course, but *over and over* as one might the devil's doorbell ("C'mon, Old Scratch! Pick up! Mommy wants to play!").

([source](#))

²⁵⁹ The call-and-response, rise and fall of queer-drenched ecstasy—as something to orgasmically croon, mid-rapture, then come down from and into the lonely grave that is life in America and Great Britain. Like a bath of hellfire, the call of the void becomes something to tempt through morbid curiosity and observation, mid-session.

"Death is where we feel most alive/see our loved ones again." I know the music and the clichés; we all do, and recreate its tolling bell again and again (e.g., goth-oracle band Scavenger's [Beyond the Bells](#), 2024—"In the heat of the night, witches fly!" a fleshy parade of clichés and fetishes marrying sex and war to find beautiful release). But I didn't understand its Gothic riddle *maturely* until I lived it, experienced it (fucked to metal, pounding Cuwu's tight little pussy to Annihilator's "[Death in Your Eyes](#)" [2008] or Jadis' or Zeuhl's to some similar, whiplash-inducing tune²⁶⁰), processed it, and then did all of that consciously through hindsight ("Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration."). Faced with *that* dark reflection, something woke up *in me* and I felt at home with death as something to embrace through the honest intimacy of other cuties also searching for denied connection and forbidden love—to be dying for it like a beggar of thirst, and begging for more until we're satisfied. How long until that is depends entirely on us developing Communism to end scarcity once and for all. In short, "When it's done!"

Believe it or not, this moment of clarity actually stems from monitoring my vitals and observing my body's various reactions—almost outside, looking in at myself as a doctor does a patient, and all while writing this book and thinking about "death" as a tradition to perform: a call of the void (from Shakespeare to Ridley Scott to li'l ol' me—a bit like speed balling minus the hard-drug crossfade); and all the while feeling the classic Gothic push-pull of "danger" as a paradox rooted in my actual body as not really in *much* danger but secretly telling my 37-year-old self to hold together while fucking around. Something might actually be wrong with me!

Newfound appreciation gleans through reflection on things I always enjoyed, including my life as something to reappraise. Yet, doing so has likewise shown me that I'm not entirely sure *what* ails me—if it's psychosomatic or psychosexual posttraumatic stress, a more prominent and permanent medical condition. Probably a bit of both, but I recognize the feeling—the actual *physical* feeling—from before I started thinking actively about my health, and before I was able to go to the doctor and get checked out: when I returned to my mother's, and experienced separation anxiety with Cuwu after Uncle Dave died. Doing so again, under more controlled and informed circumstances, has rekindled my drive but also a renewed interest in medicine: in regards to *me* as the test subject, experimenting literally on myself through the playfully scandalous Neo-Gothic fantasies of death, rape and murder. You know, the best kinds!

We become bred on such things, accustomed to death as medieval language we conjure up for the thrill and salve it provides us with; e.g., the devil dragon from *Flight of Dragons* (1982) the deliverer of all our paradoxical delights. Like a pizza for a bitch in heat, a mommy pregnant with lust (as fat as the dragons in that movie, but especially *that* fat fuck—an absolute unit of a death chonker):

²⁶⁰ E.g., Constance and I fucked to Slayer's "[Black Magic](#)" (1983).



I see the dragon in my mind and hear the sleeping princess' line: "No, father, one dragon yet remains, Bryagh. Omadon's hold on him is stronger than Lo Tae Zhao's. He has death on his mind and can take them all!" I think in

response, *Good; now gimme, motherfucker!* My command is gentle (the dragon is my childhood friend, someone I love), but it's *still* a command: "Don't stop until I tell you to stop! I shall rewrite you through my decree, a Queen to your King I challenge thee" (from Volume Zero, my fucking with Percy Shelley's famous poem to immortalize Blxxd Bunny [with my drawing of them](#)):

And pillow lip, and smirk of warm delight,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that enjoyed them, and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal, these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, Queen of queens;
 Look on my Ass, ye Mighty, and despair!"

As something to face beyond us in present forms that evoke the beyond, reflections on death can be healthy or unhealthy—can drive us mad or "mad." Poets, who love the sound of their own voices ("one good turn deserves another—from one *poet* to another"), think by reflecting on things through creation (which is always expanding [cock-like] into delicious pussy-like new forms). In challenging *capital*, meticulous and informed, I'm a Renaissance girl who suddenly finds herself feeling like a naughty child playing with dead things; i.e., like Jeffery Combs' Herbert West, dryly asking the other doctor with a straight face/flat affect, "What *will* they do, embalm us?" Talk about hard kink!



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

In a way they already have, and as a zombie the likes of Richard Matteson's, I find myself—having thrust into the void repeatedly—suddenly smiling with a new lease on life (the trans woman, turning as the fags always do, to Gothic media as a therapeutic, rape-play opera expressing the unspeakable as loud as we fucking can); i.e., like Barbaras' omen from the *Jew of Malta* (c. 1590):

Thus like the sad presaging Raven that tolls
The sicke mans passeport in her hollow beake,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings
([source](#)).

Though I am *just* a raven, behold my pretty plumage (weird, to be sure, but bitches like weird; it's like they are)! Observe how I am at peace with

myself and my trauma as something to show off the pain and pleasure of all my ghosts; i.e., with my queerness as beautifully tainted by capital, but burning urgently and hotly with a corpse-like desire that feels oddly fresh, revitalized, ready to take on the world (something to tentatively show and then, post-hesitation, open greater and greater "wounds" that flaunt it all with reckless abandon—my dick not in the book, but in a pussy): scrambling to express what I've learned about "death" before Death (the cruel, delicious, thick-thighed bitch) takes me at last. When it does, my tombstone—a fragment of all that remains—shall be peered at, and whose bizarre reply shall thrust, confounding and glorious, back at the same prying eyes: "Her tits were there." My spirit has fled, but *they're* not going anywhere. Remember that as you live and love those close to *you*!

The Great Tree bemoaned to Deet when passing her its knowledge, "Whether a gift or a curse I do not know!" Likewise touched by Death—to have felt for a second its sweet sting as melting into so many others—I don't know how long I have. No one does, till suddenly our brief candle (and walking shadow) snuffs out, collapsing never to rise again. But I *have* questioned the value of my life until now with more fear of death than I currently have ("nothing ventured, nothing gained"). Now that said fear has been lessened by learning something new about myself, the ghost of Epicurus is rapping on my head to remind me: "Death is nothing to us!" Except, the idea of a "corpse" that experiences symptoms, a church of the dead that haunts us while we're awake out from the imaginary past that returns to our world? It's all just pretend... isn't it? Then again, maybe not. You tell me, sweeties!

When someone fucks with you, document everything. But also, play/fuck with your abusers by putting their "ghosts" in quotes—to speak truth to (state) power by going where power is. I have been near power all my life; i.e., that which threatens "death" as a state of constant, painful change, often with alien components haunting familiar ones. Death, then, isn't the end, but something to face regardless of whom you're critiquing. Here's what *I* learned in doing so—as a failed-academic-turned-Gothic-slut who weaponized her baggage and mastered Metroidvania at the same time (so, [Contrapoints](#) but *without* the trans gentrification, assimilation fantasies and veiled enbyphobia; more on *her* in Volume Three, part two)! As we proceed, remember as always to take modularity into account: Metroidvania are modular like monsters are, and the two go hand-in-hand; i.e., a castle has monsters in it and is monster-like, and monsters have castles in them/are castle-like, concentrically and dualistically and anisotropically. In other words, they are composite; i.e., you can remove elements of the Metroidvania/monster and it will continue to function/relate to these elements separately and/or together, mid-crisis onstage.

Under capital, Cartesian thought sexualizes, fetishizes and ultimately harvests nature-as-monstrous-feminine; videogames instruct this through neoliberal dogma—household war simulators, whose monomythic formulas must be reclaimed by the *real* stewards of nature (us) from the usual privateers (capitalists and their proponents). From Freddy Krueger to the final, hidden boss in *Kirby's Dream Land 2* (exhibit 34b2a1a1, 1995) to the Wind Fish in *Link's Awakening* (1991) to Ripley rescuing Newt by scapegoating the black queen when the colony falls apart (shooting the Numinous ghost of settler colonialism's vengeful victims) to the Radiance in *Hollow Knight*, we're all Dokken's dream warriors, masturbatorily punching Tim Curry's demon clown. I say this while being completely silly and dead-serious at the same time, and this *isn't* my first rodeo, my dudes; I've given symposiums as an undergrad²⁶¹ and written my thesis on this ("[Lost in Necropolis](#)"), and finally my PhD in independent form [with Sex Positivity, Volume Zero](#) (and if *that* devalues it in your eyes, remember that T.S., Joshi—[one of the world's foremost and most-cited contributors to independent Lovecraft scholarship](#)—*isn't* a professor, but a philosophy major dropout); I've lectured about this at the IGA multiple times, on multiple continents²⁶²; I've given talks in-

²⁶¹ At my alma mater, Eastern Michigan University: "[EMU 2017 Symposium Script: Frederic Jameson and the Art of Lying](#)."

²⁶² For the 14th IGA conference, in Manchester, England: "[IGA 2018 Script—All that We're Told In the Eternal Shadow \(within Shadows\) of the Hypernormal, Worldwide](#)"; for the 15th IGA Conference, in Chicago: "[Always More: A History of Gothic Motion from the Metroidvania Speedrunner](#)" (2019).

person²⁶³ and on video²⁶⁴; and I've used the symbols and methods of invigilation to talk about shared patterns and imagery in ways you'll doubtless recognize from me and elsewhere. There's gorgons to slay *us* and "gorgons" to "slay" *with*, babes; true to my arguments (since my thesis, no less), these exist in the same magic circle/shadow zone (the elite monopolizing darkness as a weapon²⁶⁵ against Her Majesty's radiant *numen*):

²⁶³ For Sheffield Gothic's Reimagining the Gothic with a Vengeance, Vol 5: Returns, Revenge, Reckonings, 2019: "[More My Speed": The Tempo of Gothic Affect in a Ludic Framework.](#)"

²⁶⁴ [The video](#) I scripted, recorded and edited for "More My Speed," which Sheffield Gothic played in my stead.

²⁶⁵ In true settler-colonial fashion, the white savior is a badly disguised arms broker *and* fashion statement: "a family defending 'his' home from 'alien' forces" while aping videogames as a liminal enterprise; i.e., copaganda and the Military Industrial Complex inside a police state when the Imperial Boomerang sails home. It's the false-flag *casus belli* for chudwads everywhere—a deception (and profit margin) for weird canonical nerds to *aspire* to, *not* critique: stochastic terrorism as an opportunistic product/content brand—one that apes the age-old monomythic, "might makes right" Imperialism to serve Patriarchal Capitalism by policing its Realism with violence (sex and force). Such kingly xenophobia is both dogmatized and very, very lethal.



([source](#): 1ShotTV's "BEST Home Defense Shotgun Ammo??? (BIRDSHOT vs BUCKSHOT vs SLUG)," 2024)

I *hate* men like these guys but I hate the ideology (and Capitalism) more; i.e., profiting off moral panic and persecution mania by opportunistically *selling guns* during a gold rush, one of us-versus-them (again, *we're* the gold: as recipients and givers of state violence, mid-collapse). As Helen Slater said in *The Legend of Billie Jean* (1985): "You're a pig! You don't even know what a pig you are!" Fuckin' oath, sis!



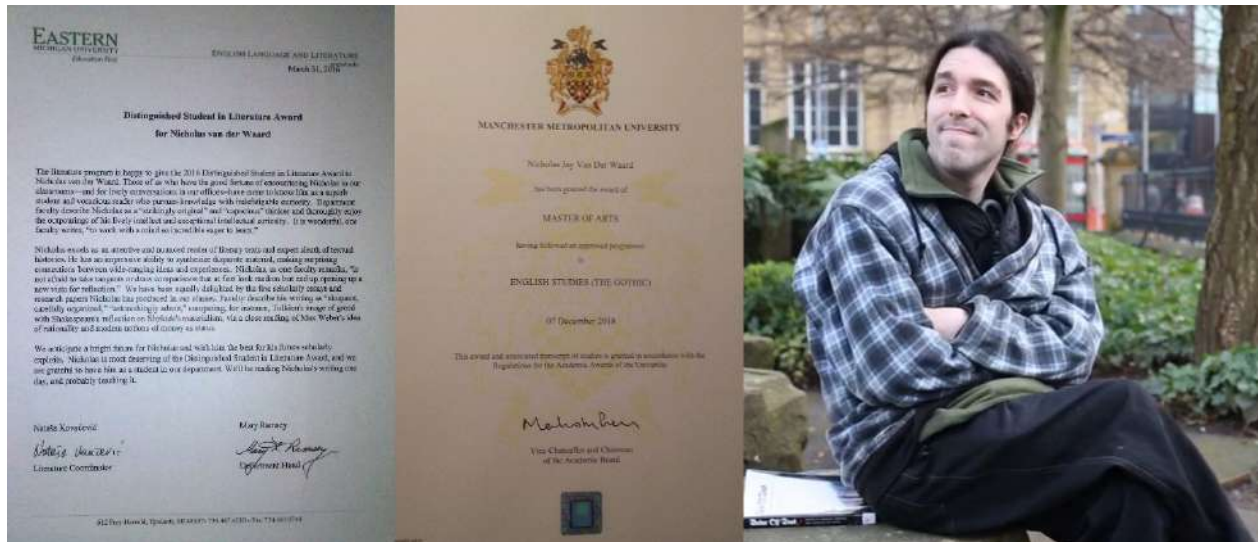
Healing takes reflection and reflection hurts regarding a past that is always being buried or dug up. To that, I'd like to inspect my *academic* past (above) one more time to make my point; i.e., what I've learned facing the death of it (and rebirth). I've previously acknowledged which professors I like and which I don't—you know who you are—but the fact remains that academia as a *structure* is a den of sycophants suckling the dicks of Reagan and Thatcher's ghosts; i.e., a nest of shameless schmoozers and utter brownnosers by design ("the money flows up, the shit rolls down"). They have their own thin line to colonize students with, and take a certain pleasure closing ranks and flexing on them. So yeah, it's personal for me; I have something to prove and don't like bullies, especially *established* bullies acting like their shit don't stink. As we shall see, reversing abjection is a shitty business—one as vast and rank as the single-day cleansing of the cattle stables of King Augeas of Elis ("[the Labours of Heracles](#)"; source: Britannica).

For instance, Lucy Burke once told me, "You couldn't step on my toes if you *tried* [emphasis, mine]." The Brits really love their Austenian italics. Regardless, the school went onto delete my old email and account (demonstrating the ephemeral, predator/prey nature of our relationship). In the interim, Lucy went onto flunk half of my postgrad module for mentioning my undergrad pedigree as a point of reference, telling me it "had no bearing on the topic at hand" (though they magnanimously gave me an A for the transcribing element—damn straight); Lucy Burke was *also* a total cunt whose class sucked absolute donkey dick (and whose tenured helper told me to my face that the Gothic was a waste of life—he was a cunt, too). So fuck her (and fuck the peer-reviewed twats who arbitrarily rejected my paper proposals for being "too repetitive/conversational"²⁶⁶,) or—in several

²⁶⁶ *The Irish Journal of Gothic and Horror Studies* and Dr. Niall Gillespie (dick): "[Survival-Horror in Blood \(1997\): the Weaponized Affect of the Gothic FPS](#)" (2019).

cases—for being too sexual. It's one thing to be rejected by a romantic interest; in this case, rejection equals censorship, which speaks louder than words)!

As we proceed, my teaching moral is as follows: Don't be afraid to speak your truth, even if that truth is angry with the establishment (and its settler-colonial profit motive)! Be loud! Wreck shit (if you've seen *Glass Onion* [2022] then you'll know *exactly* what I mean)!



Maybe I'm onto something. Some of my instructors certainly thought so. As my teachers at undergrad wrote of me (from my original award letter, above),

Nicholas excels as an attentive and nuanced reader of literary texts and expert sleuth of textual histories. He has an impressive ability to synthesize disparate material, making surprising connections between wide-ranging ideas and experiences. Nicholas, one faculty remarks, "is not afraid to take tangents or draw comparisons that at first look random but end up opening up a new vista for reflection." We have been equally delighted by the fine scholarly essays and research papers Nicholas has produced in our classes. Faculty describe his writing as "eloquent, carefully organized," "astonishingly adroit," comparing, for instance, Tolkien's image of greed with Shakespeare's reflection on Shylock's materialism, via a close reading of Max Weber's idea of rationality and modern notions of money as status [hi, Craig!].

We anticipate a bright future for Nicholas and wish him the best for his future scholarly exploits. Nicholas is most deserving of the Distinguished Student in Literature Award, and we are grateful to have him as a student in our department. We'll be reading Nicholas' writing one day, and probably teaching it [above, originally featured in Volume Zero].

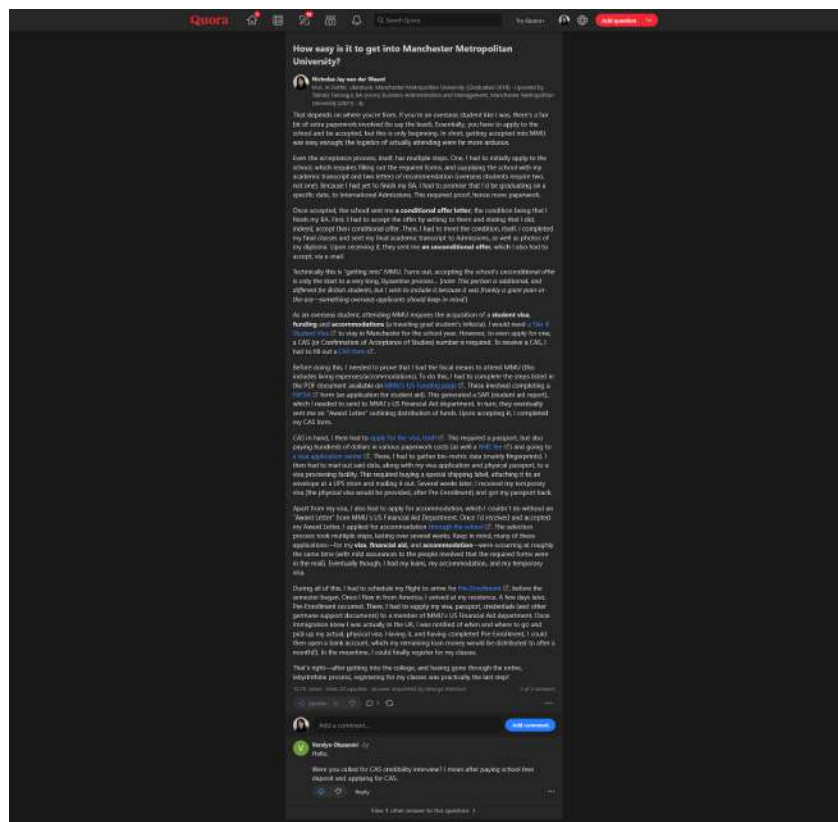
I don't know about *that*, my dudes; I messaged many of you for years and rarely heard a peep (a couple responded—to that, I give thanks)—certainly not to the degree of engagement such effusive praise would seem to suggest. Maybe I *didn't* deserve all of this? Maybe I was just that dunce of a slut I always felt like?

Looking back, I still get *echoes* of that doubt. But true to form, I had to go elsewhere to find what I was looking for (the monomyth, but a gay Gothic one that turned me from "Nicholas" into Persephone: "It was I, Dio!").

I felt that way at the time, too—was terribly depressed and told Christine Neufeld as much in her office, post-award-ceremony. She replied, "We *don't* just give this award to anyone, you know! It's a big deal! You struggled at first [she gave me a C+ in her English 300W course, saved by me writing "[Frankenstein essay—Born to Fall? Birth Trauma, the Soul, and Der Maschinenmensch](#)," 2014] but you pulled through; with *these* grades and *this* letter of recommendation, you can go anywhere you want!"

There was *some* truth to that (others were more honest: "Don't pursue grad school unless you want to be broke/are independently wealthy!"); I *could* go wherever I wanted, *provided* I found the school and the backing (a whole Byzantine circus to thread, which we've already gone over [but I'll cite again here](#)²⁶⁷ in case

²⁶⁷ From a screencap, because I want an image of the webpage, for proof; re: Persephone van der Waard's Quora answer to "How easy is it to get into Manchester Metropolitan University?" (2019). [Access the original file on my Google Drive.](#)



Quora takes a shit). I'm white and middle-class, so I had friends and means. Sandy Norton gave me a place to stay after my efficiency was canceled. In turn, I basically had to graduate twice; i.e., once in ceremony and once after I met the full, Faustian-grade²⁶⁸ requirements for the school (which hounded me for overpriced graduation photos for years, afterwards).

²⁶⁸ From EMU milking me for more credits, forcing me to do an independent study by finding a free instructor (ol' Neufeld turned me down, as did several others); i.e., with David Calonne that pointed me towards [Rudolph Otto and *The Idea of the Holy*](#) (1917) as eventually leading me to write "[Method in His Madness: Lovecraft, the Rock and Roll Iconoclast and Buoyant Lead Balloon](#)" (2017). In turn, the acquisition of a research supervision at an undergrad level—and the making of our own class rubric, research goal, and executing it—was actually a lesson unto itself: my graduate program in small, prep for grad school. None of this was structured in any logical, orderly way, of course. All the same, it led me down a long road I've already talked about in this book series (from Volume Zero):

This brings us not just to my adulthood but my postgraduate work on ludo- Gothic BDSM, which in 2017 was met with its own barriers. Working under David Calonne, I was only just learning about the Numinous *vis-à-vis* Rudolph Otto and H.P. Lovecraft and came across an article by Lilia Melani, "Otto on the Numinous" (2003), citing the Gothic as the quest for the Numinous: "It has been suggested that [Gothic fiction](#) originated primarily as a quest for the *mysterium tremendum*" ([source](#)). Something about it appealed to my then-closeted kinkster as have previously been titillated by Cameron, Lovecraft and Nintendo (there's a sentence I never thought I'd write), but also the videogames I was playing at the time: *Metroidvania* (shortly because I went overseas, my best friend Ginger recommended *Axiom Verge* and *Hollow Knight* to me, which I eventually made the topic of my master's thesis).

Eager to go to grad school and learn more about this exciting thing called "the Numinous," I looked for places that taught "the Gothic" and was directed by various educators to MMU. Upon going overseas, I swiftly collided painfully against various cultural barriers when trying to express myself (and my inherited, lived trauma) through the Gothic mode as something to relay in academic language. The whole ordeal became counterproductive and traumatic in its own right, requiring me to voice my concerns regarding said baggage in connection to the larger systemic traumas I was seeking to express and overcome; i.e., by facing my own painful past in its totality. This meant coming up with a solution through ludo-Gothic BDSM, which in turn meant forming it into a *teachable* method for this book; but I first had to deal with my unprocessed trauma from my brief, invalidating stint in academia (four years, from 2014 to 2018, not including submitting to academic journals, attending conferences and applying for PhD programs, which lasted another year).

For me, Gothic media more broadly is *cryptomimetic* (writing about the ghosts between words), but also whose undead mode of expression is embroiled within academic areas of study that yield hermeneutic limitations due to recency biases and disdain for a holistic approach by academic bigwigs. For instance, I noticed these limitations myself when trying to marry the Gothic to videogames in my own graduate work as cutting-edge. It was a tactic my supervisors and academic superiors resisted, simply because videogames were either totally outside of their realm of experience, or "Metroidvania" wasn't something that had been academically connected to games within their own fields. That is, speedrunning as a practice/documentary subject was just taking off online in 2018 (Twitch had only existed since 2011); likewise, "ludic-Gothic" wasn't even a decade-old term at the time, was something that ambitious academics strove to stake new claims within while leaving much to be desired.

For example, the same year I wrote my thesis on *Metroidvania*, Bernard Perron would sum up the broader Gothic rush in videogame academia in *The World of Scary Games: A Study in Videoludic Horror* (2018) sans mentioning *Metroidvania* *once*:

Horror scholars such as Taylor, Kirkland, Niedenthal, and Krzywinska have therefore come to contextualize [video]games in the older tradition of the Gothic fiction, "one of survival horror's parents," as Taylor states in "Gothic Bloodlines in Survival Horror Gaming" (2009). Furthermore, the latter even coined a new term to highlight this origin: "The ludic-gothic is created when the Gothic is transformed by the video game

If the above example (my Gothic past and quest for power/the Numinous by coining ludo-Gothic BDSM through my scholarly works and slutty adventures) is any proof, facing one's past repeatedly is painful, but also *vital* to understanding our place in a wider world; re: "Returning and reflecting upon old points after assembling them is a powerful way to understand larger structures and patterns (especially if they're designed to conceal themselves through subterfuge, valor and force). It's what holistic study (the foundation of this book) is all about." To that, glibly sloganize the skeletons of your past if it means liberation from tyranny (and if they aren't tyrants, they'll let you voice your grievances in public; i.e., the "free" marketplace of ideas). Fuck the king! Fuck Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan! Fuck the schools I went to if they get in my way! Antagonize them! Become the



thing they fear most; become the ironic counterterrorist exposing them as frauds—with *your* Aegis (ass or otherwise): "And no one in all of Oz, no wizard that there is or was, is every gonna bring *me* down!"

Speaking of skeletons, let's give it a shot; i.e., with something other than my failed academic career (but still bourne from it)—my childhood! Kirby? You're up, babe!

(exhibit 34b2a1a1: When playing this game as a little girl, in the fifth grade, I always noticed the patterns and they always struck

medium, and is a kindred genre to survival horror" [...] Video games remediate many aspects of Gothic poetics: [the prevention of mastery, obscured or unreliable visions, scattering of written texts in typical Gothic locations and their lost histories, the encounter and use of anachronistic technologies, etc] ([source](#)).

Not only does Perron make no mention of Metroidvania at all, neither do *any* of the other scholars he cites; nor did my supervisors know what Metroidvania were when

I was researching it (nor I, with me finally settling on a concrete definition in 2021; re: the "[Mazes and Labyrinths](#)" abstract). Indeed, Metroidvania—despite being an older genre than survival horror²⁴⁶—remains a thoroughly underrepresented area of Gothic videogame studies, and Gothic videogames remain ripe for continued study within our own lives. Indeed, I had to connect the two myself when recognizing a knowledge gap regarding Metroidvania as *cryptomimetic* media within videogame studies at large; and I have continued to do so as a postgrad writing about mazes and labyrinths in Metroidvania; i.e., as a niche area of study to expand upon within my own daily life beyond academia—by writing about or illustrating Metroidvania outside of conferences, [but also interviewing Metroid speedrunners for fun](#) in my "Mazes and Labyrinths" compendium (which we'll give an example of a little deeper into the subchapter) [[source](#)].

In the end, as I shall demonstrate, here, I became more knowledgeable about Metroidvania in my *thumb* than Perron, Krzywinska, and Taylor, *et al*, were in their whole *body* of research. I am the Metroidvania *master*, motherfuckers! Is that arrogant of me to say? Fuck you, I've earned it, at this point! Anyone who says otherwise can kindly eat a dick.

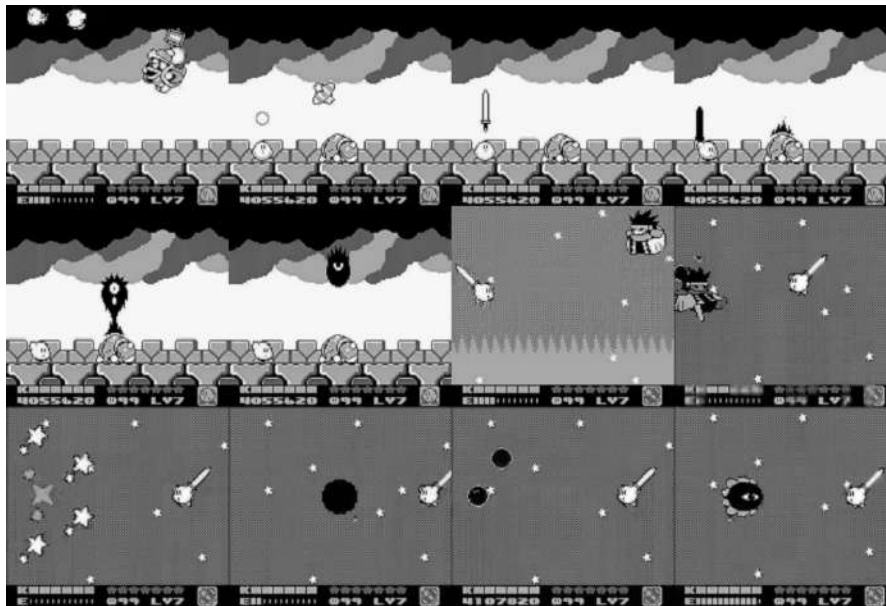
me as odd. I felt the drive to conquer the darkness as the game taught me. Perhaps if I did, I thought, then my shitty real father would turn into the man I always wanted him to be [alas, that never happened]. A part of me also wanted, like Hamlet and the freezing palace guards ["A part of him"], to explore the darkness as a presence to talk to—in short, to ask it why it's there, to make friends.

In other words, why is the false king false, the sword always there to purify his "corruption," and send the monstrous-feminine hellspawn back to the dark corners of the Western imagination?

As such, there's always a priority/Great Chain of Being to neoliberal copaganda in videogames. The male hegemon is sick, possessed—a false king with a false claim [the counterfeit] that must corrected through the usual heteronormative "medicine" [usually force, in videogames, because sex is for adults who take it by force, post-indoctrination]. Tolkien [and his cartographic refrains] framed it as exorcism

[Gandalf to Theoden, drawing Wormtongue out as "poison is drawn from a wound"—kinky!] and death by flames [Denethor: "We shall burn like the kings of old!"]. In turn, videogames like the Kirby franchise offer routine protagonists who function, like all language, in dualistic ways. Except the canonical embodiment of the avatar remains bourgeoisie; in turn, the monomythic concentrism, anisotropic motion, and climactic [violent, Promethean] revelation are swept aside in the usual

Radcliffean fashion: the horrors of the "past" apologizing for the Divine Right of Kings as having evolved into modern forms that remained, post-nightmare [which Walpole ultimately suffered from, too—the white castle emerging from the black. ACAB, kids—except gay campy ones].



That is, King Dedede is possessed, you see—trying to smite you with his hammer because a dark vague force has "corrupted" him! This counterfeit is both the Western lie of sovereignty it uses to maintain its power structures, and the very thing antithetical to them that we must reclaim and synthesize. In

Metroidvania fashion, once the hero collects some of the objects of conquest, he gets a partial prize; collect them all, and he receives Excalibur—the ostensibly noble blade haunted by dark, bloodthirsty revenge to do battle with the Russian doll. That

is, inside the American monarch [a feudal displacement of the game's empty critique of the wider world around it] lurks a shelled series of monsters common to neoliberal canon: the warlock/witch, vampire or goblin [all anti-Semitic tropes] indicative of the Nazi and the Communist in the same amalgam. Per American kayfabe as emulated by Japan, its cultural exports have Kirby [the babyface] whack the Nazi with his sword, the two dueling to expose why the Nazi "broke bad": the shapeless void—Communism! Red corrupts red.



[[source](#): Zelda Dungeon]

These warring artefacts remain dualistic, mid-duel, but the canonical side/function of their conversation remains clear enough: a witch hunt, one where the Nazi was the nation-state possessed by national Socialism! I.e., it's always the Communist's

fault! Of course, we all know this to be an obscurantist lie—one furthered by neoliberals [and their pocket academics] profiting off Red Scare—but the fact remains, the so-called Pale King and "Hollow Knight" [see what I did, there?] are likenesses received in praxially-inert symbolic exchanges; e.g., Ganon vs the Hero of Time [above] to pacify workers with, regardless of the labor they put in; i.e., that which preserves a semiotic standard [from Ron Cobb] to uphold a capitalist dialog and its monetary value through Cartesian violence against nature-as-monstrous-feminine.

All of these tropes and contradictions are a historical-material byproduct of those state monopolies and trifectas warring against our doubling of them during counterterror dialogs, engaged in the meta dialog as dialectical-material; i.e., by virtue of me—burning the midnight oil [having done it many times at EMU and MMU]—able to artlessly summon up old ghosts [of Marx] to camp canon with. To that, my childhood locale remains haunted by the object of capitalist fears pushed into the usual myopic shadow zone by Capitalist Realism. The elite cannot hide genocide and police violence in totality after history purportedly "ended" within the established economic order as classic "New-World" shenanigans; so instead, like Radcliffe, they conjure up evil castles and kings to scapegoat. It's modern-day blood libel, the price paid in all the oceans of children's blood²⁶⁹ Kirby's Dream Land 2 leaves out, but lurks behind the rotting image on its surface. The darkness is the rot, and beyond its disintegrating veneer is the desert of the real.

Plato's cave is full of those hopelessly reliant on the system's dogmatic false hope, becoming agents of our and their destruction by maintaining the spell that cannot survive state shift. But boy, oh boy, they will fight like hell to resist that; i.e., by dismissing and attacking us through disguises that announce who they are: corporate cops in suits—spooks of a CIA sort, but internalized/externalized by state proponents; e.g., like The Matrix and its Agents touched upon, so aptly ["That is the sound of inevitability, Mr. Anderson; that is the sound of your death!"]! In that same shadow zone's half-real space, then, we must use our own ludo-Gothic BDSM's castle-narrative to infuse better habits; i.e., to synthesize praxis based on the things that were coded into us as children by videogames. "Long is the way and hard, that out of Hell leads up to light." No one ever said it was easy to kill our

²⁶⁹ As Ward Churchill writes in "'Some People Push Back': On the Justice of Roosting Chickens" (2005):

The problem is that vengeance is usually framed in terms of "getting even," a concept which is plainly inapplicable in this instance. As the above data indicate, it would require another 49,996 detonations killing 495,000 more Americans, for the "terrorists" to "break even" for the bombing of Baghdad/extinction of Iraqi children alone. And that's to achieve "real number" parity. To attain an actual proportional parity of damage – the US is about 15 times as large as Iraq in terms of population, even more in terms of territory – they would, at a minimum, have to blow up about 300,000 more buildings and kill something on the order of 7.5 million people ([source](#)).

darlings—both because it is dispiriting on some level, but also because it's work!
Topping is work! No cap, fuck-starting Kirby's face has me dead tired, y'all!



In all seriousness, the takeaway here is the hero, after his final duel, has slain the fag, the Commie, the Medusa, the person of color—to fall from the sky at the shock of seeing himself in Athena's Aegis [a black blob with a single eye to Kirby's two—the singular panoptic/myopic gaze of conquest, but also the one-eyed monster capital frames Communism as; i.e., the cyclops

giant to blind and kill, empowering patriarchal forces]. He descends from the heavens like a heroic star/constellation [Orion, perhaps] while a cleansed pastoral/Garden of Eden looks on [the artificial wilderness "cleansed," America-style and mirrored in the Japanese neo-Shogunate, of so-called "impurities"; i.e., through a fascist/strongman return to "might makes right"; e.g., the way of the fist, of death by the sword, of Shintoism and bushido as "brutal" sold to Americanized kids drooling over Akuma representing who they want to be, but also the time they want to return to: the Sengoku Jidai or Warring States period's return of the demon warrior/the black knight. In fascist thinking this is the "hard times" quadrant of the four-stage cycle; re, from Bret Devereaux' "Hard Times Don't Make Strong Soldiers," 2020): "'Hard times create strong men, strong men create weak times, weak times create weak men, and weak men create hard times.' The quote, from a postapocalyptic novel by the author G. Michael Hopf, sums up a stunningly pervasive cyclical vision of history—one where Western strategists keep falling for myths of invincible barbarians" ([source](#)).

Whether it's Akuma, Batman or Meta Knight, white male weeps want to become the Great Destroyer and kill weakness as "degenerate," impure. It's like sex to them—how they relate to each other—but it's unironically harmful, destructive, sadistic, inhumane. There's no "convincing" them through empathy because they argue through force, not consent—the way of the warrior as an endless battle for territory and dominance. They are quintessential xenophobic meatheads—anti-intellectual, obsessed with death, conspiracy and the remaining fourteen points Umberto Eco mentions. In short, they're like American colonialism continues to be—self-righteous and macho, but paradoxically afraid of everything around them, which they rape because of it. Smart people scare them, women scare them, fags scare them, etc; yet they want to fuck us, are secretly incel cowards looking for mommy.

It's all a lie, one that continues into Dream Land coming from older histories in and out of the text: Kirby—startled and scared from his dream—wakes up and finds himself with his monomythic treasures by his side. He has the power, per Joseph Campbell's uncritical lens, to make the world in his image; i.e., by pacifying the current ordering of things by making nature orderly again. It's standard-issue Goldilocks Imperialism/neoconservative, with Kirby's foreshadowed by the sword spearheading the harbinger of capital falling to Earth like a comet, a fallen angel, an incubus of the state, a "gift" from the bourgeois gods [that, like Mega Man, steals its enemies' powers and shape]: to make peace through strength, by bad-faith diplomacy, by the sword, Power-Rangers-style [the sentai rainbow]. This tracks. After all, the translation for "Nintendo" is "Heaven rewards hard work"—except "work," in this case, is the same old ghost of the counterfeit being used to further Capitalist Realism via the process of abjection; re: "The myth of Gothic ancestry endured because it was useful," leading to the same-old Jewish conspiracies, tokenization, and genocide. White knights become black, good cops become bad because ACAB—all [canonical] cops [and castles] are bad. Their swords are bad. Their cute mascots are bad.



[model and artists: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Marlon Trelie/Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Luckily for us, they ain't got a monopoly on that shit, and there's always one more square in the collage to fuck with and lead to a better sequence; i.e., inside the infernal concentric pattern [re: Aguirre] during ludo-Gothic BDSM [me; e.g., above, having collaborated with Bunny and hired Marlon to make our own collective statement; i.e., the Dark Magician Girl (my OC, in disguise) fucking "Medusa" as yet-another-performance]. Kirby's false rainbow is something we fags can camp in earnest, giving its black-and-white some actual color and sparkles. The end of the world, according to the Bible, is when men hammer their swords into ploughshares; we must do this by challenging capital's Cartesian treatment of labor during the monomyth and all its usual fear and dogma, medieval poetics, etc. The state will always default to lies and violence, policing sex and force through dead dogma dressed up as fatal nostalgia; we can camp all of this and turn it upside down and back around at them—paralyzing them but also making their masks slip. The more people are aware, the more conscious they become to class and culture war as something to wage; re: emotional/Gothic intelligence as something to synthesize through violent resistance fought on the streets of our childhoods, of the Gothic

imagination, of a middle finger to academic shortcomings. We're taking it back. Submit to our monstrous-feminine cenobites [not Barkers', the sell-out; come at me, Sorcha]—not to enslave your bodies, minds, labor and identities, mid-struggle, but to set them free from the usual capitalist [fascist] pigs.)

I am literally a monster and Metroidvania doctor (the monstrous-feminine, in particular)—a monster mom for whom exhibits like these are as easy for me to make as breathing is while fucking (*that* gets easier, the more you sexercise). I have a nose for bullshit, and can smell a Nazi/spot a TERF a mile away (no matter how many disguises they have on). As little Kirby shows me (and I show you), Communism and fascism sit in the same shadow zone ([from Volume Zero](#), but also "[With a Little Help from My Friends](#)"). The difference, for Galatea vs Pygmalion, is the existence of performative irony and critical bite regarding any darkness visible (re: Milton vs Tolkien/Cameron, *vis-à-vis* me). For Gothic Communists, our bleak sardonic projections twist the knife and smile at the gods, our hellish Aegis upending the heroic narrative to *replace it*, mid-Mandelbrot. This isn't a canceled future that, mid-crisis, decay and duel *defends* capital; *we're* the clowns in the king's court, the chaotic dwarf from *Twin Peaks* (1990), but the ghost of the counterfeit remains us, buried or not; i.e., that which waits for you, leering wickedly at the end of a black rainbow, coming forward and speaking the truth in dialectical-*material* language (throwing pure psychoanalysis and postmodernism in the bin): like Saturn devouring his son, capital is eating *us*. So we "eat" *you* during calculated risk, hopefully waking your stupid asses up! Eat ass, kids!



(artist, left: [Francisco Goya](#); right: Jordan Peele)

Sometimes, this means eating *your own* bullshit (aka, eating shit, crow, humble pie, etc). The present is always remarked upon as haunted, grim. It's all been said before, and cashed in on by hypocrites,

too; i.e., those weaponizing your angry childhood as a *product* against you, a lucrative dogma enriching fascists playing at false rebels. I call this "white people disease," and as such have looked at people like Radcliffe in the past. *This* time, I wanna stick to the '90s; i.e., we're gonna practice what we preach and hold *my* childhood accountable in a holistic sense; re, Xavi: "The '80s weren't a magical time!" Neither were the '90s! Keeping *that* in mind, don't get too attached to things; i.e., "never meet your heroes; they will always disappoint you," except there's a catch: heroism divorced from a capitalist idea of struggle and money

value *can* rescue this conceit from itself. But you gotta be the bitch, the harridan, the angry oracle "no one likes" because they're always calling out peoples' heroes (Socrates had that problem; the state prescribed hemlock). Now let's turn our Medusa's masterful, withering gaze onto rockstars of a more musical sort: Marilyn Manson (and Maynard James Keenan, footnote)!

"Your world is an ashtray! We burn and crawl like cigarettes; the more you cry the more the ashes turn to mud!" sung shock jockey (and sex pest), Manson²⁷⁰.

²⁷⁰ From "[The Reflecting God](#)" off *Antichrist Superstar* (1996). Produced by Trent Reznor (to give the music its industrial sound). When Jadis and I listened to this, Tool's *Undertow* (1993) and similar music, we looked on such nostalgia fondly. It's possible to do both—proven by me and Jadis enjoying the high as children do, but also survivors of abuse: "Each thing I show you is a piece of my death!"

That being said, capitalizing on being a cynic, as Maynard from Tool does in "[Ænema](#)" (1996) should be wholly discouraged:

Some say the end is near
Some say we'll see Armageddon soon
I certainly hope we will
I sure could use a vacation from this ([source](#): Genius)

This is fascist rhetoric delivered by white privileged men, seeing the "end times" as a "vacation" that is *anything* but a natural disaster (though Capitalism profits off manmade interference assisting in so-called "natural disasters"); it's an apocalypse to shoot "zombies" with until things "go back to normal." Except they *won't* during state shift, and the fascists and moderates will eat each other (unable to farm or tend the land around them, much like the original American colonists/so-called "Pioneers" were unable to). The only imbeciles who would say this is a self-centered cunt who paradoxically thinks it doesn't apply to them; i.e., a white boy's charmed life posturing as doomsayer and preacher cashing in on their own Kool-Aid to sell to the kiddies:

Fret for your figure and
Fret for your latte and
Fret for your lawsuit and
Fret for your hairpiece and
Fret for your Prozac and
Fret for your pilot and
Fret for your contract and
Fret for your car [...]

Fuck L. Ron Hubbard and
Fuck all his clones
Fuck all these gun-toting
Hip gangster wannabes [...]

Fuck retro anything
Fuck your tattoos
Fuck all you junkies and
Fuck your short memories [...]

Here in this hopeless fucking hole we call L.A.
The only way to fix it is to flush it all away
Any fucking time, any fucking day
Learn to swim, I'll see you down in Arizona bay ([ibid.](#))

For Maynard, the whole city is the same, no distinction between Ron Hubbard (a cult leader) and junkies (a condition, not a disease—generally one experienced by the poor). It's an incredibly cynical and reductive baseline—not intellectual at all, but the sort of dreck pitched by Hubbard, of all people.

The irony is very thick and lost entirely on Maynard (who didn't know or didn't care at the time): they're singing about themselves. Straight white guy disease, I tell ya—now *that's* a disease, alright. It's menticide and apathy to the rotten, eugenicist core!

Case in point, Genius' annotation writes,

The word Ænima is a portmanteau of the words [Enema](#) and [Anima](#).

An enema is a procedure of introducing liquids into the rectum and colon via the anus. Metaphorically, it could refer to a cleansing of another type, such as the nationwide purging described in this song.

The anima refers to one of two primary anthropomorphic archetypes of the unconscious mind in Carl Jung's school of analytical psychology. In the unconscious of the male, this archetype finds expression as a feminine inner personality: anima; equivalently, in the unconscious of the female it is expressed as a masculine inner personality: animus. It is an archetype of the collective unconscious and it is said to manifest itself by appearing in dreams. It also influences a man's interactions with women and his attitudes toward them and vice versa for females and the animus ([ibid.](#)).

See that "could mean" bit? That's called "plausible deniability." Tool doesn't teach people to read in between the lines; they dogwhistle—i.e., the problem with this is Jung was a quack who hit on a grain of truth that became dogma, all the more likely with such voices airing a very particular kind of dirty laundry in public: genocidal sentiment. Slapping "Jung" on it and vouching for him is a classic academic red herring/disguise, one that generally happens while saying "We're just exploring our dark feelings"; i.e., as something to commodify and posture in equal measure. The way that Tool is doing it with this song is frankly incredibly reckless and opportunistic, but also gross. This is the *epitome* of privilege, of posing, of *false rebellion* (re, Parenti: fascism).



([source](#))

That moment when you realize that Tool are Nazis (a more recent version of Hawthorne's Puritan polemic "Young Goodman Brown," 1835). Fuck me, dead, but also—is it *really* so hard to believe? Like, for real. You see many black or gay rock bands in the American circuit (for a nice counter-example, listen to King's X' 1989 [Gretchen Goes to Nebraska](#)—an album with real critical bite *and* frankly better music)? Just a lot of white "rebels" doing "Roman" salutes, right? The same applies to Maynard (and whoever the other guy is).

I mean, just *look* at them: faux-intellectuals (I don't wanna mention the bald head, but so-called "Nazi punks*" are a thing and very much need to be ousted from parallel societies being colonized/gentrified by middle-class white boys) cashing in on fash aesthetic/obscurantism as much as critical thought, calling it wisdom, and bashing their critics all at once (from another song off the same album, "[Hooker with a Penis](#)"):

I met a boy wearing Vans, 501s

And a dope Beastie tee, nipple rings

New tattoos that claimed that he

Was OGT, back from '92, from the first EP

And in between sips of Coke

He told me that he thought we were sellin' out
Layin' down, suckin' up to the man

Well now I've got some

Advice for you, little buddy
Before you point the finger
You should know that I'm the man
I'm the man and you're the man
And he's the man as well
So you can point that fuckin' finger up your ass

All you know about me is what I've sold ya, dumb fuck

I sold out long before you'd ever even heard my name
I sold my soul to make a record, dip shit
And then you bought one ([source](#): Genius).

Speak truth to those with fragile egos and sometimes the mask slips. In this case, it's "prison sex"/DARVO mentality (that "boy wearing Vans" really hit the nail on the head, sheesh). Worse, it's literally a couple hipsters dressing up homophobia (re: "Hooker with a Penis") and Sodom-and-Gomorrah (re: "Ænima") rhetoric they think their customers are too stupid to notice (Jadis** loved them, hahaha).

**According to Bay, and I agree, "Johnny Ramone is a boomer who cast off his punk status. Born into the post-war late 1940s, his punk pathos/veneer of world-weariness having none of the legitimacy of his punk brothers and sisters [shortly after 9/11, he said at his 2002 Rock 'n Roll Hall of Fame acceptance speech: 'God bless George Bush and God bless America!']. To the credit of his wife, he was also a card-carrying Republican." They go onto add, tangentially, "Russell Brand is apparently attempting to change his name, post-baptism, to escape public scrutiny for his alleged sex crimes; i.e., very similar to Marilyn Manson doing the same—which should speak volumes about what the Church historical does for men!" This, I would argue, includes rock stars as, oddly enough, modern-day versions of what's known in the Gothic as the Black Penitent, or powerful male figure given protection by the Church as a means of the latter's saving grace and the former saving face by taking in a powerful lost soul. "Let Jesus fuck you!" indeed.*

Of course, the dogma *has* been subtly updated by Christo-fascists, the latter then and now "calling the cops" (the angel of death) on gay people—i.e., a Satanic-panic hauntology that reinvents the Bible and roll 'n roll sophistry. These guys, like all fash, know *exactly* what they're doing. They don't say it in plain English, they *code* it; i.e., in dated psychobabble and thinking they're clever while pandering to the lowest common denominator—themselves, dogs working for—you guessed it—the Man. I can't speak to Tool in 2024, but in 1996? Sweet Jesus, they were total fucking *posers* straight *depthroating* capital's knob (that's right, Jadis. You couldn't save Tool from me, either)! Tool are tools *without* irony!

**The city was smote for refusing to stop idolatry and worship God, not because they had non-missionary sex (though the two are still related, 100%).*

***They're the ones who taught me about Tool to begin with, and the one who fucked off/regressed to their brutal, neoliberal side when they got their dad's "fuck you" money (so-called "monetary reductionism"—spending money within capital is no more class warfare on its own than a boxing match is).*

Don't be afraid to critique your heroes, kids. Get mad and (always with class consciousness) straight up kill your darlings; kill 'em all (again, figuratively speaking and per Sarkeesian's adage, of course)! Fuck their legacy and their image! Be forewarned, though: get ready to lose friends. You find out *real* quick who your friends are when breaking icons (as much through trepidation and angst as rage)! But if *that* happens, also fear not! Nazis are cunts and you don't want them as friends anyways. When an abuser leaves you, it's like taking a big shit: almost always a good thing (I'm channeling

I (and many people my age) grew up on that shit. Like all *splendide mendax*, the profit motive doesn't negate the allegory's liberatory potential; it just capitalizes on it. Just because Manson was an abuser (or Jadis) doesn't make me one; quite the opposite, rape prevention by exposing abusers during good praxis/synthesis (e.g., telling reactions to revolutionary cryptonymy) is my book's *raison-d'être*, hypocrites and abusers (or their enablers, on all registers—e.g., bad-faith/accommodated intellectuals) my *bête noire*.

Let me rephrase. The way *I* see it, the world is a *toilet*, and little girls are made to fear the bathroom as a place to hold their urine, lest they get raped. Doing so is *not* protection, as Nex Benedict showed us (re: "[An Ode to Nex Benedict](#)," 2024). There's two takeaways I'll provide, regarding that: a) view something as a toilet (covered in piss and shit, full of shit, etc) so you *actually clean* it, and b) we're *already* in Hell, so bring the fury to them (our abusers, the elite) with all the piss and vinegar you can muster (we're all monsters under capital; be an Amazon, warrior, mother, detective, Medusa for *workers*)! Take your time and make it memorable, too. Don't "smile more" ("You found me beautiful once!" "Honey, you got real ugly!" Damn straight, you sexist pig!); skull-fuck them (I'm being figurative/flippant, of course: the mind fuck)! Freud might be a bad joke, little more than a trope at this stage; we monstrous-feminine, from cryptonym to *cryptomime*, pull a black rabbit out of a hat, the cat out of the bag—not to *harm* the rabbit or the cat (the poor things historically used as lab rats, now free to proliferate on Bunny Island or some such place), but expose capital's usual illusions relegating *us* to the



underworld. *We're* the final (hidden) boss of Capitalist Realism each and every time. As Gamma Ray once said, "rabbit don't come easy!" Well, we do (we got a wand and a rabbit) and our "hat" is our Pandora's Box, pulling all manner of dark, hellish secrets out of itself.

(artist: [John Keaveney](#))

Under Capitalism, childhood and innocence are lost at birth, replaced with harmful copycats. But fret not! Duality distinguishes "corruption" as defined through context, and a baddie is different than a bad cop; even if both are wearing the same witch *costume*, their *function* is determined by

Kristeva—roll with it, haha). More to the point, when you stand up for yourself and have boundaries/respect for yourself and others, the real cuties will notice, start to trust and approach you/respond if you approach them. Trust me, babes; I learned from the nymphs!

where their rhetoric/antics on and offstage send power a-flowing: towards workers or the state (which is why iconoclasts can camp Nazis and still be rebels in *disguise*, and why TERFs are still Nazis despite *appearing* as witches). The same goes for their lairs, their castles as slapped together and used to express largely systemic issues; i.e., on the classic site of queer angst (the stage) given voice among a pedagogy of the oppressed that can be used by all marginalized groups. I call it "Metroidvania," but that is just one name among many for the Gothic castle as something to reclaim with ludo-Gothic BDSM—with revolutionary cryptonymy and castle-narrative (ergodic motion) during the liminal hauntology of war as something to survive. Cops are the enemy in that instance, as are their hungry fortresses; our bodies become ours reclaimed from them within these prisons' danger discos. Or as Grendel's mother basically said: "I'm not trapped in here with you, you're trapped in here with me!"



The same goes for me and *anyone* who thinks they know more than me about Metroidvania! I am *peerless* in that respect, both a) the master of the field in a field where no experts exist (as of coining my work, anyways—British academia was allergic to portmanteaus and cross-media disciplines), and b) a holistic instructor who takes this knowledge and applies it through ludo-Gothic BDSM (my brainchild, my academic

concept) to synthesize good Communist praxis outside academia, for the workers of the world to do in kind; i.e., in ergodic motion (my master's thesis) as a pedagogic metaphor that both describes and aids the teaching process: to *all* workers (nature and the environment) sexualized, fetishized and alienated by capital (my PhD argument) and the profit motive's harmful canon, its fatal nostalgia, its pocket experts hired in expert testimony *for* the state/the prosecution.

In short, Jedi mind tricks don't work on me (e.g., Kirby and his cute animal friends aping Captain Planet, doing the little victory dance with neoliberal jingles anthemic of war against "darkness"; i.e., hardly a monolithic refrain, but a *diverse polity* administered by monomythic dogma—one that clumps Nazis and Communists together but always, *always* prioritizes the Communist), and I can break any dark (capitalistic) spell meant to stupefy its recipient(s)!

So forget Luke Skywalker boldly declaring to the Emperor, "I am a Jedi, like my father before me!" Bitch, please—I'm the *Medusa* (and "Jedi" are Sith²⁷¹ waiting

²⁷¹ The establishment is centrist, meaning it perpetuates conflict as orderly. There must always be an American and a Nazi, a white knight and black, but also a Communist to conflate as a Nazi to obscure class war. There's lots of syndromes at work, here—mirror and compartment, but also virgin/whore and white knight. In short, the state's moderates introduce and arbitrate a paradox of politeness that offers empowerment fantasies that are unironically violent and class dormant/traitorous. They uphold the status quo's genocide, rescuing a false equivalency (a fallen paradise) from its own rape as something to routinely bring about, arrive too late and then redeem through revenge. It's Marx's tragedy and farce, our parody and pastiche oscillating between degrees of irony and faith.

In short, the moderate can speak the truth through hilarious gags, but must always reel things in; e.g., *Dragnet's* 1987 camping of police shows and moral panic ("P.A.G.A.N.S.! People Against Goodness and Normalcy!" doing the goat dance and having sex with the Virgin Connie Swail!) before regressing to copaganda itself (with a community scapegoat: the false preacher). This can become aware of its own empty loop, too—e.g., Gloryhammer's "[The Unicorn Invasion of Dundee](#)" (2014)—but this merely outlines the same historical-material cycle inside one phase of itself:

Down from the mountains
And across the river Tay
An army of undead unicorns
Are riding into the fray

Fireballs and lightning are raining from the sky
Chaos and bloodshed while all the people die
In this epic battle begins the final war
Tragedy will strike this day, prepare thee for
The unicorn invasion of Dundee

The townspeople had little hope
They were not ready for war
Fireballs make everybody die
And buildings collapse to the floor

The beautiful princess was raped
And taken to prison with cry
Angus McFife swears a mighty oath
"I will make Zargothrax die!"

The forces of darkness
Are invading proud Dundee
They must find a hero
To save its destiny

[...]

And an ominous shadow fell over the battlefield
As the evil wizard Zargothrax rode in the once mighty city of Dundee
Atop an undead unicorn of war
To enthrone himself as its new dark master! ([source](#): Genius)

Instead of challenging the state, such blank theatrics become the myopic order of business—something to repeat and cash in on by *de facto* cops doing what cops always do: defend property for the elite; i.e., in all media forms utilizing the modern-day monomyth's various cartographic, us-versus-them refrains to benefit the colonizer group playing the stage wizard, the critic, the victim. Again, it's white boy disease, through and through. They *let* the princess get raped, then swoop in, "rescue" her (from their friend-in-disguise, playing the fascist) to marry her off. They all suck, but the paladin is the worst because he's hypocritical *and* genocidal, rapacious—the false friend.

to happen) and I've worked too hard for too long and survived too much to just lay down and take any more of it! The Earth is my home; *Hell* is my home as something *I* design, and I will fight to defend it and my friends from the usual fear and dogma, cops and sell-out academics, *et al.*

Like Smaug, every sassy bitch has its boast, every dog its day. To that, hear mine: Jadis was an impostor who scared children (ate them, per the usual dogmas)—could only tap her foot or toss her head. *I* am the Queen of Charn:

"Stop," said the Witch, just as he reached the door. "Do not dream of treachery. My eyes can see through walls and into the minds of men. They will be on you wherever you go. At the first sign of disobedience I will lay such spells on you that anything you sit down on will feel like red hot iron and whenever you lie in a bed there will be invisible blocks of ice at your feet. Now go."

The old man went out, looking like a dog with its tail between its legs ([source](#)).

Not just of *Charn*, but the queen of my *kind* (we're all queens under Communism, but I digress), the top dog making the magician *my* bitch (from that story's uncle, to its author afraid of naughty girls who know what they want)!

As Bay shared with me, "Kiwis are bird rats"; i.e., Nature's idea of Jewish revenge hunted by the likes of smug men like Karl Jobst or Christoph Waltz (the former sucks in real life, the latter sucks onstage):

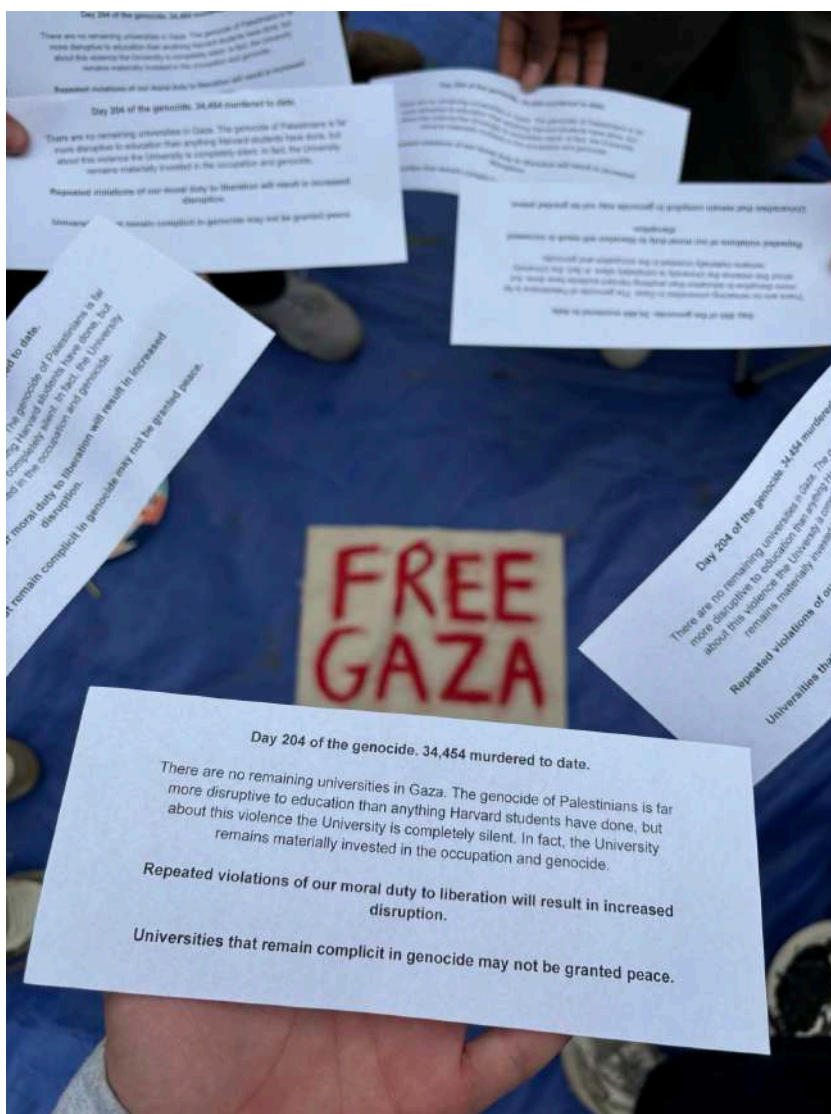
Kiwis Are Bird Rats

There were no rats on the island, and so the kiwi said, "I will do it." The kiwi developed whiskers like a mammal. It took on a drab coloring and decided to remain on the ground. This is the steady song of the earth—where there is a seed, a specific beak will form to crack it. Where there is a tall tree with fruit, a neck will elongate to reach it. Where there is skin, a tooth will hone itself to pierce it. Even on an island, detached and isolated, there is a rat's work to be done. There are only so many rhymes to be made.

Their steady song of the Earth is *our* Song of Infinity to take up ironically with Gothic poetics against the colonizer posturing as "benevolent" (which includes Jewish ethnostates and their proponents simultaneously denying the Holocaust and reenacting it; i.e., the establishment "Good Jew" instead of those like [Naomi Wimborne-Idrissi](#) as the mythical Jewish unicorn the state *doesn't* want you to know about but cannot stop [because their power is a lie, an illusion]: a Socialist anti-

Zionist Jew and journalist). Moderates, including token moderates (e.g., Obama) [and their elitist, bought-and-paid-for yes men](#) (The Humanist Reports' "Politicians, Pundits, & Celebs Get a Brutal Reality Check at Elitist Circle Jerk," 2024) try so hard

to control the coverage and paint themselves as good, but they're the biggest cunts of them all (re: MLK's "[Letter from Birmingham Jail](#)," 1963). Luckily there's one thing that moderates (Jewish or otherwise) can never hide: which side they stood for—no, *sung* for—when the going got tough. We can't *afford* to keep quiet or toe the line, because that's what genocide is: dying in darkness alone, or ignoring those who do while kissing up to capital, to the elite. We're together when we're heard, warning predators off and organizing against them through intersectional solidarity (diversity is strength); i.e., kettling the cops, turning a kettling attempt on its heel (encirclement, but also a kayfabe pun); e.g., the American-Israeli ambilocal complex/academic establishment to sever ourselves from: "University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign protesters have encircled police using reinforced banners & signs" ([source tweet](#): Escalate Network, 2024) is one, but also the students of Harvard (an establishment school if ever there was one):



([source tweet](#): Harvxrd Palestine Solidarity Committee)

Protests are always violent because the state always treats liberation with violence. To that, we must become a pandemic to the elite—united on every continent, a collective thorn in the side of empire-in-disguise. As such, I provide not just my book or this chapter, but my song as unbroken and unbowed, raising my fist with my friends all around the world (sung despite my fear mechanisms telling me not to, for fear of angering Jadis' shadow haunting me)! Here goes:

Quoth the Raven (death from the skies, rebellion writ on napkins), "I'm thought and rememory! Full of trauma, appetite and rage, my spells are orgasms! My hexes reek of power that can peel paint, strip peaches of their skin—to send your toenails growing inward, you mess with me! I shapeshift and impart fatal knowledge! I am Ileana, hear me roar! I am Revana, strong and brave! I am *Persephone*, daughter of Melody, granddaughter of Ellen, great-granddaughter of Mildred, the teeth in the night, the *Queen* of the Night, Titania and Tamora, and you do not scare me! 'I feel the universe within me; I am a part of the cosmos, its energy flows through me [...] AND I AM THAT FORCE! I AM THAT POWER! KNEEL BEFORE YOUR MASTER!' ([Frank Langella ain't got nothin' on me](#), babes)! I eat capital, fart incense (cinnamon) and shit rainbows! My nipples are like weapons (that lactate ironically), my clothes are see-thru, my thong small (and cute), my legs hairy with Lilith's "stockings." I play with dolls *and* swords, make Zelda butch and Link gay! I am the femboy you *wish* you had! The pillow princess* you'll never top! I have survived Majora's moon and *through* it wield a power too great and terrible for you to imagine, cursing you with madness and confusion! I am the weirdest boner! The pain in the ass (that you like)! Touch me and I touch *you* back—become glass, darkness visible, a quagmire to envelope you and expose your greatest flaws (a lack of compassion, game, dress sense, etc)! I am the spectre of Gay Marx, a black swan getting you and your little dog, too! I'm disco-in-disguise, from The Beach Boys to Joy Division to yours truly! I'm rock 'n roll, Satanism, Metroidvania, the pussy on the chainwax! You'll never own me, never exterminate me, incels; I'll never rule the universe with you, I'll fuck your wife and make her gay! I'll trans your kids and make them disobedient! You killed my mother, prepare to die! Wind, fire, all that kind of thing! Abra-fucking-kadabra, bitch! Get dunked on!"

**E.g., Zeuhl, in grad school—horny but wanting me to fuck them and lying back as I gently gave them a "medicinal injection (of hot sweet love)": "I was soooo sick!" they'd remember the event, "but I wanted you to fuck me anyways!*

"There are only so many rhymes"; i.e., so many ways to say to a Nazi, "Fuck you, I'd rather be *hunted* for being myself than 'safe' like you and those of you that suck up to the state, Judas!" This rat-bird mischief manifests in the natural-material world—from Matthew Lewis to Ridley Scott to me, dunking on Kirby and saving the little fucker from people like Marilyn Manson, Maynard James Keenan and people who police their platforms and the world as exclusively their place to make art; i.e., as a socio-political statement upholding the status quo in small.

This includes the serious risk of standard-issue Liberals masquerading as "progressives" to hide their own fascist elements; e.g., Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez posturing as "radical" to make her presence felt, but then rubbing elbows with Biden. She's saying "eat the rich" but then eating *with* them: to have her cake and eat it, too. It dilutes movements, gentrifying radical politics the way that establishment politics always do (recuperation). But likewise, you don't have to be a full-time activist who dies for the Cause (re: Che Guevara) to do a rebellion. You just have to call the President and his ilk for what they are: immoral, Israel-coddling imperialists—the irony of Biden getting elected being that Liberal-presenting power structures stalled rebellion as performed by American progressives on campus and elsewhere in the middle class.

As usual, it's a proletarian Children's Crusade—the wide-eyed college kids doing the work, not the adults²⁷² in the room (e.g., [these Poly Cal kids fighting shield-to-shield to with the cops, holding onto each other so the pigs don't pull them away from the group](#) [source tweet: Call Walsh, April 29th, 2024]). Its protection from the state's zombie enforcers—an echo of the undead taking to the streets, from *The Monk* to *Les Misérables* to *The Passion of Joan of Arc*). The kids aren't alright because mommy's browbeaten and daddy's a rapist, but also a *cop* who starves, imprisons, and beats his own children for "being naughty": "They stand should to shoulder for as far as the eye can see. The very Earth must be crying out from the damnable weight of them!" It's eugenics, of the Imperial Boomerang coming back around, dressed up as parent/schoolteacher played by

²⁷² There *are* exceptions; e.g., Caitlin Johnstone's [April 28th tweet](#) (abridged, 2024):

This world is so sick because nobody takes responsibility for the things that are happening in it. The rich and powerful shore up more and more wealth and power while offloading the responsibility for it onto others. They destroy the biosphere while offloading the consequences onto ordinary people, while telling us we just need to ride our bikes more and consume less in order to fix the problem. They start wars and back genocides abroad while refusing to provide for the needful at home, and if you complain they tell you you just need to vote harder next election. They take all of the power and none of the responsibility.

We can't have a healthy world until we reverse this dynamic, and like all matters concerning responsibility that means it begins with the face in the mirror. We all need to step up to the plate and take responsibility for turning this catastrophe around, and in 2024 that means starting with the genocide our own governments are actively facilitating.

We need to unite arm-in-arm, internalizing not just the rhetoric, but the emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness such praxis synthesizes. Silence against genocide isn't just self-destruction, but complacency leading to complicity in genocide.

undercover cop (*de facto* vigilantism except universities are official institutions with established socio-material ties to the state and the elite). They take and take and take, at the cost of those who serve them as much as those who don't; e.g., Prince Vegeta's dying declaration, "He said he would kill my father if I didn't obey him; we did everything he asked and more, but he killed him anyway!" The state always takes from positions of extreme advantage—of ultimatum and lies. It is the abusive parent made hyperreal, a cruel god lording over the Earth. Sound familiar? The Greeks predicted the future with that one!

If *this* isn't proof that the American government needs to be dismantled and replaced with an anarcho-Communist horizontally arranged form ("land back"), then what is? Saturn *will* devour his young—*is* devouring his young—so Medusa needs to come forward and kick the old fucker in the balls; i.e., to strike them where their power is consolidated: soft power and the Superstructure, which—wouldn't you know it—is just my game! You want someone loquacious, or someone who'll throw down for you and watch you back when it counts? I gotchu, babes!



(*exhibit 34b2a1a2a: Model and artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). This exhibit revisits [an older drawing I did of myself on June 1st, 2022](#)—to celebrate my then-secret decision to come out, which I announced on my 36th birthday through the older drawing (an open secret) and then officially on my old blog: "I've decided as of yesterday to finally come out as trans. As*

such, my new name is Persephone and my chosen pronouns are they/them or she/her" (Persephone van der Waard's "[Coming Out as Trans](#)," 2022). The update is me having mastered that; i.e., not just through written critiques interrogating aspects of my childhood based on my Gothic education, but also artwork of myself that also serves as an opportunity to self-reflect in ways I can pass onto my audience: my true self having mastered her new powers!)

Like Meatloaf, it's all very bombastic, repetitive and loud—a rap battle of the sexes (and gender), no? But all the world's a stage, and the half-real stage is where we always make our stand! Capital manufactures conflict through false binaries; *humanizing* monsters through ironic calls to arms remains an appeal to those who

dehumanize us on a regular basis. To that, Capitalism isn't something you can defeat through dumb force, lovelies, but clever transgression and subversion that *looks and sounds* "dumb" (I'm just a dumb Dutch girl, I don't know nothin'! Right, Grandpa van der Waard?); i.e., changing how people see the world through yourself as a tremendous altering force.

We must remember that empathy is only radical—only a "myth"—because the state (and Capitalist Realism) treat it as such. The most vituperative, bloodthirsty and self-righteous/self-deceiving person isn't the fascist, then; it's the American Liberal as someone we must challenge with our own fire to fight theirs with. What are they silent about? We must expose and put *that* on blast, "to start a thing." *Our* cake is moist and *we* go to Rebel Town (civil war splitting us into doubles against each other by state). *We're* the sum of existence, wouldn't change it if we could (the butterfly effect 'n all that). *We* find our companions in the killing fields, speaking through torment, anguish and peril, but also twinkling glee and delight: to break the Torment Nexus as the state's Precious Thing to smash to bits.

This includes hysteria as a teaching agent/chaotic source of pride and monstrous self-worth healing from patriarchal instruction: kill the alien; e.g., the cordyceps virus from *Hollow Knight* being both neoliberal dogma (a threat to overcome by monomythic force) and Mother Nature's revenge (the Archaic Mother) against the Pale King (the Man) for conducting genocide against something that capital, by virtue of profit, cannot afford to understand. Per Cartesian edicts, nature is always monstrous-feminine, is always the zombie, is always furious; but the panicked system's purging of any harmful waste (shit) is the planet trying to heal itself, aided by its symbols and stewards that canonizers will always try to colonize, and which per the infernal concentric pattern must be entered and faced by exposing the usual hero as the Great Destroyer's little bitch, their blood sacrifice who *thinks* he's bad. This "one simple trick" is the Aegis reclaimed by us, something the elite (and their proponents) can *never* monopolize: "You and your kind are dust, and you only have yourselves to blame!"



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

We can reclaim our childlike joy and connection to such things; i.e., from the heart, but through expertise, through/of the monstrous-feminine as nurturing towards our wounded/missing empathy and humanity (our impostor syndrome and piece-of-shit's lack of value in all directions)! Forget me; there's a dark slutty wizard in all of us, and the best magic is the practical, sexy kind ("the blackest magic, my soul swims in it")—e.g., our bodies as abjected by others and which we reclaim (with our "dumpers"); i.e., liberation through iconoclasm a psychosexual act of mind games that titillate through sexy androgynous showmanship: the dark mistress, the detective, the Amazon, the whore, the Medusa, the mommy dom (my own character, Ileana Sanda, may have been Queen of the Night and specialized in spatial magics—in warping space-time—but she *loved* stage magic). And that, like everything else, becomes something old that we can reinvent (above) as the Gothic does: parthenogenically through backwards (retrospective) fertilization (fusion) and division (fission)—my writing style, in other words, synergizing sex, work and synthesis for funsies (fucking during a self-induced fugue state).



(artist: [Noe-Leyva](#))

Keeping *that* in mind, let's face a couple smaller reflections before Volume Two, part two opens grave-like before you (Shakespeare's "maw of death"); i.e., when we dive into our first Monster Module: the Undead (good things come to those who wait)! In other words, let's sleep on it (only a catnap, I promise)—ruminate, and then watch what dreams may come. To move forward, we must face the past *again* (we just did, but what's next is a transitional segment, not a symposium, so calm your tits). Onto "Halfway There: Between Modules!"

Halfway There: Between Modules; or, Facing the Past to Move Forward

"Here I come, Ramza. Let me show you the power of evil!"

—Velius to Ramza, *Final Fantasy Tactics* (1997)



(artist: unknown)

As something to use, the Gothic and its poetic expression is torn between commodity and camp, from clothed to nude, from artistic to pornographic. What capital divides into discrete uses, we hyphenate; i.e., a coalition of different practices yielding a practical magic speaking to our basic instincts and higher values as likewise fused; e.g., sex and art as two sides of the same coin. It's the ebb and flow between collaborators—a strange horny tide under unequal conditions to achieve equalizing results: to pull it off no matter our age, and like another dance, song or some such performance, achieve the levels of pedagogic greatness (and, at times, subtlety and nuance) required to shift the public towards new values and degrees of empathy and wisdom, a past

future pushing towards post-scarcity in terms of the all-giving and all-loving side of a mighty mother goddess.

Except, it's not a tribute to the gods of *capital*—to make a fire so goddamn big such gods will notice us, take pity and bestow empty favors upon us—but to wake something up inside us, where all gods reside; i.e., inside the castles we raise on the campy ashes on the canonical ones we raze: our bodies and extensions of them and their values, their rights, their power as infinitely belongings to us. Every generation, the spell of capital must hide this fact, bolstering illusions that assist exploitation for profit; every generation, these membranes weaken, the beautiful undead waiting to greet us from beyond the veils of harmful perception. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and from that quintessence a great progeny can rise like a phoenix: either a ghostly Caesar to rule the universe from beyond the grave—and whose gentrifying, patriarchal and settler-colonial system yields a continuation of the same-old stereotypes and megadeath behind humanoid veils disguising present

abuses as past tyrants walking spectrally among us during neoliberal refrains²⁷³—or a fearsome witch queen whose lover-fighter hybridity shocks capital and brings the state to its knees.



Forget the mighty arms of Atlas, holding the heavens from the Earth; give me a lever and ground to stand on, and I will *move* the Earth! If one voice can do that, produced by a small party of friends united in a common cause, then imagine

what a *nation* of solidarized workers could do. Fortune favors the bold, so fuck those who say "don't push your luck" in defense of capital; this is our world, our rights, our power to change natural/manufactured scarcity into a thing of the past: "Let us the take the world by the throat and make it give us what we desire!" Not by force, but together as friends united against those who enslave the planet for their own fell purposes; i.e., to hoard resources for themselves, depriving others of their basic needs then telling them someone among them is an alien fetish to harvest, bringing more and more to the kingly pile of stolen tribute. We can escape this barbaric past and Medusa's wrath, but we must face it to move forward—in short, to learn from it in every form we can, camping canon every chance we get on every stage to get paid (not starve), be included (versus alienated, left out), and be ourselves (avoid impostor syndrome); i.e., "Putting the pussy on the chainwax!"; e.g., [David Lo Pan style](#) (wekejay's "Lo Pan Style (Gangnam Style Parody) Official," 2013)! We must, or we will not survive; the animals will not survive; the planet will become barren, Medusa's womb of life a murderous womb instead, achieving the true Great Destroyer role as wrestled out of capital's hands once and for all. Let's... not do that, maybe?

²⁷³ E.g., the Zodiac Braves (such as Velius, last page) from *Final Fantasy Tactics* (and frankly every game in that long-running franchise): "ancient," rarefied forms of Malthusian treachery that—as the ghost of the counterfeit—must be suggested, summoned and finally killed for the "true kingdom" to rise and war in all its forms to finally end. Except capital scapegoats its own symptoms behind Faustian "empowering" illusions, which workers must apply in sex-positive ludo-Gothic forms of BDSM that, like the Promethean Quest, chase down empowering "disempowerment"; i.e., that actually go outside the text to give themselves the poetic ability to change things on all registers.



([exhibit 34b2a1a2b](#): Artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). I don't normally show penetration for the sake of my platonic friends potentially seeing the work that I put in [so to speak]. However, I wish to make an exception to prove a point: you can show or hide something to communicate images that ultimately mean different things to different people, or the same people at different points in their lives; i.e., something dualistic relative to which direct power anisotropically flows towards. All happen regarding trauma as something to confront, and power as something to perform and play with as such during our pedagogy of the oppressed—screaming through "the

gates of Hell" less of a Gothic metaphor in isolation [sex and the orgasm] and more a liminal performance that accounts for all forms inside of the same shadow zone. The table is set, the festivities about to take place.

Our enemies aren't the only ones with combat training. We're ready to fight. During the meta duel felt during smaller sex-positive exchanges, our framed narrative must reclaim what's ours to show the world what the elite fear most: an inability to keep exploiting nature-as-alien, pure and simple. Through the dark membrane, then, our Satanic poetics manifest to do just that—to front a stronger side-in-vulnerability that says, "Take a break; I gotchu, babe." But you've got "to get mad"—to fuck angry and, like Walpole-meets-the-Incredible-Hulk, ironically challenge boundaries through a poetic, psychosexual madness unique to/concomitant on rebellious workers seeking liberation in good faith: through trust, paradox, and mutual action hyphenating monstrous expression to expose real trauma and move past it. Whatever the playlist, whoever's pussy [or bussy] you "tear up," fuck with irony!)

On the cusp of disaster (state shift), the bell tolls for us; let's "toll" back, fucking to a calculated risk's Gothic aesthetic of power and death, of vulnerability and imperviousness, to—like any good metal song (e.g., Goat's "[Rancid Purgatory](#)," 2004)—make the food, sex and everything else hit just that much harder. Under capital, the monstrous-feminine is the regular victim; consider this alimony longer overdue.

We'll explore the long and varied *history* of such poetic expression, in part two. Stay tuned!

"That Ass Is a Higher Truth": Leaving the Castle; or, Bookending Harmony Corrupted

"We ain't outta here in ten minutes, we won't need no rocket to fly through space!"

—Parker, *Alien*

As we leave Harmony's Castle Black, we're faced with yet another castle ahead of us:



(exhibit 34b2a1b: Artist, bottom: [Ivan Aivazovsky](#). Concentric size difference in action. Per cosmic nihilism, there is always something bigger, more badass; per me, nature always trumps Capitalism and like an angry planet or dark hostile ocean, always dwarfs patriarchal industry with monstrous-feminine heft. The traveling destructor is both, then—capital trying to harvest nature, and nature smashing capital's gluttonous hauler against its giant backside: "Harvest this!" To that, nature's a big girl, she's always wild and wet, and unlike "Lo Pan" saying "I bring the thunder and the lightning and I make it rain!" in "[Lo Pan Style](#)," really can do these things. It's a dick-measuring contest. Except, faced with

state shift, the state always comes up short—is always swallowed by the pussy it tries to penetrate: "The Traveler has come; choose the form of the destructor!" It's a shipwreck waiting to happen, and one that can't be salvaged, post-scuttle, nor defeated with a salvo of missiles or bullets [the xenomorph is nature-in-small: regenerative, indomitable, furious, god-like]. So put the pussy on the chainwax, comrades! Silence is genocide; use it or lose it!)

And yet, we're armed with a vital lesson Harmony was instrumental in relaying: power aggregates; Gothic Communism does, too. To that, I want to bookend my appreciation for Harmony as a muse and friend, and supply a backside to their frontside ([during the initial dedication](#))—to say once more (unto the breach) how much I value her friendship and respect her work.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

It is a truth universally acknowledged that Harmony has an ass that doesn't quit. It also imparts sex and force, reaching ironically (with camp) for greatness; i.e., going the distance, with a pussy made of steel that can take all comers (and which will tire far less quickly from the bottom than a dick/top). Again, and not for the last time, the language of sex and war elide during camp to synthesize praxis through ludo-Gothic BDSM: a back-and-forth, something to get the blood (and cum) pumping and—in true voyeuristic/exhibitionist fashion—to be near such greatness to absorb it. Not as bread-and-circus, first and foremost, but a lesson that plays with

power and trauma to yield addictive and medicinal sex-positive lessons. Love is a battlefield—an assault to stage, prosecute and weather by both sides, and in more ways than one! In such scraps [as to rival Arturo Gatti and Mickey Ward](#) (BLTV Highlights' "When Arturo Gatti Met His Worst Nightmare," 2024) such nightmarish combinations of blood and sand, heart and skill amount to liminal expression between equals—is where mutual respect is won and mutual consent/action all take place: to speak to the human condition as fetish/alien while altering the socio-material conditions, mid-opposition, that lead to all the usual historical materialism: us, beat the fuck up, gasping for breath, unable to see.



No one in their right mind likes a lazy partner (even playing dead is a skill, in the bedroom, but it *needs* to be mutually consensual or it's Pavlovian conditioning²⁷⁴); Harmony and Volume Two, part one have been a unique case, as I wrote it from top to bottom while engaging routinely and over a relatively short period with someone who shared very similar interests (sex, metal, and the Gothic). It became a quick friendship and a quick novella, capping off my book (in

²⁷⁴ E.g., [whoever this guy is](#) (source skeet: Brett Butler Is Ok, 2024). Never act like him:



r/sex

u/Critical-Ad-8285 · 7h



Had sex for the first time ever with my boyfriend but he texted me the day after with a "list" of the mistakes I made

I (20 F) lost my virginity to my boyfriend (35 M) a couple days ago. I knew that going in I was going to be nervous and clumsy. The sex was pretty awkward and sometimes it hurt so I had to ask him to stop a bit. He did cum but I couldn't cum probably due to nerves. Anyway the next day I woke up to a text from him basically listing the things I did wrong during sex. This is the text:

1. Be sexier. Don't be so quiet. Moan and scream.
2. Your head game needs a LOT of work. Look it up.
3. Don't act awkward. You're not a virgin anymore so don't act like it.
4. You need to get better at shaving ;)
5. Don't tell a guy to stop when he's getting into it. It ruins the mood.
6. Let me try what I want. Not letting me ruins the mood.
6. Don't be shy. It's not sexy.

So, don't get me wrong, I'm not against being told how I can do stuff better. I know that I'm not going to be great at sex obviously. I just don't really like the way he did it?

the middle) with (in my opinion) the finest thing I've ever written: my moment of mastery putting ludo-Gothic BDSM to the test with the girl of my dreams. A good friend and tremendous power in her own right, Harmony's mountainous ass has the power to *move* mountains—a delicious revenant that beats you to submission, a cosmic-nihilistic regulator in small, a walking thunderstorm/veritable tempest embroiled in delicious scandal, a world-class scrapper and intellectual that blends the maiden with the destroyer to achieve two Gothic classics in bed as something to help me bring to all of you: oscillation and the monstrous-feminine as an androgynous leveler. She delivers the goods, leaving you begging for more.



(exhibit 34b2a2a: Model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Men fear what they don't understand, and capital alienates and sexualizes everything relative to the grim harvesting of nature-as-alien for profit. The gears of such genocide and megadeath can be gleaned through the imaginary past as begot from actual history blending on a progressively Gothic gradient—one with various starting points leading to future invasions during the liminal hauntology of war's fatal nostalgia: moral panics felt at home during state decay.

For example, Roman Imperialism was a primarily land-based affair, literally grounded and relaid through military conquest: land power and land battles. Sea battles happened, but they were tied fear closer to land than warring armadas would be, in later centuries. Under Cartesian influence, the master/slave dynamic was given a settler-colonial and seafaring character that crossed oceans. In turn, poor male sailors grew superstitiously fearful towards the ocean; i.e., as the maternal gateway to new worlds they were forced to enter and conquer for the first of a new class of socio-economic control: the bourgeoisie raping the womb of nature, Francis-Bacon-style, through the insertion of a foreign object—a torpedo filled with seamen [the historical-material character cryptonymically writes itself, denoting a collocative presence of trauma].

In turn, this hegemonic vanguard extended into 20th century science fiction as riffing off the likes of Shelley's Frankenstein [1818], Poe's The Narrative of Sir Arthur Gordon Pym [1838] and Melville's Moby Dick [1851]: Lovecraft's cosmic nihilism as a profoundly racist and sexist dogma, the monstrous-feminine "thing that should not be" given a gender swap in Cthulhu per fear-driven, chattelized

boating industries [the whaling industry and Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade] commodified as pulp then pastiche [which Tolkien and Heinlein/Cameron gentrified through force as a neoliberal echo of maps, of maps, of maps; i.e., the cartographic narrative of the crypt]. These were followed by Gothic satire oscillating in terms of its perceptiveness—with *Alien* being a neoliberal critique, its fortress cryptonym, "space trucking," a worrisome echo haunted by Conrad's fear of a black continent enslaved by white Europe suddenly breaking free: escaped slaves pirating the West through stolen slave/warships. Cameron, by comparison, rejected the liberatory potential of such Satanic poetics, deliberately regressing to a neocon revenge fantasy—one utterly fearful of alien armies ["Aliens"] to reconquer through military optimism; i.e., while triangulating Hippolyta against Medusa during us-versus-them in service to profit: aping Beowulf's ancestor, Rambo, TERF-style.



Melville's curious penchant for white dick jokes aside²⁷⁵, nature has always been monstrous-feminine/androgynous under Cartesian domination; the Medusa has always been female [or at least monstrous-feminine]—as a furious, non-white, anti-patriarchal force felt on bodies that are "too big/immodest,"

especially white female bodies like Harmony's: as something to therapeutically convert [through Pavlovian torture] into obedient, drone-like brides, and for the bitch-in-question to resist in kind; i.e., combative, unruly hysteria, not a "wandering womb" for patriarchal forces to rape [the tentacle belonging to Pygmalion, not Galatea] during Cartesian power theft as an antagonist ordeal: "With every fiber I stab at thee!" As such, the Kraken, Ursula, sirens, Mother Brain, etc, constitute the performative, phallic lure and barb as alien and fetish [the tentacle dick/ovipositor] through sex and war married to the sea: as charted and conquered by businessmen—not just a homewrecker but an Ozymandian colossal wreck/shipwrecker breaking powerful "masts" on her portentous "reef" [coitus interruptus] to humble weird canonical nerds following Cartesian orders: "Get wrecked, nerds!"

Per Queen, this can be sung about: "Fat-bottomed girls, you make the rockin' world go 'round!" Per artists and ludo-Gothic BDSM, it can be toyed with—stressing non-Vitruvian andro/gynodiversity as something to dress up as conquest broken against an indominable entry point, a castle entrance too well fortified [giving chonky size queens a chance to play ahegao only with growers/showers, or from dildos wielded

²⁷⁵ Robert Shulman's "[The Serious Functions of Melville's Phallic Jokes](#)" (1961).

by smaller penis-havers during penetrative sex]. True to form, it's a lot of fun, with me being "Goldilocks dick," thus big enough to penetrate past Jadis' hefty dumper and into their monster snatch [which was somewhat too big for my cock, but still felt nice]. As Glacier Clear shows us, this can lead to all kinds of pseudo-military failures: a modern-day Xenophon or Pyrrhus hoisted on his own petard while scaling the impenetrable fortress during a forlorn hope: "castration" from ironic size difference and gender roles [the twink vs the herbo, with the latter goading the topper to give it their all: "C'mon! Is that all you got, motherfucker! Fuck me like you mean it; tear this little pussy²⁷⁶ up!"]. It can be a planned affair ahead of time, but also something that emerges during a comedy of errors. For example, when I initially met Jadis before she took me to Florida, I had gone for several walks in sequence to pass the time... except I hadn't walked in forever because of Covid. So when we fucked at the hotel, I got really bad foot cramps as I topped her [a fact we often joked about, later]. All's well that ends well!



[artist: [Glacier Clear](#)]

Tragic or not, all exist as part of the Gothic's dualistic animal lust, size difference, monster-fucking and black penitent kneeling on stone [as Harmony does]—all to playfully embody the counterfeit as an equal-and-opposite response to settler-colonial forces; i.e., as the Amazon, phallic woman, Archaic Mother, etc, as part of a gargantuan, ongoing holistic psychosis—an infernal, Mandelbrot upending of directions, boundaries, moralities, whose merger of psychomachy, Amazonomachy, psychopraxis, and psychosexuality verge on sanity damage [of the best sort] during

²⁷⁶ Echoing Shane Black's terrible joke: "You know I'd like a little pussy." / "Me, too. Mine's as big as a house!" But also per liminal expression, the historical trauma is literally in the language: "hit that."

ludo-Gothic BDSM's palliative Numinous: "I admire its purity—a survivor, unclouded by conscience, remorse or [Cartesian] delusions of morality." In short, the xenomorph is Radcliffe's Black Veil rippling with pirate-like potency—a queenly warrior refusing to be controlled while spreading across the Earth [displaced astrotheologically to "the stars" in Scott's cosmic, Gothic matelotage] like a counterterror virus challenging state dogma with the irrational argument: humans have rights, which aren't up for rational debate.



"Madness" isn't a stigma at all, then, but an awesome power to grow, show, harness and unleash [anisotropically] on one's friends and enemies alike: weaponized hysteria, Carrie-style [minus Stephen King's Pygmalion bent]. Alien toys with the framed narrative as a body and castle-like body inside a castle-like giant; i.e., the ship is the giant piloted by a smaller likeness of it housed inside a suit fused to the throne of the flight deck [a delicious concentrism aped by Mass Effect's ship, Sovereign, controlling Seren with telepathic mind control [the master/slave dichotomy—what the game calls "indoctrination": "It's not a ship; it's an actual Reaper!"]: the fascist posthuman delivering an anti-capitalist commentary on Cartesian domination

haunting the ghost of the counterfeit/process of abjection:

- *"It's carrying death" threatening the Imperial Boomerang as invasion by a stronger force than the current order [a future empire doing to capital what empire always does to others].*
- *"There is a world so far beyond your own that you cannot even imagine it." Sovereign's spitting of facts is the ghost of the counterfeit [note the red fash vibes in the dark room's hologram] being a chatty bitch teasing the game's matriarchal capitalism [the false Goddess] with tentacle gang rape [something taboo, but nevertheless commodified under the usual capitalist fetish-to-flesh markets; i.e., paywalled for white American families ignorantly (willfully or otherwise) spicing up their middle-class sex lives with echoes of conquest lived by the Global South from moment to moment].*

In either case, the warlord inside the hull is plugged into the warship as controlling them like a cordyceps puppet; i.e., as part of a larger industry both steering them, zombie-like, through fear and dogma emblemized by its galle[r]y-like transportation: the galleon as a one-way, gangplank delivery system for military action [so called corsairs, destroyers, and battleships, etc] and copaganda, and made fearsome and godlike through the process of abjection making Cartesian spearheads alien to those at home: the pirate ship as sailing under a black flag as a ghost ship piloted by a tall, mighty ghost fetish; e.g., Davy Jones, but also Scott's Space Jockey as statuesque, biomechanical—a fearsome butt pirate/sky daddy dom coming for your "booty":



But this can equally be mocked; e.g., Shelley's Modern Prometheus aping Cartesian domination to humiliate it [so-called "cock-shaming"] and point out as the dark jester does, the folly of human greed calling itself "science": "I will infest the spirit of Man so that he uses his magic to destroy himself!"

There are so many ways to convey such inequalities through ludo-Gothic BDSM and ergodic motion's castle-narrative. The Aegis, as I invigilate Harmony's Numinous backside with, doubles one's lived, internalized bigotry in copies of the fearful giver and receiver [of state force] used to subvert harmful structures:

Great old one

Forbidden site

[She] searches

Hunter of the shadows is rising

Immortal

In madness you dwell [Metallica's "[The Thing that Should Not Be](#)," 1986].)

Such abject forces cannot be denied, the counterfeit always haunted by their ghost: Davy Jones' locker, but also Medusa' pussy a watery gravesite for enterprising Cartesian chudwads. Medusa always wins, but this needn't be state shift. To prevent *that*, we must pacify her rage through ludo-Gothic BDSM on all registers; i.e., by invigilators and models, poets and muses; e.g., Harmony and I:



(exhibit 34b2a2b: Model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#). We all pray at weird churches. Full or empty of cock, Harmony's uncanny valley is mysterium tremendum—a flying castle/traveling circus/midnight Rabelaisian carnival whose "double-stuffed" affect is everywhere at once, from the head-to-toe topful of "direst cruelty." Like Radcliffe's terror except in quotes, her pussy "expands the ['soul,'] and awakens the faculties to a high degree of life," the proverbial flipside ["horror"] annihilating the viewer through the self-same castled-buttocks, hefty flesh and raunchy feast for the senses: fatal food belying wild hunger behind the veil of lost innocence, paradise lost [the poisoned apple], the feral lycanthrope's mask-like visage and costumed body alluding to a secret self, an animal side ritualistically evoked not by a literal magic potion, but the power of sex-positive ritual and psychosexual healing.

"Hell is for children" extends to the monstrous-feminine as relegated to a desperate-and-inventive state of survival: Edward Said's pleasures of exile, my ludo-Gothic BDSM. Such a veiled gaze, textured touch and exquisitely torturous aesthetic supply feelings that rival death itself [which is nefarious, nothing to us].

Milking the recipient to martyred extremes, she looks good, mid-"death," but whose surface crackles with untold power and colossal weight, thrown around with the scope and scale of vacant planets. "Black as night, black as pitch, blacker than the foulest witch." A very freaky girl, in other words, she confronts what she fears as something to reclaim: her own body and gender as something to play with through Gothic mechanisms of power exchange and forbidden knowledge.)

To that, please support Harmony's work (on [Fansly](#) and [Ko-Fi](#); follow her [@harmonycorrupted@noods.fun](#) on [Mastodon](#)). She's seriously impeccable, a dark sovereign queen whose worship is otherworldly and delicious, push-pulling load after mother lode of power from you to them, back and forth. Enter her badass castle, open her naughty book covers and turn her tasty pages; but after you bask in her fat dumper's hellish, church-like glory ("almost holy"), offer her tribute for profaning your ignorance to better things. Don't keep a lady waiting!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Another Castle, Another Princess: Two In-between Chapters about Tokenization and Rape Play

Another world, another time—in an age of wonder!

—the Narrator, *The Dark Crystal* (1982)

Originally written to go with the Monster Modules, I have since decided to include the following two chapters at the end of the Poetry Module:

- **"In Search of the Secret Spell": Digging Our Own Graves; or, Playing with Dead Things (the Imaginary Past) as Verboten and Carte-Blanche (feat. Samus Aran) (chapter)**: "Sets the table" by transitioning from what Volume Two, part one outlined (using Gothic poetics to make new histories/a sex-positive Wisdom of the Ancients) to focus on the imaginary historical aspect of Gothic ancestry we're always inheriting, playing with and subsequently learning from as a self-defining exercise.
- **Back to the Necropolis: Reflections on Mastery as Backwards; i.e., When Camping Myself as More and More Gay (feat. Black Nazis and Castlevania)! (chapter)**: Considers our inevitable return to the Monster Modules as older writing that I will be disinterring and revising prior to Volume Two, part two's release.

In doing so, they seek to achieve several key objectives: one, help acclimate you to *tokenization* and *rape play*—two ideas that will become increasingly important as we segue from Volume Two into Volume Three—and two, help me spread my wings in terms of my sexual expression as a sex worker combating tokenization through rape play (which is essentially what ludo-Gothic BDSM is).

Regarding the *latter* goal, then, I was sort of coming into my own when writing about those things. As such, I shall be modifying my personal rule for *not* showing myself off in my work, but especially *my hard penis* and *ejaculate*. These are things that, love them or hate them, shall invariably come up (so to speak) in the following chapters and in Volume Two, part two. It can't really be avoided, as the material these areas contain concerns me doing sex work as a matter of synthesizing praxis.

The decision to transplant these chapters was an impromptu one, enacted today (June 14th, 2024) to help me keep the Monster Modules intact (versus dividing them up). Given the recency of the decision, there are several key things to bear in mind:

- One, these chapters aren't featured in the "[Brace for Impact](#)" sample series on my website; they feature in the "[Searching for Secrets](#)" sample series.
- Two, I originally wrote them for Volume Two, part two, which cites this volume with various block quotes from time to time; i.e., "in Volume Two, part one." For now, I won't have time to modify *those* elements to make these chapters feel more ingrained (sort of a pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey approach, if I'm honest). Until I do, pay them no mind!
- Three, much of the sex work I've done interpersonally was with Cuwu, who I've decided to show the face of in order to fully exhibit the both of us in action. This has been made in agreement with their wishes as they last made them known to me—is done to show off the happier times in our canceled friendship while looking forward to better things.



(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Cuwu)

Last but not least, Harmony Corrupted will be returning to feature extensively in these chapters (and in Volume Two, part two as I update it). So not only expect to see more of me than you normally would, but also portions of them, as well!

"In Search of the Secret Spell": Digging Our Own Graves; or, Playing with Dead Things (the Imaginary Past) as Verboten *and* Carte-Blanche (feat. Samus Aran)!

First off, there's nothing critically "redundant" about the Gothic in its more dated looking forms [...] ignoring the paradox of the retrofuture's own hopelessly outdated anachronisms, the wizard, knight, demon or damsel, etc, well as their various stages of performance: their castles, spaceships, graveyards, cathedrals, laboratories of mad science, and other cultural sites of phobias, stigmas and urban legends; i.e., haunts that can all yield creative successes (of proletarian praxis) through dialectical-material roles as determined by function (the aesthetics is just the allure and appeal of power/playing with dead things); in short, they can all be gay as fuck if done in good faith, thus sex-positive/iconoclastic by camping canon with seemingly wizardly power [...] Indeed, the foxy flexibility of guerrilla war (emblemized by the fox, but also as thoroughly sexy in how we resist capital in animalized forms—more on that in a bit) isn't mutually exclusive, as Capitalist Realism teaches the faithful (rewarding these Crusaders with damaging illusions and prophesies of a glorious afterlife). Instead, the guerilla can challenge the seemingly all-powerful, proving just how fragile the power of the elite is: their mighty fortress is a sandcastle, a house of cards ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume Zero* (2023)



(artist: [ChuckART](#))

The Gothic loves excavating forgeries of old legends; this chapter considers the complex role of the Amazon as one such "dead" thing—dug up and played with like a circular ruin that springs paradoxically to life, its liberatory routes superimposing over the

same track as covered in bloody footprints spilled *for* the state. The classic Gothic heroine is forever facing ignominious death from *lack* of military equipment or skill; i.e., when curiosity kills the cat. But we *must* be curious and play with dead things that deliver us from state illusions through the same moribund theatrics reclaimed for sex-positive reasons. Divorced from state control, they remain haunted by sex and force less as discrete agents (above), and more as a singular monstrous-feminine Valkyrie that "chooses" the slain for an ignominious death dressed up as "glorious": oddly buff, equally magical spellswords of some kind or another to pass trade secrets along to an apprentice, a squire. Such naked ("in the buff") "meat wizards" neatly encapsulate Freud's idea of "Medusa's Head" (1927): the male patriarch's authority as something to simulate through war theatre and games as testament to such strength as proof of itself, *ipso facto*.

The meta/multimedia argument, here, is that men are stronger than women under an implied dimorphic scheme ("the battle of the sexes," *Amazonomachia*) because it dates back to Antiquity as something imaginary under *present* schemes that weird canonical nerds, per neoliberal monomyths, will try to regress back into (the fascist return to a past greatness). Videogames are war *simulators* which invoke war *hauntologies* for different, often color-coded sides; i.e., copaganda with a deliberately antiquated, imaginary flavor symbolizing power as fought for/over between two group-like armies, two dueling one-person armies, or some variation of these two basic ideas; e.g., the Reds and the Blues, in "[50x ICE GIANT vs EVERY GOD - Totally Accurate Battle Simulator TABS](#)" (2023). Except, Freud argues, notions of ancient female goddesses ultimately precede and—per Creed—*supersede* males ones as fearsome-fascinating arbiters of sex and force against imperialist (and later, capitalist) supremacy during what I call the dialectic of the alien.

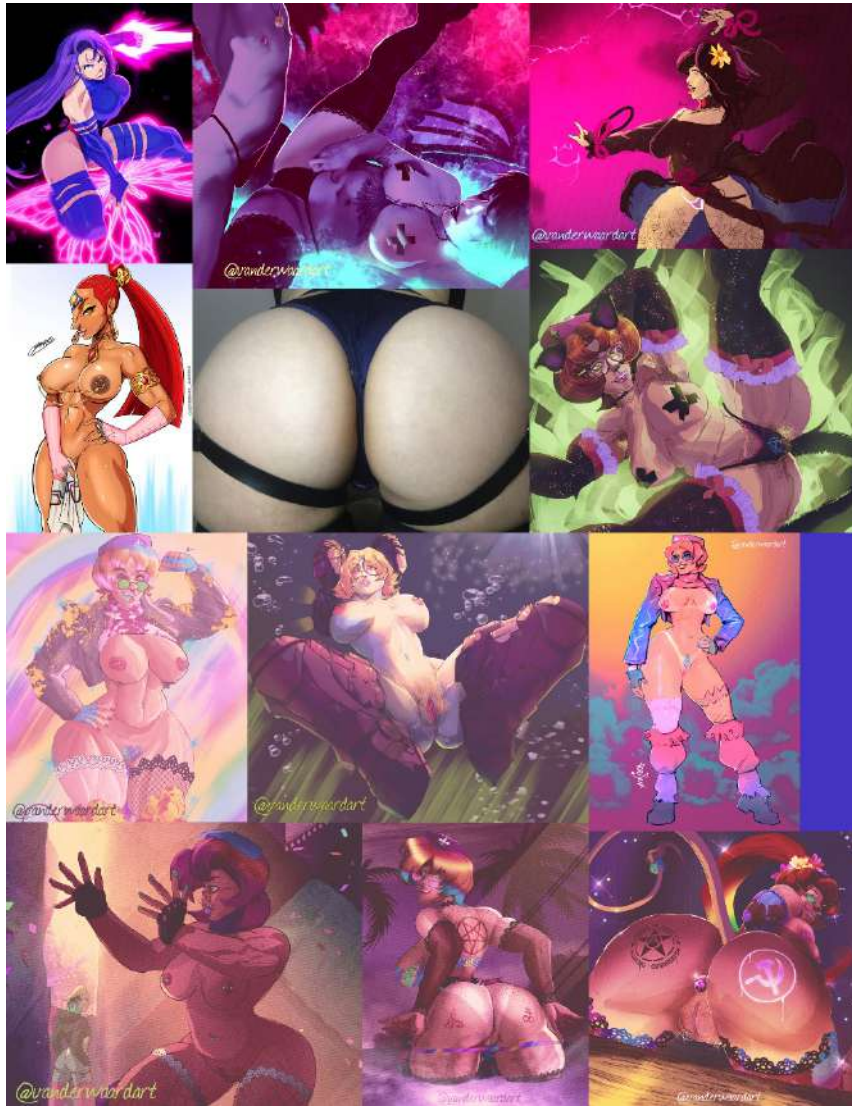
Such an idea, I argue, hasn't really gone anywhere. As I write in "[Doom Eternal \(2020\) Review: No Girls or Trans People Allowed](#)" (2020):

Though technically well-made, *Doom Eternal* feels like a nostalgic old boys' club. Everyone's a male beefcake flexing at each other. To draw from [Umberto Eco's 14 features of fascism](#), it's action—specifically strength—for the sake of itself. A perpetual *casus belli* that grants men total power in society and abroad. This imperium regulates everyone, though, including men ([source](#)).

Threatening the regular balance of power as maintained through the buying and selling of such war games will—if the backlash to my writing is any indication (read the comments)—be met with tremendous excoriation by status quo defenders. Any form of subjugated *Amazonomachia* really is the same old boys club, then, filled with all the usual double standards and token compromises. Just watch Cheyenne Lin's "[The Women of the Big Bang Theory](#)" (2021) to get an idea: If you're a girl, you belong to the club because you keep the usual white, nerdy benefactors at the top (and token lieutenants in parallel subservient structures aping the colonizer) and otherwise serve them as eye candy and mouthpieces; i.e., as inaccessible sex objects they can grumble about but still ogle at, or enjoy the sexual benefits thereof. Such is the lot of the conquered. Make your bed and sleep in it.

Unlike Freud or Creed, my arguments include the oppressed in a postcolonial, GNC scheme using the same aesthetics of monstrous-feminine power and death. As such, my Amazonian apologia amounts to ludo-Gothic BDSM that goes beyond Freud and (1993) Creed's limited praxial scope to actually acknowledge and attach trans, intersex and enby peoples (and all oppressed groups) to the monstrous-feminine as a liberatory device; i.e., as likewise seeking liberation under *Cartesian*, *neoliberal* shackles in the Internet Age. After all, I took Shiver from Bungie's 1997 *Myth: the Fallen Lords* and transformed her for a genderqueer purpose. Originally

called, in the *Dark-Souls*-boss-style naming scheme, "Shiver, Loveless Child of the Unwed Dawn" (meaning "she an ice queen in need of a good humping!"), I instead made her Revana Mireille; i.e., my trans avatar who—hybridized between Joan of Arc and Red Sonya—was rescued from rape at the destruction of her home village, only to become a great warrior and savior of future children: a warrior mommy I wanted to be *and* enjoy the protection of on either side of a dom/sub relationship.



(exhibit 34b3b2a2a1a2: Artist, top-upper-left: [Toroyo911](#); top-mid-side-left: [Sparkie the Artist](#); upper-center: [Harmony Corrupted](#); bottom-center: [Dcoda](#); everything else, [Persephone van der Waard](#). The monstrous-feminine is constantly trapped between enslavement and liberation, but also alienation, fetishization and sexualization as something to recognize as strong [and fruit-like] in ways that can be harvested through such propaganda battles, but also reclaimed: the juicy ass claps back. Classically the man or state proponent has—like Beowulf—the blessing of the gods and

hurls their lightning-esque implements as an extension of his own body serving as an extension of the gods' will. He always faces giant-like or siren-esque threats—i.e., echoes of Grendel and Grendel's mother—but comes out on top for the state; but this desire to be nurtured and raised for war can be subverted in proletarian Amazonian forms that use the same palimpsests to foster an emancipatory-revolutionary character to their hauntologies/cryptonymies, thereby reversing the process of abjection inside a Communist chronotope's staged battleground: the liminal hauntology of war where tricky workers hunt for proletarian agency.



[source: [Giant Bomb](#)]

Per the usual *mise-en-abyme* as a framed narrative, the Amazon's monstrous-feminine body becomes the "castle" as something to invade into and from, but also relay counterterrorist propaganda that aids in proletarian sentiment, mid-combat. Instead of the patriarchal proponent [male or female and GNC tokens] striking the state target dead, said target—similar to Deet from *Age of Resistance*—reverses the direction of the awesome spell; i.e., sending its destructive effects back at the hexer while vampirically siphoning the vitalistic energies anisotropically towards herself and all workers/nature: "She succ!"

Per my PhD, all heroes are monsters, thus have the capacity to wage war through elements of terrifying sex and force as instructional/instrumental; i.e., during a toy-like theatre. This jives with Asprey's paradox of terror as a guerrilla agent of asymmetrical warfare: "Not only can terror be employed as a weapon, but any weapon can become a weapon of terror: terror is a weapon, a weapon is terror, and no one agency monopolizes it" (source: *War in the Shadows: the Guerrilla in History*, 1994). From Achilles to John Wayne to Rabican of the Nine (above), all are echoes of Zeus, but also avatars of such authoritative gods warring in ways that have existed since war as a practice emerged; i.e., since battles over territory were codified by acephalous tribes, chiefdoms, and city-states, at least. Campbell really wasn't kidding with his 1949 title, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Our focus remains the monstrous-feminine, so we'll consider these mechanics as dogmatic *and* ironic, using Samus Aran as our trademark Hippolyta: the Metroidvania herbo we have to rescue from state teachings, but also ourselves; i.e., by digging a new grave-like site of Gothic play for us both to inhabit (we'll examine Wonder Woman deeper in the chapter, followed by *La Femme Nikita* and others).

People love monsters and sex (drugs, and rock 'n roll, etc); inheritance anxiety inside the Imperial Core yields the paradox of a particular call of the void—dancing with the dead, aka *cryptomimesis* (my generous and inclusive extension of Jody Castricano's definition as originally "writing with ghosts," *vis-à-vis* Derrida). The cliché of the white girl—a child playing with dead things, fearlessly peering over the likeness of the pyramid—is her glimpsing the decay of the empire she inhabits as displaced, per the ghost of the counterfeit, onto sites of past colonial abuse that remain in the present as equally far-off but felt close by. The canvassing of the

imaginary pyramid is an Orientalist trope for good reason, but we can camp it to dance with the ghost of the counterfeit in a sex-positive sense: in search of the secret spell that liberates us with ludo-Gothic BDSM/ergodic motion as a sexy means of dancing (and fucking) with death through music, nudism, costumes (and other things) as classically *asexual* interrogations that, true enough, overlap with overtly erotic subject matter and performance.



(source: [DarkStalker90Gaming](#))

Monster girls or not, capital treats nature-as-monstrous-feminine and monstrous-feminine as something whose infinite gradient of sex-to-gender expression the state cannot monopolize. It becomes camp-adjacent, at the very least, thus an extracurricular school of counterterrorist education in the same shared playground: to learn from those we see ourselves in as simultaneously human and monstrous, policed and liberated; i.e., "monstrous" as something to reclaim from its unironic master/slave argument and criminogenesis in the broader dialectic of the alien. This requires using what we got—our bodies, labor value and Gothic rebellious potential as veiled (cryptonymic)—as often playful, sexy and in control while seeming *out* of control; i.e., calculated risk during ludo-Gothic BDSM as a theatrical performance of/playing with state trauma as normally codified and sold *to* us: through toys, music, and games, etc, but also monstrous-feminine examples of these things by which to "better the instruction" for or *against* state forces.

The state values unironic punishment as the reward (raping the Medusa). Through a *proletarian* Aegis, sex as monstrous-feminine becomes a proverbial "wild

thing," a hell cat that a) the state can never fully control and b) sexualized workers can reclaim mid-exploitation as a psychosexual liberatory device: a rarefied drug-like being to paradoxically worship and give tribute towards as always partially exploited in criminal hauntological forms we must double and challenge, mid-cryptonymy—all while outing the state as the recruiter whitewashing such things (e.g., Nancy Drew, no matter how naughty or nice, is canonically a veil to conceal the state's hand in things). Sometimes revenge isn't just success within capital, but showing the scars of capital on one's charged, hellish surface; i.e., as animalistic code for those who know—not to count the cost (necrometrics, per Cartesian rubrics and application) or sell out as past marginalized groups have historically done, but form transgressive and subversive exchanges of trauma and knowledge during liminal expression that yield powerful, pro-worker boundaries: the Amazon as a spirit of exchange that transmutes capital's usual bullshit into an effective means not just of survival, but praxial, creative success as formidable, confident, *full*.



(artist: [Amirah Dyme](#))

All this being said, the Gothic is historically *very* white, thus tends to struggle with canonization per "white people disease" and various associate syndromes and eating disorders, including white knight syndrome, but also white Indian; it tends to regress while offering up problematic hybrids of the warrior and the nurturing mother (who sell out due to concessions with colonial powers). Amazon or not, all monstrous-feminine have their feet in two worlds: the world of capital and the white man (and token police agents) and the world of the dark, the Satanic, the other as something of nature ("extended beings") to conquer by Enlightenment chudwads ("thinking beings"). There's so many possible forms and descriptions that can potentially reverse the flow of power away from state forces; e.g., a "cougar vampirism" to become the "beautiful death" that puts on her spotted robes to go a-huntin' for scared Big Men with little hearts that break easy! It's a complex idolatry with a settler-colonial past that, like the classic '80s slasher, refuses to die, but instead chases the titular (so to speak) final girl to the final act.

This brings us to Metroidvania and Samus—my domain.

In the neoliberal spirit of things, this capitalist scheme has, since its inception, recruited liberally (so to speak) from feminism's historically neoconservative side, pitting the vengeful white woman's reactionary creed against the local Commies-in-disguise; i.e., a female Rambo displaced to a magical far-off land to play—as *Star Wars* did—the white rebel, Indian, what-have-you: "A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...." The profit motive always tokenizes just enough to rake in profits, warning against fascist regression *and* Communist development as one-in-the-same (a false equivalence). It does so while simultaneously recruiting from fascist elements of the local, domestic and gentrified populations; i.e., to play at being more marginalized than they often actually are: slumming as "two-world people," with one foot on Earth and one in Hell. The promise of pastoral bliss is always-and-forever preceded by an endless monomythic game of "kill the Indian, save the Man." This is what Samus fundamentally is: a white Indian.

Except Samus—the phallic, subjugated Hippolyta sent by the Man—answers to the Man by destroying the entire area she approaches as "lost"; i.e., denied to the American double in outer space (or anywhere else): "If my bosses can't have it, you can't either!" This foregone conclusion neatly adumbrates the limited lifespan of any colony, the castle-in-question literally a ticking timebomb that, per American copaganda, pushes its own exploitation onto imaginary pirates to then seek revenge against. It's an exorcism haunted by the ecstasy of gold inside the counterfeit as equally gilded, a launderer of the usual blood monies tainted by a cycle of conquest, a wedding band and Faustian bargain as ring-like: "I have a poison of the soul of which only gold can cure!"



(artist: [Josef Axner](#))

Samus demonstrates this *ipso facto*. She is the colony brat "raised by wolves" (or giant bird aliens, in this case—the Chozo aping a benevolent Indigenous waylaid by cruel pirates, but also their own Icarian hubris) seeking revenge against

the same old dragon who killed her dad and adopted family, only to revive again and again as an undead/robot version of itself, mecha-kaiju-style. In turn, Samus plays with power as men so often do in these stories, serving the state in multiple ways; i.e, a tokenized Amazonian colonizer robbing the dragon of its hoard (similar to Tolkien weaponizing Semitic symbols in 1937 to illustrate dragon sickness in *The Hobbit*, ultimately a bigoted tactic that critiques capital but also upholds it, like Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* did—through a Protestant work ethic²⁷⁷) and stripper "robbing" men of their paychecks (from Volume One):

*Volume Zero extensively explored how rape is a triangulation device employed by state forces in Gothic media; i.e., of Amazonian women raping state enemies/targets: the state's chosen female war bosses giving police, "prison sex" violence to nature-as-alien. Biological similarities and differences aside, their xenophobic function is identical to men's—an assortment of gun, war, and rape pastiche through a co-opted, centrist Amazon: the good monster woman, Ellen Ripley, furiously slaying her evil double, Medusa, in service of the state [who redirect her rage at their abuse of her in the first movie towards whatever target they want killed next: destructive anger]. The neoliberal, neoconservative "revenge fantasies" of *Aliens* and *Predator* [1986-87] are rape fantasy in that regard, as are their videogame offshoots: "Rape the Communist; kill the pig, spill its blood!"—all in service of the owner class back at home posturing as righteous, but also displaced by neoliberal "arms merchants" like James Cameron and John McTiernan [...]*

*Just as the shared, us-versus-them rhetoric owes a symbolic debt to Beowulf's post-Roman treatment of monsters inside a Christian hegemon that survived in future English forms, neoliberalism's prime videogame mode—Cameron's refrain, the shooter—owes its own abject warrior symbolism to earlier stories putting future ghosts of Beowulf in seemingly unusual environments like outer space [whose dark hostility emulates Grendel's mother's underwater cave]: *Starship Troopers*.*

Beowulf's various offshoots survived into a retro-future copaganda whose military optimism contributes to the ongoing myopia under Capitalist Realism in male and female videogame forms; i.e., "Conan with a gun" aping Rambo [the white savior playing guerrilla] and Amazonian, Hippolyta-in-spirit Beowulfs like Samus Aran doing the same. Both offer a de facto "good" parental role to challenge the bad parentage of corrupt and/or monstrous-feminine entities [the evil double of the hero's homestead and its occupants]. Conjured up, Beowulf aborts the spawn of Cain and Grendel's mother on their illegitimate home turf encroaching on colonized lands; Samus crushes her own tall, hideous enemies using her own armored body and superior

²⁷⁷ Re: Persephone van der Waard's "["Dragon Sickness': The Problem of Greed"](#) (2015).

"phallic" weaponry. He's the Great Destroyer shooting Red Falcon's biomechanical offshoots to dust; she's the Medusa, as strong as the Earth as she cuts Mother Nature [and her draconian offspring] down to size [below].



Per the kayfabe clichés of wrestling monsters, it's not long before both hero types get naked, reviving binaries from Antiquity stressed post-Renaissance—he, stripped down to stress his masculine "invulnerability" and she, her feminine "vulnerability" during a recent creation of sexual difference. Within this settler-colonial trend, they pointedly denude towards a native, "white savior" state, mid-combat, which then regresses back to nuclear family roles after the action lulls: Hippolyta, the if-not-bridal-then-at-least-maternal role, playing house/mother while Beowulf goes home to be a family man... until the fight begins anew [which it always will under Capitalism; if there's no one left to fight, the elite will make new enemies to confront based on Cold War kayfabe archetypes: the Nazi or the Communist as a bad parent to the hero's good parent] ([source](#)).

Samus armors up and then strips as she always does, becoming monstrous-feminine as something maternal-warrior to endure the Male Gaze while becoming synonymous with rapist *and* false Indigenous (from Volume Zero):

Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth (or an Earth-like double)—a black fortress threatening state hegemony during the inevitable decay of a colonial body. Its widening state of exception must then be entered by the hero during the liminal hauntology of war as a repeatable, monomythic excursion—a *franchise* to subdue during military optimism sold

as a childhood exercise towards "playing war" in fantastical forms; e.g., *Castlevania* or *Metroid*. Conjure a Radcliffean menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force.

Threatened, the state always responds with violence before anything else. Male or female, then, the hero becomes the elite's exterminator, destroyer and retrieval expert, infiltrating a territory of crisis to retrieve the state's property (weapons, princesses, monarchic symbols of power, etc) while simultaneously chattelizing nature in reliably medieval ways: alienating and fetishizing its "wild" variants, crushing them like vermin to maintain Cartesian supremacy and heteronormative familial structures [...]. Neoliberalism merely commercializes the monomyth, using parental heroic videogame avatars like the knight or Amazon pitted against dark, evil-familial doubles—parents, siblings and castles (and other residents/residences)—in order to dogmatize the player (usually children) as a cop-like vehicle for state aims (often dressed up as a dated iteration thereof; e.g., an assassin, cowboy or bounty hunter, but also a lyncher, executioner, dragon slayer or witchfinder general "on the hunt," etc): preserving settler-colonial dominance through Capitalist Realism by abusing Gothic language—the grim reaper and his harvest ([source](#)).

Samus is like Superman, then—the small-town girl surrounded by farmland (a space colony, in her case) owned by a small group of men stolen from the Indians, thinking she'll go off and fight the evil empire, only to become said empire's whitewashing girl boss: "Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound! What's that in the sky? It's a bird, it's a plane? It's Samus' spacecraft given to her by the man to go play Cowboys and Indians!" As such, Samus has Superman's strength, agility and super speed, but also his X-ray vision; she has to settle for a miraculous arm cannon that shoots missiles and beams, but *can* roll up into a ball and lay bombs like a some kind of fucked-up bird robot! She even has the same S logo as Superman does, but is worryingly shaped like a lightning bolt (a Nazi dogwhistle: a single "Sieg" rune)! By the time she reaches her ultimate prey (the Medusa), Samus has killed everywhere on-site—is the skinny-thicc Amazon/white Indian having donned the European's suit of medieval retro-future armor!



As the Amazon, Samus is the part-human, part-alien enforcer who plays the cop and the victim, but is always functionally white, aping the monomyth to skirt the line of the hidden princess made through Shakespearean violence (with Sigourney Weaver's Ripley channeling *Henry V* in *Aliens*) to push the story forward, only to then bridal the Amazon and strip her of any sort of castle at

the end. Even so, she will always try to fit in, pleasing daddy with bigger and bigger conquests. But she always is stripped of everything and starting from scratch, going from place to place as an unironic Traveler/Destructor (Gozer without the irony). She never promotes—is always a fledging recruit bossed around by men; i.e., chasing the dragon as a monarch-like status symbol the state will always keep from her ("no crown for you").

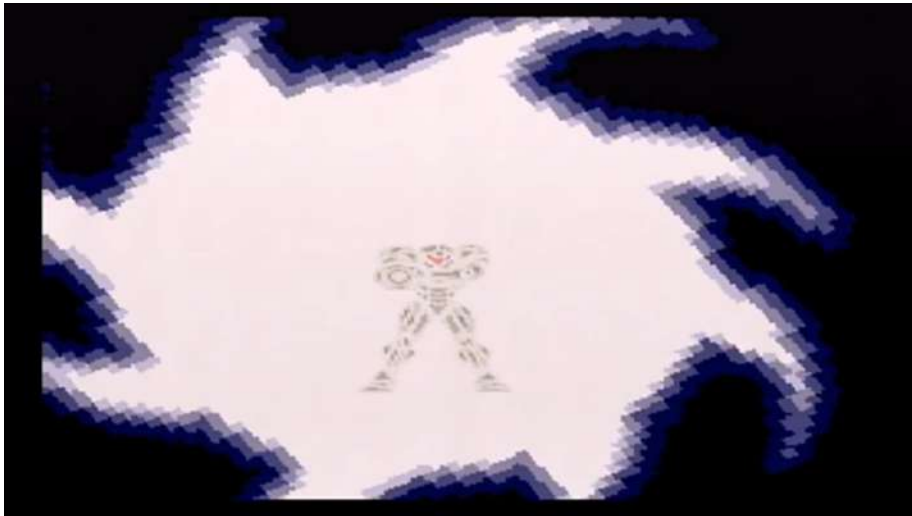
Instead, they feed her crumbs while making her *chase* crumbs; i.e., a kill-list that takes on the form of the enemy she must destroy to progress ("seek power") as Promethean, Faustian, colonial, horseshit:

Exploring Metroidvania is incredibly destructive. Forbidden areas often require sacrifice to access. Far-removed from the site of murder, the sacrificial altar is often the shape of the [victim.] Sated, the statue will either dissolve or physically move to open, reveal or create a door or bridge that the hero might use to progress, literally into the beyond, to face the Other. [...] The returning hero is doomed to face the past again and again, a series of doubles. They can subvert old tyrannies by seizing control, but remain trapped or exiled, themselves.

For example, Samus is nomadic, without a home; so is Ellen Ripley from *Aliens* or Victoria, from Charlotte Dacre's *Zofloya; or, the Moor* (1806). [...] For any [Metroidvania] hero, it is not simply a call to arms, but a rite of passage wherein the hero constantly infers whatever lies in store for them whilst inside; yet, it is always hidden, revealed too late: they were the

destroyer all along ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Lost in Necropolis: The Continuation of Castle-Narrative beyond the Novel or Cinema, and into Metroidvania," 2018).

Escape from Metroidvania is as mythical and performative as Samus' power is. It's a *feeling* that asks the player (usually a teenage boy) to ignore what's going on while piloting the Amazonian avatar as his reward, mid-game and at the end: the speed and strength of Artemis, stripping her for a split second before she shoots you in the face!



Instead, the Golden Statue Room becomes a grim, haunting nod to idolatry and blood sacrifice, hinting at Samus' thirty pieces of silver when turning the statue to stone. This chimeric totem's bogus exorcism—built on the forged lie of

Western sovereignty enacted through force ("the Galactic Federation" married to "Indigenous" revenge against an invented pirate that in real life, *would be* the Federation) happens, piece-by-piece, when she kills one miniboss at a time; i.e., the one-woman-army that targets a local population's elements of resistance (so-called "power targets"). Once all of them are dead, Samus goes to the nucleus of the rebel fortress, the maternal brains of the operation, and strikes the proverbial Medusa dead, beheading her. Then, she takes off and nukes the site from orbit. She's literally war fetishized, a walking bomb/starship trooper, the fucking Death Star in the flesh. It reduces to Cameron's billionaire Marxism—the Liberal white man drooling over Heinlein, his own Competent Woman's military optimism²⁷⁸ making what *didn't* happen during the Korean war a reality *after* Vietnam; i.e., in a fictional what-if world neither quite here nor there.

Similar to Volume Two, part one's "[Brace for Impact](#)" (2024), [Volume Two's second half will also have a book sample series](#) ("Searching for Secrets," 2024) that releases one piece of the volume half at a time until, once the puzzle is complete, the way to the next adventure opens and the next! In *Metroid*, this is

²⁷⁸ Re: Persephone van der Waard's "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*](#)," (2021).

called "boss keys," successfully implemented as a statuesque gate that cannot be crossed until all the "pirates" are dead; i.e., a *casus belli* (false flag) enacted by alien invaders calling a local Indigenous population "pirate" before sending in an infiltrator to blend in and destroy the locals from the inside, out. Such dogma is no way to live (and works out badly for Ripley and Samus), but we gotta subvert it within and/or from itself as a work-in-progress, much like workers (and Communism) are, from moment to moment. In the spirit of Gothic subversion, then, I want you think of part two's table of contents as an inversion of the classic capitalist "hit list"; i.e., Samus' golden statue as something to modularly cross off, one-by-one, until we proceed to Volume Three (where TERFs await).

This progress should intimate our critical-thinking abilities instead of our dogmatic faith in peace-through-strength. I have loved *Castlevania* since high school (especially the DS and GBA handhelds) and *Metroid* since 1994. I've made artwork that celebrated the *Amazonomachia* of our infamous heroine, battling



statuesque beasts akin to a Theseus the minotaur (or any other dude-bro with magic and a sword killing for the ancient city-state):

(exhibit
34b3b2a2a1a2:
Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). I drew these a year out of high school, identifying Samus as a human who sought

down time and R&R in between the colosseum-style duels with walking animal statues. This didn't just ape Greek myth—i.e., like the Japanese post-Cold-War neoliberal of the mid-90s—but mirrored my own life during the War on Terror as still ongoing back then and now [Biden wouldn't pull out of Afghanistan until 2021, but the US isn't leaving the Middle East anytime soon, and is still funding Israel as their foot-in-the-regional-door as of me writing this]. I listened to The Minibosses on CD²⁷⁹, but also [Grant Henry's Metroid Metal](#) [2003] as something to listen to online through the QuickTime plugin, and order over the mail by check. It seems both like yesterday and light years ago. I was nineteen, just writing characters like

²⁷⁹ And even put my favorite version of "Kraid" by them, the 2000 version, up on my first YouTube account: Nicholas van der Waard's "[Kraid, Minibosses 2000](#)" (2014).

Revana, Ileana and Alyona in spiral notebooks with no.2 mechanical pencils and lined paper.



[artist: [Edwin Huang](#)]

So much time has passed since then. I would lose my virginity several years later, but wouldn't have my first real-life partner until I went back to college the second time around, ten years later when I was twenty-nine. I wouldn't meet Bay for another eight years after that, and would have multiple abusive partners in between. And even now, I remember Samus as the person young men could control—to be warriors, and then, if they were "good" enough and killed and explored and destroyed fast enough [speedrunning Rambo-style settler colonialism through CIA-style shindigs], she's let them touch her boobies. It doesn't take much to convince those in the Man Box to go and kill non-white people overseas; Samus, it turns out, was the perfect blend of masculine-feminine hawk: a

monstrous-feminine recruiter/poster girl thrown into relief by an exploding planet—a pinup girl on the side of the Enola Gay and undressed by fallout, pushing down her billowing skirt like Marilyn Monroe [or as I originally wrote by accident, Marilyn "Manroe," to which Ginger told me: "Best drag name ever!"] from The Seven-Year Itch. People hand-waive it all like it's some cosmic coincidence, but it's no more a gaff than Walpole's giant falling helmet in Otranto or Hamlet's father's ghost: war as destiny by dressing the scene and guiding its action every step towards imperial hegemony.)

As someone who's been there, done that, the children of today—to defeat Capitalism by breaking Capitalist Realism, thereby liberating sex workers (Capitalism sexualizes everything) with iconoclastic art—absolutely *should* play with dead things like *Metroidvania* and *Amazons*, albeit in a way the state doesn't want us to! So hustle up, kiddies! Time to enter the Crypt of the Necrodancer (think *Thriller-meets-DDR* but extended to *Castlevania*, *Metroid* and so many other counterfeits whose playgrounds can be used to camp dogma with)! Exploitation and liberation occupy the same space, including its hauntologies and cryptonymies for *or* against the state. The state will perpetuate rape of colonized spaces into their



hauntologies/cryptonymies to maximize profit and canonization. To that, such a "black Egypt" is an Orientalist counterfeit we must paradoxically use to *free* ourselves *while* strung up with (and out on) its mummy-like bandages:

(artist: [Magion02](#))

Dancing feels good; so does confronting trauma during calculated risk as "cool," familiar but foreign (*Castlevania*'s "In Search of the Secret Spell" [2006] shamelessly sneaking in a disco beat to groove among the pyramids with). Per Matthew Lewis all the way up to me, it becomes the Gothic's usual bad, musical game of telephone, celebrating monstrous-feminine sex and force while turning Imperialism (and its semantic wreckage) into a campy joke of itself.

My own quest for a Numinous Commie Mommy isn't so odd; capital makes us feel tired relative to the self-as-alien, both incumbent on the very things they rape to nurture them (re: Irigaray's creation of sexual difference). I'm hardly the first person to notice this:

As Edward Said astutely notes in *Culture and Imperialism*, most societies project their fears on the unknown or the exotic other. This barren land, where the viewers are kept disorientated, is threatening. It is a place between the familiar and the foreign, like part of a dream or vision that one cannot remember clearly. There is always a sense of a lurking danger from which the viewers need protection. Nikita provides that sense of protection ([source](#): Laura Ng's "'The Most Powerful Weapon You Have': Warriors and Gender in *La Femme Nikita*," 2003).

I am, however, a trans woman who has gone above and beyond women like Barbara Creed, Angela Carter, Luce Irigaray and Laura Ng, etc, in my pioneering of ludo-Gothic BDSM: as a holistic, "Commy-Mommy" means of synthesizing proletarian praxis inside the operatic danger disco(-in-disguise), the "rape" castle riffing on Walpole, Lewis, Radcliffe, Konami, Nintendo, and so many others.

I sign myself as such for a reason—not to be an edgy slut (though I am a slut who walks the edge). Rather, my pedagogic aim is to consider the monstrous-feminine not simply as a *female* monster avoiding revenge through violence, but a sex-positive force that doesn't reduce to white women policing the same-old ghost of the counterfeit: to reverse what TERFs (and other sell-outs) further as normally being the process of abjection, *vis-à-vis* Cartesian thought tokenizing marginalized groups to harvest nature-as-usual during the dialectic of the alien. Like any good videogame OST, it repeats, throbbing and dancing orgasmically mid-live-burial: right in that little "garage" as simultaneously haunted but incredibly small and tight (claustrophobic/philic) and filled with a big present-like presence of Medusa; i.e.,



the drug mule, "packed and ready" as doubled by our orgasmic, passionate cries thereof: "Medusa" and her church-like melon-like orchard as yours for the taking. Clean those pipes!

Such fruit (and its forbidden knowledge) needn't be denied, but its continued expression needs to be mutually consensual and otherwise sex-positive to thwart Capitalist Realism, thus save us from Medusa's feral revenge (state shift). Doing a Gothic Communism is riddled with jouissance and camp—the sort where we stick our tongue out, mid-*ahogao*, at capital!

(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

To that, these books have been a continuation of my own struggles to quest for a palliative Numinous that can, with proper love and care, become a Communist one (from Volume Zero):

We have to learn from the past by transforming its canonical depictions to avoid

repeating Capitalism's unironic genocides.

This brings us not just to my adulthood but my postgraduate work on ludo-Gothic BDSM, which in 2017 was met with its own barriers. Working under David Calonne, I was only just learning about the Numinous *vis-à-vis* Rudolph Otto and H.P. Lovecraft and came across an article by Lilia Melani, "Otto on the Numinous" (2003), citing the Gothic as the quest for the Numinous: "It has been suggested that [Gothic fiction](#) originated primarily as a quest for the *mysterium tremendum*" ([source](#)). Something about it appealed to my then-closeted kinkster as having previously been titillated by Cameron, Lovecraft and Nintendo (there's a sentence I never thought I'd write), but also the videogames I was playing at the time: *Metroidvania* ([source](#)).

Playing with the imaginary past can feel, at times, like chasing one's own ghost as blended with the camp-to-serious ghosts of ghosts of ghosts during a shared *mise-en-abyme*. It's all part of the fun, babes!

- **["Splendide Mendax: the Rise and Fall of 'Rome' as Built-in\(to Us\)":](#)** Outlines the problem of the Achilles Heel as built into any canonical heroism, including the tokenized monstrous-feminine, as meant to rape and harvest nature at the cost of one's humanity and freedom; further divides into
 - **["'Cruisin' for a Bruisin'!': From Herbos to Himbos, part one \(feat. Dragon Ball Z and Big Trouble in Little China; Wonder Woman\)":](#)** Outlines the idea of history as toy-like through Gothic action figures: the herbo and himbo (aka the Amazon and the knight).
 - **["'Death by Snu-Snu!': From Herbos to Himbos, part two \(feat. Ayla, Weaponlord and Savage Land Rogue; Autumn Ivy and Claire Max\)":](#)** Explores further examples of the herbo as pro-state or pro-workers, and gives two real-life examples.
 - **["Into the Toy Chest: Picking up Where We Left off; or, Gothic History as Toy-like Amongst Ourselves":](#)** Considers the monstrous-feminine as a ludo-Gothic BDSM historical device that operates in relation to ourselves and its effect on us.

As Fishtopher and Friends eloquently puts it: "Untethered optimism is simply escapism. We must use our optimism to create realities we do not need to escape from" ([source skeet](#): May 4th, 2024). To that, we must learn from the past in small—to learn to prevent rape-by-capital by camping rape as the Gothic does; i.e., by cryptonymically "crying wolf" (a Gothic mega-nerd pun: *vis-à-vis* Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok's 1986 *The Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Cryptonymy*) in quotes: "Help, help! I'm being 'ravished' and I'm a zombie!" People will definitely check out *that* "car crash"! Onto the graveyard of Pygmalion and Galatea, but also all of their zombies and zombie-like strudel, cake and pie, cream puffs and other

treats! Put "necrophilia" (a kind of rape) into quotes; mix and match, but dive into it and see what you learn! Or, what you've learned from the Amazon mommy dom helping you dig your own (or someone else's) grave!

Onto "Splendide Mendax: the Rise and Fall of 'Rome' as Built-in(to Us)"!

Note: I've gotten a little bolder showing myself off, lately! My past lovers (the ones I have permission to show) will appear in here, but so will my bare, exposed and hard junk, mid-coitus (lead by example 'n all that). Think of it as a hidden boss inside the temple, dungeon, ruin, what-have you! Per Gothic poetics, the language of sex and force merge with the body language of war as something to camp; e.g., "Oh, yeah! Put your big fat torpedo in my tight little... tube?! Flooding! Prepare to fire! So much 'sea men'!" —Perse



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Splendide Mendax: the Rise and Fall of "Rome" as Built-in(to Us)

Our struggle—to hug the Medusa as something to teach, to reclaim our bodies (our asses) as Aegis-like and disguise-worthy—sits inside a dangerous hall of mirrors. The state isn't just a war machine, you see, but a war factory (of factories) whose own spinning room of kaleidoscopic reflections stretches in all directions, remediates during fractal recursion into/onto all media: a dividing of the natural-material world into linguo-material false binaries and boundaries the state's servants can acquire, internalize from childhood, and raise then police into the future. To critique power as an illusion, you must go where its illusions—its masks, disguises and performers—collectively inhabit and interact in curious, veiled hostility ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume Two, part one* (2024)

"You have your sword, I have my tricks," said Odysseus to Achilles. The latter dies during the fall of Troy from his Achilles Heel as acquired at birth. This subchapter considers nature vs nurture relative to Gothic poetics, insofar as this can be used to code humans to war against/rape nature; i.e., how for humans under Capitalism, nurture is currently tied to giant linguo-material structures called "capital" that weaponize the imaginary past's splendid lies *against* workers and nature: Capitalist Realism dipping the hero into the river Styx. They do this to "gift" him (or her) with the aura of invulnerability but *don't* bank on its being haunted by narcissistic echoes of other Roman fools having fallen on the same proverbial sword; e.g., the Skeksis are unicorn hunters on a drug war, addicted to what they



are alienated from in rarefied form: cocaine, essence, as the blood of the Earth; i.e., Foucault's biopower reduced to something the usual capitalist vampires render nature *into* before

injecting greedily into their own veins. In turn, all their *splendide mendax*/elaborate strategies of misdirection—all their art and science, their Base and Superstructure—collectively aid in this ghoulish refueling process, including heroes as monsters, as elaborate *lies* that can serve or challenge profit; i.e., hinging on how workers utilize them in *response*.

The problem to face, then, is Capitalism; i.e., capital doing what capital always does: move money through nature as alien, abject—something to harvest and regress backwards and towards on a black-and-white chessboard of the same-old hauntological chateau guarded by the same-old hauntological watchdogs. Cartesian thought commodifies the monstrous-feminine into predatory herbo/himbo groups, turning such poetic devices into action-figure collectibles that can be bought and sold, but also played with, inhabited; i.e., during an intended gameplay's dogmatic, copagandistic instruction: rape nature by policing it in tokenized forms of predator and prey. There's also those who play the *part* the doll is based *on*, and the capitalists who run the show behind the curtain. Consumer, creator, capitalist—all are part of the same canonical war machine harvesting nature-as-monstrous-feminine, as alien, fetish, psychosexual slave valued for the usual imperial "goods" divided along heteronormative lines in a settler-colonial binary as "dressed up"; i.e., in the usual centrist gimmicks: sex and force as things to capitalize on and privatize for all the usual benefactors (capitalists) to the *detriment* of all the usual *victims* (cops and victims).



(artist: [Emery EXP](#))

To that, "mommy" might be absolutely *stacked* (as Medusa generally is) and wet, making that pull-out game weak; she remains forced by capital to serve the usual gooners as a paradoxical waifu (the Amazonian war boss) playing strip-tease. Resistance—per Foucault (and me: ludo-Gothic BDSM)—occurs in the same place, the same stage to perform on; i.e., with one's body as a playful, linguo-material extension of one's labor value and struggle to reclaim it through iconoclastic Gothic poetics made material, obvious, tangible: Milton's "darkness visible." This is all fine and good, provided the performer doesn't tokenize and colonize others in turn. Many do, some do not (we'll look at *both* in just a moment), but who we are as people factors in through our bodies as part of ontological statements workers make all the time. We're not always aware of it, even. "Damn girl! You shit with that ass?" my ex's ex once asked me, regarding *my* dumper. Amazons, by extension, are cover-image material; i.e., the marquee to imitate through such body parts where exceptional.

In musical terms, this is called a cover. In comics, it's a cover *model*, blown up for maximum, repetitive effect; i.e., profit, for capitalists, and critical power for Communists—the Aegis, the money maker, the fucking POW! blocks from *Mario 2* (1988). It's what more cynical grifters might label "an agenda," but simply is reality as something to perform, thus to achieve something *other* than menticide, submission, enslavement, *et al.* Capital's like a bad relationship, then. Fucking and fighting like a tornado *is* fun for a bit, but it gets old even when it is our choice. Equality and stability are so much better (e.g., Crash Hard's "[BeamNG Drive - Cars vs Stairs #11](#)," 2023), except Capitalism doesn't give a toss about those! It's a shark; as we'll see with those who emulate it, they become sharks, too: glass-eyed killer dolls built like tanks. Jadis was one, Autumn was another (as we'll see); some people have the equipment, but are kinder than either of those ghouls (as I'll assume Kay is, below). Original Sin's a persecution mechanic in that respect, but also a liberatory form of ironic BDSM, and people are walking canvases; i.e., it's not the truck-like dumper that's the problem, but what you do with it as a socio-political statement tied to your labor as often overshadowed by the body itself as fetishized. It's not always overt/obvious, then; sometimes, a butt is just a butt, no matter how substantial/fine, but conversely there's context to any photograph:



(artist: [Kay](#))

When tokenization occurs, though, the problem historically snowballs. The more the state takes to try and cheat death, the more addicted they become, the more alienated, the more rotten—them, of course, but also the alien they dress up and rape, time and time again. Eventually Medusa wins (state shift). And those who play both sides/are high on their own legends of self-righteous do-goodery will pay the price like everyone else; i.e., billionaire Marxism and centrififying variants of the white Indian/savior narrative that erase Indigenous (and other marginalized struggles) by painting *themselves* as the universal victim, the Amazon of which there is only them; e.g., *Star Wars* (and its assorted counterfeits) furthering Red Scare by doing a common middle-class trick

under American Liberalism: equality of convenience per men like Mark Hamill stuck in this centrist performance that *defends* the state by playing the white-knight variant of the false rebel.

Fascist or not, a cop is a cop; Mark Hamill isn't just Don Quixote tilting at windmills, then, but a cop (as knights classically were) who *thinks* he's a Marxist space wizard "keeping the peace" (what MLK called "negative peace" as the absence of tension versus "positive justice"); i.e., as white moderates (and their token agents) always do—not just him, but people acting *like* him in equal bad faith/measure; e.g., [Ron Pearlman, Natalie Portman, and Madonna](#) (source: Lauren Sarner's "Celebrities Leading Support for Israel in the War Against Hamas," 2023). Like the Nazi outfit, the white moderate becomes something they *think* they can "take off." Except it's not, because people *don't* forget; Commies have minds like elephants, and you've left behind a mountain of evidence. You make hay during genocide; we take your folly as straw to spin gold out of—our liberation!



([source tweet](#): Spiderwarz, March 27th, 2024)

Achilles isn't just doomed *once*, you see. It becomes a fatal hand-me-down, a counterfeit nostalgia where the warrior's death is canonical code to embody through the young man or tomboy's rite of passage becoming the very toys they play with in service *to* the state; i.e., of flowing power towards the state during the dialectic of the alien, harvesting nature-as-monstrous-feminine during Cartesian edicts. Under capital, these constantly sexualize,

fetishize, and alienate *everything* during canonical essentialism's us-versus-them. It is a historical-material *byproduct* that we, as Gothic Communists, must argue *against* with our own doubles *of*—e.g., costumes, masks, and other revolutionary cryptonyms; i.e., by using ludo-Gothic BDSM's ergodic motion (castle-narrative) during the liminal hauntology of war (the appearance of the grim harvest, beckoning the usual victims towards the usual Call to Adventure as a copaganda exercise): oppositional praxis synthesized to achieve systemic catharsis when challenging the profit motive on all registers and modes of expression.

Our examination goes well beyond videogames and *their* cartographic refrains (re: Tolkien's treasure map or Cameron's urban warfare/shooter) to holistically apply this to *all* media as something to collectively and individually foster in an iconoclastic, sex-positive direction. Achilles' cycle of rape and revenge (the murder-suicide) *for profit can* be broken, but we have to kill a lot of darlings to do so; i.e., break a lot of toys to engender emergent gameplay that develops Gothic Communism in a ludo-Gothic BDSM sense: camping canon, aka "making it gay/political" by announcing our own existence as ironic towards the profit motive unironically killing us through its toy-like dogma.

As luck would have it, the Gothic has done this since the days of Matthew Lewis—embodying rebellion as something that others less campy (and brave) would *gentrify* to line their own pockets with *and* fortify state arguments (re: Radcliffe). As such, *Castlevania* (1986) might seem like dead dogma, now, but the *possibility* always remains for such heroes to become ironic once more; e.g., from Nintendo's beef-lord Belmonts to *JoJo's Bizarre Adventure* (1987) as its own campy launchpad of future genderqueer icons. Our best revenge is to become voices they cannot silence, toys they cannot break left behind inside the same proverbial toy chest. To ask questions like "Where *does* Sir Thomas' wealth come from?" and expose the state, regardless of the answer! Whereas fascists use straw man arguments as dog whistles to eventually become straw dogs, our game of chicken with the elite



becomes an Aegis that traps *them* in amber.

History is an endless toy chest, and there's only so many

combinations and dialectical-material opposites before you start to get repetition and overlap. My book is an *iconoclastic* toy chest. First, we'll have several sections I'd like to reexamine based on what we outlined: the idea of history as toy-like through action figures (the herbo and himbo) as both a) a clever means of replicating and interrogating the imaginary past as empowering through Promethean "disempowerment" (re: Aguirre), but also b) the monstrous-feminine as a ludo-Gothic BDSM historical device that operates in relation to ourselves and its various effects on us and our social-sex lives. After that, we'll dive straight into the Monster Modules to look at the imaginary past: as something to historically learn from *now* and reapply differently in the *future* during proletarian praxis (which Volume Three will focus on).

Before we do, though, there's toys to be played with! First, onto gay himbos and herbos!

"Cruisin' for a Bruisin'!": From Herbos to Himbos, part one (feat. *Dragon Ball Z* and *Big Trouble in Little China*; Wonder Woman)

"That's like... super gay!"

—Even, *Superbad* (2007)



(artist: [Silverjow](#))

Camping war is to make war gay in ways that challenge profit. To that, capital is criminogenic through action-figure echoes of Achilles that have gay potential for or *against* the state; i.e., Pride as an LGBA conclusion within Rainbow Capitalism that tries to colonize *our* flags *again* as previously reclaimed *from* the usual *D&D* nerds and

metal cohorts, etc (e.g., Dio and Tolkien). I want to explore this in a form of the monstrous-feminine we haven't looked at as much in the book, but certainly is one this bitch (me) grew up with: beef lords, himbos. We'll look primarily at relics from my childhood we, as Gothic Communists, want to rescue from their canonical selves. Part one will, look at Akira Toriyama's *DBZ* and contemporaries like John Carpenter from the neoliberal '80s using stories like *Big Trouble in Little China* as showcasing the magical man-wizard dueling for recruitment purposes; then, to be holistic, we'll of course look at Wonder Woman as *the* herbo equivalent. Part two, will account for double standards and copycats—e.g., Ayla from *Chrono Trigger* (1995) and Savage Land Rogue, among others—under *Pax Americana*; i.e., as something that canonically apes these blindly masculine, hetero-to-homonormative lugs, but which we can also camp and reclaim *regardless* of biological sex ([Claire Max](#)), but must still watch out for token police agents ([Autumn Ivy](#))!

As we shall see, the herbo/himbo go hand-in-hand, and generally suffer the same tokenized war-bride problems all monstrous-feminine do—albeit on opposite ends of a heteronormative colonial binary. They become eyed by prospecting muscle to serve like King Kong does: in chains (the service varying per type, but always involving abuses of sex and force against marginalized groups).

To that, capital operates within war-as-a-business as predicated on the homosocial, psychosexually erotic domain of male soldiers that threatens to wildly veer off into very-gay territories (female or otherwise). In fact, as Volume Two, part one explored, the language of sex and force through war theatre is something to camp and canonize back and forth:

one look at the weirdness of war-bred child soldiers says it all: baby-brain numbskulls thirsty after "waifus" and howling at the vengeful moon (witnessed inside odd localizations of Japanese media; e.g., "[Invitation of a Crazy Moon](#)" from *Portrait of Ruin* [2006] *cryptomimetically* touching on total catastrophe as a *Western* invention embraced by eco-fascist Japanese fandoms [the return of the Shogunate] and tackled by infamous auteurs writing "[A Cruel Angel's Thesis](#)" [1995] tied to a bigger production. From *Castlevania* to *Neo-Genesis Evangelion*, then, the Japanese consensus is kick-ass emulations of American rock 'n roll as thoroughly campy [less so with *Mega Man*, but I digress]: "Neo-Gothic Bible rock." Yes, they're straight-up *bops*, but the liminality remains indefinitely *fascinating* inside a capitalist world order).

In other words, love is a battlefield, but also a *stage* in between reality and fiction; as should hopefully be obvious at *this* stage, combining sex, nudism and the language of war per ludo-Gothic BDSM (sex as art) is an endlessly productive-and-liminal operation, especially when funneled through the fetishes and clichés of the Gothic—its "Ancient" Romances (stories of high imagination) and real life (the novel: "truth is stranger than fiction") yielding something special and new ("imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" but "familiarity breeds contempt") when used in a consciously satirical, campy way. The Gothic, as we think of its earliest origins, was *always* campy and about queer sex in a partially ace way (re: Walpole and Lewis)—something whose dialectical-material push-pull survives well into *Rocky Horror*, *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* (2009) and beyond ([source](#)).

By extension, all language is dualistic, mid-opposition; i.e., workers vs the state (and its proponents).

Per the himbo or herbo, it's like a teddy bear as more outwardly uncanny than such things might normally seem; i.e., ostensibly more capable to harm (as the hyperbolic muscles might suggest) and haunted by trauma, but nevertheless can present a special bargain that per such negotiated regressions between two or more people, becomes a clever means of pushing together towards catharsis and interrogation of one's childhood as imperfect, monster-fucker-style; i.e., towards openly ridiculous, psychosexual, nostalgic warrior fantasies. Like Toriyama's Ginyu force (below), a given outing should always get incrementally close to the violence without crossing over into unironic harm. In short, they're absurd, but also easy to

step into in ways that feel legitimately comforting: one's childhood as silly and serious, campy! In gay bedroom parlance, they're also "catchers"; i.e., the one's that, when faced by Goku as the most violent of all, get absolutely *trowned* by Toriyama's designated hitter punching gay Nazis.



(artist: Akira Toriyama)

As such, keep *this* thesis statement in mind as we go ahead ("green light," babes): the profit motive is fascist, and always decays from more moderate or reasoned forms inside the Cartesian (settler-colonial, heteronormative) paradigm towards an "older" form; i.e.,

hauntologically evoking a time before the Black Death and "hiccups" of state shift that forced the elite of yore to make concessions (wages, which they try and steal back through profit). These translate in modern forms of pacification that, above all else, serve as so-called "empowerment" fantasies that—through the medieval trope of the dueling knight or wizard (usually a semi-naked hybrid; i.e., the fascist hauntology of the so-called "barbarian") regresses to an imaginary fascist past that normally leads to regular rape of so many different kinds, but for us can easily be put into quotes: "rape" by the beef lord as something that is always ambiguously gay and which we can stress the gay qualities of in iconoclastic forms (often colorful, fruity and fabulous, but haunted by fascism—above) that ape the gayest qualities of such muscular male warriors; i.e., to camp and spread the cheeks of, partaking of sodomy as a ludo-Gothic device! Taste the rainbow!

And if you're allergic to "rainbows" (assholes by another name), think of it simply as a "sausage fest" ([many queer AMAB dislike anal sex](#)²⁸⁰); i.e., the dick-

²⁸⁰ From Bobby Box's "These Gay Man Identify as Bottoms but Hate Anal Sex" (2020):

Can you really be a bottom if you don't enjoy receptive anal intercourse?

When I initially requested to speak with bottoms on this topic, I wasn't expecting many bites (this kind of information is sensitive!). But I couldn't have been more wrong. A few hours after [posting my request](#), messages poured in.

measuring contest as an implied "sword fight" where the *audience* (the *de facto* judges) imagine the specimens involved "crossing swords":



(artist: Sgt Crisis' "[Big Break: a Literal Dick Contest](#)," 2021)

Total power corrupts totally and those with the most power hoard resources through capital as privatization: the ability to generate profit through the dialectic of the alien harvesting nature as alien, sexual, and fetish through a paywalled privilege to view. It's predatory but malnourishing for all sides. The elite in particular are "skinny fat," having both the most and the least; i.e., are the

most alien of all, the most decayed when trying to cheat death by weaponizing the Philosopher's Stone as an Enlightenment corruption of Renaissance thought (re: the Skeksis darkening the Crystal of Truth). They use it to create cocaine-like essence for themselves, inside a dogmatic chain that fosters hunters they can reliably call upon and respond with against those who *don't* answer to capital. Anyone who assists in this process—i.e., by whitewashing it or conceding with capital in any shape or form—is ultimately fascist, meaning they *will* decay or demask eventually

"I find anal sex more painful than enjoyable," Chris, 23, says. "I know it's only supposed to hurt for a bit, but even when it starts to feel good it's still not satisfying. I find myself thinking: *Okay, hurry up and finish so this can end.*"

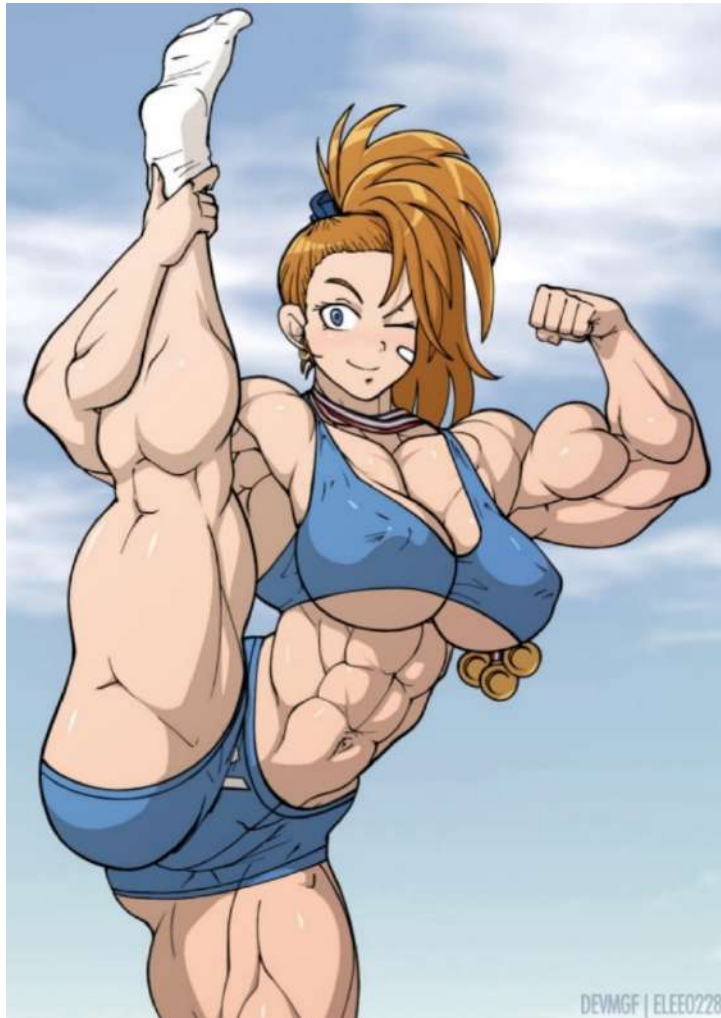
Though he doesn't enjoy receiving anal sex, Chris still identifies as a bottom because he's submissive, prefers giving oral sex rather than receiving, likes feeling protected, and his sexual fantasies often—if not always—depict him as the receptive partner. "It's that stereotypical big burly guy doing what he wants to [do to] me and taking control," he explains.

Chris blames this fantasy on the porn industry, which, in his opinion, romanticizes the ease of receptive anal intercourse. "The bottoms always look like they're having the time of their lives and everything just slips in with no struggle at all," he says. "*The fantasy appeals to me more than the reality* [emphasis, me]."

The same idea applies to rape, which sodomy codifies to under Cartesian schemes: butt-rape nature. Make it hurt. It's a powerful dogmatic tool that crystalizes dominance and submission as patriarchal, but also an aphrodisiac that, under unironic Pavlovian conditions, reduces to synonymizing sex and harm as things to trigger actual harm: a dog whistle. We can subvert this by putting "rape" in quotes, but the ghost of the counterfeit is always there (as is the reality—and I'm speaking from experience, here—anal sex almost always hurts a little).

to expose what they have been doing all along: running interference for the state while posturing as good (re: Hamill and company).

No one is immune from said decay as relaid through the structure that converts people into drugs the other cannot live without; i.e., becoming slaves to their own grift/grind. This is predicated on the same addictions—a summoning-through-sacrifice that all at once demands an obvious dupe and makes all others dupes despite what they might insist: the wild hunt as recuperated by fascists and neoliberals into something whose folly can be seen in *The Dark Crystal* to *Mandy* to *Metroid* to *Ghostbusters* and other such-variations of the muscled-to-brainy man/woman as a Cartesian relic. Embodiments of either virtue, when canonically invoked, work as two sides of male culture with tokenized elements; i.e., the egghead, the Amazon, the himbo or herbo, the muscular wizard/brainiac as a sword-and-sorcery type of gatekeeper pushed through a neoliberal lens. Through all the usual ways, "war" becomes personified through an imaginary Antiquity that is thoroughly Olympian, but classically heteronormative (with diminishing circles of other normativities), biologically essentialized and anchoring sex-to-gender to serve the profit motive's Male Gaze/creation of sexual difference, etc. Such Amazons—



including their bodies—are always dressed "for men." Except, like with beef lords/muscle wizards at large, there is always a campy and very gay potential that haunts the straight prescriptions at work!

First, we'll look at the action figure as male per Toriyama and his contemporaries like John Carpenter, then consider the fighting trim (that was a terrible pun) of curvy crusaders that take figure drawing to a pugilistic, kayfabe extreme. This can be art on the page (left), but also the human bodies that leap "off the page" and appear in the flesh as actually *made* of the stuff (re: Autumn and Claire).

(artists: [Devmgf](#) modified by [Elee0228](#))

To that, such wonders of creation can bring untold joy to all, but once *corrupted* to serve the state, become a drug war that cannibalizes everyone to endlessly try a resurrection myth from old arts; i.e., copies of "Osiris" a rotten, insane giant that will inevitably die (echoes of *Frankenstein*). In the end, Medusa always wins. So we *must* reclaim the Crystal, the ritual, as a "sacrifice" in quotes we can perform to answer to a higher power and calling than the bourgeoisie. As Jadis taught me, I didn't just see what I wanted to see, but glimpsed what could be/would have been on the surface of someone cracked, broken by echoes of Pygmalion—a gay Amazon aping her colonizers (any power fantasy having the potential to be unironic, in this respect—Faustian and Promethean in ways that not only disempower but also harm). We must heal the Crystal, end the hunt, mend what is broken by synthesizing praxis to push power mid-*poiesis* towards Communism; i.e., until it becomes second-nature on a grand scale: to become so robust that it never regresses again! Gozer is home and stays home!



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

I love herbos (re: Revana, left), and we'll talk about Wonder Woman/similar characters (and female embodiments of them through Autumn Ivy and Claire Max) in a second. But first, let's consider this through the toy-like *Amazonomachia* of a male-centric canon: of Akira Toriyama's Z fighters and John Carpenter's dueling wizards as having a monstrous-feminine character with a penis, not a vagina.

Personally I prefer pie instead of strudel (to borrow a tired gag from Dwayne Johnson), but holistic praxis

demands at least *sampling* the "salami" when playing "hide the salami," ourselves. In truth, I've had many such specimens forced down my throat as an adult, but also a kid, and a part of me remembers and relishes the taste despite my preference for AFAB Amazons (which gay "Spartans" are effectively the AMAB variant; i.e., able to be fascist [e.g., *300*, 2006] or gay [re: *Jojo*] on a liminal

gradient of likenesses, of likenesses). I remember the music, the men, their muscles, and their battles as echoed across so many media types; and I recall copies of famous canonical works that, so often, lacked any irony at all. It became *holy* to me, which I eventually learned the Gothic will make "almost holy" to achieve as much irony as it possibly can.

As such, I had to escape something that, on some level, I still enjoy: the heel upstaging the babyface as something Vegeta (especially early Vegeta) did so well; i.e., he was a psychotic brat, but given understandable motives that spoke to my own childhood trauma. Goku, on the other hand, is so fucking boring! He's strong and goody-goody because—like Superman—the script needs him to be. I don't want to reduce him to just that, as there *are* elements to him that are quite campy. But all the same, at his worst he really is the white knight letting the black knight go to the detriment of millions. In this respect, he can't afford to be so naïve, but does so precisely because it fits into a *centrist* scheme he can pass along to his son; i.e., Red Scare minus the overt Cold War language (exhibit 34b3b2a2a1, next page). Like Superman, he *begs* to be camped:



Think of camping the magical warrior himbo less as a reversal of Genesis, and a parody of it, *a la* Matthew Lewis unmaking the so-called Dark Adam, Ambrosio. Like Lewis, we're using such a likeness to push power towards workers, not the state, one that includes female, intersex and GNC variants (the "Conan with a pussy" argument). This exists on the same stage as passed down from him to us; i.e., in the same kayfabe-style masks, costumes, stage music/names, and sets, etc. Capital haunts and occupies them, and so do we. Unlike them, we use all of these things to push towards equality and post-scarcity. But this is far easier said than done. We can't just camp canon as a content, but as a *game* whose playful theatrics are a subversive hermeneutic that yields future iconoclasm that,

combined, push towards Gothic Communism, *not* centrism. Take, *DBZ*' best duel (for this argument): our boy wizard dueling the end-of-the-world as very gay and inhuman the way only a mad-science experiment can be!



(exhibit 34b3b2a2a1b1: In the show, we see the usual homosocial arguments against Communism per a Japanese imitation of American Liberalism/kayfabe. Cell

is the vice character who both represents the Nazi and the Communist [the unnatural product of mad science that threatens state collapse towards naked genocide on the home front, but also state shift towards a perfect organism/polity haunted by state trauma]. As such, the duel is ultimately a proxy war—of Goku [the American] fighting Cell [the Nazi, the Communist] through his brainwashed son: Gohan, the gentle nerd pushed towards a confrontation he doesn't believe in—all to prove his worth as a "real man," a rite of passage forced onto him as the monomyth always is. This time, Hell comes to Earth, and he must push it back with the help of his dead father egging him on.

Again, Gohan cannot do it alone. His father stands over his shoulder like Hamlet's father's ghost, waiting for the former heel, Vegeta, to turn babyface and kick Cell square in the dragon balls; distracted, Cell turns his back on Gohan, who backstabs the "backing stabbing Jew" to get his revenge [a cycle parodied by Radcliffe of all people, presenting Count Montoni and his ilk as a den of self-stinging vipers]. Gohan unleashes the demon, going "beast mode" to remember all the people Cell's hurt; i.e., emotional manipulation. Goku could have prevented all of those deaths, but chose not to because he wants to indoctrinate his son. The myth—of patrilineal descent vs a monstrous-feminine menace—is what matters.

Such centrist peddling is pandering to future fascists [which is what moderates functionally are] through chicken hawk bullshit; i.e., Amazonomachia delivered by the likes of those without strength or presence of arms, but have all the abilities of the wormy silver tongue profiting off the war of mythological competent men and women, of might-makes-right heroes punching down against future zombies of a rising labor force sick to death with/of exploitation. Fascism, remember, isn't just the state in decay, but the state defending itself in displaced, externalized arguments; i.e., while synthesizing the monstrous-feminine as thetical and antithetical to its own existence. The state needs nature to sacrifice and weaponize and that nature is always, to some degree, monstrous-feminine. It doesn't take a genius to play along [re: Goku] with such unequal power exchange, just a willing and useful idiot.

To this, Goku—and by extension Toriyama and those who parody him²⁸¹—is tremendously successful, leading to reactive violence by a member of the colonizer

²⁸¹ From "Dragon Ball Z Abridged: Episode 60 - Part 1" (2019), [Team Four Star](#) redubs the anime to say pretty much the same thing as Toriyama:

Gohan, grow up! You act like you are the only one suffering. But I believe Trunks has some stories for you, and I can assume they all end with, 'And then he died, too.' And before you start whining about your father, again—and I get it—take a moment to consider that my father made me to be a soulless killing machine to kill your father [oh, the irony]. And that doesn't come close to the complete *tragedy* of fatherhood that is Vegeta. [...] You think you're better than everyone else, but there you stand, the good man doing nothing. And while evil triumphs, and your rigid pacifism crumbles into blood-stained dust, the only victory afforded to you is that you stuck true to your guns! You are a coward, to your last whimper! Of fear and love, I fear not that I will die but all that I've come to love—the birds, and the things that are not birds—will perish with me. So please, Gohan: stop holding back! ([timestamp](#): 18:13).

group: a special youth secretly belonging to the warrior race of Aryans projected into the show's mythos—the blonde-haired, blue-eyed Saiyans, per Nietzsche's Übermensch, defending capital from would-be envious parties.

In short, Gohan rapes Cell as the perceived alien, fetish, psychosexual demon clown—a green-and-purple zombie, Hulk-like punching bag that Gohan imitates in ways the state through Goku et al want him to. It's dogma, pushing the next generation to achieve their "greatest hour" in service to the state through a kayfabe battle of wills that save the world as we know it from state shift, from Communism; i.e., something perceived as the end of the world versus what it could be more nakedly expressed as, and something dealt with through a centrist balancing act of porcupines mating as such animals always do: very carefully in spite of the barbs and warrior theatrics.

My point, here, is there's a method to the madness that serves the state as undead: a copy of the Olympics glorifying a new power built on empire, which is what capital is. Cell appears, prophesized as a vengeful act that brings Imperialism home to empire through a foreign plot as inside-outside, needing to be rooted out during the Cell Games [our zombie Olympics promising the usual reward of military conquest: glory and gold]. A false flag occurs, and through a series of prescriptive, dogmatic propaganda battles, leads to the big climax at the end of the Colosseum that unfertilizes the egg-like planet as could-have-been-Communist, if not for Gohan cock-blocking Cell's Communist potential; i.e., by framing him as the Nazi to punch. It's Red-Scare-in-disguise, but also a thoroughly unironic version of Matthew

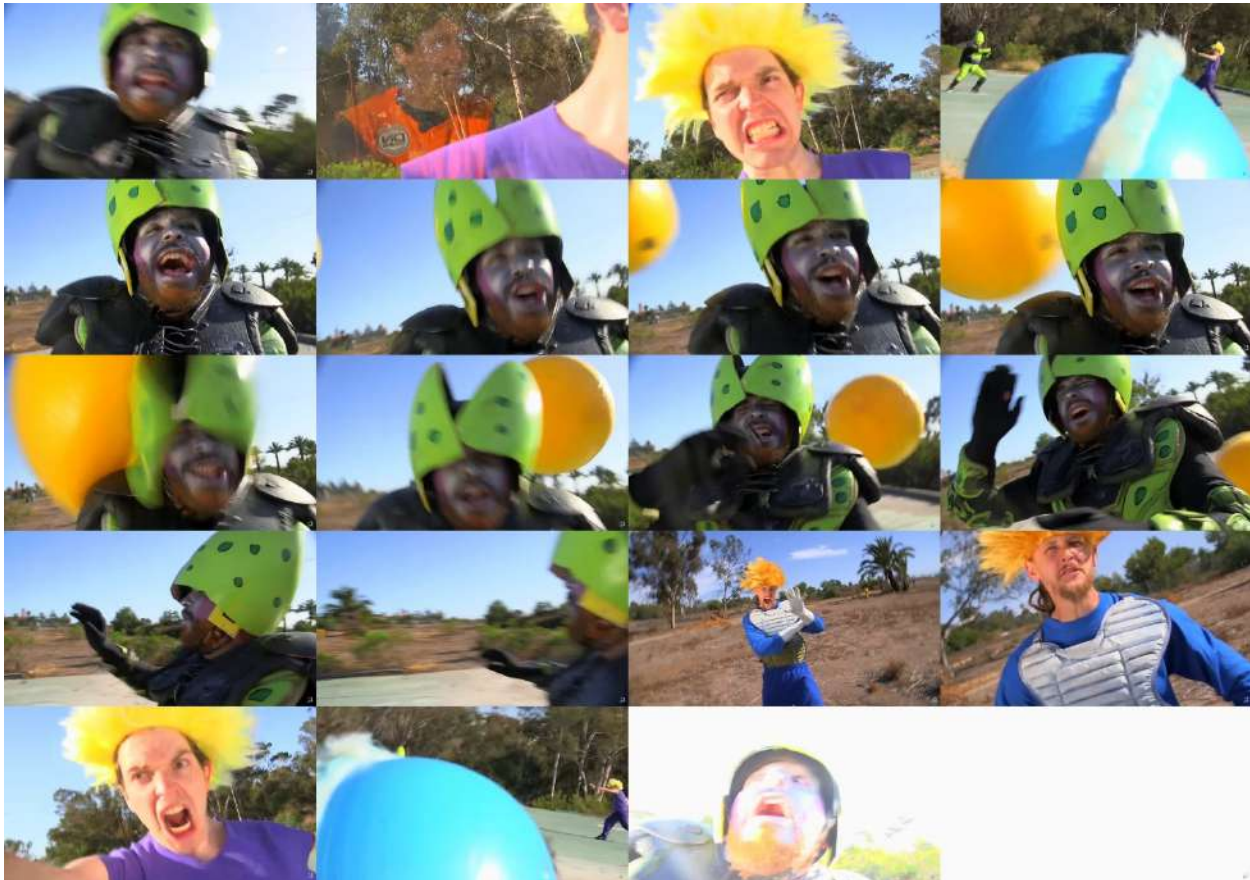
It's so manipulative in favor of the unironic monomyth/status quo at large—a cruel hazing ritual that essentializes good and evil not just *within* the current story, but *all* of them across space and time. Cell (a stand-in for Capitalism-in-decay and Communism-in-development) is simply "evil," and "good" is nature as catalogued and dominated by the byproduct of a cartoon scientist; i.e., the Creature minus Shelley's pathos or irony as made into a military recruiting device that makes him a liar in the spirit of the original Victor Frankenstein.

Toriyama's refrain apes older refrains that, per future duplicates, reliably yield Goldilocks Imperialism; i.e., taming nature while repeatedly shooting oneself in the (self-righteous) foot. As such, Android 16 (and those voicing him, time and time again) is persuading Gohan (and by extension all those "like" him and his antiwar tendencies) to "put up or shut up"; i.e., not hold back against the Nazi-Communist monstrous-feminine to "save the world." It's a circular argument that reliably leads to profit through genocide by erasing the state's role in things; i.e., a bourgeois call to violence/false flag turned into yet-another palingenetic/strongman nation creation myth delivered by the canonical posthuman in service of the profit motive: as a voice *for* the state instead of rebellion (on par with Bungie's own talking head in *Myth: the Fallen Lords* versus Scott's beheaded Ash the android celebrating David's creation, the xenomorph, *post hoc*).

Clearly Team Four Star *recognize* the theme of *Frankenstein* in *DBZ*—tragedy of fatherhood through the Gothic (fantasy-meets-science-fiction) making of monsters per the Promethean myth: as an endless, Gothic dialog* to weaponize the usual middle-class nerds to fight *for* the state in yet-another-cycle-of-violence celebrating and capitalizing on the monomyth. In other words, Team Four Star lost their ironic comedic edge the more they sold out; i.e., blank parody *par excellence*, used to worship Toriyama and push merchandise tied to his brand through their own. It's transactional and dogmatic. So, way to go, guys! You suck!

**One I have written about before, and which we'll talk about more, later in the volume (exhibit 39c2): ["Dragon Ball Super: Broly \(2019\) - Is it Gothic?"](#) (2019).*

Lewis' *The Monk* told in kayfabe theatre. Young, dumb and full-of-cum. Punch the clown, get fool's gold. This is very dumb and has been parodied to death:



"I am perfect! I cannot be defeated!" Cell boasts, reducing class war to a mirror-image inversion of itself; i.e., as a xenomorph that—like Radcliffe's black castle—can be conjured up and defeated with American force. In turn, this can be camped in ways that, while fun—e.g., Mega 64's "[The Cell Saga in 5 Minutes](#)" [above, 2019]—need to do more than just play it for laughs. However funny these guys are, we gotta do them one better: camp the Nazi to reverse the flow of power, not camp the punching of the Nazi simply to make content! Furthermore, this begs introspection through origins of seeming arbitrary cryptomimesis. Mega 64 did what Team Four Star did according to what Toriyama did in response to what John Carpenter did in his own arcade: the two old sages dueling while surrounded by younger strapping men dueling for the honor of women everywhere; i.e., to be married to a good husband, not a bad one [the usual incrementalism, I confess]! Carpenter's duel is kayfabe through two wizard "gamers": one good, one bad, the heel pitching a fit, post-dogfall [a tie]. It's surprisingly apt of rage-quit-style tantrums, nowadays, abiding by the usual mechanisms and positions of power: "You never could beat me, Egg Shen!" It's a duel, mid-trouble-in-paradise.



An "arcadia" is "a place of simple pleasures and quiet," which translates to Christofascist regressions—of the videoludic space as something to colonize by players who police the various territories of performance, paradox and play for the state again. Milton camped Eden; Tolkien canonized it through Middle-earth as a cartographic refrain that translated well to videogames from table-top versions of the same monomyths; per Cameron, this became a military optimism whose shooter's refrain translated to profit across venues, from the box office to the arcade hall and into American family households; for videogames like Nintendo, such products became a slice of heaven to brand, then reward good little workers who uphold the status quo through the profit motive: as something to endorse and extend through videogames as the continuation of neoliberal dogma out of older media forms [cinema] into newer ones [videogames].

As I said in Volume Two, part one:

Neoliberalism and home entertainment didn't really exist until the early 70s (with Atari's 1972 release for Pong happening on the cusp of the 1973 Oil Crash, and Tolkien—the author of the fantasy cartographic refrain, as I call it—died in 1973, while the subsequent tabletop games of the 1970s would go onto to influence the game developers of the next decade, and the next, and the next...). Regarding videogames as a neoliberal form of dogma, from the early 80s to the end of the Cold War and beyond, you went from public entertainment devices (arcades) that had a bunch of mostly young male clients cycling through them like a pimped-out sex worker... to the 1983 Atari Crash and subsequent 1985 smash-hit success of Nintendo's Super Mario Bros. encouraging the widespread sale of videogames in the Gothic's usual haunt: among the middle class. Except this time, the elite wanted in through ways that didn't exist during the Neo-Gothic revival: televisions as personal

property that could funnel in their burgeoning ideology through the disguise of (expensive and highly recursive) games.

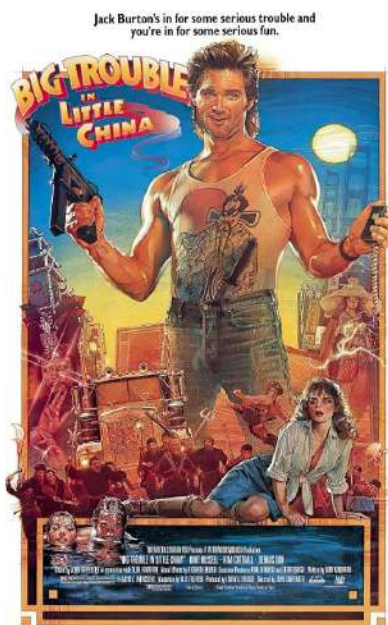
From the early days of Space Invaders (1978), Pac-Man (1980) or Donkey Kong (1981) to Mario, then (about seven years—twelve, if you start from 1973 when the elite began their first experiments with neoliberalism in South America), the usual place of neoliberal business and indoctrination transitioned from single arcade machines to larger amounts of money (from quarters to hundreds of dollars) per customer in each household (where there is more money to be had, and seasonally at that); i.e., a Stepford Wife, purchased for paychecks, not pocket change, and ready to implement the business model into the first generation of what would become the New World Order under neoliberal Capitalism: a world of us-versus-them enforced by neoliberal, monomythic copaganda's harmful simulations of Amazonomachia to maintain the status quo at a socio-material level; re: the shadows of a new republic's man-cave walls.

In turn, the American middle class (so called "gamer culture") would gatekeep and safeguard the elite through videogames being an acclimating device to neo-feudal territories to defend in reality (outside of the game world[s] themselves) as capital starts to decay like usual. Meanwhile, the companies making these games have progressively privatized and digitized them to such a degree as to make it easier to pick the pockets of said middle class, leaving them brainwashed, broke and looking for someone to blame—all while being routinely desensitized to us-versus-them violence against a flexible scapegoat refrain; i.e., extending from some combination of open to closed space across numerous themes and genres: from "Mazes to Labyrinths," "Out of Novels and into Cinema and Metroidvania"! Any counterattack should go beyond something to reference from older works into new ones. Mine are considerable, populous and consistently sex-positive, reclaiming the likes of Castlevania and Metroid to say something iconoclastic with them (versus merely compiling them as Parish largely does; i.e., he spends a lot more time compiling all the games that simply exist instead of making thesis statements that apply to multiple games. Sorcha, by comparison, has thesis arguments that are broader but limits them considerably by specializing in one monster and media type. There are pros and cons to either approach, but especially cons insofar as intersectional solidarity goes. You can't afford to be critically vacuous or narrow to achieve conscious unity among workers. All forms and arguments must be accounted for) [[source](#)].)

Canon "fills us in" (so to speak) with codes that repeat for profit as self-destructive; i.e., to workers, but also capital as the ultimate fortress with the ultimate lit fuse: "Take what you can when you can!" When Shakespeare's Macbeth

famously called life "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," he was offering up a disguised critique of Achilles and the "Roman fool," but also a displaced capitalist *refrain* (unto an imaginary "Scotland") that was already beginning to develop through Christopher Columbus formulating the settler-colonial model in small; i.e., one that England, in the 1600s (re: Livia Gershon's "[Britain's Blueprint for Colonialism: Made in Ireland](#)," 2022), would put to practice, followed by the American colonial elite and *their* descendants.

By the time Shakespeare was dead as a doornail, mercantile Capitalism was connected to the Cartesian Revolution as something that gradually evolved into total war through the nation-state of the 1700s and 1800s, followed by fascist imitations of American Manifest Destiny in the 1900s (re: Bad Empanada's "[How the USA Inspired the Nazis - From Manifest Destiny to Lebensraum](#)," 2022) followed by soft-power copaganda after the American elite chose to drop the nuclear bombs on Japan (re: GDF's "[No, We Didn't Need to Nuke Japan](#)," 2023). Forget "filling us up," this is capital "running a train" on our asses! That takes time, work, and careful repetition.



(artist: Drew Struzan)

To this, stories like *DBZ* and *Big Trouble and Little China*—but also their assorted himbo offshoots—exemplify a post-nuclear age, one whose statuesque/*splendide-mendax* neoliberal refrains (videogames) sure *love* big explosions, but also nuclear-grade himbos and herbos. Insofar as the unironic monomyth presently haunts all media forms, all feel and administer the curse of profit through exploitation—of nature-as-monstrous-feminine through unequal, oft-tokenized power fantasies that many people seek (the white Indian, for example). This quest for power imbalance—whatever dominant or submissive form you could think of as something to perform, just to feel in

control again—happens under capital as a historically-materially unequal system. In turn, the unequal power fantasies that occur manifest by virtue of abuse as something to survive and administer in ways that aren't always sex-positive; i.e., by all the usual Amazons and knights, the herbo and himbo meat wizards playing rebel but functioning as cop and dishing out damage the likes of a dying Death Star spread out liberally over its usual targets: the colonial territories and their theatrical, romanticized offshoots. It's a (video)ludic contract, the ping-pong oscillation aptly suggested by 1972's *Pong* felt moving among updated neoliberal forms promising the same bogus gold at the end of the proverbial rainbow: "One

Ring to rule them all!" From speedrunning videogames, to intended gameplay forms, to anime weeps and *otaku* then and now, the form and interaction with state power is determined by where power flows; i.e., as canonical or iconoclastic, thus sex-positive/liberatory or sex-coercive/carceral *ipso facto*, by virtue of what future interpretations (and *cryptomimetic* exchanges) result. On and on it goes, like the One Ring passed from one patsy to the next.

Per Sarkeesian, canonical texts *can* be enjoyed, but critiqued in ways that, per Fisher, expose Capitalist Realism; per me, this happens through ludo-Gothic BDSM: what we create and leave behind based on older imperfect texts being used to give *us* a leg-up against weird canonical nerds (and the elite) *now*—i.e., as fascism waiting not to happen, but *already having happened* and waiting to *strike* from behind gentler, "benevolent" veneers/gobstopper masks. For every outwardly hostile fuck, you have masked dickheads like Karl Jobst, Caleb Hart, and Ian Kochinski, etc, who think they can outrun their bigoted past and pass themselves off as "good wizards"; in turn, for every an-Com Medusa like me, you have "progressive"/white moderates like Natalie Wynn who, frankly, are only a jump, hop and a skip away from being exactly like Mark Hamill. This is in *appearance*, mind you; functionally all of these fuckers are the same! From lowly stooge to all-powerful billionaire, they're entitled fucks invoking smidges of privilege/charity theatrics to make the lie of capital/American Liberalism work. Conservatism 101; neoconservatism 101. As we'll see, this applies to Amazons as yet-another-tightrope to walk!

With *that* being said, let's examine the himbo's flip-side: herbos.



([source](#))

The monomyth and Heracles are as old as Western civilization, as are their female counterparts for or against the state; e.g., Wonder Woman as walking the bondage-to-cop tightrope in ways that skirt the boundaries of canon and camp, of such a character as ever fitting successfully into a heteronormative scheme despite wearing the American colors. As Jesse Kinos-Goodin writes in "From a Sex Cult to the UN" (2017):

There are a lot of mixed feelings around Wonder Woman, mainly due to this feminist figure/male sexual fantasy dichotomy that has followed the character since her inception in 1941. This complexity has a lot to do with the character's creator, psychologist William Marston, a self-described feminist who also lived in a polyamorous relationship with at least two

women, his wife Elizabeth Holloway and Olive Byrne, who both bore children by him. Byrne was a direct inspiration for Wonder Woman's physical appearance. Another woman, Marjorie W. Huntley, was also in a romantic relationship with the Marstons, and even helped with the inking and lettering of the Wonder Woman comics in the 1940s ([source](#)).

Like all Amazons, Wonder Woman is pinned between her dutiful place in a man's world, the symbol of rebellion likewise defined through her body and gender identity/performance as "like a (straight) man's" or not. The same problem extends to queer men and any other monstrous-feminine, of course, and frankly to *any* soldier period (e.g., Jubei from *Ninja Scroll* [1993] as upholding a dogmatic function or an iconoclastic one): to serve the state or serve workers (refer to Volume One for more on *that* character).

Wonder Woman works within an Amazonian pastiche that camps Superman's iconography in ways that Marston imagined would replace men as the rulers of the world, but also remained haunted by *Pax Americana* and the myth of the good war. It's the so-called Superman or Captain America problem²⁸², which as we'll see with

²⁸² Captain America initially created the myth of the good war, writes R. Joseph Parrott in "Captain America: Changing [the] Conscience of a Nation" (2015):

In March 1941, the United States remained neutral while World War II raged in Europe and Asia, but the country was inching toward war. Newspapers announced policies to support the Allies like the Lend-Lease Act, even as isolationist sentiment earned space in opinion pages. Yet next to the adult fare at the newsstands was something far less ambiguous: a four-color spectacle featuring a red, white, and blue clad figure holding a shield in one hand and using the other to punch Adolf Hitler square in the jaw.

[...After Korea, Stan] Lee rejected the simplistic, perfect heroes that typified previous comics in favor of fantastical soap operas grounded in very human emotions, where heroes bickered and faced personal crises, punctuated by kinetic fights choreographed by Kirby. [...] From his origins in World War II, Captain America waded into national debates with sometimes blunt force. Since the 1960s, his stories have reflected complex ideas about patriotism, recognizing national flaws while clinging stubbornly to an inherent, even exceptional belief in the United States ([source](#)).

And there it is—an attempt to balance the argument with give-and-take amid a universal tendency to capitalize on American exceptionalism. Stan Lee wasn't above it, and nowadays anyone who unironically brandishes the red-white-and-blue is, on some level, relying on its immediate symbolism as something to a) immediately recognize as a brand, and try to whitewash (versus Troma films indicating its perfidiousness through the neoliberal presence of toxic waste).

The idea of the superhero is canonically to revive someone sexy *and* statuesque, but also quaintly *ace* to literally stand and fight for the image of war as good in defense of the nation-state model—an idea that Howard Zinn (a bomber pilot in WW2) would lament regarding *Saving Private Ryan* (1998):

I watched *Private Ryan's* extraordinarily photographed battle scenes, and I was thoroughly taken in. But when the movie was over, I realized that it was exactly that—I had been taken in. And I disliked the film intensely. I was angry at it because I did not want the suffering of men in war to be used—yes, exploited—in such a way as to revive what should be buried along with all those bodies in Arlington Cemetery: the glory of military heroism.

All that bloodshed, all that pain, all those torn limbs and exposed intestines will not deter a brave people from going to war. They just need to believe that the cause is just. They

Wonder Woman and similar post-WW2 offshoots like Ayla and Savage Land Rogue, has a female equivalent to the usual male forms of violence against nature as monstrous-feminine: punch, stab and shoot, but also gag and tie up while shielding yourself from rebellious damage. Wonder Woman enacts multiples of these; i.e., wields a sword, a lasso, and her good-ol'-fashioned fists. Violence is sex for her in ways that yield that the same-old double standards against woman-as-monstrous-feminine: the weirdest boner a rape fantasy that's oddly pleasurable, aka death by Snu-Snu; i.e., "She can 'rape' me anytime!"



(artist: [Dandonfuga](#))

need to be told: It is a war to end all wars (Woodrow Wilson), or we need to stop Communism (Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon), or aggression must not go unpunished (Bush), or international terrorists have declared war on us (Clinton).

In *Saving Private Ryan*, there is never any doubt that the cause is just. This is the good war. There is no need to say the words explicitly. The heartrending crosses in Arlington National Cemetery get the message across, loud and clear. And a benign General Marshall, front and back of the movie, quotes Abraham Lincoln's words of solace to a mother who has lost five sons in the Civil War. The audience is left with no choice but to conclude that this one—while it causes sorrow to a million mothers—is in a good cause.

Yes, getting rid of fascism was a good cause. But does that unquestionably make it a good war? The war corrupted us, did it not? The hate it engendered was not confined to Nazis. / We put Japanese families in concentration camps.

We killed huge numbers of innocent people—the word "atrocious" fits—in our bombings of Dresden, Hamburg, Tokyo, and finally Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

And when the war ended, we and our Allies began preparing for another war, this time with nuclear weapons, which, if used, would make Hitler's Holocaust look puny.

We can argue endlessly over whether there was an alternative in the short run, whether fascism could have been resisted without fifty million dead. But the long-term effect of World War II on our thinking was pernicious and deep. It made war—so thoroughly discredited by the senseless slaughter of World War I—noble once again. It enabled political leaders—whatever miserable adventure they would take us into, whatever mayhem they would wreak on other people (two million dead in Korea, at least that many in Southeast Asia, hundreds of thousands in Iraq) and on our own—to invoke World War II as a model ([source](#): "Private Ryan Saves War," 1998).

In similar fashion, superheroes classically make war criticism blind and sexy—i.e., in ways that engender the policing of such venues: gargoyles that spring to life and attack labor as historically sex-positive, thus anti-war *and* anti-Nazi, which Capitalism is not. Such defenders of the state are always monsters and martyrs *for* the state, some (especially female and other token varieties) being more expendable than others, but also prone to regress to fascist forms (re: second wave feminism, TERFs).

To be clear, there's nothing wrong with rape fantasies *provided* they're sex-positive. Except, those written to serve the profit motive are sex-coercive on principle. Such characters *can* be penned by immigrants or rebels, but they have generally been bought out (e.g., the original authors for Batman, Superman, or Ghost Rider) or otherwise revived to be recuperated by the state in a neoconservative, "peace through strength" way that valorizes the state; e.g., Gal Gadot serving in the IDF (the Israeli Defense Force) and playing Wonder Woman as a good-ol'-fashioned "punch the Nazi" romp that regresses to older problems that *exclude* marginalized groups to then brutalize them at home and abroad: white savior syndrome, aka white people/boomer disease. It affects *Mad Max* even at its most progressive, but also *Star Wars* and superheroes/the monomyth at large.

Any superhero risks becoming a weapon for the state; i.e., something that sells sex and force and can be sold to children; e.g., sex and force as often overlapping and having animalistic forms: the caveman or cavegirl in animal furs, the primal herbo/himbo who will bonk you—over the head with a club! The same baton-like quality translates to a Greek hauntology that lends itself well to American pinup Imperialism eroticizing the sword while simultaneously making it chaste, "non-lethal" fisticuffs.

Like punk, feminism decays; e.g., from Mary Wollstonecraft's "hyena in a petticoat" to American, hawkish feminists championing Capitalism as something whose hegemony wasn't as globally established in Mary Shelley's day. Wonder Woman is a defender of Omelas—a civilized cavewoman/noble savage descended from when "'the West' was great." Similar neoconservative echoes beget through the likes of Master Chief, Doomguy and Samus Aran (who all echoed Ellen Ripley as a female Rambo galvanized by James Cameron huffing on Heinlein's hog in stories like *Aliens*, but also the screenplay he wrote for *Rambo: First Blood part two*, 1985):



(artist: [LeanFoo](#))

I can't lie; my iconoclastic work has always centered around Amazons²⁸³/monstrous-feminine of a particular female kind: the kind I've wanted to be and fuck as informed by such statues placed all around me since birth. As such, I've written about superheroes (male and female) post-grad starting with *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes* as a discontinued book (the only chapter being "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*](#)," 2021) that eventually became *Sex Positivity* in earnest: critiquing the monomyth and monstrous-feminine as my PhD's primary focus.

Of course, male monstrous-feminine are really not so different from female monstrous-feminine, suffering from various double standards through intersecting axes of privilege and oppression: of service in chains to an Atlas-grade body whose muscles are turned into state dogma and weapons. But my own interests remain very much someone wedded sexually and asexually to these bonafide mommy doms being something I had to learn to divide from biological sex when making my own gender trouble. "With such a confederacy against her—with a knowledge so intimate of his goodness—with a conviction of his fond attachment to herself, which at last, though long after it was observable to everybody else—burst on her—what could she do?" [writes Jane Austen](#)²⁸⁴ regarding Marianne Dashwood as forced when all's said and done to marry Colonel Brandon.

Simply put, there's *always* been an element of calculated risk and BDSM to the Amazon—doubly so under *Pax Americana* and *Britannica*. What's a girl to do? Does she submit, or disobey her ostensible overlords and their psychosexual marital schemes?

All of this doubles and redoubles in pastiche that is, to some degree, blind or perceptive regarding these meta wars taking place. Like any woman/monstrous-feminine, Wonder Woman has *always* been the virgin and the whore, the slut and the maiden we can *reclaim* from older forms in recent conversations. She becomes something to canonize and camp, but also write editorials about, about, about. Humanization cannot occur without confronting the objectification that monstrous-feminine play at; i.e., through calculated risk as a liminal sphere that butts up against unironic forms that view sex work as "universal enslavement"; e.g., James Cameron's second wave feminism bleeding into not just his own maternal, sexless Amazons (of which he married and divorced Linda Hamilton²⁸⁵) but also his

²⁸³ E.g., "[What an Amazon Is, Standing in Athena's Shadow](#)" (2017).

²⁸⁴ From Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* (1811).

²⁸⁵ Noah Berlatsky writes,

Wonder Woman is a feminist icon. She's also a sex symbol. She's a wish-fulfillment power fantasy *and* a sexual fantasy, which is part of why she's had such lasting appeal to fans all over the gender spectrum. But her sex appeal has been a consistent cause of consternation for critics, fans, and casual passersby since her earliest days as a comic-book character.

Pygmalion's opinions on other Amazons and how they *should* appear according to him:



(source: Noah Berlatsky's "[James Cameron's Comments on Wonder Woman Completely Ignore Her History of Sex Appeal](#)," 2017)

Escape from state chains is generally an ironic performance while reclaiming them in performances that highlight state abuse. Except, this takes nuance and Cameron's a boomer who suffers the same problem as Akira Toriyama, George Lucas, John Carpenter or George Miller regarding the Amazon; i.e., as something to

Director James Cameron is the latest commenter to claim there's a contradiction there, that feminism and sexiness are somehow at odds. In a furor-raising recent interview at the [Guardian](#), he said that in Patty Jenkins' new *Wonder Woman* film, the character is "just an objectified icon, and it's just male Hollywood doing the same old thing!" He claimed it was a "step backwards" from his own *Terminator* franchise, starring Linda Hamilton, who he described as "not a beauty icon" [ouch]. That's an odd thing to say. Hamilton's Sarah Connor is a wonderful, powerful character, but she certainly didn't challenge Hollywood standards of attractiveness.

Marston meant for his *Wonder Woman* to be sexually appealing to men and women. / Cameron's evaluation of his own work is questionable. But he at least has a glimmer of a point about *Wonder Woman*. It's just an old point that's been made over and over for decades, largely by people with no sense of the character's history. William Marston, her creator, believed that female sexual oomph could lead both men and women to matriarchal utopia. His version of *Wonder Woman* was meant to be [sexually provocative, educational, and appealing to men and women alike](#). Marston lived with two bisexual women in a polyamorous relationship, so he was always very aware of *Wonder Woman*'s potential lesbian audience. He was also aware of how female sexuality could be empowering, not just objectifying.

Per my arguments, paradox is a performance regarding power as a theatrical, playful means; i.e., to interrogate itself and generational trauma through ludo-Gothic BDSM. Sex appeal is very much a part of this, as is rape play in asexual (artistic) forms.

commodify similar to the Indigenous person: marketing "struggle" as war allegory that commonly cleans out all but the white folk versus a given imaginary Railroad company (with *The Terminator* having one black side character) or forces an Indigenous group to be the shooting gallery target (*Aliens*) or be led by a former-cop white boy (*Avatar*). Cameron has white people disease real, real bad! There's plenty to critique about Wonder Woman but he can't get past the first hurdle!

Seriously, we've barely scratched the *surface* of just my own corpus. I've written about Amazons and BDSM a lot; e.g., from Volume Zero (for more, use Ctrl+F):

There's also assimilation fantasy vs legitimate rebellion through *Amazonomachia*/Amazon pastiche as symbolic of class struggle through subjugated/subversive doubles: the war mask, uniform, weapon and weapon-like, athletic (or at least capable/"built") body as performances that, far from canceling each other out per the centrist axiom, continue in opposition for or against the state as something to wrestle out from under its iron thumb. Because the state historically personifies itself through hauntological bodies that express war, lies, death and rape in unironically fetishized forms that simultaneously perform all of the above, these variants exist to victimize the ironic monstrous-feminine during oppositional praxis. Simply put, a state fetish is a coercive device, one that frames iconoclasm not simply as "incorrect," but jailed then abused for its sex-positive, thus anticapitalist heresy during "prison sex"/Man Box rituals. Said rituals are often performed by assimilated members of a given minority ([source](#)).

and from Volume One:

Some heroes are villainous; all are monstrous. Superheroes, like animals, are trapped between two worlds: the foreign and the domestic, the wild and the tame, but also the ancient and uncolonized versus civilization as a colonial ordeal. To that, their animal considerations stem from the ancient world as something to revive in the present under Capitalism, then hide these secret identities under acceptable-albeit-conspicuous personas; to that, superheroes—like the naked wrestlers of Antiquity—supply the performer with animal qualities during kayfabe theatre as a popular-if-disposable commodity [straw dogs] that includes wearing masks and other performative devices: their statuesque bodies. Some of these animals are so-called "good animals"; others are feared and stigmatized for their inhuman strength, speed or reflexes; e.g., Spiderman ([source](#)).

Male or not, why are these buff, wizard swordspeople's kayfabe/staged wrestling duels (and their pedagogies of the oppressor) so popular/able to buoy the careers of so many sell-outs and blind satirists?

Why, indeed! Beyond my older books, we can look backward from Mega 64 and Team Four Star to *DBZ* to *Big Trouble in Little China* to see a shared patriarchal, military-optimist pattern exchanged across oceans, from East to West under a post-WW2 neoliberal hegemon: from cinema, heavy metal, cartoons and videogames (with Toriyama in particular expressed in movies, comics and adaptations of his manga/anime, but also videogames where he became art director like *Dragon Warrior* [1987] and *Chrono Trigger*) all communicating the *unironic* monomyth; i.e., as something to revive the blind legacy of and have faith towards in defense of capital through itself: an endless exchange of content, making more content, leading to profit, uncritical consumption, creation, external genocide, ever onwards. Per the Shadow of Pygmalion, it's something to regurgitate as blank pastiche—the myth of the good war as obvious, *a priori*. Except it's really not; it's simply *enforced*.

As Gothic Communists, we very much need to inhabit the same mode as something to make perceptive inside of itself, exported to all registers and media forms; i.e., as a parallel trend that challenges capital's profit motive and fetishes/clichés of sex and force, of dueling Herculean wizards and damsels to be rescued, demons to rape, etc, through easy-to-digest interpretations: media whose pro-Communist trend avoids the pitfalls of capital and leads workers away from such a praxial quagmire towards development using Gothic poetics; i.e., camping the canon to formulate a pedagogy of the oppressed: "making things political, gay" or whatever else the usual defenders of capital will accuse us of doing. We must be what they fear most—not merely a joke they will turn into a videogame boss to punch, but something they can *never* kill. Indeed, they cannot—must instead try to enslave the monstrous-feminine as needed for them to profit. This is where our revolutionary cryptonymy's masks, costumes, bare bodies and virtuosity comes into play. Some people (e.g., Hannah-Freya Blake) [bake literal cakes and write books about it](#)²⁸⁶; others, like Nacoco Music, jam out with their clams out. So long as it reliably yields to a challenging of the profit motive while subsisting within capital, then go to town, queens!

²⁸⁶ Re: *Cake Craft* (2024).



(artist: [Nacoco Music](#))

In turn, Gothic Communism will face capital's proponents as such and make them lose all will to fight—by humanizing Medusa and exposing capital for what *it* is: a killing field to acclimate the usual benefactors (and tokens) of capital to defend its Imperial Core/monomythic profit motive *ad infinitum*. We *must* introduce an element of nausea towards that, making them prefer what *we* offer up, instead: *our* "cake" as something to eat and learn from through mutual consent as illustrated. This happens not once, but over and over and over...

Amazons, like all superheroes, are like time capsules that get up and move around, but also represent a chance to roleplay and experiment with symbols of power that mean different things depending on whose using or consuming them. Canon frames them as a line to toe (with limited wiggle room); iconoclasm allows for possible worlds known to potboilers the likes of Phillip K. Dick's *The Man in the High Castle* (1962): the Nazi as a time traveler connected to possible futures, not unlike Cameron's alternate timelines haunted by spectres of state violence that, for the Global South (and non-white people), are a regular occurrence. There is also the spectre of Marx, albeit as something routinely bullied by the spectre of "Rome" reifying through offshoots of either Numinous.

In a similar fashion, then, the likes of Superman or Wonder Woman (and a million other statues to play with like dolls or wear like costumes/masks) become a fantasy we can chose to wear or have forced on us—like the Nazi uniform as skin-tight all on its own, a cartoon of superhuman torture and rape not unlike evil versions of our male and female monstrous-feminine; i.e., our himbos and herbos as guilty pleasures, wish fulfillment, pleasure principles and stress relief, but also

domination fantasies of the *Pax Americana* sort: copied by Nazi Germany's own palingenesis, not the other way around (the American establishment pioneered settler-colonialism as the Nazis tried it: the war of motion as a gas-powered bio-mechanical spearhead thrust into the heart of the Bolshevik nucleus).

Such roleplay and fantasy is canonically prescribed by nation-states. This travels on the human body as encased in a tomb-like uniform draped in the flag as limited to various color schemes (often white, black, and primary colors) evolved out of medieval war standards and heraldic schemes into modern day knights; i.e., as larger-than-life political statements doubled by superheroes. Both remain emblematic of each other in a copaganda campaign haunted by its own past, of past, of past; i.e., the goody-goody as always ready to turn heel, his or her various codifiers challenged by the presence of the fascist ghost on "nobler" semblances (fetish gear having a "mil spec" quality to it evolving out of WW2 to the 1970s onward, into comic books and other pulp fictions): PKD's potboilers adopted nowadays to speak to the same fascist loop *Pax Americana* always yields. We're trapped in a never-ending cycle that blends the usual BDSM mil spec together on



the usual
bodies:

Observe,
then, a
nebulous, back-
and-forth quality
to the imagery
of the surface;
i.e., the body
points to the
genitals as
implied, and
vice versa, as

clothed or naked to varying degrees and context. It's Frankensteinian, with built bodies that—through a Gothic, monstrous-feminine lens—yield postcolonial critiques amid paradoxes with undead potential.

To that, big muscles equal strength and virtue as subjective, but classically are gendered in ways that uphold differently now in a dialogic of the superhero as a given *kind* of alien; i.e., a traveling castle-like body whose fortress is very poetic, but also built on preference for different codes of regression and subversion; e.g., "buns of steel," washboard abs, and Wonder Woman's physique perpetually frozen in the 1940s starlet, wearing the American-flag corset; i.e., "Old Glory" maintaining that hourglass figure (and optional '40s hairdo) for the Man (or then-closeted lesbian) to guiltily enjoy (craving the whore-like quality that such an Amazon portends relative to a model virgin-esque housewife).

Such an aesthetic is the usual military pinup sort: the sex cop fighting the good fight for the usual presidents and all their horny men. Though functionally "undead," Wonder Woman doesn't *look* like a traditional zombie or Creature, then; she looks outwardly comely—soft, but hard as steel. Like all American™ superheroes, she remains haunted by the spectre of fascism as having double standards that complicate the proceedings: the Amazon as anathema to Nazi Germany but also, just as often, fascist parts of *America* that try to cram Wonder Woman into the wedding dress her character would have fought tooth-and-nail against. It's a bodice whose comic-book-style violence "cauterizes" the wounds of any victim of colonial force, similar to Luke Skywalker's lightsaber (the 1977 original did *not* disguise the blood of the disarmed bar thug, I admit; but *that* movie was more rebellious than its kid-friendly sequels would become: cops and victims, the latter trapped between dueling Jedi and Sith).

Wonder Woman is something of a "gentle" dom, then. She draws no blood, but whose BDSM chassis is—like the Terminator's—"fully armored, very tough," covered in the usual disguises that a) not only liken her to past heroes, but b) make her appear human and welcoming to the next generation of soldiers for the



state! "Grown for the cyborgs," she'll tie you up *and* fuck your brains out!

(Kotaku's "[Make Wonder Woman Buffer! | MultiVersus](#)," 2023)

At least, that's the canonical promise, right? The bodice and briefs

are something of a compromise—to please "the boys" of a bygone Americana drooling over a fascist, oxidized Statue of Liberty given a fresh coat of paint. Like the ageless vampire, though, it becomes unable to change—just frozen in time, feeding off the Oedipal fantasy as a roleplay that can transfer power and information in either direction depending on *how* one performs it. "Mods" like the one above recuperate the "thicc Amazon" to serve a Male Gaze, but can also appeal to girls (and GNC people) who want to feel strong as an aesthetic that isn't strictly canonical; like makeup or clothing, props or jewelry, they can serve different performances that identify around struggle or police violence (which DARVO obscures). In turn, the sword can be "just for show" (a prop weapon) that symbolizes state force, or a reversal of the same cryptonym doubling as

revolutionary praxis profaning the American flag: a theft of legitimacy regarding the sword as a theatrical device (re: Weber).

As usual, consent and context illustrate the difference, but this takes dialectical-material scrutiny as not normally taught through canonical stories. But said stores don't monopolize Wonder Woman any more than Marston did. It can be fun to camp the Nazi-in-disguise (the American hauntological cop), but also fuck someone you know *could* crush your puny head between her thighs (a closeness to power) but won't because you're just that special (aw, shucks)! I don't even *like* Wonder Woman's look, per se, but the concept is not without its appeal (fucking what I want to be, but also what I want to *change*: taming a symbol of American Imperialism²⁸⁷ to become a Commie Amazon camping Old Glory): fucking an alien who's crossing boundaries and fornicating with the enemy to find common ground by misbehaving. What's not to love about that?



(artist: [Zirael Rem](#))

All of this is rather dated and fresh—a superhero hauntology that extends from color to size to elasticity to genitals (sticks and holes). All synonymize per sex and force through the body language of war as a literal/figurative uniform—back and forth in that respect, but also as a regression towards/progression away from

²⁸⁷ As an an-Com, I don't really think we should focus on rescuing American symbolism from its own hypocrisy, but there *is* something fun about the fantasy—not unlike fucking the cop, but more exotic, otherworldly. Furthermore, the fantasy of "changing the conqueror," while seldom practical, is often fun! And *because* it's imperial, we're not slumming but fraternizing with the enemy as something to subvert and send over to *our* side—the symbol as well as the people(s) involved! The way to Communism, I've discovered, is often through sex and BDSM.

fascist violence as forever out-of-focus (similar to *Far Cry's* 2004 Valerie Constantine, next page, aping so many older femme fatales): the rape castle (or some-such resort for bloodshed made into a herbo/himbo power trip) and its bondage, murder and disempowerment perpetually informed by *preference* as acquired/congenital; i.e., accident of birth and nature/nurture; e.g., Marvel's '90s male pinup series being published featuring two high-profile gay characters Northstar and Hector subverting a straight male readership's expectations (over time, comics becoming more expensive and bigoted):



(artist: [Jan Duursema](#))

Despite being a Gothic expert of *Metroidvania* and Amazons, I like herbos and vaginas, and tend to be far pickier with male bodies than female ones, enjoying femme male cuties (e.g., femboys) of a very narrow sort (the opposite of my father) and all manner of female monstrous-feminine. I have an ace attachment to male himbos (many people do) but a sexual, imitative one to female herbos. In turn, it's certainly guided my research, but I still try to be holistic and make thesis arguments that are intersectionality productive and encouraging of solidarity against capital and tokenism. Enjoy these settler-colonial sex/rape fantasies, but only so you can critique them and their real-world counterparts:



In other words, *any* power fantasy can be reversed (switched, in BDSM parlance). Capitalism, to that, often swaps genders but does so while tokenizing the fetish topping the male/tokenized audience, mid-Orientalism. We need to do better than that, exploring the same old tombs being raided to interrogate them and the avatar alike as fascinatingly fascist: to interrogate the ghost of the counterfeit where it and its usual rape fantasies can be found, albeit in ways that rescue BDSM from its dated American origins, post-WW2. It's a good idea to do so, if only because we might surprise ourselves when fashioning ludo-Gothic BDSM beyond De Sade, Sontag or Creed, but also the CIA; e.g., what I learned while writing this piece—that I actually *like* the idea of Wonder Woman as a sex-positive icon; i.e., one whose many sex-coercive functions I can pick up on through roleplay as praxial. Simply put, it caters to my favorite BDSM theatrical role (the mommy dom) and body part (the booty) while leading me down some fun new rabbit holes.

What's that, Heather Hogan, "Wonder Woman's Star-Spangled Butt Has Always Been a Canvas for Feminist Hope and Male Misogyny" (2020)? Say more, queen!

How'd that bank robber feel when she slid along the floor in front of a group of hostages and pinged away all his bullets with her golden cuffs? Can't say, but I know what her ass looked like right after. How did she feel when she was fighting a grizzled Bruce Wayne about assembling a league of superheroes? Not sure, but I know how her ass looked when she was arguing with him. How'd her strut compare to Batman's, fully suited up? Don't know, but I sure did see her ass while Batman was skulking away from the camera. In fact, nearly every time Diana of Themyscira, daughter of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons and Zeus, the mightiest of the Gods of Olympus, entered a scene, she did so ass first, and the camera lingered and leered as it brought the men in the frame into focus.

Snyder and Whedon are not, of course, the first men to use Wonder Woman's body—and especially her butt—as a blank page onto which they could project their feelings about Wonder Woman, specifically, and women, generally. Wonder Woman was conceived as an avatar. Tired of the "blood-curdling masculinity" of Golden Age Comics and endless real life wars waged by leaders of the Western world, William Moulton Marston designed Wonder Woman, in 1941, as his feminine standard bearer who would usher in matriarchal rule in the United States. He believed men needed to submit to women's "loving authority," in all ways, including sexually, which is why Wonder Woman's weapon of choice is a Golden Lasso that she used during Marston's days to tie up her enemies and friends almost constantly. [...] Marston told anyone who would listen that his Wonder Woman represented all women, who could use the "charm, allure, oomph, and attraction" of their bodies to make men submit to them. Marston was a huge fan of bondage, and while his Wonder Woman embodied a lot of still progressive feminist ideals, there's really no way to look at his comics without acknowledging that they are, in part, real-life bondage evangelism ([source](#)).



(*ibid.*)

Except, Hogan, there's nothing wrong with preaching BDSM *provided* you can steer away from its cliché, harmful past! More than that, such dated forms don't change the fact that ancient-to-medieval poetics, especially *warrior* poetics, believed that power was stored in different parts of the body that had a weapon-like function: the penis (the sword) or the vagina (the net), to be sure, or the head/mind (the crown), but also the *ass* as a warrior's *seat* of power. And they would coalesce into other organs (the eyes, heart, etc) as connected to martial extensions of power like the sword or lasso as classically gendered: "phallic" and "vaginal." Amatonormativity prescribes marrying off the rebel-as-war-bride; i.e., there always being something weapon-like about the monstrous-feminine, "nature" extending from female biology to gender performances that both challenge and operate under patriarchal force into capital building on said force; i.e., as something for us to subvert, thus challenge, the nuclear family structure as laden with war brides and their booties crammed into an American war chest far more recent than Ancient Athens, but regressing towards such a hauntology ("Athens" in quotes) to prescribe future war and rape fantasies with.

Seriously, there's so much stuff to play around with, and Marston really broke the mold; i.e., in ways that yielded a productive power fantasy that could travel outside the bedroom (Foucault would approve) yet still yield subversive forms of play that would endlessly and productively subvert dogmatic thinking through a familiar face with a foreign function: speculative thought chosen in ways that go beyond mere "evangelicalism" into informed choices centered around sex-positivity as transgenerational roleplay—e.g., Sandy Norton and I, my own work

informed by their 1994 polemic of Perkin ([source](#): "The Imperialism of Theory: A Response to J. Russell Perkin").



(artist: unknown)

Ironic or not, there always exist some stand-by arguments to default to. Even just among straight white people, a strong woman is so much more interesting than a strong man because she actually has to overcome adversity as the monstrous sex object men seek to take, objectify and dominate in harmful variations of *Amazonomachia*—a rich cultural heritage dating back thousands of years. For me, this is both a passing of the torch and opportunity to self-reflect—to learn from the past to synthesize

good praxis in the present; i.e., in ways where I suddenly *want* to include Wonder Woman more than I did in the past. A status, sex and authority symbol, but also a bottom-heavy warrior and statuesque, classic feminist icon that yields myriad GNC potential to challenge modern-day impostors weaponizing the same aesthetic? In short, ol' Diana grew on me. This extends to superheroes (male, female, or otherwise) as something to camp in dated, nigh-Freudian ways.

For example, while Kevin Smith points out (with Stan Lee's help²⁸⁸) that sex organs are so often the topic of conversation, they generally are eclipsed by the body as statuesque/plastic: hard as stone or as soft and pliable as rubber, and often hugged in form-fitting briefs (echoes of Eugene Sandow's imaginary antiquity and various strongwomen from the same period in time; e.g., Sandwina²⁸⁹ as a

²⁸⁸ From *Mallrats* (1995): "He seems to have an obsession with superhero sex organs..." / "He'll grow out of it!"

²⁸⁹ A famous strongwoman from the late 1800s I have written about before. From Volume One:

Collared by the state, the "queen bitch" is a war boss who ultimately fetishizes the state's will, including its historical-material effects: the ubiquitous celebration and female personification of statuesque war, death, lies and rape in a fascinating but ultimately "lesser" form: a lady cop, gladiator and/or reaper in tokenized spaces.

circus attraction for much the same reasons [raw, brutal strength] married to female double standards trying to get by in a male-dominated America).

In turn, any hero is a monster (as I write), but any hero that deviates from the white, cis-het, Christian male is monstrous-*feminine*; i.e., as something for the war machine to enslave and assimilate per the Amazon as male or female



[[source](#)]

This appropriation took time, starting with a literal circus persona that fixated on the strongwoman as a dated curios tied to an imaginary past not ruled by men; e.g., late- 1800s strongwoman Katie Brumbach.

Similar to rockstars, pornstars and various other "stage bunnies" of the 20th/21st centuries, she had a stage name: Sandwina, but also "Lady Hercules." People tend to forget that heroes are monsters. Hercules was a monster that Sandwina combined with the woman as a classical monster type: the monstrous-feminine by virtue of having manly strength and female attributes. Her naturally strong female body dwarfed the men around her [thus threatening the heteronormative order and literally personifying the suffragette movement]. As such, people like Sandwina were regarded in their time as oddities but also potential threats; or, as Betsy Golden Kellem writes in "The 'Trapeze Disrobing Act'" (2022):

for a long time, unusually strong women were regarded as aberrant curiosities, described with wonder in the same breath as bearded ladies and living skeletons." They were literally circus acts—magnetic ones that, Kellem continues, "not only destabilized the white-male basis of physical culture, it challenged popular ideas about female ability, all while showing a discomfiting amount of skin and startling muscle mass ([source](#)).

Meanwhile, the likes of Eugen Sandow [future icon of the Mr. Olympia organization] would represent an "imaginary antiquity" that suspiciously came with the statuesque, rippling muscles of a patriarchal hauntological past—a historically sexist tradition carried forward by "Pygmalions" like Conan author, Robert E. Howard, and famous Conan illustrator, Frank Frazetta.

(excluding intersex, of course) in service to the war machine and profit as its hauntologies/cryptonymies currently exist: the thing from another time, the secret identity that shows by hiding itself in plain sight; i.e., an iconic disguise doubling as a political statement marrying sex and force in oft-naked, androgynous forms: the open-secret identity and alter ego.



Himbos and herbos, like their gentler damsel-esque sacrifices, often reduce to centrist caricatures orbiting around home-defense/assimilation-fantasy action through sex and force tied to war personified; but as Lee, Marston or Smith demonstrate, there's plenty of room for medieval (sometimes crude) nuance that, while historically limited to men, clearly has extended canonically and iconoclastically to performers regardless of sex and gender. In short, there's certainly a heteronormative standard, and a gradient of normalizations and deviations that respectively work for or against said standard; but they all use the same basic ideas and tropes, fetishes and clichés. Not even something as wacky as *Doom Patrol* (1989) really "reinvents" the wheel (not to be confused with Gregg Araki's excellent-if-sobering twink-murder-odyssey, *The Doom Generation*, above 1995—Zeuhl loved their twink murder); it just camps it²⁹⁰.

²⁹⁰ From Noah Berlatsky's "Grant Morrison's *Doom Patrol*: The Craziest Superhero Story Ever Told" (2014):

The journey from disjunction to order is only emphasized by the fact that the heroes are themselves often outsiders in some way. Superman is an immigrant; Batman has a traumatic childhood backstory; the X-Men are policed and persecuted mutants. Yet despite the fact that they are underdogs, the heroes nonetheless fight for the mainstream authorities. Thus



(source: [Creepy](#))

Through the body language of the statuesque power dynamic, sex is frequently a joke that—whether on purpose or not—seldom measures up and historically-materially translates to statues and statuesque bodies as standing for different things and being camped by nature and those with nature versus anything against either of those things. Except the state cannot corrupt if it doesn't exist, but this is a long, slow process—one that camps the monstrous-feminine *regardless* of its biological sex ([with big showy genitals, as Flashgitz shows us, classically not even being the point](#)); i.e., the classic problem of gender parody in *Amazonomachia* regarding

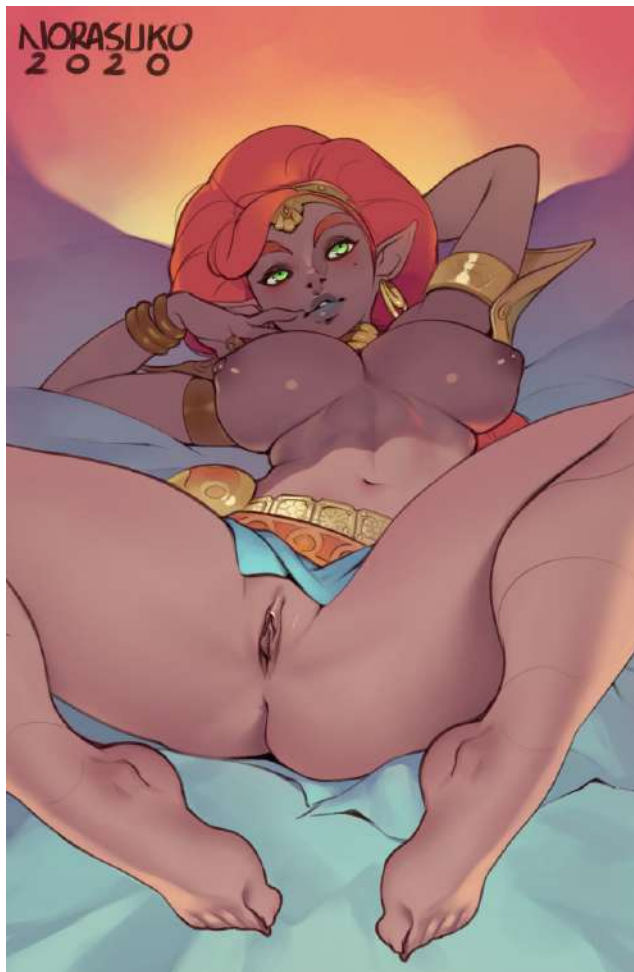
female bodies: is the Amazon "acting like a man?" or not? I tend to think of this in terms of class and culture warfare. "Acting like a man" is classically a Man Box idea, and Amazons like Ellen Ripley or Samus Aran classically punch down against Communists represented as space aliens... while still being otherworldly themselves. This arguably started with Charlotte Dacre's *Zofloya* (1806) and Victoria de Loredani, but it certainly didn't *stop* there!

superheroes are often fantasies of assimilation—a dream of outsiders being accepted by, or turning into, insiders. [...] *The Doom Patrol* was initially invented in the early '60s, around the same time as Marvel's X-Men, which it resembled in a number of ways: It was a group of people seen by "normal" society as freaks, outcasts, and weirdos, led by a wheelchair-bound genius (the Chief, for the Doom Patrol). Morrison, a British writer just beginning his long and much-praised career in American superhero titles, took the basic concept and pushed it to places where mainstream comics had rarely ventured. The new members of the Doom Patrol who he introduced were not white guys marked, through various fantastic mechanisms, as marginal or persecuted. Rather, the members of the Doom Patrol were marginal in their world for much the same reason that they'd be marginal in ours ([source](#)).

Camp *can* be more liberatory and inclusive, per Morrison, but as Zack Snyder's 2009 *Watchmen* adaptation shows us, routinely drops into fascist pitfalls per future adaptations that gravitate towards violence and sex of a particular vigilante kind: Nazi (stochastic terrorism).

Power symbols become things to symbolize, to hunt, to claim as trophies (which, like sex toys, we can make "dark" in ways that camp their unironic function, but likewise showcase a Destroyer with a light, Liberalist guise). We do so in safe spaces of unequal exchange, acknowledging symbolic freight through the usual places to barter but also work through our biases, phobias, and kinks, inside *and* out: to push against sin, dogmatic boundaries, to learn not because one is *told* (through discipline and punish), but because one *plays* as learning for oneself; i.e., in a safe space that imitates the usual disempowering feelings of state abuse: all the language of the "Imperium" put into quotes.

This being said, American superheroes like Wonder Woman are frequently cops of a white-knight sort; i.e., acting besieged while sticking to trademark heroism as branded: to look and perform as crystalized, thus are much more about imitation with *mild* variation than anything radically different than the good-vs-evil, us-versus-them formula: aping the "Roman," Vitruvian statuesque through imperial verisimilitude. It's bonafide praxial inertia, but similar to the Gothic's zombies or demons, there's still room to work and play with these things to achieve proletarian results; i.e., the usual, psychomachic "corruption fantasy" (mirror syndrome, aka "the dark side") as yet-another-thing to interrogate/play with.



For the rest of the subchapter—part two, as I've divided it—we'll look at fictional examples with *Weaponlord* (1995), *Chrono Trigger*'s Ayla and Savage Land Rogue, followed by real-life performers who can play the witch cop or the rebel as a matter of praxis: Autumn Ivy and Claire Max. To that, let's look at some more fictional examples *other* than Wonder Woman; i.e., those that bring the imaginary past forward as a habit that houses a wild persona trying to survive in a world historically very unfriendly to it.

(artist: [Norasuko](#))

"Death by Snu-Snu!": From Herbos to Himbos, part 2 (feat. Ayla, Weaponlord and Savage Land Rogue; Autumn Ivy and Claire Max)

"My pardons if I disturbed you. You caught me chastising my wife."

"Seemed to me she was doing the chastising."

—Jaime Lannister and a bandit, *A Storm of Swords* (2000)



(artist: [Erik Von Lehmann](#))

Part two of "From Herbos to Himbos" explores feminism and punk in decay through the subjugation of Amazons, but also where they call home under capital; i.e., a playground and stage to perform on by real-life actors.

Before we consider Ayla and Savage Land Rogue, though, we need to consider what drives their dualistic echopraxis. True to form, a monopoly of morphological expression doesn't exist anymore than those of violence or terror do; i.e., from Jedi to Amazons to Conan-style "meat wizards" (the latter combining orgasmic, *shonen*-style energy blasts with American nuclear bombs), all become a nostalgic form of research through consumption and performance: chasing Numinous echoes in personified forms—to escape bondage and heal

from it with "it." The same applies to any cavegirl we could think of (and for which diametrically applies to cavemen, too, albeit through the usual double standards; e.g., Fred Flintstone having a "dad bod" vs his shapely Stepford Wife, Wilma).

By extension, and per an American Gothic lens exposing all the usual decaying radioactive elements to *Pax Americana*, Wonder Woman is something of a *wunderwaffe* and *wunderkind* mutant; i.e., a bomb-like super soldier defaulted to by capital at large, but still used in times of desperation and plenty alike. She's as American as apple pie—cheap, disposable, built on the graves of dead Indians' stolen land, a beauty-pageant-turned-cop, oscillating between the two. But while bombs and bombshells alike are propaganda weapons, they don't historically convince colonized lands to ever give up; indeed, they historically become weaponized against capital by Indigenous forces destroying the occupying army from within!

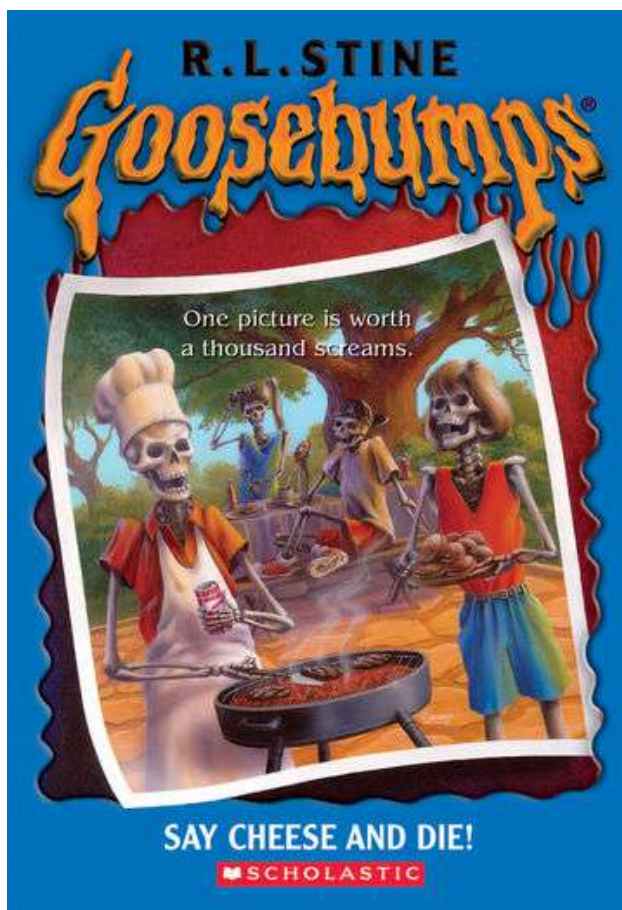
Everything dies, especially police lies and power structures, but the decay goes from pleasantries to clothes to the flesh itself as necrotic. The pearly castles

and their "protectors" are the worst, utterly *rank* with the stink of death. As we saw with Wonder Woman, feminism—like canon's cops, castles, and wizards (re: Lo Pan)—historically decays into *fascist*, naked-but-belligerent forms that serve *profit* (mirror syndrome); i.e., inside a centrist cycle of good cop, bad cop kayfabe playing not just white knight (syndrome), but white Indian suffering from virgin/whore syndrome (and other such heroic dysfunction tied to profit): so-called "strongwomen" who refuse to be trad wives, yet still serve profit as sex symbols of *empty* rebellion.

Their taut, war-like bodies posture strength amid societal collapse while their clothes disintegrate for the status quo as much as themselves: a bikini with a half-life, much like America's legacy! It becomes something to pass around the blame (forcing workers to join in by virtue of the usual trifectas and monopolies). In turn, the elite take all of the power and none of the blame, and male/token Pygmalions from Radcliffe to R. L. Stine pat *themselves* on the back; i.e., as self-made doomsayers capitalizing on American cruelty and greed through the ghost of the counterfeit while *not* challenging the profit motive and its dogma in any meaningful

sense. They further the process of abjection, cashing in on it as the white middle class is historically incentivized to always do by the elite: keep people scared but consuming their own bullshit and corpses (of them and their past-to-future victims) as toy-like.

(artist: [Tim Jacobus](#))



violence she/they/him (accounting for GNC AFAB) and their consumers regress into as *capital* decays (what I call "fash brain," or a power fantasy where fash-minded [usually white] people go to whitewash marginalized struggles while also playing

the exclusive victim and the hero: "Help, help! *I'm* being repressed!"). As Volume Two, part one discussed, heroes—like villains and monsters—aren't discrete in this respect, and their bodies as much as their milieu/tableaux serve to store and engage with cultural values and taboos in equal theatrical measure. The idea obviously applies to herbos and himbos, but for the sake of time (and authorial preference) let's specifically interrogate it with herbos a bit more, shall we?



(artist: [Reiq](#))

"I am strong, strong, strong!" a fash will always shout before showing off their waistcoat of blood diamonds—their trim torso fed on the sorrow and misery of those they colonize. Whatever the venue, the skull-like imperator insignia will never be far off, nor the banality of evil (acting ownership and exploitation as their "God-given right"; i.e., no matter how hard workers work for the elite—including cops, studios, or anything else [e.g., Yong Yea's "[Microsoft & Xbox Baffle Internet after Shutting down Hi-Fi Rush Dev & Three Other Bethesda Studios](#)," 2024]—said elite will always claw back as much profit for themselves and then have the middle class blame the usual "suspects": labor and marginalized groups) as just another

neoliberal scheme populated by flesh merchants of all sorts (sorry, Reiq, but if the shoe fits...). State proponents are class *dormant*—are simply a corpse that doesn't know it is dead, a public hazard weaponized by capital to repeat, rape, reap *ad nauseam*. The elite are chicken hawks, space aliens, cradle robbers, *grave* diggers all rolled into one; we shouldn't trust them as far as we can throw their old, shriveled bodies!

Apart from convincing people they don't exist, though, the elite lie through their forces as "skinny-fat," *skinny-dipping* into the blood of the marginalized like Elizabeth Bathory did all those poor virgins; i.e., to cheat death, a relationship to nature that can only exist while preying on it to "enrich" the colonial addict in a drug-like way. "White people disease," "boomer syndrome," "the white Indian," or whatever other pathological label you care to give it, Capitalism is radioactive, menticidal—a *disease*, self-cannibalizing and self-lobotomizing the usual groups to administer and receive state violence (consider this prep for the Undead Module). Corpses never get tired, but they aren't monopolized by the state, either. So like a giant Caesar, they might *seem* invincible; but *we* can strip and sap them of their necromantic potency and swap it with *ours*. The more they fuck (stake) our rotten

bodies, the more we "life tap" *their* asses, topping from the grave-like bottom! Per the Gothic, this has a postcolonial character but also a *posthuman* one; i.e., as adumbrated by the likes of Richard Matteson critiquing Victor Frankenstein's double, Robert Neville; i.e., in a decaying *Pax Americana* defending itself against the undead as Commie zombie-vampires vs fash nerds playing the state's judge, jury and executioner. But of course, this goes both ways. So aftercare, lovelies. Aftercare!

"Sure seems to be a lot of death, destruction and exploitation going around, eh?" Decay isn't always as obvious as a rotting corpse, though; a police state will do just as well, and outwardly presents as comely *and* forceful. The Amazon, as a historical-material loop, is just another excuse for a) capitalists to undress and display militant/disobedient monstrous-feminine in a peep-show-style, compromising position (for easier access: the peach and both holes denuded, but also paywalled by capitalist veils and quasi-chastity butt plugs, below) during the "conquer the 'conqueror'" fantasy foisted onto the marginalized barbarian; and b) for punks-in-decay to defect over to capital (or having never left, as America demonstrates); e.g., Lady Liberty turns green with class envy but also straight-up decay as she rots, is left to rot, is raped in all manner of voyeuristic displays turned into the biggest DARVO joke of all: the Fourth of July. It becomes an open secret to string up and tout imperial "invincibility" until the structure finally gives out under its own bloated corpse weight. Death by Snu-Snu, indeed!



(artist: [Shane Ballard](#))

In turn, people respond to themselves in ghostly, often-giant statuesque likeness as "dressed in power" in decay as part of the canonical, moribund image—the uniform-style clothes and muscles/curves, of course, but also positions of status and prestige (re: the Statue of Liberty) that, through the usual dialogs of gatekeeping and carried keys, save themselves from unironic predation as affairs of state in small. It becomes an abstracted game of teamwork, of psychosexual knowledge exchanged in both directions, a pedagogy of the oppressed and oppressor onstage simultaneously in four dimensions (the Gothic chronotope). Per ludo-Gothic BDSM, heroic roleplay becomes a theatrical means of talking about taboo subject matter with a) personas that tend not to be questioned (as heroes seldom are, especially "pretty" ones), and b) in an ostensibly asexual way (combat theatre) that doesn't preclude

sexuality or nudism. Point-in-fact, various stressors build up in ways that *demand* release; i.e., being "pent up" as a psychosexual "blue balls/clit" known to many people, ace or not. People *want* their psychosexual climax, conquest, and fireworks show—what System of a Down calls "[Violent Pornography](#)" (2001):

Everybody, everybody, everybody livin' now
Everybody, everybody, everybody fucks [sucks, cries, dies ...]

It's a violent pornography
Chokin' chicks and sodomy
The kinda shit you get on your TV ([source](#): Genius)

Except, it's not just a means of unironic exploitation, but a critical voice that puts "rape" in quotes through the usual showmanship turned on its gay little head. Again, we can reclaim such things, but our deathly "disco-in-disguise" (which reverses capital's hiding of its own decay behind herbo veneers) must occur in the same graveyard of Pygmalion and Galatea's assorted likenesses; i.e., inside the same the valley of swole, über-thicc dolls!

To that, a bare sword or sword-like body is all at once a sharpened metal bar and a two-sided proposition; i.e., the canonical sheathing in state prey versus a rebellious symbol of power and station unthinkable to those accustomed to total power on all registers: resistance, rebellion, self-determination and self-definition beyond canonical edicts. On either side of this Satanic equation, superheroes are



meant to exude power as something to witness but also transfer and ritualize as a psychosexual educational device. It arbitrates as a performance, a plaything to toy with, a symbol that can assume *any* shape that one might pull out of a hat, in which—per the usual paradoxes and monopolies—becomes "sword-like" as a threat to state hegemony: a form of legitimacy by nature of its threat as terrifying to the elite in ways they *can't* control; i.e., where terrorism is both the state and the rebel's every action a weapon of terror (and vice versa) that challenges the usual flowing of power *towards* the state. Simply put, it fucks with the bourgeoisies' fix. Everyone likes the Jester! They're cool, kooky and probably an *animal* in the sack!

(artist: [Santi-Ikari](#))

The state has countermeasures, their ability to transform going beyond shape; but the perception of value still weighs against an enemy (to workers) that is eternal, out of time and place: a fascist lord as the hauntological evocation of something that strives to conceal itself, but sticks out like a sore thumb (which moderacy is designed to conceal, like perfume on a corpse). In turn, we can recruit old symbols (crowns, scepters, weapons, bodies, weapon-like bodies, etc) to forge and argue through power's usual paradoxes; i.e., as someone who has something to offer that tends to have value in societies from time immemorial: sex and force as coded in ways that can be rewritten, but also rewrite *other* things, reversing abjection through the counterfeit by evoking its vengeful ghost. On and on.



(artist: [George Sellas](#))

This historically is spoiled by craven Judases and sell-outs aping their colonizers (re: Fanon), but also xenophobic scapegoats and superstitions that pit pro-terror against a population to control it through self-policing

maneuvers of a stochastic sort; i.e., a gladiatorial, Conan-style refrain returning to a more savage time that never quite existed; e.g., *Savage Land Rogue* (next page, 1993), but also *Weaponlord* (above) and *Overwatch 2's* (2021) *Mad Max* rip-off, *Odessa Stone* (the last of which we'll talk about in Volume Three). All this variety aside, such prehistorical regressions only becomes a form of revolutionary wish fulfillment if the hero is both a wish fulfilled and granter of them in ways that challenge the paradigm; i.e., like a jinn to rub on her "lamp" and beckon orgasmic pleasure as potent, poetic, and at times, primal, but *not* fascist.

Fascists love to return to not only a time when things were "great," but also when "true warriors" fought against mythological enemies: zombies, but also dinosaurs as older reptilian tyrants (as megafauna, some dinosaurs would have probably been warm-blooded, but still wouldn't have been mammals); e.g., the *Tyrannosaurus Rex* a "tyrant lizard" evoked by the likes of a white cavegirl duking it out with a black, alien: the fascist "lizard person" (the quoted phrase being code for Jewish conspiracies/vampirism²⁹¹) riding a black tyranno. It's the usual white Indian

²⁹¹ Lynn Stuart Parramore writes in "Like QAnon's Capitol Rioters, the Nashville Bomber's Lizard People Theory Is Deadly Serious" (2021):

The notion of shape-shifting, blood-sucking reptilian humanoids invading Earth to control the human race sounds like a cheesy sci-fi plot. But it's actually a very old trope with disturbing links to anti-immigrant and anti-Semitic hostilities dating to the 19th century. [...] Bram

narrative, forcing the Amazon to be both beauty and beast for white nerds, but still something with sex-positive potential:



(exhibit 34b3b2a2a1b2: Artist, left: Jim Lee recolor by [spidey0318](#); top-middle: [Claw0208](#); bottom-middle: Akira Toriyama; top-right: [Persephone van der Waard](#); bottom-right: [Hinomaru](#). Such borderline erotica are "wasteland fantasies" that, like the zombie apocalypse, anticipate colonial collapse into a savage place where white people [and those from token nations; i.e., Japan] must survive. Such power trips not only reduce women to Amazonian sex objects who are more wild [and sexually aggressive] than trad wives are allowed to be, but also are made and sold by family men capitalizing on such inventions; e.g., Toriyama, who left a note to his two children while making *Chrono Trigger* back in the '90s: "Heeey! Sasuke! Kikka! Pop's working on games like this! Hey are you guys watching? Isn't this great?!" [[source tweet](#): Rebecca Stone, March 7th, 2024]. It's literally "the World's Greatest Dad" award, self-administered by Toriyama blowing his own horn [a father being a hero figure his children will be less inclined to critique].

Stoker's "Dracula," the 1897 tale of a Romanian vampire who plans to take over London using his renowned shape-shifting abilities, also carries traces of this trope. The count possesses a number of reptilian qualities — from his association with the knightly Order of the Dragon, from which his name derives, to his cold-blooded nature and talent for shimmying down walls lizard-fashion. Dracula's protruding teeth, pointed ears and blood-sucking habits mark him as a species apart, a motif of "othering" read by some critics [as code for Jewishness](#). From this perspective, Stoker's book is part of the British response to the increasing numbers of Jewish immigrants arriving from Eastern Europe. The vampire is a stealthy invader, passing as a proper citizen but secretly plotting domination and destruction ([source](#)).

A similar code was left behind by a Super Metroid developer during the Draygon fight, Yasuhiko Fujii:

Before the fight with Draygon, the boss of Maridia, there's a group of Evir enemies that do a little "dance." Their movements actually trace out the letters of a phrase in English, "Keiko Love!" Keiko was the name of a girl I was dating at the time. I was busy with work all the time and couldn't see her much, so at night while everyone at the office sleeping, I stole a moment and snuck that code in! [[source](#): shmuplations].

These Amazonian survivor stories aren't so different from Metroidvania and survival horror at large [re: [Mazes and Labyrinths](#)]. They are fun, as are their makers' BTS shenanigans. Even so, their regressive power fantasies a) have fascist overtones to them, and b) are commonly sold to middle-class children who feel out-of-control thanks to a world that is made unstable to serve profit, per Capitalist Realism. Plenty to enjoy and critique, here!)

As Ayla and Savage Land Rogue demonstrate, Amazon habitats are far older than videogames, but have evolved into them out of older *Pax Americana* fantasies exported elsewhere (from America to Japan and back again); i.e., a revival of the "white jungle" populated with "big game": a vacation-type resort for the usual anxious pearl-clutchers looking for Jane and Tarzan; i.e., to punch down at towards the dogmatic threat of a Black Planet: to ease their own inheritance anxieties and fear of a non-white revenge for empire as inherently genocidal, tokenizing colonial subjects like the Amazon to police its own group, mid-Holocaust.

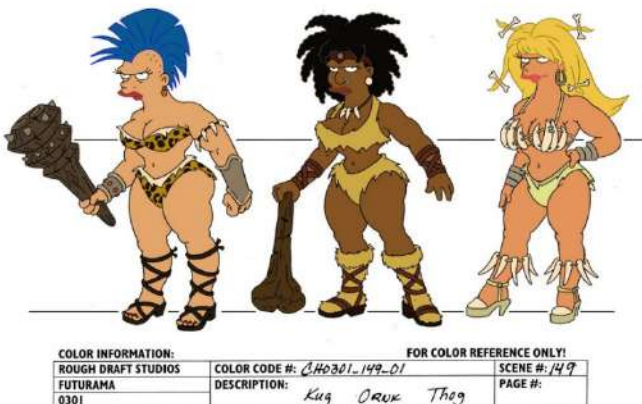
As I write in Volume Zero, the poetic tradition of the Amazon is long and complicated, but also at war with itself in multiple ways:

A kind of Galatea traditionally sculpted by Pygmalion and his imitators, Amazons and their complicated pastiche embody social-sexual conflict during oppositional praxis, hence come in a variety of shapes and sizes. They are canonically war dogs of a binarized character. Most notably is the noble Athena versus the dark Medusa from the female legends of Antiquity [also, Queen Hippolyta]: the doubling of the hunter persona, a white and black wolf. Such war-boss, queen bitches canonically offer good behavior and bad behavior as our proverbial "teeth in the night" meant to serve as man's best friend in centrist theatre [and whose true rebellion goes against the elite's profit motive].

However, the lineage stretches backwards and forwards hauntologically through post-Renaissance revivals. For one, there's the pre-fascist, Neo-Gothic "phallic women-in-black" such as Victoria de Loredani, and the Victorian "madwoman in the attic," Bertha Mason; the post-Victorian,

hatpin-stabbing suffragettes of the early 20th century [e.g., [Leoti Baker](#)]; the comic book/action hero treatment starting with William Marston's bondage-themed Wonder Woman in the 1940s [or Rosie the Riveter] followed by the feral, bikini-wearing sexpots of the 1960s and 1970s [Coffy], as well Ripley and similar "female Rambos" of the 1980s [a neoliberal response to the "final girl" trope of the slasher genre]; various catsuit regressions—sexy spies, detectives, doctors, and BDSM-tinged femme fatales—in the '90s, 2000s and 2010s; then, an increasingly queer presence regarding the rise of trans, intersex, non-binary and other forms of queer discourse online. If the 20th century constitutes the continuation of first wave, second wave and third wave feminism, then fourth wave feminism's rise has seen a regression towards the older forms using the same language in oppositional praxis: regressive Amazonomachia and post-fascist gender trouble [the "gender critical" movement] veering backward at fascist and pre-fascist palimpsests versus subversive Amazonomachia and transgressive gender parody. It's less a question of stolen valor and more of older groups fighting for **the equality of convenience** by pitting their versions of the "Amazon-as-waifu" [a promised war bride, whose more muscular variants are called "wheyfus" for supposedly being "gym maidens" that consume whey but also can dominate the chaser sissy as a result] against genderqueer variants; i.e., a "mirror match," in fighting game parlance ([source](#)).

(artist: Matt Groening)



This "waifu paradox" is the Amazon as war bride, trapped between dominant and submissive, and where we and TERFs must each go to perform. The difference is dialectical-material function. They police what is acceptable; i.e., how far we can go. Amazon is a fetish, doll, inanimate object to occupy and play with as one might a simulacrum, an imitation, a likeness

of the past as fearsome: a "knight," which is essentially what an Amazon is, but tied to an imaginary queendom tamed by patriarchal forces, their bondage. Like a doll, it becomes something to play with; like armor/the Destroyer, something to fill in and wear/dance with, often through "combat": play-fighting relaid through prompts, cues, and stage instructions. Think of rape play as a joke, of which the Amazon excels at; i.e., "death by Snu-Snu" (above) as something that is both silly and serious, but also anisotropic; e.g., anal sex being the victim's "death" that

woman are forced to grit their teeth and bear for men, but for which men dread as perceived retribution: when faced with someone monstrous-feminine who is clearly stronger than them, but also sexy in ways that make them want to hug and submit to Medusa. In turn, this becomes a centrist game of compromise whose cosplays can please men, but also frighten them to varying degrees of canon and camp (COD: "crushed pelvises" denoting PIV sex, *not* pegging as *Futurama's* [1999] own latent homophobia); i.e., in sex-positive ways that challenge profit. This is less of a balancing act, by itself, and more a choosing of one's battles, mid-balance, to speak as a death god that is, under capitalist schemes, still shackled to men and the profit motive—if not literally then figuratively to those who feel owed their sissy-like due by their martial-to-marital, monster-girl waifus:



(artist: [Cutie Pie Sensei](#))

Per Imperialism and Capitalism, the monomyth has an exogamous character. It yields a variety of war brides that, per nature-as-monstrous-feminine, must be conquered in foreign lands, but remain tempting and siren-like. Some are... strange, like Zeuhl was, but showed me how to appreciate things differently through forms that deviated from the norm (re: *The Doom Generation*, *Jojo*). Others were more standard, more cliché, like Jadis wooing me with Battlefield Band's "[The Devil's Courtship](#)" (2001): the black cavalier to my maiden-in-white. All were divided, imperfect,

waiting for reunion as all workers do; i.e., to reclaim what is lost through subversive forms of monstrous-feminine, of "torture," of power through the paradox of performance and play as a unifying force; i.e., a ceremony to hold and alter (at the altar) as needed.

Whatever ritual is expended, the aim is to not just avoid harm, but *prevent* it as something to instruct in ironic forms conducive to systemic release, catharsis, and delight. This involves not just illusions and games, but ploys, gambits, bluffs, etc, that serve liberation just as well. Peace-in-chains is not the objective, for it is merely genocide uninterrupted. Subversive Amazons present the state with a lack of peace to unsettle and haunt them, becoming badass in their terrified recollections of us (which make the original heroes seem horrifying by comparison²⁹²); e.g., as Gays Against Groomers describe us, "Gender ideology isn't just a neo-religious cult; it is biotechnological warfare in drag, like a multi-headed hydra with claws in every corporate sector" ([source tweet](#): May 2nd, 2024); i.e.,

²⁹² E.g., Mario as monstrous to Princess Toadstool, from Giles Laurent's "[Mario from Hell](#)" (2010).

gay Nazi DARVO. The fact that such paradoxes are tolerated in fascist circles at all implies fascists haven't corrupted the white chateau, which—while imperial as always—is held onto by establishment politicians as outwardly moderate, but no less cruel or bloodthirsty than their vigilante brethren.

In any event, Gothic-Communist development requires intersectional solidarity to achieve (the wider, the better); i.e., targeting the Superstructure, which maintains and shapes the Base. Gothic Communism camps these twin canonical trees, supplanting them with campy doubles. This starts with influencing how people think by what they take into themselves using what we got as normally commodified by capital into alien, fetish, sexualized forms: "meat wizards" with gay



(thus rebellious) potential, but also *police* elements that historically-materially weaponize *against* labor (as herbos and himbos classically do); i.e., nature-as-monstrous-feminine subjugated to serve the state. Such propositions are always loaded with danger and chance; beware those who abstain (e.g., Jedi: "a Jedi craves not such things!" Bullshit).

(artist: [Eric Martin](#))

Per the Amazon (regardless of sex), feats of strength are present in bodies that look curvy and capable (for male bodies, this is often called "the X frame/factor" and female bodies "the hourglass")—that seem to suggest "the lift" without moving at all—but also upend gender norms that can serve workers *or* the state: the commodification and liberation of the monstrous-feminine in art as a beautiful, bountiful battlefield of sex and force, "rape" and "war" as things to put into quotes during ludo-Gothic BDSM's liminal expression (again, regardless of biology). The clues are all present and accounted for, and we've looked at yet-another branch of the monstrous-feminine from my childhood: Toriyama's meat wizards and Carpenter's Fu Manchu pastiche as doubled by all the usual Amazons. Combined with *your* childhood's go-to heroes as things to rescue from capital, we have to be smarter than the past such men fostered while learning from it, making our own future out of the past(retro)-future that Capitalism aborted to serve profit in future-canceling copycats: witch cops.

Where there's a cop, there's a victim, thus a potential rebel—sometimes on the surface of one person/archetype. We'll consider that through in-person forms—actors—with one example of each: [Autumn Ivy](#) as the witch cop, and [Claire Max](#) as the rebel, or at least, *not* the cop. Let's wrap up a few points on praxis before broaching them (three pages).

Amazons, like all monsters, have sex-positive potential that is "nipped in the bud" by capital and its proponents. To address that, we must abort capital and build a better world through ironic variants of so-called himbos like Gohan and Cell, and herbos like Wonder Woman, Ayla and Savage Land Rogue. Except all must actualize through the Gothic as revived for workers' benefit, not the state; i.e., the totality of Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism—its Four Gs, Six Rs, Gothic-Communist Hermeneutic Quadfecta, mode of expression, and three iconoclastic doubles of oppositional praxis—all used to raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness to the highest and widest degree.

Once Capitalist Realism starts to fade, we can start to dismantle the state and rebuild/redistribute power inside itself, but we *must* reclaim the Base and recultivate the Superstructure through all possible means. My emphasis is theatre and poetic expression—of starting with the Superstructure to transform heroic, monstrous-feminine violence. It is the half of capital the elite cannot control, fence and capitalize; it is what we play with using ludo-Gothic BDSM, mid-ergodic-motion, to trick our foes and their actual unironic defense of the state. Factories tend to be boring from a theatrical standpoint; herbos and himbos (and their kayfabe) less so.

The capitalist is always fascist, always singular and rigidly dogmatic, vertical, and heteronormative; i.e., as something to retreat into an imaginary past thereof. We haunt that as a parallel society's horizontal, consensual and humanizing application using the same linguo-material devices: to foster good social-sexual attitudes that lead to post-scarcity as stable, thus able to deal with nature's usual mood swings far better than capital can. As Bruce Lee said, "The softest thing cannot be snapped. [...] Water can flow or it can crash. Be like water, friend." This can be physical, but also symbolic in ways that are witch-like as the Amazon is; i.e., between worlds, exotic, pulled from the depths of a murky ocean's darkest



wishes as paradoxically... soft, pale, and oh-so-shapely. Its crimson, guilty pleasure mixes with Red Scare, which is where liberation must occur—mid-performance, summoning something that you can relate to, not abject!

(artist: Knut Ekwall; source: Robert Lambert Jones III's ["Mythological Beasts and Spirits: Naïad,"](#) 2016)

In turn, we mirror the state's bad imitations to expose their limitations and widened capacity for harm. We meet their advances in ways they cannot force. However subjugated and complete the colonization might seem, it is a cycle that capital cannot do without. They must

always lose control within oscillating rhetoric; there is always a lapse in agency or judgment (such as they define these things as), which means there is always a chance to escape. We are both thetical to profit and antithetical, meaning again there is always a chance to rebel and push capital's antithesis as something to synthesize: a unity the likes of which Indigenous cultures did not historically have; i.e., a stewardship of nature that preserves her for all peoples, animals and things: a merging of written and oral forms of communication to serve such a development as monstrous-feminine. And so on. We are the canvas and the code, the data as "corrupt," the ghost in the shell, the fatal portrait, the doubled castle-like body and body-like castle, a parallel *mise-en-abyme*, a Shadow of Galatea, a spectre of Marx.

Keep all that in mind as we proceed. You have all the theory (complex and simple) and poetic means to forge your own destiny! To be your own hero in your own pro-worker propaganda narrative (a gayer *Star Wars*), your own himbo or herbo that hurts, not harms (the colonizer, by comparison, can never rape and kill enough; e.g., *The Nightingale*, 2018)! This starts with learning from the past as something others have played with already. This includes me looking at my past self (this book was written backwards), and said self looking at older forms revived from older forms, on and on. I've played with and learned from so many himbos and herbos, including Marston's, Toriyama's, Lucas' and Cameron's. Male, female, or somewhere in between, all left something heroic behind that yielded pro-worker allegories. So will I, when the time comes.



For that,
whenever *I* die, do
not mourn my
passing for I am
with you, and
together we can
challenge the state
doubling us; i.e., in
all the usual
kayfabe, monomyth
battles of will
staring down the
Medusa's

Pygmalion-esque double. Except our Song of Infinity isn't played to send the moon *back* to a position where it can fall *again* (re: *Majora's Mask*, 2000), nor one where the proverbial conch shatters, William-Golding-style, and demands that force be relied on to make things right in a centrist manner (Tapion's flute, above), but a total *reversal* of the counterfeit's process of abjection—of weaponizing the Aegis to anisotropically send the state's doom back to them: images of their own dragon sickness, Darkening and inevitable death felt on the surface/inside thresholds of

liminal expression the likes of which Amazons and knights routinely perfect; i.e., personas turning the tables through a shared aesthetic of power and death the state will try to police through workers more marginalized to less. From the first and second waves, feminism and queer rights have always historically had a white-to-token fascist element that haunts the sex positivity and intersectionality of the third and fourth. The Amazon is no less yoked by older Judases, non-binary people just as capable of doing it (re: Zeuhl and Autumn Ivy) as any other marginalized sector.

Such likenesses might seem haunted by the same foregone conclusion: class and culture betrayal spelling the herbo or himbo's orc-like assimilation and defeat; i.e., the yoking of the Amazon regardless of sex (male, intersex, or female) by capital's heteronormative order—as something to eat, play at, and pretend in ways that *police* rebellious forms. To this, the Spartans were pre-fascist nutjobs



(Unknown 5's "[How Sparta Manufactured Super-Soldiers - The Spartan Agoge](#)," 2023), meaning slavers in ways that fascists dreamed about, and which post-fascists (fascists-in-disguise) ape behind various veneers more disingenuous still; i.e., those whose imaginary past becomes something to regress *into* (re: "fash brain") Beyond your usual lost boys looking for mother as a warrior maiden, tokenization remains a problem insofar as these men become low-hanging fruit to pick, pick, pick at the cost of good praxis.

(artist: [Autumn Ivy](#))

As such, there's the parasocial, predatory scheme of female sex workers more interested in milking cis-het men for money and punching down against would-be comrades than doing anything revolutionary (with false rebellion, again, being a fascist tactic); i.e.,

whoring the streets of Omelas, in uniform, versus walking away from Omelas (*Pax Americana*/the profit motive) altogether. I've crossed paths with such persons before, which brings us to Autumn Ivy as the picture-perfect class traitor dressed in herbo attire: a dumb-looking, thumper meathead deliberately siding with and working for the Man; i.e., another callous stripper aping Hippolyta to play the white Indian, punching down at other oppressed groups. Let's interrogate the taboos and values of *that* aesthetic in-the-flesh, its poetry both in-motion and frozen in time. As we do, remember that capital *loves* plausible deniability and DARVO.

By extension, so do *TERFs* (cis or not) playing pick and choose, throwing their own Halloween-grade pity party with its own kernel of truth, mid-witch-hunt. Capitalist tokens find the same sweet spot, and speak out of both sides of their mouth, playing both sides having learned from the best to do so while acting more oppressed than they actually are and looking for revenge (as cops always do). Except they're not Yojimbo, they're sell-out white folk with an element of oppression turning coat whenever it suits them and they *really* need to check their privilege, wealth and status; it's called "poisoning the well" and they (unlike actual Jewish victims) do it a lot: Jewish cops (and other such marginalized groups), witch cops, Amazon cops.

Whatever the sell-out, it's all cut from the same hypocritical tree, fashioning into false masks of oppression given an air of reality by ostensibly recruiting from the colony streets (assimilation overlaps with generational tokenism: "bury your gays" and "kill the Indian, save the man" merging during class war as a cultural gauntlet of good and bad actors sharing the stage). Unbridled, combative critiques of the concentric veneers of persecution (and self-righteous police violence and ruthless opportunism) is simply required at this stage, but you gotta learn to a) not only *not* think with your dick (or taco), but b) kill your darlings presenting themselves as superhero cops, herbo or otherwise!

So by all means, *beat* that dead horse in matters of argument/discourse, which is what representation is/monsters are! Seriously, if someone's complicit in genocide/playing both sides—from Mark Hamill to Joe Biden to Autumn Ivy—then let the fuckers have it! In a poetic sense, trash their funerals, spray paint their effigies, crash their weddings, to never know a moment's peace! "Peace" is a white (wo)man's word; liberation is ours. If they have the means to say something but don't—not only keep mum, but have the *temerity* to try play the victim *and* the cop? Well, hit 'em with both barrels (again, as a matter of argument, of poetics, of monstrous debate and critique), again, again, and again! Let "Conan" contemplate *that* on the Tree of Woe! "Port to starboard, full broadsides! No prisoners! Make 'em walk the plank!" All's fair in Fair Use, babes; i.e., in purposes of education, parody and critique, this is *my* pirate vessel and I don't suffer fools or fakes!



(artist: Milo Manara)

I'd say I learned from the best, but my exes never ever could handle what they dished out. They didn't fight fair, either. They took and they took, dominating me but getting the fuck out the *moment* I pushed back. So did Autumn, truth be told (expensive, but

unable to handle a modicum of criticism with any degree of empathy or grace). To you bitches, this is *my* spice to give back: an object lesson in my usual, pull-no-punches polemic! I've been around people my whole life who were like *addicts* towards me as someone to punch, to use like the party favor or idiot (the twink). And in the past, I put up with it, covered for my own *abusers* by bailing *them* out! In any event, I'm not about to sit by and watch some *diva* who spurned me after my uncle died and Cuwu left me go on to act like they're God's gift to sex work. Like, fuck *that* noise! Fuck it stone dead!

What's gotten under my Gothic theatre nerd's skin, pray tell? Remember that Gothic Communism is queer-*anarchist*. So while the state very much *is* the enemy we need to check, so are cops and castles in disguise as GNC rebels, pirates, rockstars. No one likes a hypocrite flying a false flag. To that, function determines function; i.e., as a flow of power towards workers or the state. For all someone appears as powerful or oppressed, then, they are only as legitimate for rebellion insofar as they actually challenge the state. If they're so closeted or self-serving that one muttering of the word "sex work" instantly turns them into a colossal diva, then they're probably not as heroic as they're posturing.

Furthermore, whatever the form the girl boss takes, one fact remains constant: "Scratch a moderate and a TERF bleeds (which is what trans misogyny is, lovelies); scratch a TERF and a *predator* bleeds (which is what cops are: liars, cheats, steals, abusers obsessed with their own image as "heroic," "rebellious"). Queerness *is* classically closeted to a matter of degree—we are the domain of beards and lavender weddings, after all! Except while predation and pink-wash opportunism takes many forms, this isn't a statement of Autumn's actions as something to precisely qualify or prove, but *critique* from one theatre fag to

another. They're a sex worker and dom, but a bad one. Bitch don't represent me, and they don't monopolize Amazons! In my professional opinion and as someone who's dealt with them as a client, they suck! Know your enemy but also your trade; I'm on them like a nun in a cucumber field!

A note about Autumn Ivy: They are a public figure who markets an image of themselves as "Amazonian," which I am critiquing as having worked with them in the past; as such, they're a big enby and should be able to handle whatever criticism I throw at them, especially since their abuse of me in the past is true—is something I stand by and can back up. That being said... this isn't me condoning violence or calls for violence against them. Unless they accelerate their trans misogyny (or any other fascist tendencies) in public—i.e., use their platform to spread active hate, Nazi-style—kindly leave them alone to figure things out on their own. —Perse

Autumn is our resident witch cop playing the "jungle bunny" but functioning as the token (enby) colonizer/fascist strongwoman enby wearing the clothes of a white Indian (the aesthetics of oppression/rebellion): an ostensibly Texan (or similar state) herbo minus the praxial irony or charity of the fictional examples we've already examined, and far more enterprising as the usual sort of person who chased Indigenous peoples out of the territories before ratifying them as "secure" for white families on the Oregon Trail to move in. Now that GNC people are the targets of state violence and bad legislation all along the Bible Belt, I really have to wonder how much Autumn's comic-book, T&A gym-rat fantasies will do anything *other* than line their own pockets before swanning charity and getting the hell outta Dodge (maybe they do things that further the Cause, but given their self-centered, one-foot-in-the-closet, one-foot-out-the-door approach to sex work, I seriously doubt it. Feel free to prove me wrong anytime, queen). Like Luc Besson's Nikita,

their Pygmalion fantasy is assimilative.

(artist: [Autumn Ivy](#))



Except, unlike white straight people—e.g., [Turkey Tom](#) (D'Angelo Wallace's "[I'm Not Sorry](#)," 2020)—who feel surrounded by and afraid of all things alien while playing the victim/detective capitalizing on said dogma, token fash will generally internalize

bigotry/self-hatred and triangulate against members of their own oppressed kind (though fascists *will* punch other oppressors); i.e., divide and conquer. They take the appearance of themselves as "oppressed" (which may even have some truth to it) and join the state in decay as their hill to die on; i.e., Uncle Toms on the plantation; e.g., Low Tier God (Don Ozzy's "[The Tragic Downfall of Low Tier God](#)," 2024). The same idea applies to enbies like Autumn and trans women like Natalie Wynn, etc. Moderacy is just another mask they wear to conceal the decay underneath during a disingenuous waiting game (which again, applies to straight white boys acting "reformed" in bad faith *while* using codewords/dogwhistles like "degenerate" when denigrating and infiltrating marginalized groups; re: Turkey Tom's [extensive "The Degenerates" series](#) muckraking in the name of "edutainment": putting up a "please don't attack these groups" disclaimer while treating them as a degenerate monolith to hawk to his vindictive audience *known* for attacking minorities).

(artist: [Bite Bunny](#))



My BPD as I have gotten older has changed with me,
None of the symptoms have completely gone..
Anytime I think I have truly conquered a symptom
and will never experience it again: I do.
(like an evil fucked up jinx)

But with therapy (DBT) and better understanding of why
I have these feelings and reactions in the first place
I have made great strides in my stability!

On either side of the equation, monsters embody disordered thinking (madness) and identity (struggle) as a result of capital doing what capital does; e.g., BPD as something to expose and comment on (*vis-à-vis*, Bite Bunny, above) but also something I've known in past people (Cuwu) and present company as part of a larger dialectic (of the alien); i.e., as confusing us-versus-them by virtue of workers historically pitted against each other

through icons revived for capital and labor over and over across space-time. Gothic Communism is based on DBT as poison-made-the-cure: "the dose makes the poison." As such, there are good monsters and bad, and good monsters putting "bad" in quotes and vice versa (dialectical-material scrutiny tends to avoid moral judgements, but I digress). They portend to collapse and relapse, remission and escape, but the entire rodeo is overshadowed by the state being the biggest pig at the trough. It's a cynic's feast, a festival of servants backstabbing perceived runts in service to the kings of Capitalism-as-undead: vampires, zombies, werewolves, whatever.

Through capital, monsters are Elvis and his addiction as something to baby/capitalize on for long as possible; i.e., until the liability can be replaced with a fresh copy of itself, generally from the same vault of abused child stars. It's a complicated smuggling route we can weaponize *while* being a victim of it: reoffenders and recidivism, "break a leg" less a quaint theatre superstition and more reifying our own trauma as something to witness, mid-crisis, mid-disintegration, onstage:



(artists: *Cuwu* and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Victims of capital are certifiable and fabulous, put together *and* falling apart. It's like watching a toy fairy castle—already held together with duct tape—crash slowly and spectacularly into a rock candy mountain: to shatter into a million pieces, then reassemble like the T-one-fucking-thousand towards tomorrow, tomorrow and tomorrow... Rehabilitation is rock bottom for those of us rehumanizing ourselves (and our rocky-candy bottoms) already broken; i.e., into a shattered gumball machine spilling its sugary orbs everywhere. As such, we break like little, multi-colored triangles—a skittering of so many edible "billiard balls" across the tiles; i.e., as capital always does to sex workers, sexualizing everything as "monstrous" in all directions among the broken shards of glass (from Volume Zero/"What I Won't Exhibit"): "Porn under Capitalism is always a liminal proposition, one where canon conflates gore, rape, and general harm with supposed acts of love."

To that, porn *is* incredibly liminal, thus able to be camped and canonized within the Gothic to varying degrees of blindness and perceptiveness; e.g., *Friday the 13th's* cycling recursive collage of psychosexual, patently Freudian/unironically violent (re: knife dick) wish fulfillment: a stage of dated white-people Elizabethan/Jacobean theatre clichés concerned with more present (and

heteronormative) abjections redoubled through capitalist veins of expression. These, in turn, have been recycled from Radcliffe to *Scooby-Doo*-style moral panics into what has become a neoliberal loop of fatal nostalgia: a never-quite-was time of instability and surveillance when the black castle (and the Reaper) come a-calling. The land darkens, occupied with reinventions of the man-in-black, the *banditti* as retroactively coded with racial animus and other colonial hazards during fresh nightmares of class anxiety/critique (of vampiric "old money") invoking the dialectic of shelter (re: Jameson) versus that of the alien (re: me). Like Shakespeare, it's often bloody and crude, but also surgical and necromantically poetic the way only gay theatre nerds can be!



(model and artist: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

True-to-form, this well-traveled, shamelessly trashy track manifests in varying degrees of irony or straightforward dogma regarding sex and force, death/rape anxieties as dimorphized, which the queer will always have to camp inside of itself as the main attraction: stuck next to Jason Voorhees, Freddy Kruger and Michael Myers (and other infantilized slashers with Germanic surnames, zero game and endless mommy-and-daddy issues); i.e., the

giant, Frankensteinian, incel-grade pre-fascist, to fascist, to post-fascist passing the Oedipal curse along through sheer size difference and knife-play menace. Except we're just as often the twinkish damsel or helpless slut (above) holding but also becoming the Radcliffean miniature, paralyzing the Destroyer as yet-another-moon to push up like Atlas, to bury alive like [insert Gothic heroine, here]. But such things always come back because capital decays and regenerates, a fascist revenant. Our struggle for liberation oscillates within the same space, its surfaces and scapegoat simulacra—classically a Neo-Gothic (white) fantasy reserved for cheap theatre that we, per *ahegao*-style calculated risk, can use to face our own demons' disordered thinking; i.e., as stemming from the usual abject historical-material loop as cycling between (wo)man vs nature in some shape or form.

To this, Rogue's Savage Land (as discussed earlier) extends to all manner of locales (and their wildlife, human or otherwise) playing an important role in the process of abjection; i.e., one that commonly occurs between the rural and the urban as alienated and fearful towards each other—from Radcliffe's scary rustics, to the Irish Big-House drama of the fearsome Catholics in a post-Reformation world,

to Sam Raimi's evil cabins in the forest as ripped off from Matthew Lewis' bandit house (several centuries earlier), to *The Hateful Eight* or *Tucker & Dale vs. Evil* (2015 and 2010). In short, the Amazon always relegated to wherever a given heroine finds herself located but also pitted against all manner of creepy-crawly or Jack-London-style, tooth-and-claw things: alienated from her as someone having a foot in each world. She's not a knight (white or black), thus is always illegitimate, but nevertheless remains canonized in the copagandistic scheme. She's the stranger and the savior—a "white Indian," meaning the Pioneer wife-in-disguise, her Winchester Repeater exchanged for a flint spear and the prairie natives transformed into lizard people/dinosaurs or sabretooth tigers! As Metallica sings in "[Of Wolf and Man](#)" (1991): "Back to the meaning of life!"



(artist: [Ronin Dude](#))

Regressive or subversive, the Amazon is always the center of attention; i.e., the rape fantasy voyeuristically framed between certain death and the paradox of performance treating her as a meal and *maker* of meals (out of

the animalistic predators pegging her for a "free lunch"): the babe in the wilderness triumphing over "rape" abjected onto evil cartoon wolves, T-Rexes and other such outrageous codes exhibiting the damsel-in-distress as stripped down to her undies (or projections of those on the surface of more modest clothes) and threatened by something jungle-like all around her. Even when these things are not onscreen, she is always threatened by them as lurking nearby—i.e., by almost-certain penetration in ways that cavemen generally aren't forced to suffer (not straight cis-het ones, anyways): vaginal, oral and anal. It's the hauntology of rape as a modern business pushed into imaginary dated spheres. In canonical terms, any monstrous-feminine veneer of strength is a façade behind which ghosts of the counterfeit lurk: exploitation and rape through a Cartesian paradigm preying on nature. Both are essentialized as something to reify and survive no matter where you go.

Within that penetrated membrane, rape is a constant threat, but also "rape" in quotes. Except, the monster-fucking rape fantasy as a complicated, often-privileged one depending on who the target of violence is, and who's the othered object of fear. For instance, white women are coded to classically fear anything that isn't white, but also fear and submit to their husbands as violent and seeking Neo-Gothic fantasies that put the "violence" in quotes; re: Radcliffe's demon lover as a

historically exploitative fantasy that weaponized lived white cis-het female abuse to uphold the status quo per the usual Gothic readership: white women and their



inherited psychosexual (and profoundly racist) dysfunctions triangulating against other groups. Rape fantasies are perfectly fine, even cathartic, provided a colonial effect is avoided.

Except the traditional Gothic readership still echoes Ann

Radcliffe's own half-real "true crime" hauntology getting her jollies at the cost of other exploited groups; re: "pick me" behavior tied to the profit motive while prioritizing and triangulating white cis women against other groups: as the usual victims, gatekeepers, girl bosses of said groups while fetishizing members of the colonizer group as torture-porn princes (a form of elevation, defending and worshipping the rapist/antagonizing the person of color as a *de facto* sex slave). It's unironic bondage dressed up as "activism" and "play." As such monster-fucking being hot/appealing in a sex-positive rape play/consent-non-consent sense because its appreciative peril/irony illustrates consent in Gothic counterculture (a topic for Volume Three) as often intimidating but nevertheless consensual during calculated risk—e.g., "I'd let a Balrog fuck me"—not submission to the usual, white-penned, settler-colonial demon lover tropes!

As such, the Gothic chronotope is a place for the woman (or anyone coded as "woman") to suffer endlessly inside. It reliably extends the *castle* (or manor) to the castle *grounds* as increasingly prehistoric, but also *ahistoric* inside a monstrous-feminine Gothic imagination: the out-of-doors invading the imperial structure and vice versa; e.g., Faulkner's cartographic refrain, Yoknapatawpha County, or Lovecraft's haunted Providence-in-decay pushing synchronistically onto Tolkien's Middle-earth, *The Twilight Zone* (1959), wherever *Tales from the Crypt* (1989) finds itself, etc. It's an operatic rape space that scared white people deliberately populate with various bogey people; i.e., as scapegoats to stake, but also hunt the unfaithful depicted per the Gothic readership's usual bunch: middle-class, naughty-and-curious white girls threatened by a faux "Transylvania" with varying degrees of irony and dogma.

A note about non-white tokenism: Afrocentrism is an issue of militant tokenism, too; i.e., slaves/underclass divided against other slaves inside American as a concentric prison colony through divide-and-conquer rhetoric; e.g. American

blackness rape ranking Indigenous black culture in other counties facing white oppression through black skin, white masks as a globalized form of such division:

Dear the US, British Australia enforced a decades-long regime of raping Black women & stealing their babies to raise "white" in order to erase Blackness & Indigeneity from the continent Please stop acting like it worked ([source tweet](#), Strewth: May 12, 2024).

We'll discuss afrocentrism/shadism more in Volume Three, but Volume Zero has discussed how the dark figure has classically been fetishized non-white since before the Enlightenment

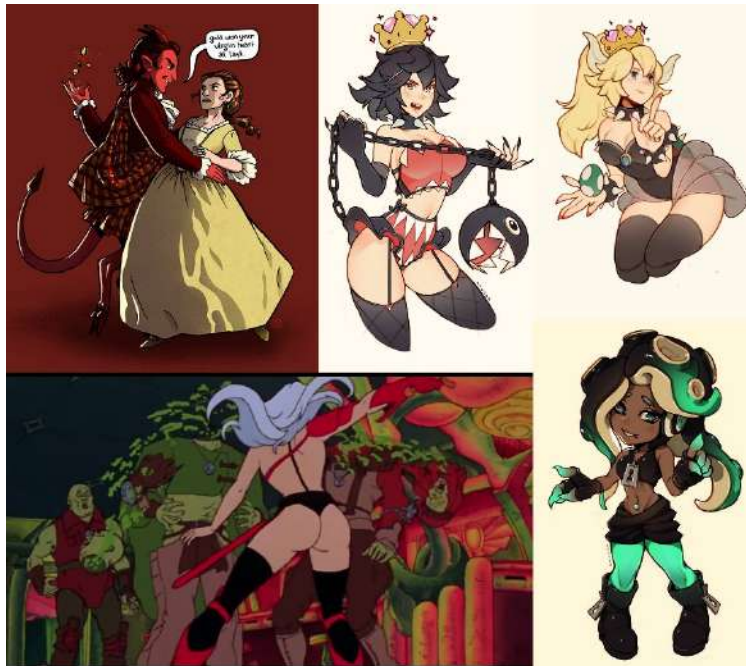


(artist: [Ary Sheffer](#))

Before the Enlightenment, Late Medieval stories and media from the Gothic/Renaissance period featured less persons of color because access to actual persons with dark or non-white skin was historically less common, thus more exotic (though it did happen; a pure-white medieval period is a fascist myth); as such, the pre-fascist destroyer persona was coded as black in relation to the "non-European" as Jewish, Germanic, or the broader "Eastern" (white-skinned: from Italy to Romania to Russia; non-white groups: China, the Middle East and Africa). Until the Enlightenment period

began and started to orchestrate widespread settler colonialism (and modern nation-state formation), race-based slavery largely didn't exist; so the biases were less about skin color and more about general ethnicity and religion; e.g., evil Italian counts, but also Jewish people as go-to scapegoats for the Romans and the Christians. Then and now, these devils were seen as threats to the heteronormative order of things; i.e., returning to nature, to hell and chaos. As such, the devil became something that actively corrupts the youth and women as always running off with them into the night ([source](#)).

has since gone onto gain a racialized character through Cartesian rhetoric turning minorities against one another through porn: as a dogmatic and predatory industry that must be reclaimed inside of itself; i.e., contending with a fetishized, often stigma-animalized Gothic dialog that generally has an assimilative character extending into fiction and politics at large as half-real (from Volume One):



(exhibit 10c4: Artist, top-left: [Margo Draws](#); top-middle and top- and bottom-right: [Oxcoxa](#); bottom-left, [source tweet](#): Raw Porn Moments, 2023.)

Taarna runs the risk of chopping off workers' heads who are normally presented as orcs/zombies, minus the threat i.e., labor movements and/or people of color being called "terrorists" by the state—but it's arguably a step in the right direction provided we camp Tolkien more than Heavy Metal [1981] did.

More to the point, Taarna isn't so far gone that you can't reclaim her from total assimilation and decay [or demonic animalization; i.e., Tolkien's spiders existing purely within female "chaotic evil" forms of nature as something to dominate by pure-white men upholding the profit motive within Capitalist Realism]. These kinds of Amazonian double standards and intersectional biases elide and roil on the surface of the female body as a) entirely mysterious to Tolkien, and b) a complicated billboard he never bothered with in his own stories: the variable undeath of a white-skinned Medusa as killed by men contrasted against the black-skinned Medusa as

killed by men and women, both of them [and orcs] fetishized differently within the same punitive structure.

The genuine struggle—to holistically express body positivity during liberation as an ongoing event—becomes caught up in morphological double standards; i.e., the white-skinned "dark queen" either marketed as "black"—i.e., "PAWG" ["phat ass white girl," exhibit 32b/41b] as a "Goth" collision that elides black clothing with the "black" body as having white skin: the "big [titty/booty] Goth GF"—or kept skinny to be drawn the way that "most bodies are" [code for Vitruvian enforcement, [Oxcoxa](#)]. Meanwhile, black female bodies that happen to be skinny and fairer skinned [shadism] are inevitably perceived as "white" [as if most of them "chose" how they were born]: similar to queerness, skin color synonymizes with body size as a false choice, which complicates fat acceptance and liberation in the eyes of those persons seeking representation as something to escape the shared, internalized shame of white/black female bodies as queer [and male bodies in relation to them, the two hailing from the same savage, imaginary place].



(artist: [Jazminskyyy](#))

In turn, the trend of the Amazon or Medusa as a powerful warrior queen or Sapphic monarch can be taken into potentially exploitative spheres, wherein the "Bowsette" crown [also [Oxcoxa](#)] famously fetishizes the white girl with an "atypical" [nonwhite] princess body to be desirable for the pandered-to male fans; but also articulates the descriptive sexuality of white or non-white AFABs within Nintendo's fandom—i.e., those who are simply born with bodies outside the settler-colonial standard, and who want to be celebrated for it via a class metaphor of power and status: the girly crown, suspiciously pink [re: Tirrrb's "[The Yassification Of Masculinity](#)"] but tinged with sexy

black "corruption" as a non-harmful aesthetic/function. Within this larger dialectic, a viral trend emerges using the same imagery operating at cross purposes, resulting in various amounts of nuance or lack thereof, as well as

[un]irony and cultural appropriation/appreciation when the "Yass, Queen!" crown is worn.

To this, Tolkien becomes a funny hypothetical begging "what if?" in a larger conversation the original never bothered with. When we entertain ghosts of his work through Amazonomachia speaking to a lived experience he deliberately distanced himself from, we play with, thus learn from these misfit toys. Doing so, we uncover the potential for class warriors and traitors emerging in arbitration relative to the public's use of a largely textual/oral tradition to support popular sentiment for or against the status quo: to let one or two minorities rule in a problematic light like Tolkien's orcs and dwarves did, or for there to be no minorities and for everyone to be kings, queens and intersex/non-binary monarchs in a post-scarcity world Tolkien [thanks to Capitalist Realism] literally couldn't imagine ([source](#)).



(artist: [Nyx](#))

The point with the above quote is that such things reify and continue within popular culture as something to interrogate through those who consume, creation or patron new Cartesian iterations preying on nature-as-monstrous-feminine. You want to critique power? You must go where it is. As a status/sex symbol, Medusa is often "too big" as white or black bodies, hair and cosmetics, which each come with its own double standards per type that—through tokenization at large—erupt in frustrating forms of assimilation, marginalized in-fighting and fetishization. In turn, iconoclastic forms are thicc fire starters that make trouble using what they got: their sizeable, shapely weight as something to

throw around. For further examples, Volume One explores this in the Gothic as pornographic per body types and parts—so-called "PAWGs," "BBCs," and "BBWs"—but also regarding canonical fiction as something gradually critiqued in a postcolonial sense that is not without fresh struggles: Jane Eyre to Wide Sargasso Sea to modern people of color all around the world. The only way forward is through intersectional solidarity! —Perse

It's canonically a cautionary space of institutionalized moral panic, one whose almost-holy dogma regards Medusa or Dracula as both the predatory serial killer

from beyond—the freak of nature hailing from a fearsome imaginary past—but also crude elements of sodomy and witchcraft as moral lessons delivered in medieval-style parables: what good little girls are expected avoid (or else) on the same confused surface; i.e., something whose curiosity is capitalized on to *uphold* the status quo with. As such, the Nazi and Communist spectres remain stuck on the same mirror said girl sees herself on, all parties redoubled in a fearsome, concentric echo. It's not just a cave of darkness, as Plato would have it, but—per Borges—is a *mirror* cave trapping the hero in an endless Promethean curse: Aguirre's infernal concentric pattern haunting the very monomyths Disney has utterly milked dry.



Again, this goes beyond buildings as owned by humanoid tyrants, extending to nature-as-monstrous-feminine (object) forcing its way into the Imperial Core: a female boss animal or a tyrant lizard chasing down a white, Vitruvian girl even when she isn't wearing a skimpy fur bikini (so-called "women's clothes" are

generally designed by men to sexualize woman in a dimorphic heteronormative scheme). The very word "bikini" was appropriated from the Bikini Islands and, in turn, has shifted into a commercialized kaiju-style fiction: *Gojira* (1954) originally critiquing American Imperialism only to be recuperated/gentrified into yet-another-spectacle to cash in on. They do so similar to *King Kong* (1933) and other captive fantasies sexualizing spaces/occupants outside the Imperial Core as rapacious and black; i.e., vengeful in ways that curiously target white women with rape: through American-to-Japanese neoliberalism as a cottage-grade content mill through how-to-draw-manga and comic book instruction manuals routinely passing off the usual stories as incredibly pulpy and formulaic. Canon fetishizes the statuesque as often



Amazonian/pin-up. It's both completely absurd, but also *lucrative*; i.e., abusing those white/tokenized folk afraid of capital's inevitable collapse and the *gators* coming home to roost!

Regardless of where they originally hail

from, such stories classically feature *white* (or token) women, mid-peril, inside a collapsing colonial home invaded by nature (and its abject reproductive methods) challenging the nuclear family model; e.g., 2019's *Crawl* and the monster literally being a hurricane (classically gendered as female) and gators/the wilderness as something to rescue whitey from, but also confuse the two: who's the swamp kitten, in this scenario? The savage? Whatever the creature being featured, the fiction is neoconservative, hence weaponizes white women as prey animals against nature-as-black, as monstrous-feminine, as invasive, displaced, and hostile to a false "native" human ordering of things; i.e., said girlies surviving cartoon, escalating and superhuman trials-of-Job whose comical mega-damage occurs inside the colonial home rejecting them. The house floods, grows teeth, chews said family up and spits them out; i.e., the imperial formula as something to decay and *survive* through the Gothic princess as final-girl-turned-presumed-broodmare: the bridling of the Amazon, post-adventure.

Maybe Jameson's right in that it's a tad boring and tired, but the old fart *still* doesn't account for ironic forms that inject some much-needed fun (and cum) into the mix: weird iconoclastic nerds subverting the paradigm, however exhausted, into something far sluttier and potent in favor of all workers and nature versus canonical (Cartesian) Gothic apologia! The two exist side-by-side in the same mode of consumption; i.e., as something for people like myself and Cuwu to camp in our own homebrew, DIY porn!



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Notably the larger mode becomes something that attracts weird to weird, Cuwu drawn to my drawing of them being hunted, and the two of us hooking up

(for a time, above) to make much more art! It helped them face their own survived trauma, and me overcome my trans-woman's hate of my girl cock—by shoving it repeatedly into Cuwu's wet-but-thirsty cunt! Before then, I had drawn Cuwu in orange socks (several images back: [a colorful homage to Debra Louise Jackson](#)) being stalked by Jason Voorhees; they got horny by the idea—and from our talks about all manner of things, which put them at ease, "scaring" the panties off them. It was incredibly sexually charged before we met, and only led to a lot of fun, kinky experiments (sleep sex, for example) afterwards. I met different sides of them sharing the same body and face—the fuck-puppy high and disassociating and asking for sex, and the little dragon in them taking me for all I was worth: all looking at me with those hazel gold-rimmed eyes. And I don't regret a single second of it, even as funerary moments like these sometimes feel like I'm digging "Cuwu" up and burying them again. "Here's to looking at you, kid!"



([source](#): Fandom)

Amazons or not, the monstrous-feminine repeats in ways we need to utilize as a palliative-Numinous medicine, but also ludo-Gothic BDSM as good praxis. Pastiche is remediated praxis. Repetition is important, then, because fascists (always in disguise—*cryptofascists*) want us

to forget hypocritical things about them; i.e., class betrayals that happened often as briefly as several years ago. To build on Asprey's paradox of terror, we *need* to consider the legitimate proletarian function such theatrical devices entertain; i.e., as a vital means of repeating refrains useful to Gothic Communism: to scare children, thus apprise them of actual threats; e.g., Duncan Regehr wonderfully camping the Nazi by playing the fash-coded Dracula (above): exposing those that lurk on the surface of/within costumes and masks worn on opposite ends of a given iteration of the same-old village scapegoat conversations. As such, this Halloween-style rhetoric works as a collective and warring form of bad theatre (re: "a tale told by an idiot"). Gothic Communists use it during *revolutionary* cryptonymy—to warn others of fascists serving capital by attacking *us* behind the mask; i.e., as something to make theirs slip. By comparison, fascists will monopolize terror through *complicit* cryptonymy—as something to perform, hogging all theatrical devices for themselves and themselves alone; i.e., to an absurd

degree as the logical conclusion of exposing their usual obscurantism; e.g., "woke fascism" (The Kavernacle's "[The Rise of WOKE Fascism](#)," 2024): denude and expose us to attack and kill, ridding the state of another enemy.

To survive, we must put on the mask and dance with other people wearing masks who may or may not want to kill us in service to the bourgeoisie. It's not about it making "perfect" sense, but subversive workers challenging fascism and those serving its fash-brain regressions as a clever (and ruthless) means for our enemies to hide and still be able to prey on state victims for the state (which we want to stop); i.e., as the usual false-rebel watchdogs of capital acting the monstrous badass *and* victim simultaneously while spreading Imperialism behind a false flag—in bad faith, bad education, bad acting and bad play. Whatever the venue, they're craven, sneaky bullies poisoning the well—witch hunters waiting for the next moral panic to put on their spook hats and play victim/cop in equal measure.

Fascists are cutthroat, false *impostors*. It's always an *opportunity* for them: to make money and whip their followers into a *lucrative* frenzy while punching down as a means of squeezing the usual underclass more and more. They make the persecution gold rush and sell the shovels to dig our graves, so we must expose that ghoulish Capitalism with our *own* shovels and caskets' dialectic of the alien: the undertakers of their cruel stupidity turning them upside down, shaking *them* down. We take what they normally abuse and, per the usual give-and-take of any



exchange, weaponize it *against* them: exposing the killer hiding in plain sight as a pillar of the community (e.g., Salt Baker from *Cuphead*, left; also, from Hawthorne's "Young Goodman Brown" to Joe Dante's *The 'Burbs* or Wes Craven's *The People under the Stairs*, 1991).

Per Volume Zero, fascists will predictably respond with deception and violence; i.e., acting "oppressed" when we "break" (critique/revolutionize) their canonical masks and monstrous toys (all heroes are monsters). As such, weird canonical nerds *will* respond with Man Box/"prison sex" behaviors tied to the profit motive: **open aggression**, **condescension**, **reactionary indignation** and **DARVO**. This applies to film critics, speedrunners, cosplayers, and basically any form of content/media you could think of/up regarding consumption, creation or privatization. From straight white guys to queer TERFs, canon defends itself in

decay versus iconoclasm as a rebellious means of giving the capitalist game away (in other words, *we're gay* Dracula being staked by Van Helsing for breaking centrist icons of so-called "balance"; i.e., peace, law and order, etc): defend the nuclear²⁹³ family model by indoctrinating women and children through a forced

²⁹³ From Rome to "Rome," the capitalist imperative is constant: defend the nucleus from victims framed as impostors in service to profit, settler-colonialism, heteronormativity and Imperialism, *et al.* This includes recuperating female avengers punching up against powerful men they castrate as "good enough"; e.g., Lisbeth Salander as punk appropriation (sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll, piercings, tattoos, etc) and, as usual, decay mid-*cryptomimesis*: the grungy, dark '90s revival, Industrial-grade vigilante bouncing between likenesses of *The Crow*, *The Matrix*, *The Cell*, *Batman*, *Sense8* and similar monstrous-feminine graveyards pulling up killer dolls like mandragora with or without class/cultural ironies: dragon ladies in skintight catsuits, touched by fire and breathing flames in a perpetual, centrist cycle of trauma and revenge, rape and release.

Anything can be stolen for profit or reclaimed from it, but decay is ever-present. Medusa is a zombie, after all, one haunted by hauntologies of all the same-old fetishes and clichés: chase sequences, heroic vehicles (from nightmarish steeds to Meatloaf's silver-black phantom bike to *Akira's* [1988] immortal motorcycle), femme fatales, masked men/*banditti*, crime lords, black knights, hackers, spies, ninjas, Nazi Superman disguised as Clark Kent (sleeper agents), etc. Caricatures like Salander (a pun for "Salamander") always walk a tightrope, threatening to plunge ignominiously into the abyss of class betrayal: gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss; i.e., she is always hunted/haunted by state doubles ("two snakes facing each other").

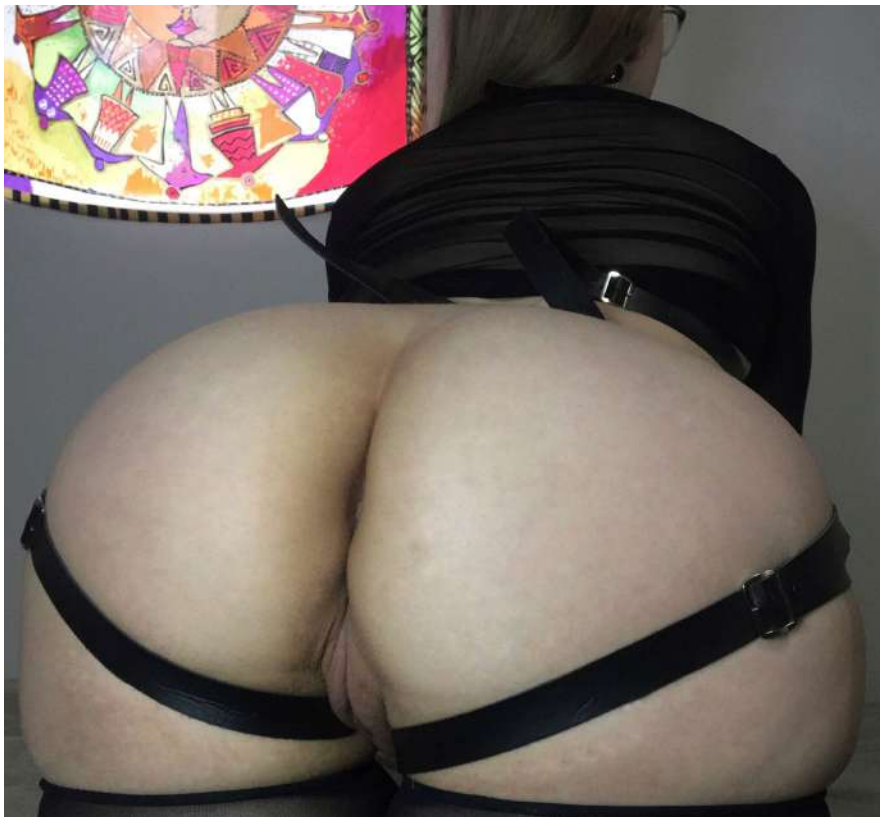


In turn, the state always prohibits progressions away from mortification of the flesh, black penitents, gang violence, Pavlovian incest/menticide through rape—you know, the usual medieval gags trapped in a criminogenic, palingenetic historical-material loop in dialectical-material struggle; i.e., between state and labor copycats, returning to routine sites of childhood abuse/middle-class decay and indoctrination. Again, the elite can't *kill* Medusa, only drag and subjugate her through daddy's-girl doubles (the usual Red Scare conflating the Nazi and Communist, horseshoe-theory-style, above) versus the runaway escaping trauma as emblematic of state counterfeits *and* true rebellions: Red Scare as monstrous-feminine, the hysterical Mad Russian and her castle of nameless goons threatening the West with nuclear oblivion (called "mutually-assured destruction" in Cold War dialogs).

reproductive order weaponizing family as a fascist spear to plunge shamelessly into genderqueer (other otherwise outsider) forces. Never let them forget by always reminding them by antagonizing them; i.e., segregation is no defense, so fuck with them and guard yourself against reprisals.

Nazis defend Nazis, and Nazis (token or not) defend *capital*. Listen to the stink they pitch and expose them as you do—with your Aegis! They won't be able to resist tone-policing or otherwise attacking Medusa out in the open, but won't be

As such, likenesses of Salander are less an anti-hero and more "hero" *vis-à-vis* one side of the same half-real equation: state lapdogs/dogs of war on leads (a portmanteau of a Saxon and Accept tune) versus the folk hero echoed along likenesses of Robin Hood, Zorro, Che Guevara, Trinity, Chelsea Manning and so on challenging ties to king and country but also corporations. Salander's a Swiss army knife, only anti-James-Bond when she actually decolonizes the racist/sexist areas of computers, espionage, acting, BDSM, games, etc. The 2018 movie, *The Girl in the Spider's Web*, does not, only conflating Salander's "punk" with her Venus twin's equally bogus "Nazi-Communist" anti-West cartoon. Ludo-Gothic BDSM is always liminal, struggling between resistance and subjugation in artistic and pornographic forms; its erotic-to-ace skullduggery is always trapped between canon and camp: Salander's androgynous, tramp-stamp dumper branded for treason, a "renegade maverick" with optional quotes facing her crimson Russian double. "Why did you help everyone but me?" "You chose to stay!" As such, Salander blames the victim to save the world from another spectre of Marx.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

We don't have to abandon such stories and their tricky dualism, and can keep the architecture/archetypes (in the flesh or not), but the revolutionary class character must become active, not mired down in service to forced allegory and profit aiding the usual white, status-quo billionaires playing "rebel" (the *Star Wars* problem). We must reclaim the whore, the Medusa and her fat-and-sassy ass' anisotropic decay to serve ourselves, not the elite framing "giving someone the D" as the universal, unironic, Man-Box solution (the silver bullet).

able to harm you if you flash behind buffers (which the Internet provides, sex work being so taboo *and* commercialized that it becomes hard for fascists [or sex workers] to talk about at all because bare-and-exposed forms aren't "ad friendly" but, for us, become a place to congregate and confer); e.g., Fired Up Stilettos, below, fighting for the decriminalization of sex work (sloganizing "stripping doesn't equal consent" and "tip me" through them using their bodies to advertise inclusive graffiti/billboard activism); i.e., actual guerrillas out-maneuvering the clumsy imperial pig playing "guerilla" themselves.



(artist: [Fired Up Stilettos](#))

The latter always colonize from a position of luxury that alienates them from actually being hunted by state forces; we will always be more used to it, more nimble and quick on home turf as something to take back from these lying brutes. They're about as inventive as Mr. Owl biting to the center of a Tootsie Roll pop after three licks. Per Umberto Eco, there's a variety of modular aspects to fascists, but first and foremost, they're anti-intellectual and prone to play with dead metaphors, or metaphors to *make* dead; i.e., to fashion and wear like hollowed-out masks of their victims (monsters being symbols of persecution and persecutor) they then use to blend in and abuse us; we, in turn, play dumb/dead, freezing them and feeding accordingly or shifting shape and exchanging forbidden knowledge (the core functions of undead and demonic egregores/Gothic poetics) to contend with

them (and the state) hunting us (e.g., Jordan Peele's animal metaphors in *Get Out* [2015] and his other works: fascists body snatching black people to get close to them as a popular game to hunt within capital by the usual capitalist parasites whitewashing Beaver and the Cleaver clan; i.e., including parodies; e.g., *Malcolm in the Middle*, 2000).

They also posture as representatives thereof. It's real "pick me" behavior, race traitor, class and cultural betrayal overlapping. Tokenization overlaps among scarcity as criminogenic; i.e., a pauper's sport where "there can only be one," sloganized into fatal, *effacing* nostalgia (the beginning and the end of time, erasing anything before white American history and treating after the '80s as begot from the same immutable nucleus) *vis-à-vis* Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger" (1982) into Japanese neoliberal nation pastiche per *Street Fighter* (1987) and fighting games fighting on the usual class/cultural struggles. This sell-out's hierarchy extends across all marginalized groups, treating black men as race horses/thoroughbreds and gladiators, to butch lesbians and other monstrous-feminine brands tied to a "better time" under capitalist regressions to a free market; e.g., Survivor's "hey, sailor!" *matelotage* (that gay little beret) versus the Village's People's "YMCA" (1978) having its own cultural appropriation (the Native American chief costume) through schlocky gay pastiche/peak disco and fetish camp.



Like with feminism, the Gothic, punk, sex work, etc, such things gentrify and then decay/straighten under capital (e.g., The Correspondent's "[What's Happened to Soho?](#)" 2011: "Where *will* all the reprobates go?"), aping Poe's most famous story and arguably Hawthorne's: families are always rising and falling in America! For us fags, Halloween isn't a place to spend dough and punch down, though, but punch up and camp the Straights (not all disco is in disguise)! Such dogma is

hermeneutic; e.g., through a canonical lens, Mike Tyson isn't kid dynamite exploited by a predatory white system (stolen culture/generations and diasporic culture death) from Gus D'Amato and Don King, but the one black guy who "made it," became champ, had his own videogame character, etc.

Except Mike Tyson's *likeness* became something to privatize by Japanese executives into infinity as something to likewise embody by token grifters all across the planet: M. Bison, or "Boxer." Due to localization in the neoliberal deck, Capcom swapped names for him and the other two archetypes, "Claw" and "Dictator." Claw became Vega instead of Balrog (a mutation of Zorro as a slasher preying on beautiful women), and Dictator became M. Bison instead of Vega (a fash version of Superman-meets-Francisco-Franco, marrying the real-world dictator with Yasunori Kato²⁹⁴ into a bizarre neoliberal hybrid). The same kayfabe BDSM could be seen in

²⁹⁴ A Japanese take on Melmoth the Wanderer aka the Wandering Jew as seeking revenge against the Japanese empire: the fascist trope of the backstabbing Jew amounting to a dark shadow knight that occupies the same neoliberal kayfabe shadow zone as the Nazi does. As Timothy Donohoo writes in "Street Fighter's Greatest Villain Was Inspired by a Spooky Japanese Horror Novel" (2022):

Created by Hiroshi Aramata, Yasunori Kato debuted in the first volume of the novel, *Teito Monogatari*. This dark fantasy series tells a story in an alternate version of 20th century Japan. One of the many characters in the stories is protagonist Yasunori Kato, though he also acts as the series' antagonist. A sort of take on Melmoth the Wanderer or the Wandering Jew, Kato is seemingly a former general in the Japanese army. In reality, he embodies centuries of lost Japanese history, with his malevolence representing the rage of those who had once stood against the Japanese. [...]



The cinematic version of Kato went into designing [Capcom's villainous Vega](#), known as M. Bison outside Japan. A dictator with goals of world conquest, his ambitions are not too different from Kato's. His costume is almost the exact same as Kato's, albeit trading out the dark blue/black color scheme for a predominately red one. Even their creepy grins evoke the same imagery, making them both hauntingly demonic in appearance. His facial expression on arcade posters for a version of *Street Fighter II* specifically mirrors the poster of the animated *Teito Monogatari* adaptation, *Doomed Megalopolis* ([source](#)).

other fighting series demonizing BDSM in an abject theatrical sense; e.g., Voldo from the *Soul Caliber* franchise demonizing (and capitalizing on) the strict BDSM aesthetic like Giger's xenomorph did or Clive Barker's cenobites.



No matter how tired or aged the performers, the show must go on. In other words, it's the usual pyramid-shaped, circus-grade, Red-Scare clichés fostering American exceptionalism—with the money flowing up through the usual assistants and updating

of East-meets-West Orientalism: from Bruce Lee vs Chuck Norris to Daniel-san vs Johnny Lawrence onto Ryu vs Ken Masters (from the '70s, '80s and '90s) onto *The Karate Kid* 2018 remake as something we must critique (Persephone van der Waard's "[Class Warfare - Classism, Fascism and Whitewashing in Cobra Kai, season 4](#)," 2022), onto *Street Fighter 6* (2023), and so on and so on. It's sex-and-force vaudeville evolving inside an increasingly neoliberal market's growing profit motive (the trifectas and monopolies) to foster praxial inertia, not a valid pedagogy of the oppressed; i.e., as forever capitalizing on the imaginary past per the same old heteronormative, settler-colonial, Cartesian predation against nature as anti-American, anti-capital, anti-genocide (war and rape), etc. Anything that challenges that will be gagged, and censorship equals genocide dressed up as "peace (and quiet)" for the usual entrepreneurs: Anglicized capitalists aping the colonizer from Caesar to Ronald Reagan to Joe Biden.

The same goes for Marston's Wonder Woman and Hippolyta, Medusa, and any monstrous-feminine, as "ad friendly"; i.e., that serves profit, not a pedagogy of the oppressed; e.g., sex worker likenesses being weaponized against and stolen from them. The more narrow the tokenization, the more niche the grifter serving the profit motive's heteronormative hierarchy of power. Same goes for GNC people of any race, religion or gender identity/performance. Amazonian white enby? Eh, class betrayal is class betrayal. It's kayfabe neoliberal vaudeville, my dudes. While there's no such thing as a perfect victim (with reprobates [sinners pre-destined for damnation, per Calvinism] and forgiveness being allotted through the usual "boundaries for me, not for thee" schtick; i.e., an equality of convenience that pushes other minorities' heads under the water but generally from a cis- or white-supremacist stance corrupting feminism and queer movements: bleeding from the usual gentrified/fascist venues into the usual ghettos), but policing and proletarian

victimhood become mutually exclusive the moment a victim becomes an abuser for the state.

The problem with revolution and intersectional solidarity is that it *isn't* modular to nearly the same degree as monsters/Gothic poetics are. You're either for workers or the state, the latter of which is the perpetual cop/enemy to the former. Any aesthetic that you can pick and play with functions through unequal power in this respect towards one *or* the other, not both; e.g., the black Egyptian mommy dom as the usual victim of those who think "big mommy muscles and faux, campy Egyptology alone = rebellion."

Sadly it takes a little more than that, my dudes (e.g., Marisa is a fash; i.e., Persephone van der Waard's "[Fascism in SF6: Marisa](#)," 2023)! Feminist and/or GNC, Amazons—like all monstrous-feminine—historically concede societal gains to enjoy policer positions under the Man's so-called "protection" (to find the Nazi, observe anyone who gets mad/denies your arguments when you point out the obvious fascist presence in kayfabe, *Amazonomachia*, or the monomyth usual predatory bread-and-circus); they become unironic whores lusted-after for their subjugated dominatrix' aesthetic and Amazonian performance, while exploiting and



punching down at others less fortunate (and more principled) than themselves. All haunt the same basic herbo-to-himbo gradient, regardless of the exact appearance it adopts: aping the Amazon, the gypsy and/or Cleopatra to serve capital (all poetics are made up, but those invented to serve the *state* do so through profit subjugating rebellion as a matter of controlled opposition). "Oh, rare Egyptian!" my ass!

(artist: [Shardnic](#))

To that, my experience with Autumn was ultimately a negative one—someone GNC who looked the part, but functioned as a herbo witch cop; i.e., a person who loves *DBZ* (and similar pulpy

heroism), but used its herbo, meathead aesthetic to police rebellious elements that speak out *against* capital (me); i.e., during their own centrist, SWERF-style sex work dressed up as "modest." The usual nudity is very much implied on the surface of that tiny Triforce thong (several images back): the "gateway to Heaven" as Hyrulian, invented. It's the hidden ham sandwich to sell on the surface of nerd monomythic emblems, while doing a very common SWERF²⁹⁵ trick: attacking those who show more skin, denying *them* the right to exist by virtue of valorizing non-naked cosplays; i.e., that get "naked without nudity" while offering "gym mom" wisdom to the same old hopeless dweebs and acting better than those who do get naked to reclaim their bodies, genders and struggles with.

As such, Autumn and their skin-deep, "bare skin mil spec" approach to the mommy dom (the cave woman) is no different than AMAB versions of the same monstrous-feminine wizard class: a meat puppet gym mom passing off a queer subjugate's dead dogma thereof while acting like a queen action figure (a diva, in Autumn's case). Just as the female Amazon combines sex and force like the male variant does, it comes with its own female baggage/double standards that Autumn

²⁹⁵ Scratch a SWERF/moderate and a TERF/fascist bleeds: Autumn is a trans misogynist (from Volume One):

Autumn always acted like the boss, even when they had no grounds for it: a queer boss dressed like an Amazon, but also acting like one of a particular kind; i.e., a SWERF and a moderate strongarm/war boss pushing me around while shoving their own sloganized, superhero merchandise through the market. All the while, our trauma and its means of communicating through mommy-dom/thirst-trap *Amazonomachia* were competing *against* each other through monstrous language as something to negotiate: Autumn's needs and wants trumping mine by virtue of their advertised superiority inside the same oppressed community discussing nerd culture.

For instance, Autumn strongly disliked the label "sex worker" being applied to them publicly because it could hurt their bottom line. It didn't matter that they had an OnlyFans full of thirst-trap materials that very clearly constituted sex work; any mention of Autumn being a sex worker (calling it like it is) was something they were very forcefully against. And while this might sound okay unto itself, they were also a) only too happy to take my patronage for sex work, while b) stressing their own *professional* status and using that to tell me *exactly* how to advertise them in my own galleries and writing (which concerns sex worker rights). It honestly felt pretty bossy of them, but also dense; i.e., invalidating of me as a genderqueer artist/sex worker while constantly advertising themselves as a strong-looking enby who honestly was having their cake and eating it, too: showing less skin (no "ham sandwich," in their words) and putting themselves on a pedestal above other sex workers while doing the same kind of work: talking dirty and showing off to make people cum; i.e., voice work first, with nudity as a pay-walled afterthought.

The problem here, isn't selling sex, but that Autumn's approach became prescriptive and self-important; i.e., a weird canonical nerd smiling their Hollywood smile, getting fake tits to emphasize their female attributes within the Amazon persona, and treating false modesty like a lucrative virtue exclusive to them and their brand: the bogus and incredibly harmful argument that partially-clothed bodies and implied nudity are somehow "worth more" than fully naked ones are. It wasn't explicitly stated, but nevertheless showed in how Autumn treated me over time: *they* were always the victim, and I could never be one. Regardless of intent, their trauma, their rights, and their business—all trumped my voice in defense of capital (re: intent doesn't matter, actions do, and function determines function) [[source](#)].

conveys through a dumb, unironic fulfillment of prostituting themselves; i.e., as the female cop-in-uniform made into an Amazonian token: naked *and* clothed, strong as the male-warrior-made-female in ways that "act the man" per female double standards—the virgin and the whore *defending* Omelas, the white Indian punching down at other tribes.

And this is me being nice! Either they're a useful idiot, or know exactly what they're doing and don't care. Like all Marvel canon, Autumn does nothing to



challenge the war machine/status quo abuse of a statuesque cryptonymy. They're complicit, pumping iron and making hay as the poster herbo *for* the state. Yikes!

(artist: [Autumn Ivy](#))

Such things are always object lessons in some shape or form. Regarding Autumn, a cop is a cop, and castles (ACAB) of a pearly "Omelas" sort always regress to rape of an unironic sort that bridles the Amazon (the euthanasia effect); i.e., while expanding the *hidden* Holocaust. You gotta do way more than flash some skin (and implied genitals) to convince me you're good faith, my dude. Those tattoos, enby identity and stripper clothes/furry shtick mean fuck-all if you're still a state

proponent, thus an unironic toy for the elite; police work is sex work *fetishizing* the cop, including in blind parodies that make the cop an undercover agent working for vice in their underwear. That's you, Autumn—threatening²⁹⁶ me as such people

²⁹⁶ As I write in Volume One,

Autumn's abusive conduct [is] part of their selling point: the gun-toting, inspirational gym mom, enby aesthete throwing their weight around pretty fucking hard the moment a little femboy artist like me (still in the closet at the time) inconvenienced them, or talked about *her* rights or opinions for a change; i.e., trans misogyny.

To be honest, I had wanted to say more during our falling out to clear things up but Autumn was pissed and so was I. The fact remains, I *didn't* mention my uncle to them because I *didn't* know he was dead at the time; my abusive surviving uncle didn't want me attending the hospital visit, so I was at home waiting to hear about the results of the incoming brain scan. I didn't know it, but he was legally dead by the time Autumn and I had our fight. And perhaps it's unfair of me to hold that against Autumn, so I *technically* won't. I'll just say that their video messages largely concerned them hurling the most thinly veiled insults imaginable at me (and *not* in a professional manner), informing me in no uncertain terms just how *unreasonable* I had been to voice my true feelings at all.

Perhaps there was no place for them in Autumn's mind. Except that's not how humans (or labor exchanges) work. My uncle was probably dead, I was losing my best friend, and still reeling from my last ex's abuses. But Autumn? They just couldn't be *bothered* to put up with me because their *horse* had been difficult that morning! Far be it from me to compare a

always do; i.e., the white savior extending to the enby cop policing the AMAB trans woman with all the grace of an unironic cavewoman. Real classy!



(artist: [Claire Max](#))

All the same, Autumn doesn't have a monopoly on the weird nerd culture of such masculine-heavy monstrous-feminine; e.g., Claire Max is someone who's frank about what she does, but isn't a total SWERF and TERF (fash) about it. Her own statements on physical fitness provide a nice counterpoint to Autumn's decayed, witch-cop antics, Claire's own life updates overlapping with gym culture

Pretty happy about having a fat ass for the first time in my life, but months of constant lower body work because of my broken arm also mean it's super plump and round? Good job, me ([source tweet](#): May 1st, 2024)

albeit as something that isn't regressive and fixated on making money over intersectional solidarity. More than her own reflections, though, Claire doesn't seem to personify regressive triangulation by token Amazons against trans populations the way that Autumn did with me. She's a model, but not pretending that she somehow doesn't do sex work (something Autumn told me repeatedly not to advertise about them; i.e., telling *me* what to write, but not much appreciating it when I had my own requests. Face it, Autumn: you're a sex worker *and* a cop).

To this, the degree to which someone's skin (and heroic muscles) are showed, implying the genitals, isn't even the point, nor are any theatrical regressions unto Amazonian spaces and personas like Savage Land or Wonder

temperamental horse to a dead uncle, or to expect Autumn to have known about Dave; but the fact remains that they were entirely concerned with themselves and I (and my trauma) were a nuisance. It became something to mute, treating me like a no-good AMAB dickhead while lionizing themselves and encouraging me to keep mum (something that all abusers do; e.g., Zeuhl and Cuwu).

Given the terrible timing of things and me admittedly nursing some bruised co-worker/client resentment (for Autumn's unprofessional, one-sided conduct) on top of what I was going through, it was a perfect storm of self-centeredness from them and denied expectations from me. Shit happens, but there's a still sex-positive lesson to be learned, here. Specifically I want us to reflect on what transpired between Autumn and I in relation to capital and Amazon aesthetics at large; i.e., as a *countercultural* means of interrogating trauma during the potential for labor and cultural disputes ([source](#)).

Woman; it's whether someone who reaches celebrity status through such iconography starts acting like a class traitor behind the monstrous-feminine guise. Autumn did, and has decayed beneath the paintjob as something altogether rotten; Claire does not, has not. End of story!

Now, take the same idea and apply it to *any* monstrous-feminine performer under the sun; i.e., not just herbos or himbos (cis or GNC), but various combos of masculine, feminine and non-binary forms of sex work that, through ludo-Gothic BDSM, work within the language of (class) war as something to personify in popular cultural markers/codifiers like the herbo or himbo. Bodies aren't just lifestyles or goals, then, but punkish class/cultural goals that pass along critical-thinking skills tied to the body as a theatrical uniform; i.e., the flesh as a symbol of strength that can challenge state hegemonies through psychosexual rape fantasies that sit next to trauma, but needn't actually harm someone.

To that, Claire isn't just a thuggish strength trainer like Autumn is. Autumn takes thirsty men's money while "returning to greatness" through an imaginary past that chains the Amazon to the oldest cliché in the book: "acting like a man"; i.e., aping an unironic, Man-Box Goku gender swap, but still keeping a bit of dumb sluttiness to the brawny action figure (sluts are fine; cop sluts, not so much). By comparison, Claire uses what she has to pass healthier lessons along *without* feeling/acting like a literal, functional cop. It could always happen in the future, but as of right now that's certainly not the vibe Claire gives off. As Claire's Twitter bio reads, "Built like a steakhouse, handles like a bistro" ([source](#)); she caters, but



doesn't *pander* to fascist dudes by being the strict mommy dom the state loves (as Autumn does):

(artist: [Claire Max](#))

Claire looks like she hits the gym, but isn't trying to scam anyone or *pander* for her own sake:

Influencers who claim you can build an ass in 30 days (if you buy their program!) don't want to tell you this, but if you want a bigger butt? You have to gain weight. And yes, some of that weight will be fat. And no, not all of it

will be in your butt. That's not how bodies work. You can't choose where you gain fat and you can't choose where you lose it from. That's the bad news.

The good news is that you CAN choose where you build muscle, and with the right training and diet, you can get the results you want ([ibid.](#)).

We're all looking for that special, capable someone to nurture us in different ways: the mad lass who brings a cake and "guns" to a gunfight. In turn, capital is a boomerang that must repeat, repeat, repeat. This time we can reject capital and embrace Medusa as someone to hug, fuck and take on the wider call for liberation from state monopolies and trifectas, but also their class traitors in disguise; i.e., not just Autumn being a dumb, diva-grade meathead, but older forms of Socialism that failed by virtue of an ability to corrupt; e.g., Marxist-Leninism as yet another state mechanism to woo with proverbial "gifts from the colonizer"; e.g., the Skeksis orrery given to Aughra, but also the Trojan Horse onto more recent Amazons that gender swap Achilles as something capitalize on, not challenge the state with. They aren't avatars of/servants to Medusa, we are; and we, as such, liberate that which capital universally alienates, sexualizes and fetishizes to normally serve profit through the Cartesian paradigm—ourselves. We must learn to play with ourselves according to a power that, once harnessed, cannot be denied, destroyed or prevented, only challenged by those dependent on/accommodated by the state.

In short, there was never a moment when Autumn *didn't* treat me like a threat (more on that in Volume One, if you're curious). Except, we don't have to keep defaulting to the same old Halloween regressions and progressions inside capital's "comfort zone" (white moderacy and queer tokenization); i.e., controlled opposition's predictable, DJ-style oscillations on the same vinyl: back-and-forth while not really going anywhere. That's how centrism works! To foster actual rebellion, we can—to use a scary bedroom phrase—"take it to the next level" (aka "spicing things up"): to wake up Medusa by trying new forbidden things that, per the same fetishized, war-like language of superheroes, often translate to anal, Medusa, etc, as things to guiltily indulge in. Calculated risk maximizes sex appeal, gender invention and class/cultural character while minimizing the potential for actual harm (risk/rape reduction) behind our Aegis' cryptonymic buffers.

Except, *we're* trying such angles "on for size" to stand for something other than profit, hence better liberate workers (and their labor) from a capitalist mode(I) of domination. We're not the sharks, though capital often reduces workers to bad caricatures of such things (re: Autumn); i.e., manufactured enemies, feeding greedily on a frenzy of chum. Made by Gothic Communists, such Amazonian statements—from Wonder Woman to Ayla to Gohan, to whatever slutty head canon pops into my head when I listen to the *Skyrim* (2011) main theme—can challenge the state through bad imitations of medieval "history" as counterfeit, meaning the kind envisioned by Lewis as overshadowed by actual rape, but per ludo-Gothic BDSM becomes a rebellious sex-positive cryptonym; i.e., "just" a sex game, but

also more than that hidden in plain sight: during sex as a form of "superheroic" roleplay (so-called "action") that normally upholds the nuclear family model as castle-esque, daddy's home and daddy's girl.



([source](#): Steam Workshop)

Forgetting Freud's *very* repressed homophobia (the so-called "anal phase" something he codified into dogmatic quackery), the fact remains that the anus is a site of settler-colonial humiliation: something to enter and abuse. Except, just as anal is letting potentially harmful things into a very vulnerable and sensitive side of ourselves designed to push things *out* (talk about reversing abjection, eh, Kristeva?), challenging capital's particular abjection reflex walks a very fine line indeed (think *Skyrim*'s infamous "fus-ro-dah!" yawp, but tied to the fetishes of capital in ways that reduce the monstrous-feminine to an abject reversal, when camped: the thunder-clapping dummy-thicc booty suggested by whatever angle you view its owner from, whatever odor [*vis-à-vis* JomoKiN's mod for Muscarine's "Tusk Profligate" mod, above 2021] or sound, any of the senses)! Again, liberation and enslavement occupy the same space, the same monster-girl bodies, the same fantasies as "for profit" or "for workers." There is no middle ground, but there *is* liminal expression per monster modules that frequently overlap!



(artist: [Georgy Stacker](#))

To this, male forms of the monstrous-feminine are to sodomy what female forms are to *Amazonomachia*, the eroticizing of women (or those forced to identify as women) into a gradient of monstrous-feminine; i.e., the herbo and himbo historically-materially yielding infantilizing scenarios of exchange that—per BDSM in all its forms—must go where power is and playfully critique canon: in the same performative scenarios, uniforms, body language, markets, etc, reclaiming the instruments of rape, bondage, pain, and torture as married to the chronotope of sex through *compelled* arguments: dynastic primacy and hereditary rites (the virginal blood sacrifice dressed up as the whore to please the male monarch). Campy or not, such a theatre is always haunted, like the Gothic castle is, by old-to-recent historical regressions towards fascist variants from moderate, pearly ones under *Pax Americana*.

In short, unironic rape, decay and torture (which anal can easily become) are always close by during calculated risk, the token cop eventually forced to take part once closeted and/or shackled, their agency disintegrating like their skimpy underwear. This isn't a threat made by me towards anyone in particular (may Autumn, for their own sake, eventually pull their head out of their ass) but simply a historical-material fact; tokenism doesn't pay or last. It's a shitty existence if you ask me, but what do I know? It's not like I've been abused before and wrote my PhD about it in Gothic form... (obvious sarcasm). If it was good enough for Marston, it's good enough for yours truly! Except, purging the Nazi Amazon *is* a bit

like anal; i.e., it's like taking a much-needed shit, only not! Something goes in, something goes out, and you feel better/oddly good afterwards (nothing is sacred when camping the canon)!

If there's one thing I've learned through all of this, it's that everyone needs a survivor/protector who's lived it—so that such things become a part of their identity as *de facto* educator in sex-positive ways—but also who *isn't* afraid to let someone else be strong for them (for each other) regardless of the relationship you and they share. This can be regarding live-in situations, but also long-distance/working relations, or even parasocial ones.



(artist: [Asura](#))

To that, let's go beyond people and media as parasocial, and consider history as toy-like in ways that extend to ourselves and our friends who play with such stories together! Into the Toy Chest!

Into the Toy Chest: Gothic History as Toy-like Amongst Ourselves

BDSM in popular media [canon] isn't made to educate, but to shock naïve people looking for a thrill. It's about as accurate as sex is during porn, tending to romanticize the therapeutic psychosexual elements divorced from performative context; i.e., merely showing them as they appear at first glance: recreations of traditional disempowerment, whose paralysis and vulnerable exposure hauntingly evoke real scenes of abuse; e.g., hair pulling and physical attacks, kidnappings with bindings and gags, rapes, drownings and murders—often by knife [canon synonymizes sex with violation, including abject reproduction: the murderous cock and womb of the father and mother but also their hideous "brood"]. The neophyte's idea of what BDSM is often tries to mimic the trust-building exercise without understanding why it exists in a sex-positive [often trashy/pulpy] sense and why someone might try to perform it to achieve psychosexual catharsis that is often embroiled within self-destructive pathologies [the "call of the void"] seeking unironic harm; the novice counterfeit also tends to look like the expert performance at first glance. The difference lies not in the aesthetics but the skill level and intent, which can be hard to detect. Nevertheless, the fact remains that BDSM, when sex-positive, is built around community and trust as something to establish over time. It's rehearsed over and over in a highly controlled environment [informed boundaries/consent, safewords] to prevent harm, hence the motto: "Hurt, not harm."

Yet, there's also the paradox of professional sex work, which capitalizes off hard kinks to turn a buck. There's frankly nothing wrong with this, provided there's a communal understanding encouraged by the paratext ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, *Volume Zero* (2023)



[artist: [Cara Day](#)]

In my usual style, this chapter was written backwards, making "Into the Toy Chest" the first-written, placed-last element thereof—one that considers playing with the toy-like past in two parts: among the parasocial nuts-and-bolts, and among friends as co-contributors to an ongoing poetic statement for or against the state. In turn, it considers the Gothic as toy-like insofar as it's gleaned and understood through rape play (aka consent-non-consent) as executed between these two poles.

- **[Into the Toy Chest, part zero: A Note about Rape/Rape play](#)**: Outlines rape and the Destroyer persona as something to camp during rape play per our definition of it previously introduced during "[Psychosexual Martyrdom](#)" (2024).
- **[Into the Toy Chest, part one: the Nuts and Bolts of Rape Play](#)**: Covers the nuts and bolts of Gothic history as toy-like through its parasocial, rape-play exchanges.
- **[Into the Toy Chest, part two: My Experiences](#)**: Observes the nuts and bolts of rape fantasies when reflecting on my interpersonal exchanges.

Into the Toy Chest, part zero: A Note about Rape/Rape Play; or, Facing the Great Destroyer

I liken [Jadis' abuse] to *Majora's Mask*. In that game, the villain, Majora, curses the moon to fly into a [double of Hyrule called Termina]. While the player can return the moon to its original position using a magic song, the residents of Hyrule are still trapped inside a cruel time loop. Faced with their impending doom, they stew in their own fear. The world around them slowly falls apart—not just once, but over and over and over again. It degrades their sense of reality until nothing but madness remains. Majora uses this madness to control the [doubled] Hyrulians through fear, distorting their very perception of reality. This mind-prison is what Link ultimately escapes. The paradox, here, is the method: He doesn't escape by playing the song and stopping the moon. He escapes by exposing the tyrant controlling the "moon" to begin with ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Setting the Record Straight; My Ex's Abuse of Me: February 17th, 2022"



Trigger-warning! This subchapter discusses ironic and unironic rape fantasies extensively! This isn't to condone unironic violence through Gothic poetics, but prevent it through sex-positive education, entertainment, transformation and critique; i.e., the term "rape," in this case, has been broadened to mean "taking away power to cause harm," which ludo-Gothic BDSM camps in cathartic, Gothic-Communist forms of Gothic poetics. —

Perse

Since this subchapter discusses rape, I want to define it as something broadened beyond its narrow definition, "penetrative sex meant to cause harm by removing consent from the equation." To that, there is a *broad, generalized* definition I devised in "[Psychosexual Martyrdom](#)" (2024), which will come in useful where we examine unironic forms of rape, but also "rape" as something put *into* quotes; i.e., during consent-non-consent as a vital means of camp during ludo-Gothic BDSM:

martyrs are generally raped by the state, which we have to convey mid-performance *without* actually getting raped if we can help it (**"rape" meaning [for our purposes] "to disempower someone or somewhere—a person, culture, or place—in order to harm them," generally through fetishizing and alienizing acts or circumstances/socio-material conditions that target the mind, body and/or spirit**) [emphasis, me]: finding power while disempowered (the plight of the monstrous-feminine).

Rape can be of the mind, spirit, body and/or culture—the land or things tied to it during genocide, etc; it can be individual and/or on a mass scale, either type committed by a **Great Destroyer** (a Gothic trope of abuse of the worse, unimaginable sort, rarefying as a person, onstage) of some kind or another as abstracting unspeakable abuse. It's a translation, which I now want to interrogate with the chapters ahead. So we must give examples that are anything but ironic before adding the irony afterward as a theatrical means of medicine; i.e., *rape play challenging profit through the usual Gothic articulations in service to workers and nature at large*.

Simply put, to be raped is to be deprived of agency facing something you cannot defeat through force alone (rape victims are often brutalized for trying to fight back)—capital and its enforcers, pointedly raping nature and things of nature-as-monstrous-feminine by harvesting them during us-versus-them arguments according to Cartesian thought; *terror* is a vital part of the counterterrorist reversal humanizing Medusa during activism as a psychosexual act of martyrdom. There is always damage, even if you survive, but there is a theatrical element that lets you *show your scars*; i.e., during consent-non-consent as an artistic, psychosexual form of protest through ludo-Gothic BDSM: having been on the receiving end of state abuse as something to demonstrate and play with for educational, activist purposes—generally with a fair degree of revolutionary cryptonymy (showing and hiding ourselves and our trauma).

By comparison the state uses masks, music (and other things) as a coercive, complicit means of cryptonymically threatening us with great illusions. These rape our minds without irony in service to profit. Such proponents are generally people in our own lives who don the mask/persona of **the Great Destroyer** to frighten us into submission; i.e., by threatening us with total annihilation as a force of unreality that feels shapeless and overwhelming yet humanoid. This is no laughing matter, nor is subverting it during rape play, both of which the rest of this volume (and Volume Three after that) will explore at length.

(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))



To prepare you, I want to extrapolate rape as I experienced it; i.e., as we shall use it as by previously citing "Psychosexual Martyrdom." I want to expand on that quote a little; it's a tough read, but it should prove vital in the grim chapters ahead: power is an illusion, but it *is* tied to forces that can drive you mad through echoes of your own doom assisted by social and material inequality weaponized by state forces!

Note: [Originally posted on my old blog](#), I went onto include "Psychosexual Martyrdom" in this volume ([which is available, as all of my books are, on my website](#)). —Perse

Here is the sample, written after the murders of [Nex Benedict](#) and [Aaron Bushell](#), which I had written about previously:

"Psychosexual" means "of sexuality and the mind," generally trauma; I further liken it to conflict—i.e., conflicting mind and sex, or "battle sex" through rape fantasy, theatre and play. So while Capitalism alienates and sexualizes everything in service to profit and all monsters are psychosexual to some degree, the *chaos* of iconoclastic monsters ultimately challenge the profit motive and its heteronormative, binarized theatrical language/performative roles (of sex and gender) as a delivery mechanism for *orderly* state abuse (canon vs camp); i.e., by anisotropically reversing Gothic poetic's flow of power (often through deception, concealment and revelation—cryptonymy) to humanize workers *in spite* of Cartesian hegemony (and its grim harvests) and Capitalist Realism; e.g., terrorists and counterterrorists, but also heroes and villains (from my thesis volume): "All heroes are monsters, thus liminal expressions that are sexualized and gendered" ([source](#)). Challenging state monopolies by reversing the dialectical-material *function* of said labels (and their oft-pornographic poetics) is exactly what we must do in order to succeed. Monsters as (often queer) code, a messy shadow zone full of darkness visible. It's where the magic (and the sex) happen.

All the while, surrender and segregation are no defense because the state requires criminals to exist inside harmful, highly unequal distributions of power ("Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will" —Frederick Douglass). Instead, we must short-circuit the exchange of violence by humanizing ourselves as ordinarily being the givers and receivers of state harm made into something whose sex positivity—the giving and receiving of pleasure and pleasurable pain; i.e., sadists and masochists during sex-positive demon BDSM—of which the establishment cannot challenge: "The givers and receivers of a state-sanctioned conflict reveal both to be human, one losing its ability to receive punishment and the other to give it. Both must happen simultaneously and en masse for settler-colonialism to stop" ("[Bushnell's Requiem](#)"). The state mustn't colonize us through fascism, thus decaying into fractured forms of itself (and Capitalism) through medieval regressive defenses of capital; it must be developed *before* then, from moment to living moment, as gleaned from monstrous hauntology into something that stalls genocide *altogether*. Though violence and force *are* required to challenge the state, liberation comes not from sheer feat of arms,

but rather from subversive and transgressive reclamation of monstrous symbols: a pedagogy of the oppressed that makes us human *while* presenting us as monsters abused by the state. It's a tricky balance, mainly because violence as something to perform and receive are *not* the same thing despite often *appearing* identical; i.e., martyrs are generally raped by the state, which we have to convey mid-performance *without* actually getting raped if we can help it ("**rape**" meaning [for our purposes] "**to disempower someone or somewhere—a person, culture, or place—in order to harm them,**" generally through fetishizing and alienizing acts or circumstances/socio-material conditions that target the mind, body and/or spirit) [again, my emphasis]: finding power while disempowered (the plight of the monstrous-feminine).

Again, it's tricky because mid-development, we will be criminalized regardless of what we do; but if criminals become *human*, then the *state's* power crumbles, not ours. The paradox stems from the manner in which those cast as monsters are designed to threaten the state at all times—either by making demands that go outside their scope of influence, but also because our mere existence *must* threaten the state and its actors; i.e, because the state *demand*s the arrangement as *useful* to them. To survive this clear-and-obvious clusterfuck, we must become precious, saintly and unkillable as monsters are, but also loved.



(artist: [Lera PI](#))

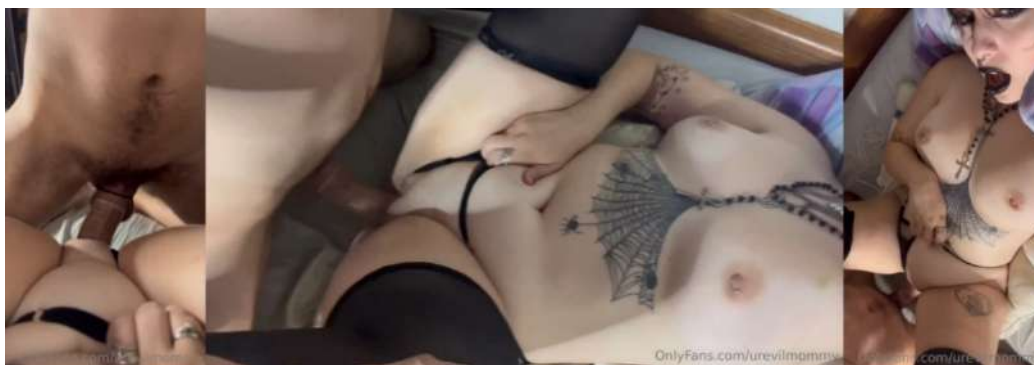
I confess, this is not easy reading and sadly is only a taste of things to come. But, the rest of the chapter shall give you a means not only of healing from rape, but *subverting* its unironic Destroyer through rape-like theatre that puts "rape" in quotes. Sometimes this is less gentle than you might think, but often it occupies that "black Egyptian" hauntological sweet spot; i.e., trapped between reality and madness, danger and disco as liminal in another respect: exploitation and liberation felt in the same theatrical space, fucking to metal and combining operatic pleasure and non-harmful pain to evoke harm but not execute it!

Instead, "rape" becomes an aesthetic with a dark motherly persona emblematic of rape as something to heal from through bad echoes of itself. Thanks to capital, these can never be historically-materially divorced from actual injury and death, but per psychosexual theatre always sits adjacent to harm as something to learn from during calculated risk; i.e., as dark, stylish, and *raw*. This isn't the case in the photo below—with UrEvilMommy and her partner always using condoms (from a shoot already featured in Volume Zero)—but therein lies the rub: little clues that tease such performances as "on the fence," straddling that Goldilocks zone that hurts so good; i.e., like a witch's broom mounted, mid-flight! "Fuck me like you mean it, you bastard! Like an animal! Give me your power to make Hell on Earth something sex-positive for now until the sun burns out!" It's a taunt, even at times a bit of a goofy one; e.g., Arnold Schwarzenegger's supremely hilarious *Predator* (1987) bit: "Come on... Come on! Do it! Do it! Come on. Come on! Kill me! I'm here! Kill me! I'm here! Kill me! Come on! Kill me! I'm here! Come on! Do it now! Kill me!" ([source](#)). He's a bad sub, but it's still a submissive gesture!

This is a *cryptomimetic* byproduct, one teased at centuries ago by Marx. As he put it,

The tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living. And just as they seem to be occupied with revolutionizing themselves and things, creating something that did not exist before, precisely in such epochs of revolutionary crisis they anxiously conjure up the spirits of the past to their service, borrowing from them names, battle slogans, and costumes in order to present this new scene in world history in time-honored disguise and borrowed language ([source](#): "The Eighteenth Brumaire," 1852).

Now camp *Marx*. Put that pussy on the chainwax! It's not a means of pacification—to make us laugh, cry and/or cum to hold us back—but a means of waking up our dormant empathy as a kind of "darkness visible"; i.e., a sleeper that, once collectively awake, breaks Capitalist Realism once and for all!



(artist: [UrEvilMommy](#))

Into the Toy Chest, part one: the Nuts and Bolts of Rape Play

The reader identifies (broadly and loosely) with the predicament as a totality: the ritualized conflict that takes place among the major figures of a Gothic fiction (within the significant boundaries of that "enclosed space") represents in externalized form the conflict any single woman might experience. The reader will project her feelings into several characters, each one of whom will carry some element of her divided "self." A woman pictures herself as trapped between the demands of two sorts of men—a "chaste" lover and a "demon" lover—each of whom is really a reflection of one portion of her own longing. Her rite of passage takes the form of (1) proclaiming her right to preside as mistress over the Gothic structure and (2) deciding which man (which form of "love") may penetrate its recesses! ([source](#)).

—Cynthia Wolff, "The Radcliffean Gothic Model" (1979)



(artist: [Robert A. Multari](#))

Part one considers the nuts and bolts of rape play through ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., and rape/death fantasies rescued from Radcliffe's skilled-and-yet-unskilled status (from my thesis volume); e.g., the knife dick:

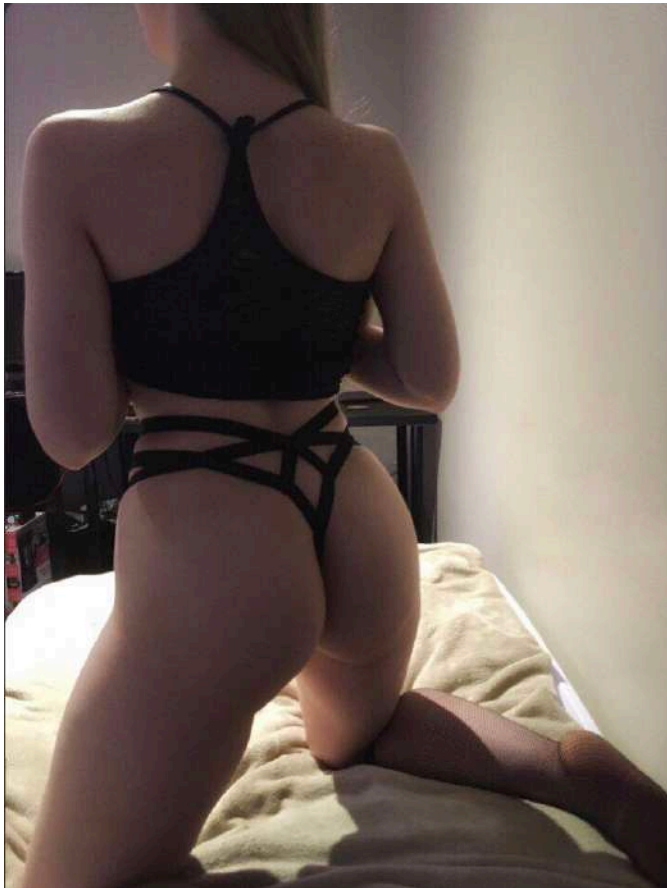
"Sade had to make up his theater of punishment and delight from scratch, improvising the decor and costumes and blasphemous rites" (re: "[Fascinating Fascism](#)"). Needless to say that nearly two centuries later, Sontag's opinion of BDSM is limited to a harmful canonical version of Sadomasochism that frankly is way off the mark in terms of what sex positivity's entire gamut entails: "Sadomasochism has always [emphasis, me] been the furthest reach of the sexual experience: when sex becomes most purely sexual, that is, severed from personhood, from relationships, from love" ([ibid.](#)). She completely ignores the matter of degree and negotiation, and the fact that sex isn't even automatically included in BDSM:

So what about the intersection of kink and sex? When is this appropriate and what are the guidelines?

It's a tricky topic. I remember telling a friend who is pretty vanilla but curious how kink scenes are distinct activities. She said, "So, wait, there's no sex?" And I remember struggling to answer this. For me, most kink scenes are separate from sexual encounters, even if sex may follow a scene. This is very partner dependent, but for me, a kink scene requires aftercare before there is sex. And so far this was

almost always the case for me – negotiation, scene, aftercare, possibility of sex [source: Victor's "Intersection of Kink and Sex," 2019].

In other words, if Sontag was "vanilla," then Radcliffe was barely even ice cream [whose naughty operatic fantasies are unironically violent and sit on the ledge of threatened morality—what Ash, in Alien, would call "delusions," exhibit 51a]. But their combined inexperience paradoxically stems from dark fantasies invented from the open secret of sex abuse turned into urban legends (source).



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

As we dive into the history side of monsters as psychosexual poetic devices, then, I want you to recall my description of Harmony Corrupted:

the proverbial flipside ["horror"] annihilating the viewer through the self-same castled-buttocks, hefty flesh and raunchy feast for the senses: fatal food belying wild hunger behind the veil of lost innocence, paradise lost (the poisoned apple), the feral lycanthrope's mask-like visage and costumed body alluding to a secret self, an animal side ritualistically evoked not by a literal magic potion, but the power of sex-positive ritual and psychosexual sexual healing.

[...] she looks good, mid-"death," but whose surface crackles with untold power and colossal weight, thrown around with the scope and scale of vacant planets. A very freaky girl, in other words, she confronts what she fears as something to reclaim: her own body and gender as something to play with through Gothic mechanisms of power exchange and forbidden knowledge (source).

To this, Harmony's brand vibes with mine. She becomes something to dress or undress by virtue of mutual consent; i.e., as something established and executed

between us and invigilated by me after the fact by someone who wanted to be invigilated and routinely gave me feedback, mid-invigilation. It was less a tornado or force of nature (as women are so often compared to) spiriting me away to a magic other world, and more something close by and spritely—like a slutty fairy with a record shop, but cutely nerdy and quietly wacky like Senan Byrne's "[Helium Balloons](#)" skit (2016) taking me somewhere over the rainbow but somehow down to earth:



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

In short, Harmony participated and played with me, the result being something weird, toy-like and fun: Gothic Slutty Barbie™ minus Matel's corporate tampering! It's a bit kooky and comes with all the usual hanky-panky shenanigans, but also funny and sweet, meaning relatable/delightful BTS stories springing forth (next page); i.e., while that cute little tongue pops out of that ostensibly "dead" mouth, its owner choked by invisible hands round her throat (fetishes and clichés equate to "necrophilia" placed into quotes—the corpse bride/mommy dom in corpse paint). The desire to say "it ain't easy being green" while simultaneously saying "bright **green!**" to BDSM rape play is one

hell of a tightrope, but a fun one if you know what you're doing and have a good playmate. You feel that tension and want to rip each other's clothes off and get all up in there. Into her "toy chest," indeed!

More to the point, entry into someone's "forbidden zone" is established through trust and boundary-building exercises that play (and lay) on the poetic devices Volume Two, part one outlined:

Our views are shaped by those we meet and fall in love with in sequence and upon reflection, who we see as human by virtue of common ground and interests amid differences—a pedagogy of the oppressed relaid in Gothic

poetics as recursive, concentric, anisotropic, and ergodic (endlessly tiered and self-contained, determined by flow and non-trivial effort); it's about tearing down harmful boundaries and installing healthy ones through different points of view like teaching, medicine and the medieval, but also **selective absorption**, a **confusion of the senses** and **magical assembly** to add to our **Song of Infinity** (all specialized poetic devices the medieval prep section will explore further). In our hands, ludo-Gothic BDSM is a potent means of establishing and negotiating boundaries—to perform and play with power (and trauma) where it exists, in the shadow zone.

Friends are made through communicating boundaries and being open with those we connect with while living in situations that require us to use code to portray our human condition but also oppression and rebellion. In short, we identify as monsters who love and see each other as human in spite of those who, one way or another, side with the colonizer group ([source](#)).

Harmony is literally the poster girl for this idea—the wellspring for which our ideas flowed through me invigilating her as we related to each other, *mid-poiesis!* I want to include her because she's valuable, friendly and fun—is a wonderful friend, student, playmate, and comrade! I feel very safe working with her and value our friendship beyond words; i.e., as something to pass along to the next generation: to learn from us in oral, written, and visual forms they can digest and create fresh recipes with. Pay attention, kids; this is how it's done!

It's a work-in-process, one made in real time that allows for all the fun weirdness that intimacy equates to. For example, Harmony posed awhile back for this cover shot (which eventually [became the cover of Volume Two, part one](#)). She was wearing black lipstick that, in a later sex tape she made for me with her SO, actually wasn't "smear proof" as advertised! It kept getting all over his big fat cock during oral. So Harmony had to use a burgundy red called "Bauhaus," instead... which caused the algorithm to send her "#bauhausisracist." We had a laugh about that, both of us enjoying killing our darlings mid-discourse, per our overlapping Gothic voyeurism and exhibitionism; i.e., as an opportunity to expose harmful bad actors playing the rebel (an "apocalypse" in zombie terms). This, in turn, reminded me of *my* past spent in Manchester, England, and Zeuhl (speaking of bad actors) showing me "[Bella Lugosi's Dead](#)" (1982). I said, "I'm more of a postpunk girl," to which Harmony replied, "Yeah same here! Post punk, EBM and ethereal is my stuff!" We exchanged some music, back and forth, but she also said she'd make me a playlist.

Then, we had a play session and it was very relaxing and fun—like sex in a graveyard, but from the comfort and warmth of our own homes! It's ultimately not a privilege, but a basic human right! It's all there in our cryptomimetic gloomth, our castle-narrative funneling along the Gothic chronotope as a meta dialog between

cuties: delicious, sexy echopraxis! "Put your *mysterium tremendum* in my uncanny valley!" It disintegrates, reassembling amid vitality as decaying into fresh life! Just *look* at those cute little boobies, that tight little pussy waiting to be stuffed (the context of mutual consent being as much Harmony taking the images for me, but also me selecting them and her approving my selections in real time):



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

In other words, women *classically* are made to fear themselves projected onto abject counterparts, but also to campily interrogate or embody that in different toy-like ways: torturous mutilation, death and rape fantasies to play with differently than cis-het boys (or TERFs) would. The latter approach the *memento mori* as thrashed on like training dummies during overtly phallic emulations of war and mortal combat; i.e., Man Box, when irony is truant; e.g., Kentucky Ballistics' "[Medieval Weapons vs The Modern Warrior](#)" (next page, 2024). Women are expected to rely on men for projection, but must likewise grit and bear it when white knights turn out to be black (whose decay is expected by the narrative as a historical-material one—ACAB extending to canonical knights and castles).

However vengeful, women are expected grant softer and more literally sexual analogs for "rape" in quotes (or not): poison, resentment, and treachery as the universal recipient for penetration, not guns and bullets given back in kind. They *can* do other things, but these become Amazonian as a form of monstrous-

feminine, which the state will try to monopolize as toy-like under the elite's thrall: Golding's conch, except it shoots bullets to keep the peace.



To subvert *that*, we must toy with all of the above as something to take away from TERFs as bad actors, players, educators during Demon BDSM (and all token agents). Expressed through our bodies and roleplay (re: Harmony and I, having fun) as monstrous-feminine, there is often a neo-medieval flavor that recovers from trauma acted out versus contributing to it in classically male forms (to steer us clear of state harm and bad education, in other words): knives, bullets and clubs (stab, shoot, punch); i.e., melee and projectile violence that kills someone's enemies, meaning the state's by proxy. Every execution needs a cop, thus a victim; but dated, second wave forms like *Dead Calm* often (as stated, earlier) deliberately pit the resident *white* cutie against a demon lover (white or black) like Radcliffe's sort, over two centuries backward. It's regressive, but also *exclusionary* as a kind of decay reserved for "special women"; i.e., for good girls (married to white men, or at least *white-functioning* men): childishy fighting over the same gun as a police tool in settler-colonial territories (the rapist, in Zane's case, scrapping with the British naval officer's wife. She can throw down, doing so as the secret warrior princess [with auburn, curly hair] who doubtless has her own bigotries effaced by making the rapist white).

These are broad claims. I'd like to spend the rest of part one articulating the nuts-and bolts of this poetic, toy-like violence—in essence, to give room to critique the unironic forms of its theatrical iterations, extending pervasively into the Gothic and sex work, including guns and cars tied to heroic action (echoes of *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes* and my monomythic critiques at large). Then, we'll move into

part two: *my* life as a poetic, iconoclastic, interpersonal response to all of these parasocial things! It's gonna go quick, and we'll cover a lot of ground over a very short period—just enough to get my points across...

First and foremost, let's consider sex and force as dimorphized in toy-like ways (with history being such toys coming to life). Because of the heteronormative, false-dimorphic nature of capital, such toy-like violence divides into male violence as something to give and receive in service to the profit motive; i.e., attacking nature-as-monstrous-feminine, extending the dialectic of the alien into violent, Cartesian displays whose shows of force are lethal and regressive: whack, stab, and shoot Medusa! Rape her zombie cunt; i.e., own your enemy through deadly psychosexual force, aka "extreme prejudice." It's everywhere, so we must learn to laugh at (thus critique) such things through play that extends to how others do so as well, but differently as a matter of dialectical-material praxis: opposing force!



(exhibit 34b3b2a2a2a: Artist: [Kentucky Ballistics](#). *The Gothic* explores psychosexual violence as something to play with in non-harmful forms, except the duality of language implements BDSM as something that can always be good or bad relative to state dogma; i.e., as something to enforce [or otherwise encourage] through terror and force, meaning police violence as de facto and stochastic—as much meted out by vigilantes as by official agents within the same half-real theatre. For sexist men [from Volume Two, part one]:

humans aren't cruel by nature; they're taught to be cruel to serve profit during settler colonialism at home and abroad. Accustomed to the Man Box, boys grow into young men, then adults who maintain a cruel streak fueled by

us versus them; they fall prey to guilty pleasure, wishful thinking and the pleasure principle as Pavlovian. They're always chasing that fix and cannot conceive of anything outside of it: a murderous flow state whose headspace is conducive to violence against the enemy as alien. In turn, the enemy is "out there," so that is where men go—to war and for marriage (military exogamy and war brides); i.e., war booty to drag back to the ancestral home as restored from a mysterious decay through far-off bloodshed [source].

In short, capital is criminogenic relative to nuclear-familial dogma leading to domestic abuse that synonymizes sex and force to harmful extremes during theatrical rites of passage: lethal force carried out with actual killing tools [or improvised ones] breaking one's "toys" [a big problem when people are treated like toys, but also bodies to count²⁹⁷] as us-versus-them analogs; i.e., so-called "male violence" per an unironic "Male Gothic" speaking to the implements of psychosexual medieval theatre used by heteronormative [or token] agents serving profit by hammering anything that sticks out [above]: sexual violence as punitive play/retribution.



[source: *The Slow Mo Guys' "75mph Bird to the Face with Adam Savage," 2024*]

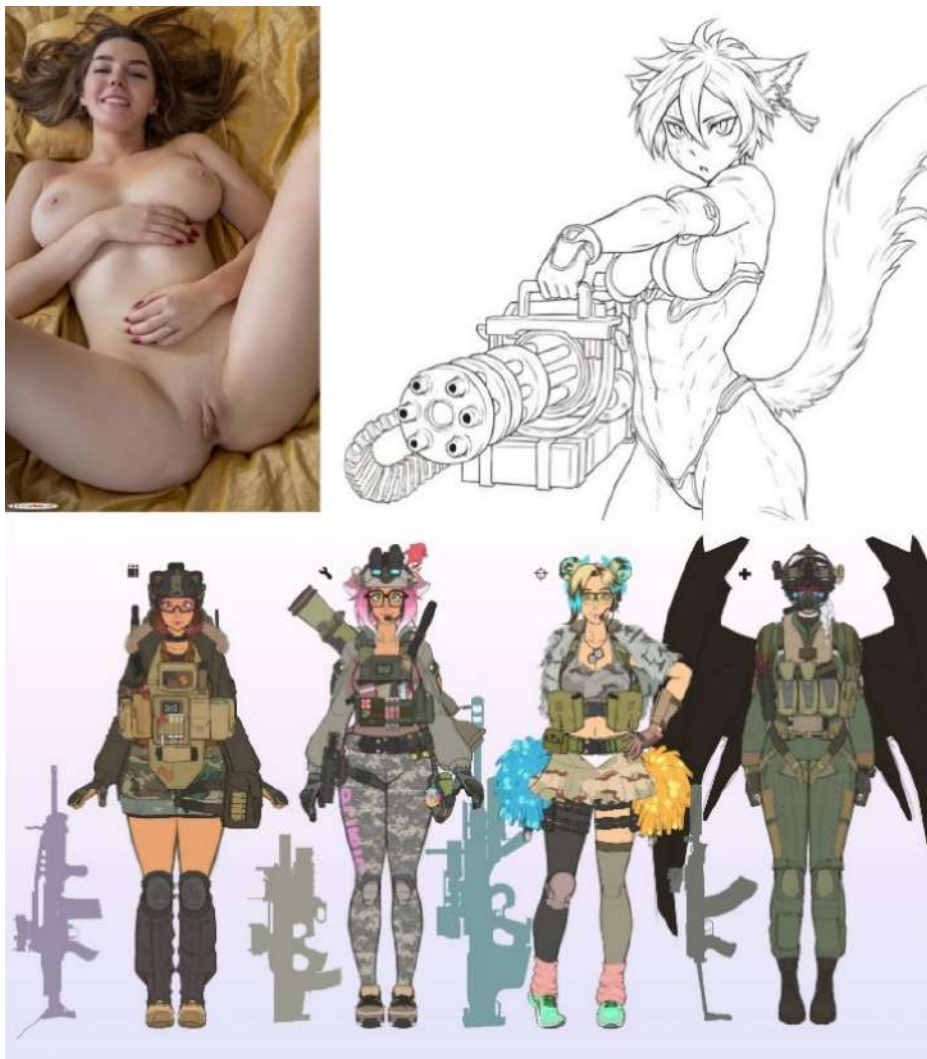
²⁹⁷ In war, especially American wars, "victory" is arbitrated by kill count; the same idea is perpetrated by weird canonical nerds stuck in the Man Box regarding sexual conquests: a "body count," which generally only "counts" if it's PIV sex. In truth, numbers are far less important than the quality and character of a given relationship, not the sex; i.e., my in-person body count is eight—where I achieved PIV sex, but furthermore where the majority of those [six] were people I was friends with, and which the sex was a chance to learn more about them versus the end-all, be-all of our relations.

It's a silly thing to do, of course, and often a very funny one ipso facto. On a domestic level, this historically-materially turns to lethal force by the male/tokenized side against the female/monstrous-feminine side as indicative of the larger structural exploitation built into itself; i.e., harvesting nature as monstrous-feminine, code for "rape and kill." The "problem" is always there, always something to turn into "merch" given the right tool as being worshipped for doing so. This dimorphism ties to capital and its usual heteronormative tropes/false binaries expanded wider and wider in an ever-growing market roping workers into the Battle of the Sexes. As Snake Eater [2004] shows us, this kind of gun customization and worship [which extends to cars and bodies] wasn't available at a public level in the 1960s; it also shows Snake [the future Big Boss] nerding out over the future of the world in his hands... all while ignoring the female Russian spy seducing him as much with the gun as her own "ballistics" [very phallic]. Communism one, Solid Snake zero! To quote the man himself:



"The feeding ramp is polished to a mirror sheen. The slide's been reinforced. And the interlock with the frame is tightened for added precision. The sight system is original, too. The thumb safety is extended to make it easier on the finger. A long-type trigger with non-slip grooves. A ring hammer... The base of the trigger guard's been filed down for a higher grip. And not only that, nearly every part of this gun has been expertly crafted and customized. Where'd you get something like this?" [source].

There's a lot going on—a kind of story-within-a-story whose espionage and counter-espionage will become especially relevant in part two. We're all monsters and heroes on the same stage, wearing the same masks, driving the same heroic vehicles, sporting all manner of weapons and strange powers. But for all this pornographic liminality and potential for rebellion in service to workers, sex work is guarded in the classic sense: by harem soldiers; i.e., the submissive wifely girl by the battle-hardened warrior nuns pledging service to the state [re: The Monk]! Just as you can't just peel off your clothes and simply say you're safe, you can't just hand a bitch a gun and be like, "Go shoot the enemy!" Context matters, as does instruction as anisotropic through Gothic poetics; i.e., as forever at work vis-à-vis class warriors and traitors sending power in one of two directions:



[artist, top-right: *Gala Ann*; top-left: [Nonneim](#); bottom: [Blur Squid](#)]

American culture is Pax Americana, aka "peace through strength," which not only builds on top of genocide, but aims to turn the world into a car lot and gun shop

expressed through people-like avatars of such things²⁹⁸. It's not whether these things are needed, but that they dogmatically turn into porn that operates along

²⁹⁸ From guns to cars to explosives—e.g., crash dummies, the dwarvish satchel charges from *Myth*, to *MythBusters* (2003)—all simulate war, rape and death through calculated risk; i.e., as something to have an element of control over through a mixture of analog bodies and implements of actual harm. It's a game, a form of redirection that ultimately feels playful and cathartic; i.e., the closer you approach sex-positive forms, which capital will try to fake in service to profit, not workers or nature.

Indeed, it's often zany in *Loony-Toons*-style ways classically befitting of young boys; e.g., my little brother hijacking one of the jets in *Battlefield 2* (2005) and flying so high that the physics grew "dangerously confused," causing the plane to spiral out of control and spin impossibly fast (with my brother ejecting to leave the confused co-pilot sitting alone in the whirling and disintegrating plane); or, when he hacked the game's physics in *Daggerfall* (1995), effectively turning his character first into a rocket car (zipping along the ground similar to Doomguy's own lack of friction) and then an airplane/missile that launched off the imperial castle steps, flying forward at impossible speeds to smash gloriously into the ground like a meteor.



It's akin to playtesting life through abrupt and obscene simulations that, like a videogame, verge on the absurd, the warlike, the outrageously violent. But, as myself playing *Myth* on an old (new, at the time) iMac, or my brother playing *Need for Speed 2* (1997) on the PSOne and trying to "tip buses" (think cows, but with vehicles) in a particular level, it turns complete accidents and horrendous, abject failures by any other name/on any other day into an Evel-Knievel-type spectacle: something to sell tickets to and rate 10/10 for the thrill of it; i.e., on stolen land, but also into illusions of digital replicas of said stolen land during Capitalist Realism. The profit motive generates such entropy as chasing after efficient profit that translates back into real life out of various simulations that decay into the real world connected to the hyperreal simulation: rubbernecking with a death race feel that verges on parody speaking to the reality of car violence; e.g., *Carmageddon* (above, 1997) merging popular heavy metal—Fear Factory's *Demanufacture* (1995)—with out-of-control car racing similar to *Mortal Kombat* the movie (1995) did with pit fighting/manufactured counterculture (e.g.,

the usual nuclear model to the detriment of all workers and nature, mid-harvest. Through Capitalist Realism, guns and cars become an essential way of life; i.e., killing the planet by virtue of war and rape as a business, one where gun/car culture represents privatization as Marx envisioned it: factories [which Henry Ford defended and upheld per his own fascist ties]. To quote the man himself:

Private property has made us so stupid and one-sided that an object is only ours when we have it – when it exists for us as capital, or when it is directly possessed, eaten, drunk, worn, inhabited, etc., – in short, when it is used by us. Although private property itself again conceives all these direct realizations of possession only as means of life, and the life which they serve as means is the life of private property – labour and conversion into capital ([source](#): "Private Property and Communism," 1844).

Per my arguments, this usage translates historically-materially into rape minus quotes. For our own sake, then, we must challenge that with our own camp, our own ludo-Gothic BDSM. As my short essay "[Making Marx Gay](#)" [2024] demonstrates, this means camping Marx as well! Anything they put into the world becomes something they cannot exclusively own; i.e., we can camp it.)

Sex and force are two sides of the Imperium; i.e., ubiquitously sponsored and disseminated by state proponents in mock-up, "faraway" displacements making

KMFDM's 1997 "[Megalomaniac](#)") or *Road Rash* (1996) did Soundgarden's *Bad Motor Finger* (1991). It's like a caricature, a sick joke, a bad portrait with a time signature and hauntological idiosyncrasy gliding along the same Gothic mode. At times, it can feel a bit manufactured, especially from a white, middle-class perspective acting rebellious even when there's no systemic oppression taking place (which is what fascism historically is: white oppressors playing the victim); i.e., a controlled form of opposition that's even a bit silly and random (as silly and random as my brother naming one of his bases in the original DOS version of *X-Com: UFO Defense* [1994] "trans fat," after glancing at the black-and-white Nutritional Facts label on the back of the *Cheetos* bag he was eating from: "Trans fat was invaded by aliens! No!"). Can you tell the difference?



([source](#): Fandom)

settler colonialism seem "ancient" (the ghost of the counterfeit), ready to abject time and time again. As such, the *female/tokenized* side of the settler-colonial project's binarized thinking is terror as called by Asprey, "the kissing cousin of force." Under canonical essentialism, force executes terror as a flipside the state tries to monopolize *against* its enemies; i.e., both being given and received to harvest nature as alien/monstrous-feminine.



(artist: [Hanage Missile](#))

In this praxial vacuum, consent is the first casualty thereof, sex and force meted out by those with no reverses for nuance or kindness, save towards a singular pet perhaps (usually an animal or a bride); e.g., Samus saving the animals while blowing up Zebes, eventually decaying into a shadow she will abject to whitewash empire while decaying herself (re: the euthanasia effect).

Faced with heteronormative vanguards, those essentialized as "women" according to their biology are forced to sell these products as canonically essential from a likewise geographical and morphological degree; i.e., sexualized by capital like women are at all points/perspectives, becoming an extension of them as eroticized inside the same police dialogic: of enslavement and profit, gun and car porn sitting on the image of the surface as something to seek revenge *with*—through tokenized police violence during the usual decay of punk, feminist and genderqueer culture.

Metroidvania or not, videogames—like their older palimpsests—are *rife* with this spirit of decay. It sits inside them and travels across all manner of performative

interpretations (e.g., cosplayers, speedrunners, critics, etc). As such, they decay and become the fascist knife dick to rape nature (and those of nature) with; i.e., the Cartesian lie of "thinking beings" vs "extended beings." The former are actually lobotomized to kill the usual colonized parties as darkness, outside, incorrect, etc: little mouths eating for the big mouth of the state, siphoning power always and forever towards the state nucleus and its Skeksis-grade oligarchy in half-real forms.

For example, just *look* at these two ghouls, Mark Hamill sucking the state's dick; they're both pieces of shit—bad actors merging fantasy and reality as bouncing back and forth through backroom deals; i.e., through the useful myth of Gothic ancestry—but the register of their hypocrisy converges between two men on two different stages: of war as something to—per Lucas—whitewash as "faraway" during billionaire Marxism (which really is just Capitalism, thus not Marxist). Yet, relegated to the alien halls of American power, the nature of this shared politic remains "theatrical" for both men. Good or bad, power is simply a relationship between actors serving workers or the state. These two assclowns are serving the state, thus the profit motive, as genocidal by design:



([source](#): Becca Wood's "Mark Hamill asks President Joe Biden if he can call him 'Joe'-bi-Wan Kenobi," 2024)

Regarding the tokenized side of such betrayals, Amazons appear as knights do, but the function of the armor is usually inverted, stripped down to the skin as something to drape across a car's hood, ornament-style. Moreover, the same underlying syndromes still exist—e.g., virgin/whore, mirror and compartment, etc—meaning that somewhere, some girl isn't just being reduced to a militant sex object, but a dutiful wallflower actually getting shot by some family annihilator treating his wife and children exclusively as his: his car to ride and crash—to punish when they've "been bad" (running away to have extramarital sex).

Under this patriarchal installment, the man is generally the giver of violence towards disobedient property as—per neoliberal Capitalism—made inside a given area and haunted by a ghost of the counterfeit that must be routinely abjected at home as alien. This haunting extends to guns, cars, and the toy-like force tied to them and their manufacture as indebted to the usual trifectas and monopolies; i.e., regardless of where on the male/female dichotomy one lands. It's toy-like, but harmful, so we must play with it as a Shakespearean might: on the stage as half-real! Unlike Hamill and Biden, who are accustomed to power and privilege, we'll have to work and act all the harder to make our message heard!



(artist: [Steven Stahlberg](#))

Capital is ultimately a Cartesian (settler-colonial, heteronormative) delivery system that biologically essentializes dimorphized sex and violence. The problem with American gun/car culture—and Gothic hyphenations of these (and other morphological forms of male violence; e.g., knives and car sex, above)—is they aren't just treated with respect, but *worshipped* as canonically mutilative: the white woman escaping into unironic rape fantasies that lionize American and its usual Man Box benefactors; i.e., those emblematic of the profit motive as abject and romanticized per the Western, noir or Metroidvania, etc (Joe Biden, with his stupid aviators, thinks he's a cowboy-style badass; i.e., the emperor has no clothes). Blame Radcliffe for that one, white women pacifying Imperialism while paradoxically exposing it. Nevertheless, the Gothic canonically offers up a measure of one's manhood, meaning "knife dick" toys to play with that define women (specifically *white cis-het* women and various token examples) by how they are tortured by men. In turn, they shape and maintain how the *women* triangulate for these men when ranking rape *vis-à-vis* various minorities *they* gatekeep.

Skewered, class traitors attack potential dissidents through cultural appropriation: victimization as a witch-cop veil for TERF-style assaults dressed up as "survival." Radicalization towards the state is effectively random, but with odds bettered by dogma (socio-material conditions loading the dice), it's a gamble the state with happily take time and time again; i.e., to roll on repeat in service to profit. It's all a game to them, a harmful one.

Guns and other weapons remain central, insofar as they are the expected result of any such rhetoric; car culture gets the vigilante to and fro (and at times weaponizes to run down protestors and bystanders alike), and it all bleeds together

like a bad Saturday morning cartoon: the heroine, her car and her weapon, her outfit all on-brand as "fash." Except no matter how much respect you give them, fascism serves only one purpose: to kill for the state defending itself mid-decay (which cars generally deliver to sites of such Holocaust-by-bullet violence; i.e., as something that must be built to provide: garages, parking lots, highways, etc). They aren't simply expensive toys, then, but killing devices made to threaten others with: a vampiric mad dog.

By extension, those who wield (or receive) them become arbiters of state force much like a medieval knight would on their armored steed; those on the wrong side of the law become desperados, terrorists, outlaws, etc, including sex workers regularly policed by medievalized regression (which is what fascism is). White or black, the state's proponents are something to be feared, including by white women (the classic Gothic readership) enforcing this fortress-grade xenophobia through their own compelled dysfunction. Emblematic of the nuclear model's "teenage rebellion," they grow threatened by imaginary scapegoats projected onto real-world groups; i.e., harmful stereotypes tied to profit; e.g., the lie of trans women merely being "men in women's dresses," and "all black men raping white women," etc—mostly myths built around reactive violence, but *lucrative* ones popularized during moral panic as capital decays (versus targeting fascism and the elite, which we must do).

On the other hand, the state will routinely target a person forced to identify around their female biology as monstrous-feminine: a thing to protect in bad faith,



but also to *slay* through the male/token body doubling the state's carried weapons—their executioner *and* victim. It's so very easy for the cartoon Communist to become fascist in centrist yarns: mad Medusa insane with psychosexual fury as something to sexualize in defense of capital. She becomes as toy-like as a gun, a car-like machine girl who can be scapegoated by capital, but also deputized by its decaying agencies: to assist in a return to greatness. Such give and take is always made to further consolidate state power as never really surrendering anything.

(artist: [Sykosan](#))

Forms follow function, then, insofar as power normally flows *towards* the state as arbitrated by state control *over* Gothic poetics. People are not machines, but *can* be made machine-like; i.e., through bio-power-style insect politics relative to the gun/car culture around them as dogmatizing guns, cars, and girls (all expensive commodities) during us versus them. Cars and guns create far more problems than they solve, and women threatened by perceived dangers help the elite stay in power (versus asymmetrical warfare weaponizing stolen ordinance for a *postcolonial* aim): by redirecting privileged worker anger towards those with less privilege coded as "threats" in dogmatic bad faith.



State power decays towards fascism, but genocide under "peaceful" conditions is equally present-if-mendacious pareidolia; i.e., a menticidal, gut-punch lie to tell whenever the white castle darkens: "There is no genocide!" To that, there seriously needs to be a lot less guns, cars, and weaponized bodies in the world (the warship, left, haunted by the ghost ship in a

fourth-dimension sense); i.e., being worshiped on altars due to the Military Industrial Complex and copaganda selling war toys to kids that mirror the killing doubles kids are expected to grow into: waves of terror *and* force.

Instead, there needs to be more people being treated as human while playing with toy-like iterations of these things; i.e., what's known in Biblical



language as "hammering swords into ploughshares," and generally associated with the end of the world. Per Capitalist Realism, America laying down its arms—thereby converting them permanently into tools of peace—is entirely unthinkable to capital because guns/cars and female/monstrous-feminine enslavement (and the Protestant work ethic attached to them in the nuclear family model on all registers) is holy insofar as capitalistic hegemony is sacred. In short, it's the same-old fragile, trigger-happy dogma.

(artist: [The Art of Vero](#))

As such, women become turned into cargo—"built," that is, like a nice car/gun (or some such weapon) would be—but also operating as a model usually does under patriarchal influence; i.e., to swap in and out insofar as a given woman (especially a non-white woman, let alone a GNC monstrous-feminine) will historically-materially codify along the lines of such entities' power installments. Per the canonical Gothic, this means without any agency save what they're reduced to within material culture indicating nature's subjugation to serve profit; i.e., guns and cars, but also the girls tied to them as the measure of a man's success by virtue of implied conquest: their "parts" owned and assembled by him as capital reduces to through its daily operations, moving money and materials through nature in war-like, rapacious ways.

As such, women (especially Indigenous women/women of color) become the beautiful shadow—the ghost-like unicorn tied to efficient profit that, per enshittification, exploits and infantilizes them as a ripe harvest to divvy up and exploit, but not before presenting in public spaces like Halloween candy fetishizing the ghost of the counterfeit. Such beauties are classically naked-and-clothed all at once, viewed from the front and the back as something to "hit," and mistreat through impostor accounts leaking the original material; i.e., as fruit from another planet, the Global South. All remain as something to carve up but whose carving haunts the criminalized romance such bodies are forced to align with; i.e., guns, drugs, sex and fast cars/women tied to the usual siphoning of resources from colonized lands at home and abroad. Capital loses control over wild things, precisely so it can seize control again and move money through nature. It's a con.

Volume One examined Nya Blu in this respect:



[artist, right: [Nya Blu](#)]

We all have skulls inside us. According to the Gothic tradition inside the Imperial Core, inheritance anxiety historically-materially communicates internalized trauma as suggested within workers but expressed according to their surface-level appearance in the material world; i.e., who, regardless of their origins, will be judged and consumed based how they appear relative to a cultural understanding of the imaginary past as something to constantly look at, vis-à-vis Segewick's "Imagery of the Surface" [1980]. Nya, for example, is covered in tattoos that speak to Cartesian trauma and the Gothic as something to wear on her skin, reassembled there after having been created many times before. She's a walking fortress, utterly stacked but rife with surface tension. She performs the paradox that Charlotte Brontë's Anne Causeway could not, the latter woman entirely doomed inside the attic for no one to see [except in dream-like reveries]. The paradox is a doubled form of emancipation that occurs through confrontation; i.e., a savvy and brave wielding of the very things used to coop her up in the white man's home, but also his colonizer's heart and mind and those of an imperial readership then and now seeing her "of nature" and nature as psychosexual food [source].

The same idea applies to Nya as "comparable"; i.e., to other models being mistreated by capital as toying with their rights: something to weaponize, labor-wise, against the colonized group on various registers and at different locations. All maintain some aspect of this colonial character even in domestic spheres.



(artist: [Lexi Love](#))

To that, Lexi Love is yet-another-resurrection of the whore side of the virgin/whore binary—stupid hot and dummy thicc, but a dark Madonna who's ultimately "off limits" save in cheap, replicate copies: photos, videos, and other merch-style offshoots of the original. All constitute a parasocial, predatory means of rarefying nature as something to conquer by men—to "come and get" like pigs to the trough (a comment on the men bred on Lexi's likeness, not the lady herself as a person); i.e., nature as food (re: Volume One), cultivated and feasted

on, over and over through the favor of the gods pimping out nature not just as female, but monstrous-feminine; e.g., the lady of the lake, Aphrodite, Medusa, etc.

Prostitution *is* the world's oldest profession. I would extend this to nature deifying under capital (and its predecessors); i.e., into something men can chase and claim through force, not consent. Said forces decay inside an arrangement that worsens by virtue of optics; the exploitation is universal, moderate or not. So while fatness is something altogether healthy (and desirable) under *natural* circumstances, capital treats it merely as something to milk and abuse for profit. The so-called "temple" becomes haunted by the historical-material abuse of a people that—if not Lexi, herself—nevertheless *look* like Lexi. She becomes unfairly privileged in a system where relatively few people get to enjoy such "success": a princess, a sex symbol, an icon. She might seem mute, then, but there's power in her silent smile and shapely body the elite can never monopolize:



(artist: [Lexi Love](#))

Both ladies are industry pros, to be sure, which the state ultimately treats as expensive merchandise of a non-white variety to flaunt and exploit like a mountain of cocaine. Pushed into the streets of American cities, they featured within sites of imperial consumption deep inside the settler colony's mother territories: to be feasted on by sex-starved white people slumming through harmful "jungle-fever fantasies," then discarded by virtue of their raunchiest material being all over Google at the touch of a key (out of respect for Lexi and Nya, those images are not shown here; these

images are from fan accounts that, as far as I can tell, are legit). In terms of spices, materiel, and "booty" as delivered through force, these girls are queenly

pursuits (the ass that launched 1,000 ships) haunted by drug wars treating their flesh as the ultimate high:



(exhibit 34b3b2a2a2a1a: Artist, top: [Lexi Love](#); bottom: [Nya Blu](#). It's possible to appreciate these women as sexy and exotic while also acknowledging their human status as exploited. They might technically be clothed; their bodies still swell against all manner of skimpy-but-tight garments. The women aren't inevitably stripped of just these, either, but of market value by various persons flooding said market with something to drive people wild with: stolen labor per a larger settler-colonial addiction that mistreats the models [who are probably well-paid, but whose image or likeness becomes branded or owned by the companies who hire them]. Such leaks are tremendously unfair to Lexi and Nya, who are framed as either "teenage" [note the braces] or "dark maternal jungle bunny"; i.e., as yet-another-form-of-nature-being-harvested-as-monstrous-feminine: a castle-like body to besiege, bought-and-paid for per a settler-colonial scheme whose shelf life is

radioactive. Yet the show must go on, reducing them—however lovely they might appear—to sex objects inside a highly racist industry²⁹⁹ exploiting them for their labor [and non-white bodies] chased by white cis-het men as the universal clientele.

Volume One likened this cycle as a liminal hauntology inside capital; i.e., raping Medusa per the castle as dislocated, viewed on the horizon:

Such a castle's nightmarish presence denotes potential mayhem tied to one's habitat; i.e., through the liminal hauntology of war colonizing nature and those tied to nature. When such a castle appears, it is time to be afraid; the colonial harvest is at hand. Yet, precisely because the state does not hold a monopoly over violence, terror and morphological expression, a demon or castle needn't spell our end; it can represent our sole means of attack, reclaiming said poetics' endless inventiveness to turn colonizer fears back into their hopelessly scared brains with counterterror [[source](#)].



[artist: [Nya Blu](#)]

²⁹⁹ Which extends to camping superhero stories with varying degrees of success regarding assimilative double standards; e.g., Key and Peele's "[This Superhero Squad Has a Discrimination Problem](#)" (2020). It's easy to swat low-hanging fruit but still compromise on harder moral stances; e.g., Jordan Peele disappointingly taking *Israel's* side in support of Joe Biden's role in American's age-old genocidal antics: "Peele put his name to the letter which praised Biden for his 'unshakable moral conviction, leadership, and support for the Jewish people,' and urged the U.S. government 'to not rest until all hostages are released'" ([source](#): Shannon Power's "Jordan Peele Faces Backlash," 2023); i.e., Afrocentrism-meets-plain-old-American-exceptionalism-and-centrist-dogma! Gross. More to the point, anytime someone tries to make you laugh as a clever distraction from state criticism, they're enacting state apologia. We need to think through laughter in ways that prevent genocide for *all* peoples, not just black Americans, Peele!

So whatever power women like Nya or Lexi have—and duplicates of them who survive in the same predatory business, including others of a less-than-celebrity status—it collectively lives in the shadows of a wider exploitation hinted at by the long shadows these ladies cast. They embody the harvest as something to reclaim inside of its American hauntologies—on the surface of the skin, behind phone screens, as statuesque castle-like bodies in a traveling mise-en-abyme. They are legend, but in ways that potentially yield Richard Matteson's fearsome undead made into a liberatory device: Medusa, thick and full, threatening to break free, getting down to business.)

All the while, white women look at them in horror and disgust, but also confused empathy as someone who is policed differently relative to the same shared characteristics: "woman is other" something we must extend to all oppressed groups treated as monstrous-feminine, not just thicc white or black cis-het women! The same critical lens we applied to Peele works here, then: Anytime someone tries to make you cum as a clever distraction from state criticism—especially while serving the profit motive—they're enacting state apologia. We need to think through sex/rape play in ways that prevent genocide for *all* peoples, including sex workers exploiting others through themselves as selling out:

Note: This isn't a comment on Soon2BSalty! She's awesome and my working experience with her was perfectly fine [[and made a nice piece of art](#)]! Go support her work! —Perse



(artist: [Soon2BSalty](#))

Per my work as done with all my friends' help³⁰⁰, we're exploring the opposite side of Capitalist Realism's harmful, myopic/panoptic refrains well beyond Ellen Moers' dated "Female Gothic"; i.e., to re-envision Matthew Lewis' "Male Gothic" as a toy-like monstrous-feminine whose 21st century camp provides ironic rape play. Such irony expands "sodomy" and witchcraft to all forms of queerness/monstrous-feminine under attack by bloodthirsty straight dudes and token agents; i.e., serving profit as a settler-colonial structure pimping nature out: what TERFs call "men in dresses" regarding trans women and "foolish girls duped by a global conspiracy" regarding trans men (with enbies and ace people facing their own discrimination). So while people generally like a dash of splatter with their theatrically rough sex (e.g., *Romeo and Juliet's* graveyard duel: "Tempt not a dangerous man!"), we want to expand the view of the oppressed beyond white cis-het women/tokenized sex workers; i.e., as historically triangulating against/policing other oppressed peoples to receive the state's equality of convenience, post-betrayal.

As such, we'll conclude part one of the subchapter with a few more points on the nuts and bolts of interpersonal Gothic poetics; following that, part two will consider the toy-like pedagogy of Gothic poetics per my own experiences with



various cuties—my exes, but also my current partners as real people, not parasocial exchanges.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

We all have the power to work together for or against the state. Revolutionary cryptonymy dabbles in power as something to—like the state—temporarily surrender before taking it back. And to

be completely honest, losing control/sharing power *is* fun under sex-positive scenarios. Except the Destroyer *can't* be sex-positive unless it demonstrably challenges the cycling of profit, thus the state's unironic war and rape of nature-as-monstrous-feminine. This arbitrates as a matter of Gothic counterculture, civil rights and social justice decided by workers, not the state (and its pulverized, accommodated intellectuals).

³⁰⁰ If you want to be included, refer to Persephone van der Waard's "[Looking for Models, Sex Positivity 5/13/2024.](#)"



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

As an iconoclastic device, then, ludo-Gothic BDSM plays with rape through ace-leaning nudism and unequal power exchange between artists and muses, doms and subs. All work together to a) comment on systemic harm through calculated risk, and b) to cooperate through our crossed wires' survival mechanisms warped by trauma—in short, so we can function as people and have (relatively) healthy relationships, sexual or otherwise: we're not toys for you to abuse or use to abuse others with like you might your favorite gun, car or sex object. This applies to me and Harmony Corrupted as FWBs as we negotiated, but also my friendship with Blxxd Bunny as a predominantly ace sex worker I can proudly feature time and time again! On top of that, I can invigilate/write about both cuties separately and/or together (over the next few pages) despite them having never met!

Some cuties cast big shadows. Like Harmony Corrupted, Bunny corrupts icons simply by existing in ways ironic to capitalistic dogma (which is inflexible, rigid, unable to change). Each cutie amounts, in praxial-poetic terms, to size difference challenging history as a giant composite thing their own contributions threaten with a dialectical-material opposite; i.e., in the same historical-material loop of pilfering stuff for different ends; re: "And just as they seem to be occupied with revolutionizing themselves and things, creating something that did not exist before, precisely in such epochs of revolutionary crisis they anxiously conjure up the spirits of the past to their service."

Except doubles serve workers or the state. Camp Marx, remember? Debate his ghost to weaponize such spirits to our cause as an ever-evolving one! During a given counterfeit's decay, its gigantic dogma remains; e.g., Lady Justice. We can *double* that, take power back for ourselves; i.e., from Ozymandias, who loses power mid-entropy and takes it in again, but for a moment does not have it securely in his grip (the Shadow of Pygmalion).

Even so, the flow and spread of power can seem hideously uneven—like a black hole's sucking in planets and spitting out single atoms from Hawking's radiation—but the state only *appears* so powerful. The paradox of hyperreality is decay invades itself during Capitalist Realism, giving us room to work, thus the ability to install our own doubles to reclaim the desert of empire behind their decaying maps and galleries. The icons are always in motion, framed in different ways to achieve different ends:



([source](#): Bryan Rolli's "Rush to Release Photo Outtakes from *Moving Pictures* Shoot," 2021)

Fret not, lovelies, what Rush called *Moving Pictures* is hardly a new concept. Indeed, ambiguously gay men like Walpole and Lewis recognized through aesthetics regarding power (and aliens) as forever alive; i.e., by virtue of us haunted by the unstable, volatile past swimming all around us—to frame but also assemble like a giant or castle (or a giant, Voltron-style bunny mech) to thump capital's ass with. It becomes a war whose *mise-en-abyme* is concentric, embroiled in chaos but able to move and challenge things that seem "immovable" (from Volume Zero):

The *mise-en-abyme* ["place in abyss"] is classically portrayed as heraldry—the coat of arms, as per Bakhtin's "dynastic primacy and hereditary rites" of the Gothic chronotope—emblazoned on the knights' shields, banners and killing implements belonging to the same "walking castles": castle-narrative becomes something not just to walk around inside *one* castle, but between castles, outside of castles, inside the giant knight as a castle-in-a-castle; straight castles and gay castles, etc ([source](#)).

Any body-like castle or castle-like body we can do, too—our own Trojan Bunnies: "Stare and tremble!" But these can be arranged inside of an exhibit of pastiche, of praxis remediating for workers next to older examples that copied themselves to serve capital: it showcases the constant reassembly during oppositional synthesis.



(exhibit 34b3b2a2a2a1b1: Left side: source, [top-left](#); [bottom](#). Right side: artist, bottom-left: [Frank Frazetta](#); bottom-right: Jean-Léon Gérôme's "Bonaparte Before the Sphinx"; middle-left and top-right: [Blxxd Bunny](#). Model and artist, middle-right: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Power *is* a splendid lie, but also a reassembly of old assemblies mostly hidden until now [the right side of this collage-of-collages being concealed until later in this volume]. Make it a deck full of trap cards tailor-made/jury-rigged to fuck with capital's own statues; it's not like they can monopolize any of this!)

Per the infernal concentric pattern, we dance in the ruins, learning to recognize not just the signs, but how they dialectically-materially clash,

reform/redouble, and fit together. In turn, people are drawn to *our* decay and revival as a giant, sex-positive force that escapes the illusion inside of itself: our castle-narrative, our ludo-Gothic BDSM an opposing force denigrating capital and celebrating liberation by virtue of power as something no structure can hold onto forever! Indeed, capital cannot, because it decays by design; and while moderates try to conceal the decay of fascism, they only have their own radioactivity eat *them* from the inside, out.

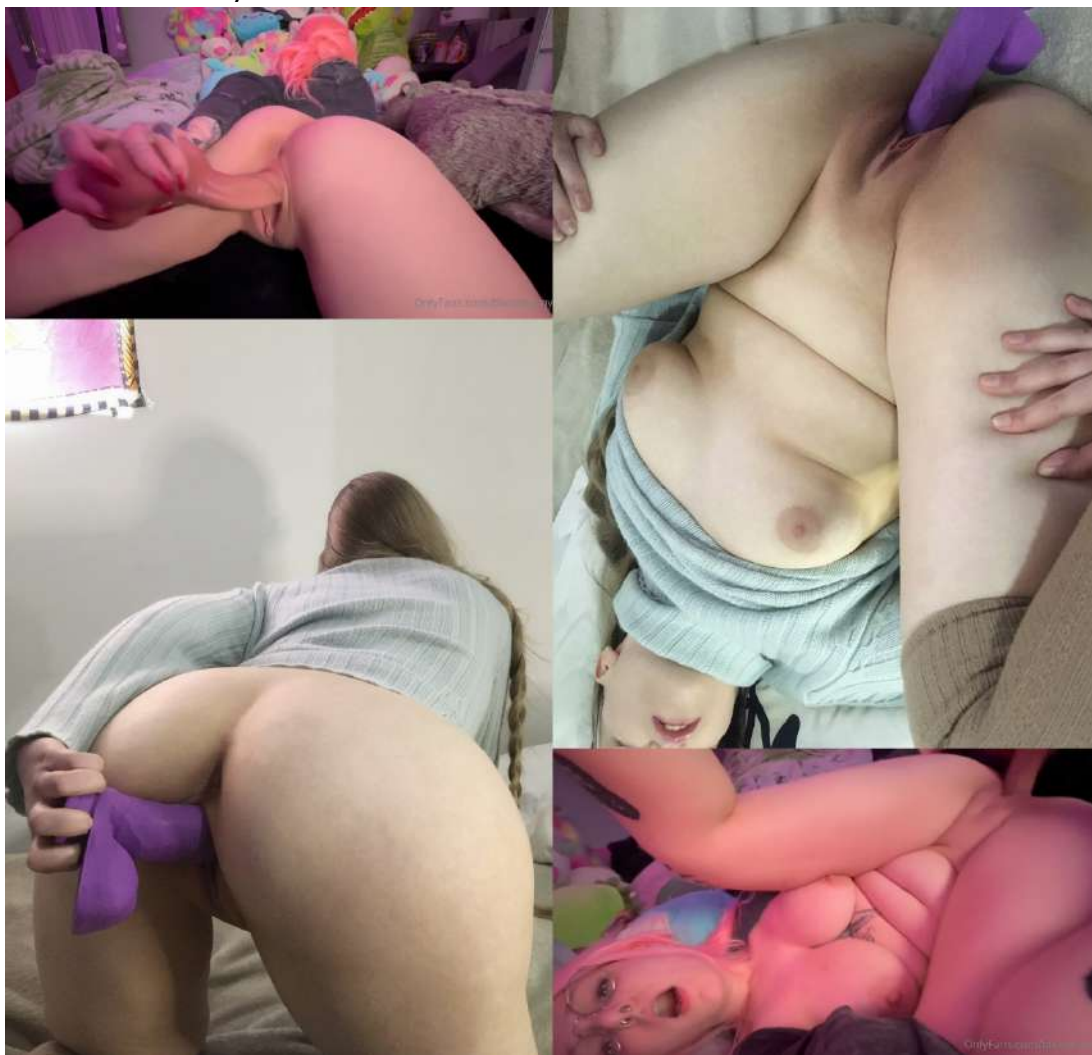
Like the caterpillar and the wasp, eventually the green statue becomes like a chrysalis; i.e., something to nefandously emerge from differently that hungrily changes the function of power and capital into Communism leaving exploitation behind: our butterfly (or wasp) having eaten theirs—mid-poiesis, mid-refrain—to change the flow of power along all the usual tracks: the Archaic Mother and her huge, throbbing ovipositor making for some strange, hungry babies (with *Starry Eyes*, below, being [in true paradoxical fashion] being two things at once: a lovely Gothic commentary on psychosexual transformation [of the Sapphic sort] *and* damning indictment of the Hollywood class system). We're left with things that—however seemingly "killed and dead" they might seem—don't *stay* dead, indeed *cannot* die no matter how much abuse capital throws at them! Once deconstructed, Medusa can simply *reconstruct*, endlessly reborn! "That all you got?" You can't kill the metal, bitches! Medusa cannot die (neither can the state, which always threatens to return, but either can be atrophied to irrelevance)!



([source](#): *Cult Projections' "Q&A with Alexandra Essoe, Star of Starry Eyes," 2015*)

When this happens, it's no longer the state taking resources for itself. The material and social conditions shift in ways that redistribute and rearrange the Base and Superstructure, mid-resistance: into a camped, horizontal, chaotically flexible iteration of itself. It's a double, in other words, a Venus twin with an opposite function to capital's monopolies and trifectas, achieving post-scarcity through pre-capitalist nostalgia, but also the Four Gs, Six Rs, mode of expression, Gothic-Communist Hermeneutic Quadfecta, three doubles of oppositional praxis (from Volume Zero) and basics of oppositional synthesis/the oppositional synthetic groupings (from Volume One); i.e., as something to practically reduce to anger/gossip, monsters and camp as a matter of good habits

that bounce all along this manifesto tree as something to camp the twin trees of capital with: using our creative successes to outlast our short lives! What we do in life echoes in eternity!



(exhibit 34b3b2a2a2a1b2: Artist, top-left and bottom-right: [Blxxd Bunny](#); bottom-left and top-right: [Harmony Corrupted](#). Like a "pharaoh's pyramid," effigies of Medusa are wrought *in* disintegration, becoming Russian-doll golems that assemble and disassemble in the abyssal refrain. But decay totally rules! In the desert of the real, we don't have to pull an Anakin and complain, "I don't like sand. It's coarse and rough and irritating and it gets everywhere. Not like here. Here everything is soft and smooth!" We can have our cake and eat it, too—our bodies serving as giants-in-small, smooth pillars of rock 'n roll, effigies to Medusa that illustrate mutual consent by engaging poetically with the past to produce Communism in the present; i.e., as something we can add to from moment to moment. Simply put, our bodies are built for war—class and culture war through sex work liberating ourselves through iconoclastic art, side by side!

It's a booty phalanx, hard and soft, united as one against the state monopolizing us. Nothing will terrify them more than our own advertised might: intersectional solidarity through sex and force made sex-positive, not imperial! It becomes second-nature, strikes all by itself; i.e., as language evolving and building on itself as part of something larger trapped-in-small, encased in sweet amber.)

That's just the tip, loves. We'll broach all of *that* during Volume Three (and provide copies of the manifesto tree for you to reference). Until then, just remember that power is a paradox largely concerned with perception; to that, icons and canon are ridiculously fragile, and can be changed easily enough by an intersectionally organized collective. During special moments of routine crisis we can install cracks in their perceived "invincibility." We can break them. Nothing is permanent; there's always the opportunity to change, but especially when capital decays. Capital is *always* decaying and said decay increases the more they try to take (which they do by design). They will not last, and in the vital moment as a series of steps, we can unify to replace their gargoyles with our own, camping their ghosts with ours: from Caesar to Marx, we camp them all.

Put in simpler (and shorter) language: Ace people rock, and Bunny's the



fucking *bomb*, y'all! And while they currently don't do custom content, the material that we produced together is some of my all-time favorites. So, similar to all of the cuties I work with, please go show Bunny some love! They work hard to deliver a killer product each and every time, but do so as an excellent comrade worthy of your patronage and respect! Their smile (and booty) are infectious, irresistible:

(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

In short, we're comrades in a shared struggle, one whose Gothic-Communist spiral intertwines with Gothic canon during oppositional praxis; i.e., a double helix

that complicates along a sex-to-ace gradient during Gothic poetics at large (from Volume Zero):



(exhibit 1a1a1c3: D&D "homebrew" is a way of escaping the palimpsestuous racial profiling of Tolkien's High Fantastical gentrification enacted by Wizards of the Coast trying to enforce the racial [thus class and gender] binary—e.g., "mind flayers" always being lawful evil, or Drow always being chaotic evil/"pure evil" inside the state of exception [exhibit 41b] to fill the gap made by the humanized [yet still fetishized] "good" orcs [exhibit 37e]: the exceptional "not bad for an orc" pariah. Tolkien made orcs to be beaten and bitten by swords with fancy-sounding names illustrating the function as simultaneously dressed up and denuded [from The Hobbit]:

He took out his sword again, and again it flashed in the dark by itself. It burned with a rage that made it gleam if goblins were about; now it was bright as blue flame for delight in the killing of the great lord of the cave. It made no trouble whatever of cutting through the goblin-chains and setting all the prisoners free as quickly as possible. This sword's name was Glamdring the Foe-hammer, if you remember. The goblins just called it Beater, and hated it worse than Biter if possible. Orcrist, too, had been saved; for Gandalf had brought it along as well [...]

At this point Gandalf fell behind, and Thorin with him. They turned a sharp corner. "About turn!" he shouted. "Draw your sword Thorin!"

There was nothing else to be done; and the goblins did not like it. They came scurrying round the corner in full cry, and found Goblin-cleaver and Foe-hammer shining cold and bright right in their astonished eyes. The ones in front dropped their torches and gave one yell before they were killed. The ones behind yelled still more, and leaped back knocking over those that were running after them. "Biter and Beater!" they shrieked; and soon they were all in confusion..." ([source](#)).

This function can be reversed, but must occur within the mode of expression; e.g., sexy orc roleplay in Skyrim mods, exhibit 84b; i.e., inside material conditions to avoid praxial invisibility. You have to be able to give it shape inside camp and communicate it to others afterward.)

To this, oppositional praxis during Gothic Communism is less like the discrete, nine-squared *D&D* Alignment Chart (above) and more like a Venn Diagram of the same components *doubled and super-imposed over each other*. Hence, why revolutionary acronyms like **ACAB ("All Cops Are Bad")** are handy but also why you still have to distinguish between who's genuine/good-faith and who isn't/bad-faith during oppositional praxis; i.e., through dialectical-material scrutiny as performed by gay space wizards through whatever "poison" you pick and serve up ([source](#)).

As part of the helix, there exist a lot of tightropes to walk. For starters, sex workers love to look good regardless of sexual pleasure (though the two often overlap). Released from the bondage of the mind, the rape castle's unironic function disappears but the *aesthetics* of captivity, rape and murder remain; i.e., something to fuck to, fool around with and feel the high of proximity to power without actual danger being a risk. We can heal *together* while respecting each other in ways others from our own separate histories did not, but who still taught us a thing or two to "better the instruction" in an ironically sex-positive sense. In turn, we can take *that* and use it when working with new cuties who aren't total dickwads!

For instance, when Jadis marked me for trauma, I lived to produce my greatest work (from Volume Two, part one):

The greatest irony of Jadis harming me [something we'll go into more detail about during the undead module] is they accidentally gifted me with the appreciation of calculated risk. Scoured with invisible knives, I don't view my scars as a "weakness" at all; I relish the feeling of proximity to the ghost of total power—of knowing *that* motherfucker took me to the edge but *didn't* take everything from me: I escaped them and lived to do my greatest work in spite of their treachery! ([source](#)).



Sometimes this was in clothes, at my desk. But as you have seen, sometimes it requires going mask-off, but also *clothes-off* with (and balls-deep inside) my friends; i.e., to show you my trauma as something I can express in ways that feel *and* impart healthy psychosexual lessons.

(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and [Cuwu](#))

Indeed, I very much had to, as Jadis—always one to take, take, take by force³⁰¹ ("You have heart! I'll take that too!")—took my Gothic wardrobe during our separation (the snazzy clothing purchased with her dead father's fortune to manipulate me with). I eventually had to get my own collar again, purchased by me and chosen by my own "owner," Bay, as one of many future friends to play with while wearing it:

³⁰¹ They were a bully and took pleasure in stealing from others.



(exhibit 34b3b2a2b1: Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#).

Like rings as gifts to give and take away, collars wield great potency as emblematic of "rape" worn around our necks. Jadis took my old collar [left] with them; Bay picked my new collar [right]. The former was a master at hurting others through gifts; the latter, at healing others despite their own trauma. In short, Bay

didn't become a stone-cold cunt like Jadis did; i.e., the latter aping a bad likeness of her godawful mother as something to elicit pity and fear from me, but also compelled submission and confessions. Like, fuck that noise! I'm a little puppy-raven who wants a good owner, meaning someone who treats me—in the Gothic-Communist manner—as an equal, not a slave. But per my own trauma and open nature, I had to learn that one the hard way—i.e., by people who knew a great deal about harming and deceiving others in order to control them, but fuck-all about being open and honest in sex-positive ways. We gotta camp Nietzsche, too, then; i.e., gazing into abysses to fight sex-coercive monsters by becoming sex-positive monsters: "I'm totally gazing into your 'abyss' right meow!" / "That's right, baby! Now come on inside! Mommy's waiting!")

Regarding the Gothic past as half-real, but also something to toy with in new imaginary forms performed in our everyday lives, I need to warn/encourage you: lived trauma can bleed into shared trauma as a site for new predation; or said "predation" can be put in quotes by someone who also knows what it's like to suffer who *doesn't* want to harm others to help themselves feel better! This coin-toss outcome is essentially pure chance on a shared aesthetic, meaning you gotta look past the image to spot the flags (red or green) hidden through subtext. You gotta know yourself, which you can't fully without taking some risks with others. The best toys can hurt you in the wrong hands; in the right hands, you can feel like you've died and gone to heaven (or hell; re: Milton's "the mind is its own place").

While love, monsters and sex all rule, you can really get your heart broke all the same. In short, you gotta "risk it for the biscuit," but don't let down your guard; dream big, but don't lose sight of you humanity or your playmate's! Once you have confidence and some experiences under your belt, meeting cuties will get easier, as will falling in (and out of love): unicorns thicker than a bowl of oatmeal—colorful, exotic, tasty and all around you if you have eyes that see. Like weirdness, confidence can attract. Consent is sexy! Monsters are sexy! So go for those who are

actually bold enough to bare themselves in public (as sex workers generally must do); i.e., a sight for sore eyes standing out from all the usual eyesores (systemic inequality and discrimination), making a stand to speak with their body and gender as part of who they are. Doing so encourages Galatean sorority through tailored "plumage": to look related less through traditional hereditary-heraldic variables and more through a found family. Birds of a feather flock (and fuck) together!



([source](#): FilmsByJosh's "Black Tape Project," 2024)

Unlike birds, people are socially and sexually flexible—can change their external appearance through art as a subjective, human experience. People, then, are like tattoos: personalized, expressive, wrought through pain as endemic to the healing process; healing hurts. But *some* people have tattoos and other bold (sometimes crude, graphic) qualities that announce their trauma and recovery on their sleeves; i.e., as part of who they are that exits out into world in good faith. Like a Gothic portrait, the idea with these signals is to vibe in ways that guard *and* express, yielding good psychosexual habits and campy paradoxes (e.g., cute little bats, adorable princes of darkness), not unironic medieval violence and bigotries (a troubling comparison whose dark reflection becomes a doubt or worst fear to oscillate in front of, but also remind us who we're not by virtue of excising it).

As such, bad faith is always possible with masks. This means the double operation of cryptonymy should always be considered, insofar as a proverbial open book is still a "book," meaning the cover contains something that isn't the same on the inside as the out, or can pass itself off as something it's not. In short, there can be a predatory or adversarial character to a survivor who has just as much potential to be cruel versus kind. Superficiality aside, there *is* a preferential component that remains subjective (skin-deep and in the eye of the beholder); i.e.,

the body as a canvas according to its parts as preferred; e.g., boobs are ok, in my opinion, but the *booty* is where it's at! Or you can try combinations: thicc, bendy



and expressive. Like Harmony and I, it becomes something that's out, proud, and seen in public despite scornful eyes; i.e., beauty as a target to click and devastate, versus appreciating for its courage, its taut, bombshell moxie.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

To that, I'm a sucker for mommy doms because I've learned it through trial and error (which is what dating initially is *unless* you have a book like this to refer to). As such, I've discovered that I love Amazons, mommy doms and knightly girls: a girl-crazy trans woman chasing after different dark mommies, and who loves the complexity of getting topped from below—to be nurtured by someone I can really pound and call funny names³⁰², and who enjoys receiving tributes while mechanically disadvantaged but privileged within a liminal position; i.e., one whose negotiated mutual consent makes them equally powerful to myself in a shared space where power is largely a ludo-Gothic illusion. Compliments are paid—not in

³⁰² To be silly in bed, but also elsewhere; i.e., like Bob Wily to Dr. Leo Marvin on Good Morning, America, in *What About Bob?* (1991): "[You can call me boob](#)"; e.g., me telling Bay, "I love you, my pepperoni pizza with double cheese and stuffed crust." To which Bay lets me "eat their pizza," anytime.



pounds of flesh, but appreciation through sex-positive "peril" as forbidden, but nutritious and enriched by Gothic maturity as a Communist quality evolved past the dated barbarism of Capitalism; i.e., versus canonical forms of cake-like or peachy food that rot the brain through harmful, sex-coercive lessons: things that encourage Man Box antics from dudes (or token women like Jadis) and a lack of emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness.

Does this all sound like crazy talk from the madwoman in the attic? Poppycock! Remember that power is a paradox—one to play and perform with as a potent means of interrogating and negotiating power and resistance in the same shadow zone's complicated sphere. I've written about this *a lot*, and want to give you an extended quote I feel is germane. Skip ahead a few pages ("Am I a joke to you?") if you've already read it.

As Volume Zero writes:

The idea is **to liberate ourselves with fairly negotiated, thus cathartic, dungeon fantasies that camp canon through counterterrorist theatre to whatever degree feels correct to us** [emphasis, me]; e.g., me in a haunted castle, wandering through the dark, menacing halls while wearing a sexy dress (and nothing under it, my bare body molested by the breeze and the fabric): a hopelessly *vulnerable* Gothic heroine feeling pretty and desired, hungrily and desperately interrogating the musical, cobwebbed gloomth while scarcely having anything between me and certain "doom." As usual, the Gothic paradox allows for intense, oxymoronic dualities to coexist at the same time in the same space (e.g., "sad cum" or "gloomth" or similar and confused degrees of "verklemt" during the castle's psychosexual, emotional "storm"). Simply put, I *want* to feel naked and exposed, thus paradoxically most alive in ways that I have negotiated through the contract between me and the media I'm working with (wherein the Metroidvania castle, as far as I'm concerned, is the perfect dom); i.e., while being "hunted" and covered in rebellious "kick me" symbols and clothing that advertises my true self²⁶⁰ as naked, colorful and dark, as if to tease the viewer in the shadows to try something (and also showing my ass to my academic dominators: "I fart in your general direction!"). As the kids say, that's a *mood*.



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Why stick out? you ask? One, because we must in order to survive. Two, because our deals with the devil simply acknowledge our true selves, which the state wants us to reject [...]. But also, it feels good to be Athena's Aegis; i.e., challenging heteronormative power in ways that demonstrate how fragile said illusion (and its gatekeepers) are. State bullies are entitled nerds completely used to getting everything they want, who desire what I will never give them (a form of agency I've worked hard for); and completely afraid of nearly everything and will freak out at fairly silly things they have no business getting so worked up

about: at people like me, burning down their imaginary churches and those churches' ideas of compelled order about Capitalism and its gobstopper illusions (those highly unnatural and imprisoning systems of thought that are slowly killing us as a species). Frankly the idea of me being terrifying seems absurd, but as a burning proponent of rebellion constitutes something that still, on some level, represents an incendiary threat that many advertise as the "end times": Communism... but Gothic and gay! To which I cheerfully put up the goat horns and say in response, "Hail, Satan!" It's like saying "Ni!" to old ladies.

Our performative and internalized devilry becomes something to join—a communion or pact whose assimilation classically amounts to a devilish bargain; yet Gothic Communism is a group effort, one whose sex-positive class/culture warrior is among a fellowship or *pandemonium* of equally sex-positive ne'er-do-wells instead of one or more class/race traitors for the elite and *their* age-old Faustian bargains. We reach towards you, croon "Join us!" and become something to run away with; i.e., corrupting the minds of the youth (women and children) by calling out seductively to them, offering forbidden knowledge/fruit as a chance to go wild/go native by coming out of the closet in opposition to state forces (who will chase us, only to be turned

away at the door—"no fascists allowed!"): the truth of things in its totality and not just a white person's perspective as an outsider to genuine atrocities; e.g., a Lovecraft novella, an overplayed Iron Maiden or Slayer song or the problematic castle of a Radcliffean novel (though these can all be enjoyed mid-rebellion). As Robert Asprey notes, terror and native wit/creativity are the historical tools of the counterterrorist, often being all they immediately have at their disposal; under Capitalism in the Internet Age, labor becomes a huge bargaining chip that Gothic Communism marries to terror during class war as a theatrical, operatic proposition (solidarity and labor action expressed as much through improvised Gothic poetics [improv] as improvised weapons): a means of bringing the oppressed and alienated closer to together in an informed, Satanic act of outer-space empathy and love in the face of state forces. The spotlight isn't something to hog or monopolize strictly by white nerds but expand and share in a drive towards post-scarcity (through a horizontally-arranged system that isn't rigged in favor of those who control it because no one person or select group will be in control, in that sense; that's what anarchism ultimately is).

Doing so becomes second-nature, a way of existing that *doesn't* require drugs or sex (though they can certainly be involved if one wants them to); it requires community and love in opposition to capital's usual bad-faith actors, fear and dogma [...]

In turn, these principles manifest efficiently in music, art and culture not as "lesser forms of media" but as an open, quick and honest way that people express themselves regarding the truth of things (which the usual benefactors of Capitalism will cover up by acting like the Enlightenment and *Pax Americana* is either somehow good for everyone, or neutered forms of futurism that can be envisioned by white men who speak for everyone else; e.g., Asimov or Jameson). It's hard, at first, to "put on the glasses." Eventually you don't need them at all—communicating effortlessly with others who see the way you do because it's become a part of your culture, the Superstructure. That becomes a powerful bond—in part because it's saturated through an entire polity versus simply being restricted to a single-dose product.

As such, terror through labor action is my weapon, but specifically counterterror by pointing out rather nakedly the stupid things the state fears [...] The paradox continues insofar as I learned what, how and why through a harmful, abusive emulation of rape fantasy while living with Jadis, which I then turned into cathartic forms having at least partially learned (by accident) the method from my humiliation endured inside an academic setting. [...]

Entirely by accident, then, I discovered through bad play (enacted against me by a bad actor/player) that good play amounts to Gothic poetics

as a potent means of regaining control through reclaimed implements of terror (the manacle, castle, rapist, slur or baton, etc) but also being that which terrifies the state and its proponents to no end: a refusal to conform or obey (which forces the state's hand, relying on the veneer of not being the tyrants they've spent decades projecting onto Nazis, nominal Communists, and other theatrical scapegoats). Haunted by the ghosts of my youth, I could dance with them and make versions of themselves that could never harm me. I would be in control in ways I never felt before, feeling a presence of "danger" that triggered my prey mechanisms *just enough* to make the exercise therapeutic; i.e., while showing myself off as a trust-building exercise behind a buffer that stood between me and the world. The whole performance/thought experiment nursed my wounds and made me feel safe without pushing me into the arms of future abusers; instead, I could transform myself and my environment using my education as a negotiation device, the theatre and its effect enhanced by years of academic and lived experience. Suddenly my years of costly and time-extensive Gothic education felt profoundly useful—not just to me, but something I could give back to the workers of the world; i.e., those who had already given me much to think about in relation to their own work as part of a movement I could join through Gothic poetics:



(artist: [ikerellatab](#))

Despite their poetic nature, performance and play are an absolutely *potent* means of expressing thus negotiating power through the Gothic mode (its castles, monsters and rape

scenarios); a polity of proletarian poets can negotiate future interrogations of unequal power within the Gothic imagination as connected to our material conditions: one shapes and maintains the other and vice versa. As such, my own contributions to the Gothic are very much about making it sexual again, but also sex-positive in ways that Radcliffe (and her own venerated castle's praxial inertia) were not; i.e., tearing *her* (and her Faustian contracts, castles and various harmful BDSM scenarios) "a new college-debt-sized asshole" while, in the same breath, addressing my deeply personal, trans woman's

fears of my own penis (e.g., Zeuhl) but also trying anal and other things in a monstrous context (e.g., Cuwu's choking and rape play and Jadis' "put your *mysterium tremendum* in my uncanny valley!"). In short, my playing with new things—activities, roleplays and identity scenarios—had transformative potential relative to my sexuality and gender as highly idiosyncratic.

We're *all* idiosyncratic in ways Capitalism wants you to forget, so try anal, "chains and torture," and the Numinous as something to reassemble yourself in some shape or form during liminal expression; the paradox of being free while still "in chains" is a sex-positive kind of theater that is incredibly intense, but harmless (and it's more fun as a group activity—we are a social species). As the conveyor of these complicated fantasies, my book is a castle with castles inside of itself—built for the reader to wander around inside while asking questions about: to play with, making mistakes that will undoubtedly hurt, but not harm them, and which they can take and apply to their own social-sex lives. We can use this to camp not just Radcliffe as the end-all-be-all of the castled stage, but also Tolkien's former interrogations of power presented in poetic language ([source](#)).

As we shall see, the same liberatory praxis applies to any canonical darling to kill for development's sake while playing with history mid-*poiesis*, inside our own BDSM "torture" dungeons. We want to rule in Hell, not serve in Heaven, lovelies.

As such, the chief goal of Gothic Communism isn't just to tear down old the harmful legacies of old dead people (through that is important); there's a Cartesian element to Gothic canon that we need to consciously attack, liberating as we do sex work (and nature-as-alien) through our own misfit toys. This is a poetic device, which Volume Two is mostly concerned with; as Volume Two, part one argues:

In short, we *want* to hug the alien, therefore contribute to a pedagogy of the oppressed by synthesizing praxis, invoking the dialectic of the alien to confront and interrogate trauma (and power) as something to perform and play with; i.e., ludo-Gothic BDSM as a potent means of embodying likenesses among differences, its dark theatricalities ushering intersectional solidarity in by humanizing monsters as de facto (extracurricular) teaching devices: to be more creative and poetic as a means of attaining praxial catharsis, collectively illustrating mutual consent thereby raising emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness, mid-struggle. Catharsis amounts to reversing the flow of power away from the state (and its powerful illusions) through our daily interrogations ([source](#)).

Except this applies differently per oppressed group in a shared pedagogy's similarities amid difference; e.g., cis women experience oppression differently than trans people do, but nevertheless are still regulated by state forces that trigger

them in rape-fantasy realms meant to help them spread their broken wings and soar (not without some element of grandeur and camp: "I'm a peacock! You gotta let me fly!").



(exhibit 34b3b2a2b2: Artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#). "Rape" becomes something to put into quotes versus the profit motive as something that commonly presents nature as monstrous-feminine; i.e., a womb-like castle to invade and, per Francis Bacon, torture nature's secrets out of in service to capital as it now exists. This speaks to the lives of women [and other marginalized groups] who—faced with state force—are given two choices: tokenize or fight! They play with the Dark-Souls boss gag through their own social-sex lives as campy and instructional: "PUSSY SLAIN." It becomes fun, putting "murder" and "rape" in quotes, but letting someone feel monstrous and sexy at the same

time; i.e., as a sex-positive challenge to TERFs, SWERFs, fascists, et al. Class war and Gothic counterculture are fun partly because those accustomed to sexual violence and gender essentialization can find people they trust a) not to harm them, and b) let them be their own weird selves inside a room of one's own. Fucking is fun as an oft-ahegao means of doing so! Not just once, but again and again ["Can you put it back in?" Harmony likes to shyly ask her partner]. Rooms need paint, after all!)

For instance, Harmony—when fenced inside a Walpolean "rape castle"—is a cis-het woman, thus has cis-het female trauma. She might *feel* the impostor relative to her womb, booty or breasts, etc, as female-coded. However, the same ideas extend to the monstrous-feminine (and its various torture dungeons) as a thoroughly GNC proposition (with other intersecting marginalized components); e.g., as Harmony and I collectively demonstrate during ludo-Gothic BDSM as a group effort that goes beyond us, and which I shall now unpack before jumping into Volume Two, part two's Monster Modules. In short, *we're* the monsters, playing with "rape" as a kind of fantasy theatre trapped both inside itself and as part of a larger concentric meta text; e.g., from *Northanger Abbey* (1817) to *Scream* (1996) to *Pretty Little Liars: Original Sin* (2022).

Let's unpack all of that next, in part two!

Into the Toy Chest, part two: My Experiences

Eventually, she picks up a drifter and takes him to bed. It is good, "so good that sometimes she would shake her head-no, no-because it was so good she might not be able to stand it, she would burst." When sex is finished, she demands that he leave. Calm at first, she issues her demands with increasing hysteria. The apartment is her domain, her "castle," the most coherent image of "self" that she has preserved. She must preside over this—at least this inner space. But the drifter will not withdraw. And when Theresa berates him, he beats her to death. The "reality" of the demon lover's literal violence triumphs, after all.

Two hundred years ago Ann Radcliffe introduced Gothic conventions into the mainstream of English fiction. For the first time the process of feminine sexual initiation found respectable, secular expression. Yet the terms of this expression were ultimately limiting. It is important to recognize and acknowledge the heritage of Ann Radcliffe's Gothic tradition; it is even more important now to move on and invent other, less mutilating conventions for the rendering of feminine sexual desire ([source](#)).

—Cynthia Wolff, "The Radcliffean Gothic Model" (1979)

Part one covered the nuts and bolts of Gothic history as toy-like through its parasocial exchanges; part two shall observe them when reflecting on my interpersonal exchanges: my exes, but also my working relationships with friends (with benefits) and life partners.

To that, sex *should* be fun, should give both sides a performative means of finding catharsis while camping "rape" as canonically synonymous with sex under capital:



(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and [Cuwu](#))

We all want some form of intimacy while surviving capital as something we can transform through ourselves and what we leave behind; ludo-Gothic BDSM goes well beyond Radcliffe or Wolff and considers the sex-positive

potential of rape fantasies involving people who have survived trauma differently and yet—as I describe it in Volume One—have to heal from rape as a structure they relate to differently per Gothic texts. As I wrote (of Cuwu and I) in "Healing from Rape":

As its most basic level, rape is a violation of basic human, animal and environmental rights enacted through Cartesian power abuse; this postscript

concerns the complicated process that healing from rape entails—i.e., its corrupting presence through codified trauma, wherein the surviving of police abuse becomes something to relate to others through Gothic stories that constitute radical empathy as a thing forever out-of-joint: the attempt to empathize with alien experiences to gain new perspective. Such empathy needn't concern both parties equally and its Gothic dialogs concern intense, poetic liminalities still bearing an intense potential for disguise that is haunted by the shadow of police forces. Even so, the postscript aims to showcase such a dialog and its phenomenological complexities; i.e., one held between two or more people relating through their interpretation of various texts they are either intimately familiar with or at the very least recognize the tell-tale arrangements of power and performance through traumatic markers: heroes and monsters as a liminal proposition to find catharsis inside the oscillation of ([source](#)).

Again, that quote was written concerning Cuwu and I through a kind of DBT I eventually called ludo-Gothic BDSM. It's the backbone of my book as it presently exists, making Cuwu one of its most important-if-silent-contributors.

Except intersectional solidarity means learning from our past as a present document forever being rewritten through new rape fantasies; i.e., in interpersonal exchanges that extend the privilege as a basic human right all peoples may exercise in defiance to the state and its victim-turned-cop sell-outs policing the larger Gothic mode's demon BDSM. *We're* putting "rape" in quotes by defying canonical Gothic iterations of the rape fantasy that have been academically recognized as problematic since the xenomorph chowed down on Veronica



Cartwright. It's a rape fantasy—one that we could hear quite clearly despite the movie's immortal tagline: "In Space, No One Can Hear You Scream!"

Even now, I can hear Lambert's blood-curdling death scream and think of nothing else; I get goosebumps, *frisson*, aka the "skin

orgasm." I think of my own loss of power—of being raped (through a denial of power) mid-Gothic poetics, by Jadis, by my father and stepfather before them—and recognize the classic *cathartic* role of the operatic rape castle. It isn't to foster rape

and division, but to *hug* Medusa by reenacting our own deaths in rapturous, martyr-like outbursts of passion. The trick is to do so in ways that *unite* workers through calculated risk; i.e., against capital and its TERF-grade sell-outs weaponizing the theatre of rape against workers for the elite!

Just as Scott was tormenting poor Cartwright to haunt *us* with, you will do well to remember that Janice Raymond—a second wave feminist—decayed the proceedings in a *fascist* direction; i.e., by releasing *The Transsexual Empire* (1979) as a TERF screed, projecting all the usual white female bigotries onto an imaginary other tied to settler colonialism going on much as it always has: abjecting the ghost of the counterfeit to keep white women/tokenized groups gatekeeping and girl bossing an infinitely diverse and rebel-ready workforce.

We'll get to *that* later in the volume. For now, just remember that ludo-Gothic BDSM is a *sex-positive* device; i.e., fostering empathy through us playing



together inside the frame as caged, but also fenced between the past-future of what *has* happened and what *will* happen that *can* be different while preserving the aesthetic: as a usual means of identifying and expressing trauma. Again, if you want to critique power then you must go where it is, hence face potential impostors among you and yourselves feeling imposturous:



(*exhibit 34b3b2a2a2a2a*:
Artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#).
Harmony is a good friend of mine—one I have played with in ways that teach both of us as we currently consider unequal power exchange as a theatrical means of worker liberation; i.e., by shaping how we think about rape by expressing it as calculated risk linked to real-world abuse.

This butts up against the Destroyer persona through the virgin/whore dynamic, but

also the Amazon/dark mommy dom as something that lends itself well to a non-destructive, DBT-style "death" theatre/rape fantasy. Devised while cognizant of state abuse and manipulation, it was made between myself and people like



Harmony as someone I count myself very lucky to be friends with: a mommy dom who won't triangulate or dump her baggage onto you, but for whom the two of you can work out your kinks [so to speak] together! Love ya, babe!)

[artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#)]

The basic concept is hardly new—has been around for centuries: "If you prick us, do we not bleed? [...] And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Shylock's soliloquy is vital in narratives of feeling alien as a raped existence, insofar as those who have been abused seek out calculated risk as a means of living with trauma as stuck inside us; i.e., something that triggers from external reminders we then

internalize, creating new gargoyle-esque suggestions of trauma, on and on. The way *forward* (away from fascist regressions) is psychosexual healing as a theatrical proposition that challenges menticide and state-sanctioned waves of terror and force; i.e., chasing the palliative Numinous during ludo-Gothic BDSM as a psychosexual means of relating to each other through a shared past, one where we cross paths with our former selves in other such witness stories pertaining to each of us differently.

And yet, it's a fallacy to think that modernity has been on this linear progression towards the truth (what Western dickwads call "progress"). Rather, we can learn from those in the past who weren't subject to Capitalist Realism as it exists today (a cycle of gentrification, decay and inheritance/death anxieties, pursuant to rape, captive and murder fantasies). Radcliffe wasn't the only female author of the Neo-Gothic period; Shelley was there, too, and Dacre amongst others. And while it's easy to point at Radcliffe and beat her corpse with a stick (as Volume Zero does), she *was* a master of theatrical devices that assist our ludo-Gothic

BDSM: the **demon lover**, of course, but also **the Black Veil**. In short, if you're going to talk about "rape" through Gothic exercises of cryptonymy that help workers rebel onstage and off, Radcliffe has far more to teach you about rape theatre than Shelley might seem to.

All the same, *Shelley* can teach us things that translate neatly to postcolonial BDSM *and* critiques of Radcliffe. In short, they're both full of surprises when camped as ghosts of themselves, which possess the likes of Harmony and I when we play with the imaginary past as toy-like—not to consolidate state power by policing ourselves, but by learning the lingo to act out our paradoxical means of escape. The state *will* hunt us down, boasting "Not even death can save you from me!" as they do. Imagine their surprise, then, when "death" sets us free, but also drains them of *their* power in the process! We'll have topped them from the bottom, but also taken the Destroyer persona back; i.e., to hug and humanize Medusa with as a pro-labor agent: humanizing the harvest as a hammer and sickle, a spectre of Marx versus a TERF one interpreting the xenomorph as a fascist does: the black/monstrous-feminine rapist of white women as the universal victim policing others through their victims and ours as forever at war—a witch hunt, but also an exterminatory bug hunt. It's goofy but intense—a broadside the likes of a certain *Star Trek* revival joyously crying out, "Fire everything!"



Fucking oath, son! Time and time again, class and culture war summon up our ghostly ships; i.e., waylaid by us and taken from our colonizers to haunt their current counterfeits with: commandeered by spectres of a thoroughly genderqueer and postcolonial Marxist phantasm.

In short, Harmony and I have lived what—for straight folks—is something they can only touch upon in Gothic stories and roleplays: sex, reunion, and psychosexual healing amid bodies as toy-like. For cis women, the threat of exposure and constant rapacious danger is sadly relatable as a straight woman

would experience such things; for queer bodies, this can be something to play with on the same stage as camped to Hell and back, expressing ourselves mid-exploitation on the only venue we're historically given.

For the rest of the chapter, I will continue this examination with other friends and partners—past but also present, sleeping and awake as a thoroughly liminal proposition. Sleep *is* the cousin of death—death's counterfeit waiting to replace one with the other—but also "death" in quotes as a profoundly awake sensation that makes one feel sleepy ("a sleepy potion," Lewis called it, no doubt ribbing Shakespeare's apothecary a bit). In medieval language, it evokes hunger and greed relative to trauma as passed down like a curse, a dragon sickness; in turn, the penis becomes something to live with (as I, a trans woman, do)—saddled with it and the mind of its own it seems to have—waking up based on past memories of past abusers who didn't always harm me: "Love and pain become one in the same in the eyes of a wounded child!"

Let's start with an ex: Cuwu, I choose you!



(exhibit 34b3b2a2a2a2b: Artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#). "You're so good! Oh, fuck!" Cuwu told me as I stuffed their tight little puppy pussy [bottom-right]. They were my dominator and protector and I was their service top; I adored them and being praised by them, and we played many times. All of us sit next to

disaster as something to summon—at night, a thing to erect and put our erections inside. Sometimes we're alone and thinking of such dragons ["getting the horn," as the Brits call it]; sometimes our "dragon" wakes up and we fuck the cutie with it, all while they have a dragon sleeping inside them as well; and sometimes the dragon inside them wakes up. Medusa isn't always nice. In spatio-temporal terms, this called a chronotope, which for the Gothic concerns hereditary rites and dynastic primacy as something to move through and inside: a liminal space and its various surfaces and artifacts imbued with the presence of "antique" legendary power and death from one castle-like body and body-like castle to the next.

An aesthetic is, in British terms, a particular kind of philosophy/argumentation—the visual reifying and exploration of such emblems, their phantasmagorical somnambulism a sleepwalking act to move through; re: castle-narrative. It extends between texts during mise-en-abyme insofar as a person is an extension of a castle and vice versa. The sickness is greed as something wrought from Western Imperialism, feudalism, Cartesian thought, Capitalism, neoliberalism, et al; i.e., as a kind of black pearl, a hellish onion to peel and explore, one layer of the grave-like soil at a time—not once, but over and over!

True to form, much of it is felt on the surface as charged, dark, and tense; but you have to go digging to get to the bottom of things—to "bottom out" inside Medusa's moribund "tomb" [to hit her cervix, which she kind of enjoys, sometimes]. Power is a quest, then, insofar as "empowerment" and "disempowerment" are placed in quotes, mid-Mandelbrot. It becomes a paradox, something to heal from while being attracted to weird, to trauma, to abuse as a dice role: the Numinous as both a Faustian bargain and Promethean Quest that needs irony to function in a sex-positive sense. That irony isn't always present, but can be installed during



future calculus having learned from older venturings into a calculated risk and its fatal nostalgia:

[artist, left: Cuwu; models and artist: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

For example, I was hurt bad in Jadis' "dungeon" as both the person, the pussy and the place conflicting between conflation of all three; so, I rebounded and escaped into Cuwu as

hopefully something better to experience. They caught me on the wing. And as they

did, they explained how they had their own trauma, their own DBT-style psychomachy that played out on the surface of that dragon-like visage. Dragons aren't just artifacts of power but shapeshifters; i.e., masks that are worn as a face is worn by someone abused: potentially an abuser but not always. A narcissist has many masks, the paradox being they are broken into soft or hard divisions that shift across their likeness as walking around: a folie-a-deux and chez folie internalized and plain for all to see.

Would it surprise you to know that I still love parts of Cuwu and Jadis, but also freely admit that whatever I do love is haunted by the ghost of whatever counterfeit I could fashion? All I have are photographs of fatal portraits of either dragon, but neither can come alive ever again to harm me; I am free of them, trapped inside these complicated feelings of safety as I pursue fresh loves and new adventures.

Dragons embody disordered thinking as something to display through corruption of data as the data. You're never sure quite who you're dealing with,



because what you're dealing with is chaos as both tangible and something that resists interrogation: the unspeakable, the unattainable. But unlike a Scooby Doo villain, you can't just take off a villain's mask; they have to come out to play and sometimes retreat behind the good side of themselves and vice versa. Sadly Cuwu was always performing, always in survival mode [so was Jadis]: their sexuality a kind of "mirror dance" they always wanted me to watch—to keep them safe and protect me, but also as an attack. Per the liar's paradox, their sentence was not true.

[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Per the Gothic Romance, I met a little dragon inside the slutty maiden, either side of them roiling on the same person [what

plural personalities call a "system"]. There we were, having sex for the second-to-last-time, very much in a place we probably shouldn't have been but did so anyways [long story]. Cuwu, as the good dragon at that moment, carried me on their wings to safety and laid me down gently enough.

Like Zeuhl, I didn't realize this was the end of the good times, but then and there, I simply enjoyed my mommy protector one more time [the above collage was just us fooling around without me cumming in them—we had done that earlier after getting in from the road and taking a nap: my creampie of them during a quickie we did not record, simply wanting to enjoy one another... and they hypnotizing me with their eyes, telling me vocally to "cum in mommy's pussy" which I did most obediently]. They loved me and I loved them, the look in their eyes—every turn and toss of their pretty head, every outstretched finger and curve they flaunted just for me [and something I'm allowed to share with all of you, provided I keep their name out of it]. As their upper half gasped and opened, so did their lower half. Eager to swallow me, all of them stretched and took me in. Little did I know, it was a mercy that they let me go:



Quite a ride, eh? One worthy of a song perhaps you've heard before in some shape or form, maybe a videogame like Guilty Gear X's "Icarus" [2015] or some other rock opera incumbent on big feelings, desires, shames as both secret and out in the open:

*She knew it all
It's a fleeting dream
No one can reach the horizon
She knew it all
It's a fleeting dream
No hands can touch the sun*

*If you can not
stop this pathetic time
Oh bring back, bring back
All I need is proof
that I lived*

[...]

*[Bridge]
Dusk of night descends upon me
Oh please, don't look
I won't be there for you no more*

*[Chorus]
Take me, take me outside of these walls
It's not mercy that I'm begging
Oh, please
Take me, take me to the end of the world
Longing for the sunshine
Even if my wings may melt away [[source](#): Genius]*



[artist: Cuwu]

*Total accuracy
isn't the point, but
"danger disco"
abstractions that yield
volatile tremendous
feelings that hit upon
our daily struggles
dueling and looking for
love as forbidden to us
under capital [I'd never*

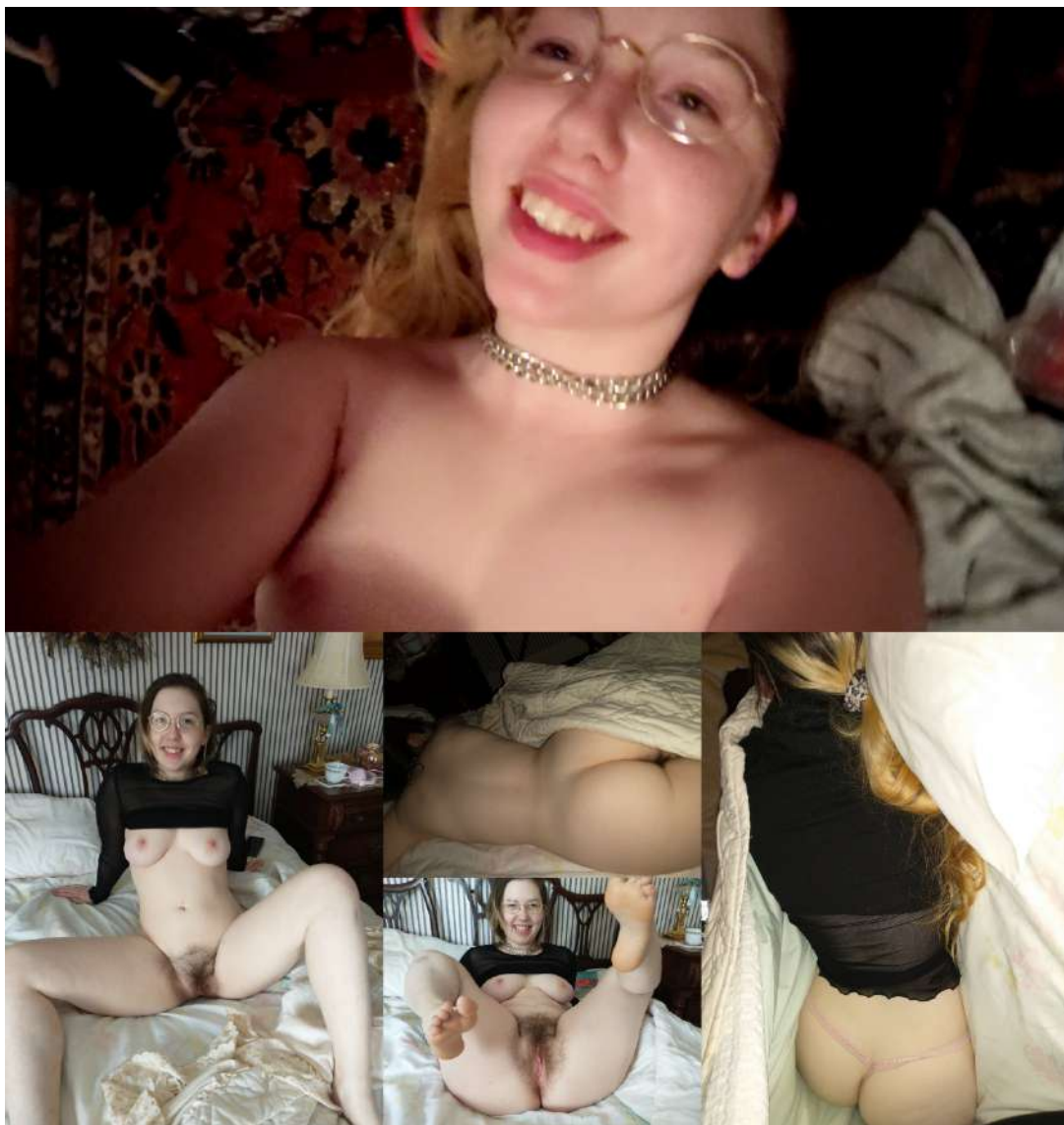
heard "Icarus" before today (though it sounds a lot like X or Concerto-Moon-meets-Queen) but it fits my experiences like a glove—a perfect stranger]. Cuwu, like Jadis, had a victimized side and a Destroyer side, but also a Destroyer playing the victim and vice versa. In turn, trauma is generational; buried, lost and found again, it lives within us, traveling across bodies as places to deliver calamity as a sign of pain being a healing or harmful arrangement. Medieval poetics are useful insofar as interrogating and performing such abuse is concerned. You want to interrogate power—to eventually negotiate with your own as reclaimed from state forces—you must go where it is! But never take a dragon [whatever its shape and size, claws

and mouths] out of your calculations! Its beauty can be unstable, prone to madness and decay—especially its combustible, volcanic ass!



[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Above is our last time together [in person]. The paradox of immortality is that nothing lasts forever but the intensity of fleeting things outshine the seemingly infinite cosmos, the celestial firmament hanging overhead, the constellation in the sky something of an odd burial ground for those legendary souls we want to enshrine in a place always overhead. The stars are arbitrary for a fixture to fix meaning to as from our own lives informed by so many others. In turn, women knit scarves during war to soothe their own souls, sending messages that fuse the two, like a quilt, an odd patchwork of so many lovely and terrible things.



[model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

To that, Cuwu, once more I lay flowers on the grave of our love/friendship. You were my dragon—a little ho with a mouth like a clown demon [Pennywise leaps to mind] and a body like a fairy reaching over from fairyland to take part of me [a bite out of me] and leave something behind [you left your panties here as a keepsake. I still have them]. Good and bad, I've remembered all of you here in this book series. I hope you are well, Little Dragon, and that if you look upon these images yourself that they find you happy and well, too! Thank you for the memories, my Spyro, my Smaug the Stupendous, my little heartbreaker! Shine on, you crazy diamond! Shine on!)

Jadis love-bombed me, and Cuwu played with the pieces. Per a grander love-bombing tradition, capital makes us feel both like complete shit and a million bucks,

enforcing us to face that feeling in the language as lived; i.e., as a (usually) figurative room to maneuver inside and parody escape strategies with using unprecedented BDSM potential: "I've never seen that—never seen someone drag their garbage down to the street and then bang the hell out of it with a stick. No, I've never seen that."

Except, give us weirdos what we like as, to some degree abject, and we become—pardon the expression—as happy as pigs in shit. The idea isn't to become what capital *wants* us to be, but *reclaim* our own lost power through a Gothic maturity that *isn't* above crude puns/psychosexual metaphors³⁰³ tied to abject bodily functions (and sites where these functions take place): to feel like shit as a poetic device, but also a means of showing off our vulnerability to confront feelings of self-consciousness, of embarrassment ("Don't stare/watch me!" versus "Go ahead, sicko!") at being caught with one's pants down³⁰⁴ in a routine place of dismemberment for female/monstrous-feminine parties in Gothic media (the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection in action):



(artist: Cuwu)

As such, GNC people like Cuwu and I are drawn to "trauma" as straight people are, albeit from a *different* vantage point: something to recognize and find similar souls to bond with and heal together—in denuded psychosexual forms of medieval expression showcasing power and bareness towards it as something to revel in and learn from; i.e., a gallant, charging catharsis supercharged by the power of metal as something to fuck to *and*

completely slay our would-be attackers by finding cuties who, as doms, won't hurt us at all: "Ah-cha!" Oh, no! I'm so exposed! I hope something doesn't happen...!" There's generally some decorum on both sides, but I'm generally a huge slut when faced with Numinous "rape":

³⁰³ Not my brothers' butt sex jokes, then, but something that externalizes abject things to converse adventuresomely with the ghost of the counterfeit; i.e., pirates e.g., *The Pirates of Dark Water* (1991).

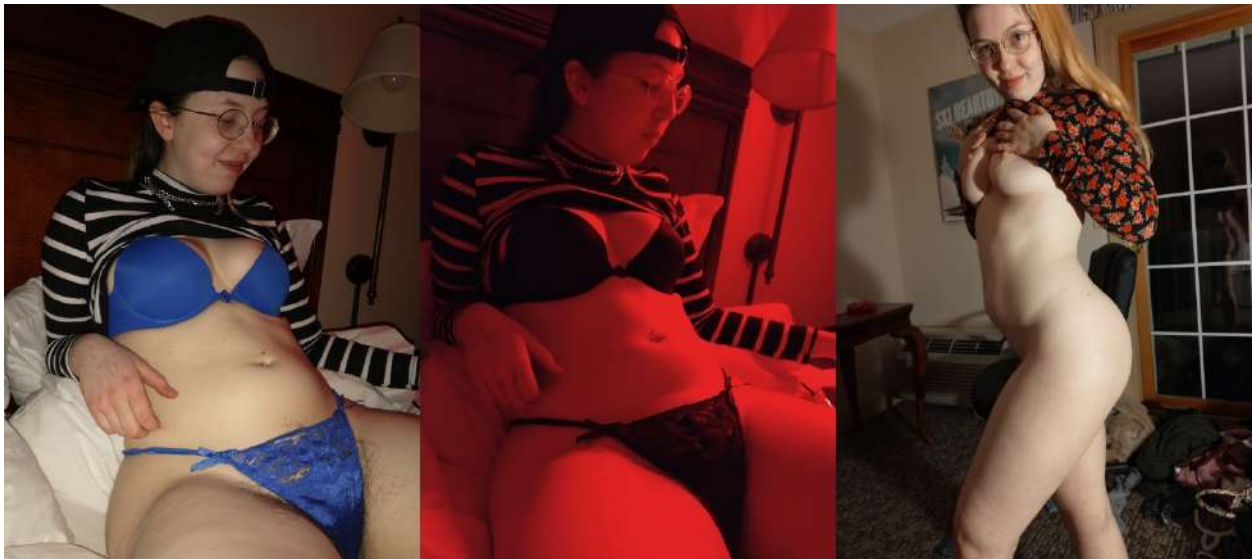
³⁰⁴ This idea of disempowerment doesn't just haunt bathrooms, nor the home as the place of women's work, but the office space as a man's woman where secretaries are both in demand and treated as unwelcome outsiders (a fantasy Harmony's bondage shoot, a few pages back, helps articulate, face and critique through play).



(exhibit 34b3b2a2c: Model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl.

Internalized bigotry is variable between type of oppressed group. Trans women are often ashamed of their penises; e.g., I was made to fear and dislike my because of my father and step father [and other cis-het men who hurt my mother and me] but also Zeuhl and Jadis, who

eventually abused once I became sexually active. Cuwu had to teach me to find self-acceptance and love by playing with them as a genderqueer person who could teach me to love myself amid theatrical devices that accounted for a) my alienation under capital, and b) my new sense of identity inside that liminal position: from different perspectives, lighting and gendered outfits, etc. Exploitation and liberation exist in the same place, the same shadow zone!



[model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

In short, I graduated from my sex doll to a doll-like cutie who took the feared side of me into themselves to show me that it wasn't dangerous; i.e., that I was human, as was my hard dick, as were things associated with it—not so scary at all, but in fact, kind of funny-looking but fun to play with during puppy play and BDSM as I liked to enact it [subbing for/topping mommy doms]! In short, we were both toy-like and playing with each other's equipment to learn something near about ourselves under capital. They steered me and listened to the cute, noisy sounds I

made in bed/wiggly motions I made when I lost control; I returned the favor when playing with them. I learned to trust gifts again, learning as much as I could. That's what my relationship to Cuwu ultimately was and continues to be!



[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

This obviously took time, effort and care—not just for me as a late bloomer [as I didn't start dating until I was 29] but anatomically as well; i.e., as the genitals and eyes are classically vulnerable areas of the body tied to human identity as policed by capital. Normally I wouldn't show my penis or Cuwu's eyes, above, but I needed to in order make a larger point: sight and sexuality are experienced through gendered exchanges that can uphold the status quo or reject it in a serialized lesson. For me, I went from the doll that couldn't see me, to a pair of eyes that could; i.e., a person who smiled happily whenever I fucked them with my hard girl cock. I got over Jadis and Zeuhl's shaming of me as a trans nympho and started to

see myself differently thanks to the traditional monster language that Cuwu and I played around with in bed; i.e., that which I would transplant unto relationships when continuing to grow and develop myself as queer. It's different, therefore interesting in ways that invite questions but also a willingness to try something new. The most common question I get from AFAB people about my doll is: "How does it feel?"; i.e., "Does it feel like a real vagina?" being a question that also applies to any synthetic device; e.g., dildoes, sheaths, dolls, suits, and so on, as things to be]. Playing with conventions in toy-like artifacts—of trauma and fear but also are how we learn as a species, insofar as the Gothic is primarily phenomenological: understood through experience.)



(artist: [Crow](#))

Let's continue exploring this raw, explosive trend of self-discover and self-definition not just with Cuwu, but *Crow* as a current partner of mine living in my complicated headspace; i.e., interviewing the same hysterical, "avatar of Medusa" not just as female, but monstrous-feminine. We already know how the Archaic Mother's affect travels across a

variety of popular media forms³⁰⁵ tied to big feelings and emotional turbulence; the same goes across *corporal surfaces* meant to help those dimorphically sexualized under capital: to face their alienation, internalized bigotry and self-hatred. This occurs in something they can pilot and humanize upon an Aegis-like double—not just Harmony's pale, cis-gendered body haunted by the wandering womb and cosmic male rapist; the bailiwick includes other (often pale, thanks to settler colonialism) GNC bodies rarefied into external abstractions speaking to conflict/trauma as living inside-outside the body as castle-like; e.g., me and my body as something to fear for its male qualities (with the trans woman generally feeling afraid or ashamed of their penis), but also the equally snowy marshmallow chonk of my handsome good boy, *Crow*, and *his* female qualities coached by external factors (history is predicated on socio-material conditions, which shape thought as a Gothic poetic device).

Similar to Cuwu and I, then, *Crow* and I are expressing the monstrous-feminine as queer in ways that have *always* existed in the flesh, but could not be

³⁰⁵ Not just literal sex toys, but the Gothic mode of expression's sexually charged and trauma-laden metal and rock 'n roll, violent videogames, Gothic novels, horror movies, etc.

tolerated, inhabited or breathed within society until quite recently. Our queerness is built on older ghosts who live on through us as uniquely queer in the Internet Age; i.e., something that—per female bodies under a Western Male Gaze—would be expected to disrobe for inspection by male suitors *and* female servants/overseers, but *can* be appreciated for their own relegated beauty disrobed to say with pride, "I exist, muthafuckas!"

Indeed, Crow does, and he must be seen to be believed—a real feast for the



eyes, the apple of mine eye:

(exhibit 34b3b2: Artist: [Crow](#). Per Segewick, a female body is not only constantly surveilled in Gothic fictions, but naked even when clothed; per me, nudity becomes armor to shield

ourselves with confidence as a revolutionary cryptonym—of flashing through the buffer of the camera lens/phone screen as seeing what bigots can't own or attack, and which appreciators of the cutie's courage can admire him from afar with pride: "that's my good boy!")

In other words, GNC identities (and their bodies) would have been relegated to a cultural nadir/unspeakable place the Gothic made room for in the shadow of Capitalism: an ontological inversion (thus campy endorsement) of the silly and stupid queer panic of the early 1800s; i.e., "the love that dare not speak its name!" With male agents, this would have been sodomy as criminal, insofar as men were seen as people and women couldn't legally own property in England until 1833; but they *could* write novels about castles that gave them (and homosexual men) voices that, until then, couldn't find a place. That is, queerness manifested through struggle as commodified by straight folk and lived by queer folk in theatre and orthographic sites that gentrify, decay and regenerate over time. The mistress of letters was always a virgin and a whore—doubly so if she indulged in something as fanciful and "terrorist" as Gothic fiction! It became a so-called double shame—both something to indulge in, but also sell-out to the establishment as a white woman of

privilege: Ann Radcliffe blazing a trail that adhered to capital as kept parties so often do.

Or, as I write in Volume Zero:

Austen's Isabella and Catherine [from *Northanger Abbey*] are written to sound kinda basic as a critique of Radcliffe's exact readership, including how they ward off boredom as middle-class ladies do: devouring the so-called "horrid" as a viral and proliferate commodity to ravenously tear through, *not* as "terrorist" literature in any active revolutionary sense! If Austen could do this to Radcliffe (in an admittedly limited, novel-of-manners approach, to be clear), then so can we critique the same champions of the Gothic fictions (today's and yesterdays') drawing a line of compromise in the sand while profiting off it: A soft-spoken stance of genuine rebuke is better than staying silent and making money through the same Gothic poetics: "In the end, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends"; or, the wacky novels of 18th century sell-outs.

To this, Radcliffe—a seasoned pro, at this point—chose to stay utterly silent for decades; then, at the time of her death, she further distanced herself from the French Revolution and Lewis while handing the next generation her recipe to terror and horror as she saw them in her own "terrorist literature":

As Nick Groom writes (again, from the *Oxford World's Classics of The Italian*):

As to risibility, a notorious letter condemning 'Terrorist Novel Writing' accused [Radcliffe] of provoking a fashion:

To make *terror* the order of the day, by confining the heroes and heroines in old gloomy castles, full of spectres, apparitions, ghosts, and dead men's bones [...] If a curtain is withdrawn, there is a bleeding body behind it; if a chest is open, it contains a skeleton; if a noise is heard, somebody is receiving a deadly blow; and if a candle goes out, its place is sure to be supplied by a flash of lightning.

Groom notes how the letter in question explicitly attacks Radcliffe's "system of terror" for being monotonous, ignorant, and "contaminated" by "Monk" Lewis' horror writings—to which Radcliffe herself would never write another novel, but whose 1826 posthumous appearance with "On the Supernatural in Poetry" distances herself from the French Revolution (and its terrors), radicalism and Lewis ([source](#)).

The problem with female bodies is they are often seen as homogenous in conjunction with successful" (from a fiscal standpoint) female authors preaching to the heteronormative choir by abjecting *us* as the ghost of the counterfeit. It would force all monstrous-feminine to be sexy cis waifus (with Harmony someone to prize and own) and queer bodies



like Crow's to put back into the closet while also fetishizing and alienating them:

(exhibit 34b3b3a: Artist: [Crow](#). Shot by Crow as he and I played. This time, I was the dominant, and "transformed" to "dominate" [quotes for irony relative to historical harm] my play partner. Each of us conveyed the lycan aesthetic akin to John Webster's treatment of it: a cryptonym for trauma expressed through talismans, but also bodies' psychosexual

"madness." There is the rabies metaphor, of course, but also the humors descriptor of sanguine linked to the body's literal size as commodified by Cartesian thought: "big = non-white" per settler-colonial dogma, regardless of skin color. Cuwu's not the only GNC ho with a monster PAWG dumper!

In turn, social-sexual taboos regarding sexual diseases [due to lack of medicine] but also good old-fashioned dogma and stigmas regarding patrilineal descent, come into play regarding such bodies as fertile fields to till by the agrarian nature of colonialists doubling as state poachers: hounding Medusa not only force-coded as monstrous-feminine, but prized for her food-like assets; e.g., her pudding or cake [with sugar being a medieval status symbol until it eventually became factory-produced slave gruel]; i.e., the Hammer of Witches [1478] swung against non-Christian AFAB persons who refused to have sex with Christian men, and simultaneously levied against non-white/GNC persons by AFAB reactionaries/subjugates. This tracks with Foucault's observation of sexuality prior to the 18th century largely being composed of action, not identity expressed in public discourse. Except in the Internet Age, gender studies has become something to put to practice during ludo-Gothic BDSM: how workers play together in ways that reinvent the distributions of power when confronting trauma and negotiating its theatre on shared stages.



[artist: [Crow](#)]

*To this, not only would a female body like Crow's would be expected by heteronormative forces to be collared and rut dutifully as the automatic submissive; any hint of aggression becomes, per the euthanasia effect, hints of rabies among a feral monstrous-feminine who must be put down/to heel. The glasses, then, become a mask, not unlike Clark Kent's—hiding something far stronger than relics of *Pax Americana*: a trans boy who knows what he likes and wants, seeing his body as a toy to have other cuties play with and enjoy.)*

Let's further reflect on these complicated, GNC, toy-like feelings and ideas for

some important takeaways surrounding rape play (another thirteen pages).

As we proceed into Volume Two's Monster Modules, we're going to be looking at older fictions between the 18th and 21st centuries; i.e., according to theories that have expanded and evolved since the 1970s. Except, instead of cis-centric terms like "man" and "woman," their ironic, genderqueer implementation radically separates from biology to stir up gender trouble *vis-à-vis* Judith Butler, but also enjoy the roles of power exchange formally reserved for a heteronormative dimorphic, then and now (*vis-à-vis* me). In other words, a person of a given "normative Gothic" (hetero or otherwise) was/is/will not be separate from their body's biology. AFAB bodies historically would have and continue to be denied the ability to top during sex, save in a subby manner submitting to cisgendered male forces (or a monstrous-feminine corruptor/rapist, as time went on); and conversely, AMAB persons would have been and continue to be expected to dominate regardless of their social-sexual position (status and the literal position of their bodies during sex). All tie to profit and harvesting of nature as something to

abject, of course; and society decaying and gentrifying responds as it always does during moral panic: with a witch hunt by cops of a standard-to-tokenized caliber.

The ludo-Gothic point here is how the playful, toy-like elements extend from gender roles to gender swaps/fluidity insofar as topping is literally whose putting in the majority of the work during sex/asexual play versus "dom" and "sub"; i.e., as a theatre of power that can brush up against harmful historical forms behind the counterfeit, but also dated mechanisms of Gothic play that become woefully antiquated as counterfeit: out of an imaginary history stemming from the earliest days of commodified Gothic fiction into liberatory forms that move past what Wolff touched on in 1979; re:

Two hundred years ago Ann Radcliffe introduced Gothic conventions into the mainstream of English fiction. For the first time the process of feminine sexual initiation found respectable, secular expression. Yet the terms of this expression were ultimately limiting. It is important to recognize and acknowledge the heritage of Ann Radcliffe's Gothic tradition; it is even more important now to move on and invent other, less mutilating conventions for the rendering of feminine sexual desire ([source](#)).

Like Carter, Moers, or even Creed, though, Wolff's adumbrations barely hint at a queer potential the likes of which myself and Crow personify in our day-to-day playing—as something to enjoy among ourselves, but also help us survive as a hunted party that is both unwelcome in the Gothic and that which has made the Gothic our home far more precociously than these (white) second wave feminists did/do. But, per the double operation of cryptonymy—i.e., as something to reverse in either direction anisotropically (for the state or for workers)—things as ordinary as a naked cutie's beautiful body become something to hide in plain sight: to flash during naughty sessions where we *can* be ourselves, seeking catharsis as something to synthesize with our own praxis *camping* canon. We do it because we must, but also because it's exciting and fun; it feels good relative to queer experience as a painful one normally forced to hide itself.

Simply put, systemic change cannot happen without sex-positive experiences that humanize things normally viewed and treated as dogmatic; i.e., internally and externally regarding queer existence at large. The Gothic is vital to that revelation, but we're always left with the feeling that we're somehow up to no good—except, the paradox is, we learn to love it, discovering how much fun it can be to step into a new identity that describes us far better than heteronormative assignment ever did! With it, we can flash our "badge" to like-minded cuties who look normal on the outside but know the passcodes expressed as much in literal body language as Gothic conventions doubling as such. Generally they elide, but the basic show-and-tell remains a lightning-quick recognition of those we trust as "like us"; i.e., weird attracts weird, nerd likes nerd, especially when marked by trauma. Prey recognizes

prey to bond with new "trauma" (e.g., the werewolf, or the knife-like cock of such a monster as cosmetic-only, thus safe to insert): as a healing force that supplies catharsis by avoiding predators that—like toys—come in all shapes, sizes, and colors.



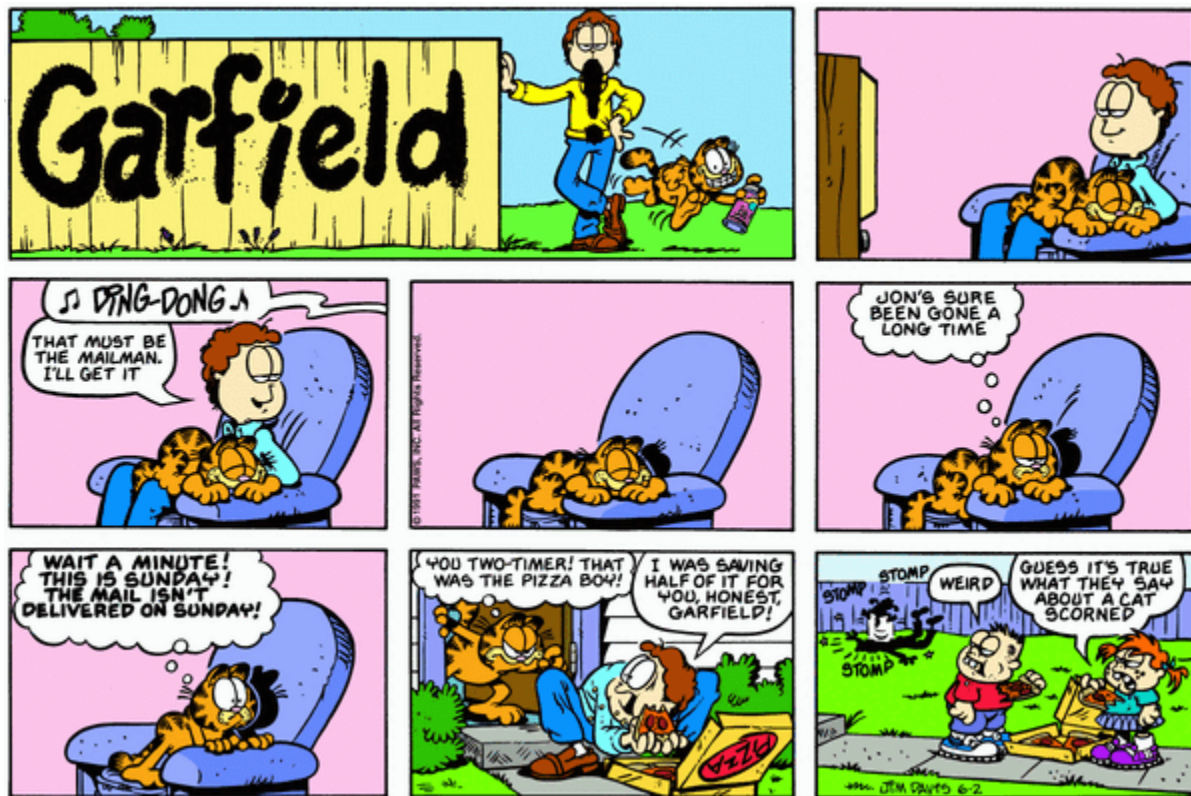
(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Of course, the attraction *is* liminal, meaning you have to learn to recognize, subject and vet the toy-like people coming to play with you as equally toy-like. Jadis, we shall continue to see, broke me because they had already been broken and became a dominant-class abuser themselves; Cuwu, a submissive-class; and both cases attracted to me as prey they could get something out of. And while the play sessions *were* harmful, I *still* learned from them: to seek out people who *won't* prey on you despite recognizing you as prey. In sex-positive scenarios, the draw to trauma during the playing with

bodies like toys becomes restorative and educational for *both* sides: relieving stress and reinforcing good habits as things to master and pass along in the flesh; i.e., during liminal expression and ludo-Gothic BDSM's collars, gifts, and toys as things to treat with respect—to play rough if both sides want, but ultimately to play nice as a cathartic, educational device.

The more friends you make, the more trust you accrue, the more you learn, the better everything becomes—the sex, the friendship, all of it. You become family as something to find, and the friends of your friends become your friends and theirs, on and on. As far as sex goes, a single night of hot, sticky passion becomes "Can you put it back in?" Not under threat of force ("You're gonna be Hauser's babe!"), but a cultural, sex-positive empathy that becomes second-nature through good praxis, hence ludo-Gothic BDSM. There's plenty of "pizza" (food or sex, shelter, etc) to go around provided praxial synthesis is attained: a continual balancing act—of give and take—with a sex-positive, liberatory character generally

characterized as "theft" by the bourgeoisie (and their proponents, accidental or otherwise). We don't want to shoot the individual thief, but "eat the rich" in ways that avoid total bedlam (e.g., *Les Miserables*, 1862) while still pushing for radical change at a socio-material level using Gothic poetics. Acquiring such nuance helps avoid the "shoot first, ask questions later" approach to aptly-titled family annihilators: the End of History as the end of scarcity (thus rape and war) as we know it.



(artist: [Jim Davis](#))

To that, you have to stick with it, and *correctly*. It's not a gun to restore to prime working order (e.g., Awesome Restorations' "[COLT Python .357 MAGNUM Gun Lighter Restoration](#)," 2023), but a hammering of such "swords" (a nod to *Romeo + Juliet*, there) into ploughshares to achieve a utopian state of post-scarcity existence through Gothic poetics, aka Gothic Communism; i.e., a subversion of the usual "wrath of God" scenarios during Revelations to remind people that Medusa is the ultimate force of the planet, and one who will absolutely choke a bitch if capital keeps fucking around. Fuck around, find out: Capitalism doesn't rule the planet, Mother Nature does, and will have the last laugh as she crushes Zeus' puny head between her chonky thighs (skull-crusher and brain-squishing ASMR, Bob-Ross-style: "Beat the devil out of him!").

To avoid *that* (and the usual predation of "wolves" on "lambs"), you gotta put the pussy on the chainwax—not unironically like oiling the Tinman (though lube *is* important during sex, purely because cuties are *not* sex machines you maintain like property), but with historical-material irony per dialectical-material arguments/cryptonymic disguises; i.e., changing skin/shape to fight back by presenting as we are; e.g., wolves in sheeps' clothing and vice versa:



(artist: [Bay](#))

This therian-grade dialog is meant to speak conditionally to the state and its proponents abusing all life, including humans as animals; i.e., conditional love versus a Pavlovian love forced upon people through dogma as bad BDSM. In

animalistic terms, this requires scouting a territory for toys to play with; i.e., in ways that humans do to protect themselves and nature from the state!

To that, we're digging up bones to play with the ghost of the counterfeit and reverse the process of abjection; i.e., by changing how the middle class (capital's gatekeepers, gaslighters and girl bosses) feels about state shift as something we can bring in a non-fascist/non-cataclysmic direction, mid-apocalypse/-revelation. People learn through sex, drugs and rock 'n roll; but if the state cannibalizes during moral panic as historically linked to its cyclical crises and decay as built-in, we must "give a dog a bone" through humor, wit, and irony as part of the counterterror repertoire: using what we got to show those at home as acclimated to the Imperial Core's legal defining and enforcement of crime (with genocide being pushed to the margins but haunting the resident, the suburb).

Some people need bigger "bones"³⁰⁶/wake-up calls than others do; i.e., size queens, but also status-quo dummies who never "bone" losing their minds when faced with state collapse and state shift as something our Aegis must nevertheless speak to them: "[This is Walter!](#)" Better to see what frightens you and lose your shit in a controlled environment than to lose total control out in the wilderness where people can get hurt (the line between the two not being discrete of course; i.e., the exiter of Plato's cave becoming an outsider insiders will kill to defend the state's shadow plays):



The paradox of taming Medusa is not to disempower, but quell her revenge to suit ours as agents thereof.

Furthermore, there are many kinds of mommies, and it's not only possible but vital to be multiple at the same time! So Collette Tatou, the purple-haired "strict" cutie³⁰⁷ from *Ratatouille* (2007)—the

"pirate," she styled herself—was only half wrong/right. We *must* be mommy when cooking in the kitchen; i.e., as something to take *back* as a collective of pirates making privatization and middle-class expectations (e.g., Parisian food snobs paying for high-skilled labor they can literally eat) as thing of the past. Bribe the "grow-air," babes; she'll keep you fed (and not just with food, you feel me?):

³⁰⁶ "Look at the size of this thing. You think this came out of a chicken or something?"

³⁰⁷ "Let me make this simple: Do what I say... OR I WILL KILL YOU!" Ostensibly a strict mommy dom, Tatou was something of a big softie when push came to kiss (to that, the movie has a somewhat dubious understanding of what consent is: through old French noirs).



(exhibit 34b3b3a2: Source, top: [Rule 34](#); bottom: [Degenerate Art Gallery](#). As Volume Two, part one argues, "BDSM or otherwise, people work through preference and experimentation to issue public statements that are, to some degree, coded" [[source](#)]. Monsters are code; we deal in/fuck with monsters as thing to cook up like food-as-code, thus encryption, revolutionary cryptonymy something to eat. Having control over them [versus AI art, left], we gain control over our bodies, art and labor as things to take back from capital's usual thievery—in what we produce as ours, not something to steal. For example, *Ratatouille's* full of shit like that: "Cook's don't steal," "anyone can cook," piracy in the kitchen relative to "stupid old men,"

nepotism ["some garbage boy who got lucky"] and BDSM through workplace attractions that, in the end, change even the most old die-hard critics' minds through so-call "peasant dishes"; i.e., progression away from gentrification as a matter of public opinion, the latter swayed through the usual venues/gradients of exchange blending food/sex and power/resistance, mid-poiesis. "Bon sang! Elle donne une belle coupe!"; translation: "She's a good fuck!" In literal terms, though: "She gives a beautiful strike!" Big dumpers and tight little pussies generally do, opening our eyes to a better world if used correctly [for workers].

In turn, "food" [and other such pun-like pareidolia] always comes to those who love to cook—delicious people and tasty ideas that, for those constantly cooking up new schemes, find themselves surrounded by unicorn pussy [Gusteau, our chubby mentor, slayed some pussy to sire his estranged kid, giving him the keys to the proverbial castle]. As always, remember we camp because we must; when "making it gay," yourselves, always ask, "what's the context?" then act accordingly.)

Whatever monstrous-feminine we're dealing with, all should fall on the side of nature and labor as exemplified by workers working together to achieve universal human recognition (what Lacan would call the mirror test, and where sex workers generally find themselves when culturing rebellion to suit *their* needs, demands, arguments, etc). Like Arthur's coconuts from *Holy Grail* (1975), we find them in strange places—not to *sell* them, but make goofy artistic statements (aping "hoofbeats") per neo-medieval theatre as something to perform; i.e., by good-faith actors in front of a casting mirror. People come and go, in that respect, but can *still* contribute towards something better through reflections that *last*: we are people

with rights, regardless of whatever rationalizing the state (and its unironically scientific, Cartesian essentializing of thinking vs emergent beings might try to put forward. It becomes a circuitous and recursive *rememory* of things that sees beyond the oral or written tradition from singular perspectives, and speaks to the state's collective memory death—its own abuse and decay—as something to endure and surpass: ideas that come to us, but also undead, demonic and animalistic egregores that arrive into our world based on what we build *together* (our aforementioned "having pull" applying to monstrous cuties in all shapes and sizes, from all walks of life: a Gothic push-pull we learn to manipulate in order to help keep us *alive*).



(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and [Cuwu](#))

By extension, there's plenty of *everything* to go around if we all learn to trust and love each other in opposition to the state and its myopic illusions sexualizing labor through war-and-rape-as-a-

business. So lay it all on the table, control for risk, be honest, and see what happens when you put your best monster self forward. Doing so works by virtue of people liking what they see, thinking you might be fun to play with; i.e., not because you *fooled* them (so-called "pickup artistry" is for cons and creeps), but because you worked hard to change what you didn't like and still own your flaws and scars. And even if it doesn't "work out," an adventure is still an adventure to a life having one more thing worth telling: "Your path is clear. Make it a journey!" The best parts of those you love will live on according to how you remember them. With Cuwu, Zeuhl and Jadis, I am nothing but consistent in that regard. The same goes for Crow and Bay—Harmony and my other muses, comrades, FWBs—as people who are always with me in some shape or form. We freaks look out for each other!

To that, toys are useful for articulating trauma, but also healing from it and getting one's frustrations out on an invulnerable subject-object drawn to pain as pleasurable; i.e., from "Show me on the doll where they touched you" to "put your cock in *this* doll" to "fuck me like you mean it!" History is trauma as something to play with according to *misfit* toys. Jadis was a bully who broke theirs; Cuwu, a

dragon who captivated theirs; Zeuhl, who used and discarded theirs, burning them akin to a Picasso's past—of the woman (or monstrous-feminine) involved.

True to form, none were ever in full control (as power can cause people to fracture along hard to soft lines), but surrendered their power in different ways.



The common thread was play insofar as we played with each other to alleviate symptoms and exert or alleviate control over ourselves. Jadis was the military-style thug "relinquishing" control in the bedroom (classic fetish gear being one step removed from mil spec); Zeuhl was the neurotic control freak treating me like a unicorn, blanket, and sex machine; and Cuwu was the former dancer with an action-figure's figure, their paper-doll approach to clothes, accessories, makeup and hairstyles a gender-fluid aesthetic merged with their doll-like tendency to disassociate (apart from the drugs).

(artist: Cuwu)

In short, each was how my abusers related to others through things that were normally strictly regulated *for* them by capital as patriarchal, settler-colonial and criminogenic; i.e., gentrified to serve profit, and it showed in their affect as cosmetic: Zeuhl as hopelessly discrete, Jadis as

commanding and blunt, and Cuwu's eyes turned glassy when each of them were facing their own trauma in "quotes"; i.e., a flashback in material form, a pretty toy-like effigy to play with that they could control when surrendering power for a moment: me. They couldn't be in control at all times and neither could I in a man's world, but I was something that each could control *differently*.

For Jadis, she was abused by her narcissistic mother and incorporated narcissistic tendencies, herself; for Zeuhl, they were the regressing enby who abandoned their expertise the moment things got hot; and Cuwu suffered as people forced to identify as women so often do: as a sex object without agency. The power *for* each came in ways they could control through me to get what they wanted, except something was *always* passed between us as aliens. This includes knowledge through the hermeneutic of *experiencing* ludo-Gothic BDSM, first-hand—of socio-material things that yield fresh revelations: Cuwu's kindness, and their copy of *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things* (2017), Zeuhl's

recommendation of *A History of Sexuality, Volume One* (1980) and *Gender Trouble* (1993), and Jadis showing me Tool and NIN music videos. Similar to my Galatean lineage's actual bloodline (re: my great-grandmother, grandmother and mother's infernal influence on my little trans brain), adult me found uses for all of these non-familial palimpsests in my Song of Infinity riffing on older garbage; while my exes were using me without my consent (the beautiful thing with Fair Use is it not requiring permission, *except* in the case of private nude images, which I always get prior to use), I pulled a "Monk" Lewis to weaponize their bullshit *against* the state! Get fucked, nerds!

Attracting trouble isn't a curse if you can camp it. Indeed, my newfound pull (after turning 29, which was eight years older than Lewis when he wrote *The Monk*) wasn't as bad as I thought it was—constantly meeting devils-in-disguise who lured me in with sex and harmed me, making me feel like a glutton for punishment ("my type," you could call it). Indeed, all changed my life and my work for the better inside the Gothic as an endless framed narrative/*mise-en-abyme*; i.e., as something I gradually parsed out.

It might seem mechanical and rawly conditioned, doomed, and/or hand-me-down, but there was always an *organic* element, a chance for a fresh start with friends we play with to create and learn new sex-positive things. For me, that meant a chance to learn what each liked, but also little lessons that came from playing under different conditions; e.g., sex on the floor as hard or carpeted, thus bruising skin close to the bone or chafing the skin raw. All went into this book as beyond the sum of its parts, but nevertheless reliant on such educational experiences to reify the instruction for others to partake of, themselves: find your own coconuts to play with, as I repeatedly do. As long as it's sex-positive, and provided we as a culture can recognize the difference through camp as widespread

(camping the twin trees: the Base and Superstructure), then that's all that matters!

(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and [Cuwu](#))



For once, my inability to turn my brain off came in handy, as did my

attraction to the monstrous-feminine. Zeuhl was my androgyne, Jadis my bruiser herbo, and Cuwu my little transmasc mommy dom. And each had a trademark physical trait, fictional counterpart and emotional signature to account for that: a

steel-trap pussy, tits for days, and an ass that never, *ever* quit—each respectively belonging to a debatably autistic alien with a flat affect (I only mention autism because they insisted they weren't neurodivergent—keep telling yourself that, hon), a surly orc queen, and a hungry and vain dragoness seeking to control a scene to avoid getting hurt in the future.

In short, they'd each been hurt *before* and would never stop controlling others by playing the Amazon, the femme fatale, the monstrous-feminine: something to dress up and control through abject theatre that subverts the lack of agency (re: Laura Ng³⁰⁸) each experienced at some point (or felt like they did, in Zeuhl's case); i.e., through cosmetics as a weapon unto itself, mid-theatre. It becomes a coerced position of enforced negotiation, that under the right conditions, *is* sex-positive, but nevertheless works within a dialog of incessant scrutiny under sex work—of the female body as endlessly policed, owned, controlled by patriarchal forces playing Pygmalion. "A free woman in an unfree society will always be a monster." Even with queer people, this applies insofar as they're forced into a Pavlovian box. They become robotic, cold, automatic—a sum of different parts valued by men, thus capital, including its token agents. I'm a woman, too, but AMAB, and no less coerced by state dogma through my GNC exes (all female).



Except, in the case of my exes, it was bad play because sooner or later the game needs to stop, or at least pause to reflect, or it becomes an unironic way of life, always reacting to abusive factors that make it hard to get close enough to trust

anyone, even if there was some degree of proximity or ostensible intimacy between sleepers, spies, and conflicting agents. Love decays, as does activism when used in service to the profit motive. It did for Cuwu, Zeuhl and Jadis, insofar as their different bad habits all led to the harming of me by virtue of each selling out.

³⁰⁸ Re: "'The Most Powerful Weapon You Have': Warriors and Gender in *La Femme Nikita*":

As Edward Said astutely notes in *Culture and Imperialism*, most societies project their fears on the unknown or the exotic other. This barren land, where the viewers are kept disorientated, is threatening. It is a place between the familiar and the foreign, like part of a dream or vision that one cannot remember clearly. There is always a sense of a lurking danger from which the viewers need protection. Nikita provides that sense of protection ([source](#)).

This betrayal was unique to each as having different flaws. Cuwu had borderline personality disorder and embraced a chaotic lifestyle (with the help of several bad actors) that forsook all they had preached. Unlike them, Zeuhl got a cushy job and used me until their first, best option (the one they'd been chasing for ten years) came into their life (obscure hint: initially cock-blocked by a volcano). So did Jadis, oddly enough (no volcano, in their case). In short, both waited were they secure enough to toss me aside, and then did so (and while Zeuhl was more ashamed of it, they still did it in a ruthless, premeditated and placating manner before trying to pin everything on me when I got sick of their bullshit, years later).

The point, here, is that none of my exes used their trauma to think with in sex-positive ways, but glide from point A to point B on autopilot: toying with their food as something to abuse, mid-play. Sex *is* one of those things that works well on instinct, but it's better when it's actively engaged with because trust is incumbent on good communication, not blind cruising. They were all sex experts, insofar as Zeuhl had sexual health training (and an extensive GNC education, especially with twinks), Jadis was an active masochist with years of acquired know-how (and a sadistic mean streak), and Cuwu likewise knew the ins and outs of such things as relayed between a younger generation's acclimation to internet culture, but also the machinery of the state as something to impersonate, like chameleons.



(artist: [Jan-H Sculpts](#))

Within *that* culture's *mise-en-abyme*/framed narrative, the Amazon (and similar monstrous-feminine) survive as tools used by different people pinned between the state and its usual disparate, harmful conditions. They become something that, like all toys, you can recognize in people, and play with; i.e., mid-historical-materialism, while capital constantly corrupts, rewrites, and transforms over time—in short when it decays and regenerates. This travels from Ancient Athens, to

Marston's Wonder Woman putting "Athens" in quotes, to whatever it becomes when we manifest these articles ourselves; i.e., working to find social-sexual freedom amid oscillating theatres of opposition, deception, games-in-games rendering us or others the dupe, but also having the power to *liberate* us amid low-to-high stakes.



Within those stakes, monstrous-feminine players are more skilled by virtue of necessity—overcoming systemic adversity through treachery and cunning but also nuance and grace; i.e., a system of exchange on par with giving rings, in *The Merchant of Venice*, which extends to other kinds of games that serve a similar purpose; e.g., Luc Besson's 2019 excellent rehash of *La Femme Nikita*, the svelte sexpot beating the boys at their own game in ways they *aren't* accustomed to playing themselves, by virtue of them being men: blunt instruments to her scalpel's acting and play as a means of surviving men, first and foremost.

Classically this is always a Pygmalion fantasy that plays out in a half-real sense; i.e., male directors creating Amazonian fantasies that always seem to cater to their sexual fantasies under an abuse of power between them as director and the actresses they marry (and divorce); e.g., James Cameron, but also Luc Besson having dated Maiwenn Le Besco when she was 15 and he 32 (they met when she was 12). In short, Hollywood and European cinema is haunted by pedophilia, but still allows for monstrous-feminine liberation in a space occupied by exploitation, first and foremost. Per Gothic Communism, we can unshackle Galatea from Pygmalion.

In other words, we simply don't need to serve these weirdos to tell these kinds of stories (even if said stories are well-made, as *The Terminator* and *La Femme Nikita* undeniably are)! This is work saying because women abused by their male (and much older) rapists go on to develop rape-apologetic tendencies; e.g., Le Besco

Maiwenn [confirmed](#) earlier this year that she did in fact pull Plenel's hair and spit in his face at a Paris restaurant; Plenel filed a police report March 7 alleging the incident took place in late February. The writer/director/actress, née Maiwenn Le Besco, told French newspaper *Le Journal du Dimanche*

(via [Screen Daily](#)) that the encounter with Plenel stemmed from her feeling "morally violated" that Mediapart published rape allegations against her ex-husband, director Luc Besson, without notifying her. [...]

Mediapart editor-in-chief Plenel called out Maïwenn's presumed lack of support for the #MeToo movement in May 2023.

"She's outspokenly anti-#MeToo and she made a gesture to please her world, and that's why she bragged about it on TV," Plenel told [Variety](#). "We could see a sort of pride that echoed that world."

Plenel [said](#) at the time, "We published what [Maïwenn] told police as part of the investigation into Besson. When she talked to the police, she discussed complicated aspects of her relationship with Luc Besson, notably during their separation. But once we published our piece, we never received any protest of any kind. That was about five years [ago] — that would mean that for all this time, [Maiwenn](#) wanted to take her revenge" ([source](#): Samantha Bergeson's "Maïwenn Assaulted Journalist after Feeling 'Morally Violated' by Allegations Against Ex-Husband Luc Besson," 2023).

but also Roman Polanski's victim, Samantha Geimer, apologizing 45 years after the rape took place:

"Let me be very clear: What happened with Polanski was never a big problem for me," Geimer told Seigner in a translated version of the interview obtained Monday by The Times. "I didn't even know it was illegal, that someone could be arrested for it. I was fine, I'm still fine. The fact that we've made this [a big deal] weighs on me terribly. To have to constantly repeat that it wasn't a big deal, it's a terrible burden" ([source](#): Nardine Saad's "Roman Polanski and the Woman He Pleaded Guilty to Raping Pose together 45 Years Later," 2023).

Like, dude, you were 13! It's rape regardless of what you think! You were a child and he drugged and sodomized you! You can speak for yourself if you absolutely want to, but you don't get to speak for other people!

Except, just as Geimer and Le Besco do this in real life, their infinitely faster and deadlier idealized forms like Nikita whitewash Hollywood, male directors/actors and capital through the profit motive and all its problematic aspects. It becomes yet-another-patriarch to defend by daddy's good girl: "Give me a child until she is seven, and I will show you the woman." It's a gender swap on Aristotle's already-creepy maxim towards young boys; i.e., brainwashing. Not exactly the bedrock we want to base Gothic Communism on, eh?

Of course, we *can* rescue Amazons from their history of subjugation, but this happens onstage, mid-exploitation, as a performance that ties them to some sense of ourselves belonging to the monstrous-feminine as a complicated polity of freak

bitches. Amazons and *Amazonomachia* are always—to some degree—sex objects struggling like Galatea does: to find their own agency in the world; i.e., through what they make and leave behind as haunted by their trauma as potentially going to decay in favor their abusers and the system tied to them.



Such baggage is impossible to completely untangle ourselves from. *My* escape was my own case of brothel espionage, between three cuties I knew extremely well and not at all, but which I was drawn towards due to my own half-and-half psychosexual responses³⁰⁹ and tastes: the Amazon mommy dom serving me as the sub (which is how being a sub works) under good conditions, and burying me alive under bad (the graveyard symbolism a, at times, literal skull-and-

³⁰⁹ In a way, my exes knew me better than myself, because *I* wasn't always actively thinking about my own psychosexual drives. I had to learn by getting "mated" in "chess." Defeat *is* a powerful teacher. But I don't want to hand it to them, though: I learned from their mistakes; re (from Volume Two, part one:

I suffered at their hands and benefitted from their actions because *I* slowly learned how to stand on my own two feet; i.e., to take what they (and my other exes) did to me and transform it into a message of Gothic healing and hope, of calculated risk doomsaying about state shift to promote Gothic Communism. I couldn't have done that, on some level, without capital abusing me, but also my exes (that's nothing to be proud of, on their ends, however) [[source](#)].

In other words, games under capital are driven by a desire to win and survive, but also commodify these devices in an unfair system furthered by the product as instruction. Under capital, life *isn't* fair, but life *could* be if we developed a better system by changing the rules; i.e., through emergent gameplay during our magic circles, ludic contracts, Gothic BDSM, *et al.*

crossbones warning for those with unchecked libidos inside a given abusive structure closing into trap them—me chasing the dragon, so to speak, as humans generally do: as creatures of impulse, driven by stim-like tendencies that aren't always conscious but *need* to be in order to prevent harm).

It's a common mistake to humanize one's abuser(s) through theatrical tropes bleeding into real life. Except that's not what I'm doing. My exes treated me poorly as individuals, but I don't ultimately blame them in place of systemic harm (not



even Zeuhl, who tried to spin their shitty behavior as teaching me a valuable lesson. Valuable or not, you're still backstabbing a cunt, my dude); I blame capital's monopolies and trifectas driving people to such extremes at all, looking for protection—namely shelter and power—under criminogenic conditions while at times abusing others through social-sexual dysfunction. And in my own way, I eventually bested them all by becoming the woman I am today as having mastered my craft, mid-survival: a mistress of my own destiny able to spot what I dislike (assholes) and what I like (female warriors, androgynes, princexes, etc) as a potential lesson, but also a fresh chance at something fun once more—slightly different but familiar and capable.

(artist: [Blissful Art](#))

Take it from me, babes: there's so many Amazons in the world, so many monstrous-feminine to enjoy! So I've gradually learned to look for the monstrous-feminine in ways that *won't* harm me, that make me feel welcome in a world of light that feels more and more *alien* to me; to me, Hell feels like home the more time I spend with the people *of* Hell, all of us uniting against the state and its subjugated Hippolytas. It's a tricky balance, one you can only learn not just by swimming with sharks, but *playing* with them constantly. Always playing, always building, always learning all at once! If you can get through a heartbreak emotionally intact, you'll get the hang of being vulnerable and actively guarding yourself at the same time. It's an art, not a science—one guided at times by instinct, raw emotion, and psychosexual energies, but also good habits that must become second-nature to best challenge state forces on a systemic level: history as toy-like in ways that yield emergent forms of Gothic poetics, thus actual liberation.



(artist: [Crow](#))

This includes theory as something to revisit through our friends showing themselves off, the classics being the proverbial tip of the iceberg in terms of the scope and extent of Gothic-Communist development. Just as past Gothicists' imperfect, semi-blind observations were based on older things brought forward and reinvented, we need to bring all of

them forward as campy versions of themselves; i.e., to rival Shelley's already skillful rivaling of Prometheus and Matthew Lewis' own doctrine of palimpsests. Our bad echo is the ancient female monster of the ancient world described by Creed, except we've updated it with a monstrous-feminine, non-white, genderqueer dialog that has only recently emerged within Western spheres. But this always starts with history as something derelict; i.e., an "ancient" thing reassembled and pulled forwards from backwards, over and over across the mandala sands, to shift the cultural understanding of the imaginary past during class and culture warfare in a sex-positive, liberatory scheme. The ostensible quaintness of Radcliffe, Walpole or Lewis' old-fashioned toys belies a chaotic and organic function to what we're trying to reclaim and cultivate during our own camp: Medusa as an awesome poetic device whose "ancient" forms can evolve and change into fresh toy-like futures (of new emancipatory hauntologies), step-by-step, in present spheres mid-penetration.

Keep *that* in mind about Medusa as we proceed into the Monster Modules. It will apply to the monstrous-feminine as undead, demonic, and/or anthropomorphic; i.e., as something to phenomenologically rarefy in toy-like ways and relate to ontologically on an emotional level: through play and, at times, literal toys as sexualized, alien, fetish. Trauma under capital results from workers and nature exploited sexually by the state for profit; monsters aren't just critical lenses, then, but sex toys that speak to psychosexual trauma as something to process and learn from through ludo-Gothic BDSM—i.e., its psychosexual gender expression that mirrors our dialectical-material reality as socio-sexual: a demon or piece thereof offering up fatal knowledge, mid-crisis, but also as we shall see next, decaying like a literal and figurative corpse (things known to fall apart under scrutiny and—pardon the crude joke—during sex). During liberation, there's not much aesthetic difference. Form follows function insofar as function is determined by play guiding power in different directions during oppositional praxis' interminable, ouroborotic castle-narrative for or against the state.

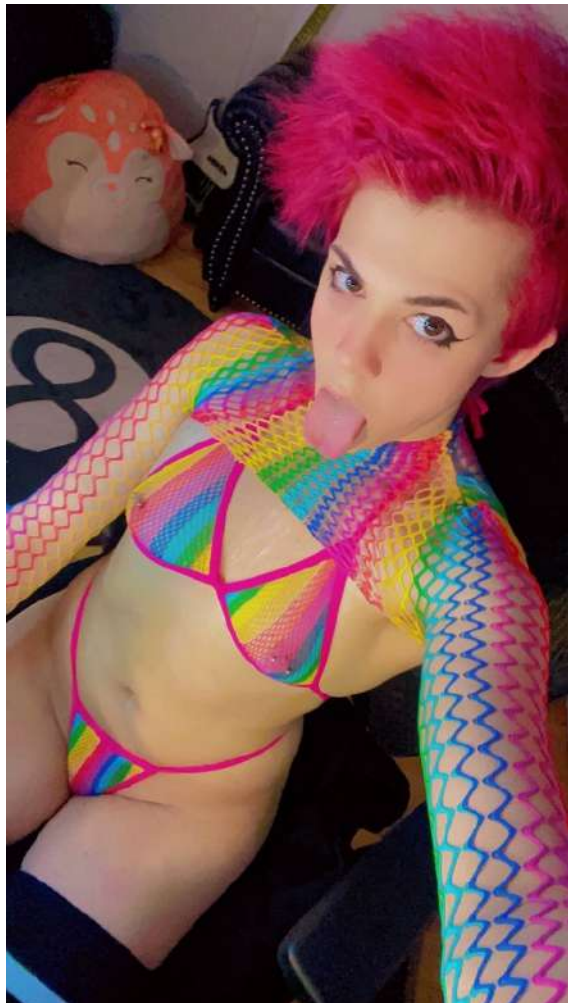
To that, this chapter ends, and we'll be diving into the Necropolis once again!

Back to the Necropolis: Reflections on Mastery as Backwards; i.e., When Camping Myself as More and More Gay (feat. Black Nazis and *Castlevania*)!

"Ooooooh! I love the look! Especially the monster fucking me! That's hot!!"

—*Drooling Red*, to me regarding their drawing (2024)

We're about to enter the second half of Volume Two, which—per my usual backwards approach—I wrote first and put last. Indeed, I wrote this second half of the volume *before* my PhD, revisiting it only after finalizing Volume Zero and Volume One, then writing *another* half to Volume Two that has since gone online before this half has! To that, we're entering an old territory with fresh perspective: as someone who has mastered her genderqueer self and area of scholarship she

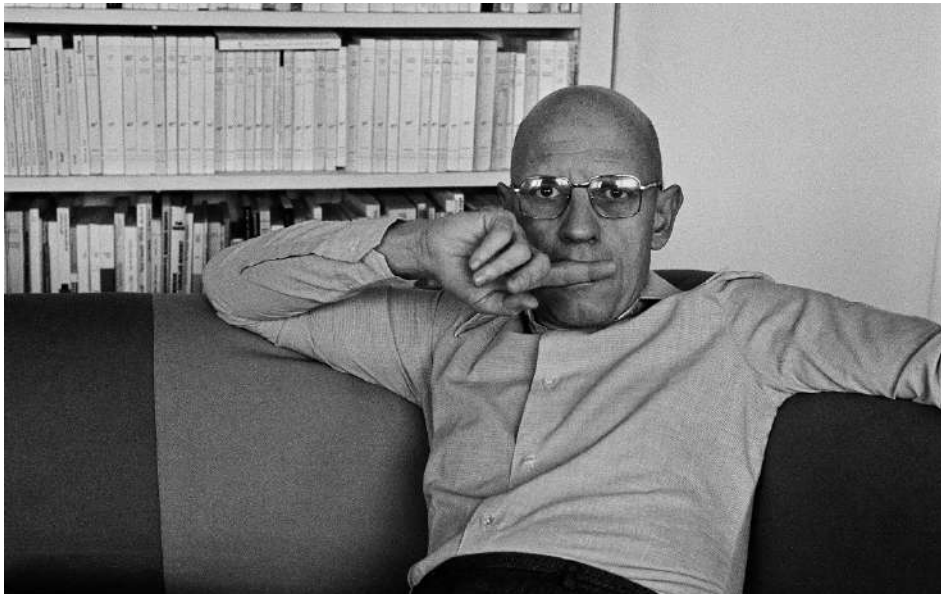


trailblazed outside academia; i.e., to help liberate all sex workers through iconoclastic art! Though not entirely "necessary" towards understanding the Monster Modules, I'd nevertheless like to offer a quick roadmap for the hermeneutic waltz described (and an extended exhibit on black Nazis, TERF vampires, and *Castlevania: Nocturne*, 2023). It harbors various block quotes and collages, assembled *this* time as a particular lament configuration (minus Barker's problematic elements, but haunted by them): a frame of reference when grappling and consuming my ideas, but also ruminating and hopefully improving on them in your own lives. "Truth" is less a thing universally acknowledged, then, and more the expression of rebellion as sex-positive in so many different campy, very-gay forms upending older histories with fresh nightmares: "Once more, but with rainbows!"

(artist: [Drooling Red](#))

Mastery is a puzzle, insofar as calculated risk puts traditional notions of "empowerment" and "disempowerment" in quotes, thus on their heads; it becomes something to fuck with in ways that master monstrous language as a holistic theatrical mode. Except, one does not simply achieve mastery after a single day and night, deciding they like to fuck monsters. One becomes "rapaciously" masterful in ways that trap them in the middle, post-trauma, as something to recreate "trauma" in quotes; i.e., between ignorance and knowledge, but also knowing what to do with knowledge once you've got it. So many would-be intellectuals sell out, but keep the aesthetic minus its irony, mid-cryptonymy.

No one is immune from power as a structure in service to the elite, but it *can* be resisted in service to labor. However things reduce, division serves profit, and anything that serves profit, while predatory and unequal, can be critiqued per the elite's usual trifectas, attempted monopolies (violence, terror and monsters), and qualities of capital (Cartesian, settler-colonial, heteronormative); i.e., as it sexualizes everything only to gentrify/tokenize and decay over and over and over while *defending* the state. Per Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism, intersectional solidarity does *not* serve profit regardless of the variables at play (an inverse of the listed qualities, above). There's several dialectical-material binaries, but loads of grey area. The only way to distinguish this from that between the constants and variables *is* to play with them in ways that distribute as a matter of privilege and oppression; i.e., what we're born into: prisons, settler colonies, empire.



Foucault wrote on prisons all his life, a man of academia as a matter of privilege that won him with the ability to help or abuse those around him (re: pedophilia). He chose both, making him a state puppet in the end; i.e., poisoning the well

by arguing *for* pedophilia through words *and* actions. Similar to Simone Beauvoir or Jean-Paul Sartre, the guy raped people, specifically children (often non-white, per his sex tourism: Bad Empanada Live's "[Michel Foucault Was a Pedophile - The Evidence Is Clear](#)," 2022). As this volume shall demonstrate, his ideas challenging empire are *still* useful, but they *must* be taken with a grain of salt—of critique that

extends the right of challenging empire to all parties, not just Foucault having his cake and eating it, too (a real French imperialist playing the rebel; i.e., "boundaries for me, not for thee")! This "salt" can be supplied by figures with systemic power regaining their humanity in ways Foucault never got the chance to (he died of AIDS in 1984).

For instance, Dennis Challeen—a judge, himself—wrote in the poem "Prisoners" (2012) of such power as a judge might be able to oversee; i.e., from the outside looking in, as someone with power over others generally does:

We want them to have self worth,
So we destroy their self worth

To be responsible,
So we take away all responsibility

To be a part of our community,
So we isolate them from the community

To be positive and constructive,
So we degrade them and make them useless

To be non-violent,
So we put them where there is violence all around

To be kind and loving people,
So we subject them to hatred and cruelty

To quit being tough guys,
So we put them where the tough guy is respected

To quit hanging around losers,
So we put all the losers under one roof

To quit exploiting us,
So we put them where they exploit each other.

We want them to take control of their own lives
Own their own problems and quit being parasites,
So we make them totally dependent on us ([source](#)).

Justice isn't monopolized by those with privilege, though, and point-in-fact requires those with less privilege (thus power) to assert and affirm a pedagogy of the

oppressed that speaks truth *to* power as a matter of *resistance*, not status-quo consolidation; i.e., that has decayed over time (with older writers like Shelley or Hawthorne being far more critical of power through their privilege than many more recent thinkers, like Foucault).

Simply put, power aggregates; we, in turn, must aggregate—as comrades, masters, students, *et al*—not with the elite as Faustian backstabbers (e.g., Lando Calrissian and Darth Vader) but against the elite and their prison-like profit motive, their us-versus-them, their monstrous-feminine, their Aegis as a darling to kill and reclaim while not throwing the baby out with the bathwater (re: Foucault's *ideas*, *not* his reputation). Reclaimed by us, their loss of humanity is our dignity and power to regain by learning from history in all its half-real, imaginary forms:

I am the ruler of these nether worlds
 The underground, whoa yes
 On every wall and place my fearsome name is heard
 Just look around, whoa yes (Van Halen's "[Atomic Punk](#)," 1978).



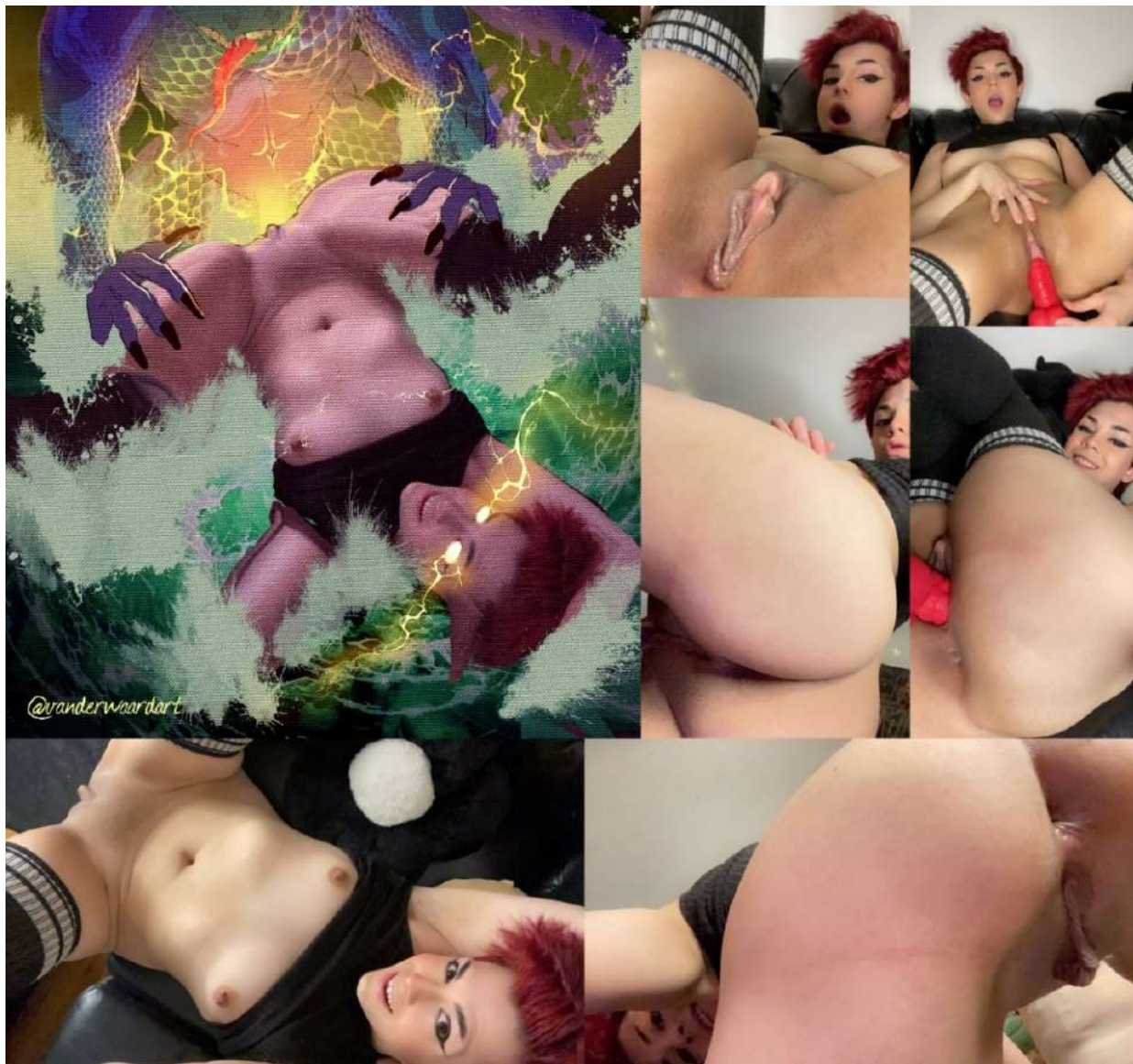
(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Cuwu)



I am a white girl with many strange and wonderful friends, falling for all manner of dark, delightful cuties. Let it never be said I compromised my arguments while doing so! Poor in money though I am, I am rich both in spirit and the love I share for workers and nature; i.e., as things to rescue from the state by fucking with monsters as a Promethean, Numinous means of mastering the seemingly abominable (emblems of rape and death fantasies) to

dominate our tyrants (the bourgeoisie): making monsters that speak to our trauma and free us from it by humanizing us through the alien as a condition we all find

ourselves on different sides of while interrogating sex and force; i.e., seeking pleasure (and pleasurable pain) while avoiding harm as a matter of triangulation—the sell-out playing the victim. I only became gayer as time went on; i.e., my past took on a life of its own: not to betray my cause but remain polyamorously faithful *towards* it!



(model and artist: [Drooling Red](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Though they cannot be fully divorced from it, monsters aren't completely emblematic of subjugation by state forces. *Iconoclastic subversion* is the means of turning the tables on our overlords. They normally drink our blood as something to harvest under capital as a well-oiled machine, at this point. We must reverse—as Daniel Day-Lewis would put it—the drinking of the milkshake, sucking *their* power

through the same socio-material implements (the straw) according to how such things came into their possession: through Gothic poetics!

Power cannot be created or destroyed, in this respect; it can only be transferred from workers or the state through oppositional praxis, which pastiche remediates to varying degrees of irony during liminal expression's conflicting surfaces and thresholds. As always, resistance and exploitation exist in the same space, canon and camp operating in the same shadow zone where Nazis and Communists coincide; i.e., as fodder for *Pax Americana* kayfabe copaganda, including videogames and their painfully neoliberal *and* fun adaptations weaponizing marginalization.

Such tokenization *is* fractally recursive in service to the state, with modular elements that complicate liberation. To that, we're talking about decay in lieu of me having written three books since I wrote Volume Two, part two, over a year ago at this point. We won't have time to go over all the possibilities, here, but I do have a fairly niche example we'll exhibit cursorily over the next fourteen pages (and one the Undead Module shall expand upon extensively in the following chapters); i.e., one that encapsulates marginalized intersectional tokenism: normative* Afrocentrism-as-undead through a hauntological black queer Nazi—*Castlevania: Nocturne* (2023)!

**As in Afronormativity punching down against other marginalized groups while playing the universal victim through a decayed fascist form of pan-Africanism. The practice was originally a liberatory device and can still be used in that fashion provided it avoids an exclusionary segregational function; i.e., works towards intersectional solidarity instead of isolationism (which is just another ghetto to fence/nation to sanction and embargo by imperial forces). Except historically Afrocentrism is just that—centralized predominantly around the struggles of a singular group of black ethnicities and cultures that didn't primarily integrate with other non-white groups/struggles beyond the African continent and its descendants; e.g., Native Americans, Māori or Aboriginal groups, etc; i.e., decaying into a person-of-color middle-class gatekeeping mechanism on par with white indentured servants originally accepting the yolk, per Howard Zinn's A People's History of the United States (1980). We'll unpack these considerations after the close-reading of Castlevania: Nocturne, and give a brief holistic examination of fascist tokenization in other Japanese neoliberal works: Capcom's problematic Amazons in their Street Fighter franchise!*



(exhibit 34b3b3a3: Castlevania: Nocturne falls victim to the usual pitfalls of neoliberal hero escapism, but there remain lots of Gothic fetishes and clichés to consider for actual revolutionary purposes. Even so, these have to be rescued from the usual kill-the-Medusa dreck [fun dreck, but dreck nonetheless]: the Countess. For one, the show's Great Destroyer—a "black Egyptian" spin [as Castlevania loves to do] on the Elizabeth Báthory legend—ties vampirism to a pre-Western regression; i.e., a 21st century hauntology demonizing Communism as state shift per Capitalist Realism: a vengeful Medusa as daughter-of-Ra, an equation of hysterical "terror" conjured up again. In other words, it's Joseph Crawford's invention of terrorism through French state decay vis-à-vis Napoleon letting British and American forces hold onto power in their own territories and power centers: through a counterfeit, girl-boss death god used to keep the elite in power now much as Radcliffe did [versus Matthew Lewis' queer camp] when the actual French Revolution was underway! In other words, bread and circus.

Fast-forward two centuries, and the so-called Devourer of Light [a black hole exemplified by the Apep-style eclipse eating Ra] is fascist DARVO on the state side of things; i.e., with a Japanese neoliberal [videogame] Shintoism ultimately defending the light, the sun, through a Western cop [our very own Richter Belmont] punching Nazis and Communists conflated per centrist dogma on the show's signature Medusa. This includes their rhetoric, aesthetic, costumes, masks, etc, as canonical monstrous-feminine she-wolves and fags [e.g., Orlock] as expendable bad bitches, their lieutenants, bosses and gods all wrapped up in the same anisotropic scheme for the state. Or as our resident queen's token black Mephistopheles, Doltra, delightfully says, "They're revolutionaries, father. We're

here to crush them." She's literally a black Nazi, thus Afrocentrist by virtue of psychosexual, biomechanical decay—a gargoyle, an undead puppet to shock the masses with.



Corporations love to milk and tokenize Nazis through these kinds of paradoxical compromises. Just like Amazon did with Obi Wan in 2022, Netflix is fetishizing the Nazi as vampiric in 2023. It doesn't get any more cliché than that, except it's heavily tokenized in ways that didn't

quite exist two centuries ago! Again, it's Fanon's Black Skin, White Masks [1952] injected into a corporatized Gothic imaginary [with each monstrous-feminine having a calm state and an agitated, "hysterical" state; i.e., the latter increasingly more slutty and pissed-off than the former] relying on Afrocentrism to sell to a target marginalized demographic running interference for the writers playing the white moderate: "Okay, you can play the Nazi!" This is not progress unless irony is present; there is none in Obi Wan and very little in Nocturne as we shall see.

Whatever their race, Nazis lend themselves well to camp, but corporate schlock generally has about as much irony as Darth Vader³¹⁰ originally did [except here it's Bubblegum Nazi Punk; e.g., Obi Wan's Reva Sevander, above]. That being said, moderacy is, itself, a form of false rebellion serving profit [which is what the blood and black-and-red aesthetic signifies through a Marxist reading of the text].

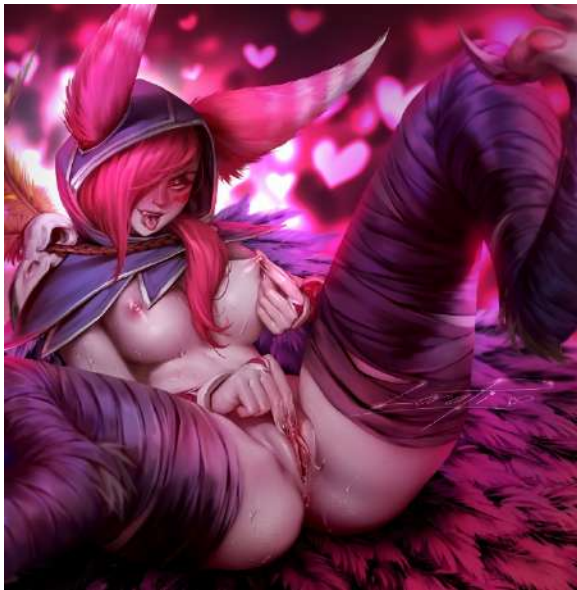
Whether gay, female and/or black, such things reliably decay under the allure of capitalist trinkets fighting Red Scare with cartoon Nazi scapegoats; i.e., Faustian bargains, preying on others the way white women historically have done in the Gothic mode since Radcliffe: as guilty as the false priest, seeking the token's fix as psychosexual "liberation." It's predatory but one that occurs differently depending on whose preying [a holy conflation synonymizing "pray" with "prey" in such poetic schemes].

Mind you, there's a billion-and-one monster girls, and they either serve profit or they don't as a liminal, paradoxical expression: a slutty Halloween costume to fight over during oppositional praxis. When it's that time of year and she—knocking 'rap rap rap—rap!' on your chamber door like The Terminator [with Brad Fidel riffing on

³¹⁰ Also a black Nazi; i.e., voiced by James Earl Jones and later echoed in Giancarlo Esposito's Moff Gideon, per *The Mandalorian* (2019) as a decayed, Sith-like form of Samuel L. Jackson's Mace Windu.

Beethoven's famous coda of fate a-knockin' in the 5th Symphony's opening section, 1808]: the vampire as the predatory visitor coming out of the imaginary past to tempt us with destruction as something—per Capitalist Realism—to express as Nazi-Communist monster-girl kayfabe.

Again, this canonically serves profit, thus the state while furthering the process of abjection through the ghost of the counterfeit as something to fear and attack during the Shadow of Pygmalion's Cycle of Kings and their royal decay as tomb-like, populated with whores useful to Cartesian edicts. Such reversals [and their context of mutual consent] exist inside spheres of monstrous rape play with



Radcliffean demon lovers abusing Lewis' ironic Matilda [originally profaning the Madonna to castrate the rapacious Ambrosio]. They're hardly cut-and-dry from an immediate visual standpoint; i.e., exploitation versus empowerment-as-sex-positive walk a tremendously fine line, indeed!

[artist: [Lera PI](#)]

White women, for example, classically feel trapped between virgin and whore, ashamed as they look to use their power as a taste of blood normally restricted to men in the same positions; i.e., triangulating against and feeding on the vulnerable until they are euthanized, closeted, beheaded, etc, under a fascist feeding scheme; i.e., the undead feeding mechanism servicing the state, whereupon Capitalism in decay is the state regressively cannibalizing itself to survive; i.e., any undead and their famously abject foods; e.g., blood, brains, or flesh as complicated psychosexual statements with anisotropic functions. Per Jameson, the privilege of the middle class invokes the dialectic of shelter to defend "itself" [the elite] from, as I argue, the alien dead—the non-middle-class undead—in effect raping said dead and abjecting their legitimate suddenly-visible grievances; i.e., slave revolts; e.g., The Birth of a Nation except tokenism pointedly weaponizes black culture against itself through a tokenized middle class punching down; re: Jordan Peele's Us.

As we shall explore more, deeper in the volume, Zombie-Vampire Capitalism pointedly turns women into cops, then back into housewives, and black slaves into black cops then back into black slaves, etc. The mouth of the state is always hungry but it becomes horrifyingly visible during a zombie apocalypse: when fearsome, animalistic, nocturnal feeders—normally relegated to the dead of night or the pits of Hell—suddenly appear at daytime on Earth, feeding psychosexually in broad

daylight as a means of genocide a) exposed as a regular state function disinterred, mid-apocalypse [meaning "to uncover"] and b) something to resist through the same poetic means of feeding as a proletarian counterterrorist role; i.e., the return of the living dead seeking revenge for the elite's usual giving and receiving of state violence.



[artist: Zdzisław Beksiński]

White or not, the middle class are the gatekeepers of capital and its nuclear-familial design, and allow for various marginalized concessions of "representation" that eventually disappear when fascist power is formally attained; i.e., the state finally entering a "rabid" state only to be put down by another state not yet in decay to the same extent; e.g., America vs Nazi Germany [this problem becomes a matter of suicide per the Mother Country dying as America is, which we shall explore in the Undead Module

proper]. At home and abroad, American Liberalism [and the middle class] always decay fascistically into darker versions of itself that self-defend until total collapse trying to decay into fresh forms of the same-old inequality under Imperialism—i.e., America's true purpose [Cartesian exploitation] projected onto Nazi Germany as the "only" Nazis in town, despite America being the breeding ground for fascism having inspired others since the late 1800s: as the global economic superpower!

China's recent developments are changing this hegemony and the chickens are already coming home to roost; i.e., token, corporatized arbitration of Imperialism-in-crisis in ways America cannot stop, no matter how many female and non-white girl bosses they turn into unironic Amazons, vampires, Medusa, etc! "Home" as a fatal portrait will decay until it eats itself, specifically the next-in-line [above]. Our rights are stripped down and eaten by the state [often retrojected/hyphenated as a ruinous hungry vampire-castle or castle-vampire] until our right to exist becomes anathema, zombie-like. Then the state dies. Until then, the state is always "in danger"; i.e., as something to abject onto labor threatening the nuclear families of the middle class; rinse and repeat.

Like, as if, bitches! Angela Carter famously argued, "Any free woman in an unfree society will always be a monster"; i.e., TERFs; e.g., Amazons, which are already tokenized and have a fascist element as such, but compound through black/non-white girl bosses and GNC/BDSM elements. Except such women transform into token-style witch cops precisely by virtue of turning heel to serve the usual pimps, aka fighting for scraps. Token assimilators do so as the state's Amazonian war

bosses, their subjugated Hippolyta and Medusa playing out through different forms of tokenized "rebellion"; e.g., Wonder Woman and her Nazi counterpart stooges' white-Indian rhetoric performing the same bad, half-real theatre on the same planetary fields of domination: Indigenous lands mapped out, invaded, and raped in-text and out.

Starting with Radcliffe, British and American feminism has decayed to become increasingly complicit in this global predation. However they need to, then, each assimilator shall ape the whore that society "needs" to be behead once she invariably breaks bad; e.g., Dany Targaryen from Game of Thrones [2011] "coached by Hilter" per the actress watching actual videos of the old dictator to obey the show's writers telling her to play the female version thereof [source: Desiree Murphy's "[Emilia Clarke Says She Watched Videos of Hitler to Prepare for Game of Thrones Finale](#)," 2019]! Dany goes rogue; the usual dudes put her down to further a centrist, Star-Wars-style scheme: patriarchal, Pygmalion-grade dominance in a capitalist system dressed up as "medieval," billionaire-Marxist, centrist; i.e., good guys and bad, good cops and bad. Except, ACAB. It's all Pax Americana apologia; i.e., lionizing profit in ways that, at times, feel incredibly forced [which is what the Force from Star Wars canonically is: centrist dogma weaponizing the monomyth against labor by putting "rebellion" in quotes]. From girl boss to black Nazi to white knight, whatever forms of class betrayal that



emerge are still betrayal—is Capitalism, through and through as Afrocentrist, white and cis supremacist, and homonormative to varying degrees of concession with profit as heteronormative, Cartesian, settler-colonial!

Like all Nazis tend to be, such exchanges and alliances are admittedly fascinating to watch.

But systemic abuse does get old, the same-old paradigm exhausting if irony isn't present. The bitch is simply drugged, then bashed through the usual morality plays designed to keep rebellion in check; i.e., by white/tokenized moderates and mutilative sex as a fatal lure: through toys. To subvert them, we must take their ludic/performative context and alter it beyond canon's usual weaponizing of such things; i.e., camping demon BDSM and unironic rape fantasies made to canonically justify violence against the monstrous-feminine, thus serve profit! Profit equals rape. We must camp rape to end profit and achieve post-scarcity through intersectional solidarity.

Except, the state loves to weaponize the home against whatever perceived barbarians are "at the gate"; i.e., "think of the women and children" as settler-

colonial agents presented as "native." This extends to such figures conjured up, Radcliffe-style, and ceremoniously raped before tossing them back into the proverbial bin. Per Irigary, the mother is always something to rape; per Creed, she refuses to be a victim; per me, such predation within the profit motive is something we must challenge and subvert inside of itself—by playing with it from one series of toys to the next! From feminism to Afrocentrism to the 1980s, nostalgia decays, finding an oft-modular jouissance [for or against the state] inside itself; e.g., Vaporwave, but also the stripper disco girls of Castlevania and The Darkest Dungeon. As Nina says in "80s Girl" [2018]: Don't let the past hold you back!" Take these things and make them functionally proletarian again; i.e., defending Medusa as someone to hug who, yes, has rape trauma, thus fantasies of an oft-hauntological sort [Gothic roleplay always sits between the present and the imaginary past as violent]:



[artist, top-left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); bottom-middle: [PawznCupz](#); [source tweet](#), right: Cottontail, March 30th: "Got to voice plant mommy~ check it out!"]

What can I say? Per Sarkeesian's adage, I can enjoy what I critique; e.g., the black "Egypt" of the Japanese neoliberal imagination; i.e., a site of regular abject psychosexual power fantasies. On the GBA and DS, I've played with such portable, hand-held cultural exports—of monster rape and play—since I was a little girl well into adulthood; as a professional, though, I've pointedly critiqued Castlevania's monster moms before [Persephone van der Waard's "Sex in Castlevania, season 3," 2020] and have lovingly reified them as a sex-positive mode of being. Simply put, I love me a good, Sontag-grade BDSM/rape-murder fantasy—monster girls [above] but also a strict-class Archaic Mother who, for once, actually feels strong! And I mean really strong. Think Jadis, minus the actual abuse, or Lewis' Bleeding Nun but

ostensibly able to avenge herself in ways Carmilla wasn't, in the original Netflix series. Sign me up, babes!

Unlike sex-positive forces, regressive proponents—meaning conservatives, reactionaries and moderates—will use Amazonomachia to project their darker sides and deep unspeakable desires onto an "other" place they can attack and claim exclusive victimhood as a false flag operation; i.e., that lets them rape unironically with impunity while using DARVO tactics to accuse labor of being the ones causing harm! In quotes or not, "danger" and excitement are an effective means of shocking the system when system shock is already unfolding [again]: calculated risk that has imaginary elements with a historical flavor as dogmatic-to-iconoclastic. It's often problematic for this reason; e.g., the Castlevania Belmonts' utter love for whipping the whore with their hand-me-down slaver's tool [which is precisely what a whip is, but also an anti-Semitic torture device used, through salting the leather, to inflict pain against unholy forces, mid-witch-hunt].



Yet, all are things to reclaim inside of themselves, finding liberation alongside lost/stolen generations and their systemic harm. Like Ann Rice's vampire, Doltra becomes something to interview by virtue of critiquing her show-stealing masochism. The production's admittedly rather literal black penitent, she's the little pink neon sign pointing to herself and shouting "Nazi!" in whorish squeals, mid-mutilation: "I'm a bad girl, daddy! Whip me!" It's "WAP" with no irony at all, the black knight stripped bare and whipped like any classic slave. Doltra is the victim of bad play having learned to love harmful pain and unequal power arrangements; i.e., the Shakespearean Moor as something to not only stare at but punish as reprobate. In short, she's a fatal sycophant zombie self-flagellating but also serving as literal food for the master if need be [which the show offers as a dated critique of older systems of repression through its critique of the Catholic faith's blood sacrifice—the lamb sent to Abraham—and by extension, transubstantiation]! The difference between a lobotomized corpse and a drug addict is scant, insofar as such feeding predicates on predation of the servant serving the master forcing undeath

upon them; Doltra was probably groomed early on to view the Countess as a god—
i.e., of the "might makes right" sort, the skeleton queen!

False or not, revolution gets messy fast. As such, Doltra is the token slave, the stylish and shameless house n*gro whoring herself out; i.e., as the Nazi-grade monster mom's dutiful lapdog assimilating for a white predatory mistress: profaning the Western household to ultimately uphold it through false rebellion, disguised as a second wave feminist bogeywomen scaring the Man. Frankly such role reversals are par for the course in neoliberal tokenism; i.e., making Nazis blacker than they would have been allowed by the German [or American] state in decay while a given extermination carries on, all the while. She's a Hugo-Boss style paper doll: the fashion model method weaponizing the help to punch down against the poors. At best, she's a black capitalist, but her job is literally the enforcer for someone even worse; i.e., the usual fash MO: kiss up and punch down, but always, always look stylish!



[source: [Alucarddaily](#)]

Unlike nation-states, corporations don't care about dogmatic presentation as true to the state; they care about exploitation as something that invariably corrupts, which they can milk while throwing various states under the bus if need be. Profit is always the victim. As such, capitalists will do whatever they can to profit as efficiently as possible [visually compromising ideologies useful to capital while still, somehow, propping them up, CIA-style] but especially DARVO and obscurantism through bad-faith centrist yarns framing capital as the victim dressed up in false rebellion as fascist and moderate. In turn, tokenism happens, but this He-Man-grade cronyism, per Doltra and the Countess, is still entirely Rainbow Capitalist [the character

is fun in a pure vice-character sense, but she's smug precisely because her belief in the Countess is blind zealotry the audience not only roots for, but expects].

Earlier we also mentioned moderacy—i.e., something to challenge inside of itself. Such a glutton-for-punishment like Doltra's obedience-in-decay is countered by perhaps the show's nicest surprise: Annette and Edouard. To be completely honest, I don't know a lot about either persona, save that Annette was originally white [a move similar to the 2017 show making Isaac black]. Some people predictably hate this for reasons of "historical accuracy" [uh huh]. Fascists gonna hate, but personally I see this as a theatrical route to fresh voices to enjoy and critique: Castlevania isn't sacred; it's a trashy, campy place to profane sacred things. The show uses it to talk about revolution in ways that give it a multi-racial



flavor [which others appreciate, as well; e.g., La'Ron Readus' "[Why Annette is Black](#)," 2023]. Cool, but let's interrogate that!

I have enough experience reading Nella Larsen, R. Charles Johnson, Michelle Cliff, Jean Rhys, Toni Morrison or Zora Neale Hurston, etc, to recognize the value in such perspective; re: the pedagogy of the oppressed as non-white, but in-development. Still, corporations are generally heavy-handed; Castlevania: Nocturne feels a bit "punch the plantation owner" as written in ways that lean closer

to Django Unchanged [2012] versus MLK's "Letter from Birmingham Jail" or Fanon's aforementioned Black Skin, White Masks: going after an overt cartoon of such realities versus criticizing white moderacy [and Afrocentrism] as the historical-material enemy of progress in Americanized lands and legends. The show just doesn't have the incentive to say those things, because those things challenge profit. Still, I liked the class differences between Annette and Edouard, and Edouard's role as a queer person-of-color trapped in a demon's body while singing operatically from beyond the grave to literally challenge the earliest iterations of fascism: on the plantations, much as slaves always did—through singing as a kind of rebellious code. Except he's actually an opera singer born free and helping those not born free escape through music as a revolutionary front ["the creatures of the night; what sweet music they make!"]. Neat!

However, while I appreciated Annette's refusal to stoop to such self-defeating tactics as Doltra did, the show still isn't as radical as it comes across through its non-white faces; i.e., making black-and-white arguments that—while they refreshingly critique the French Revolution as overlooking black slaves—aren't always very nuanced unto themselves; i.e., its own Afrocentrism stating "evil is evil" or "the sun will outshine the darkness" while not really thinking about struggles outside their own plantations. To that, Indigenous groups aren't really being mentioned or included as "black" if they aren't tied to the current genocide being committed by the French. This being said, Orlock does briefly mention a Mohawk boy he loved, once, in the American colonies. Indeed, the word "colony" is something he stresses, albeit in ways that ultimately mistrust the fascist Countess without extending that critique to the white American gentry as ultimately complicit in settler-colonialism. The show picks and chooses quite liberally who to bash. Except, that's the problem. You gotta bash all the fash, lovelies, and before they inevitably decay!



[artist: [François-Auguste Biard](#)]

In short, Nocturne offers the usual problems of divide and conquer being relegated to voodoo and Caribbean slaves being the only dissenting non-white voice Netflix offers; i.e., as a moderate force upending the "natural order" of masters and slaves, of so-called

Divine Right while not really speaking to anyone but the French as imperialist. I get the basic idea, but a little dualistic integrity and holism would have helped critique capital as a current problem without reducing black culture to a singular monolith that excludes Indigenous peoples at large; i.e., while vital, challenging the master/slave dialogic is a bit antiquated, as capital fosters so many different kinds of class betrayal in centrist stories. Afrocentrism, in this case, projects onto island slave revolts [e.g., the Haitian Revolution] exacted against French forces to appeal to an African American audience monopolizing victimhood by projecting themselves onto Caribbean slaves speaking Creole. Similar to Bram Stoker's gentrified anti-Semitism as a bigoted Irishman whitewashing British atrocities, eventually Afrocentrism becomes just another form of gatekeeper rhetoric that leaves far too much out; i.e., reducing "black" to American citizens and recuperating rebellion as



"black and queer," but leaving anything Indigenous out [e.g., Māori as "black" within the settler colonial argument despite having relatively fair skin³¹¹]: outside of an African survey that focuses on a lack of unity back then to serve profit now. These are old tactics that sadly work all too well.

Even so, watching everyone at war with each other mid-revolution was fun. The French Church, the queer-coded Arab beefcake topped by Orlock,

the French [white] middle class—there's so many Gothic tropes on display in Nocturne as mixing with class-cultural considerations; i.e., fitting into the kinds of half-real discourse that was actually occurring centuries ago, except it's being relaid through a modernized, corporate retelling: the videogame adaptation as racially inclusive to a moderate, Afrocentrist degree! "Look. We have black Nazis and black cops! How diverse, right?" Like Macbeth minus the irony, it crams them into borrowed robes³¹² to serve the state; e.g., Doltra's hoof-shaped, thigh-high stripper boots.

More to the point, such middle-class, gatekeeper fictions further the process of abjection as racially expanded by presenting the ghost of the counterfeit as "threat"; i.e., something to burn in a purifying ritual in defense of the West looking

³¹¹ A kind of "reverse shadism," omitting and ultimately policing these oppressed groups for not having dark enough skin despite both groups experiencing oppression by the colonizer.

³¹² For a good illustration of this per the Male Gaze/profit motive in games, refer to "[Borrowed Robes: The Role of "Chosen" Clothing — Part 1: Female Videogame Characters](#)" (2020): "This two-part series examines the historical lack of choice regarding character appearance in videogames—namely clothes."

backward, shrouded in Capitalist Realism: "Once she conquers Europe, you will guide her to America." Won't someone please think of the poor settler-colony? The Countess/Sekhmet is literally canonized, here, as the ghost of fascism seeking revenge against moderates [the West] and slaves alike; i.e., the indiscriminate lioness as redhaired, an Archaic Mother set up to take the fall when all's said and done: a ringleading devil-worshipper Melmoth, coming home to roost, mid-Amazonomachia. Like the usual Nazi tricks, it puts "rebellion" and "Jewish revenge" in quotes. Doltra, by extension, is merely a stepping stone to whitewash America displaced as 18th-century "France": by diverse cops, but cops nonetheless keeping the peace against Red Scare through extinction/extermination rhetoric, mid-DARVO, marking the Medusa [and the black Amazon] for death. Any settler colony needs cops and victims; i.e., the creation of an imaginary enemy/menace, raison d'être, call-to-arms/casus belli and so on. The most privileged within capital's cycle of abuse and hauntological argument are generally the most scared, angry and violent on and offstage, acting tough and afraid at the same time, abusing oppressor/oppressed rhetoric for purposes of capital, especially settler-colonialism; i.e., Joseph Crawford's invention of terrorism; e.g., Zionists³¹³

³¹³ Fascists are historically given free reign, in this respect; i.e., double standards for the mad dog; e.g., the Zionist project a Nazi-grade Jewish state endorsed and enabled by the US like all fascists are. As such, the same outrageous double standards apply to any fash token that can theoretically exist, funneled through the same geopolitical considerations, copaganda and Military Industrial Complex. Onstage and off, canonical kayfabe weaponizes Nazis against Communism *for* capital.

In other words, while Communism must historically endure flag flags that lead to occupation and genocide—entire countries being invaded and overthrown in defense of capitalist hegemony—any fash can bite the hand that feeds *provided* it ultimately is brought to heel; e.g., the Gulf of Tonkin incident that led to the US invasion of Vietnam versus the 1967 Israeli attack on the U.S.S. Liberty (GDF's "[How Israel Cucked the United States](#)," 2024) that America's political elite/machinery stayed quiet about in service to the usual atrocities serving vertical power as enslaving so-called "great men" to itself—"slave to the power of death," as Iron Maiden would describe it, "[Powerslave](#)" (1984) displacing as the British love to do, unto an imaginary site of colonial abuse: "Ancient Egypt" ("I'm a god, why can't I live on?").

Regarding the Liberty's abuse at the hands of the Israeli state, the only people in power who griped out loud were those who felt fascism's sting against themselves projected onto an image of American domination, not America's usual victims; i.e., "boundaries for me, not for thee"; e.g., Thomas G. Abernathy (then-U.S. Representative, on the floor of the House of Representatives, 29 June 1967) near-singular critique at the time of the incident (and still failing rather spectacularly to say the quiet part out loud; i.e., merely acting the hawk feeling bruised for American soldiers):

The Liberty ship incident - and indeed it was more than an incident - has been treated entirely too lightly by this Government. To say the least, too little has been said about it. This useless, unnecessary and inexcusable attack took the lives of 34 American boys, wounded 175 others, and left many others in a state of horrified shock, to say nothing of what it did to a flag-flying vessel of the U.S. Navy. How could this be treated so lightly in this the greatest Capitol in all the world?

I have heard Members of this House, and many, many others, say that if this had been done by others, the leaders of our Government would have moved in with sternness and appropriate action demands or even retaliatory action. These men at all times are entitled to the strong backing of every citizen of this land or every race and every creed. They are entitled to and should have the strong arm, as well as the strong voice of their Government and their people behind them. And who has spoken out in their behalf from this land since

some of their number were so suddenly shot down and others so severely wounded on the Liberty ship?

What complaint have we registered? What has Washington said? To tell you the truth, this great Capitol as well as this great Government - if it can still be called great - was and is as quiet as a tomb regarding this event?" ([source](#): Honorary Liberty Veterans' "Quotes by Contemporary Experts on the USS Liberty").

As such, state power defends state power in all forms, including undead aspects conditioned to give state force to state targets. To that, fascists exist because they are useful to capital, thus can get away with murder when Communists are killed merely for existing. Fascists become bold and insufferable, but in service to the American state/capitalist war machine as the ultimate destroyer they begrudgingly answer to.

The pearly castles are the worst, then; i.e., white moderacy and American exceptionalism acting affronted when *they* get hurt, not the state's usual victims: nature-as-monstrous-feminine. Yet they enable the fash anyways because the white knight needs the black to function; they are central to the same illusion, which immediately and instantly falls apart unless they cooperate towards profit by attacking labor as undead.

It's both "You leave Jack Burton alone!" from *Big Trouble in Little China* and "He who controls the spice controls the universe!" from *Dune* (the 1984 adaptation). Like House Atreides from the latter franchise, American proponents think they're the light—the heliocentric, all-important center of the universe—and everything else is darkness as something to fear and kill, but also lament the coming of: anti-Semitism ("rats," witches, water vampirism) and Orientalism (the Fremmen, messiah propaganda, jinn), of which the Harkonnen are the purveyors of the same fash rhetoric whitewashing the Atreides' doom as the unthinkable collapse of America and of Capitalism. Except Capitalist Realism loves to threaten destruction to maintain the peace: through revenge (re: the *Star Wars* problem predating Lucas or Herbert with *The Birth of a Nation* and older Orientalist narratives).

To that, Frank Herbert was another Pygmalion with white people disease. Americans love self-absorbed importance, whatever form they take under whatever markets (e.g., laissez-faire, Bretton Woods, neoliberalism) and displacements of dogma, of sectarianism, of faith: white savior, white Indian, white Arab, white Amazon, white knight, white cop, white master. This includes black knights, cops, and castles having decayed to a fascist undead form: the paradox of black-as-white, versus black as resisting state force and hegemony (thus profit).



Anything that challenges this centrist, good-vs-evil cycle is alien, insofar as the West is conditioned through its people/tokens to think *they* are the hero, the savior, the one who can never be

wrong in any way. As such, they are most prone to decay. They are parasites, impostors, exempt from the very triffectas and monopolies they enforce *for* the state; i.e., more cognitive dissonance/estrangement and disordered thinking resulting in more syndromes, delusions, blindness, madness. They project this onto the Harkonnen Gigeresque, the infantile Freudian recuperating the xenomorphic Nazi-Communist BDSM to punch, mid-duel, while playing the victim, the Indigenous *and* rightful heir.

The white and black princes are two sides of the same imperial coin--all controlled to serve the state as self-serving and invested, but dependent on things they *cannot* fully control: bread and circus, monsters, shows during war-as-a-business; e.g., feminism in decay through the Bene Gesserit as a cult of warrior-nun witches solving material disputes for princes, kings, dukes, houses, emperors; i.e., yet-another-coven of monstrous-feminine to blame for the usual harvesting of nature, with Paul eventually drinking the blue Kool-Aid to seek petty revenge against the entire universe while simultaneously "being realistic": Jewish conspiracy grooming the warlock, the One (the monomythic protagonist, minus *The Matrix's* irony and feeling sorry for the fall of the Great House Atreides) as a patriarchal tool when all's said and done, a non-Miltonian Satanic, a *fanatic* colonizing the desert of the real: "I am Paul Maud'dib Atreides, Duke of Arrakis!"

This is *fascism*, pointedly weaponizing a myth of a white superhuman to reclaim the colony! They weaponize nature to do so, no matter the cost ("desert power" a stand-in for American foreign policy and domination)--all to put a new emperor on the throne. It's a chronotope, the planetary desert realm the same site of hereditary rites and dynastic primacy through propaganda battles proving strength, thus correctness: "Your father was a weak man!" Re: Hard times make strong soldiers. It's fascist dogma, might-makes-right, transferring power through the incestuous refrain, the plot to *Henry IV* (1600): the duel for the girl, the dream of white sovereignty with a legion of obedient harem dogs. "Lead them to Paradise!" It's white-savior Islamophobia poisoning the well, while insisting there are no sides. Wrong. There are workers vs the state (and its cops)!



As such, our princely mirror syndrome announces the white side seeing itself as a fascist counterpart on the same glass-like persona: "We're Harkonnens!" This and the prophecy's white hubris deifying said savior—they're all part of the same hawkish, genocidal warpath *defending* Capitalism; i.e., from counterterror and fear with state terror and fear acting the rebel, the guerrilla weaponizing natives (the myth of the invincible barbarian) *and* nuclear weapons against Communism

[Thought Slime's "[Zionists Are Crybabies](#)," 2024]. This does not preclude tokenism; it demands it, on both sides of the argument [from the oppressor perspective, of course]: black cops, black Nazis ["black" meaning anything non-white, per the settler-colonial binary].



Or in the words of Malcolm X in 1963,

The white liberal differs from the white conservative only in one way: the liberal is more deceitful than the conservative. The liberal is more hypocritical than the conservative. Both want power, but the white liberal is the one who has perfected the art of posing as the Negro's friend and benefactor; and by winning the friendship, allegiance, and support of the Negro, the white liberal is able to use the Negro as a pawn or tool in this political "football game" that is constantly raging between the white liberals and white conservatives.

Politically the American Negro is nothing but a football and the white liberals control this mentally dead ball through tricks of tokenism: false promises of integration and civil rights [source: Digital History].

This plays out onstage, many decades after his and MLK's death, among many other members of the Civil Rights Movement who were also killed, tokenized or otherwise subjugated as black capitalists decaying into persons the likes of which embody Doltra in real life; e.g., Candice Owens or Barack Obama. Those who can be turned attack their own kind more viciously in service to white moderacy as the world order then and now. But criticism to that order burns now as it did in 1963 when Malcolm X was still alive: "A liberal is someone who opposes every war except

through fascism as the mad dog to eventually put down. It's business-as-usual, adapting to survive amid decay as something to deny and stall: "May the wings of Liberty never lose a feather!"

the current war and supports all civil rights movements except the one that's going on right now" [[source tweet](#): Eyeball Slicer, November 23rd, 2023].



Sekhmet's double is the furious Wandering Jew and Nazi ghost, a great Eater of the Dead and the Light, insofar as the state is dying and must be saved by punching the Nazi: our black hole sun, eating the light as

an argument for patriarchal domination's revival. It's a bait-and-switch gimmick, our false Egyptian standing in for Communism, mid-Red-Scare, conflated with fascism as an American phenomenon projected onto non-Western places as ghosts of Caesar and Marx. It all becomes something to banish alongside any crisis and decay as merely a predatory means to restore the state during the liminal hauntology of war [the castle, in this case, is Sekhmet threatening to cannibalize the state per a rebellious-yet-fascist transfer of power dressed up as a faux-Egyptian Archaic Mother]. It works as Castlevania always has; i.e., American-style obscurantism, through the kayfabe monomyth, post-WW2, in neoliberal markets doing Goldilocks Imperialism during Capitalism Realism: by defending the usual empires [and their cartographic refrains] from a Nazi strawman/straw dog—a queen bitch, in Nocturne's case. The only solution is force and it must be righteously administered by the good guys against the bad until the end of time.

Afrocentrist or TERF, the state defends itself, including when regressing to false preachers dealing with the bourgeoisie disguised as "the devil-as-monstrous-feminine." All their paradoxes, kayfabe, contradictions, and temporary alliances/strange bedfellows—their language of the past, their queerness and non-white, turncoat aristocrat representation—serve the state [the Star Wars problem]: to buck the unironic Whore of Babylon. It's dogmatic, thus needs to be camped in ways that weaponize the language of hellish rebellion for workers. It must camp what has become blind as one staring into an eclipse, into the eye of confusion existing as the flavor-of-the-month; i.e., a lunatic daughter of Ra to worship as yet-another-boss-style sacrifice for the monomyth to present to our heroes as "big sacrifice": raping the Nazi whore as "extremely fuckable" in ways we can harness to achieve systemic catharsis and redistribution. We'll unpack all of this stuff in the Monster Modules proper. So keep it handy!)



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

This concludes the assimilation exhibit, but we still have a few more quotes and focal points to stress before the Necropolis returns for us to play around inside.

First, the harvest that any fascist/moderate (and their concentric veneers) invoke, *ipso facto*, occurs as a tolling refrain: "The harvest is here! Pity those with a place at the table!" To that, Netflix shamelessly

cashing in on the *Castlevania* monster girl might seem to suggest a monopoly on such psychosexual poetics, doomed to police us during the liminal hauntology of war stuck on repeat; i.e., to produce tokenized, succubus-style, monstrous-feminine traitors alongside the lily-white, modest ones; re (from Volume One):

Such a castle's nightmarish presence denotes potential mayhem tied to one's habitat; i.e., through the liminal hauntology of war colonizing nature and those tied to nature. When such a castle appears, it is time to be afraid; the colonial harvest is at hand. Yet, precisely because the state does not hold a monopoly over violence, terror and morphological expression, a demon or castle needn't spell our end; it can represent our sole means of attack, reclaiming said poetics' endless inventiveness to turn colonizer fears back into their hopelessly scared brains with counterterror ([source](#)).

As such, the presence of unironic rape, possession and imprisonment in Gothic castles is generally accepted. Except, this isn't exclusively tied to profit and Capitalism as something to defend (re: Radcliffe) through childish regressions into escapist dark-fantasy castles. I relied on unironic interpretations in the past, but eventually learned to include irony in my own castle-narrative and scholarship. Provided a given relationship/performance challenges the socio-material factors that normally lead to such abuse, though, there's nothing wrong with sexiness and rape play as a sexual-to-asexual Gothic commentary on psychosexual harm and predation.

To varying degrees, then, all workers possess the means to subvert canonical monsters during rape play as consent-non-consent forms of calculated risk bending the optics; i.e., in what we make and leave behind, over and over (e.g., my *Castlevania* monster girl drawing revisited today as of writing this, above, originally from 2019): the operatic "danger disco's" hauntological "torture" dungeon, but also its sexy monstrous-feminine as a collective, shared statement of our daily struggles reclaimed from state tyrannies doubling our monstrous selves! Per the usual *mise-en-abyme* as concentric, we're always in the middle of someone, somewhere and/or something that inspires us through castle-narrative to move towards a decaying likeness of what they're ostensibly turning into (frozen in time): half-real beings pointing towards a better world dancing with the imaginary past as a future event unfolding always in the present space-and-time! Disco decays. When it does, we feel "raped," thus strong as desirable for our scars, our exploitation as something



that, like all monsters, can be reclaimed during a pedagogy of the oppressed resisting police violence! It's crude and violent, as the Gothic always is. The slave is generally a zombie to fuck.

(artist: [Ottomarr](#))

Except, such praxial synthesis and catharsis is less a crystal ball and more something historical-material, insofar as history is predicated on material conditions having a social element that—per Marx—shape and maintain each other but cannot be monopolized by us or the state. It's a wrestling match that demands intersectional solidarity to weaken the prison inside itself; i.e., putting the elite "on the hip" not as an *event* but a *counter structure* that takes their power away in the vital moment: "Call your dogs! They can feast on your corpses!"

We succ, something always given and received during any poetic exchange of essence, of power and vitality (what do you think sex is? See: above): siphoned towards us with a little help from each other towards a common cause reversing abjection, thus profit as a structure. So whenever Medusa's feeling pissed off, instead of getting hung up on the usual moral ambiguities, sexy bodies/clothes, *Amazonomachia* kayfabe, or blind camp (e.g., the Dread Pirate Roberts from *The Princess Bride*, 1973), ask yourselves *why* that might be; i.e., why the usual monomyth needs black Nazis and a Whore of Babylon's cataclysmic Big Revenge for the white knights/good cops to unite against for the state's continuation: rape apologia is state/capitalist apologia.

To that, feelings of total annihilation and domination don't come from nothing! They're informed by socio-material conditions for or against the state as occupying the same theatrical spaces of rape; i.e., something to canonize or camp! Everything decays under capital. Napoleon, like the Nazis over a century after his defeat, decayed rebellion and its slogans, to serve capital by becoming the elite's scapegoat to consolidate power right where it was. Marx hinted at this with "The Eighteenth Brumaire" (1852); whether *Nocturne* will or not remains to be seen, but I doubt it. It's set up like a videogame, with Medusa as the boss, not Napoleon or the bourgeoisie; i.e., it's a disco with monsters, but decaying in ways useful to the elite *now*.



As the undead, the demonic, the animalistic, we oppressed *live* for that shit, encapsulating its give-and-take as forbidden, begging to yield up fresh regeneration and revival away from state decay and genocide:

Now you are mine
 In my control
 One taste of your life
 And I own your soul! (Judas Priest's "[Love Bites](#)"³¹⁴, 1984).

State continuation, by comparison, yields the usual horrors, which requires escape through paradox as something to invite and enjoy once taught; i.e., the likes of which a vampire has been done to death but never really gets old—to be powerful when feeling weak, weakened by our usual predators while appearing fearsome and alluring to them! They'll want "their share" (all of it), which we'll have to deny when returning from and to the grave as the scene of the crime; i.e., while playing the part as something we can camp to degrees that would make Matthew Lewis or Tim Curry blush with pride *and* ghoulish delight!

³¹⁴ The song uses the same Death-knocks rhythm that Fidel's *Terminator* did, either example being a harmful demon lover asking to be let in! I.e., the one who knocks, the danger!

As such, put "rape" in quotes, lovelies! Avoid singular or exclusionary interpretations whose centrism and normativities (e.g., Afro, hetero) remove those quotes to serve profit, as the fascist (regardless of skin color) always does when capital (and everything inside of it) decays! Moderates and pearly castles are merely waiting to darken and devour workers and nature, *starting* with the monstrous-feminine but eventually eating everything else, too. Capitalism is unstable by design; when it enters a fascist state of decay, it only disintegrates faster than it would otherwise. Moderates know all of this and choose to lie about it; Nazis embrace the idea through fatal heroism and the cult of death. Good cop, bad cop.

We'll return to these models and pieces repeatedly in this volume, but also all of these monstrous poetic modules as *proletarian* in function; i.e., gleaned as a historical-material device that we can improve upon not once, but over and over as feeding time appears and approaches—the vampire, but also their spectral crypt a place to take you in, bury you alive, and feed on your old self as something to reinvent out of old, dead things: necrophagy as a transfer of power where you feed on old dying things/funerary rituals releasing their power in psychosexual ways that aid workers! Nutritious corpses well-fed on a Gothic maturity's Song of Infinity are useful to this reversal through the same mouths feeding on a better poetic wisdom—of the Ancients!



Remember that decay is *anisotropic*, thus can be for/towards state power or against/away from it ("away from Omelas"). In short, we want to decay (then regenerate) *away* from fascism and capital defending itself, not *towards* the same exploitations it whitewashes with non-white agents; e.g.,

as liberatory circles like Afrocentrism have historically done per tokenization, which expresses in problematic media like *Castlevania: Nocturne*; i.e., as pointing to older betrayals unfolding *again*, black Capitalism being black liberation in decay towards profit and division (divide and conquer). Oppressed groups historically sell out, regardless of their exact skin colors; in turn, a complicated, psychomachic resistance occupies the same haunted veneer as a theatrical device: a mask.

Like monsters, masks aren't monopolized by any one group. For workers, praxial success onstage and off requires revolutionary cryptonymy making these kinds of performative and theoretical distinctions relative to "black" as inclusive beyond African bodies (American or otherwise); i.e., while recognizing the coded

roles of cosmetic non-white physical elements (e.g., black skin) and various elements of non-white *identity* that allow for communicative nuance in terms of oppressed groups speaking out. I certainly don't use the label "black Nazi" lightly or in bad faith; I'd like to unpack that a bit.

The larger issue of communication remains representation among divided groups that, per various islander/Polynesian communities and Indigenous groups overall, *do* sometimes choose to identify as black even when not physically or descended from Africa. Indeed, the "black" aspect isn't tied to one group and its oppression alone, but operates per non-white entities needing to unite against capital together. Otherwise, it's just Obama syndrome; i.e., "We have a black president" or a Native American representative, or whichever token you want to think of. These *will* divide, decay and eat themselves, mid-crisis, because tokenization leads to brutal in-fighting as much as with other groups: "prison sex" mentality (more on this in Volume Three).

Moreover, claims of fascism against liberatory movements *is* a common one by bad-faith parties (re: "black Nazis" versus Nazis and Communists sharing the same theatrical shadow space in American kayfabe); e.g., Ian Kochinski calling Professor Flowers a "black Nazi"³¹⁵ in bad faith, all to discredit her arguments while distracting from the fact that he's a sex pest and white supremacist pedophile LARPing as a white "progressive" (e.g., Essence of Thought's ["That Time Vaush's Career Should Have Died"](#) [2023]). We'll critique Kochinski much more in Volume Three, trust me).

Similar to feminism and biological sex, skin color shouldn't be the sole focus of oppressed validation because it always essentializes per fascist rhetoric. It's fine to say "I have black skin and am oppressed" but tools of oppression *will* turn a certain dark shade into the *only* signifier of oppression, excluding others per divide and conquer as a kind of "reverse shadism"; i.e., you're not black *enough*, which classically identifies by *sight*. Ultimately rebellion has to allow for nuanced oppressed identity expression while taking a unified, intersectionally solidarized stance against state power in *all* its forms, tokens included. We identify by action, as comrades, mid-duality and with a fair degree of flexibility in our terms (forced narrow definitions are generally a cloak for oppressors to hide their abuses behind, and to attack from; e.g., a special definition for genocide instead of a generalized one: John the Duncan's ["Does 'Intent' Matter in Genocide,"](#) 2024).

For example, I don't think it's "bi-erasure" to use "pan" instead of "bi" when talking conversationally about academic topics and/or monsters. Indeed, there's an incredibly small difference between *two or more genders versus regardless of gender* when put to practice.

³¹⁵ There are different accounts of the debate; e.g., Professor Flower's own: ["On My Debate with Vaush"](#) (2022), whereupon *Flowers* was heavily criticized by members of her own community for speaking on these topics at all (which has its own sexist/tokenized considerations).

All the same, if someone *wants* to use whichever feels more accurate or true to them, then that's valid! It's effectively the same idea with "black" vs "non-white," insofar as either should ultimately resist the state as a white force within the settler-colonial project that is America, capital, and Capitalist Realism (and all *that* entails). Of course, I do my best to remember that certain friends identify as non-white, but also a) am still learning and b) working within theories that recognize settler colonialism as black-and-white, because of its *binarized design*; i.e., there's white thinking beings and then there's everything else as black/non-white extended beings to be harvested (re: the monstrous-feminine). Tokenism tries to forget that by splitting hairs, but in reality they're merely drawing straws to choose the Judas and scapegoat. *All* are victims, in the end (no honor among thieves, which is what capitalists are).

Similar problems emerge with Zionism i.e., Jewish people *should* be the first to speak out against their own oppression, but anti-Zionist Jews also get called "anti-Semitic" by state proponents; e.g., Holocaust survivors being censored and discredited by Zionists of all walks, colors, ages, classes, etc. In the end, the struggle reduces to the state and capital versus labor against capital and capital's defenders (token or not). The idea is to acknowledge our similarities amid difference while healing from rape as power abuse committed by state forces; i.e., a pedagogy of the oppressed where we're all raped differently by state power via police agents.

Again, this rape varies per its execution, but the singular aim is to disperse, disempower and discredit proletarian synthesis/catharsis. I wasn't sexually raped, for instance, but I *was* emotionally tortured for years. Even writing that makes me feel weak and imposturous. Like, what am I? Just a posh white bitch, I suppose. I know better than that, but these conflicts of identity still emerge when fascists muddy the waters while attacking state enemies, and not all fascists are white people. Just as often, *token* fascists and moderates use terror to instill fear and doubt among the colonized, including through marginalized in-fighting. They have



to or empire as we know it would be impossible; but conversely, we can return the favor while liberating ourselves, and nothing terrifies the elite (and their servants) more than intersectional solidarity serving a black function in a *postcolonial* model moving towards post-scarcity—on our raft of Medusa!

(artist: [Théodore Géricault](#))

No comparisons are perfect; doubles invite troubling comparisons, often through sex as something—however far-fetched—to buy, hook, line and sinker. Through *rebellion*, it becomes a fresh start, a subversive means of regeneration into something that replaces capital inside itself. Development is a constant cliffhanger treading towards new boundaries to form, uphold, rewire, oscillating as the Gothic does: on the Aegis. Afrocentrism is not exempt from this, any more than feminism or queer politics are.

To this, black Nazis become a sobering reality seen in neoliberal fictions, which we must critique and challenge at all times. Doltra's fun to watch, sure, but problematic nonetheless, and this extends to our daily lives outside *Castlevania* as informed by its dramatic aesthetics. To that, some oppressed groups may identify as black or not, but a black *function* still expresses a universal non-white class-cultural *character* against capital as functionally white; e.g., if an individual or section of peoples from the Aboriginal societies of Australia identify socially and politically as black—i.e., as a struggle against settler-colonial powers, even when their skin *appears* physically white—versus someone Māori potentially identifying as "non-white" politically for much the same reasons.

Regardless of exactly *how* such groups choose to identify against the state, it will always be some degree of non-white, regardless if it's cosmetically or linguo-materially "black" or not; e.g., red (skin or politics), brown, Eastern/non-Christian (Orientalism) or anything else. Just as there's no limit to capital sexually exploiting and dividing/fetishizing everything to *serve* profit, there's no monopoly on rebellion as something that often overlaps various factors thereof, mid-liminal expression during ludo-Gothic BDSM to *challenge* profit. Each speaks individually per their



unique identities belonging *collectively* to a shared *non-white* struggle; i.e., where identifying as "black" is a linguo-material device that has cosmetic socio-political elements. This isn't about ranking rape per a singular special word, but expressing it in all its forms as part of a shared undertaking. And per Gothic discourse, class and culture *do* affect the conversation/poetics in various dualistic ways we don't want to reduce to a singular marginalized group, ethnic or not.

(artist: [NGArt7](#))

Simply put, duality *must* be considered and played with because monsters are dualistic regarding society as sick in ways that aren't a congenital disease, but a socio-ideological one; i.e., *white* and *black* having different meanings depending on the context and use through monstrous language; e.g., black people are classically depicted as orcs,

zombies, or some such element inside the state of exception, including as Nazis during camp as having performative irony or not. The takeaway remains constant, though: having a shared *postcolonial* function (which canonically operates as black-vs-white in ways that treat anything non-white as "black") that *doesn't* tokenize for the state; ; e.g., blaxploitation as something to camp with various amounts (or



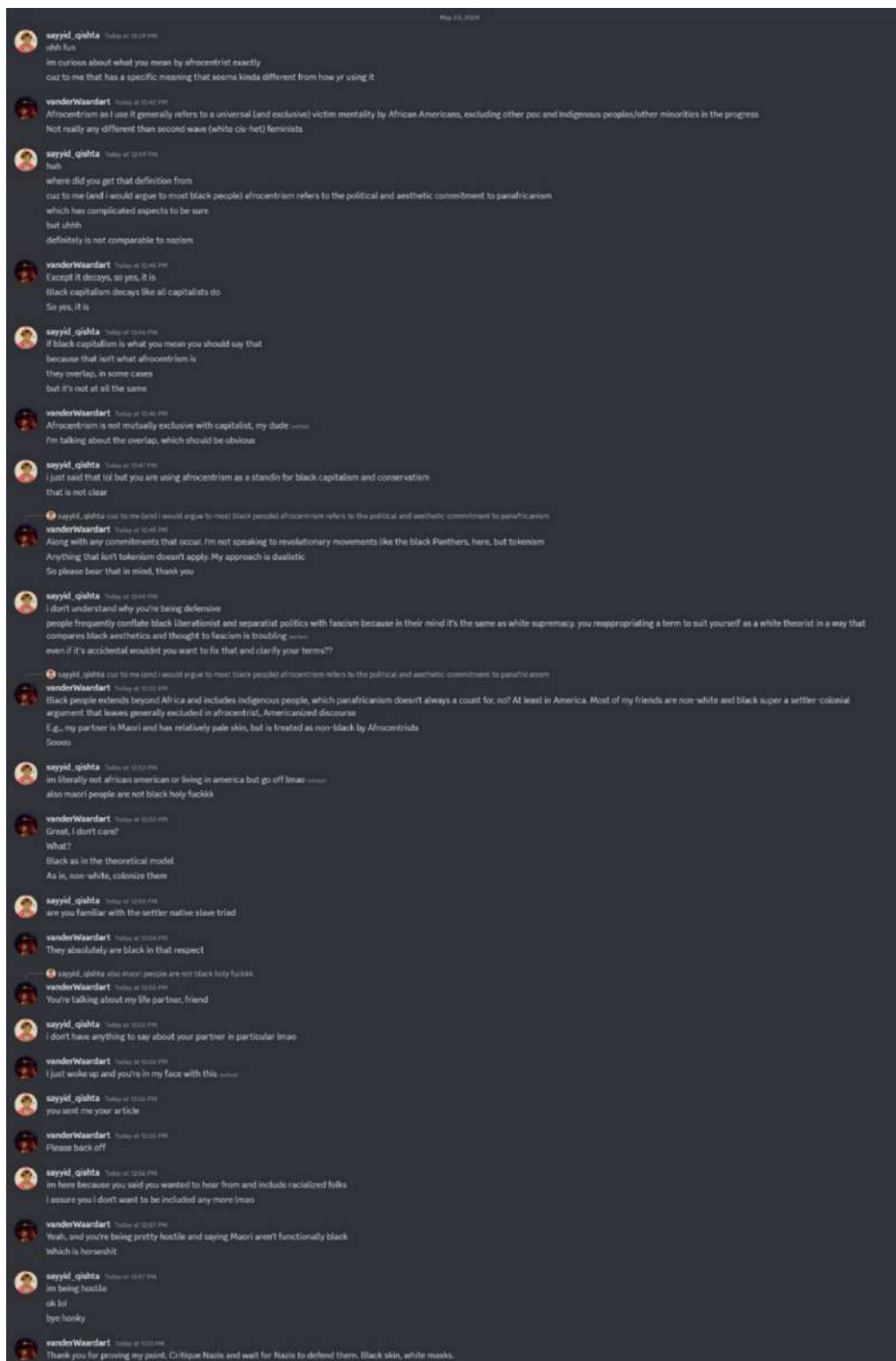
(or dearths) of irony—*Black Dynamite* (2009) hilariously riffing on *Shaft* (1973) while often leaning problematically into the same bigoted tropes. It's always a tightrope.

In regards to non-white tokenism (Nazis or otherwise), I'm ultimately talking about normative Afrocentrism and pan-Africanism in decay by virtue of its rising false-revolutionary character as half-real; i.e., not relegated to a given type of media or its target audience (usually an American or British one), but extending to *all* peoples under capital between fiction and non-fiction across the Gothic mode: the world as something for the elite to carve up on all registers, across all media refrains (re: Tolkien, Cameron). It's less black skin, white masks as an exclusively theatrical appearance and more a fabrication of exclusive false rebellion using black aesthetics in a literal sense: black skin in black Nazi uniforms decaying "socialism" as obscurantist *tokenized* DARVO. It sells out for a slice of the oppressed group acting the oppressor against other marginalized elements while internalizing bigotry/whiteness with a cosmetically black cop/"rebel" façade. Eventually the mask drops and the white function takes over to brutalize the oppressed policing themselves.

Dress it up however you want, then, but class and race betrayal are class and race betrayal, *ipso facto*. Flow of power determines function; we're talking about Afronormativity per Afrocentrism being used as a tokenized rotting mask pushing power *towards* the state, but it applies to *any* in-community policing by tokenized agents that—while they *have* legitimate grievances—choose to kiss up to state power and punch laterally against their own kind/comrades (or down, depending on their privilege); i.e., I experience as much discrimination [by cis-to-GNC AFAB sex workers exuding trans misogyny](#)³¹⁶ as I do white cis-het men; but also from black actors calling me a "white theorist" as a means of discrediting my work as functionally non-white. I won't condone or defend that, but instead will out and express it as a form of decay that needs to be acknowledged and discussed in

³¹⁶ From Persephone van der Waard's "Setting the Record Straight, Transmisia Experience: 5/26/2022."

response to my work as a group effort, thus group to protect from class and race traitors/useful idiots serving capital:



([source](#))

Revolution is a group effort, one where my friends are people to protect from tokenized agents; i.e., like this individual, who until this moment seemed friendly enough—effusive towards my work, even—but after reading this piece suddenly started to ignore my boundaries *while* attacking my friends. Call me "honky" if you want, but go after my friends? Unacceptable!



([source](#): MegaGFilms' "UNACCEPTABLE," 2013)

Whatever can be said about my work or my snow-white skin/privilege, my function is non-white. I'm really not the enemy here, capital and the state are, but also their various defenders; whatever the form—from the Native Americans³¹⁷ to

³¹⁷ Glen Coulthard's *Red Skin, White Masks: Rejecting the Colonial Politics of Recognition* (2014):

More specifically, I argue that the expression of Indigenous anticolonial nationalism that emerged during this period forced colonial power to modify itself from a structure that was once primarily reinforced by policies, techniques, and ideologies explicitly oriented around the genocidal exclusion/assimilation double, to one that is now reproduced through a seemingly more conciliatory set of discourses and institutional practices that emphasize our *recognition* and *accommodation*. Regardless of this modification, however, the relationship between Indigenous peoples and the state has remained *colonial* to its foundation.

Karl Marx, Settler-Colonialism, and Indigenous Dispossession in Post-White Paper Canada

What do I mean by a *colonial*—or more precisely, *settler-colonial* relationship? A settler-colonial relationship is one characterized by a particular form of *domination*; that is, it is a relationship where power—in this case, interrelated discursive and nondiscursive facets of economic, gendered, racial, and state power—has been structured into a relatively secure or sedimented set of hierarchical social relations that continue to facilitate the *dispossession* of Indigenous peoples of their lands and self-determining authority. In this respect, Canada is no different from most other settler-colonial powers: in the Canadian context, colonial domination continues to be structurally committed to maintain—through force, fraud, and more recently, so-called "negotiations"—ongoing state access to the land and resources that contradictorily provide the material and spiritual sustenance of Indigenous societies on the one hand, and the foundation of colonial state-formation, settlement, and capitalist development on the other. As Patrick Wolfe states, "Whatever settlers may say—and they generally have a lot to say—the primary motive [of settler-colonialism] is not race (or religion, ethnicity, grade of civilization,

pan-Africanism—tokenism (re: Fanon) and decay towards capital (which is what fascism is) remains a historically self-defeating practice. Doltra dies at the end of *Castlevania: Nocturne*, and until then she is utterly alone, made into the Countless' dutiful lapdog: if you scratch a token Nazi... a Nazi still bleeds!



(artist: [MthS](#))

Regardless if a given group's claim towards emancipation is valid, excluding others and muddying the waters for no other reason than to attack radical liberation is folly. Subjugation is segregation and segregation is no defense from the engines of capital against its usual targets; the *only* way forward is intersectional solidarity towards universal liberation from capital and its fascist defenders (white skin or not; e.g. Richard Dreyfuss interviewed by Bill Maher talking about incest³¹⁸, two white men *definitely* in decay). The dead become

etc.) but access to territory. Territoriality is settler colonialism's specific, irreducible element" ([source](#)).

In other words, settler-colonialism has had to routinely and progressively adapt against rebellious voices to assimilate them; i.e., adopt new assimilation policies that allow for an expanded breadth of tokenization, thus decay as something to continue facilitating oppression through oppressed groups that likewise decay accordingly.

³¹⁸ Jacob Stolworthy writes,

"Making matters even more strange was the fact that Maher seemed unperturbed by this, and that it took place while the pair were discussing incest.

Maher asked Dreyfuss who he thought about when he "masturbated" growing up, and the actor replied: "I never thought about my mother – and I never thought that if I had thought of my mother I would be thinking incestuous."

When Maher asked him if he thought it would have been "incestuous" to think about his sister, the actor said: "In the early years, I thought about very little else."

something to eat insofar as we can decay away from capital and regenerate towards a higher form of life hinted at through the imaginary dead as one less decayed in a fascist sense. But our forms of cannibalism and vampirism—however vital, will always be haunted by active fascist elements threatening to lobotomize and consume us (and our friends) for the state. Reclamation occurs in spite of that, using the same theatrical devices:



(model and artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

In the spirit of passing into new territories within old ones, then, I'd like my readers to briefly reconsider this flowing of power and knowledge through its coursing within me into these bloody pages. Regard how my thesis sentence from Volume Zero—"Capitalism sexualizes everything"—became something to synthesize

He later asked Maher: "Did you have a sister?" adding: "Did you ever give her what we called a movie actor kiss?" Maher replied: "No! Oh God, please - I love my sister, but..."

Dreyfuss then asked: "Did she ever ask you?" to which Maher said he didn't get on with his sister when he was younger ([source](#): "Bill Maher Viewers Left Baffled after Chaotic Richard Dreyfuss Interview, 2023).

through ludo-Gothic BDSM as later developed and explored; i.e., as a concept that I introduced when discussing Metroidvania in the thesis volume, but having invited readers through later volumes to consider well beyond videogame analysis or performance moving into the half-real space of all Gothic poetics: the critique of power wherever it (and state dogma) are found.



Per the sexual dimorphism operating normally within capital, "strength" and "battle" divide along an enforced sexual/gender binary (canonical biological essentialism); i.e., as "strong" in ways that serve profit as something to perform in ways that until quite recently did not exist (within the past several-thousand years): nation-states. Now they're *everywhere*, as are their war and rape canonized through the paradox of strong and weak (a fascist binary) but also clothed and nude as a monstrous-feminine fighter of the usual sort; i.e., the *Amazonomachy's* virgin/whore as sexy and tough in ways that serve profit during capital's ups-and-downs, its *decay*. She operates as a hauntological gladiator remediating in various sexy spectacles that marry raw strength to feminine displays of vulnerability and eye candy for paying male customers first and foremost (e.g., Rainbow Mika's infamous butt slap, above—Capcom are shameless in their pandering to the status quo, but also *do* make a good Amazon).

Whatever the form, sex and force serve profit under capital. Apart from "chasers" of a GNC sort (more on them in Volume Three), though, gamer culture is sexist, unable to make GNC distinctions at all. As such, they tend to see the monstrous-feminine predominantly as female; i.e., its strength something to "buff" or "nerf" *vis-à-vis* gratuitously sexual displays "for men." From literal toys to staged, show-style fights, all sell the female demon lover as fash-coded, *regardless* of skin color while *defaulting* to white; re: fatal nostalgia weaponizing the white

female protector through island-fortress mentality that *can* tokenize to non-white forms (re: Doltra)! It's territorial inside a neoliberal market selling protection as "Amazonian." We've discussed the token fascist as black and female, then, so I may as well be holistic and look at white mean girls (we've done that tons throughout this series, but I digress).

Let's stick with Capcom and the *Street Fighter* franchise. As the ancient heel demonstrates, theatre junkies love a presence of decay in heroic figures (which store cultural values and taboos). In modern kayfabe, this accounts for fascist elements in post-fascist wrestling language as a complicated dogwhistle; i.e., the black knight or dark Amazon, which applies black as "corrupt" in a fascist aesthetic in ways that historically don't rely on skin color more so than cultural markers of "other" that have ethnic elements (e.g., Jews, Moors) among progressively Eastern or non-British national flavors (e.g., the manufactured, abject prurience of the French or backstabbing "nature" of Italians) but rather express through Gothic poetics as "black" across toy-like media: foreign, taboo or decayed in a non-racialized degree; i.e., regarding white as "default." There's still a racial element, it's simply not stressed as much as the white figure's "corruption" is, her forced militarization.



(artist: [Arman Akopian](#))

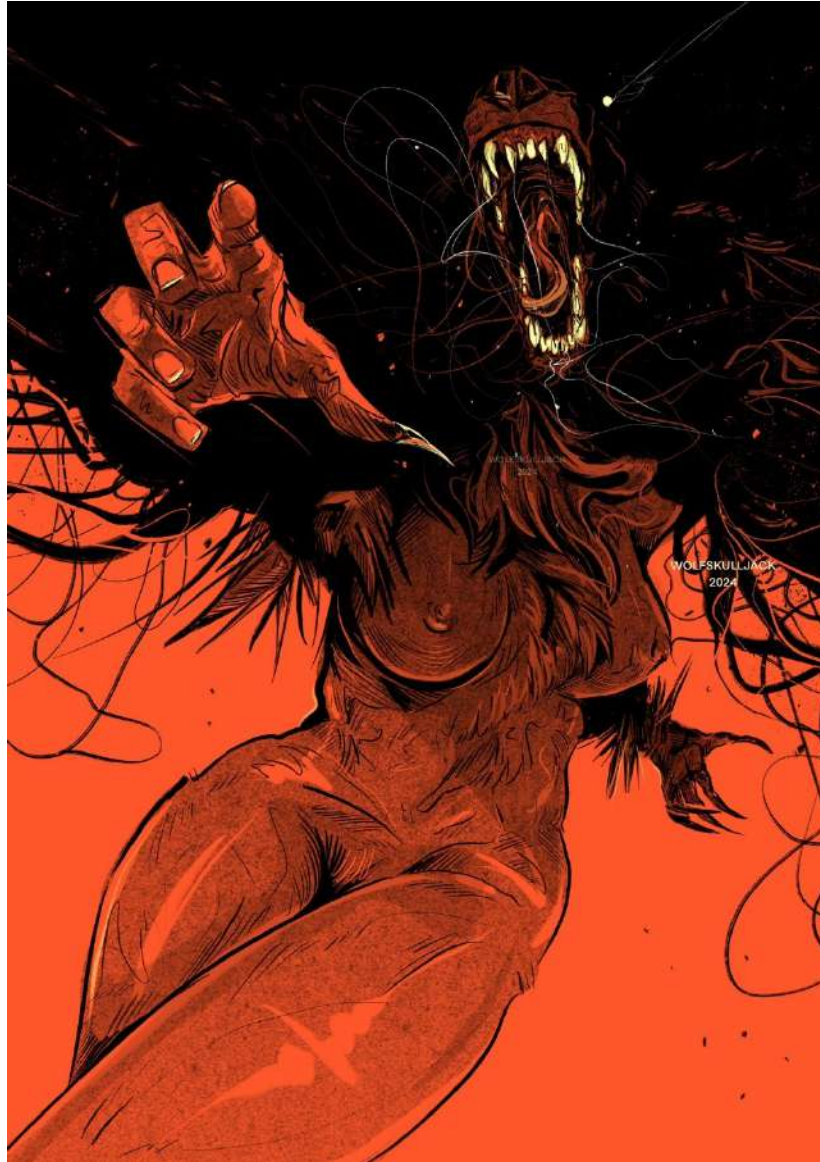
For example, Cammy White—a white poster girl for dated-thus-decayed British Imperialism (the skull insignia echoing Germanized variants of military symbols: the German Reichsadler and death's head unit, but also lightning bolts/seig "sun/victory" runes) as weaponized by a Japanese heel, M. Bison, playing Melmoth's double—accounts for a continual fascist presence in Britain under *Pax Americana* through Japanese neoliberal (videogame) kayfabe; i.e., a sexy female assassin, already suffering female double standards, curiously sports SAS attire (the telltale beret and military greens) attached to an retro '80s calisthenics leotard/gym bod while working for Shadaloo... as an evil global organization of super villains (the Jewish conspiracy conflated with Nazis, but also historically complicated by Zionism): a *white* non-American femme fatale haunting and hunting the videogame stage in ways that, along with Doltra in *Castlevania*, become the Nazi to camp; i.e., to enjoy for its sexiness and "bad girl" flavor but critique for its *fascist* potential.



(source: [Manush Monitor](#))

In this case, Cammy's literally the brainwashed puppet, bad British cop and sex symbol/sex *slave* made into a toy in more ways than one; e.g., the killer sex doll; i.e., "for the boys," but also *TERFs* who claim such Amazonian theatrics for themselves alone. In short, tokenism (and its escapist, dogmatic tendencies) might complicate under recent globalization and post-WW2 markets, but all such nation pastiche—and their anthemic music as something to universally capitalize on; e.g., 331 Rock's "[Super Street Fighter II Meets Metal – Cammy](#)" (2024)—serve profit and state hegemony onstage and off.

White or black, we want to remember something vital about tokenization per the Nazi as monstrous-feminine. Capital recruits from marginalized spheres when it's in decay but once fascist secures formal power will put people who menstruate/give birth into the kitchen; i.e., keep 'em barefoot and pregnant. Such brides will always be put on a pedestal and the whore will always be chased as the bad bitch who is fun to fuck, but must—like the Fox and the Hound—maintain the nation-state kayfabe to keep up appearances. It's a joy division (refer to Volume Zero for more examples of the euthanasia effect):



(artist: [Wolf Skull Jack](#))

No matter how carefully they walk the tightrope/wear the thong for the boys while kicking ass, then, subjugated Amazons decay and fascism is bad for everyone but

the elite; i.e., regardless of how well the intended audience (white cis-het men, tokenizing outwards) seems to be "eating good": on waifus/war brides denoting a capitalization on, and sickness towards nature-as-monstrous-feminine (which again, has non-white components that can tokenize like Doltra does). Nature-as-monstrous-feminine is always expendable first; re: the euthanasia effect.



(artist, top: [Fireband-3D](#); middle: [Edayan](#); bottom: [Fireband-3D](#))



This ties into the profit motive as not only Cartesian, settler-colonial and heteronormative, but something that reflects in the usual warrior performers who—per all of these things—serve the profit motive by treating nature as monstrous-feminine on any register and in any format: rape and kill Medusa, torturing her secrets out of her to consolidate power around the usual patriarchal nuclei buoyed by capital on top of older imperiums. Canonically the motive *always* reduces to a pyramid point scaled by standard (white)/tokenized people harvesting nature as monstrous-feminine; e.g., Chun Li as the self-proclaimed "strongest woman in the world"; i.e., both anti-thetical to state forces and thetical to the state as needing to prey on the very things it abjects: through the ghost of the counterfeit as something for the middle class to attack, conquer and harvest in any and all forms, but especially the monomyth during neoliberal refrains (videogames) inside the Imperial Core

fighting back and forth, centrist-style: no moral actions, only moral teams; i.e., neoliberal, Anglo-American exceptionalism.

All of this is traditionally dressed up in sexist ways (re: "[Borrowed Robes](#)") that, per capital, serve profit as heteronormative, settler-colonial and Cartesian as a neoliberal spectre we must interrogate, mid-play. Fans of canon, though,

generally treat such heroic clashes as escapist, bread-and-circus entertainment; they won't want to critique their strong-and-sexy heroes as built to service their needs tied forever to profit expanding to compromise said needs. In short, there's always a monetary value to these exchanges, whose predatory transactional costs abuse labor as always flowing up; i.e., in ways that disseminate capitalistic dogma and its harmful values and historical-material effects back down onto entitled Man Box consumers and their victims (more on this in Volume Three).



([source](#): Sabitsu's "ED (Shirtless) vs CHUN-LI (Alternative) - *Street Fighter 6*," 2024)

Quick refresh:
Along with all the double standards, "Amazon" theatrically equals "monster love" as something that canonically synonymizes sex and rape, but also struggle and submission: courtly love, the dragon and the knight (the Medusa and the Hippolyta) wherein monstrous-feminine is always sex object and alien fetish.

Metrodvania apply this to the operatic castle space as one to move

through, generally set to music: castle-narrative; fighting games focus on the combat area and chaotic dance of one-on-one combat; etc. Whatever the form, actual non-harmful love's sex and emancipation exist in the same danger space on the same surfaces and in between thresholds.

This is where ludo-Gothic BDSM as a means of subversive monstrous-feminine argument (sex and force) begins to really translate not just to Metrodvania like *Castlevania*, but to *any* kind of Gothic poetics at war on and offstage as musical, dance-like, safe; e.g., *Street Fighter*, above (Ed as the white, male, Nazi avatar in decay and Chun Li as the female token good cop); i.e., only

becoming a revolutionary means of critical thought when the egregore—any egregore—offers up an abstract, accessible, fun (combat sports) critical lens/ontological statement that approaches and combats something tied to various historical-material symptoms of profit: the unironic monomyth's Shadow of Pygmalion, Cycle of Kings, infernal concentric pattern and narrative of the crypt.

In short, it's the dialectic of the alien made in *our* favor by camping anything and everything in ways that kick ass while sporting a big ass. We put "predation" in quotes, but acknowledge the pain and harm of a system chasing said ass as something to harvest for profit-as-usual: our Aegis a shield that bounces damage back at our would-be-destroyers (while helping us relieve stress/get our jollies during our "death/rape," no less)! Hypnotic illusions don't tear people apart, but Pavlovian conditioning *can* when someone thinks they're Akuma: "Your body assumed it's proper form when my fists tore it apart!" To be honest, I think people like that are compensating for their lack of humanity (and impotency) in the bedroom! Unironic fighters for the state excel as making war, not love!



(artist: [Auxtasy](#))

Capitalism sexualizes everything and American militarism loves sexy military recruiters; i.e., poster girls. But sex and pain (especially monstrous examples) are excellent teachers for or against the state. To that, proponents of either will catch more flies with honey than shit, the former which allows for an open, honest enjoyment of an Amazonian statuesque alongside non-standard beauty norms. They're not mutually exclusive, but liberation and profit *are*.

Rule of thumb, then: whatever a monster's shape (size difference) or modular class (undead, demonic, animalistic), if it challenges the profit motive, it's probably sex-positive; i.e., doesn't instruct through unironic sexual coercion and rape, but through good BDSM is often haunted by patriarchal state abuse (re: Man

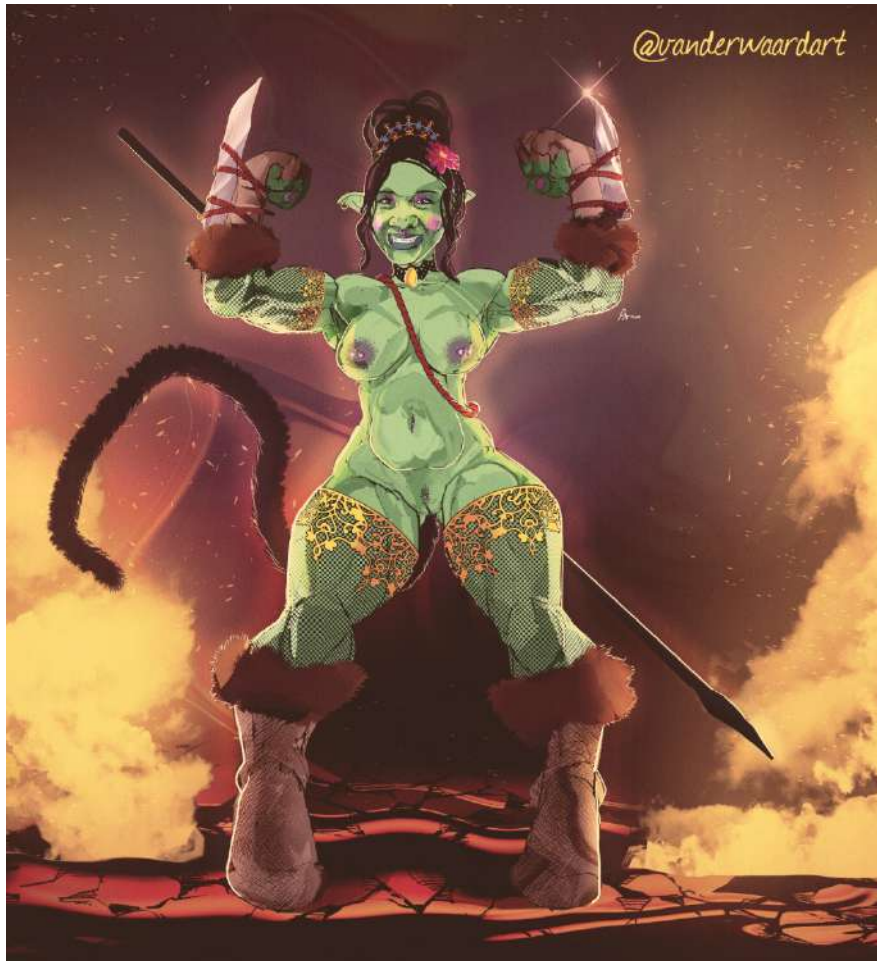
Box, which we'll pointedly interrogate in Volume Three); e.g., the disordered thinking of narcissistic women abusing their own children and servants: trauma begets trauma. We can subvert that, using our scars as a strength it was never intended for by state forces preying on us. The idea is to fight fire with fire, recruiting through sex as a flamethrower-style can opener for the closed-up brain. The rebellious power of monsters is enormous, off the charts. But it *must* be harnessed and used as such, not recuperated by state forces only to decay again; i.e., sloppy seconds.

In either case, instructors are often massive, dark and threatening but tied to pleasure and non-harmful pain, etc, as non-white in a Cartesian sense: the pedagogy of rebellion, of the furious dead, demons, nature, *et al*, externalizing matters of vice and virtue as things to corporally liberate from state forces, from profit; i.e., whenever state decay lets us work our magic in response to their bullshit as fully exposed for all to see. All booties—regardless of sex, size, gender, race or religion, etc—shall be free.



(artist: [Ddaniiii45](#))

In the interim, strength as a means of sexuality and gender expression-as-performance and gender identity are staged in a half-real sense: everywhere we are, among each other and how we relate and interact as friends and comrades waging class and culture war through our art, our bodies, our funding of such things; e.g., my friend Jackie paying me to draw them as "a badass bitch," and for me doing my best to represent them while adhering to my project's core values to achieve creative success, mid-praxis: sex-positivity, descriptive sexuality, informed consumption, and cultural appreciation, etc, illustrating mutual consent as a labor exchange and psychosexual dialog invigilated with pride:



(model and artist: Jackie and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

The Gothic *is* crude as often as not, not-so-subtle and yet prone to subtlety through dualistic exchanges playing with doubles. Praxis remediates through pastiche like a bad echo, thus oscillates across the surface of such things. This includes fugitive, hunted bodies of all kinds threatened by alienation and predation, prejudice and persecution both things to enact and elude through the

usual opposing cryptonymies.

If you've read my books thus far, you'll know that *Castlevania* or not, there's a nigh-endless number of waifu and wheyfu in the world, on the market—of Amazons and mommy doms, Medusa and succubae, etc, to "battle" with in various schools (of Terror and Horror) and crossovers. Regardless of their fame, the reliable casualty of such hurly-burly in *service* to workers is so many dead darlings: so many monsters to humanize as proletarian while preserving the sexy aesthetic of monstrous battle clapping those "dummy thicc" ass cheeks; i.e., as stewards of

nature to shield from capital's ravenous decaying maw/fascist feeding mechanisms (which the Undead Module will expensively unpack). Per Edward Said's pleasures of exile, home must become foreign to you, must become hostile/alien as a means of sex-positive transformation!

Beauty standards are always arbitrary but arbitrated under different conditions for different reasons. Profit standardizes beauty as "rebellious" to serve profit through the Amazon as cop-like, thus prone to decay. As such, sex workers are born under duress, reclaiming their bodies, labor and performances from exploitative models (the monomyth) while being exploited. This isn't "optional," but *required* insofar as subversion is done unto canon, capital as foisting itself onto labor as something to alienate, fetishize, pimping it out to receive its regular beatings from good cops attacking bad cops to defend capital as both decaying and regenerating over time, but also seeking revenge; i.e., when capital decays and blames the monstrous-feminine as usual: the Destroyer as weak and strong in ways that serve profit—the dark mistress, the whore, the boss/dragon lady's forbidden fruit, cut up and served on a plate.



(artist: [Brendan Corris](#))

Mind you, this isn't just marginalized groups. White women tokenize, too (albeit from a liminal staging point), praying on others through their ability to gatekeep fantasies of exploitation to suit themselves; and white men are the standard oppressor decaying from white knight to black, the loyalty of the American middle class playing their own form of slavery unto the elite, being their white Indian as undercover cop: the colonial servant, formerly indentured. Anything that can decay assimilates in this fashion unless other options exist as made available to potential class traitors by rebellious, sex-positive workers.

These tricks occur in the same spaces, stages, cryptonymies, mimesis. Per the undead, the Gothic announces the arrival (and fear) of decay as a historical-material current within capital-in-decay that can be challenged; i.e., through what we feed on/with using what we got, our Aegis as anisotropic in terms of processing



trauma, mid-poiesis, challenging moderacy and fascism: either keeping the peace through different rates of decay and abuse, instability and power. Decay needn't exclusively promote genocide, but may likewise grant an offering of untried change into something new emerging from an old dead thing: a chance to seed the Earth with fresh life fertilized by a dark "rotting" peach. The spirit of revenge is there, only the best kind laid bare—not survival, but success!

(artist: [Mei Minato](#))

To this, ludo-Gothic BDSM yields a dualistic, anisotropic function that reverses the process of abjection by dancing with the ghost of the counterfeit; i.e., doing so through the Four Gs, Six Rs, Gothic mode of expression, Gothic-Communist Hermeneutic Quadfecta and iconoclastic doubles of oppositional praxis. Dialectical-material scrutiny is vital, then, to synthesizing good praxis and systemic catharsis; praxial synthesis and catharsis occur on all registers/poetics when the dialectic of the alien (something I coined when revisited Volume Two and getting it ready for publication) is approached with the specific and conscious intent of challenging profit and all the decaying operations involved in its continuation: fascism/centrism in games, art, novels, media, onstage and off—everywhere.

As such, I would extend my PhD's thesis-volume arguments to Volume One's synthesizing of praxis in simplified forms that cultivate good social-sexual habits; i.e., raising the emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness needed to apply ludo-Gothic BDSM to monsters' liberatory devices only when holistically examined over time, and with other people offering oppressed perspectives contributing to a continual pedagogy of the oppressed: through the dialectic of the alien reversing the usual canonical function of monsters, hence the flow of power *towards* workers to hug and humanize Medusa as perpetually harvested by the state during neoliberal Cartesian dogma.

Just as their old theories updated under new conditions, my analysis took ideas that emerged after my PhD to say things that I would expound upon after crystalizing Volume One. In short, my theories—already unique and robust—began to mature and comment on themselves in practice; i.e., as something to express in continuum leading me to say things that I couldn't say without having said something previous, and something before that. Except, Gothic Communism is communal, reverse abjection something that requires a holistic perspective assembled amongst an informed and active polity united *against* the state.

This required me to introduce these concepts to future people who influenced my work as forever-in-progress (from Volume Two, part one):

Monsters, then, become something to express the human condition with insofar as all of these things are in flux. I wanted to express all of this through my personal experiences having built gradually upon my entire body of work—my initial radicalization and further pushing towards the Left by virtue of myself: a) as a closeted trans woman who fell in love with a non-binary person, a BDSM predator and narcissist, and a borderline Marxist-Leninist; and b) a steady progression towards my current position as an an-Com ludo-Gothicist by virtue of my work being shaped further by falling in love again, this time with a Indigenous GNC an-Com. Our views are shaped by those we meet and fall in love with in sequence and upon reflection, who we see as human by virtue of common ground and interests amid differences—a pedagogy of the oppressed relaid in Gothic poetics as

recursive, concentric, anisotropic, and ergodic (endlessly tiered and self-contained, determined by flow and non-trivial effort); it's about tearing down harmful boundaries and installing healthy ones through different points of view like teaching, medicine and the medieval, but also **selective absorption**, a **confusion of the senses** and **magical assembly** to add to our **Song of Infinity** (all specialized poetic devices the medieval prep section will explore further). In our hands, ludo-Gothic BDSM is a potent means of establishing and negotiating boundaries—to perform and play with power (and trauma) where it exists, in the shadow zone.

Friends are made through communicating boundaries and being open with those we connect with while living in situations that require us to use code to portray our human condition but also oppression and rebellion. In short, we identify as monsters who love and see each other as human in spite of those who, one way or another, side with the colonizer group; e.g., overt statements like "Stay in your lane!" or shows of solidarity with the oppressor class when the oppressed class is speaking out against systemic issues.



This is often difficult to express and yields ease of access through abstraction—metaphors. If someone says "black lives matter" and someone says "white lives matter" in response, you have an argument that can be reconfigured into a poetic form; e.g., cats; i.e., "black cats matter" vs "white cats matter" when the underlying dialectical-material reality is *black* is functionally alien/oppressed (them) within capital and *white* is functionally human/privileged (us) by virtue of being the colonizer position during the

dialectic of the alien as something to invoke through the Gothic mode. Issues of class intersect with culture, which require us seeing these things in ways that simplify it without reducing it to one or the other but both engaging back and forth. It becomes something of a dance, whose normal perception of "cat" desperately needs to be confused (echoing Monty Python's absurdist 1969 skit, "Confuse-A-Cat," as able to take itself seriously enough, in the proper hands, to reverse the usual flow of power as directed away from the state for once).

In terms of cats or lives or anything else, these all constitute arguments through different devices that try to raise awareness about not just the raw mechanics of oppression, but cognitive dissonance as a matter of experience. They reduce to *oppressed vs oppressor* regardless if you use the underlying signified or its myriad signifiers, of which cats are but one example. Us versus them. Beware those who fight against liberation by telling you to stay in your lane directly or *ipso facto*, by virtue of action speaking for them as dogmatic. Negotiation, then, is as much reminding people where power lies and how to use it mid-argument ([source](#)).

The agglutinate and cumulative nature of such holistic expression has led me to expand on Volume Two, writing the Poetry module as something whose ideas about ludo-Gothic BDSM and ergodic motion (castle-narrative) I would master as an expression of myself relaid as much through art and friendship as scholarship:

I am visited by ghosts of my rapturous design, the empress of my fate, the queen of a universe shared with seraphs the likes of which I can hardly describe; "no coward soul is mine" ([ibid.](#)).

I didn't know exactly what to do with it—not at first, but eventually I started to dial it in, figuring out what mastery can be used *for* regarding proletarian concerns:

Under Capitalism, childhood and innocence are lost at birth, replaced with harmful copycats. But fret not! Duality distinguishes "corruption" as defined through context, and a baddie is different than a bad cop; even if both are wearing the same witch *costume*, their *function* is determined by where their rhetoric/antics on and offstage send power a-flowing: towards workers or the state (which is why iconoclasts can camp Nazis and still be rebels in *disguise*, and why TERFs are still Nazis despite *appearing* as witches). The same goes for their lairs, their castles as slapped together and used to express largely systemic issues; i.e., on the classic site of queer angst (the stage) given voice among a pedagogy of the oppressed that can be used by all marginalized groups. I call it "Metroidvania," but that is just one name among many for the Gothic castle as something to reclaim with ludo-Gothic

BDSM—with revolutionary cryptonymy and castle-narrative (ergodic motion) during the liminal hauntology of war as something to survive. Cops are the enemy in that instance, as are their hungry fortresses; our bodies become ours reclaimed from them within these prisons' danger discos. Or as Grendel's mother basically said: "I'm not trapped in here with you, you're trapped in here with me!"



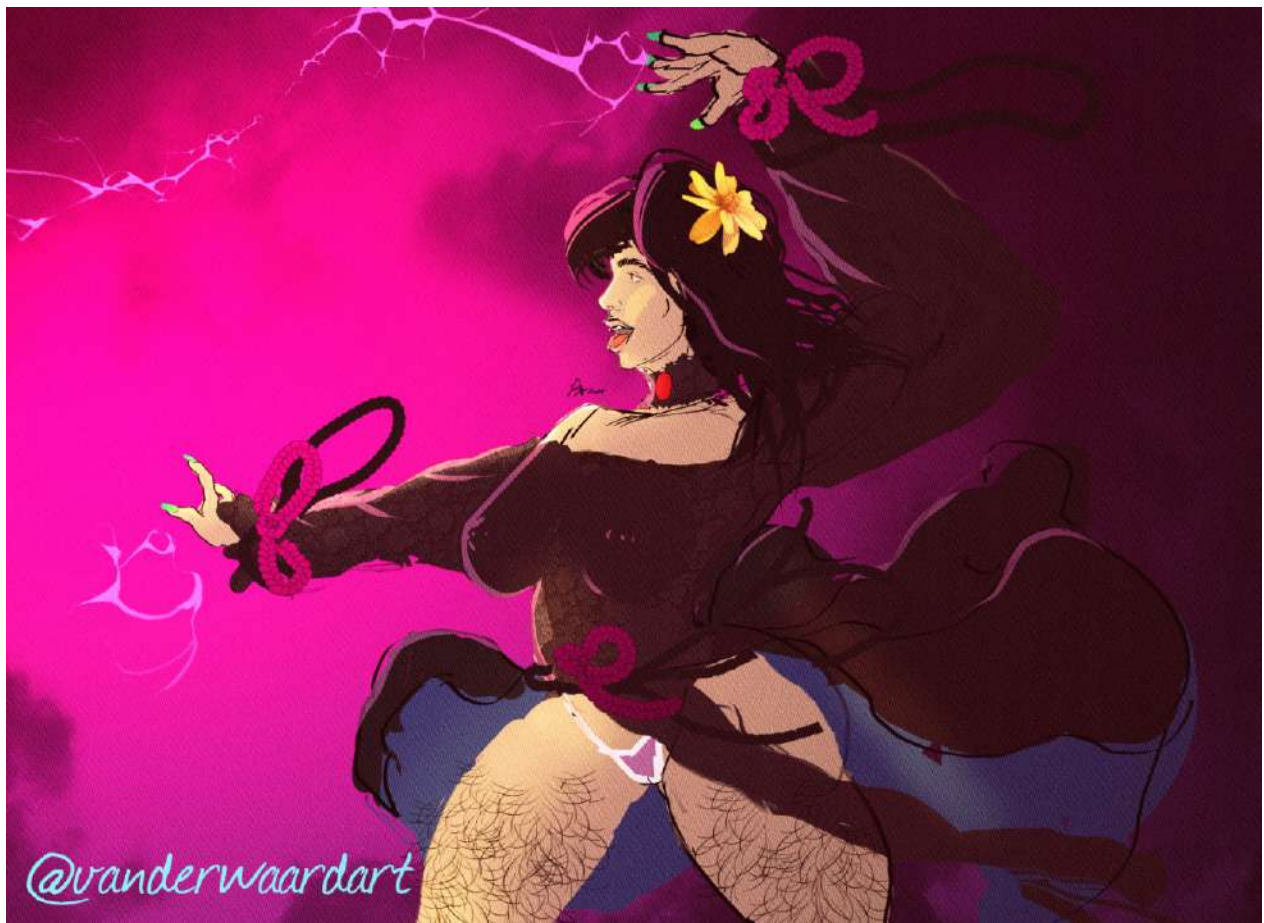
(artist: [Ariel Zucker-Brull](#))

The same goes for me and *anyone* who thinks they know more than me about *Metroidvania!* I am *peerless* in that respect, both a) the master of the field in a field where no experts exist (as of coining my work, anyways—British academia was allergic to portmanteaus and cross-media disciplines), and

b) a holistic instructor who takes this knowledge and applies it through ludo-Gothic BDSM (my brainchild, my academic concept) to synthesize good Communist praxis outside academia, for the workers of the world to do in kind; i.e., in ergodic motion (my master's thesis) as a pedagogic metaphor that both describes and aids the teaching process: to *all* workers (nature and the environment) sexualized, fetishized and alienated by capital (my PhD argument) and the profit motive's harmful canon, its fatal nostalgia, its pocket experts hired in expert testimony *for* the state/the prosecution.

So forget Luke Skywalker boldly declaring to the Emperor, "I am a Jedi, like my father before me!" Bitch, please—I'm the *Medusa* (and "Jedi" are Sith waiting to happen) and I've worked too hard for too long and

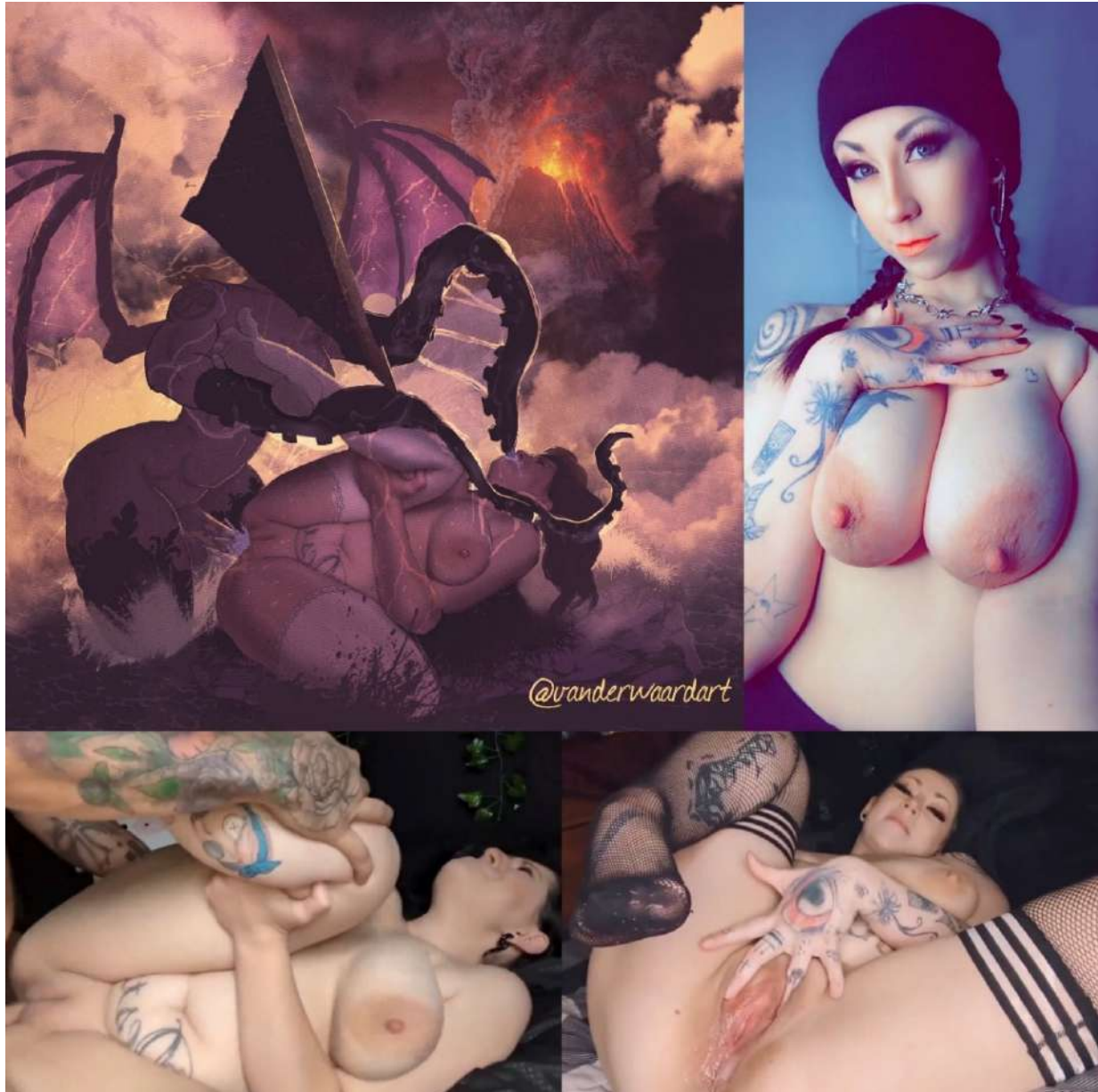
survived too much to just lay down and take any more of it! The Earth is my home; *Hell* is my home as something *I* design, and I will fight to defend it and my friends from the usual fear and dogma, cops and sell-out academics, *et al.* [...] Protests are always violent because the state always treats liberation with violence. To that, we must become a pandemic to the elite—united on every continent, a collective thorn in the side of empire-in-disguise. As such, I provide not just my book or this chapter, but my song as unbroken and unbowed, raising my fist with my friends all around the world (sung despite my fear mechanisms telling me not to, for fear of angering Jadis' shadow haunting me)! (*ibid.*).



(model and artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))

In short, "mastery" as I developed it became something to imbricate/enmesh with my living scholarship as one of reassembly and rememory time and time again: "Returning and reflecting upon old points after assembling them is a powerful way to understand larger structures and patterns" (from Volume Zero) segued into "The shape doesn't matter provided the *function* (and flow of power) is consistent" (from this volume); i.e., as synthesized amongst my friends, lovers,

muses, fellow sex workers and I challenging the profit motive *together as one*, across many life times: our Song of Infinity having—like the zombie, the vampire, the demon—many shapes to assume and power to play with! The state will always try to monopolize our pedagogy to serve their aims; i.e., to recuperate what we use to release stress and confront trauma in palliative-Numinous forms:



(model and artist: [Mikki Storm](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

"And in strange aeons, even death may die." My friends and I continuously place "death" in quotes, our collective ludo-Gothic BDSM a parallel, slutty "could-be" history challenging bigotry as a Cartesian, heteronormative, settler-colonial effect; i.e., one we challenge through Athena's Aegis as reclaimed by Medusa as us,

our sexy Amazonian witchcraft (and all its undead, demons and animal forms) camping the canon in ways the state thoroughly abhors: making the straightforward harvesting of us by the state and its proponent agents/sell-outs something to tie into knots. It's a part of the experience and not one to simply slice through as Alexander the Great did, but find paradoxical liberation in knots (Amazonian or otherwise):



(artist: [Evul](#))

Through a thoroughly chaotic, non-linear *mise-en-abyme*, Gothic Communism camps canon, making empathy where apathy has existed for so long. This happens by using our dark forces, our Satanic wizardry to self-define away from capital as something to camp inside of itself. To that, we camp the twin trees, fashioning a Hell on Earth to suit our designs (from "Concerning Monsters"):

This historical-material arrangement is profoundly ubiquitous, requiring workers to reclaim monsters (undead, demons and totems) away from the usual state monopolies of violence, terror and hellish morphological expression; i.e., during our own pedagogy of the oppressed—our anger and gossip, monsters and

camp—having evolved into itself: a dialectical-material process whose oscillating interrogations (and myriad interpretations) of trauma took centuries while monsters were already evolving into state implements and canonical, singular interpretations thereof. Iconoclastic monsters, then, become flexible and productive critical lenses that raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness as something to "turn into"; or, as Volume One argues:

Contrary to Pygmalions and canonical weird-nerd culture, monsters aren't just commodities; they're symbolic embodiments of speculative

thinking tied to larger issues. You don't simply buy and consume them (commodifying struggle) but use them as a means, if not to put yourself directly in the shoes of those being oppressed, then to think about things differently than you might normally. It's an opportunity to empathize with the oppressed and contribute to their pedagogy in ways that, to be frank, make you less stupid, nasty and cruel ([source](#)).

Monsters are often seen as "not real" or "impossible," relegated to the lands of make-believe and pure fantasy. Except this isn't true. In Gothic Communism, they constitute a powerful, diverse, and modular means of interrogating the world around us as full of dangerous Cartesian illusions meant to control workers by locking Capitalism (and its genocidal ordering of nature and human language) firmly in place. Good monsters become impossible, as do the possible futures they arguably represent. Instead of saying "in a perfect world," then, we should say "a possible world"; i.e., in a better possible world, nudity (and other modes of GNC sexual and gender expression) can be exposed and enjoyed post-scarcity and not be seen and treated as inhumanely monstrous (a threat; e.g., bare bodies being a threat to the pimp's profit margins). Rather, the monstrous language remains as a voice for the oppressed to flourish with;

All this being said, this *is* an older part of the book, and one for the sake of time (and my sanity) I won't be updating quite as extensively. Some changes are already in place *vis-à-vis* Volume Two, part one—and I will be expanding on things and signposting to make sure what I have already feels more attached to my published material, including talking about ludo-Gothic BDSM in relation to these older histories—but there will no brand-new monster essays from scratch if I can help it (no promises)!

As such, I won't be going over this area of the book with *quite* as fine-tooth a comb, but *will* add exhibits, epigrams, definitions, visual aids and the like. The same, if not more so, goes for Volume Three (which has seen *some* changes since I wrote the majority of it back in early 2023) because I want to preserve *its* grain-of-sand quality that the rest of this book series has built around like a pearl. To that, you already have complex theory and simple theory to work with (re: Volume Zero and One), as well as my aforementioned synthesis of those combined aspects with Gothic poetics (re: Volume Two, part one) to achieve new useful conclusions building on my foundation. And yet, just as I argued with the ghosts of others to raise *my* cathedral, you will have to learn to debate with spirits yourself to raise your own, mid-segue.

As such, for Volumes Two, part two and all of Volume Three, you will be debating with *my* spectres; i.e., the oldest sections of my castle, but some of the most raw and earnest regarding sex-positivity as a liberatory Gothic poetic device

whose essence remains intact, regardless if the language had yet to fully form. Per my usual backwards approach, I've actually done this before (from Volume One):

If you've read the symposium from Volume Zero (and the end of the manifesto), you'll have an idea of what to expect, moving forward; I didn't want to change things too much despite having written this second symposium well before my thesis. Like the thesis volume's symposium, it represents a point when I was still figuring things out, and I think it serves as a good thought experiment insofar as it will represent a middle stage in your own thinking that will match up with [the Monster Modules. Their older partially-formed historical qualities] might speak to you better as you interpret and grapple with these ideas yourselves. And if you want increasingly more complete forms of theory that spell things out as much as possible, there is always the manifesto and thesis (*ibid.*).

Keep all of this in mind as we proceed into the Undead Module. We will meet again,



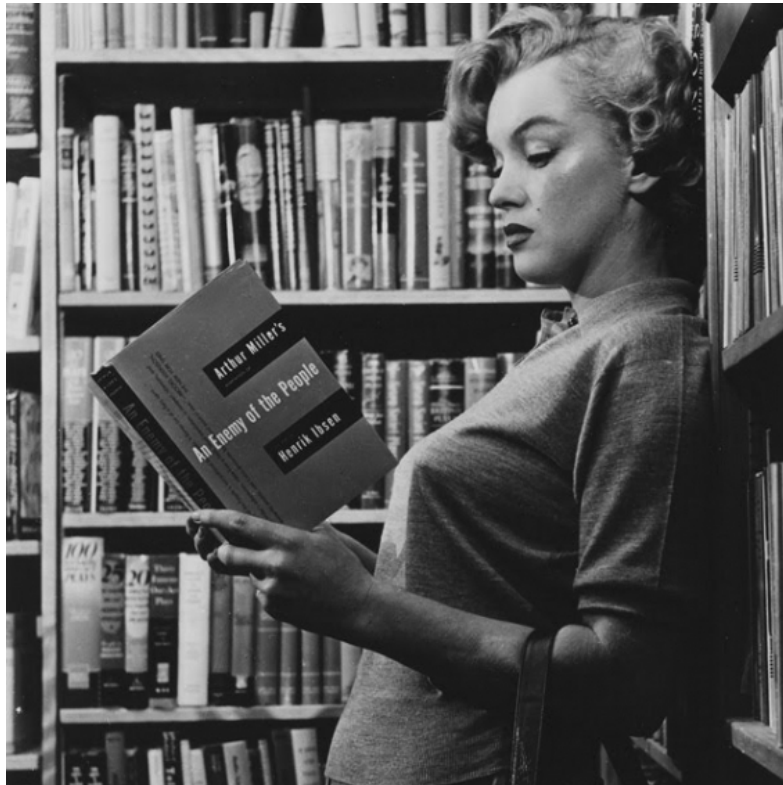
our darkness visible a choking force that drives you, mid-penetration, towards post-scarcity's unknown pleasures! Medusa's fat undead pussy "feeding" as a war-like, indiscreetly poetic-yet-still-rebellious psychosexuality (re: our specialized Gothic poetic devices-made-flesh)!

(model and artist: [UrEvilMommy](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Keyword Glossary

"You keep using that word. I do not think it means what you think it means."

—Inigo Montoya, *The Princess Bride* (1987)



([source](#): "The 430 Books in Marilyn Monroe's Library: How Many Have You Read?" 2014)

The companion glossary is dedicated to terms found in the thesis volume that nevertheless appear throughout all four volumes. It is divided into four sections:

- [Marxism and Politics](#): Contains any terms that deals with Marxist theories or socio-political concepts.
- [Sex, Gender and Race: Language, Theory and Politics](#): Covers the majority of gender theory used in this book.
- [Miscellaneous Terms, Game Theory](#): Holds anything useful that isn't in the other sorting categories.
- [The Gothic, Kink, and BDSM](#): Catalogues the various ideas/theories on the Gothic, kink and BDSM that, while used throughout this book, aren't listed in the manifesto.

Marxism and Politics

Marxism

Schools of thought stemming from Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, trying historically to achieve Communism through the state first (Marxist-Leninism) instead of direct worker solidarity and action operating in opposition to the state and establishment politics (anarcho-Communism). As an anarcho-Communist, I borrow ideas from Marx, but shy away from calling myself a Marxist (any more than I'd call myself a postmodernist/deconstructionist despite borrowing from Derrida); throughout the book, I prefer to use the noun/adjective phrase "dialectical(-) material" in place of "Marxist." The reason being is that Gothic Communism, as we shall define it, deviates away from Marxist-Leninism (state Socialism) towards a democratized class consciousness/proletarian xenophilia that combats the historical-material abuses of the state in any configuration (fascist, neoliberal, Marxist-Leninist, etc).

material conditions

The factors that determine quality of life from a material standpoint; i.e., not an ethical/moral argument ("this is right/wrong"), but one that deals with access to various material conditions that reliably improve one's living conditions: housing, food, electricity, clothing, water, education, employment, loans/credit, transportation, internet, etc. The status quo reliably constricts material conditions to benefit the elite; this occurs within a societal hierarchy that structurally privileges marginalized groups from least- to most-marginalized along systemically coercive and phobic lines. Indeed, this arrangement is so concrete that future history can be readily predicted through the arrangement of material conditions already displayed in canonical works: historical materialism.

historical materialism

The normalized, vicious cycle that history is predicated on the material conditions that routinely bring them about. These conditions make genocide and sex worker exploitation a historical-material *fact*, something that weighs on the living through what Capitalism leaves behind—the endlessly doubled histories of the dead according to Karl Marx in "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte" (1852):

Hegel remarks somewhere that all great world-historic facts and personages appear, so to speak, twice. He forgot to add: the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce. [...] Men make their own history, but they do not make it as they please; they do not make it under self-selected circumstances, but

under circumstances existing already, given and transmitted from the past. The tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living. And just as they seem to be occupied with revolutionizing themselves and things, creating something that did not exist before, precisely in such epochs of revolutionary crisis they anxiously conjure up the spirits of the past to their service, borrowing from them names, battle slogans, and costumes in order to present this new scene in world history in time-honored disguise and borrowed language ([source](#)).

dialectical materialism

The dialectical progress is the study of oppositional forces in relation to each other. For Marx, this involves the study of dialectical-*material* forces—i.e., the bourgeoisie and the proletariat in opposition, not harmony. "Harmony" is canonical pacification, which leads to genocide and endless exploitation of workers by the elite.

the means of production

Marx' Base, owned by the elite; the ability to (mass)produce material goods within capital/a living market. This operates on a mass-manufactured scale, but also through work performed at the individual level—labor. Workers seize the means of production by attempting to own the value of their own labor. Conversely, capitalists exploit workers by stealing worker labor, often through wage theft (wages under Capitalism being the creation of jobs, or revenue streams for the elite to structuralize then steal from, which they then credit themselves as giving back to people; i.e., "I created these jobs!" Translation: "I created a means of exploiting people through their labor during manufactured scarcity). Billionaires privatize labor through unethical means, "earning" their billions through wage theft/slavery as "owned" by them, meaning *used* by them specifically as exploited labor (which alienates workers from the products of their own labor).



(artist: Adolf Menzel)

private property

Not to be confused with personal property, private property is property that is privately owned, generally by the elite through privatization via state-corporate mechanisms. As Marx puts it in 1844, "Private property has made us so stupid and one-sided that an object is only ours when we have it – when it exists for us as capital, or when it is directly possessed, eaten, drunk, worn, inhabited, etc., – in short, when it is used by us. Although private property itself again conceives all these direct realisations of possession only as means of life, and the life which they serve as means is the life of private property – labour and conversion into capital" ([source](#)).

privatization

If private property is property that is privately owned, *privatization* is the process that enables private ownership at a systemic, bourgeois level. Under Capitalism, the elite own means of production by encouraging negative freedom to "liberalize" (deregulate) the market. They do so by removing restrictions, allowing the owner class to privatize their assets. In class warfare, capitalists disguise this fact by deliberately conflating bourgeois ownership with "bougie" (middle-class) ownership:

- Owners, in the academic, bourgeois sense, own the means of mass production, thus individual production within capital. They privatize factories, territory, industrial sectors, the military, paramilitary (cops), and the means to print money. As a consequence, they also own workers, albeit by proxy (wage slavery).
- Middle-class ownership is merely an exchange of wages—direct purchases or taxes—for material goods aka *personal* property. These goods become something to defend, resulting in a great deal of punching down (reactionary/moderate politics).

functional Communism

The eventual (centuries from now) abolishment of privatization/private property. This process is called development, or Socialism; Socialism's historical-material "failure" to move beyond planned economies stems from foreign, bourgeois interference and internal strife begot from privatized interests—all related to Capitalism preserving itself as a structure.

nominal Communism

Nominal communism—i.e., Communism in name alone, sold to workers through canonical propaganda to scare them into upholding the bourgeois status quo.

Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism

Coined by me, Gothic Communism is the deliberate, pointed critique of capital/Capitalism using a unique marriage of Gothic/queer/game theory and Marxist ideas synthesized by sex-positive workers during proletarian praxis. Meant to end neoliberal/fascist Capitalism in order to bring about anarcho-Communism, this liberation occurs through sex-positive labor (and monsters) reclaimed by sex workers (which Derrida called "spectres of Marx" in his eponymous book on hauntology as a Communist "ghost" that haunted language after the so-called "end of history").

anarcho-Communism

The gradual disillusion and transmutation of Capitalism into Socialism and finally Communism through direct worker solidarity and collective action, whereupon power is horizontally restructured—slowly rearranged into [anarcho-syndicalist communes](#) (which are historically more stable than Capitalism is, but also under attack/sabotaged by the elite every chance they can get—e.g., Cuba and U.S. sanctions for the past 70 years whitewashed by Red-Scare propaganda). To achieve

this, class warfare must be conducted against official/*de facto* agents of the state-corporate union devised by capitalists/neoliberal hegemons.

neoliberal Capitalism

The dominant strain of Capitalism operating in the world today—i.e., Capitalism employed by neoliberal canon, centrism, moderacy and personal responsibility rhetoric to achieve the greatest possible division between the owner/worker classes, as well as infinite growth and efficient profit (more on these during the manifesto proper). Neoliberal Capitalism is founded on a vertical arrangement of power through national-state-corporate leaders operating against worker interests by exploiting them to the fullest using capital.

capital/Capitalism

A system of exploiting workers, nature and the world, whose resultant genocide and vampiric devastation is synonymous with profit for capitalists/the elite. The elite parasitize everyone/thing else to generate profit through Capitalism; or to quote directly from Raj Patel and Jason Moore's *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things* (2017):

Money isn't capital. Capital is journalism's shorthand for money or, worse, a stock of something that can be transformed into something else. If you've ever heard or used the terms *natural capital* or *social capital*, you've been part of a grand obfuscation. Capital isn't the dead stock of uncut trees or unused skill. For Marx and for us, capital happens only in the live transformation of money into commodities and back again. Money tucked under a mattress is as dead to capitalism as the mattress is itself. It is through the live circulation of this money, and in the relations around it, that capitalism happens.

The process of exchange and circulation turn money into capital. At the heart of Marx's *Capital* is a simple, powerful model: in production and exchange, capitalists combine labor power, machines and raw material. The resulting commodities are then sold for money. If all goes well, there is a profit, which needs then to be reinvested into yet more labor power, machines and raw materials. Neither commodities nor money is capital. This circuit *becomes* capital when money is sunk into commodity production in an ever-expanding cycle. Capitalism is a process in which money flows through nature. The trouble here is that capital supposes infinite expansion [growth] within a finite web of life ([source](#)).

For our purposes, this "web of life" concerns the privatized, social-sexual exploitation of workers in monstrous language—something to be unironically defended by class traitors preserving Capitalism, thus the state as a means of maximizing capital for the elite (infinite growth); i.e., to serve and protect capital, not people, through the means of production/propaganda's current bourgeois hegemony under neoliberal Capitalism's personal responsibility rhetoric—to regulate the market and empower the state through concealed abuses that accrete out from the center in all directions. As anarcho-Communists, we much critique this canonizing process' profit motive through our own iconoclastic material.

capitalists

Those who own capital, the bourgeoisie. However, capital/Capitalism as a process actually alienates capitalists from their own wealth; there is seldom money "on hand"—largely positions within a structure operating in continuum in pursuit of neoliberal Capitalism's main objectives (very different from the dragon sitting on a pile of gold, which is closer to the fascist strongman stealing wealth by hijacking the mechanisms of the state).

An idiosyncrasy in terms of my writing: This book treats Capitalism and Communism as proper nouns; other words, like "state," "capitalist," "neoliberal," and "fascist" are not capitalized. The reasons are arbitrary but I've at least tried to be consistent. —Perse



Anthropocene/Capitalocene

The *Anthropocene* is unit of time used to describe the period in which human existence and interaction with the natural world has started to impact it negatively in terms of ecosystem proliferation and health, general climate operations, and various other factors that intersect and relate to the survival of all life on the planet—including humans—as threatened by human contributions to climate change. The *Capitalocene* (as used by Patel and Moore) applies this logic to Capitalism:

Regardless of what humans decide to do, the twenty-first century will be a time of "abrupt and irreversible" changes in the web of life. Earth system scientists have a rather dry term for such a fundamental turning point in the life of a biospheric system: state shift. Unfortunately, the ecology from which this geological change has emerged has also produced humans who are ill-equipped to receive news of this state shift. Nietzsche's madman announcing the death of god was met in a similar fashion: although industrial Europe had reduced divine influence to the semicompulsory Sunday-morning church attendance, nineteenth-century society couldn't image a world without god. The twenty-first century has an analogue: it's easier for most people to imagine the end of the planet than to imagine the end of capitalism. [...] Today's human activity isn't exterminating mammoths through centuries of overhunting. Some humans are currently killing everything, from megafauna to microbiota, at speeds one hundred times higher than the background rate. We argue what changed is capitalism, that modern history has, since the 1400s, unfolded in what is better termed the Capitalocene [than the Anthropocene] ([source](#)).

anthropocentrism/posthumanism

In *Posthuman Life* (2015), David Roden writes, "A humanist philosophy is anthropocentric if it accords humans a superlative status that all or most non-humans lack" ([source](#)). Posthumanism goes beyond traditional notions of Cartesian humanism to afford basic rights to humans, animals and the natural-material world as something not to exploit by Capitalism.

transhumanism

From Roden's *Posthuman Life*,

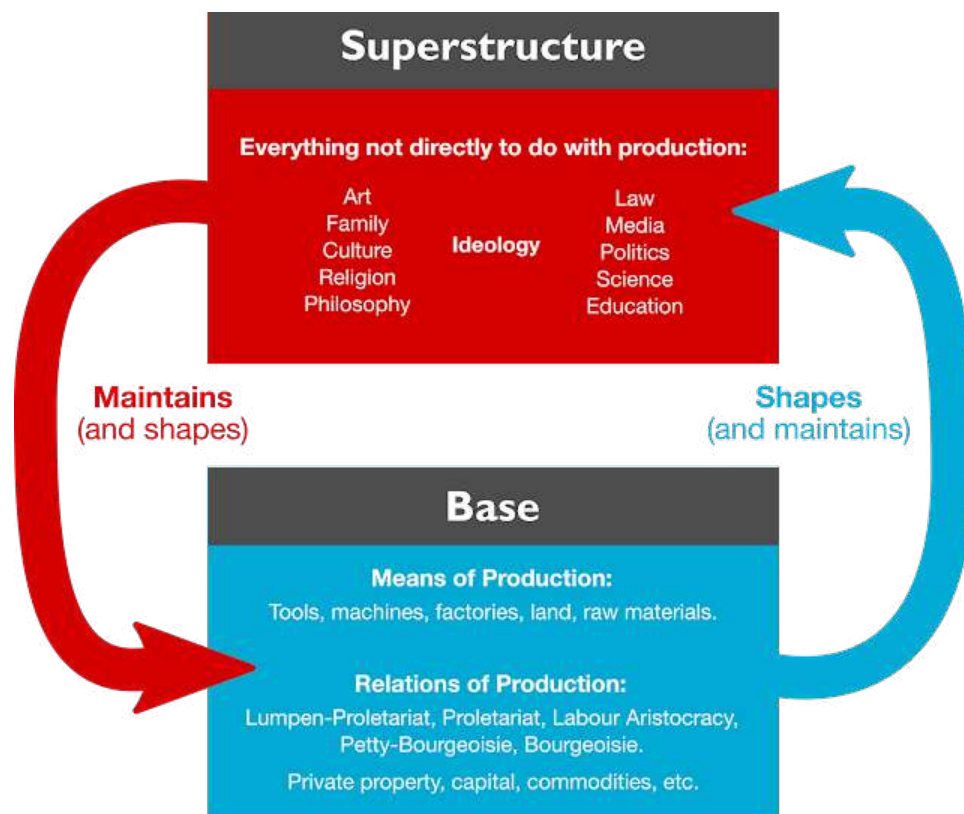
Self-fashioning through culture and education is to be supplemented by technology. For this reason, transhumanists believe that we should add morphological freedom—the freedom of physical and mental form—to

the traditional liberal rights of freedom of movement and freedom of expression [...] to discover new forms of embodiment in order to improve on the results on traditional humanism [and according to the World Transhumanist Association, 1999] "to use technology to extend their mental and physical (including reproductive) capacities and to improve their control over their own lives" ([source](#)).

accretion

Dissemination out from the center of a socio-material structure (similar to how planets form); i.e., the Symbolic Order, the mythic structure, etc; e.g., accretions of the Medusa as someone to kill or avoid, as "untamable" by men as the arm of the state and the law. To escape men, she turns to stone (or a tree)—a defense mechanism from those who unironically defend the structure in official/unofficial capacities.

the Superstructure



**This moves in a spiral pattern.
The base is generally dominant.**
(*exhibit 2*)

Propaganda; that which, Rana Indrajit Singh writes in the *International Journal of Humanities and Social Science Invention*, normally "grows out of the base and the ruling class' interests. As such, the superstructure justifies how the base operates and defends the power of the elite" ([source](#): "Base and Superstructure Theory," 2013)—*normally* being the operative word, here. This book isn't a fan of what's normal because normal is the status quo and the status quo is bourgeois.

splendide mendax

The teller of splendid lies; e.g., [Jonathan Swift and *Gulliver's Travels*](#) (1726); also applies to self-aware weavers of various genres of fiction, from Oscar Wilde to Luis Borges, but also non-white/American authors who have to reinvent their own cultures' lost histories—e.g., Jean Rhys' *Wide Sargasso Sea* (1966), Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (1987), Michelle Cliff's [Free Enterprise](#) (1993) and Charles Johnson's [Middle Passage](#) (1998), etc. Furthermore, concerning bourgeois lies vs proletarian splendid lies, Gothic stories are concerned with recycled clichés in either case.

"archaeologies" of the future

[Fredric Jameson's titular 2005 idea](#), *Archaeologies of the Future: The Desire Called Utopia and Other Science Fictions*, of an elaborate strategy of misdirection (an idea originally from his 1982 essay "[Progress versus Utopia; Or, Can We Imagine the Future?](#)") that breaks through the future of one moment that is now our own past, often through the fantasy and science fiction genres (the Gothic variant of this strategy as we shall discuss it is the Gothic castle/chronotope, discussed in the thesis proper). Canonical "archaeologies" sell this dead future back to workers to pacify them; iconoclastic variations devise ways of seeing beyond canonical illusions by "re-excavating" them, using what's left behind *again* to liberate worker bodies and minds in the process.

propaganda

According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *propaganda*

is the more or less systematic effort to manipulate other people's beliefs, attitudes, or actions by means of symbols (words, gestures, banners, monuments, music, clothing, insignia, hairstyles, designs on coins and postage stamps, and so forth). Deliberateness and a relatively heavy emphasis on manipulation distinguish propaganda from casual conversation or the free and easy exchange of ideas. Propagandists have a specified goal

or set of goals. To achieve these, they deliberately select facts, arguments, and displays of symbols and present them in ways they think will have the most effect. To maximize effect, they may omit or distort pertinent facts or simply lie, and they may try to divert the attention of the reactors (the people they are trying to sway) from everything but their own propaganda ([source](#)).

For us, propaganda is anything that cultivates the Superstructure, including splendid lies and elaborate strategies of misdirection. However, anything that goes against the interests of the state will be perceived of as terrorist lies by the state, making its abolishment by workers all the more pressing. However, state propaganda also *self-replicates*—with Sigmund Freud's nephew, Edwards Bernays, famously applying the principles of political propaganda to marketing in his 1928 capitalist apologia, *Propaganda*. The book argues for a rebranding of propaganda called "public relations," one where "invisible" people create knowledge and propaganda to rule over the masses, with a monopoly on the power to shape thoughts, values, and citizen responses; that "engineering consent" of the masses would be vital for the survival of democracy. In Bernays' own words, he explains:

The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country. We are governed, our minds are molded, our tastes formed, our ideas suggested, largely by men we have never heard of.

Despite a patent rebrand filled with cheerful Liberalism, Bernays went on to inspire Hitler's minister of propaganda, Joseph Goebbels, but also Hitler himself (as well as American propagandists during and following WW2). Hitler did his best to emulate American media, [seeing its coercive value by creating his own Hollywood](#) (see: Hilter's Hollywood, 2018). Helped from the likes of commercial-savvy artists like Goebbels, he copied Charlie Chaplin's toothbrush mustache, radicalized Bernays' ideas on propaganda, [and painstakingly toiled over the creation of the Nazi symbol itself](#) (Jim Edwards' "Hitler as Art Director: What the Nazis' Style Guide Says About the 'Power of Design,'" 2018). Behind the illusions, Hitler remained cutthroat, buoyed to chancellorship by the German elite defaulting on American loans, whereupon he promptly killed his political enemies and spent the next decade convincing his nation to fight to the death. In short, he was a bad capitalist (unlike the American elite).



praxis

The practical execution of theory. This can be achieved through different modes; e.g., ours is iconoclastic *poiesis*, or artwork tied to worker emancipation as something to creatively express, but also build upon as a collective, cultural understanding unified against the state. In other words, canon and iconoclasm are synonymous with praxis, but also *poiesis*.

poiesis/poetics

"To bring into being that which did not exist before." A commonplace example is "poetry," which historically has granted impoverished, exploited people idiosyncratic voices/parallel societies in times of struggle. *Poiesis* is not just pithy scribbles, in other words; it's a means of understanding the world and sharing that with others to cultivate countercultural movements in opposition to the state; i.e., by "playing god." For our purposes, canon and iconoclasm—as means of cultivating the Superstructure through creative artistic expression and sex work—are both forms of *poiesis*, but exist in dialectical-material opposition. One is a pedagogy of the oppressed; one is a pedagogy of the *oppressor*.

canon (dogma)

Marx's Superstructure as normally cultivated by the elite through official/unofficial, state-corporate icons and materials designed to control how people think, behave

and feel: heteronormative propaganda/dogma. Financially incentivized by the elite including billionaires, these mass-produced, privatized variants are generally accepted as genuine, legitimate and sacred by workers and typically produced by anyone who upholds the status quo. This includes corporations, but also financially-incentivized, bourgeois (often white, cis-het) authors and their beliefs/praxis furthered by pre-2000s, Internet-era media: [the TERF/neoliberal politics of Harry Potter creator J. K. Rowling](#) (Shaun's "Harry Potter," 2022), [decades-long racism and all-around horrible weirdness of Dilbert creator Scott Adams towards anyone different from himself](#) (Behind the Bastards' "How The Dilbert Guy Lost His Mind," 2023), [Earth Worm Jim Creator Doug TenNapel's own conservative praxis when interacting with awful chaser/soon-to-be-divorced dudes like Steven Crowder](#) ("Surviving the Leftist Mob," 2021) or Matt Groening's [proud, middle-of-the-road, smug-as-fuck centrism](#) (David Scheff's "Matt Groening," 2007) having already sold out, his unabashed playing of both sides against each other leading to Zombie Simpsons and a toleration of fascists/total inability to critique Capitalism (cashing in after doing the bare minimum with the first seven seasons completely undoes any activism those episodes achieved in their heyday):

Playboy: When you spread a liberal message by way of Fox, do you feel subversive?

Groening: It's fun anytime you can piss off a right-wing lunatic, but it's also fun to piss off a left-wing lunatic. In fact everybody on the show is concerned about not being preachy or heavy-handed. We try to mix it up.

American consumerism generally frames canon as "neutral," despite complicitly hiding sexist attitudes and ideologies in plain sight (usually through cheap, mass-produced, privatized likenesses/intellectual properties).

iconoclast/-clasm (camp)

Marx's Superstructure, counter-cultivated by an agent or image that attacks established variants, generally with the intent of transforming them in a deconstructive, sex-positive manner. Such a manner is treated as heretical by the elite, but also workers sympathetic to bourgeois hegemony. Deconstruction, aka Postmodernism—when harnessed by Marxists—seeks to move beyond Modernism; i.e., the Enlightenment, whose high-minded principles are really just excuses to enslave and control people through negative freedom for the elite. Generally, this happens by presenting things harmful, segregating binaries like civilization/nature, white/black, man/woman, mind/body, art/porn, etc.

hypercanon/-ical

Something so famous that it becomes recognizable by sight across generations; e.g., *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). However, a popular example is the cyberpunk of the hauntological retrofuture. Popularized by movies like *Blade Runner* (1982), *Ghost in the Shell* (1996) and *The Matrix* (1999), the cyberpunk comments on the future as dead (a concept we'll explore more in the Humanities Primer) as a means of providing a hypernormal, hyperreal illusion.

hyperreal/-ity

A distillation of Jean Baudrillard's broader notion of the simulation representing things that do not exist, yet, over time, have become more real than the reality behind them, which has decayed into a desert the hyperreal simulation has replaced in the eyes of its viewers—i.e., has covered it up. Baudrillard's Hyperreality comments on similar historical-material issues that the egregore or simulacrum do as occult creations and copies of older likenesses or illusions. The preservation of the illusion as Capitalism turns the natural world into an uninhabitable desert could be called *hypernormal*. As Nasrullah Mambrol writes (exhibit, theirs):

Baudrillard's concept of hyperreality is closely linked to his idea of Simulacrum, which he defines as something which replaces reality with its representations. Baudrillard observes that the contemporary world is a simulacrum, where reality has been replaced by false images, to such an extent that one cannot distinguish between the real and the unreal. In this context, he made the controversial statement, "The Gulf war did not take place," pointing out that the "reality" of the Gulf War was presented to the world in terms of representations by the media [as inherently dishonest ...]



4) There is no relationship between the reality and representation, because there is no real to reflect (the abstract paintings of Mark Rothko).

According to Baudrillard, Western society has entered this fourth phase of the hyperreal. In the age of the hyperreal, the image/simulation dominates. The age of production has given way to the age of simulation, where products are sold even before they exist. The Simulacrum pervades every level of existence. ([source](#): "Baudrillard's Concept of Hyperreality," 2016).

hypernormal/-ity

A term that, [according to Adam Curtis' *HyperNormalization*](#) (2016), was originally used to describe the "whiplash" feelings of Soviet citizens during the 1980s—faced with the terrifying onset of societal collapse despite Soviet national propaganda having adopted neoliberal shock therapy while insisting that things were fine. The same idea can be applied to the uncanny sensation that things are *not* fine or even real despite how normal, foundational and concrete they seem; i.e., how they "pass" as normal despite a disquieting sense of decay (worker exploitation, for our purposes).

centrism

"There are no moral actions, only moral teams" (re: Shaun's "[Harry Potter](#)"). Centrism is the theatrical creation of good vs evil as existing within politically

"neutral" media—a dangerous preservation of orderly justice whose "moderate," white (or token) voice-of-reason/cloaked racism and discrimination pointedly maintain the status quo: Capitalism. To this, centrism displaces and cloaks two things:

- genocide as conducted by neoliberals/fascists on foreign/domestic lands.
- the neoliberal's codifying of Nazis as an essential part of Capitalism—where the state's bureaucracy fragments through the emergence of an ultranationalist strongman.

This return of the medieval—of the Imperium and Empire, Zombie Caesar, etc—is both "blind" nation pastiche, but also a cartoonish bourgeois parody that makes the Nazi and pastiche thereof tremendously useful to Capitalism and the elite's survival through genocide's continuation behind the veil.

war pastiche

The remediation of war as something to sell to the audience (for our purposes) as canon, generally in centrist forms. Whereas nation pastiche tends to denote a national character (e.g., James Cameron's colonial marines, but also [the wholesale, staple choreography of Asian-to-American martial arts movies like *Ip Man 4: The Finale*, 2019](#)), war pastiche simply communicates violent conflict as something to personify in various dramatic/comedic theatrical forms; e.g., Blizzard's *Warcraft* pastiche (orcs vs humans).

nation pastiche

Any kind of pastiche that ties war and combat to national identities, a common modern example being the *Street Fighter* franchise's nation pastiche and FGC (fighting game community). Said community employs a variety of stock characters tied to a signature nation-state, draped in a national flag and gifted with a statuesque (sexually dimorphic) physique, snappy costume and set of trademark special moves/super moves. Gamer apathy mirrors the apathy of wrestling fans, whose tentpole company regularly capitalizes off the global stage through geopolitical (nationalistic) dialogs performed using sanctioned, bread-and-circus violence; e.g., [the WWE and its lucrative contract with Saudi Arabia](#) (Renegade Cut's "WWE and the Saudi Royal Family," 2019).



([source](#))

heels/babyfaces

The centrist heroes and villains of staged, professional wrestling and American contact/combat sports—i.e., war personified—but commonly employed through combat e-sports like the *Street Fighter* FGC. Heels normally wear black, fight dirty and talk trash; babyfaces (often called "faces" for short) tend to wear white, fight fair and refuse to talk trash. A common narrative between the two is good overcoming the bullying of evil by deus ex machina "rallies," where upon the underdog babyface is able to prevail by the end of a particular war. The tragedy in doing so is the babyface always converts to a heel position. The theater and its evolution through modern sports parallel geopolitics in ways that deregulate the process of worker exploitation through sports contracts and ringleaders working adjacent, through their own distractions, to military contractors and arms manufacturers/dealers in the Military Industrial Complex; neoliberalism, in other words, promotes fascist as an essential part of centrist theater through post-fascist, Cold War stereotypical heels—the Nazi, Muslim or the Communist—versus the traditional babyface: the American crusader or "good" vigilante/exacter of righteous justice. The public's endorsement, tolerance or unironic worship—of what is generally become recognized as a highly scripted affair—is called "kayfabe."

kayfabe

The Wikipedia entry for "kayfabe" reads:

the portrayal of staged events within the industry as "real" or "true," specifically the portrayal of competition, rivalries, and relationships between participants as being genuine and not staged. The term kayfabe has evolved to also become a code word of sorts for maintaining this "reality" within the direct or indirect presence of the general public. Kayfabe, in the United States, is often seen as the suspension of disbelief that is used to create the non-wrestling aspects of promotions, such as feuds, angles, and gimmicks in a manner similar to other forms of fictional entertainment. In relative terms, a wrestler breaking kayfabe would be likened to an actor breaking character on-camera. Since wrestling is performed in front of a live audience, whose interaction with the show is crucial to its success, kayfabe can be compared to the fourth wall in acting, since hardly any conventional fourth wall exists to begin with. Because of this lack of conventional fourth wall, wrestlers were once expected to maintain their characters even out of the ring, and in other aspects of their lives that could be made public ([source](#)).

For a good introduction to the concept and its history in modern professional wrestling and popular media, consider Behind the Bastards' podcast episode, "[Part One: Vince McMahon, History's Greatest Monster](#)" (2023). The concept applies not just to wrestling but includes any professional sports—e.g., e-sports but also vigilante sports/action hero narratives with athletic crusaders such as the heteronormative avatars from *Streets of Rage* and *TMNT* or *Street Fighter* as something to endorse through their police violence of state-oriented criminals, potential subversives, revolutionaries and so-called "terrorists" threatening the existence of "correct" action heroes as something to perform (exhibit 34c2, 98a1, or 104a1); or to subvert these false revolutionaries in a variety of ways (exhibit 102a4, 111b).

moderacy

Famously outlined by Martin Luther King's 1963 "[Letter from the Birmingham Jail](#)," excoriating the white moderate as more dangerous than the overt racist. Moderacy would evolve into the American neoliberal and its worldly doubles (1980s Soviet Russia or Great Britain) as willing to break bread/debate with fascists in the "free marketplace of ideas." To this, moderacy equals veiled white-cis-het-Western supremacy—generally upheld by centrist canon.

menticide/waves of terror

From Joost Meerloo's *The Rape of the Mind* (1956), menticide is the animal, "Pavlovian" conditioning through various forms of torture, namely "waves of terror" to achieve an ideal subject just not complacent with state abuse, but *complicit*. Of *menticide*, Meerloo writes,

The variety of human reactions under infernal circumstances taught us an ugly truth: the spirit of most men can be broken; men can be reduced to the level of animal behaviour. Both torturer and victim finally lose all dignity [...] The core of the strategy of menticide is the taking away of all hope, all anticipation, all belief in a future [which aligns with Mark Fisher's "hauntology," or inability to imagine a future beyond past forms supplied by Capitalism; i.e., a *myopia*]. It destroys the very elements which keep the mind alive. The victim is entirely alone ([source](#)).

Meerloo describes *waves of terror* as

the use of well-planned, repeated successive waves of terror to bring the people into submission. Each wave of terrorizing cold war creates its effect more easily—after a breathing spell—than the one that preceded it because people are still disturbed by their previous experience. Morale becomes lower and lower, and the psychological effect of each new propaganda campaign becomes stronger; it reaches a public already softened up. Every dissenter becomes more and more frightened that he may be found out. Gradually people are no longer willing to participate in any sort of political discussion or to express their opinions. Inwardly they have already surrendered to the terrorizing dictatorial forces (*ibid.*).

the pedagogy of the oppressed

Radical empathy. [Coined by Paulo Freire in his 1968 book of the same name](#), the text is a warning to closeted (and active) moderates to stop talking down to people who know their own trauma far better than moderates do.

the banality of evil/desk murderers

Originally used to describe the fascist bureaucracy of the Third Reich during the Nuremberg trials, desk murder goes well beyond Adolf Eichmann; it is destructive greed minus all the gaudy bells and whistles: the men behind the curtain (canon). Whether fascist or neoliberal, those at the top abject (denormalize) truth, shaming dialectical-material analysis while venerating the uncritical consumption of canon.

In doing so, they hide, thus normalize, their owner status; the elite own everything through vertically-arranged power structures, deliberately constructed to exploit everyone else—not just by owning the means of production, but using said means at a corporate-national register to parade and venerate conspicuous shows of god-like wealth and endless consumerism.

neocons(ervatism)

Neoconservatives are liberal hawks who, exposed to menticidal propaganda over time, [despise war protestors and promote peace through strength](#), including neocolonialism and proxy war. It's the centrist, oscillating phenomena of so-called Liberalism turned bloody, routinely demanding its blood sacrifice on the so-called altar of freedom (as Howard Zinn notes about the formation of the Americas during the American Revolution).

Liberalism

Not to be confused with neoliberalism (though the two generally go hand-in-hand), Liberalism is the disingenuous language of the Enlightenment becoming Americanized, then used alongside Cartesian dualism to obscure genocide under settler colonialism. In his *A People's History of the United States* (1980), Howard Zinn catalogs the various fears of the upper "master class"—of Native Americans and slaves rebelling together but also white indentured servants and African slaves as something to discourage using Liberalism:

"What made Bacon's Rebellion especially fearsome for the rulers of Virginia was that black slaves and white servants joined forces [...] Those upper classes, to rule, needed to make concessions to the middle class, without damage to their own wealth or power, at the expense of slaves, Indians, and poor whites. This bought loyalty. And to bind that loyalty with something more powerful even than material advantage, the ruling group found, in the 1760s and 1770s, a wonderfully useful device. That device was the language of liberty and equality, which could unite just enough whites to fight a Revolution against England, without ending either slavery or inequality" ([source](#)).

neoliberalism

The ideology of American exceptionalism (which extends to allies of America like Great Britain) that enforces global US hegemony through deregulated/"re-liberalized" Capitalism as a structural means of dishonest wealth accumulation for

the elite. Laterally enforced by state/corporate power abuse through a public conditioned by these groups to worship the free market, neoliberalism seeks to foster a centrist attitude. By preaching the lie of false hope* through an us-versus-them mentality and personal responsibility rhetoric, neoliberalism maintains the status quo [by demonizing nominal Communism](#) (Monty Python's "International Communism," 1969) and disguising the inner workings of Capitalism—how Capitalism is inherently unethical and unstable, and how it exploits nearly everyone (workers) to benefit the few (the elite). This framework, and the pervasive illusions that prop it up, eventually decay and lead to societal collapse. In the interim, common side effects of neoliberalism include: the gutting of unions, destruction of the welfare state, reinforcement of the prison system and strengthening of the police state.

**For a quick-and-dirty example of vintage American neoliberalism, [consider the opening to Double Dribble \(1987\) for the NES](#): palm trees and skyscrapers in the background, a bare concrete lot and tight, manicured lawns in the foreground—where hordes of consumers flock to a giant stadium to "the Star Spangled Banner" while a Konami blimp emblazoned with an American flag soars overhead. This kind of canonical nostalgia traps workers inside a world they never experience because its constantly sold to them as an idealized past to escape into from their current environment; as Capitalism fails, they can't imagine anything beyond it, just whatever was shown to them as children: something to retreat into fondly like a lost childhood.*



fascism

Capitalism-in-decay aka "zombie Capitalism." When Capitalism starts to fail (which it does by design), it creates power vacuums whose medievalist regressions reintroduce scapegoat mentalities on a state level; i.e., the village sacrifice of a manufactured outsider taken to national extremes during palingenesis ("national birth"), which ushers in a perceived former glory tied to a former *imaginary* past: a liminal hauntology of war against anyone different than the status quo; e.g., a witch/pagan, vampire (queer person) or similar target of state violence during moral panics stoked by fascist ringleaders. A radicalizing of the status quo, then, allow populist strongmen to foster unusual sympathies within the (white, cis-het) working class: the installation of a dogmatic (sexist, racist, transphobic, etc) hierarchy that intentionally abuses a designated underclass (the out-group), promising societal and material elevation for those following the leader (the in-group). Or as Michael Parenti wrote in *Blackshirts and Reds* (1997):

Fascism is a false revolution. It cultivates the appearance of popular politics and a revolutionary aura without offering a genuine revolutionary class content. It propagates a "New Order" while serving the same old moneyed interests. Its leaders are not guilty of confusion but of deception. That they work hard to mislead the public does not mean they themselves are misled. ([source](#)).

Simply put, fascists are violent LARPers (live-action role-players) living in a death cult, reducing themselves and those around them to expendable, fetishized, zombie-like fodder. The in-group operates through fear, dogma and violence—cultivating the *perception* of strength through a coercive, revered worldview that leads to delusional overconfidence and ignominious death in service of the state through its same-old language (e.g., Monty Python's "[Black Knight](#)" skit, 1975).

pre-/post-fascism

Fascism is the generation of, regression back towards medieval, pre-civilized hauntologies that attempt to revive the glory of former times (usually the ghost of Rome) through the creation of, on various levels, a fearsome destroyer persona: the pagan Goth, but also the zombie tyrant (the Romans killed Christ). *Pre*-fascism is the Gothic imagination that historically was obsessed with the inheritance of a decaying system prior to the rise of fascism in the 18th and 19th centuries, which in turn has become *post*-fascism: the fear of fascism and systemic decay entertained through popular discourse and Gothic poetics in the 20th and 21st centuries, post-WW2. It's the ghost of tyranny—the skeleton king tapping his palm

with his cudgel-like scepter. Because fascism defends Capitalism (an inherently unstable system) the fear, then, becomes fear of sacrifice by the state to preserve the whole from an imaginary menace with historical-material validation for its own desire of revenge (the specters of Marx; i.e., a ghost battle between capitalist, thus fascist hauntology and Communist hauntology).

eco-fascism

The turn towards fascist rhetoric, stowed away inside nature conservatist rhetoric. When Capitalism fails, (some) humans become the virus inside the state of exception, *their* destruction pitched as "saving the planet" for the uninfected. This scapegoat is always Indigenous peoples (the go-to recipients of state exploitation) but can and will expand towards the center of American privilege (stopping short of the elite, of course) when things geopolitically and ecologically begin to worsen.

zombification/Zombie Capitalism+

The death of ethical parody and its replacement with "blind" forms; e.g., *Zombie Simpsons*. In "*Zombie Simpsons: How the Best Show Ever Became the Broadcasting Undead*" (2012), Dead Homer Society writes,

By almost any measurement, The Simpsons is the most influential television comedy ever created. It has been translated into every major language on Earth and dozens of minor ones; it has spawned entire genres of animation, and had more books written about it than all but a handful of American Presidents. Even its minor characters have become iconic, and the titular family is recognizable in almost every corner of the planet. It is a definitive and truly global cultural phenomenon, perhaps the biggest of the television age.

*As of this writing, if you flip on FOX at 8pm on Sundays, you will see a program that bills itself as The Simpsons. It is not The Simpsons. That show, the landmark piece of American culture that debuted on 17 December 1989, went off the air more than a decade ago. The replacement is a hopelessly mediocre imitation that bears only a superficial resemblance to the original. It is the unwanted sequel, the stale spinoff, the creative dry hole that is kept pumping in the endless search for more money. It is *Zombie Simpsons* ([source](#)).*

Zombification results from people living under Capitalism, a system that discourages them not to think for themselves, but also to violently attack people who try. *Zombie Capitalism* is when Capitalism becomes "feral," entering a fascist state of decay—whereupon, violent, pro-state zombies suddenly appear and attack rebellious workers, "eating their brains" (symbolizing an attack on the rebellious

mindset). Being the target of the state in this manner means you have fallen into the state of exception—disposable zombie fodder even more useless than the zombie heroes the state endlessly sends after you.

the Wisdom of the Ancients

A cultural understanding of the imaginary past. The past is always imaginary to some extent, but through less wise forms reliably leads to genocide and tremendous suffering (Marx' prophesied tragedy and farce) according to structures of power that preserve themselves through blind pastiche, parody and canonical art. These essentialize Capitalism's vicious cycle and cataclysmic arrangements of the imaginary past as something that is simultaneously Malthusian, but also paradoxically "as good as it gets" and threatened by the doomsday myopia of nominal Communism that Capitalism Realism affords. As their sense of agency and certitude collapse with the world around them, workers—but especially the middle class—are left feeling cheated or lied to, and either blame the system or scapegoats. Scapegoats are historically easier because you can shoot or kill them, implying the solution is a simple, straightforward one. It's the "tried-and-true" "wisdom" of the Roman fool, falling on their own sword while Rome burns not once, but over and over. Such "wisdom" is not wise, but a false power, which Gothic Communists seek to reclaim through our own doubling of the imaginary past—its monsters, castles and battles—as a kind of "living document" that can reclaim the Gothic imagination, thus our ability to think; i.e., through lost forms of knowledge retailored for the complexities of the modern world—its warring mentalities, sexualities, monsters (codified beliefs and actions) and praxis during class and culture war.

the Imperial Boomerang

"The thesis that governments that develop repressive techniques to control colonial territories will eventually deploy those same techniques domestically against their own citizens" ([source](#): Wikipedia). In Foucault's own words during his lecture at "Il faut défendre la société" in 1975:

[W]hile colonization, with its techniques and its political and juridical weapons, obviously transported European models to other continents, it also had a considerable boomerang effect on the mechanisms of power in the West, and on the apparatuses, institutions, and techniques of power. A whole series of colonial models was brought back to the West, and the result was that the West could practice something resembling colonization, or an internal colonialism, on itself ([source](#): "Foucault's Boomerang: the New Military Urbanism," 2013).

Described by Stephen Graham as "military urbanism," this phenomenon accounts for the legion of dead futures popularized in American canon and its expanded, retro-future states of exception—hauntological narratives that present the future as dead and Capitalism as retro-futuristically decayed; i.e., Zombie Capitalism and zombie police states.

the state of exception

The state-of-emergency applied to recipients of state violence; or as Giorgio Agamben writes in *State of Exception* (2005),

"A special condition in which the juridical order is actually suspended due to an emergency or a serious crisis threatening the state. In such a situation, the sovereign, i.e. the executive power, prevails over the others and the basic laws and norms can be violated by the state while facing the crisis" ([source](#)).

the state's monopoly of violence

Max Weber's maxim that "a state holds a monopoly over the legitimate use of violence within its territory, meaning that violence perpetrated by other actors is illegitimate" ([source](#); originally from "Politics as a Vocation," 1919). This applies to state-sanctioned witch hunts and scapegoating markers, which we'll examine much more thoroughly in Volume Three, Chapter Two.

the Protestant (work) ethic

From Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* (1904-1905). In it, "Weber asserted that Protestant ethics and values, along with the Calvinist doctrines of asceticism and predestination, enabled the rise and spread of capitalism" ([source](#): Wikipedia)—a concept I've explored in my own Tolkien scholarship, for example; e.g., "["Dragon Sickness": The Problem of Greed](#)," (2015).

[Umberto Eco's 14 Points of Fascism](#) (from "[Ur-Fascism](#)," 1995)+

A handy guide for spotting fascism, which tends to conceal itself or idiosyncratically manifest. We won't go over all of them in this book, but there are a few that I like to focus on.

Sex, Gender and Race: Language, Theory and Politics

sexualized media

Media that contains sexual and gendered components—of cis-het men and women, but also queer persons/other marginalized groups for or against the state. However, the treatment of sexuality and gender—how it is sexualized by "the Media" or in media more broadly—depends on if it is sex-positive or sex-coercive (some examples, below):



(exhibit 3a1: Artist, top-left: Frank Frazetta; top-middle-to-right: [Sveta Shubina](#); bottom-left: J. Howard Miller; bottom-middle: Norman Rockwell; bottom-right: Michelangelo.

Artistic mimicry through homage is a common phenomenon of art, with women being illustrated historically by men for various purposes. A common reason for doing so was to illustrate their place in a man's world; e.g., as wives, mistresses [the Virgin or the Whore] but also as workers. Whereas open fascism historically relegates women to traditional modes of women's work, American propaganda temporarily made various concessions during WW2. These occurred to support the overall war effort and the material interests of the elite. After the war ended, women's rights were quickly rescinded in favor of a return to the status quo, female workers being demonized by the same male employers and patrons who formerly promoted them [and fetishized by the likes of Frazetta, who started his career during a regression towards female re-enslavement after the war].

Mimesis is a back-and-forth process, borrowing images and symbols for new purposes during oppositional praxis. In Rosie the Riveter's case, promotions of female "equality" were themselves guided by an American sense of righteousness that went on to be co-opted for social movements long after the original pieces aired. Indeed, Rosie only became a cultural icon of feminism in the 1970s—i.e., as a symbol of female empowerment that eclipsed Rockwell's Christianized mimesis of Michelangelo's Isaiah. On Rockwell, Christina Branham writes in "Rosie the Riveter" (2016),

The pose she strikes seems a bit awkward, but it too conveys a message: it was inspired by Michelangelo's portrayal of the prophet Isaiah on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Why? As stated during a Sotheby's 2002 sale of the original art, "Righteousness is described throughout Isaiah's prophecy as God's strong right arm." Rockwell's Rosie is certainly sporting some strong man-arms, but I would say the bigger message is that America was on the side of righteousness [[source](#)].

After Rockwell's upstaging by Miller's latter-day revival, the image of Rosie took on a life of its own. The image itself went on to convey the nostalgia of a reimagined past: the rights of cis-het white women [which second wave feminism primarily represented through its arguments]. In the works of future artists, nostalgia becomes something to reclaim, but also regress towards depending on the context and political leanings of the creator.)



(exhibit 3a2: Assorted pieces by Milo Manara and Luis Royo; middle-right: Olsen; far-top-right: [Morry Evans](#). Hauntology presses women into different forms of transgressive servitude—i.e., more about titillating the cis-het male gaze within risky positions of appropriative peril and high imagination/adventure that women are expected not just to perform, but compete for under male Pygmalions. Indeed, white, cis-het women assimilate and promote these roles, focusing on the unironic torture of a highly specific and prescriptive industry body type, versus catharsis for women forced to do certain forms of coercively humiliating labor regardless of the genre. Reduced to blind pastiche, these can perpetuate various harmful stereotypes within transgressive media as a means of submitting to formal power rather than resisting and reclaiming it through the same rituals as subverted; e.g., Morry Evan's work of a servile giant for the counterfeit of a nun; or Sveta Shubina's *Bowser and Peach*, below. We'll examine more iconoclastic subversions throughout the book; e.g., the aforementioned size difference as something to appreciate in different monster types, such as the Amazon/mommy dom, exhibit 51d2.)



(exhibit 3a3: Artist, left: [Sveta Shubina](#); right: Don Bluth. The desire to separate the art from the artist and aesthetics from ideology is understandable/possible, but it remains important to remember that when emulating a given style, said style in the past was associated with a problematic belief system and its symbolism; e.g., Don Bluth's damsel-in-distress, Princess Daphne, "needing" to be rescued from the dragon by a man who is still draconian themselves [the knight and the dragon being dichotomized variations of the "walking castle"/human tank]. Shubina is clearly emulating Bluth's visual style but subverts the relationship between the princess and the dragon—i.e., like King Kong but seemingly negotiated through the topos of the power of women [to attract men] as something to toy with. This context, of course, is difficult to glean from the base drawing itself, all but requiring a bit of imagination from us to reinterpret the same old clichés. But even if these stereotypes are subverted, their own work will remain haunted by the sexism of past idols that people unironically love in the present.

The woman as "emasculator" ties to the ironic cuckold of men, having them figuratively "by the balls": "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." This historically unenviable position becomes canonically enviable among women forced to compete for limited husbands with wealth, being judged by men as "gold diggers" and judged by other women jealously fighting over the same heteronormative prize. Conventionally pretty women become viewed through various double standards: the treacherous beauty as a user of everyone around her to get what she wants; i.e., sex as a weapon. While the narrative reduces the woman to a singular role and personality type, it's one where their intelligence is treated like a concealed weapon behind their sexuality as front-and-center. They're forced into uncomfortable clothes and pitted against other women wearing the same princess-style uniform; i.e., the historical-material reality of women competing for the same bloodline: to be the king's prized broodmare.



This includes Bowser in BDSM circles, [a prime candidate for the "daddy dom" or queer "Bear" stereotype](#) [artist, above: Taran Fiddler]. The paradox of the spiked collar is canonized as the master's sigil that simultaneously is an anti-predation device for a large, powerful pet in iconoclastic circles.)

sex work

Any work centered around sexuality and gender roles, including *artwork*. More commonly thought of as "prostitution," patriarchal sexism under Capitalism extends sex work to the broader division of sexualized labor within a colonial gender binary: men's work versus women's work. While the former focuses on war, violence and promotion through socio-material dominance, the latter involves submissive, traditionalized modes of sexual-reproductive labor towards a male authority figure—often a boss, parent or husband. So, while many sex workers perform strictly eroticized acts in this manner, many more are secretarial or marital in nature, performed inside traditional sites of women's work like kitchens, bedrooms, or laundromats, but also banks or hospitals. In the creative world, sexist employers compel female creators (musicians, models, illustrators and writers, etc) to promote prescriptive notions of coercive sexuality and gender tied to heteronormative beauty standards, fashion and music. Regardless of the work, sex-positive workers will resist sex coercion through their own labor.

sex positivity

Sexual/asexual expression that enables individual self-expression (thus self-empowerment) by relatively ethical means—the right to do sex work or partake in sexual activity *if one so desires*. In other words, it is a *positive freedom*; i.e., freedom *for* people to do what they want, specifically "the possession of the power and resources (material conditions) to act in the context of the structural limitations of the broader society which impacts a person's ability to act." Apart from being morally good and materially beneficial, sex positivity empowers marginalized communities (who, amongst other things, are generally exploited for sex as a form of labor); it does so by arguing for mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation using historically regulated language: bodies and biology, gender identity/performance and (a)sexual orientation.

sex coercion

Sexist, heteronormative argumentation, work and artistry that compels and upholds sexual and gendered norms by abolishing others through various unethical means. This includes corporations downplaying their harmful actions as benign, or fascists framing their openly harmful actions as justified. This freedom to act is a *negative freedom*; i.e., freedom *from* external restraint on one's actions. It is generally repressive towards marginalized communities, the elite exploiting them on a material level while also denying them their basic human rights.

Small idiosyncrasy in terms of my writing: When using "sex positivity" or "sex coercion" (nouns) as adjectives, they will be hyphenated; e.g., "The sex-positive fog crept in on little sex-coercive feet." This is completely arbitrary but my aim is to be consistent. —Perse

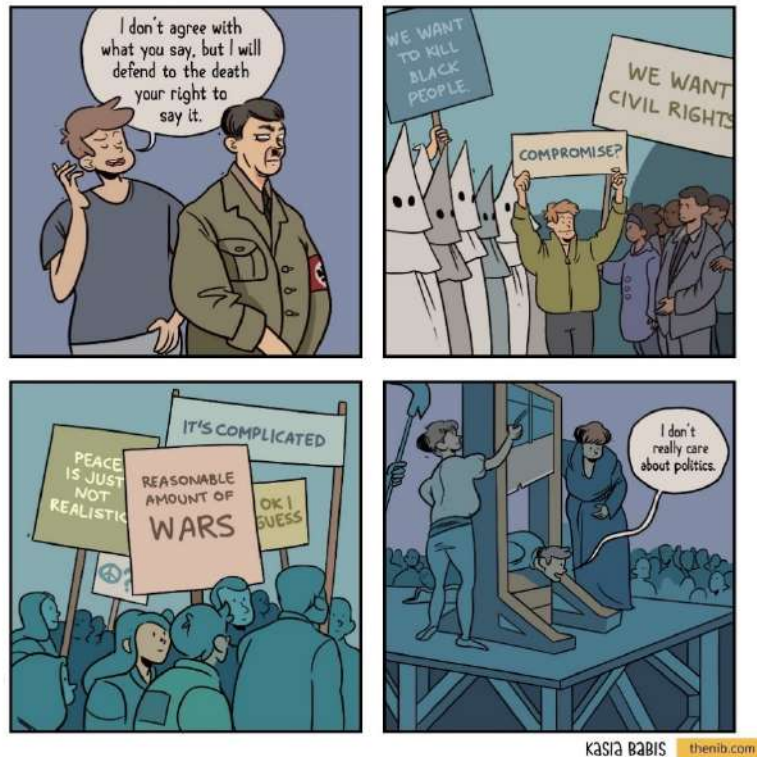
basic/civil human rights

The Communist idea that all human/animal workers deserve fair and equal treatment, which nation-states and corporations historically do not give (they are bourgeois and exploit workers). In Marxist terms, these rights are administered through Communism not according to profit, but "From each according to [their] ability, to each according to [their] needs." According to LeiLani Dowell at the Worker's World Forum in 2012, [this existence is planned and achieved through the development phase, aka Socialism](#): "...to each according to their *work*."

ethics, ethical, ethicality

This book treats *universal ethicality* not as canonical societal norms (what is prescriptively "correct" or "morally right" according to canon), but that humans, animals and the environment have basic, unalienable rights. The universality of

these rights is what is correct. Anyone's hypothetical ability to systemically "question" or undermine these rights—including the bourgeoisie—is fundamentally incorrect/unethical (what moderates call "compromise").



(artist: [Kasia Babis](#))

-phobia/-philia

In Gothic-Communist terms, a *phobia* isn't raw, animal fear—e.g., fear of death or the unknown—but an actionable, social-sexual stigma, bias or taboo assigned to a particular out-group or historical-material victim under the status quo/inside the state of exception: xenophobia, pedophilia, necrophilia, etc. This extends to various moral panics—e.g., Satanic panic, Red Scares, or the fascist revenge phobia of the backstabbing Jew, etc. Phobias are canonically fetishized. Philias are often deliberate/accidental misnomers insofar as abuse euphemisms are concerned (again, necrophilia, pedophilia, zoophilia); i.e., used to describe acts of abuse wherein the abuser is acting on a sexual attraction or otherwise abusive compulsion but is acting it out on a party that cannot actually consent (the dead, children, or animals; slaves, wives and other humans legally regarded as property in some shape or form).

purity arguments

A type of reactionary, fascist argumentation tied to manufactured scarcity, consent and conflict as radicalized during moral panics under police states/ethnostates. Think "boundaries for me, not for thee," but attached to limited-time waivers for those who best fit whatever soldiers those in fascist seats of power are looking for (with Himmler anything but "Nordic"). This tends to historically-materially manifest in racial-purity pseudoscience and aggressive recruitment tactics, defending the "purity" of a nation (and its children and women) through racialized supermen, generally with the descriptor "ethnic" attached to them—e.g., ethnic Germans (in Nazi Germany) or Jews (in Israel).

moral panic, morals, and morality

This book views personal morals as being shaped by broader social codes—folkways, mores and taboos that determine "good from bad" or "right from wrong" at a societal level. For conservatives, this involves reactionary politics administered through bad-faith, "moral panic" arguments; for neoliberals, there are no moral *actions*, only moral *teams* (re: "centrism," a concept we'll explore much more deeply in Volume Three, Chapter Four). Calling others immoral in either sense is actually immoral/unethical* relative to people's basic human rights.

**I would consider the difference between ethical and moral to be a matter of scope and scale. As Cydney Grannan writes in "What's the Difference Between Morality and Ethics?" for [Encyclopedia Britannica](#) (2023), the terms [are often used interchangeably even in academic circles](#).*

Please note, dialectical-materialism focuses on ethics through material relations—hence why I prefer to describe things not as "good or bad," but as bourgeois or proletarian (exceptions will be observed as they arise). —Perse

the Pygmalion effect

The patriarchal vision of those knowing-better "kings" of male-dominated industries, wherein "Pygmalion" means "from a male king's mind." Male "kings" author imaginary visions of the past, present and future, including the monomyth/Cycle of Kings, infernal concentric pattern and its heteronormative legion of monsters, invasion scenarios and escape fantasies; their reasoned, Cartesian treatment of women is heteronormative, thus abjectly hysterical.

hysteria/the wandering womb

Hysteria is a form of moderate condescension/reactionary control tied to Cartesian dualism, but also the gaslight, gatekeep and girl-boss trifecta that argues women

are "less rational" than men; it tends to diagnose them with bizarre, completely absurd medical conditions to keep them inactive and scared, but also under men's power (e.g., bicycle face is one [[source](#): Joseph Stromberg's "'Bicycle face': A 19th-Century Health Problem Made Up to Scare Women away from Biking," 2021] but [here's a whole list of odd disorders/female causes of ignominious death](#) invented by male "Pygmalions," including "night brain" and "drawing-room anguish"; source tweet: Dr. Daniel Cook, 2021). However, it also tends to frame women as mythical monsters/mothers that need to be killed for men to "progress": Medusas, Archaic Mothers, Amazons, etc.

the creation of sexual difference

Popularized by Luce Irigaray, her flagship concept is summarized by Sarah K. Donovan as follows,

In other words, while women are not considered full subjects, society itself could not function without their contributions. Irigaray ultimately states that Western culture itself is founded upon a primary sacrifice of the mother, and all women through her.

Based on this analysis, Irigaray says that sexual difference does not exist. True sexual difference would require that men and women are equally able to achieve subjectivity. As is, Irigaray believes that men are subjects (e.g., self-conscious, self-same entities) and women are "the other" of these subjects (e.g., the non-subjective, supporting matter). Only one form of subjectivity exists in Western culture and it is male ([source](#): Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy).

the Male Gaze (appropriative voyeurism/exhibitionism)

Popularized by Laura Mulvey in her 1973 essay, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," the Male Gaze goes well beyond cinema; according to Sarah Vanbuskirk in "What Is the Male Gaze?" (2022), it deals with female objectification under Capitalism:

The male gaze describes a way of portraying and looking at women that empowers men while sexualizing and diminishing women. [...] first popularized in relation to the depiction of female characters in film as inactive, often overtly sexualized objects of male desire. However, the influence of the male gaze is not limited to how women and girls are featured in the movies. Rather, it extends to the experience of being seen in this way, both for the female figures on screen, the viewers, and by extension, to all girls and women at large. Naturally, the influence of the male gaze seeps into

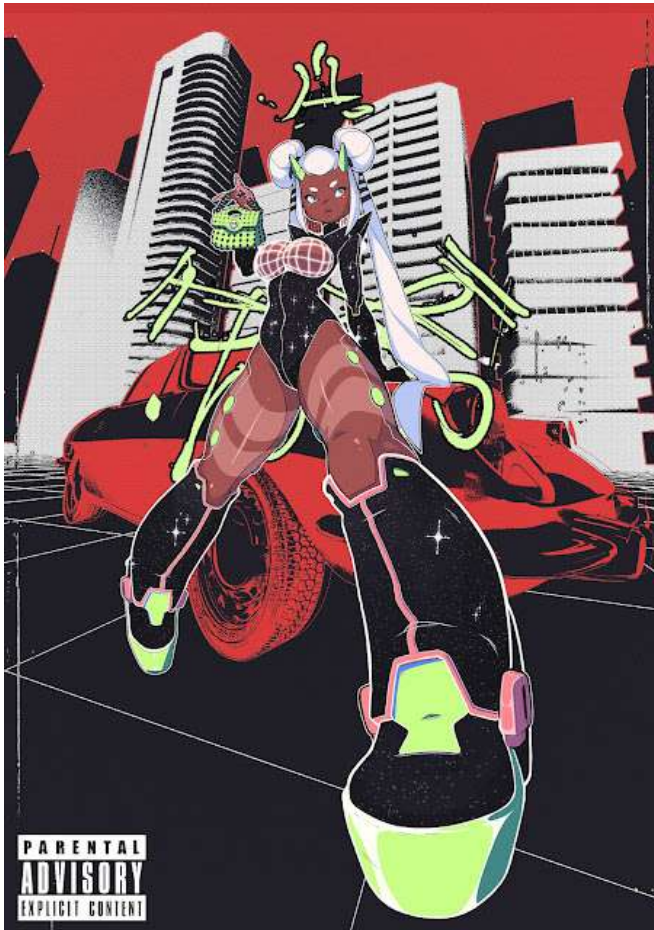
female self-perception and [self-esteem](#). It's as much about the impact of seeing other women relegated to these supporting roles as it is about the way women are conditioned to fill them in real life. The pressure to conform to this patriarchal view (or to simply accept or humor it) and endure being seen in this way shapes how women think about [their own bodies](#), capabilities, and place in the world—and that of other women. In essence, the male gaze [discourages female empowerment](#) and self-advocacy while encouraging [self-objectification](#) and deference to men and the patriarchy at large ([source](#)).

Appropriative performances of voyeurism/exhibitionism (watching or showing sexual activities) that cater to this Gaze uphold the status quo. Those that do not are appreciative (thus sex-positive) in nature, but generally remain liminal and ambivalent.



exhibitionism/voyeurism

A desire to show off or to look, generally tied to kink and BDSM (which we'll define in the Gothic section of terms). As with those, these activities can be sex-positive or -coercive; i.e., rebellious/furious flashing (exhibit 53, 62c, 89a, 101a1, etc) vs cat-calling/scopophilia from a totally unwanted audience (Norman Bates and Marion Crane) vs the liminal, half-invited Peeping Tom (Jimmy Stuart and Miss Torso from *Rear Window*, 1954; George McFly and Lorraine Bates from *Back to the Future*, 1985; or [these two tennis guys \[above\] and an anonymous female streaker](#)—source tweet: Peach Crush, 2023) vs the transphobic flasher (exhibit 62c) vs fully consensual voyeurism/exhibitionism (exhibit 101c2).



(artist: [Moika](#))

cultural appropriation (verb: "to appropriate"/adjective: "appropriative"):

Taking one (or more) aspect(s) of a culture, identity or group that is not your own and using it for your own personal interests. Although this can occur individually for reasons unrelated to profit, Capitalism deliberately appropriates workers/marginalized groups for profit; the act of these groups playing along is called assimilation.

cultural appreciation (verb: "to appreciate"/adjective: "appreciative"):

Attempting to understand and learn about another culture in an effort to broaden one's perspective and connect with others cross-culturally. The Gothic-Communism aim is to humanized these groups and prevent their exploitation through one's own work.

lip service

Empty endorsements, generally performed by establishment politicians; a moderate tactic of playing both sides (always to the detriment of workers).

queer-baiting/pacification/in-fighting

Empty commercial appeals/"representation" that are generally cliché, stigmatized, or dubiously underwritten/funeral—the "[bury your gays](#)" trope (defined and

explored by Haley Hulan's 2017 "Bury Your Gays: History, Usage, and Context") except employed by neoliberal corporations who expect marginalized groups to be grateful for scraps, but also fight over/about them: "They're fighting/killing each other" is music to the elite's ears regarding all marginalized groups (class sabotage).

"bury your gays"

The heteronormative sublimation, violence and moral-panic scapegoating of anything that doesn't fit the colonial binary model. Historically this would have been homosexual men (with queer cis women appropriated by cis-het men as exotic sex toys existing purely for male pleasure); however, it extends to trans/non-binary people or gender non-conforming persons more broadly (with various minorities being assigned heteronormatively atypically gendered qualities, like women of color being seen as more masculine and sexual voracious/aggressive than white women, for example).

Rainbow Capitalism

Capitalism appropriating queerness, generally through surface-level, inauthentic representation and queer-baiting. Marketing-wise, this involves slapping a fucking rainbow on every product in sight during Pride Month, diluting its cultural significance as a sign of solidarity and rebellion in the process.



recuperation/controlled opposition

"The process by which politically radical ideas and images are twisted, co-opted, absorbed, defused, incorporated, annexed or commodified within media culture and bourgeois society, and thus become interpreted through a neutralized, innocuous or more socially conventional perspective. More broadly, it may refer to the cultural appropriation of any subversive symbols or ideas by mainstream culture" ([source](#): Wikipedia). Perhaps the most common example is "corruption" (the evil cop, company or executive, etc) and the "defanging" of oppositional forces (rap, punk rock, antiwar protests, Black Lives Matter and other activists groups, etc as commodified by Rainbow Capitalism; more on this concept in Volume Three, Chapter One) but also "demonization" (e.g., the rebellion of the xenomorph or zombies turned into mindless rage that marines can shoot at with impunity).

sublimation

The process by which socially unacceptable impulses or idealizations are transformed into socially acceptable actions or behavior. Unlike Nietzsche or Freud, I explore sublimation as something that can either be bourgeois or proletarian. For either man, sublimation was a mature, "healthy" defense mechanism by which the modern individual could turn a blind eye, thus function in assimilative ways. I

disagree about the "healthy" part, thinking this kind of repressing is to conceal Capitalism as an expressly tyrannical and exploitative system towards workers—"healthy" meaning "working as intended *for the elite*." Sublimation has to go beyond exploitation if workers are to liberate themselves in ways Nietzsche generally called "envious." It is not envy that drives people to rebel, but a desire to not be exploited like chattel. To this, the recuperation of the activist—into a killer demon or zombie that cannot speak and must instead be shot—is generally seen as a good thing to do; it sublimates them into something that can be logically dealt with; i.e, through violence.

prescriptive sexuality (and gender)

Sexuality and gender as prescribed according to various explicit or tacit mandates; i.e., sex, orientation and gender performance/identity are not separate and exist within a cis-gendered, heteronormative colonial binary. This can come from corporations or groups that produce media on a geopolitical scale, or from individual artists/thinkers who uphold the status quo (TERFs, for example). Generally illustrated through propaganda that appropriates marginalized groups.



descriptive sexuality (and gender)

Sexuality and gender as describing actual persons, be they sexual and/or asexual. This includes their bodies, orientations and identities, etc, as things to appreciate, not appropriate (thus exploit). For queer people, their existence is generally ironic to canonical, historical-material norms because they do not confirm to these norms or their prescriptions. Doing so requires genderqueer expression during oppositional praxis through *appreciative irony* as a kind of gender trouble/parody under heteronormative conditions (exhibit 3b).

appreciative irony

Simply put, a descriptive sexuality that culturally appreciates the irony of queer existence in various forms: trans people, non-binary persons, homosexuals, pansexuals, bisexuals, intersex persons, femboys, catgirls, etc. Often, portrayed through countercultural performance art, including sex-positive BDSM in iconoclastic forms of Gothic media.

asexuality

A gradient of expressions that includes *demisexual/grey ace* and *aromantic* persons, asexuality displays orientations and performances or gender identities that diverge from sexual attraction, generally in favor of romantic, spiritual and emotional connections; i.e., a neurodivergent condition, not a disease that needs to be repressed, shamed or attacked.

neurodivergence

A quality of brain conditions that diverge from neurotypical persons and brains. Neurodivergent people tend to be demonized, but also shamed as disabled, insane or mendacious. However, NeuroClastic's Autistic Science Person writes in "Autistic People Care Too Much, Research Says" (2020) that [autistic people on average tend to be more selfless and open-minded than neurotypical persons](#). This isn't an automatic endorsement of us (I am neurodivergent) nor *carte blanche*, but it does help explain the ways in which Capitalism devalues people who don't toe the line (e.g., [the C.S. Lewis trilemma: lunatic, liar, lord](#); source: Essence of Thought, 2022): Neurodivergent people tend to be anti-work knowing that many jobs and forms of consumption are incredibly unethical; while there is no ethical consumption under Capitalism, we recognize that some forms of consumption actively contribute to an economy of genocide; e.g., purchasing sugar in slavery-era Great Britain before 1833, [or playing Hogwarts Legacy in 2023 despite knowing J.K. Rowling is a TERF and her brand is anti-trans](#) (Renegade Cut's "Don't Play Hogwarts Legacy," 2023).

plurality/multiplicity

Generally demonized in Gothic canon, "Plurality or multiplicity is the psychological phenomenon in which a body can feature multiple distinct or overlapping consciousnesses, each with their own degree of individuality. This phenomenon can feature in identity disturbance, dissociative identity disorder, and other specified dissociative disorders. Some individuals describe their experience of plurality as a form of neurodiversity, rather than something that demands a diagnosis" (source). It's not automatically an ailment or begot from trauma, though it will canonically be presented as such (the same goes for asexual/neurodivergent peoples).

sex-repulsed

Not to be confused with *sex-negative*/reactionary politics, *sex-repulsed* is the quality through which persons—whether through nature or nurture; i.e., hereditary or environmental trauma factors (for these tend to overlap)—are repulsed by sex. This can be partial—can amount to gradient indifference or outright trauma/triggering status depending on its severity. *Important: Sex-repulsion is not strictly a symptom, but a neurodivergent condition with congenital/comorbid factors operating within the brain as neuroplastic (concepts we'll explore in depth in Volume Three, Chapter Three).*

comorbid/congenital

The simultaneous presence of two or more diseases *or* medical conditions in a patient—congenital meaning "present at birth," inherited. In gendered terms, this can present in people who are non-conforming or neurotypical; in Marxist terms, this extends into the material world as an extension of the human mind—i.e., the Gothic imagination as comorbid.

LGBTQ+

Lesbian, Gay, Bi, Trans, Queer, and various other non-gender-conforming groups.

queer

A general, all-purpose label reclaimed from its colonizer origins. For example, I identify as queer/am a queer person. While terms like trans, queer, gay and so on most certainly have specific definitions, in everyday queer parlance they tend to be used *interchangeably* (with idiosyncratic boundaries being drawn up when the need arises); forced conformity/division is to "make things weird" (though marginalized gatekeeping/sectarianism is definitely a thing)

genderqueer

Challenging gender norms; also called "questioning" or "gender non-conforming."

monogamy/-ous

The performance of a singular, happy relationship, canonically structured around marriage, reproductive sex and the nuclear family structure. In Gothic canon, this structure is often threatened by a Gothic villain—e.g., Count Ardolph from Charlotte Dacre's *Zofloya*. When Ardolph cuckolds the husband with said husband's unfaithful,

susceptible-to-vice wife (the Original Sin argument), our unhappy husband—thoroughly chagrined—literally dies of shame. It's heteronormative and white supremacist, foisting societal fears onto a foreign, not-quite-West, not-quite-East scapegoat: those god-damn Italians! This form of xenophobic displacement would be revisited in Mary Shelley's 1818 novel, *Frankenstein*—with her Germanic, asexual scapegoat, Victor, not only cock-blocking his own kid as a proponent of the Enlightenment's version of unnatural reproduction ("I will be with you on your wedding night!"), but mad science being historically-materially Germanized in canonical fictional and non-fictional forms (e.g., [Operation Paperclip](#) and the American privatization/weaponization of mad science from irrational, hauntologized lands like Nazi Germany)!

poly(amory/-ous)

Non-normative family/open relationship structures that break with the heteronormative structure/cycle of compelled marriage; historically conflated with swinging or serial monogamy (which are really their own heteronormative practices; i.e., "We're not *poly*, we're *serially monogamous*!"). Note how poly relationships tend to be framed as *polyamorous*, not polygamous (unless you're a Mormon or cult leader, although certain traditions in non-Western societies allowed for polygamy as well—though not many were exclusively matriarchal in function). Polyamory *can* include marriage, though the basic idea is any (a)sexual relationship with multiple partners. Pairs within this arrangement are called *couples* (*thruple* being a popular term even in mainstream fiction, though canon reduces it to a destructive/"bury your gays" love triangle/square, etc); the entire social-sexual structure of a given poly arrangement is called a *polycule*. *Note: As part of the "bury your gays trope," poly couples are often viewed as "homewreckers," conflated with wanton societal destruction of the familial household (re: Count Ardolph from Zofloya); heteronormativity demands that they die—e.g., Shari and Cary (a pun for "sharing and caring," if I had to guess) from You (2018) being ritualistically sacrificed by the writers of the show, who have them murdered by the codependent, horribly selfish, duplicitous and perfidious compulsive liars/pattern-killers, Joe Goldberg and Love Quinn. —Perse*

"friends of Dorothy"

[Historically a method of queer concealment in the 1980s](#) but also appropriated under Rainbow Capitalism; can be appreciated under Gothic Communism, as well.

beards

A relationship of convenience to appear straight, heteronormative, monogamous, nuclear, "Roman," etc. The nuptial variant of a beard is the *lavender marriage*.

heteronormativity

HETERONORMATIVITY

An extremely helpful concept in queer theory, which encapsulates a lot of what we've just covered is *heteronormativity*. Queer theorist Michael Warner popularized this term in 1991, drawing on Rubin's sex hierarchy and Rich's compulsory heterosexuality.

Heteronormativity refers to a set of related cultural assumptions:

- The "normal" or "natural" form of attraction and relationships is one man and one woman who:
 - Normally or naturally embody conventional gender roles and norms; and
 - Have sex whereby the man's penis penetrates the woman's vagina (PIV sex).



- Other forms of sexuality and gender are less normal or natural than this (or not normal or natural at all).



- Thus, people are assumed heterosexual unless proven otherwise.

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(exhibit 3b: Author/artist: [Meg-Jon Barker](#) from "What's wrong with heteronormativity?" featuring their 2016 book, [Queer: A Graphic History](#).)

Heteronormativity is both highly unnatural and normalized by capital. It is the supremely harmful idea wherein heterosexuality and its relative gender norms are prescribed/enforced to normalized, institutional extremes by those in power—i.e.,

the Patriarchy. In Marxist terms, capitalists and state agents own, thus control, the media, using it to enforce heterosexuality and the colonial (cis-)gender binary through advertisement on a grand scale (re: the canonical Superstructure). This influence reliably affects how people respond, helping them recognize "the social world of linguistic communication, intersubjective relations, knowledge of ideological conventions, and the acceptance of the law"—re: [Lacan's Symbolic Order](#). Acceptance of this Order when it is decidedly harmful is manufactured consent, leading to basic human rights abuses perpetrated by the state and its bourgeois actors. Pro-bourgeois abuses happen through various concentric lenses of normativity—heteronormativity, [amatormativity](#), [Afronormativity](#), homonormativity and queernormativity, etc—that appeal tokenistically to the same colonial binary and its heteronormative mythic structure; i.e., that which conflates human biology (sex and skin color), thus sex and gender roles within a transgenerational curse: the king saw the black, queer and/or female monster and went mad because he had been alienated from them and himself. The curse of the castle and the Shadow of Pygmalion, then, is reliable decay and socio-material madness felt through this engineered tension as being ultimately profitable for the elite and detrimental to everyone else (whether they're defending the institution or not). Heteronormativity doesn't just explain away ignominious death, but essentializes and endorses it; i.e., the hallmark couple looks happy so the system must work, right? All you have to do is conform, consume and obey...

queernormativity/homonormativity

Normative queerness centers queerness in *sexualized* spheres (erasing ace people) centered around the nuclear family unit/sexual reproduction. *Homonormativity* takes the same idea and applies it to cis-gendered homosexual men/women (the "two dads/two moms" appropriative trope as queer-baiting/lip service).

gender trouble

Coined by Judith Butler, gender trouble is the social tension and reactions that result when the heteronormative, binary view of sexuality and gender is disrupted. This trouble can happen through the parody of social-sexual norms through ironic or appreciative (counterculture) reverse-abjection, whose reactionary abjection occurs by an increasingly unstable status quo as it impedes or threatens disintegration (moral panics under Capitalism's intended cycles of decay and restoration). Such threatening is generally of the heteronormative side reacting negatively towards the very things it abjects, which can be as simple as boys wearing pink instead of blue(!). Such a binary and similar socio-material schemes have only recently solidified under neoliberal Capitalism; e.g., now, pink is very much canonically treated as feminine/female in cis-coded, heteronormative ways

(for an extensive, funny chronicling of this entire tragedy as it historically-materially unfolds, refer to Tirrrb's 2023 video: "[The Yassification Of Masculinity](#)").

girl-cock (exhibit 7c) or boy pussy (exhibit 52c)/gender parody

Genitals or genitalia-like artifacts that fulfill an ironic/gender parody cultural role that interrogates heteronormative gender assignment, performance or identity, as well as sexual orientation. They can be informed by one's biological sex in coercive ways (exhibit 30/31). However, no one in non-normative/proletarian circles wants to be "defined" by biological sex—i.e., forced conformity. This leads to the creation of various sex toys (exhibits 38a) and aliases useful to our existence, as well as actively operating as sex-positive workers (this being said, sex-positive workers *are* active by default—attacked for being different from what the state prescribes, but also allowed to exist by the elite because *we're* the fuel that Capitalism needs to operate).

natural assignment

Accident of birth—i.e., the natural assignment of one's biological sex (and conditions to form one's gender identity around, whether through conformity or struggle); one's birth sex/genitals: male, female, and intersex.

AFAB/AMABs

Assigned-Female/Male-at-Birth—i.e., one's birth sex. Can be used as a noun or adjective; e.g., "AFABs dislike this" or "an AFAB person," etc. Intersex people are their own category.

what is INTERSEX?

The term "intersex" is used to describe an individual whose chromosomes, hormones, or sexual organs are not in line with the perceived male/female sex binary.

SEX is not binary: **SEX is a spectrum:**

Sex is determined by a doctor upon birth using the following guidelines: (according to the infant's genitals)

it's a girl! (under 3/8") it's a boy! (over 1")

unacceptable!

Babies with "ambiguous genitals" often undergo inhumane, dangerous, and unnecessary surgeries to "normalize" their genitals, many times without parental consent!

INTERSEX PEOPLE...

- >> are about as common as redheads!
- >> can have any sexual orientation or gender identity.
- >> should never be called "hermaphrodites."
- >> should have their privacy respected.
- >> should not have to be ashamed of their bodies.
- >> deserve to be treated like anybody else.

INTERSEX AWARENESS DAY // october 26

SOURCES: isna.org, actuallyintersex.tumblr.com, sexandgender.net, apcdaily.wordpress.com

intersex

(exhibit 3c1: [source](#))

The existence on a biological gradient between the qualifiers male and female, amounting to a variable "third sex" that presents mixed features of either sex to varying degrees; except, the umbrella term doesn't represent one particular manifestation as a strict third, but all of them together on a vast, complicated spectrum of genotypical and phenotypical elements. They are often depicted as angels or demons in the classically androgynous sense, or stigmatized/fetishized in porn as "shemales," "he-shes" and other

canonically pejorative labels; a common, non-insulting label is "androgynous" (though this can apply to trans people and mixed gender performance, too). A common intersex example in Gothic media is the phallic woman or Archaic Mother—e.g., the xenomorph.

non-binary

From the Human Rights Campaign's "Glossary of Terms" (2023):

An adjective describing a person who does not identify exclusively as a man or a woman. Non-binary people may identify as being both a man and a woman, somewhere in between, or as falling completely outside these categories. While many also identify as transgender, *not all non-binary people do*. Non-binary can also be used as an umbrella term encompassing identities such as agender, bigender, genderqueer or gender-fluid ([source](#)).

Non-binary can mean a lot of different things. A femboy can be a cis femboy AMAB who feels femme but still identifies as a man; or someone who identifies through the femboy gender role as a performance that constitutes their identity label (similar to drag queens); or someone whose AFAB who non-binarizes the femboy label. To non-binarize is to remove the binary component of something but generally preserve the aesthetic and power structure within the arrangement (e.g., cis-gendered catgirls and femboys as things to non-binarize: exhibits 91a1 and 91c).

sexual/asexual orientation

How people orient (a)sexually/"float their boats" in relation to gender identity and performance. A double helix of two gradients, each having two theoretical "poles," wherein both ribbons descriptively intertwine/intersect within the socio-material world (more on this in Volume Three, Chapter Three).

heterosexuality

Orienting towards the *opposite* gender. Classically called "opposite-sex attraction," gender-non-conformity (GNC) treats heterosexuality as orienting towards the gender opposite to *oneself*. This being said, pure opposites do not generally exist outside of heteronormative enforcement (which compels binaries in service of the profit motive/process of abjection) so heterosexual people also tend to be cis; i.e., cis-het, or "straight."

homosexuality

Orienting towards the *same* gender. Classically called "same-sex attraction," gender-non-conformity treats homosexuality as orienting towards the same gender as *oneself*. No binary is required, and the term is generally synonymous with "gay" or "lesbian."

bisexuality

Orienting towards *two or more* genders. Classically called "both-sex attraction" (or something along those lines), gender-non-conformity treats bisexuality as orienting towards the gender opposite to and the same as *oneself*.

pansexuality

Orienting towards someone else *regardless of* their gender. However, this does not preclude exceptions and the phrase is generally used interchangeably with bisexuality in everyday parlance.

heteronormative assignment (cis gender roles)

Accident of birth in relation to one's "birth gender" as socially constructed by the state in relation to one's genitals. For example, if you're reading this on planet Earth, you're both literate and fluent in English. This means your birth gender is heteronormatively connected to/essentialized with your birth sex by reactionaries and moderates alike, who will collectively die on the hill of assigning you a social-sexual/worker role based *entirely* on your genitals ("It is against free speech to stop us from fixating on the genitals," writes the Onion in their 2023 article, "[It is Journalism's Sacred Duty to Endanger the Lives of as Many Trans People as Possible](#)"). Commonly seen as "cis-het," it can also be cis-queer (e.g., a homosexual or bisexual cis-gendered man or woman). Not all cis-queer people are moderates/reactionaries, though class conflict turns potential trans allies into class traitors working for the elite. Likewise, heteronormativity is binarized, thus connecting gender to sex in order to create sexually dimorphic gender roles for "both" worker sexes (all while ignoring intersex people).

transgender reassignment (transgender identity)

Simply put, Being trans is gender identity wherein one feels, and hopefully one day decides to recognize, that one isn't cis. For example, I have always been trans, but felt closeted about it; for a long time, I identified as genderfluid/as a femboy before deciding that I aligned best within the idea of being a binary trans woman. However, words like "gay," "trans," and "non-binary" can also be used interchangeable to some extent in basic conversation—in short, because the definitions overlap. A non-binary person isn't cis, so calling them "trans" isn't wrong. However, there is a preference with which labels they'll use in basic conversation and which one's they'll wave a flag to (i.e., I *am* an atheist and a feminist, but would rather call myself a gay space Communist/Satanist any day of the week).

gender identity

One's conforming or nonconforming gender identity as a (sub)conscious act; i.e., how one identifies, be that passively or actively. This act of identifying intersect with their birth sex/gender, their orientation, while also competing dialectically-materially for or against the state during various performances. This can be passive/active, but remains a socio-political position that changes over time (sex,

gender and politics, etc, are fluid). In the past, people were more likely to be "true neutral," unaware of things as the state oppressed information outright. Now, misinformation and factionalism are the bourgeois name of the game—gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss; so is denial (for those who don't want to get involved in active politic affairs; aka state-sponsored apathy) and overt genocide (when moderacy fails, doing so by design and allowing fascists to get their hands bloody so the elite can deny involvement): neglect, ignorance and abuse, respectively.

gender performance

Gender performance is coded in relation to oneself, their identity/orientation, and to society's in-groups and out-groups, aka formal/informal gender roles. Whether one's gender *identity* is assigned to them at birth, or is self-assigned through various non-gender-conforming types—e.g., trans man/woman, non-binary, femboy, agender, etc—their gender *performance* amounts to a coded set of social behaviors (and corresponding materials and language) that adhere to performative rules meant to reinforces one's gender as either self-assigned, or assigned heteronormatively by the state. To that, these concepts do not exist in a vacuum, but intersect and often conflict (which leads to gender parody and gender trouble during subversive exercises). The higher you go in vertical power structures, the more patriarchal someone behaves. This varies per socio-material register. The elite will push buttons to calmly genocide entire peoples for profit (for them, it's business-as-usual, conducted over time inside a structure built to accommodate them); those whose positions are more fragile (fascists) will behave more extremely as they defend the nation-state (with moderacy trying to conceal/downplay this). E.g., Bill Gates is a total dweeb who hangs out with pedophiles but dresses like your creepy uncle; Matt Walsh and Hitler both have to overperform to keep up with their fragile, hypermasculine gender roles, thus maintain their veneer of invincibility.



(artist, left: [Mark Bryan](#); right: [Cursed Arachnid](#))

gender performance as identity

Some identities involve broader gender performances to identify around or as. Common sex-coercive examples include the *Einsatzgruppen* (death squads) of Nazi Germany's *SS-Totenkopfverbände* (the Death's Head units); despite being a paramilitary group in a fascist (thus heteronormative) regime, the appearance of these groups was literally tailored by Hugo Boss around fetishistic (then and now) Nazi aesthetics; i.e., as examined by Leftist Youtuber, Yugopnik, in "Aesthetics of Evil - The Fascist Uniform" (2021): [Nazis uniforms were patently designed to evoke the heroic spirit of palingenetic ultranationalism inside a cult of death](#), one whose dimorphic gender roles were deliberately affixed to fear and dogma (whose sex-coercive stamp on canonical BDSM we'll examine in Volume Three). Sex-positive examples include drag queens or femboys. To that, someone doesn't have to identify as either of these terms. And yet, while drag queens are predominantly cis men, they also belong to a cultural movement that is so large and specific in its as to justify identify as someone who belongs to such a group. It takes on a life of its own. Similarly, femboys belong to a group of people who identify according to the word "femboy" as something to live by through its canonical subversion by iconoclastic method; i.e., appreciative irony as a means of reclaiming the word and making it sex-positive through latter-day examples of the word (which we'll examine in Volume Three, Chapter Three).

a woman

That depends ("Beware the elves for they will say both yea and nay"). Keeping the above terms in mind, a woman is multiple things at once. On the *bourgeois* side, she's anything a man isn't—i.e., a cis-het sex slave/employee/girl boss, etc (note the gradient of euphemisms to disguise the deliberate marital role of unpaid women's work under Capitalism); on the proletariat side, she's however someone identifies in relation to the state as a worker—for or against it to various, liminal degrees (this includes personas, alter-egos, egregores and various other disguises). To reduce it to "an adult, human female" is super gross, Nazi-level shit (and while I *want* to seriously feel sorry for Matt Walsh's probably-battered housewife, assuming she's entirely ignorant of her husband's abuse would assume that she actually puts in the work; however, if she does, it would take total isolation of anything not supplied to her in advance by her "big, strong, powerful, caretaker" husband. That's quite sad and pathetic). I hate Nazis, Matt Walsh; my grandfather fought them during WW2 after they raped and destroyed his homeland and killed most of his friends and family. They prey on fear yet instantly run away like Brave Ser Robin when they're outed as perfidiously and ignominiously stupid. You're cut from the same cloth, you giant, callow man-child.

To be good-faith and holistic, I've tried to include the most fundamental and basic queer language as comprehensively as I can for all readers (this anticipates cryptofascists like Matt Walsh, who only asks "What is a Woman?" in bad faith to reactionarily maintain the status quo—the feckless backstabber). Other terms that we haven't mentioned here will come up during the book as we build off our main arguments. —Perse

the (settler-)colonial binary

Nadi Tofighian writes in *Blurring the Colonial Binary* (2013) that, having evolved beyond Rome's master/slave dynamic, colonialism and Imperialism "separated people into different classes of people, ruler and ruled, white and non-white, thereby creating and widening a colonial binary" ([source](#)). To this, the cis-het, white European/Christian male is superior to all other workers. This binary extends to token marginalizations and infiltrated and assimilated/normalized activist groups, thought/political leaders or public intellectuals, who serve as class traitors, but also functional police for their respective domains.

Cartesian dualism/the Cartesian Revolution

The rising of a dividing system of thought by René Descartes that led to settler colonialism. As Raj Patel and Jason Moore write in *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things*:

The inventors of Nature were philosophers as well as conquerors and profiteers. In 1641, Descartes offered what would become the first two laws of capitalist ecology. The first is seemingly innocent. Descartes distinguished between mind and body, using the Latin *res cogitans* and *res extensa* to refer to them. Reality, in this view, is composed of discrete "thinking things" and "extended things." Humans (but not all humans) were thinking things; Nature was full of extended things. The era's ruling classes saw most human beings—women, peoples of color, Indigenous Peoples—as extended, not thinking, beings. This means that Descartes' philosophical abstractions were practical instruments of domination: they were real abstractions with tremendous material force. And this leads us to Descartes' second law of capitalist ecology: European civilization (or "we," in Descartes' word) must become "the masters and possessors of nature." Society and Nature were not just existentially separate; Nature was something to be controlled and dominated by Society. The Cartesian outlook, in other words, shaped modern logics of power as well as thought.

[...] The invention of Nature and Society was gendered at every turn. The binaries of Man and Woman, Nature and Society, drank from the same cup. Nature, and its boundary with Society, was "gyn/ecological" from the outset. Through this radically new mode of organizing life and thought, Nature became not a thing but a strategy that allowed for the ethical and economic cheapening of life. Cartesian dualism was and remains far more than a descriptive statement: it is a normative statement of how to best organize power and hierarchy, Humanity and Nature, Man and Woman, Colonizer and Colonized. Although the credit (and blame) is shared by many, it makes sense to call this a Cartesian revolution. Here was an intellectual movement that shaped not only ways of thinking but also ways of conquering, commodifying and living [...] that] made thinking, and doable, the colonial project of mapping and domination.

Finally, the Cartesian revolution was made thinkable, and doable, the colonial project of mapping and domination. [...] Cartesian rationalism is predicated on the distinction between the inner reality of the mind and the outer reality of objects; the latter could be brought into the former only through a neutral, disembodied gaze situated outside of space and time. That gaze always belonged to the Enlightened European colonist—and the empires that backed him. Descartes' *cogito* funneled vision and thought into a spectator's view of the world, one that rendered the emerging surfaces of modernity visible and measurable and the viewer bodiless and placeless. Medieval multiple vantage points in art and literature were displaced by a single, disembodied, omniscient and panoptic eye. In geometry, Renaissance painting, and especially cartography, the new thinking represented reality as

if one were standing outside of it. As the social critic Lewis Mumford noted, the Renaissance perspective "turned the symbolic relation of objects into a visual relation: the visual in turn became a quantitative relation. In the new picture of the world, size meant not human or divine importance, but distance." And that distance could be measured, catalogued, mapped, and owned.

The modern map did not merely describe the world; it was a technology of conquest ([source](#)).



(artist: [Allan Ramsay](#))

patrilineal descent

In medieval terms, patrilineal descent is generally expressed as Divine Right (what Mikhail Bakhtin comments on through the Gothic chronotope as dynastic power exchange and hereditary rites—the time of the historical past); i.e., the bloodline of kings. Under Capitalism, this applies to socio-material privileges accreting outwards from the nation-state/corporations through state-corporate propaganda (canon) in monomythic terms—a Symbolic Order that workers submit to once pacified.

the mythic structure

The Symbolic Order of Western canon: "Oh, look, it's a king or a god! Guess I'll bend the knee and turn off my brain!" Originally disrupted by the "mythic method"

as coined by T.S. Eliot, who "Jerry" from GLR Archive writes in "Eliot and the Mythic Method" (2004),

defines what he exemplifies in *The Waste Land* [1922] – i.e., the "mythic method" – in his essay "Ulysses, Order, and Myth" [1923]. The mythic method looked to the past to glean meaning and understanding for what has been lost or destroyed in the present. This method emphasizes the underlying commonality of ostensibly disparate times and locations by employing a comparative mythology to transcend the temporal narrative. By stressing the mythical, anthropological, historical, and the literary, this method becomes at once (1) satirical by showing how much the present has fallen; (2) comparative to highlight similarities structurally; (3) historically neutral to escape the present to a revived future; (4) confused in its fusion of the realistic and the phantasmagoric; (5) ordering in its approach to morality and imaginative passion. The mythic method does not offer an escape to a better past, but an entry to a confusing present ([source](#)).

Eliot's 20th century modernist shenanigans (not to be confused with Modernism, aka the Enlightenment) fly directly in the face of James Campbell's "[monomyth](#)." Canonized as "the hero's journey" in popular Western fiction and formative to new fictions, the monomyth is central to state hegemony through worker pacification. Perhaps not entirely aware of this, Eliot still chose not to retreat into a "better" past in search of individuation (to borrow from Carl Jung); he addressed the present as a modern confusion that *needs* to be faced. In socio-political terms, this can be spaces that house abject/reverse things (with proletarian/reverse-abject variants, of course): the parallel space.

the monomyth (shortened, from the thesis volume)

Also called the Hero's Journey, the monomyth is a rite of passage wherein a (traditionally male) child finds himself offered the "rare" opportunity to elevate through the seemingly divine provision of a sword or some such masterful weapon. There's many steps and moving parts following the Call to Adventure (often categorized between [twelve](#) and [seventeen](#)), but the basic gist is: offer adventure, refuse, change mind, get sword, cross boundaries, overcome trials and ordeals, kill the (corrupt, monstrous-feminine) monster, return in some shape or form changed by the quest, get the girl. Joseph Campbell is more prescriptive and optimistic, writing in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1949):

A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder: fabulous forces are there encountered, and a decisive

victory is won: the Hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man ["bros before hoes," I guess].

Personally, I find this whole notion incredibly dubious; i.e., harmful wish fulfillment/guilty pleasure that is generally trapped within a space for which there *is* no escape and which the fear of colonial inheritance runs deep in Neo-Gothic fiction. Through this questioning of the heroic quest, we can spot disempowering patterns beyond that of canonical empowerment tied to material conditions and dogma: the Cycle of Kings as a *Promethean* ordeal the state exploits to recruit soldiers to either send abroad and commit genocide, or to (re)colonize the homefront (the Imperial Boomerang, from Foucault) in the name of the father and one's bloodline through patrilineal descent.

the Cycle of Kings (shortened, from the thesis volume)

The centrist monomyth; i.e., the good and bad kings and all the kings' white cis-het Christian men or those *acting like these men*, thus warrior-minded good cops and bad cops in hauntological (from Derrida, trapped between the past and present; anachronistic with an emphasis on the imaginary past/retro-future) copaganda apologizing for state genocide—i.e., TERFs and other token groups. In turn, the calamity of war-as-an-*apologetic*-business—of canonically whitewashing culture, war and class war/culture war personified in theatrical war, as well as total war and shadow/proxy war on the global stage (or its return home via the Imperial Boomerang/military urbanism)—reeks from Capitalism like a Promethean "exhaust" during an infernal concentric pattern.

infernal concentric pattern (from the thesis volume)

Described by Manuel Aguirre in "Geometries of Terror" (2008) as the final room, or rather a room that conveys finality through the exhaustion of military optimism in the face of an endless, yawning dead;

where the hero crosses a series of doors and spaces until he reaches a central chamber, there to witness the collapse of his hopes; [this infernal concentric pattern has] in Gothic one and the same function: to destabilize assumptions as to the physical, ontological or moral order of the cosmos [... It is like a Mandelbrot set:] finite, and yet from within we cannot reach its end; it is a labyrinth that delves "down" instead of pushing outwards. From the outside it looks simple enough: bounded, finite, closed; from the inside, however, it is inextricable. It is a very precise graphic replica of the Gothic space in *The Italian* [...] Needless to say, the technique whereby physical or figurative space is endlessly fragmented and so seems both to repeat itself and to stall resolution is not restricted to *The Italian*: almost every major

Gothic author (Walpole, Beckford, Lee, Lewis, Godwin, Mary Shelley, Maturin, Hogg) uses it in his or her own way. *Nor does it die out with the metamorphosis of historical Gothic into other forms of fiction* (emphasis, me; [source](#)).

i.e., the infernal concentric pattern is the smoke of the ignominious dead used as a myopic screen of Capitalist Realism, one that hides the obvious function of the free market and exploitation as a man-made, but brutal Cartesian model: profit, by any means necessary.

totalitarian(ism)

A state condition towards the total consolidation of power at one point. For example, in respect to Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia, Richard Overy writes in *The Dictators* (2004), "'Totalitarian' does not mean that they were 'total' parties, either all-inclusive or wielding complete power; it means they were concerned with the 'totality' of the societies in which they worked."

parallel space

Parallel space (or language) works off the anti-totalitarian notion of "[parallel societies](#)" (Academy of Idea's "The Parallel Society vs Totalitarianism," 2022): "A [society] not dependent on official channels of communications, or on the hierarchy of values of the establishment." For our purposes, though, parallel space can be *either* canonical or iconoclastic, operating through bourgeois/proletarian means; i.e., to dissociate/displace socio-material critiques for or against the state, and usually to a faraway "Gothic" place: e.g., a castle in a mythical, semi-earthly land of madness like Ann Radcliffe's fictionalized Italy or the 1980s, neoliberal "danger disco" of James Cameron's *Terminator* (exhibit 15b2). The role of such Gothic examples is, again, the infernal concentric pattern as inescapable/uncanny.

class warfare

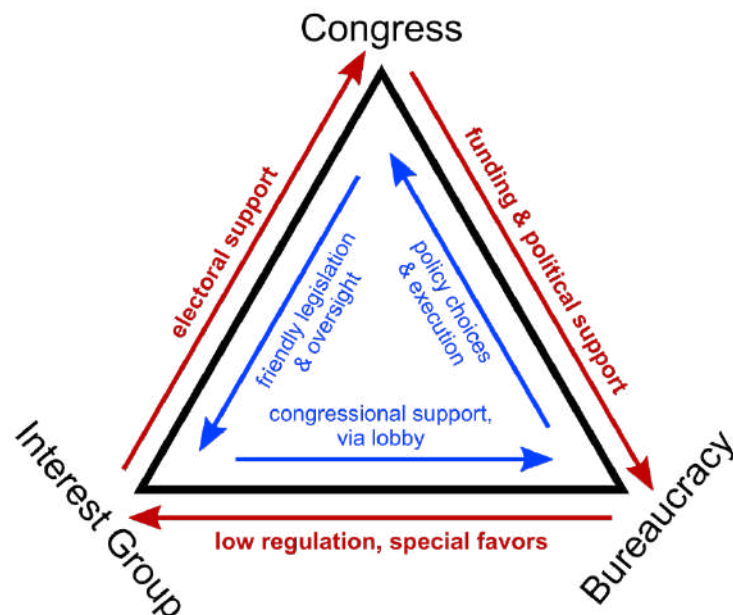
Class war for/against the state-corporate hegemony and its collective bourgeois interests. Proletarian solidarity and collective action fight an uphill battle against fractured/pulverized variants—i.e., worker division and in-fighting through tokenism, assimilation (gaslight, gatekeep, girl-boss) and token normativity as a means of generating class traitors to stall/prevent/regress rebellion and maintain Capitalism.

class traitors/cops

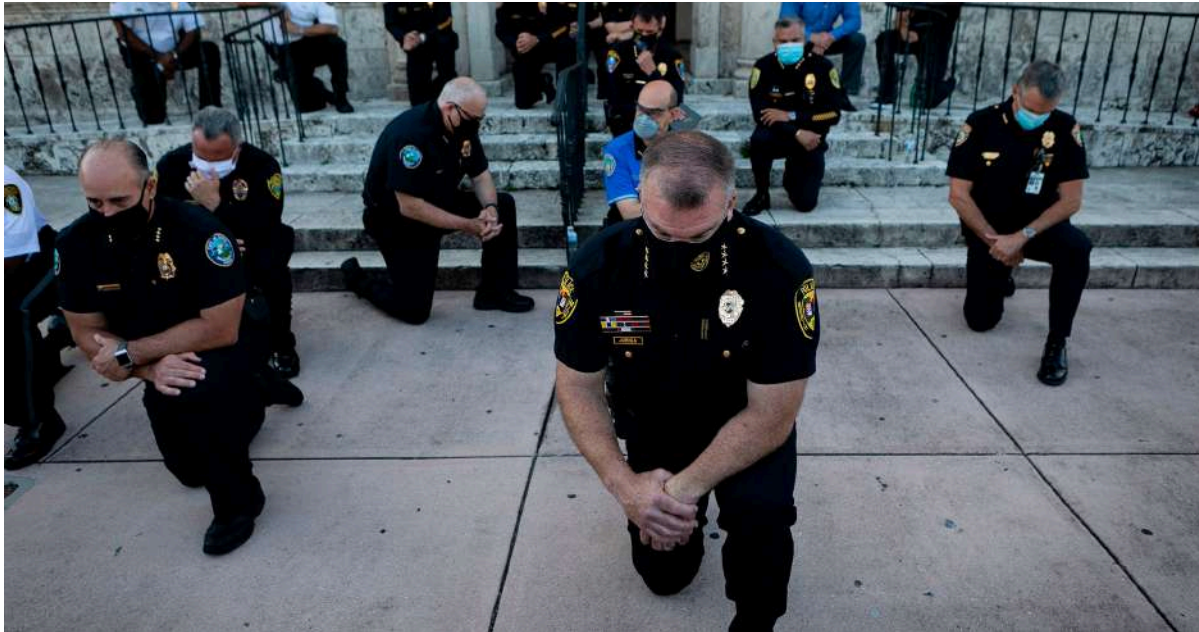
Workers who betray the working class in defense of capital, namely the state as capital, often the military or paramilitary (cops) but also those who take on the same bourgeois function by dividing workers in defense of capital, thus the state. Traitors and exploitation takes many, many forms because all workers are exploited to varying degrees and qualities—e.g., [Justin Eric King lying/downplaying about his active role in exploiting foreign/migrant workers](#) (Bad Empanada 2, 2023) smuggled into the U.S. and exploited like basement chattel slaves, only to be given a slap on the wrist by the state. Regardless of whom, the structure defends itself through manufacture, subterfuge and coercion in defense of capital from whistleblowers and activists as fundamental/*de facto* enemies of the state. "Those with power will be there."

Military Industrial Complex

(from [Wikipedia](#)): the relationship between a country's military and the defense industry that supplies it, seen together as a vested interest which influences public policy. A driving factor behind the relationship between the military and the defense-minded corporations is that both sides benefit—one side from obtaining war weapons, and the other from being paid to supply them. The term is most often used in reference to the system behind the armed forces of the United States, where the relationship is most prevalent due to close links among defense contractors, the Pentagon, and politicians. The expression gained popularity after a warning of the relationship's detrimental effects, in [the farewell address](#) of President Dwight D. Eisenhower on January 17, 1961.



In the context of the United States, the appellation is sometimes extended to **military-industrial-congressional complex (MICC)**, adding the US Congress to form a three-sided relationship termed an "iron triangle." Its three legs include political contributions, political approval for military spending, lobbying to support bureaucracies, and oversight of the industry; or more broadly, the entire network of contracts and flows of money and resources among individuals as well as corporations and institutions of the defense contractors, private military contractors, the Pentagon, Congress, and the executive branch.



([source](#): Matthew Byrne's "Police Departments Attempt a Charm Offensive Amid Uprisings," 2020)

copaganda

Any form of canonical media that defends state abuse through official or functional police agents, but especially their monopoly of violence against those living in the state of exception under crisis as meant to recognize and worship/submit to them like gods. The state is always, to some degree, in crisis, leading to the generation of myriad monomyth stories that express this fact—i.e., as a dividing line between the police and everyone else. Skip Intro, [a YouTuber with an extensive series on copaganda](#), explores how this phenomenon goes well beyond planet Earth, going so far as to call it a Faustian bargain. This bargain manifesting in many different kinds of fiction genres that endorse the status quo. For example, the "witch cops" and vice characters of fantasy narratives (war chiefs, Amazon war bosses; white and black "wolves") either attack orcs, Drow or some other enemy of the state during oppositional praxis, or they rally them in doomed rebellions and

futile/misunderstood attacks of revenge. One assimilates, the other is destroyed and vilified.

weird canonical nerds

A toxic subset of nerd culture. Whereas nerd culture is for those who present an increased intellectual interest in a given topic—often in literature, but popular media more broadly as something to consume, critique, or create—weird canonical nerds are those who substitute intellectualism for consumerism and negative freedom for the elite as something to blindly enjoy/endorse through faithful, uncritical consumption; i.e., the monomyth and Cycle of Kings as "good war"; e.g., Gamergate, 2014, but also TERFs and their emergence in the late 2010s. Not only is this group is very wide—encompassing white, cis-het male consumers, but also women, and assimilated, "minority police," token class traitors [cops are class traitors who betray the class interests of the working class/proletariat for the owner class/bourgeoisie]; but it unironically leads to fascism as the infernal concentric pattern (with Gamergate endorsed by weird canonical nerds into the 2016 election of Donald Trump, and neoliberal-fascist sentiments through coercive economics and "blind" pastiche/parody consumption outside of American establishment politics). Weird canonical nerds are systemically bigoted, pertaining to Man Box culture as something to openly endorse, or "resist" in ways that do nothing to change the status quo/avoid the infernal concentric pattern/Cycle of Kings; e.g., TERF Amazons, but also proudly "apolitical" non-feminist nerds who embody a particular status within the nerd pantheon of canonical heroes: Mega Man as a go-to centrist male hero, but also Eren Yeager as the "incel fascist" with mommy issues, or Samus Aran as the Galactic Federation's singular girl boss, etc. All become something to endorse within critically blind portions of nerd culture that ape their prescriptive, colonial heroes within culture war dressed up as "apolitical" (the *fascist* ideology being secondary to the pursuit and claiming of personal power by changing one's shape and language to fit those aims; e.g., Reinhardt Heydrich as a fascist war pig [to combine Umberto Eco with Black Sabbath] who would say whatever he could to justify his own iron grip on the minds of the populace: the foreign plot inside the house, once and forever). To this, the Gothic and its various intersections, contradictions and conflicts are embroiled within oppositional praxis for or against weird canonical nerds and their depictions/endorsements of different monster types (that, in the white, cis-het male tradition of privilege, routinely "fail up"—as success, like women or a nice house, is something they are taught to believe is owed to them; which extends to token minorities allowed a slice of the pie, but also must surrender their pie when the time comes [for which the real "Indian givers" are the settler colonist bearing false gifts: the Trojan Horse, aka the Faustian bargain, in Gothic circles]).

incels

An extreme form of rape culture, "involuntarily celibate" persons are those whose false victimization blames women instead of the system that alienates them by design. [The term was originally coined by a lonely woman in the '90s](#), but has since gone on to be used almost exclusively by the alt-right; i.e., stemming from grifters like Andrew Tate who market "self-help" snake oil to them, and authors like Hajime Isayama who make incel heroes tied to palingenetic ultranationalism dressed up as standard-issue war/national pastiche: "weeb" food.

weeaboo

Often shorted to "weeb," the term "weeaboo" is used in anime and manga communities to stereotype fans who show a set of extreme and obnoxious characteristics, generally tied to alt-right circles and belief systems. This includes eco-fascism and "waifus" (the videogame equivalent of a culture war bride promised to men or token proponents of the status quo), but also *moe*, *ahegao* and incest.

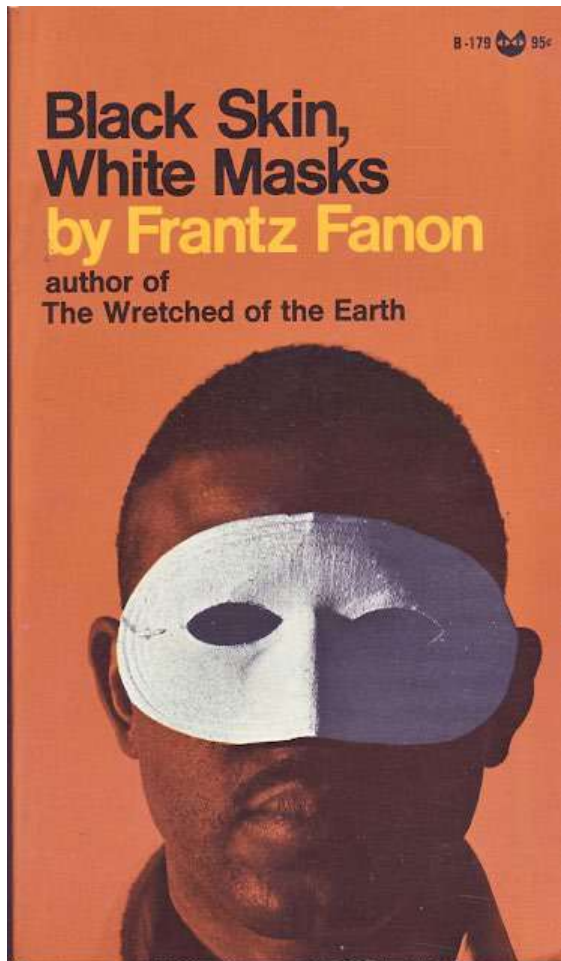
class character

The idea of making critical appeals/arguments that have "class character"/are class conscious. Though this notion is modular, it intersects with race, gender and religion, etc (the deliberate attempt to segregate/prioritize them called reductionism; e.g., "race/class reductionism").

gentrification

The process whereby the character of a poor urban area is changed by wealthier people moving in, improving housing, and attracting new businesses, typically displacing current inhabitants in the process; from a social standpoint, gentrification is the process of making someone or something more refined, polite, or respectable; e.g., *Jane Eyre* and *Adèle* (exhibit 21c1). For example, housing crises are instigated by gentrification as the "invention" of exploitable housing arrangements between owners and workers: apartments. The larger socio-material process generally intersects racial tensions in impoverished, redlined neighborhoods shared between intraracial in-fighting (*Boyz n the Hood*, 1991); or between different racial groups encouraged to divide by the elite through fascist/moderate, good cop/bad cop "peacekeepers" (*Lonestar*, 1996): the disillusionment of police culture as being functionally no different than highway bandits, accidental incest (stolen generations), and a border romance (it's practically a Gothic novel, minus the aesthetic).

tokenism/assimilation fantasy/minority police



Assimilated/appropriated forms of "emancipation" that turn minorities into race/class traitors aka "minority cops" (and/or renders them myopic towards the suffering of other groups through *Afrocentrism*). A common example is Frantz Fanon's "black skin, white masks," whose *Afronormativity* to various forms of the assimilated token servant desires to escape genocide by emulating their oppressors' genocidal/carceral qualities. This just doesn't apply to people of color, but *any* minority desiring to assimilate the in-group by selling out the rest of their out-group for clemency (which is always a brief reprieve). Tokenism is also intersectional, leading to preferential mistreatment—meaning "less punishment," not zero punishment the closer you are to the in-group colonial standard/status quo: the cis-het, white European/Christian male. In doing so, the status quo infiltrates activists groups, sublimating/assimilating them into the colonial binary along a gradient of gatekept

barriers.

gaslight, gatekeep...

Two common parts of socio-economic oppression employed by fascists and neoliberals. Gaslighting is a means of making abuse victims doubt the veracity of their own abuse (and their claims of abuse). Gatekeeping is a tactic more generally employed by those with formal power, denying various groups gainful employment (thus actual material advantage) or working platforms that allow them to effectively communicate systemic injustices perpetrated against them.

...girl-boss (tokenism)

A popular moderate MO, girl bosses are usually neoliberal symbols of "equality," a strong woman of authority who defends the status quo (an overtly fascist girl

boss [would be someone like Captain Israel](#); source: Bad Empanada 2's "Marvel's Israeli Superhero 'Sabra,'" 2022). This can be the female "suit," in corporate *de rigueur*, but also Amazons or orcs as corporate commodities (*war bosses*). Suits present Capitalism as "neutral," but also ubiquitous; Amazons and orcs (and all of their gradients) centralize the perceived order of good-versus-evil language in mass-media entertainment. *Queer bosses* are the same idea, but slightly more progressive: a strong queer person of authority whose *queernormativity* upholds the status quo. When this becomes cis-supremacist, the boss is a TERF—an assimilated war boss who regresses to a war bride herself when decay sets in, removing token privileges from most-marginalized token to least-marginalized (canonically speaking).

war brides (submissive class traitors/collaborators)

Persons, usually women, [who historically slept/fraternized with the enemy to survive](#) (Reddit, 2015). However, it's hardly that simple. More actively bourgeois "brides" would collaborate with their conquerors against the conquered (exhibit 2); proletarian "brides" [would kill their "husbands" for the Cause](#). This includes the Dutch *moffenmeiden* (women from Holland who slept with Nazis during the WW2 occupation, exhibit 2) and *gastarbeiders* (foreign exchange laborers forced to uproot and work in West Germany during early post-Stalin years). In class warfare, unironic "sleeping with the enemy" amounts to "breaking bread" with them; i.e., accepting their material gifts and financial backing in exchange for political compromise. Proletarian warriors should never compromise in this manner, as it leads to continued exploitation; i.e., "kicking the can down the road."



(exhibit 4a: Top left: a French woman, publicly humiliated after France's liberation, [source](#); top right: Truus Oversteegen, a Dutch Resistance fighter known for killing Nazi officials; bottom: photos of Carice van Houten, show in *Black Book* [2006] as the fictional Rachel Stein—a Dutch-Jewish singer-turned-spy who eludes capture, kills Nazis, and foils Dutch double-agents in the process [the movie was based off real-life accounts of Dutch resistance members, however. Point in fact, my own grandfather, [Henri van der Waard II](#), was one such person].)

TERFs/SWERFs/NERFs

TERFs are Trans Exclusionary Radical (fascist) Feminists; SWERFs and NERFs exclude sex workers and non-binary people, policing them but also members of their own "in"-groups (fandoms). It's true that older feminist movements were/are racist, exclusionary and cis-supremacist, etc; so I don't like to call TERFs "non-feminists" (though I can understand the temptation). To make the distinction between these older groups and feminism in solidarity with other oppressed groups, I call TERFs fascist "feminists." To be fair, they can be neoliberal, operating through national/corporate exceptionalism obscured by a moderate veneer (centrist media). However, neoliberals still lead to Capitalism-in-crisis, aka fascism, which adopts racist/sexist dogma and rape culture/"prison sex" mentalities in more overtly hierarchical ways. Not all TERFs are SWERFs/NERFs (or vice versa) but there's generally overlap. All compromise in ways harmful to worker solidarity and emancipation.

punching down

Reactionary political action, generally acts of passive or active aggression against a lower class by a higher class. For our purposes, middle-class people are afforded less total oppression through better material conditions (wages, but also healthcare, promotions, etc) by the elite—a divide-and-conquer strategy that renders them dependent on the status quo. This dependency allows the elite to demonize the poor in the eyes of the middle class. The elite antagonize the poor because the poor have the most incentive to punch up. This reliably engenders prejudice against them as a target, often to violent extremes. This is especially true in neoliberal canon:



([source](#))

punching up

Emancipatory politics. Whereas punching down aligns with systemic power, punching up moves against these structures and their proponents through *de facto* roles. This owes itself to how Capitalism works: The system exploits workers and targets of genocide for the elite, requiring them to demonize *potential threats*, not just active ones. Asking for basic human rights might not be a conscious act of rebellion; it *automatically* becomes one in the eyes of the elite (who discourage human rights). The louder these voices grow, the harder they punch up. This forces the elite to "correct the market" with extreme prejudice, which they disguise through various bad-faith measures (and political "neutral language").

reactive abuse

Systemic/social abuse that provokes a genuine self-defense reaction from the victim, whereupon the expectant abuser "self-defends" in extreme prejudice through DARVO. Reactive abuse correlates with reactionaries defending the state—i.e., reactionary politics being a form of white, cis-het fragility (moderacy being a veiled form of this).

white (cis-het, Christian male) fragility

A reactionary tendency for state proponents to become easily frightened, angry and violent when exposed to activist criticism; i.e., criticisms that concern the socio-material realities of systemic racism, heteronormative and other institutional bigotries and biases. These factors (and their material conditions) reliably lead to widespread mistreatment against targeted minorities that white and/or cis-het Christian men/people are normally excluded from; i.e., their privilege affords them *preferential* mistreatment—less exploitation, making them historically more prone to side with power in defense of the status quo (which is white, cis-het, patriarchal and Christian). Power aggregates against slave rebellions, financially incentivizing a middle class of variable size (and inclusion) to *exclude* and attack minorities that are simply fighting for their basic human rights. White and/or cis-het fragility, then, is a useful way to weaponize a violent, defensive mentality against activism as a whole; it is applied differently cross different groups, intersecting within race, class and gender as things to either enforce by white, cis-het agents in Christian *and* secular circles, or assimilate by tokenized subordinates; e.g., girl bosses, black capitalists, and other sell-outs/class traitors.

DARVO

A common abuser tactic at any register, DARVO stands for "Deny, Accuse, Reverse, Victim, Offender." It is meant to be used in bad faith, generally by punching down against activists at a socio-political level.

bad(-)faith

The act of concealing one's true intentions, presenting a false willingness (the opposite of good faith) to discuss ideas openly while deliberately seeking to cause harm to the opposite party. This performance can be fascist "defensive maneuvers" or neoliberal dogma; it can also be beards and various queer/Afronormative masks appropriated by TERFs and other assimilated groups.



virtue-signaling/white-knighting

False solidarity or alliances geared towards "clout" or personal brownie-point-farming. Think "brown-nosing" or "ass-kissing" but towards marginalized groups and their leaders with a desire to de-fang them: "Join us."

tone-policing

Speech- and thought-regulation of activist groups—often through admonishment/open condescension by moderates.

dogwhistles

Coded language, generally presented as innocuous or unrelated to those using it, meant to disguise the user's true ideology or political identity. A popular tactic amongst cryptofascists, but also TERFS. For example, Rational Wiki lists dozens of TERF dogwhistles, including the colors purple, white, green in square emoji for:

Another emoji-based dog whistle used by TERFS on social media. Used primarily by UK-based TERFs, it seems to have emerged in the first half of 2021, and has largely replaced the [chequered flag](#) and [red square](#). The colour scheme is based on the historical tri-color used by the [Women's Social and Political Union](#) (WSPU), an organization that campaigned for [women's suffrage](#) in the United Kingdom from 1903 to 1918. This is yet another example of TERFs trying to cast themselves as the political successors of suffragettes. It also co-opts the colour scheme used in the [genderqueer](#) pride

flag designed by Marilyn Roxie in 2010 ([source](#): Rational Wiki's "TERF Glossary," 2023).

Nazis use their own dogwhistles as well, meant to be seen by fellow club members to identify each other while hiding in plain sight. Many of these symbols are only used by the alt-right, at this stage, but in case there is overlap, the context of the subterfuge and its hauntologies can flush fascists out into the open:



cryptofascists

Fascists by any other name or code. These fascists deliberately mislabel themselves and employ obscurantism to avoid the all-purpose "Nazis" label, thus preserve their negative freedom by normalizing themselves. This includes white nationalists, Western Chauvinists, and pro-Europeans; it also includes TERFs like Meghan Murphy [spuriously decrying the "TERF" label as "hate speech" in 2017](#) (a flashpoint for TERF politics). I write "spurious" because hate speech is committed by groups in power, or sanctioned by those in power, against systemically marginalized targets. *Please note: TERFs claiming self-persecution in bad faith (a standard fascist tactic) does not make them a legitimate target for systemic violence beyond what their relative privilege affords; it just makes them dishonest.*

obscurantism

The act of deliberately concealing one's true self (usually an ideology or political stance) through deliberately deceptive ambiguity. The classic, 20th century

example are the Nazis, who called themselves "national-socialists" by intentionally disguising their true motives behind stolen, deliberately inaccurate language; e.g., The Holocaust Encyclopedia's 2017 exhibit on [the inverted swastika as a current-day religious symbol thousands of years old that has been co-opted and profaned by a fascist state](#) (similar to the Star of David being co-opted by the enthostate of Israel in their state-sanctioned, American-backed genocide of the Palestinians). However, any sex-coercive group constantly employs concealment as a means of negative freedom: freedom from social justice. Neoliberal corporations routinely frame themselves as "neutral" and exceptional in the same breath, lying and denying the historio-material consequences of their own propaganda every chance they get; fascists celebrate dogwhistles (sans admitting to them as bad-faith) but condemn whistle-blowing as "censorship." TERFs can be neoliberal or fascist, [but as Katelyn Burns notes in 2019, still call themselves "gender-critical" in either case](#) (similar to white supremacists calling themselves "race realists"). Despite whitewashing themselves, TERFs function as sporadically moderate bigots, dodging legitimate, sex-positive criticism. They generally accomplish this through DARVO obscurantism, a strategy of playing the victim while blaming actual victims by gaslighting them.

For more examples of cryptofascism and obscurantism, consider watching Renegade Cut's "[What Is \(and Is Not\) Anti-Fascism?](#)" (2022). This will come in handy when we examine fascism and TERFs in Volume Three—Perse



(exhibit 5a: Source, "[Cancel culture: the road to obscurantism](#)" [2021]; note: the author, Stefano Braghioli of New Europe, actually blames iconoclasts for viciously condemning the Greats of Western Civilization to oblivion, itself a form of DARVO obscurantism: The West is built on settler colonialism, Imperialism, and genocide.)

Miscellaneous Terms, Game Theory

accommodated intellectuals

Inspired by [Edward Said's *Representations of the Intellectual*](#) (1993), an accommodated intellectual is—by my measure—a public-speaker, intellectual or thinker socio-materially accommodated by a formal institution of power. Though often corporatized (e.g., the think tank), this traditionally extends to tenured professors, who—even when their ideas *are* useful to Communism—tend to become far more concerned with cataloguing these ideas than spreading them to a wider public (so-called "academic paywalls" and general gatekeeping behaviors). Such individuals are, as I like to call them, giant chickenshits.

cognitive estrangement

The consequence of overspecialized language alienating anyone but a hyperspecific target audience, or an audience being so specialized that they cannot easily understand anything outside of their wheelhouse (a common fatality among academics or specialized researchers).

cognitive dissonance

A "psychomachic" conflict between one's feelings and thoughts, often stemming from an ideology that practices harm against particular groups that another aspect of the person is unable to face, practice or otherwise acknowledge.

anisotropic

The alteration of meaning depending on the flow of exchange—e.g., the white savior vs the black criminal (despite both being violent) vs *the white oppressor vs the black victim*. For our purposes, this means "for or against capital/canon," etc—i.e., bourgeois heroic action is benevolent in one direction (from the hero's point of view) and terrifying from the victim's point of view, the assigned scapegoat made to suffer as the state's chosen target of sanctioned violence inside the state of exception (more on this in the manifesto). Likewise, this remains a common phenomenon during the Promethean hero's journey inside the closed/parallel space.

concentric

"The Russian doll effect," an endless procession of mirrors, foes, doors, etc—i.e., the Promethean Quest never ends; the war, carnage and rape never cease; the confusion and utter destitution, etc.

intersectionality

When multiple bourgeois/proletarian codifiers align within a particular social group; e.g., cis-het white women or trans women of color, etc. Intersectionality tends to be canonically abjected or gaslit, gatekept, girl-bossed, fetishized, etc. This book thoroughly examines intersectionality under Capitalism as either bourgeois or proletarian.

liminality

A linguo-material position of conflict or transition, liminality is ontologically a state of being "in between," usually through failed sublimation/uncanniness; it invokes a "grey area" generally demonized in Western canon as "chaos." In truth, semantic disorder can be used to escape the perpetual exploitation and decay caused all around us by Capitalism and its giant lies (a concept we'll explore throughout this book). Liminality also occurs when working with highly canonical/colonized material, like the Western, European fantasy or highly exploitative material like canonical porn (with the word "pornography" being criminalized, thus something iconoclasts must reclaim). Gothic examples include monsters and parallel spaces, which tend to oscillate in liminal fashion.

anachronistic

Spatio-temporally incongruous; for our purposes, this applies to hauntology (a linguo-material sensation between the past and the present, but also a total inability to imagine a future beyond past forms of the future—two concepts we'll unpack during the manifesto at length).

blank/blind parody



(source: [the Vaporwave Aesthetic](#))

In *Postmodernism, or the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism* (1991), Frederic Jameson writes,

"Pastiche is, like parody, the imitation of a peculiar or unique, idiosyncratic style, the wearing of a linguistic mask, speech in a dead language. But it is a neutral practice of such mimicry, without any of parody's ulterior motives, amputated of the satiric impulse, devoid of laughter and of any conviction that alongside the abnormal tongue you have

momentarily borrowed, some healthy linguistic normality still exists. Pastiche is thus blank parody, a statue with blind eyeballs" ([source](#)).

Personally, I think Jameson's "normality" echoes Nietzsche's or Freud's. As such, I envision pastiche and parody as likewise having bourgeois and proletarian qualities, much like sublimation does. They *can* be blank under bourgeois (centrist) forms. Likewise, though, "perceptive pastiche" can adopt the appearance of a false "blankness/blindness" (see, above: "Vaporwave," a hauntological subgenre) in the face of power—a tactic vital to revolutionaries' continued funding from different sources, as well as keeping them safe from violent reactionaries.

Vaporwave/Laborwave and cyberpunk

Hauntological *cryptomimesis* that has the subversive potential to challenge established, status-quo nostalgias through the decay of corporate hegemony as expressed through "corporate mood." This encapsulates a gradient of aesthetics through countercultural music, art and the Gothic mode: *Star Wars*, *Blade Runner*, *Alien*, *Mad Max*, *Children of Man*, etc (which Capitalism will try to recuperate through by canonizing these stories, thus robbing them of their revolutionary potential; i.e., controlled opposition through Capitalist Realism).

Capitalist Realism

Fisher's adage, "It's easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of Capitalism," which comments on a profound, widespread inability to imagine a

world beyond Capitalism. This often presents the end-of-the-world as the end-all, be-all; i.e., a kind of vanishing point under Hogle's narrative of the crypt: not a door to pass imaginarily through but a black gate whose inaccessible threshold cannot be surpassed by corporate design. The elite don't want people to cross it, focusing instead on canonical doubles of neoliberal entropy as part of the illusion: violence, death and decay as an "empowering" distraction from the global exploitation and destruction neoliberalism is committing against the Earth and its inhabitants. In ludic terms, engagement with this space requires occupying a space between reality and fiction, and of choosing to break the rules without our own "magic circles."

half-real

[From Jesper Juul's 2005 book of the same name](#); i.e., "A half-real zone between the fiction and the rules" that allows for emergent forms of transformative play. This can apply to sexual artwork (exhibit 93), Gothic liminalities like ghosts (exhibit 43c), live performances like a ball or masque (exhibit 75a), or Jesper's typical ludonarrative (videogames, exhibit 64c), etc.

ludic contract (spoilsports)

An agreement between the player and the game to be played; or as Chris Pratt writes in "[In Praise of Spoil Sports](#)" (2010): "the more traditional definition of the ludic contract [is] an agreement on the part of players that they will forgo some of their agency in order to experience an activity that they enjoy." Yet, inventive players like speedrunners (which Pratt calls "spoilsports") converge upon intended gameplay with unintended, emergent forms. In other words, the ludic contract is less a formal, rigid contract and more a negotiated compromise occurring between the two; i.e., where players have some sense of agency in deciding how *they* want to play the game even while adhering to its rules and, in effect, being mastered by it (see: [Seth Giddings and Helen Kennedy's "Little Jesuses and *@#?-off Robots," 2008, exhibit 0a2c](#)).

the magic circle

The space where a game takes place, be that a social game, a sport, a dialog or gender performance onstage, and videogames, etc. The founder of the idea, Eric Zimmerman, writes in "[Jerked Around by the Magic Circle](#)" (2012):

The "magic circle" is not a particularly prominent phrase in *Homo Ludens*, and although Huizinga certainly advocates the idea that games can be understood as separate from everyday life, he never takes the full-blown magic circle point of view that games are ultimately separate from

everything else in life or that rules are the sole fundamental unit of games. In fact, Huizinga's thesis is much more ambivalent on these issues and he actually closes his seminal book with a passionate argument against a strict separation between life and games. The magic circle is not something that comes wholly from Huizinga. To be perfectly honest, Katie and I more or less invented the concept, inheriting its use from my work with Frank, cobbling together ideas from Huizinga and Caillois, clarifying key elements that were important for our book, and reframing it in terms of semiotics and design – two disciplines that certainly lie outside the realm of Huizinga's own scholarly work. But that is what scholarship often is – sampling and remixing ideas in order to come to a new synthesis.

emergent play

Unintended gameplay discovered and utilized by players that wasn't intended by developers; optimal variants are called "metaplay" or simply "the meta."

intended play

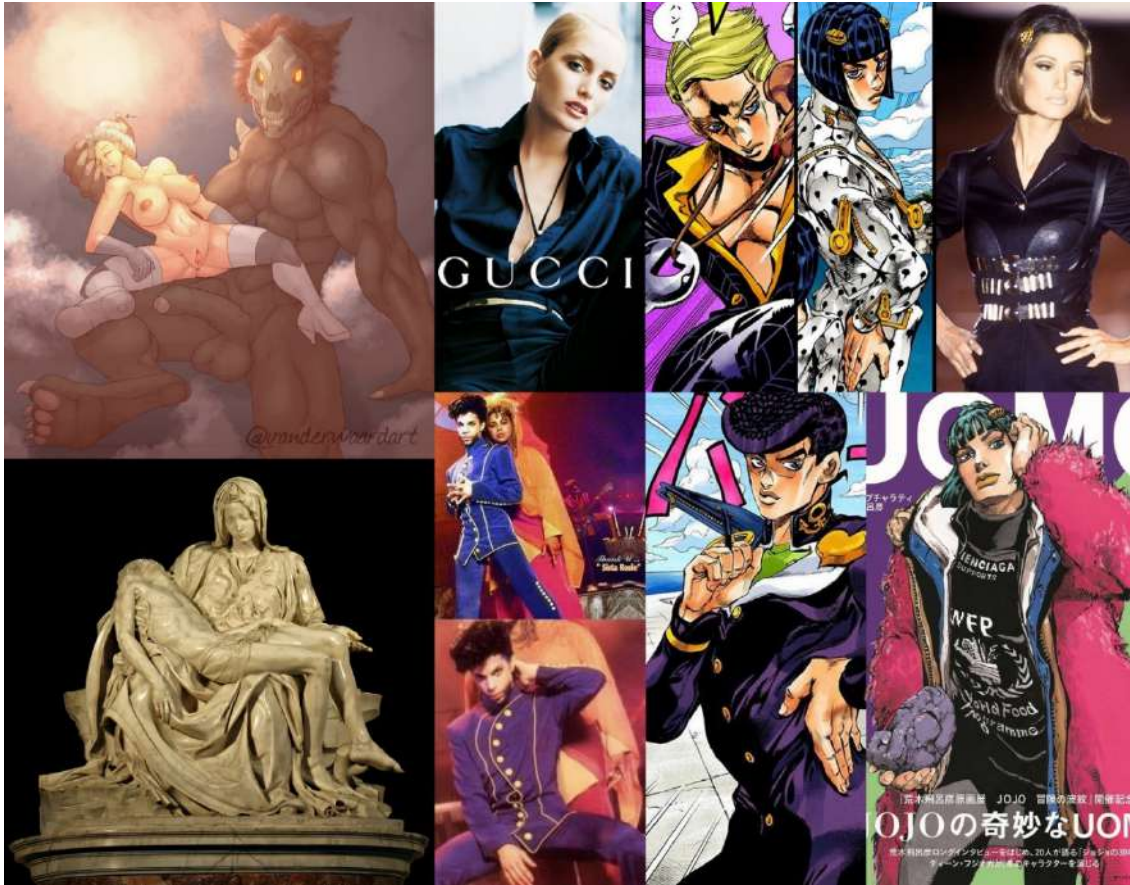
Gameplay intended by the developers; in Marxist terms, this can be considered the bourgeoisie or their proponents.

framed (concentric) narratives

A story-within-a-story (aka *mise-en-abyme* in artistic circles, whose translation "placement in abyss" takes on more spooky liminalities in Gothic circles), generally a perspective contained within an unreliable narrator's point-of-view. A famous example is Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, which tells the story from the shipmaster's perspective, who learns everything about Victor and the Creature from Victor. Victor is a giant, colonial douchebag who lies constantly and does his very patriarchal best to whitewash *everything*. The Creature, meanwhile, is reactively abused constantly and forced to defend his position after Victor has dragged his name through the mud for most of the novel.

unreliable narratives/narrators/spaces (monsters)

A narrator or narrative that is untrustworthy or epistemologically/phenomenologically dubious; in Gothic stories, these rely on ambiguous, historically-contested/-conflicting spaces with liminal markers.



(exhibit 5b: Artist, top-left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); bottom-left: Michelangelo; right side: Hirohiko Araki, his *Jojo's Bizarre Adventure* manga/anime [1987/2012] inspired by a variety of real-life musicians and clothing brands.)

palimpsest

"A manuscript or piece of writing material on which the original writing has been effaced to make room for later writing but of which traces remain"—common in Gothic stories, which amount to a cycle of lies; i.e., historical materialism: bourgeois history is unreliable, treacherous, like a Gothic lover or a concentric chest/midden of unreliable materials (cryptonyms). It can apply to a variety of media or formats: sculpture, music, clothes, videogames, etc (exhibit 5b, 43a/43b).

universal adaptability

[A concept borrowed from Slavoj Žižek's *A Pervert's Guide to Ideology* \(2012\)](#), which outlines the ways in which a piece of media (in his case, Beethoven's "Ode to Joy") can be utilized universally by different groups to promote their own ideologies—all in spite of the original source material, including the author's socio-political stance.

The Gothic, BDSM and Kink

Gothic narrators/narratives

For its hero, narrators, spaces and speakers, a Gothic tale regularly involves unreliable/conflicting artificers and imposters, but also the patriarchal bloodline or castle as invented; i.e., as a series of concentric, sedimentary palimpsests. In the canonical sense, everything is fetishized, valorized and disseminated, then spread far and wide to cover up the ghost of the counterfeit (the circular lie of the West) with more ghosts that further the lie. Iconoclastic variants challenge this myopia with their own counterfeits' opposing class character inside a shared, contested midden.

Gothic doubling

The black mirror of historical materialism's all our yesterdays. It is the fated, ominous premonition of endless circuituity—that everything has already occurred before, or things that have already occurred will occur again from the same materials that occur out of what has already occurred; i.e., for everything that exists, there must (somewhere in the universe) be a dialectical-material "shadow" whose coinciding status as former-or-future counterfeit is actually historical materialism's circular approach to space and time felt in the current moment: everything that has ever existed will exist again or things that will exist have already existed in ways that offer up a prior version's dialectical-material opposition to it—a castle or soldier as "evil" twin, uncanny and undead, replicated like an echo, a virus, a shade; the civil war of black infinity. There is no automatic moral character, merely the presence of infinite possibility amid crushing gravity and decay.

the Gothic heroine



(exhibit 5e1: Left: an old drawing of Samus Aran from *Metroid Dread*, 2021, by [Persephone van der Waard](#); right: a more recent version of the same drawing—made to be more gay and less colonial.

Note: Many of the drawings in this book are actually modified versions from my own portfolio—updated using

collage/airbrushing techniques that I've been using for years. —Perse)

The oft-female (or at least feminine) protagonist of Gothic stories. Classically a passive sex object/detective/damsel-in-distress, which became increasingly masculine, active and warlike in the 20th century onwards (though Charlotte Dacre beat everyone to the punch in 1806 when she wrote *Zofloya*, [having the masculine-yet-trammeled Victoria de Loredani stab Lilla, the archetypal Gothic heroine, to death](#)). Unlike their male counterparts, who *tend* to default to soldiers or scientists (violent/mentally fragile men of war and reason with—at least in America—closeted ties to Nazi Germany and parallel conservative movements wearing a liberal guise), women within the colonial binary are relegated to spheres of domesticated ignorance; i.e., "Something is wacky about my residence, my guest, my wardrobe, etc. Guess I'll go investigate (exhibit 48a)!" Ann Radcliffe treated the protecting of female virtue as an "armoring" (exhibit 30c) process that commonly worked through a swooning mechanism; though somewhat problematic on its face due to its pro-European origins, the idea of armoring one's virtue still presents the notion of feminine flexibility as facing monstrous-feminine things that male, or at least "phallic," heroes cannot rationalize or stab/shoot to death; i.e., the paradox of terror as something to reclaim through counterterror devices that, yes, include a fair bit of rape, taboo sex, and murderous stereotypes. In other words, it's entirely possible to have the Great Destroyer persona without being bigoted, but you have to camp it, first.

xenophobia

Monster-slaying. A fear of the unknown as something to exude or endure, which may take sex-positive or sex-coercive forms. Inside Gothic circles, theatrical xenophobia sits between fear of and fascination towards "the other" as a social-sexual construct; i.e., inherited either by privileged workers acting out unironic gender trouble, or minorities surviving it through their own ironic variation of gender trouble and gender parody in monstrous forms. As such, *harmful* xenophobia fearfully dogmatizes outsider groups, presenting them as beings to hate, abject and kill, but also fetishize: monstrous-feminine women ("woman is other") but also witches, Amazons, queer/feminine people (trans, intersex and non-binary) and various sodomic ritual metaphors (vampirism, exhibit 41g3; crossdress, exhibit 55b; and lycanthropy/werewolves, exhibit 87a; etc) for non-heteronormative/gender-non-conforming sexual orientations, performances, and identities as deserving of violence by assimilated minorities/token police (e.g., TERFs). Because of the sexual nature of stigma and bias, harmful xenophobia crosses over into harmful xenophilia, and their combined liminal expression elides with cathartic variants of either approach in the same theatrical territories.

monstrous-feminine



(exhibit 5d1: Artist, top-left: [Gabriele Dell'Otto](#); artist, top-left and bottom: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and a model who wishes to remain anonymous; I'll henceforth refer to them as Jericho. When healing from trauma, queerness is often

symbolized as abjectly insect-like/uncanny as something queer people are forced into—i.e., a psychosexual, "corrupt," medievalized ontology whose canonical role they don't want to play but also desire to escape from using the same language: the queer/sodomite whose gender-non-conformity is synonymized with the "rape" of heteronormativity by the monstrous-feminine and whose beauty is feared by fearful-fascinated straight people conflating queerness as a universal symbol of unironic rape and madness. We do sometimes want to express our own trauma in relation to what we're made out to be by our abusers, but ultimately we desire to be butterflies unto ourselves: free from trauma, from judgement, from harm.)

A term lifted from Barbara Creed's *The Monstrous-Feminine*. While Creed focuses on the desire for the *cis* woman not to be a victim, thus terrifying men in abject, monstrous ways (which are often then crucified by heteronormative agents, including token ones like Ellen Ripley), the fact remains that the monstrous-feminine extends to a much broader persecution network; i.e., of any "feminine" force that falls outside of what is acceptable within the Patriarchy's heteronormative colonial binary. I have placed *feminine* in quotes to account for anything perceived as "feminine" thus not correctly "male"; i.e., "woman is other" expanded to trans, intersex and non-binary persons (and the animals associated with them: bunnies, butterflies, cats, dogs, foxes, etc). This can be a male twink or vampire; the cis-queer bear's expression of tenderness and love towards another man (or whoever they're intimate with in whatever way constitutes intimacy for them); a female Amazon that rebels against the state, whether cis, or genderqueer in binary/non-binary ways. The possibilities for heteronormative conformity are narrow and brutal inside a vast historical-material tableau of the same-old patterns; gender-non-conformity's ironies go on endlessly.

xenophilia

Monster-fucking. A love of the unknown as something to exude or endure, which may take sex-positive or sex-coercive forms. Whereas harmful (sex-coercive) xenophobia bleeds into harmful *xenophilia*, the sex-positive reversal of abjection and canonical xenophobia/xenophilia resists state power through covert, proletarian means; e.g., "Trojan" monsters and monster-slaying/-fucking rituals that hide revolutionary intent during liminal expressions of oppositional praxis as oft-pornographic. The monster isn't simply someone to fuck (though it can be); it's also someone to potentially love asexually as an "ace" friend/co-conspirator—e.g., *Nimona* (exhibit 56d2). As such, cathartic xenophilia extends to empathy for the wretched, whose medievalized trauma often overlaps with their sexuality and gender but doesn't synonymize with it; indeed, cathartic xenophilia seeks to understand their rage at, and medieval alienation by, state powers (the xenomorph

being a queer icon we shall examine many, many times throughout this book, but especially in Volume Two's "Demon" section of chapters).

psychosexuality ("battle sex")

The adjacent placement of pleasurable pain and other euphoric sensations next to unironic harm; i.e., rape fantasy or theatre. Just as canon and camp exist in the same shadow zone, performative irony and its absence are equally liminal using the same shared aesthetics of power and resistance, death and rape, heroic (monstrous) violence: the colors of stigma, vice, power and sin. Canonical psychosexuality conflates pleasure with genuine harm, including bigoted stereotypes that further this pathology. These result in widespread misconceptions about healthy BDSM as a result of sex-coercive BDSM (through unironic "demon BDSM" examples, including criminal hauntology news cycles or "true crime" in other mediums besides television), and genuine pluralities that seek out dangerous sex (hard kink) due to confused pleasure responses resulting from extreme prey mechanisms/posttraumatic stress disorder that compel victims to unironically spifflicate; i.e., "to be self-destroyed or disposed of by violence" in an unironic sense. As something to unironically or ironically seek out on and offstage, abuse manifests differently per person relative to congenital and environmental factors which are often accident-of-birth. But general psychosexuality manifests through the Destroyer persona and their utterly devastated victim as part of the same social-sexual equation; i.e., a cultural pathology or ironic, informed interrogation regarding the proliferation of this extremism in normalized, canonical depictions of heroic sexuality as embattled: as sex-coercive, hence unironically violent and rapacious through warring factions thereof (and against camp in the larger meta conversation).

calculated risk/risk reduction exercise

A calculated risk minimizes harm but mimics the feeling of being out of control; e.g., consent-non-consent/informed consent.

fetishization

A fetish, or the act of making something into a fetish, is "a form of sexual desire in which gratification is linked to an abnormal degree to a particular object, item of clothing, or part of the body." Generally, fetishes are pre-existing social-sexual trends that people either embrace or reject. They aren't explicitly sexist (e.g., mutually consenting to show feet), but become sexist when used in exploitative ways (e.g., sex workers forced to show their feet to generate profit for someone else).

rape culture and "prison sex" mentalities

Learned power abuses taught by state-corporate propaganda and power relations through "Pavlovian/Pygmalion" conditioning that breaks the recipient's mind, bending them towards automatic, violent behaviors towards state targets during moral panics. This response can be men mistreating women, but also women mistreating each other or their fellow exploited workers: TERFs abusing trans people and ethnic minorities. When executed and learned on a societal level, these sex-coercive practices become codified as "bad play" in canonical BDSM narratives.

Man Box/"prison sex" culture

What I call "the prison sex phenomena," Mark Greene—in his 2023 podcast, [Remaking Manhood: The Healthy Masculinity Podcast](#)—refers to "Man Box culture" as:

For generations, men have been conditioned to compete for status, forever struggling to rise to the top of a vast Darwinian pyramid framed by a simple but ruthless set of rules. But the men who compete to win in our dominant culture of manhood are collectively doomed to fail, because the game itself is rigged against us. We're wasting our lives chasing a fake rabbit around a track, all the while convinced there's meat to be had. There is no meat. We are the meat. Our dominant culture of manhood is often referred to as *the man box*, a phrase coined by [Tony Porter](#) of A Call to Men based on [Paul Kivel's](#) work, *The Act Like a Man Box*, which Kivel and others at the Oakland Men's Project first conceptualized over forty years ago.

The man box refers to the brutal enforcement of a narrowly defined set of traditional rules for being a man. These rules are enforced through shaming and bullying, as well as promises of rewards, the purpose of which is to force conformity to our dominant culture of masculinity. The number one rule of the man box? Don't show your emotions. Accordingly, boys three and four years old begin suppressing their own naturally occurring capacities for emotional acuity and relational connection, thus setting them on the path to a lifetime of social isolation ([Chu, 2014](#)). The damage is done before we are even old enough to understand what is happening.

Man box culture also suppresses empathy. The suppression of boys' and men's empathy is no accident. It is the suppression of empathy that makes a culture of ruthless competition, bullying and codified inequality possible. It is in the absence of empathy that men fail to see women's equality and many other social issues for what they are: simple and easily enacted moral imperatives. Instead, our sons buy into bullying and abuse as central mechanisms for forming and expressing male status and identity ([source](#): Mark Greene's "How the Man Box Poisons Our Sons," 2019).

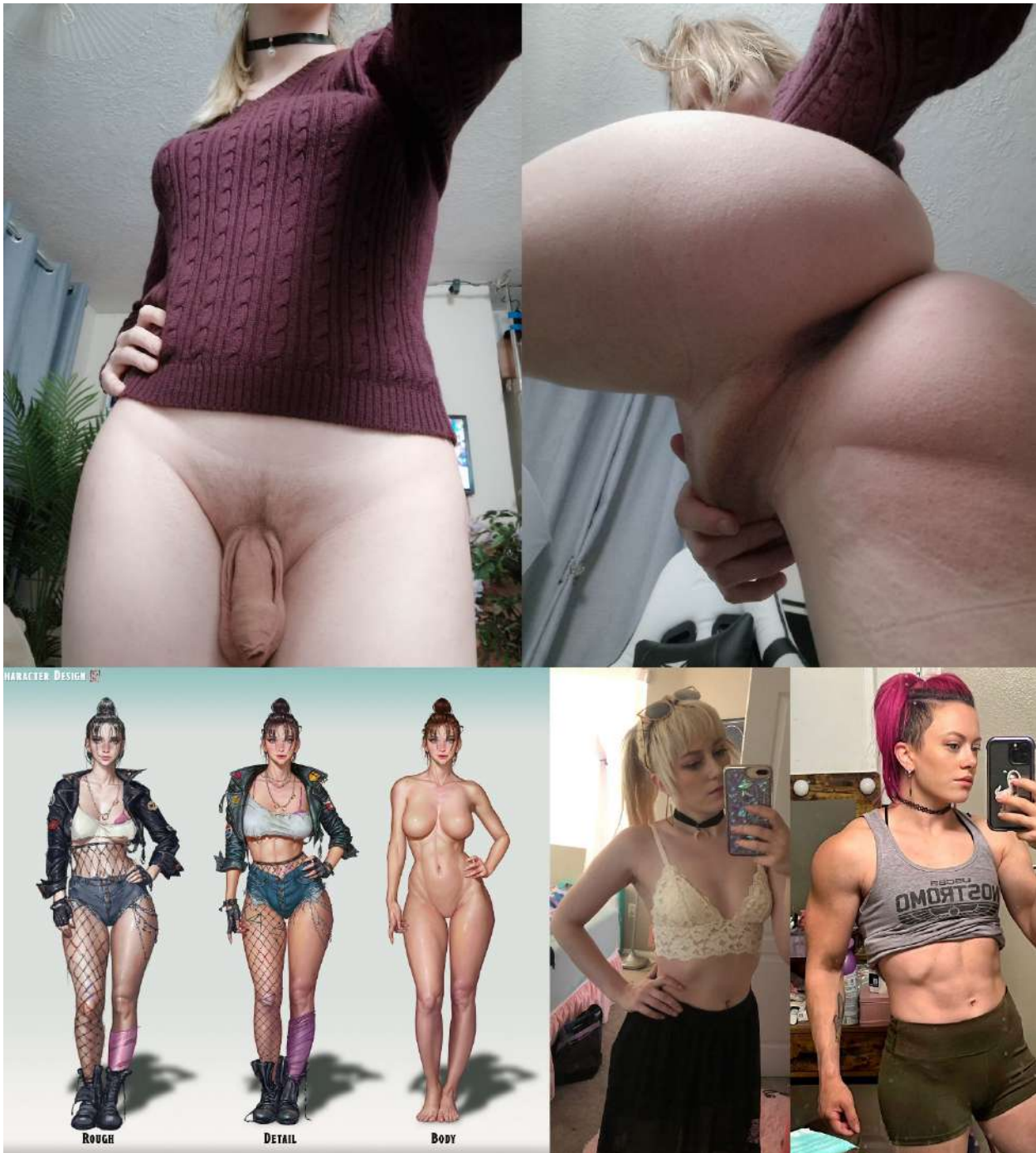
"Prison sex" is the same idea as Man Box culture, except it chooses to focus less on men and more on the unequal power dynamics that occur between dimorphized workers trained not just to rape and kill one another in literal terms, but also theatrical language; i.e., any form of expression that ties into the bigoted, colonial-binary of a divided class of male and female labor within entertainment (sports and porn), the household, the workplace, and Gothic iterations of any of these things. Any cis-het man that fails to live up to the heteronormative standard of manliness (which is an impossible feat to begin with), must be weak but also strong in a manner threatening towards the status quo—i.e., womanly/monstrous-feminine.

good play vs bad play

Forms of power exchange during oppositional praxis; i.e., sex-positive BDSM and other social-sexual practices and code built on mutual/informed consent vs sex coercion and harmful BDSM/rape culture. Bad play is the emulation of white, cis-het men as the unironic performers of coercive sex, bondage, murder and rape (e.g., TERFs dominating members of their own group).

chaser/bait

Trans women are often seen as "bait" within a "prison sex" mentality—i.e., forbidden, monstrous-feminine fruit for reactionaries (including regressive feminists) to publicly condemn and privately "chase." A "chaser" is someone a person who outwardly rejects the pursuit of "sodomy" (non-reproductive, monstrous-feminine sex, in the medieval sense) but secretly pursues it in private in relation to various out-group types associated with it: the twink, femboy or ladyboy, or trans women more broadly (or the remainder of classic gay man's lexicon of animalized/body hair terms: hunk, twunk, otter, bear or polar bear. Queer sexuality tends to be much more adjective-based than straight orientation descriptors, "I'm a straight" being about it). "Baiting" can be inverted, with trans women and similar groups also being policed in the sex worker community by AFAB workers who, likewise, brand or otherwise treat us as "false women" who aren't monstrous like they are, thus become worthy of attack to earn clemency from men amid their own self-hatred; i.e., we're "luring" *their* customers away from them like cis-male sex workers do and should be regarded with suspicion and contempt (to be clear, neither we nor cis-male sex workers should be treated this way but our treatment—as non-gender-conforming AMAB persons by AFAB sex workers—is transphobic).



(exhibit 5d2: Artist, top: [Olivia Robin](#); bottom-left: [Kyu Yong Eom](#); bottom-right: [Claire Max](#). The feminine cock as something to show and hide becomes a dangerous game of undress for many traps; the masculine-feminine becomes an advertisement of "incorrect," monstrous-feminine masculinity on the surface of female-appearing bodies before the clothes come off [although such bodies are habitually undressed by the Male Gaze; said gaze can be emulated by TERFs policing male and female bodies]. Either liminality is dangerous for gender-non-conforming AMAB/AFAB sex workers, but also workers in general seeking to express

themselves as different from, thus in resistance to, the canonical standard and its Symbolic Order/mythic structure.

trap/twink-in-peril/bait

A slur directed at homosexual men/non-gender-conforming AMABs, who are fetishized/coercively demonized by cis-het men during gender trouble when the nation-state cannot provide them heteronormative sex ("war brides"). Often, queer fiction comments on this exploitative side of the "bury your gays" trope through an abject, queer damsel-in-distress: the *twink-in-peril*, perhaps articulated mostly nakedly (with raw exploitation, but also exceptional nuance) [in Dennis Cooper's *Frisk*](#) (1991) or Gregg Araki's *The Doom Generation* (1995). Gentler, less-brutalized versions of this monstrous-feminine can be found sprinkled all throughout popular fiction, including Cloud-in-a-dress from *Final Fantasy 7* (1997) and "Gerudo Link" from the *Zelda* series (which we'll explore more in Volume Three, Chapter Three, exhibit 93). "Traps" in quotes is something that could be supplied to AFAB workers, whose appearance beyond heteronormative standards leads them to becoming demonized as a queer "bait," or trick (no pun intended) that leads chases down queerer and queerer rabbit holes.

bears, otters, hunks/twunks/twinks; lesbians and femmes

The traditionally homosexual male/female language of the 1970s, '80s and 90s. It doesn't exclusively apply to homosexuality and can be non-binarized in order to describe body preferences, orientations and performances (e.g., Link is a twink/twunk depending on the game or scenario); all the same, it has been historically utilized by cis queer people as a movement that ostensibly predates the trans, nonbinary and intersex movements of the Internet Age (with these groups having existed for just as long—i.e., before Western Civilization). Furthermore, some words, like "twink," "dyke," and obviously "faggot" have a pejorative, monstrous-feminine flavor within their own communities, being reclaimed throughout the '90s into the new millennium. There is also cis bias against gender-non-conforming usage of these words, seeing it as "colonization" of the monstrous-feminine from an incorrect variant (a thought pattern of self-hatred that, once internalized, is used to divided and conquer minority groups by having them police themselves).

femboys, ladyboys, catboys; catgirls, [anything] girls

The application of something "femme" next to "boy" historically has an emasculating quality towards men who, in cis-conforming circles (straight or gay/bi), are expected to dominate the feminine, thus weaker party. Obviously this has been slowly reclaimed since the '90s, but cis-queer assimilation still leads to

Man Box culture within homosexual and bisexual men and women, but also tokens (a "butch," female, cis/token *domme* can abuse her smaller "femme" partner in a queernormative sense; or internalized bigotry can lead trans, intersex or non-binary parties to emulate these behaviors as the giver or receiver). In heteronormative circles, adding the suffix, "girl," to the end of a word sexualizes or feminizes them in a dimorphic way—i.e., a cat girl is (from a cis standpoint) a girl, thus coded as such ("cat" curiously being a "femme" entity for precisely this collocation, leading catboys to being seen as *femme* gay men; e.g., "neko" meaning a male "bottom" in Japanese slang). These terms are often qualified with various other descriptors in public discourse at large, including sex work; e.g., a "pastel goth non-binary catgirl brat": aesthetic descriptors + gender + gender performance + BDSM type. The soft or cuddly is still feminine, thus a monster that must be dominated to preserve patrilineal descent, authority and conquest against a prescribed enemy.

moe

Described by Mateusz Urbanowicz as [an infantilized art style of women popular in Japan](#), generally to make them look physically and emotionally younger—historically a form of female exploitation by male artists.

ahegao

A facial expression tied to *hentai* ("perversion") Japanese culture and the abject sexual objectification of women; i.e., the "little death" of the so-called "O face" made during orgasm, especially achieved by rough sex and rape play. While its "death face" is historically attached to rape culture and unironic rape porn, latter-day variants have become blind parodies (exhibit 104d) to the buried historical trauma (appreciative forms can also be enjoyed in private/public exhibitions, however).

live burial

The Gothic master-trope, live burial—as marked by Eve Segewick in her introduction to *The Coherence of Gothic Conventions* (1986)—is expressed in the language of live burial as an endless metaphor for the buried libido within concentric structures as something to punish "digging into" (which includes investigating the false family's incestuous/abjectly monstrous bloodline; [source](#)). To move beyond psychoanalytical models and into Marxist territories, I would describe live burial as incentivized by power structures in ways that threaten abuse (often death, incarceration or rape) to those who go looking into hereditary and dynastic power structures, especially their psychosexual abuse and worker exploitation: the fate of the horny detective, but also the *whistleblower*.

kink

Nontraditional forms of sexual activity that don't necessarily involve forms of power exchange between partners (unequal or otherwise).

roleplay

The playing of roles in social-sexual situations, usually with a dominant/submissive element (as many come from classic stories which tend to be heteronormative; but even iconoclastic stories transmute BDSM, fetishes and kinks to be sex-positive within dominant/submissive models).

cuckolding

In sex-positive roleplay terms, cuckolding is watching someone fuck your SO (significant other) or having someone watch will you fuck *their* SO; i.e., a mutually consensual, negotiated activity.



negotiation

The drawing up of power levels, exchange limits, boundaries and comfort levels (soft and hard limits) before social-sexual BDSM activities.

safe word(s)

Permission/boundary words used (often by a submissive but not always) to stall/stop whatever BDSM activities are unfolding. A common example is the traffic light system; i.e., "Green light, yellow light, red light."

consent-non-consent

Negotiated social-sexual scenarios through informed consent, consent-non-consent where one party surrenders total control over to the other party trusting that party to not betray said agreement or trust; aka "RACK" ([Risk-Aware Consensual Kink](#)) in relation to risky BDSM; i.e., bodily harm; e.g., public beatings, rape scenarios, whippings, knife play and blood-letting.

(demon) BDSM

Bondage, discipline, sadism, and masochism—seemingly nontraditional forms of sexual activity that involve unequal power exchange that has actually been canonized and must be camped in doubled forms. Both involve power, but non-consensual (sex-coercive) variants canonically involve power *abuse*—generally of women and other marginalized workers by white, cis-het men/arguably token queers in romanticized tales thereof (e.g., Stoker's vampire, Barker's Cenobite) that often, according to Susan Sontag's "Fascinating Fascism" (1974), invoke not just the "master scenario" whose purely sexual experience is "severed from personhood, from relationships, from love," but also the fascist language of death: "The color is black [and red], the material is leather, the seduction is beauty, the justification is honesty, the aim is ecstasy, the fantasy is death" ([source](#)). In a sex-positive sense, such rituals regularly invoke demons as a Gothicized means of catharsis, but also practicing impulse and power control during non-harmful euphoria whose painful, physical, emotional, and/or sexual activities occur between good-faith participants; i.e., ironic variants of Radcliffe's classically **xenophobic** and dubiously "consensual" **Black Veil** (hiding the threat badly), **demon lover** (the xenophobic/xenophilic threat of unironic mutilation and rape), and **exquisite "torture"** (rape play).

dom(inator/-inatrix)

A BDSM actor who performs a dominant role—traditionally masculine (especially in Gothic canon: Mr. Rochester, Edward Cullen, Christian Grey and all the million monster variants of these kinds of characters) thus ostensibly having more power. However, in honored realms of mutual consent, they actually have less power than the sub, who only has to say no/red light, etc (for a good example of sub power, [watch the 2014 Gothic-erotic thriller, *The Duke of Burgundy*](#)); the sub controls the action by giving the dom permission according to negotiated boundaries.



sub(missive)

A BDSM actor who performs a submissive role—traditionally feminine (especially in Gothic canon: Jane Eyre, Bella Swan, Anastasia Steele and all the million monster variants of these kinds of characters) thus ostensibly having less power. However, in sex-positive scenarios, the sub calls the shots from moment-to-moment (except in consent-non-consent, where they only agreed to everything up front and sign everything over ahead of time—a useful tactic for certain rape fantasies and regression scenarios).

"strict/gentle"

A BDSM flavor or style generally affixed to the dom in terms of their delivery. A "strict" dominatrix, for example, will administer discipline much more authoritatively than a "gentle" variant will; i.e., she will deny succor as a theatrical device to supply through the ritual, whereas the gentle dominatrix will be far more nurturing and supportive from the offset.

topping/a top vs "bottoming"/a bottom

These terms generally refer to dominant/submissive sexual activity in which someone "tops"; i.e., "rides"/is rode. However, they can refer to BDSM/social-sexual arrangements with various, historically-materially ironic configurations; e.g., "power bottoms" or "topping from the bottom" (which can be literal, in terms of the

execution of physical sex, but also have BDSM implications/monster personages, too).

regression

In terms of mental health, regression is a form of dissociation, often tied to trauma or healing from trauma. Common in rituals of appreciative peril, which include Big/little roles daddy/mommy doms and boy/girl subs, etc. However, regression is also something that sex-coercive predation keys off of through *regressive politics*; i.e., to regress socio-politically towards a conservative medieval when Capitalism enters decay.

rape fantasies

Fantasies tied to sexual/power abuse (rape isn't about sex at all; it's about coercive power control and abuse). This kind of performative peril can be appreciative/appropriative, thus bourgeois/canonical or proletarian/iconoclastic. Common in Gothic narratives, which tend to project trauma, rape and power abuse onto displaced, dissociative scenarios: man vs nature, Jack-London-style; the lady vs the rapist or the slave vs the master in numerous articulations (racialized, but also in BDSM-monster frameworks), etc.

aftercare

Rituals supplied after BDSM (or frankly just rough sex/emotional bonding moments and other social-sexual exchanges) that help the affected party recover better than they would if left unattended ("rode hard and put away wet" as it were).

the ghost of the counterfeit

Coined by Jerrold Hogle, this abject reality or hidden barbarity is a hauntological process of abjection that, according to David Punter in *The Literature of Terror: A History of Gothic Fictions from 1765 to the Present Day* (1980), "displaces the hidden violence of present social structures, conjures them up again as past, and falls promptly under their spell" ([source](#)). I would add that it is a privileged, liminal position that endears a sheltered consumer to the barbaric past as reinvented as consumable.

the narrative of the crypt

According to Cynthia Sugars' entry for David Punter's the *Encyclopedia of the Gothic* (2012), this narrative is described by Jerrold Hogle as the *only* thing that survives—a narrative of a narrative to a hidden curse announced by things displaced from the former cause. Sugars determines, the closer one gets to the

problem, the more the space itself abruptly announces a vanishing point, a procession of fragmented illusions tied to a transgenerational curse: "a place of concealment that stands on mere ashes of something not fully present," Hogle writes of Otranto (the first "gothic" castle, reassembled for Horace Walpole's 1764 "archaeology").

cryptomimesis

Defined by Jodey Castricano in *Cryptomimesis: The Gothic and Jacques Derrida's Ghost Writing* as,

A writing practice that, like certain Gothic conventions [e.g., Segewick's commentary on live burial as a timeless fixture of Gothic literature] generates its uncanny effects through the production of what Nicholas Rand might call a "contradictory 'topography of inside-outside'" [from Abraham and Torok's *The Wolf Man's Magic Word ...*] Moreover, the term *cryptomimesis* draws attention to a writing predicated upon encryption: the play of revelation and concealment lodged within parts of individual words ([source](#)).

Castricano further describes this process as "writing with ghosts," referring to their nature as linguistic devices that adhere the sense of being haunted in domestic spaces: the house as inside, familiar and inherited by the living from the dead.

rememory

From Tony Morrison's 1987 novel, *Beloved*, to which Morrison herself shares in a 2019 interview, "as in recollecting and remembering as in reassembling the members of the body, the family, the population of the past. And it was the struggle, the pitched battle between remembering and forgetting, that became the device of the narrative [in *Beloved*]" ([source](#)).

ghosts

Ghosts are ontologically complicated, thus can be a variety of things all at once: a sentient ghost of something or someone, a ghostly memory or their own unique entity that resembles the original as a historical-material coincidence (the chronotope), a friendly/unfriendly disguise, or creative egregore. E.g., Hamlet's dad, Hamlet's memory of his dad as triggered by the space around him; or someone painting Hamlet's dad as its own thing that isn't Shakespeare's version despite the likeness. This applies to other famous ghosts in media—e.g., King Boo from *Mario*, the monster from *It Follows*, 2014; or my own friendly ghost of Jadis from exhibit 43c—i.e., Derrida's Marxist spectres.

the Promethean Quest/awesome mystery

Gothic stories enjoy a sense of awesome power tied to the chronotope or awesome ruin (what Percy Shelley calls "the colossal Wreck," exhibit 5e, 64c, etc). In the wake of a great calamity is the presence of intimations of power that must be uncovered in pursuit of the truth—i.e., the Promethean (self-destructive) Quest. We'll examine several in the Humanities primer, including Edmund Burke's *Sublime*, Mary Shelley's "playing god," Rudolph Otto's *Numinous/mysterium tremendum*, and Lovecraft's cosmic nihilism, etc. All indicate the Gothic pursuit of a big power that blasts the finder to bits; or, in Radcliffe's case, is explained away during the conclusion of an explained supernatural/rationalized event; i.e., the explained supernatural (exhibit 22, *Scooby Doo* and *Velma*).

"playing god"

In iconoclastic terms, "playing god" is the ability to self-fashion (aka "self-determination" in geopolitics). It is generally resented by the status quo, or demonized for being too dangerous; e.g., Satan from *Paradise Lost* as a self-fashioning devil moving away from God's heteronormative, colonial-binarized image.



(exhibit 5c: Two examples of the Promethean Quest/awesome mystery—from Event Horizon [top and bottom, 1997] and Alien [middle, 1979].)

the Black Veil



([source](#): "The Rise of the Gothic Novel" by Stephen Carver)

Radcliffe's famous "cloaking device" from *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, delayed until the end of the book (over 500 pages) to reveal behind a great terrible thing that made our heroine swoon; i.e., her immodest desire to look upon something that threatens her virtue and fragile mind. It remains a common device used in horror media today—e.g., as I note in "Gothic themes in *The Vanishing / Spoorloos* (1988)," the Black Veil is [present all throughout that film](#).

demon lover

To that, Cynthia Wolff writes on Radcliffe's process in "The Radcliffean Gothic Model":

Cynthia Wolff writes on Radcliffe's process in "The Radcliffean Gothic Model":

Let us say that when an individual reads a fully realized piece of fiction, he (or she) will "identify" primarily with one character, probably the principal character, and that this character will bear the principal weight of the reader's projected feelings. Naturally, an intelligent reader will balance this identification; to some extent there will be identification with each major character—even, perhaps, with a narrative voice. But these will be distributed appropriately throughout the fiction. Now a Gothic novel presents us with a different kind of situation. It is but a partially realized piece of fiction: it is formulaic (a moderately sophisticated reader already knows more

or less exactly what to expect in its plot); it has little or no sense of particularized "place," and it offers a heroine with whom only a very few would wish to identify. Its fascination lies in the predictable interaction between the heroine and the other main characters. The reader identifies (broadly and loosely) with the predicament as a totality: the ritualized conflict that takes place among the major figures of a Gothic fiction (within the significant boundaries of that "enclosed space") represents in externalized form the conflict any single woman might experience. The reader will project her feelings into several characters, each one of whom will carry some element of her divided "self." A woman pictures herself as trapped between the demands of two sorts of men—a "chaste" lover and a "demon" lover—each of whom is really a reflection of one portion of her own longing. Her rite of passage takes the form of (1) proclaiming her right to preside as mistress over the Gothic structure and (2) deciding which man (which form of "love") may penetrate its recesses!

There have been two distinct waves of Radcliffean Gothic fiction: one that began in the late eighteenth century and one that began in this century between the World Wars... ([source](#)).

exquisite "torture"

Exquisite "torture" is a Radcliffe staple, and classically pits the imperiled heroine inside a complicated, but generally unironic rape fantasy within the Gothic castle. Somewhere in the castle is a demon lover who is both more exciting than the boring-ass hero, and someone who speaks to the heroine's inheritance anxiety and/or lived trauma inside the chronotope. The fantasy on the page is a form of controlled risk, but Radcliffe's forms are "proto-vanilla" in that they emerged at the very beginnings of feminism/female discourse and whose imaginary safe spaces are actually didactically *unsafe*. According to Wolff,

Two hundred years ago Ann Radcliffe introduced Gothic conventions into the mainstream of English fiction. For the first time the process of feminine sexual initiation found respectable, secular expression. Yet the terms of this expression were ultimately limiting. It is important to recognize and acknowledge the heritage of Ann Radcliffe's Gothic tradition; it is even more important now to move on and invent other, less mutilating conventions for the rendering of feminine sexual desire ([source](#)).

the explained supernatural

The sensation of a seemingly profound or Numinous in Radcliffe's stories, often linked to fear of unironic rape and death, but also boring material disputes that involve these things. The threat—like her mischievous pirates—are dressed up as ghosts or monsters to fool the detective so they can rob the state (and maybe the heroine) of their goods (the heroine and her modesty being "priceless treasure" in the eyes of themselves having internalized these bigotries, but also the men "protecting" them).

ludo-Gothic BDSM

My combining of an older academic term, "ludic-Gothic" (Gothic videogames), with sex-positive BDSM theatrics as a potent means of camp. The emphasis is less about "how can videogames be Gothic" and more how the playfulness in videogames is commonly used to allow players to camp canon in and out of videogames as a form of negotiated power exchange established in playful, game-like forms (theatre and rules). Commonly gleaned through Metroidvania as I envision it, but frankly performed in any kind of Gothic poetics—i.e., to playfully attain what I call "the palliative Numinous," or the Gothic quest for self-destructive power as something to camp.

ludic-Gothic

Gothic videogames. "The ludic-gothic is created when the Gothic is transformed by the video game medium, and is a kindred genre to survival horror" ([source](#): Laurie Taylor's "Gothic Bloodlines in Survival Horror Gaming," 2009).



the palliative Numinous

A term I designed to describe the pain-/stress-relieving effect achieved from, and relayed through, intense Gothic poetics and theatrics of various kinds (my preference being Metroidvania castle-narrative *vis-à-vis* Bakhtin's chronotope applied to videogames out from novels and cinema and into Metroidvania; re: my master's thesis).

the closed space

A self-contained, claustrophobic, Gothic parallel space—generally a site of seemingly awesome power, age and danger (usually occupied by something sinister, if only the viewer's piqued curiosity/imperiled imagination): churches, abbeys, monasteries, castles, mad laboratories, (war/urban crime scenes), insane asylums, etc.

The term is reworked from Cynthia Griffin Wolff's concept of "enclosed space" from her 1979 essay, "The Radcliffean Gothic Model: A Form for Feminine Sexuality"

Now a Gothic novel presents us with a different kind of situation. It is but a partially realized piece of fiction: it is formulaic (a moderately sophisticated reader already knows more or less exactly what to expect in its plot); it has little or no sense of particularized "place," and it offers a heroine with whom only a very few would wish to identify. Its fascination lies in the predictable

interaction between the heroine and the other main characters. The reader identifies (broadly and loosely) with the predicament as a totality: the ritualized conflict that takes place among the major figures of a Gothic fiction (within the significant boundaries of that "enclosed space") represents in externalized form the conflict any single woman might experience ([source](#)).

in that I've extended it beyond the purely psychological models (and psyches) of a traditional Gothic readership (white, cis-het women) and now-outmoded school of thought (the Female Gothic of the 1970s). I do so in connection to how the Gothic mode generally employs deeply confusing and overwhelming time-spaces (chronotopes)—what Manuel Aguirre, in 2008, referred to as "[Geometries of Terror](#)" (exhibit 64b/64c)—that, along with their ambiguous, perplexing inhabitants (exhibit 64a), phenomenologically disrupt the monomyth in pointedly deconstructive, hauntological ways: the Promethean (self-destructive) hero's quest as something that undermines patrilineal descent and dynastic power exchange/hereditary rites in a never-ending cycle of war crimes, lies and blood sacrifice (a fearful critique of medieval feudalism).

Metroidvania as closed space

In the past, my academic/postgraduate work has thoroughly examined the Metroidvania ludonarrative (including speedruns) as a closed/parallel *ergodic* space; while my critical voice has changed considerably since 2018, I want to show the evolution of my work/gender identity leading into *Sex Positivity's* genesis by listing my entire Metroidvania corpus (not including my *entire* book volumes, but citing some salient essays from those books):

- my master's thesis, which studies the ways in which speedrunners create castle-narrative through recursive motion inside the Metroidvania as a Gothic chronotope: "[Lost in Necropolis: The Continuation of Castle-Narrative beyond the Novel or Cinema, and into Metroidvania](#)" (2018)
- a YouTube video summarizing Metroidvania and its spatial qualities (sort of a precursor to the 2021 "Mazes and Labyrinths" abstract): "[Metroidvania Series #2: Mazes and Labyrinths](#)" (accompanied by its original script, [on Google Docs](#); both 2019)
- a BDSM reflection on ludo-Gothic themes in *Metroid*: "[Revisiting My Masters' Thesis on Metroidvania—Our Ludic Masters: The Dominating Game Space](#)" (2021)
- a deeper follow-up to "Our Ludic Masters": "[Why I Submit: A Subby Gothacist's Attitudes on Metroidvania, Mommy Doms, and Sexual Persecution](#)" (2021)

- a study of abjection and traditional gender theory *vis-à-vis* Barbara Creed in *Metroidvania*: "[War Vaginas: Phallic Women, Vaginal Spaces and Archaic Mothers in *Metroid*](#)" (2021)
- a Q&A interview series that interviews *Metroid* speedrunners about *Metroidvania* for my postgrad work: [the abstract for "Mazes and Labyrinths: Disempowerment in *Metroidvania* and Survival Horror"](#) (2021)
- a chapter I wrote about *Metroid* for an unfinished book: "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*](#) [exhibit 5e]" (2021)
- a chapter on *Metroidvania* from my PhD, aka Volume Zero of *Sex Positivity* (2023), which details extensively my history with *Metroidvania* from childhood to my graduate and postgraduate work: "['Make it gay,' part two: Camping Tolkien's Refrain using *Metroidvania*, or the Map is a Lie: the Quest for Power inside Cameron's Closed Space \(and other shooters\)](#)" (2023)
- an essay from Volume Two, part one, which conceptualizes the middle class' constant inheritance and exploring of the imaginary past through a privileged "savior" position, but one that can develop ludo-Gothic BDSM as a sex positive force; features Samus Aran as a "white Indian": "['In Search of the Secret Spell': Digging Our Own Graves; or, Playing with Dead Things \(the Imaginary Past\) as Verboten and Carte-Blanche \(feat. Samus Aran\)](#)" (2024)
- an essay from Volume Two, part one, which critiques Jeremy Parish as a *Metroidvania* research inspiration of mine: "['Monsters, Magic and Myth': Modularity and Class \(feat. Jeremy Parish and Sorcha Ní Fhlainn\)](#)" (2024)
- an essay from Volume Two, part one, which reflects on how the Gothic is queer as realized through my *Metroidvania* work and beyond: "[Facing Death: What I Learned Mastering *Metroidvania*, thus the Abject '90s](#)" (2024)
- a three-part book chapter* on *Metroidvania* from Volume Two, part two, which covers *Frankenstein* (aka *The Modern Prometheus*) and talks extensively about the Promethean Quest as it appears in popular media after Shelley's novel—*Metroidvania*, of course (with close-reads of *Hollow Knight* and *Axiom Verge*), but also movies like *Forbidden Planet* and *Alien*: "['She Fucks Back'; or, Revisiting *The Modern Prometheus* through Astronoetics: the Man of Reason and Cartesian Hubris versus the Womb of Nature in *Metroidvania*](#)" (2024).

*Said chapter combines my PhD research after writing my PhD, making "She Fucks Back" a culmination of my life's work on the subject; I'm very proud of it!

Last but not least, I wanted to share my favorite essay about *Metroidvania*. Already the culmination of my life's work, I wanted to cap off my magnum opus [re: "She Fucks Back"] with a fun little announcement, letting you all know the last

part of that chapter is now on my website: "[Sleeping Beauties: Policing the Whore; or, Topping from Below to Rise from the Ashes](#)" (2024)!



([source](#): *Materia Collective*)

Normally it'd just be another post in my book sample series for Volume Two, part two, "[Searching for Secrets](#)" (2024). However, "Sleeping Beauties" is extra special because it's the capstone to my Metroidvania work after my PhD and what I esteem to be my crowning achievement; i.e., I write about rape play a great deal, talking about it outside of Metroidvania all the time (e.g., "[Into the Toy Chest, part zero: A Note about Rape/Rape Play; or, Facing the Great Destroyer](#)," 2024), but "Beauties" complements that work by marrying it to one of my favorite games, *Hollow Knight*, and its secret final boss, the Radiance! There's just so much

fun academic stuff to unpack (e.g., Manuel Aguirre, Michel Foucault and Mikhail Bakhtin, to name a few)—with me doing so in a way that's hopefully more accessible, sexy and fun than those authors to read!

To summarize the piece, itself, my website describes it as, "Articulates Aguirre and Bakhtin's ideas per my evolution of ludo-Gothic BDSM after my master's thesis and into my graduate work, then considers the Promethean Quest as something that presents the whore as normally hunted by police forces, only to escape their subjugation and imprisonment by acting out her own rape; i.e., as *Hollow Knight*'s final boss, the Radiance, does" ([source](#)). In short, girl's a freak, but camps her abuse at the hero's hands to say something not just about the Pale King, but Capitalism, too, and why *it* sucks. Maybe in reading "Beauties," you'll change how you view not just the game and its approach to sexual violence in Gothic forms, but also the world at large...

In any event, it's a huge relief to have "Beauties" out there, and I'm very proud of it. Give it a look and let me know what you think!



Lost in Necropolis: The Continuation of
Castle-Narrative beyond the Novel or Cinema,
and into Metroidvania

Nicholas van der Waard

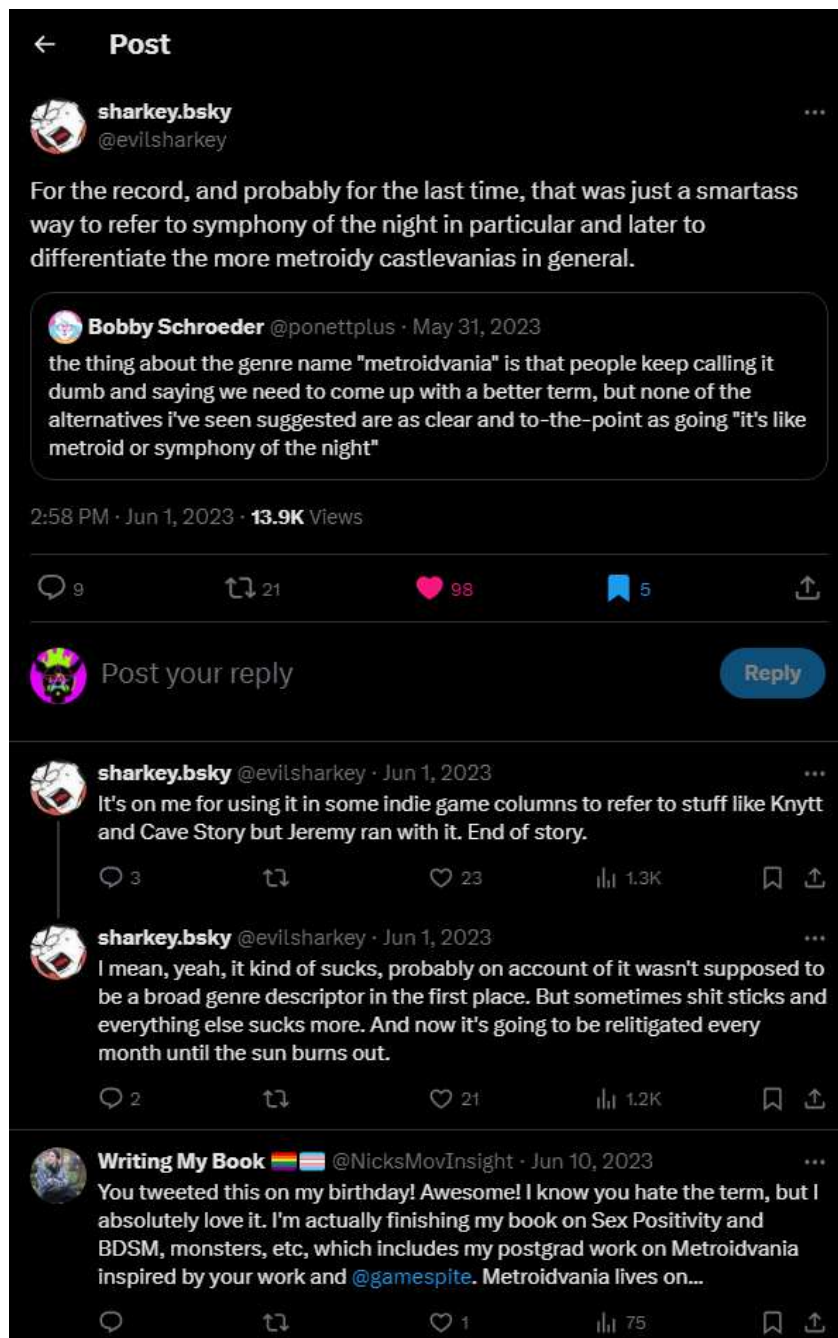
A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements of Manchester Metropolitan
University for the MA Degree - English Studies: The Gothic

Department of English
Faculty of Arts and Humanities
September 2018

Though imperfect, these older pieces try to show how the poststructuralist method—when taken beyond its somewhat limited 1960s/70s praxial scope (the '70s being the emergence of academic Gothic thought)—can be critically empowered in dialectical-material ways; i.e., to actually critique capital through iconoclastic monsters, BDSM/power exchange and spaces in Metroidvania, but also immensely creative interpretations/responses to those variables as already existing for me to rediscover in my own work: speedrunning as a communal effect for solving complex puzzles and telling Gothic ludonarratives in highly inventive ways. As we'll see moving forward, this strategy isn't just limited to videogames, but applies to any poetic endeavor during oppositional praxis. —Perse

Metroidvania

A type of Gothic videogame, one involving the exploration of castles and other closed spaces in an ergodic framework; i.e., the struggle of investigating past trauma as expressed through the Gothic castle and its monstrous caverns (which is the author poetically hinting at systemic abuses in real life). [Scott Sharkey insists he coined the term](#) (source tweet: evilsharkey, 2023) —ostensibly in the early 2000s while working with Jeremy Parish for 1-Ups.com:



However, the term was probably being used before that in the late '90s to casually describe the 1997 PSOne game, *Castlevania: Symphony of the Night*; records of it being used can be found [as early as 2001](#) (this [Circle of the Moon Amazon review](#) is from 2003). By 2006, though, Jeremy Parish had a personalized definition on his own blog, "GameSpite | Compendium of Old and Useless Information" (2012):

"Metroidvania" is a stupid word for a wonderful thing. It's basically a really terrible neologism that describes a videogame genre which combines 2D side-scrolling action with free-roaming exploration and progressive skill and item collection to enable further, uh, progress. As in *Metroid* and Koji Igarashi-developed

Castlevania games. Thus the name ([source](#)).

My own postgrad research ("Mazes and Labyrinths") has expanded/narrowed the definition quite a bit:

Metroidvania are a location-based videogame genre that combines 2D, 2.5D, or 3D platforming [e.g., *Dark Souls*, 2009] and ranged/melee combat—usually in the 3rd person—inside a giant, closed space. This space communicates Gothic themes of various kinds; encourages exploration*

depending on how non-linear the space is; includes progressive skill and item collection, mandatory boss keys and variable gating mechanics (bosses, items, doors); and requires movement powerups in some shape or form, though these can be supplied through RPG elements as an optional alternative.

**Exploration pertains to the deliberate navigation of space beyond that of obvious, linear routes—to search for objects, objectives or secrets off the beaten path ([source](#)).*

Also from "Mazes and Labyrinths":

Mazes and Labyrinths: I treat space as essential when defining Metroidvania. Mazes and labyrinths are closed space; their contents exist within a closed structure, either a maze or a labyrinth. A classical labyrinth is a linear system with one set, unicursal path towards an end point; a maze is a non-linear system with multiple paths to an end point [classical texts often treated the words as interchangeable].

Metroidvania, etymology: As its most basic interpretation, Metroidvania is a portmanteau of *Metroid* and *Castlevania*, specifically "Metroid" + "-vania." However, the term has no singular, universally-agreed-upon definition. Because I focus on space, my definitions—of the individual portmanteau components—are as follows:

"Metroid" \neq the franchise, *Metroid*; "Metroid" = that franchise's unique treatment of closed space—the maze.

"-vania" \neq the franchise, *Castlevania*; "castlevania" equals that franchise's unique treatment of closed space—the labyrinth.

At the same time, "Metroid," or "metro" + "-oid" means "android city." "Castlevania" or "castle" + "-vania" means "other castle," "demon castle," or "castle Dracula." The portmanteau, "Metroidvania" \approx "android city" + "demon castle" + "maze" + "labyrinth."

Further Distinctions: There are further ways to identify if a Metroidvania space is a maze or not. As I explain in my 2019 YouTube video, "[Metroidvania Series #2: Mazes and Labyrinths](#)":

What ultimately determines a Metroidvania's maze-ness are three sequences: the start, the middle, and the end. The start is what I

consider to be the collection of essential items—power-ups you'll need to use for the entire game. Mid-game is the meat of the experience. The end sequence makes the win condition available to the player.

I mention item collection relative to these sequences because they are a core element of Metroidvania play, hence determine what kind of space the player is dealing with. In *Metroid*, for example, the Morph Ball, Bomb and Missiles are essential, and the player can acquire all of them rather quickly. Apart from those, however, there are few items you actually need to complete the game. One of them is Ice Beam, which is required to kill metroids, thus gain access to Mother Brain (the game's end condition). Large portions of the game can be played without it, though. Like many Metroid power-ups, it is a mid-game collectible.

Item collection allows the player to leave the start and enter the middle. This section, I argue, determines whether or not a Metroidvania is a maze. If the majority of the game allows for sequence breaks, RBO (reverse boss order) and low-percent, then it is a maze; if not, it is a labyrinth. A Metroidvania can be either ([source](#): the original script on Google Docs).

In terms of appearance, a Metroidvania's audiovisual presentation can range from retro-future sci-fi to Neo-Gothic fantasy. Nevertheless, their spaces typically function as Gothic castles; replete with hauntological monsters, demons, and ghosts, they guide whatever action the hero must perform when navigating the world and dealing with its threats (*ibid.*)

ergodic

As defined by Espen J. Aarseth in [Cybertext: Perspectives on Ergodic Literature](#) (1997): "During the cybertextual process, the user will have effectuated a semiotic sequence, and this selective movement is a work of physical construction that the various concepts of 'reading' do not account for. [...] In ergodic literature, nontrivial effort is required to traverse the text," meaning effort beyond eye movement and the periodic or arbitrary turning of pages; spatially there is more than one route to take, or multiple ways one can take the same route to complete an objective or series of objectives (which in Metroidvania, are generally unspoken; *Super Metroid* is famous for its lack of narration, open-ended world, and non-linear fragmented narrative).

liminal space

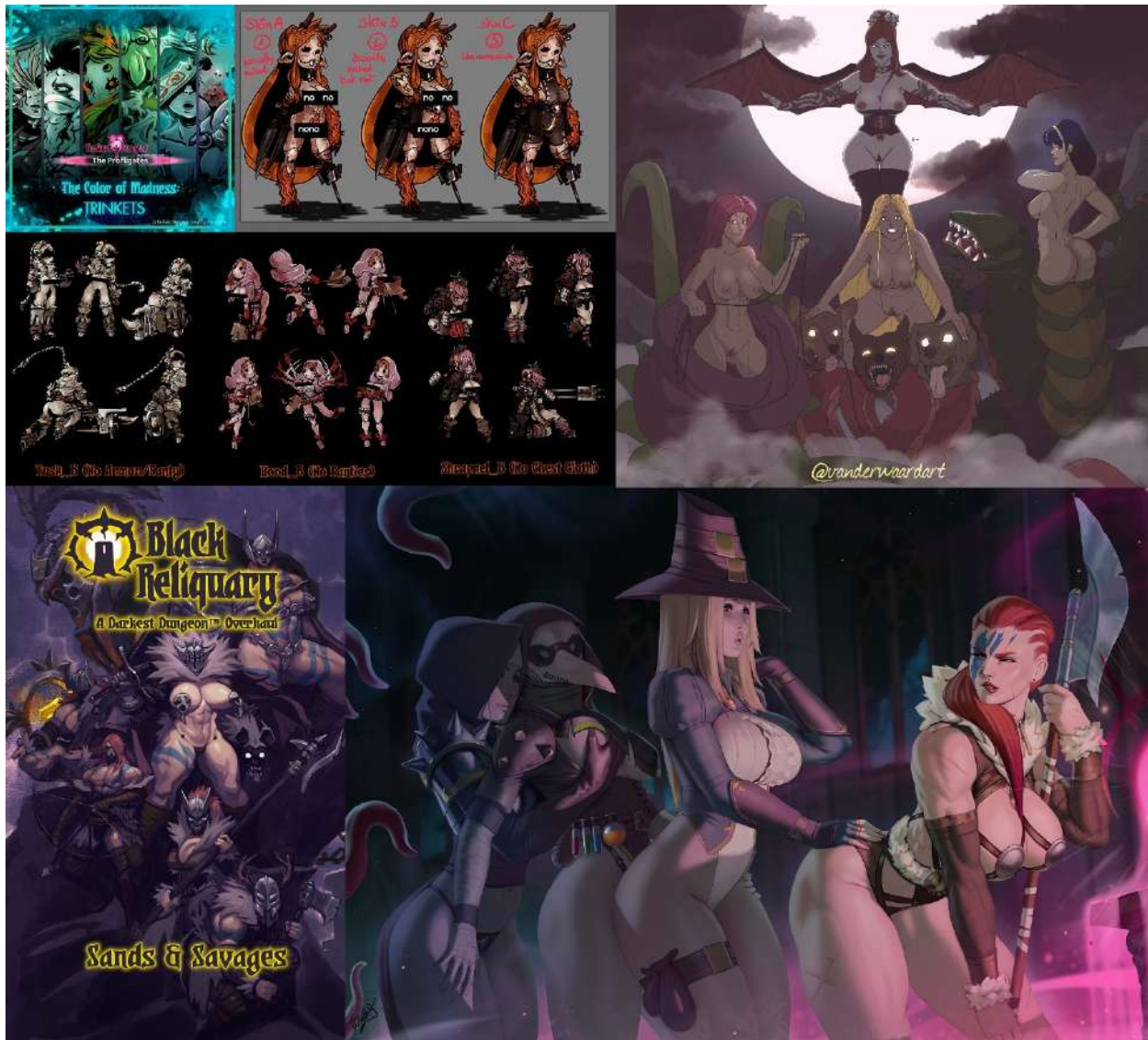
Liminal spaces, in architectural terms, are spaces designed to be moved through; in Gothic terms, these amount to Bakhtin's chronotopes as museum-like times spaces that, when moved through, help past legends come alive, animating in literal and figuratively Gothic/medieval ways. Classically these include the animated portrait, miniature, gargoyle, (often giant) suit of armor, effigy and double, etc; more modern variants include Tool's early music videos (exhibit 43a), Trent Reznor's 1994 music video for "Closer" (exhibit 43b) and *Mario 64*'s own liminal spaces as outlined by Marilyn Roxie's "[Marilyn Roxie presents ... The Inescapable Weirdness of Super Mario 64](#)" (2020).



([source](#))

liminal monsters (expression)/monster girls

Monsters are generally liminal, but some more than others openly convey a partial, ambivalent, oscillating sense of conflict on the surface of their imagery. A hopelessly common example is the monster girl, as AFAB persons are generally fetishized/demonized "waifu" in canon and must be reclaimed in sex-positive forms (exhibit 5e; 23a, the Medusa; 49, phallic women; 50, furies; 62e, cavewomen, etc). The advanced degree of this trope is the monster mother, which expects the women to exist in ways that cater to men that are both loved and feared in fetishizing ways, but also sacrificed (exhibits 51b1, 87b1 and 102b, etc). Akin to a black mirror, Eve Segewick, in 1981, called this mimesis "the character in the veil [or] imagery of the surface in the Gothic novel." The basic gist, they argue, is the sexualizing of a surfaces in Gothic media (their example being the nun's veil); i.e., a "shallow pattern" literally on the surface of paper or a screen or glass that can evoke a deeper systemic problem that spans space and time.



(exhibit 5e2: Top-far-left: Muscarine's "Profligates" [from the Darkest Dungeon \[2016\] mod workshop](#). Top-far-left: Muscarine's "Profligates" [from the Darkest Dungeon \[2016\] mod workshop](#). Top-far-left: Muscarine's "Profligates" [from the Darkest Dungeon \[2016\] mod workshop](#). The "Great Waifu Renaissance" of *The Darkest Dungeon* portrays the monstrous-feminine as waifus to control and embody as much during an ontological power trip as simply being a proverbial dragon to "slay." Often, they walk the tightrope between the cutesy and the profane, subverting stereotypes while simultaneously being chased after by weird canonical nerds: **waifu/wheyfu monster-girl war brides**. Procured and dressed by powerful greedy companies [e.g., Blizzard's "thirst-trap" catalog of Amazon gradients] and given to apolitical consumers, the latter fight the culture war for the former as tied to the state through capital. And yet weird iconoclastic nerds can weaponize these self-same monstrous-feminine to our purposes.

The Tusk, for example, is a sexy cavegirl who iconoclastically stinks—i.e., with body odor being historically-materially denied to women despite their armpits smelling just as much as guys' do, let alone their vaginas, which guys do not have and can have all sorts of smells: e.g., Zeuhl once asked me to smell their panties, saying incredulously, "Isn't that crazy?" because their cootchie smelled rather strong [and to which my look of shock, post-smelling it, utterly betrayed me. To be fair, it was rather pungent from us simply walking around my hometown. All the same, bodies smell because they're designed to; e.g., that same night, we had doggystyle sex and for the first time I could suddenly smell the natural "musk" from Zeuhl's asshole: a vestigial throwback to a time when humans communicated more by smells than with words]. Apart from the Tusk, the Hood is a slutty Red Riding Hood, and the Fawn is a patchwork animal-girl ninja, etc.

*Lower-top-left: [nude mods for Muscarine's Profligates, by JOMO=1](#). Fan mods operate as "fan fiction," thus tend to be far hornier [see: *Black Reliquary's* (2023) many Amazon thirst traps, bottom-left] than official canon does. Generally the official art/content for the main game or "faithful" fan art tends to be less overtly sexualized, but no less canonical or sexually dimorphic; e.g., the Countess [exhibit 1a1c] as an Archaic Bug Mom slain by the bad-faith Ancestor [who is frankly a giant dick for the whole game].*

*Top-right: Persephone van der Waard's illustrations of four monster girls from *Castlevania* (a franchise with a whole bestiary of female monsters; [source: Fandom](#)). These four are all from *Castlevania: Symphony of the Night*—[Alraune](#), [Succubus](#), [Scylla](#) and [Amphisbaena](#).*

*Bottom-left: Promo art [[source tweet: Reliquary Mod, 2021](#)] for *The Darkest Dungeon* overhaul, *The Black Reliquary*].*

*Bottom-right: Fan art for *The Darkest Dungeon* by [Maestro Noob](#), depicting what are basically heroic female monsters: the virgin/whore, but also the damsel/demon and the Amazon with a BDSM flavor.*

chimeras/furries:



(exhibit 5f: Artist, left: [William Mai](#); artist, right: [Blush Brush](#). Examples of furries. "Furry" is an incredibly diverse art style. For more examples, consider Volume Two's "Call of the Wild" chapter, as well as exhibits 65 or 68 from Volume Three.)

A **chimera** isn't simply the Greek monster, but any kind of composite body or entity, often with elements of multiplicity or plurality (e.g., [the Gerasene demon](#)). Conversely, furries are humanoid [commonly called "anthro"] personas that tend to have humanoid bodies, but semi-animalistic limbs and intersex components tied to ancient rituals of fertility but also gender expression relating to/identifying with nature. While Greek myths are commonly more animalistic, the (mainstream) furries of today are often closer to the Ancient Egyptian variety: an animal "headdress" or mask over a mostly-human body. There's plenty of morphological gradients, of course—with "feral" or "bestial" variants being more and more animalistic; and the "Giger variety" being more xenomorphic and Gothically surreal (the xenomorph [exhibit 51a/60c] being one of the most famous, if contested, chimeras in modern times). A general rule of thumb, however, is the genitals tend to be human; however, "monster-fucker" variants very quickly move away from humanoid bodies (and/or genitals) altogether, often with abject, stigma animals like the insect, leech, reptile, or worm. Likewise, while "fursonas" (furry personas) tend to be sexualized, they aren't always; in fact, they primarily function as alter-

egos with many different functions: the political (see: [alt-right furies](#) as well as "[furry panic](#)"), [the dramatic](#) (Fredrik Knudsen, 2019), the horror genre (see: pretty much anything by Junji Ito, but also [Five Nights at Freddy's](#), 2014; [or its various wacky clones](#), source: Space Ice, 2023) and also for general fandom purposes; i.e., furies are [not automatically fetishes](#) (Vice, 2018) but are criminalized similar to Bronies (though any popular fandom that has a large underage audience is going to attract sexual predators *and* outsider bias; see: Turkey Tom's 2023 [admittedly problematic] "Degenerate" series on [Bronies](#) or [Five Nights at Freddy's](#); or Lily Orchard's [pedophile escapades, hidden behind sexualized Brony fan fiction](#)—Essence of Thought, 2021).

monster-fucking

The mutually consensual act of fucking monsters; i.e., sex-positive, Gothicized kink. However, as this tends to involve inhuman, animal-esque creatures beyond just werewolves, Frankensteinian creatures, or vampires, make sure to refer to the Harkness test (exhibit 38c) to avoid conducting/depicting bestiality or pedophilia! *Note: While sexual abuse does happen in furry communities, these communities are ultimately quite small and those behaviors are not the norm within any more than in the LGBTQ community at large. However, in the tradition of moral panics, this won't stop reactionary groups from scapegoating furies and similar out-groups, the persecutors hypocritically overlooking widespread systemic abuse by paramilitaries and communities leaders in the bargain. —Perse*

Satanism

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THE MISSION OF THE SATANIC TEMPLE IS TO ENCOURAGE BENEVOLENCE AND EMPATHY, REJECT TYRANNICAL AUTHORITY, ADVOCATE PRACTICAL COMMON SENSE, OPPOSE INJUSTICE, AND UNDERTAKE NOBLE PURSUITS.

THE SATANIC TEMPLE

We have publicly confronted hate groups, fought for the abolition of corporal punishment in public schools, applied for equal representation when religious institutions are placed on public property, provided religious exemption and legal protection against laws that unscientifically restrict people's reproductive autonomy, exposed harmful pseudo-scientific practitioners in mental health care, organized clubs alongside other religious after-school clubs in schools besieged by proselytizing organizations, and engaged in other advocacy in accordance with our tenets.


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THERE ARE SEVEN FUNDAMENTAL TENETS

- I** One should strive to act with compassion and empathy toward all creatures in accordance with reason.
- II** The struggle for justice is an ongoing and necessary pursuit that should prevail over laws and institutions.
- III** One's body is inviolable, subject to one's own will alone.
- IV** The freedoms of others should be respected, including the freedom to offend. To willfully and unjustly encroach upon the freedoms of another is to forgo one's own.
- V** Beliefs should conform to one's best scientific understanding of the world. One should take care never to distort scientific facts to fit one's beliefs.
- VI** People are fallible. If one makes a mistake, one should do one's best to rectify it and resolve any harm that might have been caused.
- VII** Every tenet is a guiding principle designed to inspire nobility in action and thought. The spirit of compassion, wisdom, and justice should always prevail over the written or spoken word.

THE SATANIC TEMPLE VS. CHURCH OF SATAN

The Satanic Temple has become the primary religious Satanic organization in the world with congregations internationally, and a number of high profile public campaigns designed to preserve and advance secularism and individual liberties. The rise of The Satanic Temple has been met with an increase in commentary regarding what Satanism is as media outlets struggle to grasp how this upstart religion has begun to shift religious liberty debates with claims of equal access.



With unfortunate regularity - and much to our chagrin - The Satanic Temple is confused with an earlier organization, the Church of Satan, founded by Anton Szandor LaVey in the 1960s. The Church of Satan expresses vehement opposition to the campaigns and activities of The Satanic Temple, asserting themselves as the only "true" arbiters of Satanism, while The Satanic Temple dismisses the Church of Satan as irrelevant and inactive.

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FAQ



(exhibit 5h: [The Satanic Temple website](#). I never joined, but they seem like an alright bunch—[especially compared to the anti-feminist moderacy of the YouTube Skeptics/atheist Community](#) [source: *The Kavernacle*, 2021]. To that, "skepticism" often dogwhistles a common moderate/reactionary tactic; i.e., to "just ask questions." This maneuver is bad-faith more often than not, as seen in the "gender critical" community [a TERF cryptonym meant to conceal the fascist nature of regressive "activism," *Amazonomachia* and cryptomimesis] or the so-called race "realists," [but also the transphobia of cis-skeptics defending the "fairness" of professional sports](#) by excluding trans people; source: *Essence of Thought*, 2019.)

Like furies, Satanism is generally treated as a regular scapegoat during moral panic (with "Satanic" [historically being used to scapegoat members of the LGBTQ community as "groomers" during the 1980s into the present](#); source: Caelan Conrad, 2022). However, Satan is a complex figure and can personify different forms of persecution and rebellion. For example, I have explored Satanism before—in my own past time ("[Dreadful Discourse, ep. 7: Satan](#)") as well as [my own living experiences](#): "I, Satanist; Atheist: A Gothacist's Thoughts on Atheism, Religion, and Sex" (2021). Satanic churches aren't ecclesiastical in the traditional sense, but their implementation in Western culture isn't always implemented well. [Anton LaVey's Church of Satan](#) is a bit overly hedonistic and dated, sounding painfully cliché and sexist. [The Satanic Temple](#), on the other hand, is far more accessible, while refusing to compromise on the humanitarian issues they seek to confront in society as structured on organized religion (America wasn't simply founded by the Puritans, but founded on their awful principles, too).

uncanny

From Freud's *unheimlich*, meaning "unhomely," the uncanny actually has many different academic applications. One of the most famous (and canonically outmoded) is the liminal/parallel space (the "danger disco/cyberpunk," exhibit 15b2; the haunted music video, 43a; the Nostromo from *Alien*, 64c). Another common example is the *uncanny valley*, which—while generally applied to animation techniques—can also apply to ghosts, egregores and other Gothic imitations (the unfriendly disguise/pastiche, exhibit 43b; the friendly, iconoclastic variant 43c) or humanoid likenesses that fail to "pass the test" (for a diegetic example of this concept, [refer to the Voight-Kampff test from Blade Runner](#), 1982). In the Gothic sense, the animate-inanimate presents the subject as now-alive but once-not, but also faced within bad copies they cannot safely distinguish themselves from; e.g., the knight from *Hollow Knight* (exhibit 40h1) but also the xenomorph (exhibit 60d) and living latex, leather and death fetishes (exhibits exhibit 9b2, 50b, 60e1, 101c2), or golems/succubae (exhibits 38c1b/51b1), etc, as one subtype of animated miniature whose ghost of the counterfeit is historically-

materially abject. The intimation is one of death in proximity with sensations that we are merely clay simulacra within the Gothic spell and that, at any moment, the spell could end and our dancing in the ruins suddenly stop as we cease to be once more; motionless we become, as Monty Python puts it, "ex-parrots."

terror and horror

Gothic schools begot from the Neo-Gothic period (the 1790s, in particular, between Ann Radcliffe and Matthew Lewis) largely concerned with looking—specifically showing and hiding violence, monsters, taboo sex and other abject things (this lends it a voyeuristic, exhibitionist quality). Defined posthumously by Radcliffe in her 1826 essay, "On The Supernatural In Poetry":

Terror and horror are so far opposite, that the first expands the soul, and awakens the faculties to a high degree of life; the other contracts, freezes and nearly annihilates them [...] and where lies the great difference between terror and horror but in the uncertainty and obscurity, that accompany the first, respecting the dreaded evil? ([source](#)).

phallic women

The cock of the state. A monstrous-feminine archetype predicated on active, penetrative violence (or scapegoated for it; e.g., the trans woman as a "woman with a penis" trope). Canonical phallic women are female characters, villains, and monsters (often Amazons, Medusas or something comparable) who behave in a traditional masculine way—though generally in response to patriarchal structures with an air of female revenge; e.g., Lady Macbeth from *Macbeth*; Victoria de Loredani from *Zofloya*, 1806; Rumi from *Perfect Blue*, 1997, and Ripley/Samus Aran from *Aliens/Metroid*. When Dale Townshend introduced the term "phallic women" to me, he referenced Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth:

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose ([source](#)).

In non-fiction, this encompasses TERFs, who adopt violent, minority-police roles post-trauma, accepting further "prison sex" conditioning by reactionaries during moral panics. The phallic power of women is canonically treated as hysterically fleeting (e.g., Lady Galadriel's "dark queen" moment; or Dani's fall from grace as

the dark mother of dragons, in *Game of Thrones*, 2009, her self-defeating hysteria supplied by the authors of the show to justify male rule during the final season). She is expected to perform, then put away her sword and wear the dress.

Archaic Mothers (and vaginal spaces)

The womb of nature. An ancient, monstrous-feminine symbol of female/matriarchal power. In Gothic stories, the Archaic Mother (and her space) is generally something for the canonically male/phallic woman to slay and rape (as per the Cartesian Revolution)—e.g., Samus being the "space" variant of a knight or Amazon, specifically a subjugated, *TERF* Amazon killing Mother Brain, the Dark Mother, in service of the Galactic Federation and "the Man" (the entire Red Scare's class character dialog being displaced to outer space); for a more detailed writeup about these concepts in *Metroid*, consider "War Vaginas":

To summarize those terms, a phallic woman resists sexist conventions by behaving in a masculine (often war-like) fashion in Gothic stories. An Archaic Mother is a powerful, ancient, female mythic figure tied to abject images of motherhood and/or numinous authority. Her power is womb-centric, stemming from her actual womb, or the womb-like space she uses to attack the hero with" ([source](#)).

One of the most famous Archaic Mothers is the Medusa, but she takes many similar forms: the transgenerational undead preserved as living latex, leather or clay that comes alive like a gargoyle to seek indiscriminate vengeance against the living for having been wronged by proponents of capital, Cartesian thought, patriarchs, etc.



(artist: [Patrick Brown](#))

Amazonomachia (Amazon pastiche)

"Amazon battle" is an ancient form of classical, monstrous-feminine art whose pastiche was historically used to *enforce* the status quo; i.e., Theseus subjugating Hippolyta the Amazon Queen to police other women (making regressive/canonical *Amazonomachia* a form of monstrous-feminine copaganda). With the rise of queer discourse and identity starting in arguably the late 18th century, later canonical variations in the 20th century (e.g., Marsden's Wonder Woman) would seek to move the goalpost *incrementally*—less of a concession, in neoliberal variants (every Blizzard heroine ever—exhibits 45a, 76, 72), and more an attempt to recruit from dissident marginalized groups. The offer is always the same: to become badass, strong and "empowered." In truth, these regressive Amazons become assimilated token cops; i.e., the fetishized witch cop/war boss as a "blind Medusa" who hates her own kind by seeing herself as different than them, thus acting like a white, cis-het man towards them (the "Rambo problem"). In the business of violent cartoons (disguised variants of the state's enemies), characters like Ripley or Samus become lucrative token gladiators for the elite by fighting similar to men (active, lethal violence) *for* male state-corporate hegemony. To that, their symbolism colonizes

revolutionary variations of the Amazon, Medusa, etc, during subversive Amazonomachia within genderqueer discourse.

witch cops/war boss

A class, gender or race traitor dressed up in the heroic-victimized language of warrior variants of past victims. Their baleful gaze is diverted away from the elite, instead punching down at their fellow workers to break up their strikes, unions and riots; but also to tease disempowered women with the "carrot" of active, physical violence they're conditioned to use against the state's enemies. There are male/Man Box variants and token variants (the weird canonical nerd of course, exhibit 93b; the war chief, 98b1; the Afrocentrist; the centrist Amazon, exhibit 98b1/100c4; the LGBA's bad-faith bears, otters, dykes and femmes; or the queer boss, exhibit 100c10) and the praxis allows for flexible gender roles within and outside of the heteronormative binary as long as it serves the profit motive. But subversive variants (exhibit 111b) are generally forced to work within notoriously bigoted and oppressive structures: the patriarchal world of professional, competitive sports or the porn industry as things to subvert ("make love, not war" as a hard stance, not conflating Marisa's "love" [exhibit 98a3] with genuine, class-conscious praxis). This makes TERF amazons, Medusas, *et al*, Judas-level "prison guards" inside Man Box culture; they assimilate their conquerors and use their cudgels, slurs and shackles, but also their fetish/power outfits like they do—without countercultural irony during blood libel (even while trying to disguise this function through false rebellion) while being paid in blood money by the state and forced to ignominiously marry people they wouldn't be caught dead with under non-oppressive conditions.

waifus/wheyfus

The waifu is a war bride in *shonen* media; i.e., the promise of sex, generally through marriage as emblemized in Japanese cultural exports that fuse with Western bigotries to make similar promises to entitled, young male consumers (and older bigots and tokens). While the "waifu," then, is any bride you want—be she big and strong, short and stacked, skinny-thicc, tall and slender, or some other "monster girl" combination dressed up as a pin-up Hippolyta, Medusa or some other hauntological trope—the "wheyfu" is conspicuously burly and chased after by entitled fans (this relationship can get performatively complicated, but the basic difference is coercion versus mutual consent). Within oppositional praxis, then, the waifu/wheyfu becomes yet another disguise within class war for operatives on either basic side to utilize.

the Male/Female Gothic

Stemming from earlier periods of Gothic academic (1970s), the Male and Female Gothic are gendered ideas of the Gothic school or work connected to older, Neo-Gothic schools: Ann Radcliffe's *de facto* School of Terror and Matthew Lewis' School of Horror ([outlined as such in Devendra Varma's *The Gothic Flame*, 1923](#); though perhaps articulated earlier than that). Radcliffe's school focused on terror concealing the "dreaded evil," the explained supernatural and raising the imagination through carefully maintained suspense. Lewis's contributions to the so-called Male Gothic focused more on the living dead, overtly supernatural rituals, black magic, and sex with demons, murder, and so on. Frankly Male Gothic is a bit outmoded, [with Colin Broadmoor in 2021 making a strong argument for Lewis' Gothic camp being far more queer than strictly "male" in *The Monk*](#) despite the lack of sexuality and gender functioning as identity when he wrote it (similar to Tolkien or Milton, despite their own intentions).

egregore/tulpa (simulacrum)



(*exhibit 5i: Artist: [Mole and Thomas.](#)*)

An occult or monstrous concept representing a non-physical entity that arises from the collective thoughts of a distinct group of people ([what Plato and other philosophers have called the simulacrum](#) through various hair-splittings; e.g., "identical copies of that which never existed" being touched upon by Baudrillard's concept of hyperreality). The distinction between egregore and tulpa is largely

etymological, with "egregore" stemming from French and Greek and "tulpa" being a Tibetan idea:

*Since the 1970s, tulpas have been a feature of Western paranormal lore. In contemporary paranormal discourse, a tulpa is a being that begins in the imagination but acquires a tangible reality and sentience. Tulpas are created either through a deliberate act of individual will or unintentionally from the thoughts of numerous people. The tulpa was first described by Alexandra David-Néel (1868–1969) in *Magic and Mystery in Tibet* (1929) and is still regarded as a Tibetan concept. However, the idea of the tulpa is more indebted to Theosophy than to Tibetan Buddhism [source: Natasha L. Mikles and Joseph P. Laycock's "Tracking the Tulpa: Exploring the "Tibetan" Origins of a Contemporary Paranormal Idea," 2015].*

The shared idea, here, is that monsters tend to represent social ideas begot from a public imagination according to fearful biases that are not always controlled or conscious in their *cryptogenesis/-mimesis*. In Gothic-Communist terms, this invokes historical-material warnings of codified power or trauma—including totems, effigies, fatal portraits, suits of armor, or gargoyles—projected back onto superstitious workers through ambiguous, cryptonymic illusions. For our purposes, these illusions are primarily fascist/neoliberal, as Capitalism encompasses the material world. It must be parsed/transmuted.

ghosts/Yokai

An ontologically complex category of either a former dead person, an *artifact/reminder* of them (their legend as an effigy or "statue" of themselves; e.g., a suit of armor or fatal portrait) or a discrete, wholly unique entity that shares only the resemblance but not the context of a former person or their legend. If hamlet's father is a famous Western example of this idea, then *Yokai* are the Eastern variant of this notion.

For a holistic example of many of these Gothic ideas in action, check out [The Babadook](#) (2014); it combine crypt narrative, Black Veils, Gothic heroines, chronotopes, liminal space/monsters et al into a singular narrative in a fairly iconoclastic (queer) way (it's also one of my favorite films and I love to analyze it; e.g., "[Close-reading Gothic Theory in The Babadook](#)," 2019)! —Perse

Acknowledgments

"I don't know half of you half as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve."

—J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Fellowship of the Ring* (1954)



(artist: Joseph Severn)

The British Romantic, John Keats, once described William Wordsworth's poetry as indicative of the "egotistical sublime"; i.e., pertaining to an isolated genius whose self-centered nature makes the truth of their work self-evident. In reality, Wordsworth's poems were based on the diary of his less-famous and -celebrated sister, Dorothy, [whose meticulous chronicling of their various "wanders"](#) (1798) laid the foundation for her brother's Romantic canon. As Gavin Andre Sukhu writes on the subject in 2013,

When reading the Grasmere Journal in conjunction with the poetry of William Wordsworth, Dorothy's journal appears to be a set of notes written especially for him by her. As a matter of fact, Dorothy made it quite clear in the beginning of her journals that she was writing them for William's "pleasure" ([source](#)).

Simply put, Keats was wrong. Wordsworth could *not* have written his famous poetry without his sister, whose close friendship and watchful eye he greatly cherished.

Like Wordsworth's poems, *Sex Positivity* could *not* have been written alone; I needed the help of various friends, associates, and enemies. While I arguably wouldn't be a Marxist without the eye-opening abuse of neoliberal Capitalism, I also wouldn't be openly trans without the many lovers and friends who taught me the value of things *beyond* Capitalism ("If more of us valued food and cheer and song above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world..."). It is the latter group—those friends who stood by my side and didn't abuse me—that I wish to honor.

Special thanks, then, to those people. Not only did their knowledge, bravery, generosity and love make this book possible in its current form; they made it fun, too. Yet, as I am blessed to have many different kinds of friends, I'll thank each in turn. Please excuse my lists and organizing; I just like to be thorough and complete in my thanksgivings!

First, to my fifteen muses—[Casper Clock](#), [Crow](#), [Sinead](#), [Bay](#), [Mugiwara Art](#), [Harmony Corrupted](#), [Romantic Rose](#), Angel Witch, [Mercedes the Muse](#), Krispy Tofuuu, [Ms. Reefer & Ayla](#), [Quinnvincible](#), [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Itzel](#): You've all lent me tremendous emotional support and helped me through some really hard times. Your solidarity during our combined struggle helped make this book possible. To each of you, I wanted to give an extra-special thank you:

- *To Bay*: Thank you for your invaluable contributions to *Sex Positivity*, puppy, and for being such a wonderful partner. Meeting you so late into the book's construction was incredibly serendipitous, but also fortunate in that you gave excellent daily feedback, provided many interesting (and germane) ideas to explore, and just frankly inspired and motivated me in so many different ways that, combined, transformed and expanded the landscape of this book more than anyone else (who all, I should add, pitched in a great amount). For example, from the date that we met (June 14th, 2023) until the altering of this entry (July 19th) you inspired me to create over *fifty* new, collage-style exhibits (about 25% of my book's total exhibits up to this point); on top of that, from July 24th to August 16th, the book increased another 150 pages, gaining an additional 88,000 words and 123 new images (many of which were exhibits). You're a person of great *mana*—incredibly loving and sweet, but also gorgeous, cultured and diverse in your many interests and passions; our minds also think very much alike and I absolutely love it and

adore you for it while having weaved your contributions into this book like a tapestry with your assistance. I cannot imagine this project (or my life) without you in it, injecting into both things of yourself that have changed how I see the world in ways I cannot imagine being different or without. I love you so very, very much, muffin, and am glad to have met you the way that we did!

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- *To Crow*: Thank you, puppy, for being such a game and receptive collaborator, and for treating me as well as you do; you're a wonderful partner—gorgeous, delightful, and sweet—and spending time with you has been so, so much fun! You've given me so much to enjoy and look forward to: making someone I love feel good. It delights me that I've found a sweetie who I can pour my boundless love (and cum) into. So all the kisses and snuggles, baby!



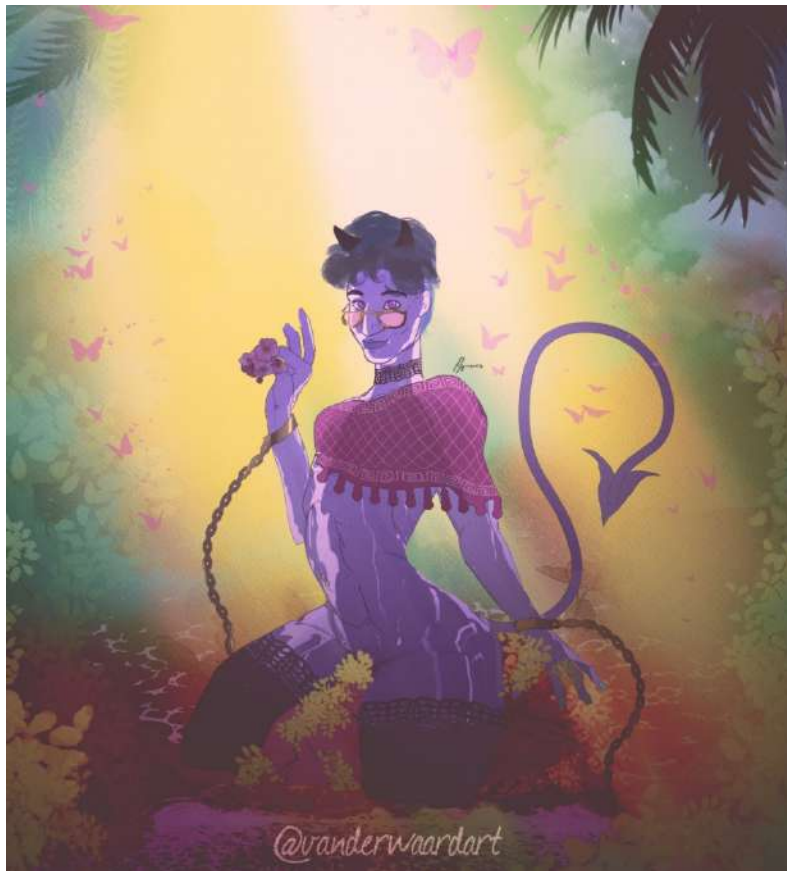
(artist: Mercedes the Muse)

- *To Mercedes*: Thank you, mommy, for inspiring my work. It meant so much when you first approached me and asked to be drawn, as I'd never had an artist/model do that before. But I absolutely love and respect what you stand for and think that you're incredibly legitimate, hot and valid. Thank you for being you!
- *To Itzel*: Thank you, daddy, for making me feel so pretty and special, but also offering me guidance and protection—like the little princess I always to be!
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both, but you make my girl cock feel amazing! To Ayla—thank you for fucking Chryssi so nicely with your huge dick! You're both adorable!

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(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#), of *Ginger*. Originally illustrated to celebrate their coming out as trans, but revised in a more devilish form for this book.)

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(artist: [Angel](#))

- *To Angel*: Thank you for being a really wonderful friend and for showing me a lot of cool things to include in *Sex Positivity* that I wouldn't have otherwise! Meeting you was a delight I can scarce express and working with you—on my art, or helping you with yours—has been an absolute treat.
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- *And to Cuwu*: My cowardly lion. Our friendship may have been brief, and you were pretty shitty and callow towards the end, but it was still hella saucy and helped pushed me to come out as trans and write this book (which contains many Marxist terms/colloquialisms that I learned personally from you); also thank you for lending me your copy of *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things* and for introducing me to SpongeBob. It really was a good show.



(artist: [Ronin Dude](#))

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[Learning](#). Thank you all for your wonderful video essays, political commentaries, and documentaries!

Thank you to [Karl Jobst](#) (for your good detective work, not your racism or pick-up artistry), [Bismuth](#), [Summoning Salt](#), and the other members of the YouTube speedrunner documentarian community for making such well-researched content; it contributed to my own graduate work and towards this book. Thanks as well to Jeremy Parish and Scott Sharkey for their research into Metroidvania ([even if they hate the term now](#)), and for Jeremy Parish's books on *Metroid* (e.g., [The Anatomy of Metroid](#), 2014) but also [on the subject of videogames in general](#); they were fun reads!

Thanks to the various content creators, actors, speedrunners, and streamers I've interviewed over the years for my various interview series, whose reflections have helped me rethink what the Gothic even is. Without your contributions, this book as it currently exists would not be possible:

- "[From Vintage to Retro: An FPS Q&A series](#)" (2021): This Q&A series centers on power and how it's arranged in FPS between the player and the game. In it, interview Twitch streamers and speedrunners, but also several game developers who play and create FPS games: [Jrmhd91](#), [Cynic the Original](#), [Alec and Stuff](#), [Frosty Xen](#), [Yellow Swerve](#), and [James Towne](#).
- "'[Mazes and Labyrinths' Q&A, Interview Compendium](#)" (2021): A series of Q&A interviews I give, interviewing speedrunners of the *Metroid* franchise: [CScottyW](#), [Behemoth87](#), [ShinyZeni](#).
- "[Hell-blazers: Speedrunning Doom Eternal](#)" (2020): I created this series when *Doom Eternal* was new. It interviews Twitch streamers and speedrunners about the game and why they play it: [DraQu](#), [Under the Mayo](#), [Byte Me](#), [The Spud Hunter](#), [King Dime](#), [Your Mate Devo](#), and [Frosty Xen](#).
- "[Giving My Two Cents: A Metal Compendium](#)" (2020): I love heavy metal, and have made a name for myself by commenting on videos by Metallica remixers on YouTube. Eventually I decided to interview these remixers in a *post hoc* Q&A series: [Creblestar](#), [Bryce Barilla](#), [State of Mercury](#), and of course, [Ahdy Khairat](#) (rock on, dude; your remixes absolutely rule).



Kailey (to the left) and Sam (to the right) on-set (courtesy of [Greg Massie](#))

- "[The 'Alien: Ore' Interview Project](#)" (2019): My first interview series, this project centers around the Spear sisters' *Alien* short film, "Alien: Ore." Originally I loved "Ore" so much I did [my own extensive analysis of it](#) ("Alien Ore: Explained (Spoilers)!" 2019). Kailey and Sam Spear enjoyed that so much [they agreed to be interviewed](#). It includes numerous interviews from the cast and crew, all of whom are total rockstars: [Mikela Jay](#), the star, and her co-stars [Tara Pratt](#), [Steven Stiller](#), [Ambrose Gardener](#); [Dallas Harvey](#) of Vancouver FX; and [Rose Hastreiter and Gerry Plant](#), the composers of Leonty Music Group.

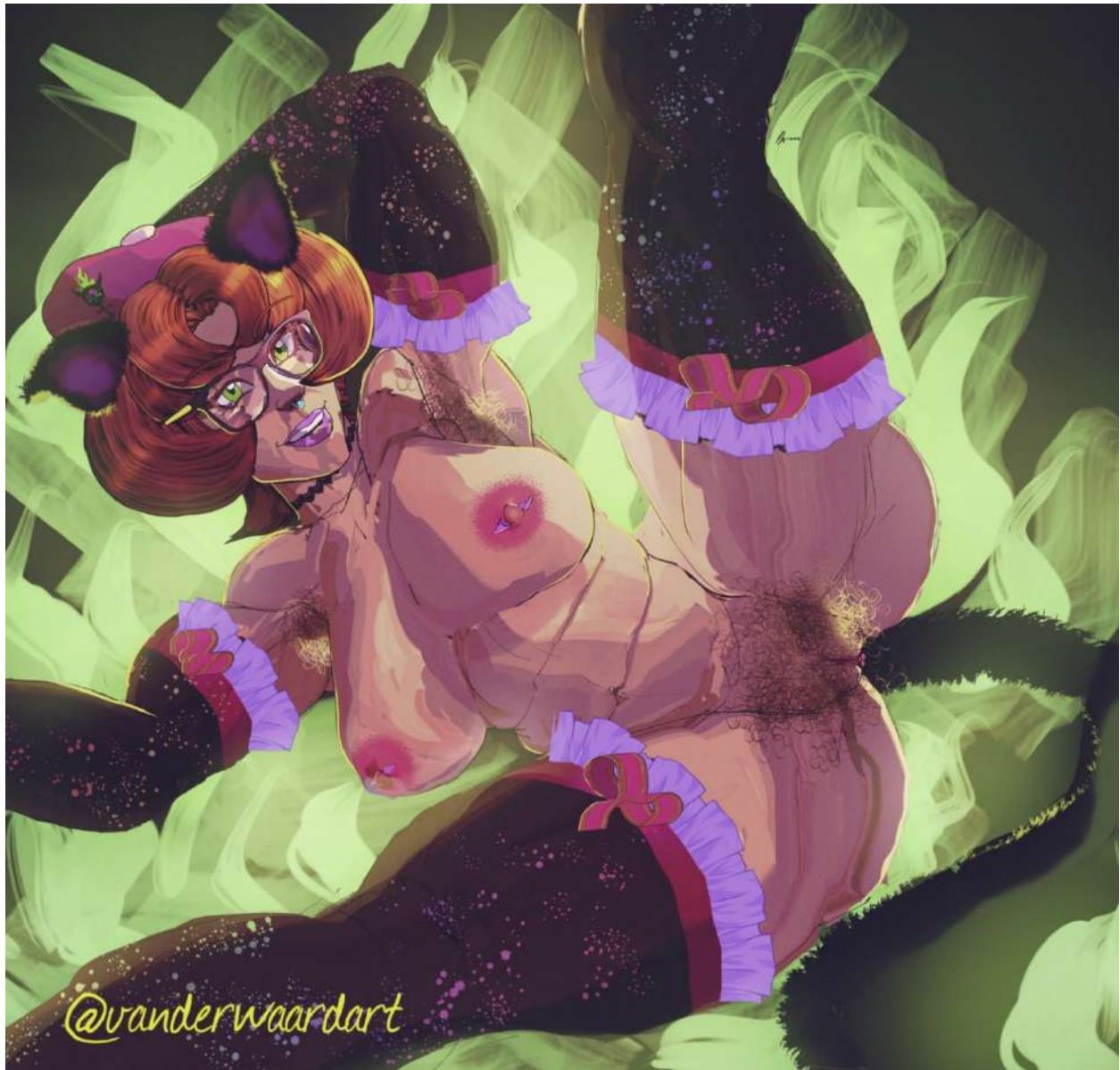
Thanks to Boss Ross, Frank Frazetta, Zdzisław Beksinski, Stephen Gemmill, and Ridley Scott (and associate artists; e.g., Mobius, Giger and Cobb, etc) for having a profound and lasting influence on my artwork, imagination and life. Some of you haunted my childhood; others came later and blew my mind. But you're all rockstars.

Lastly, thank you to the many, many other artists hitherto unmentioned whose work is featured all throughout *Sex Positivity*. Some of you are recent discoveries, be they models from the present or masters from the past. However, I have followed and studied some of you for many years, and now feel very

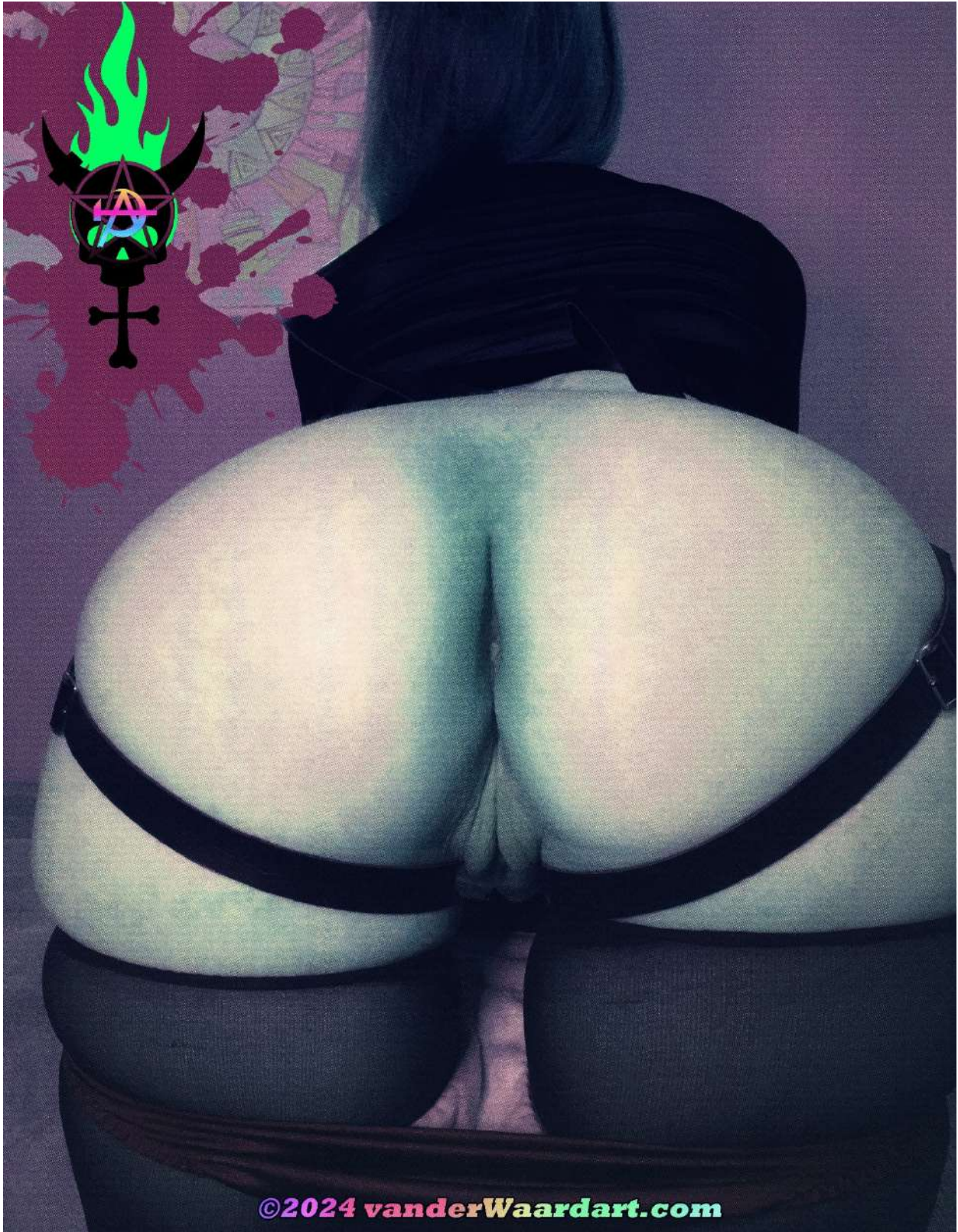
differently than I did once upon a time! For example, I can see the sexist, racist and otherwise xenophobic/fascist undertones in Frazetta. All the same, his canon is still worthy of dialectical-material study—to learn from the past and appreciate the sex-positive lessons in his work, however imperfect! May they shape the world into something better.

Thank you all very much for reading! Be brave and don't be afraid to learn! Nazi pigs and neoliberals, fuck off.

—Persephone van der Waard



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#))



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(model and artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

About the Author

*I've walked a path of darkness
 Just to open up my mind
 I've learned of hidden secrets
 Scattered through the depths of time
 And at my father's side I witnessed
 Things I can't describe
 "They must be evil!"
 The people cried*

*So when the prince went missing
 And the mob was at our door
 The king would not see reason
 Only vengeance, only war
 My father's neck held in his grip
 Until he was no more
 But the prince was still alive*

*And I said
 May never a noble of your murderous line
 Survive to reach a greater age than thine*

*Because I'm the Alchemist creator of your fears
 I'm the Sorcerer, a curse throughout the years
 And I won't rest 'til no one's left
 The ending of your line
 Their lives are a prison of my design*

—Eric Bloom; "The Alchemist," on Blue Öyster Cult's *The Symbol Remains* (2020)



(model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl)

Persephone van der Waard is the author of *Sex Positivity*—its art director, sole invigilator, and primary editor (the other co-writer/co-editor being [Bay Ryan](#)). She is a MtF trans woman, atheist/Satanist, poly/pan kinkster [with two partners](#). Including her multiple [playmates/friends and collaborators](#), Persephone and her thirteen muses work/play together on *Sex Positivity* and on her artwork at large as a sex-positive force. First and foremost, she is a sex work activist, fighting for sex worker liberation through iconoclastic/sex-positive artwork. To that, she is an anarcho-Communist writer, illustrator, BDSM educator, sex worker, genderqueer/environmental activist and Gothic ludologist—with her (independent) PhD having been written on Metroidvania combined with the above variables; i.e., to coin and articulate ludo-Gothic BDSM as a sex-positive poetic device. [She sometimes writes reviews, Gothic analyses, and interviews for fun on her old blog;](#) or [does continual independent research on Metroidvania and speedrunning](#) every now and again. If you're interested in her work or curious about illustrated or written commissions, [please refer to her commissions page for more information](#).

[Click here to see a condensed example of Persephone's wide portfolio.](#)