



(model and artist: [Romantic Rose](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

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 Cuwu, whose demonic behavior (and academic contributions, in between playtime) helped shape what Gothic Communism ultimately became! I've often thought of you as a demon (and compared you to Pennywise the Clown for your wide, hungry mouth, below), so it only makes sense to dedicate your contributions in the Demon Module, itself. This one's for you, kid!



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

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 half (with Volume Two cut into multiple parts), here is the fifth slice of the pie:

No matter how things are going for either of us, you are always so kind and considerate to me, always letting me know it's okay to feel and express myself. I don't have to be shy about my sexuality with you, or my emotions, always knowing I won't be judged for them when telling you how I feel. You always have the sweetest smile, and even when you're feeling low, you take the feelings of others into account. You have a gentle, kind heart, but like a hobbit, can be as fierce as a dragon in a pinch. But even amid that substantial ferocity is the immeasurable kindness of a good, sweet boy who loves all things great and small. You love nature and animals and taught me to be a better steward to the Earth and all its creatures. And among them, you are the bestest goodest boy. Bright eyed and bushy tailed, my spirit dog and rainbow muffin, as gentle as the spring rains, but also the soft sigh beyond the sky and behind the rain. My magician, my darling captain. I love you so, ever and always.



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) Communism¹" combines a wide variety of theories in order to critique capital and capital's sexualization of all workers: anarcho-Communism, Marxism and fourth wave intersectional 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' creative successes that illustrate mutual consent in Gothic BDSM language; i.e., what I call "[ludo-Gothic BDSM](#)" using various poetic devices to establish—among other things—rape play and the palliative Numinous during calculated risk to raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness; e.g., [Metroidvania](#) and the monstrous-feminine having the whore's revenge against profit pimping nature (re: "[Rape Reprise](#)"). As such, *Sex Positivity* employs these theories (and their respective language/mode of expression) holistically and intersectionally to dialectically-materially examine and combat unironic xenophobic mental enslavement during the Internet Age: sex positivity (and universal liberation from profit and the state) versus sex coercion (and universal enslavement pursuant to profit).

Specifically *Sex Positivity* tackles how neoliberal state-corporate proponents—i.e., official or stochastic cops, including TERFs (trans-exclusionary radical [fascist] feminists) and other standard-to-tokenized (crypto)fascists 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 Fischer'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 pimp and condemn sex-positive artists who seek to liberate sexualized workers through their own iconoclastic, ironically xenophilic praxis; i.e.,

¹ Re: "the deliberate, pointed critique of capital/Capitalism and the state using a unique marriage of Gothic/queer/game theory and semi-Marxist (an-Com) ideas synthesized by sex-positive workers during proletarian praxis: developing systemic catharsis, mid-liminal expression, with ludo-Gothic BDSM." Refer to "[Paratextual Documents](#)" for the full definition, as well as all of the core Gothic theories I use.

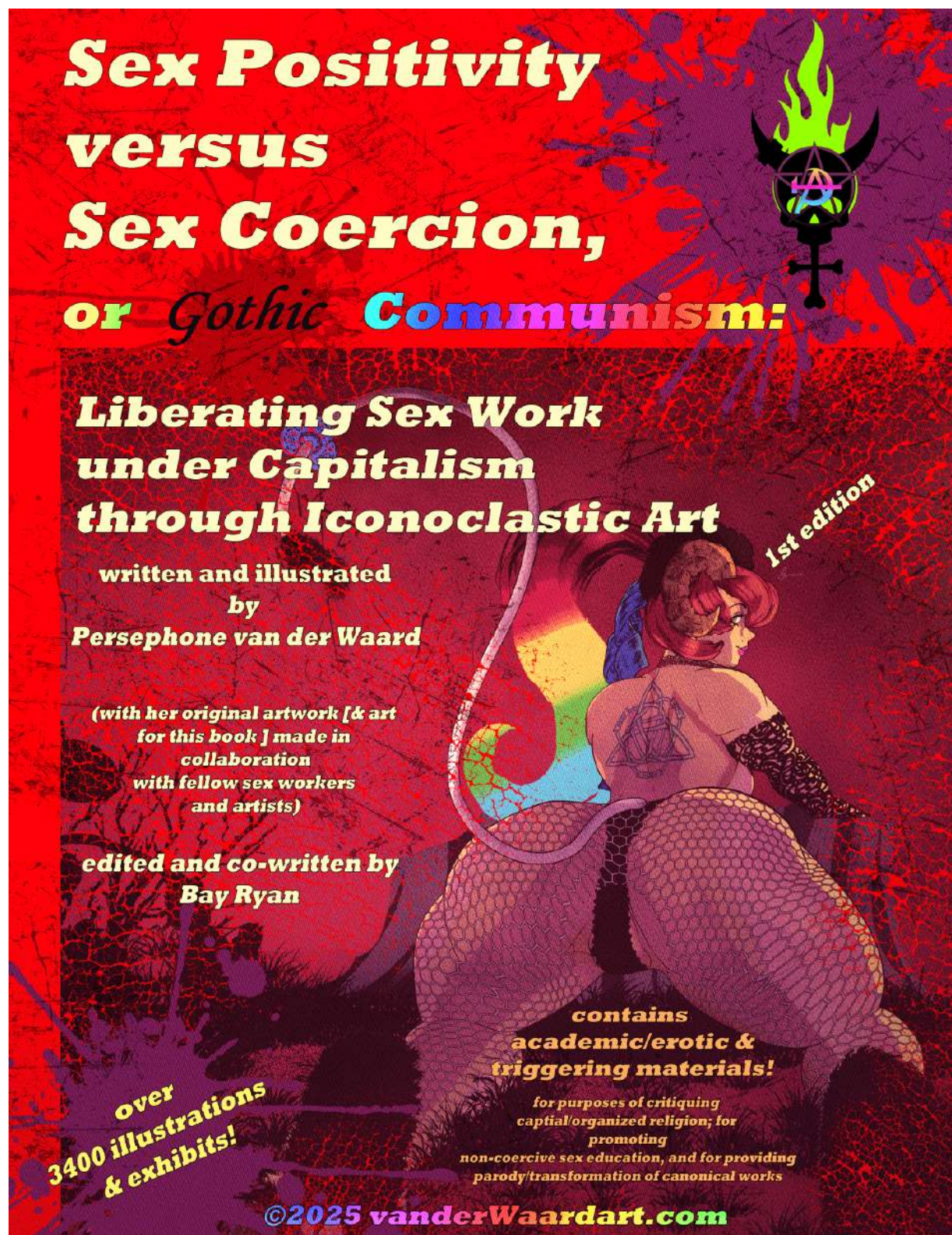
camping the canon to escape its brutal historical materialism through their own creative successes, achieving praxial catharsis regarding systemic abuse and generational trauma.

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 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.

Simply put, Gothic has that mood, that *cool factor* to do the trick; i.e., by subverting monstrous language, which normally dehumanizes workers and nature through popular stories furthering abjection (us versus them): to suitably humanize the harvest, which capital (and its Realism) can *only* pimp out when vengefully raping nature as monstrous-feminine whore. The whore's revenge against profit, then, is to fuck back on the same Aegis; i.e., when the Man comes around, show him *your* Aegis. When done correctly, its paradoxical, cryptonymic exposure will set you free (re: silence is genocide), but reversing abjection must happen together as one—per intersectional solidarity healing from rape through a shared pedagogy of the oppressed: walking away from Omelas and towards post-scarcity while becoming better stewards of nature than historically have ever existed (assimilation is poor stewardship)! Medusa demonstrates there is power in what they try to control; take it back by using it in ways they can't steal from you! Become the Gorgon!



(artist: [Nyx](#))



(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 two: Gothic Poetics, Their History; Demon Module: 1st ed. (v1.1²)

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 Redirected the hyperlinks for quotes from Volumes Zero and One to the online book promotions: "[The Total Codex](#)" and "[Make It Real](#)." Updated the abstract, acknowledgments and glossaries.

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 Volume Two has been divided in three (parts one and two, part two having *two* sub-volumes). 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—with the exception of the Demon Module you're currently reading, which has Romantic Rose on the front and the back:



(artist: [Romantic Rose](#))

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.

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Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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Volume Zero⁵: Thesis



The thesis volume contains the *complex theory* of my book series; i.e., its various lists of interconnected theoretical devices, as well as the entirety of specialized keywords, all of which I unpack and explain in order. To that, it 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 on [Metroidvania](#) and [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) 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): ~226,000 words/651 pages and ~474 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 the *simplified theory* of my book series; i.e., its Gothic-Communist manifesto outlines a teaching method for synthesizing praxis, meaning through an *introduction* to Gothic-Communist theory from my thesis volume that has been simplified. 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 ("): ~206,000 words/564 pages and ~394 images

Volume Two: Monsters

Volume Two is the Humanities primer/Monster Volume. It divides into three smaller modules, which comprise a *history of applied Gothic theory and poetics* (simple and complex). Organizationally the volume divides in *two* larger parts, with *three* separate modules; re: the Poetry Module in part one, which explores the *usage/application* of Gothic poetics (with some historical elements); and Undead and Demon Modules in part two, which explore the *history* of Gothic poetics (with some applicative elements; re: ludo-Gothic BDSM). Due to their length, each

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module has actually been released as its own sub-volume; in turn, 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).

Furthermore, the sub-volumes collectively explore the complex-to-simple usage/application 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 applied 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 Fischer'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.

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 as the state *takes* from workers and nature; 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: by taking *back* what's ours during ludo-Gothic BDSM (demons, by comparison, tend to *give*; e.g., dark desires, fatal knowledge or revenge fulfillment).

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

Volume Two, part two: Demon Module



This module explores the poetic history of *demons* (made/summoned/of nature); i.e., as actively cunning-yet-alien shapeshifters. Canonized as treacherous within transactional dialogs of forbidden, unequal *exchange* (of power, knowledge and darkness) and permanent *transformation*, demons frequently yield a repressed *desire* for radical change haunted by systemic abuse; i.e., of

rape and revenge as things to canonize *or* camp through the Gothic mode: as untrustworthy beings made deceitful and torturous through the ghost of the counterfeit's process of abjection's Promethean Quest or Faustian bargain. As such, we'll consider the subversive, cryptonymic potential of demons; i.e., to reverse abjection through revolutionary cryptonymy's double operation (to conceal and reveal taboo subjects), all while dealing with state doubles (re: DARVO and obscurantism, including tokenized variants). Be those people, places or something in between (the chronotope and its castle narrative/*mise-en-abyme*), we'll do so through their classical function—as seductive, mendacious granters of dark wishes, including fulfilling the whore's revenge: of nature policed, thus pimped, as monstrous-feminine by the state for profit, which the demon (as a vengeful, monstrous-feminine whore) challenges said motive (and its raping of nature) in favor of something better.

To it, we'll explore the dark, hauntological creativity and endless morphological variety of demons, but especially how they manifest and behave; i.e., as a vengeful, nebulous, psychosexual matter of exchange, transformation and desire, onstage and off, during ludo-Gothic BDSM and liminal, half-real expression: composite bodies like cyborgs, golems and robots that are built with mad science (the Promethean Quest), occult beings that are summoned and dealt with (the Faustian Bargain), or overtly natural totems that are hunted down within nature-as-alien.

approximate length ("): ~534,396 words/~1,245 pages and ~1,169 unique images

Volume Three: Praxis (WIP)



Volume Three, or the Praxis Volume, combines Volume Zero's *complex theory*, Volume One's *simplified theory/synthetic model*, and Volume Two's monster *history and application*; i.e., as something to challenge the state by fostering our own *creative successes* of proletarian praxis, and whose **mutual consent, informed consumption** and **informed consent, sex-positive de**

facto education, descriptive sexuality and **cultural appreciation** boil down to sex positivity (and liberation) versus sex coercion while developing Gothic Communism (with a huge focus on resisting tokenization; e.g., TERFs). In other words, Volume Three covers the informed, intersectionally continuous application of successful proletarian praxis *as* we reinterpret the Gothic past pushing for universal liberation. Striking a careful, intuitive balance between pure theory and taught instruction, its introduction/summation takes Volume Zero's

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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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 during ludo-Gothic 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 (inside one volume):



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: ~1,967,400 words/5,325 pages and ~3,992 unique images

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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).

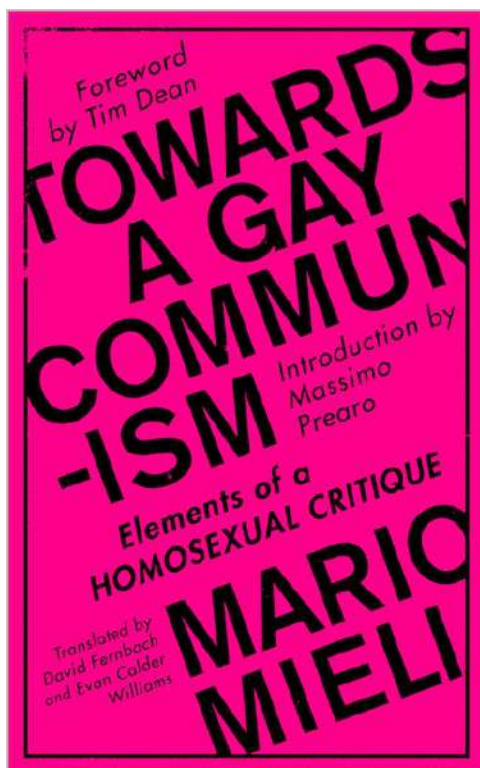
Wolf raises concerns about American slavery and anti-Irish racism, to which Marx and Engels fought for the oppressed; what injustices they saw and had the language for, they fought for the side of workers on *social issues*:

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: [Maybel](#) 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: [Maybel and Jackie](#))

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 Demon 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](#)
- ["Rage Over a Lost Penny": Neologisms; or, Jargon that I Coined](#)
- [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 ~2,600 unique images (subject to change); all four volumes, when they release, will contain over 3,900 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

The playing of roles in social-sexual situations, usually with a dominant/submissive element (as many come from classic stories which tend

¹¹ In this disclaimer and the entire thesis volume, I have **emboldened** 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.

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 Nightingale* (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).

Furthermore, there was originally no hardcore porn of me in this book (despite me generally playing with my muses and friends in some shape or form). Starting with the Poetry Module, onwards, I have started including myself in a small number of 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

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.

actual humans, not generated by unthinking machines). Even so, while I feel 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")

Literally "of sex and the mind," but in Gothic often having a combative "sex battle" element (the psychomachy), psychosexuality is 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*.

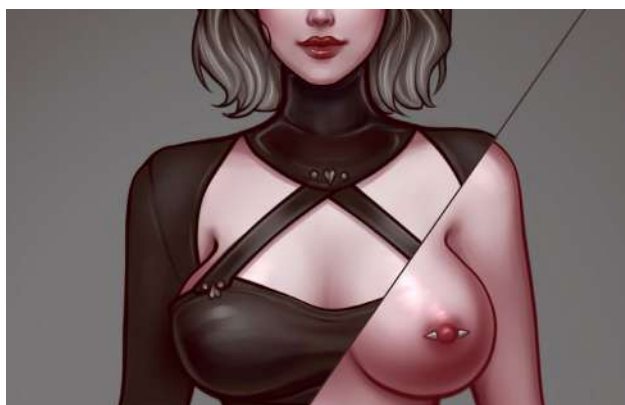
This poetic disinterment and its paradoxical examination of ourselves as abjectly undead *is* critically valid; it's just not the kind of necromancy I care to communicate through, first and foremost. As the kids say, it "gives me the yuck."



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

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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 series contains hundreds of 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.

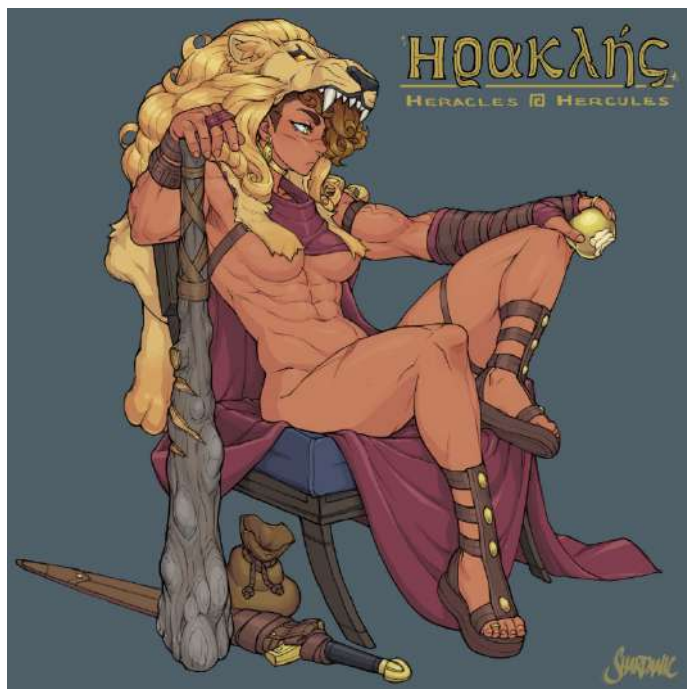


(artist: [Alexey Lastochkin](#))

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:

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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).



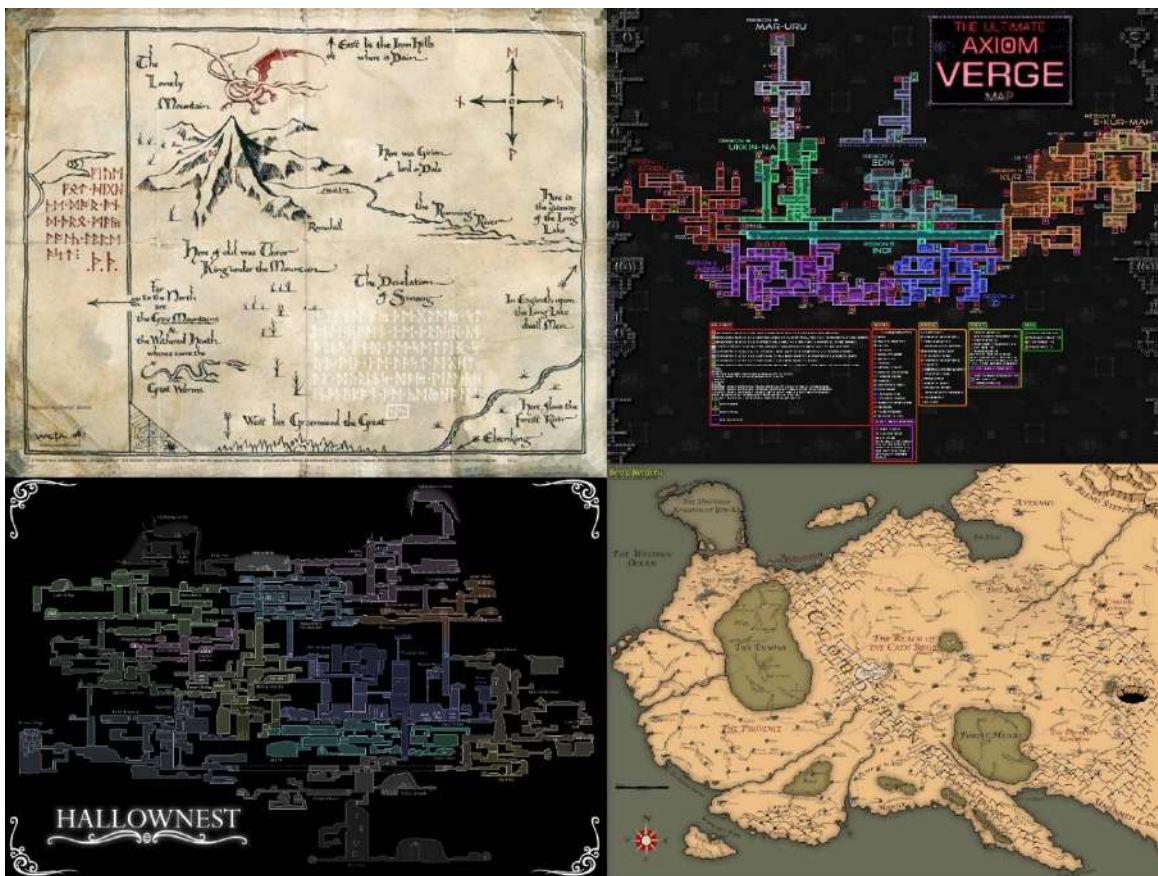
(artist: [Shardanic](#))

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; re (from "[Scouting the Field](#)"):

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(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.

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](#)).

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 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 menticidal 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



(artists: [Lady Nyxx](#) 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 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.

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).

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, "ludo-Gothic" (Gothic videogames), with sex-positive BDSM theatrics as a potent means of camp. The emphasis is less *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 [vanderWaardart.com](#)

- **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:

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).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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- **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.

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*).

[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.

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.

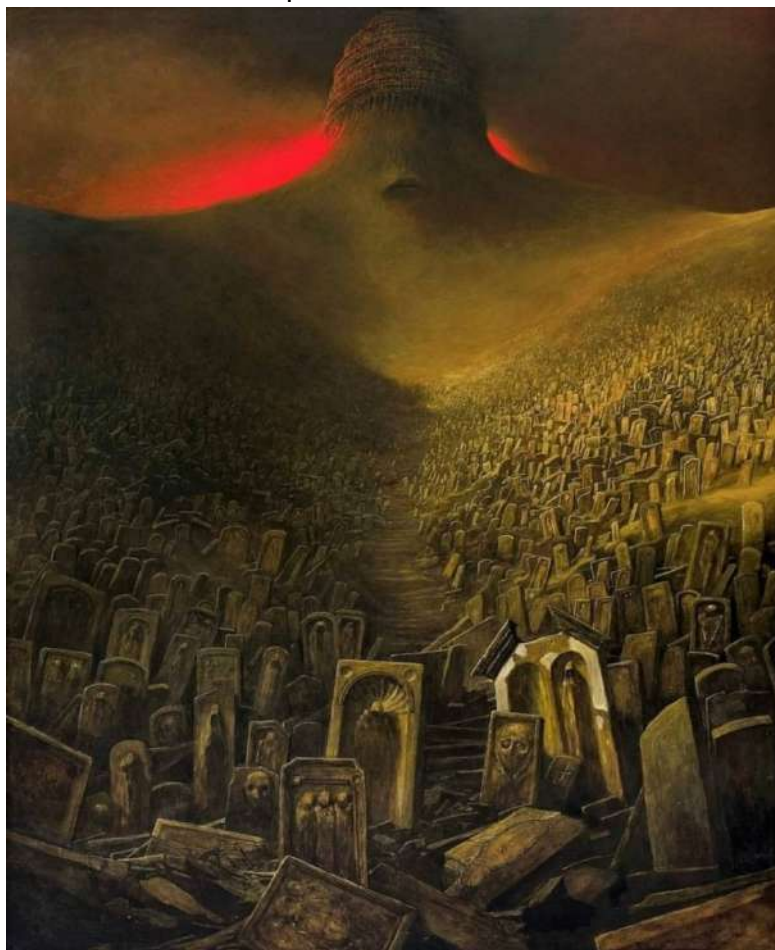
For our purposes, Gothic variants and their castle-narratives have a medieval/pre-Enlightenment character that describes the historical past in a museum-like way that is fearfully reimagined: as something to recursively move through, thus try to record in some shape or form; e.g., the Neo-Gothic castle (*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

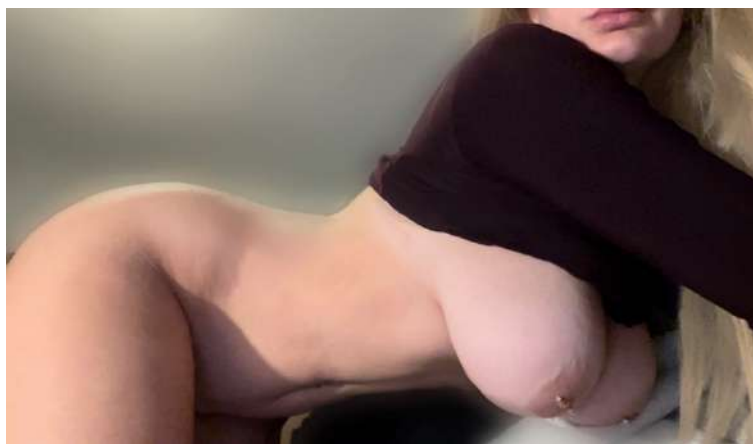
displaced from the former cause: Gothic cryptonyms; illusions, deceptions, mirages, etc. Sugars determines, the closer one gets to the problem, the more the space itself abruptly announces a vanishing point, a procession of fragmented illusions tied to a *transgenerational* curse: "a place of concealment 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 emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, cultural and racial awareness, thus Gothic maturity 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. Often, this movement is guided by revenge in dualistic opposition; i.e., the whore has their revenge by thwarting profit through their bodies, artwork and labor anisotropically moving power, money and information away from the state and towards workers (by reversing terror/counterterror, thus abjection). The state, by comparison, accomplishes the movement known as "capital" using three

basic things: the state *trifectas*, *monopolies* and *qualities of capital* policing nature as monstrous-feminine.

These ideas first introduce in Volumes Zero and One (and expand in Volume Two; e.g., "the whore's revenge" coming from the Demon Module), 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 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: Volume Zero's "Pieces of the Camp Map")*.

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

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.

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](#): "Operational Difficulties and Revolutionary Cryptonymy"].

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 ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Interrogating Power through Your Own Camp" (2023)

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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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 **damself-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 \[Esprit Fantasy\]](#))

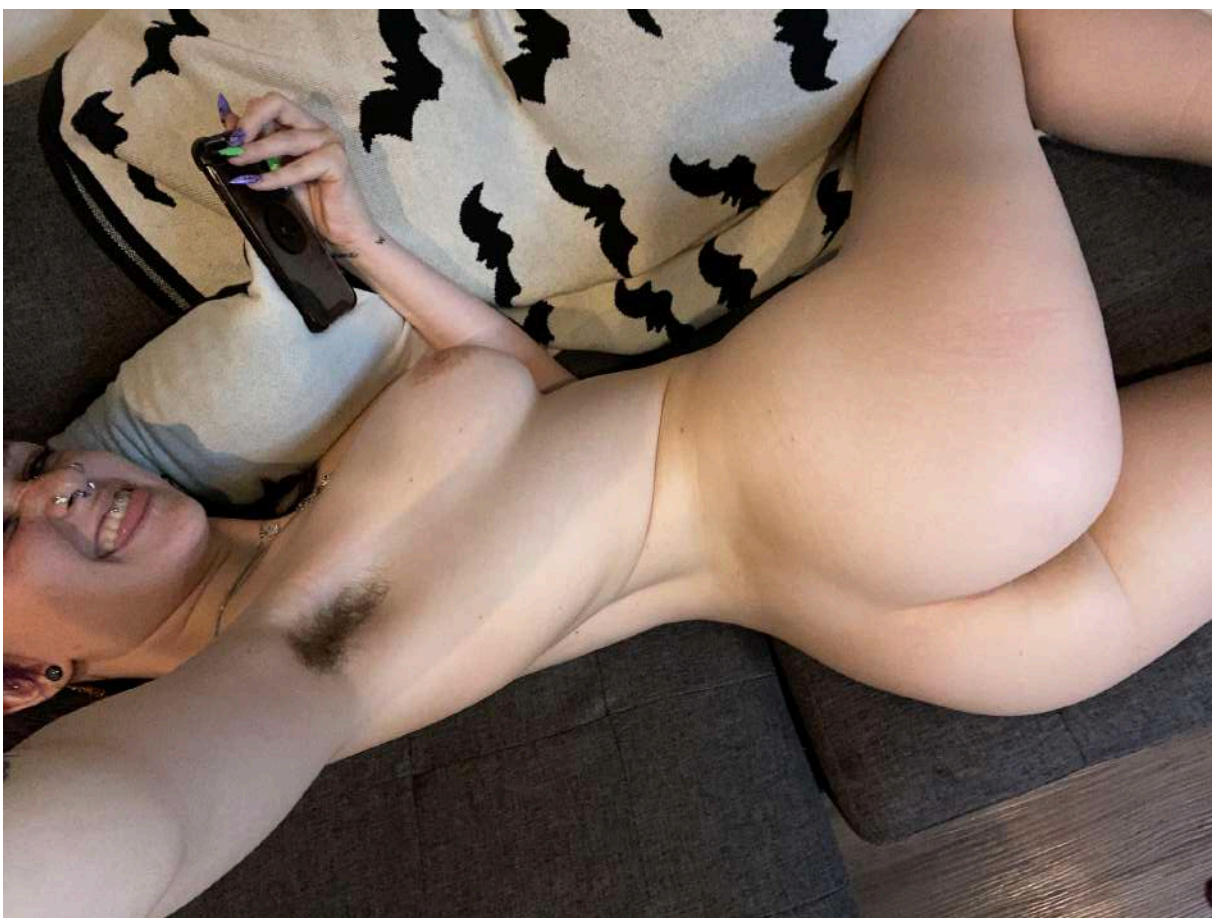
When crafting my own symbol, I wanted to progress further beyond the Vaporwave aesthetic ([which emerged in roughly in 2011](#)) than Laborwave had, which, [in 2016](#), combined Vaporwave's signature corporate mood/neoliberalism-in-decay with Marxist-Leninist icons divorced from their historical-material 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 cultures, people of color or Indigenous Persons, genderqueer entities, etc) have

²⁹ [source](#): Zoe Louca-Richards' "Two Inches of Ivory: A New(ish) Jane Austen Acquisition" (2020) *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

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 thinking that is useful to our thesis argument: "Capitalism dimorphically sexualizes

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

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 *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com)

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 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

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've tailor-made based on preexisting definitions I've either narrowed and/or expanded on to suit my own holistic arguments; 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 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):

Marx tended to focus on material conditions and change (the Base); Gothic Communism extends this to social-sexual conditions tied to material ones: stressing the Superstructure as something to recultivate through iconoclastic art. Anything expressed here as "material," then can be easily interpreted as "socio-material" with an emphasis on sexuality and gender identity/performance. —Perse

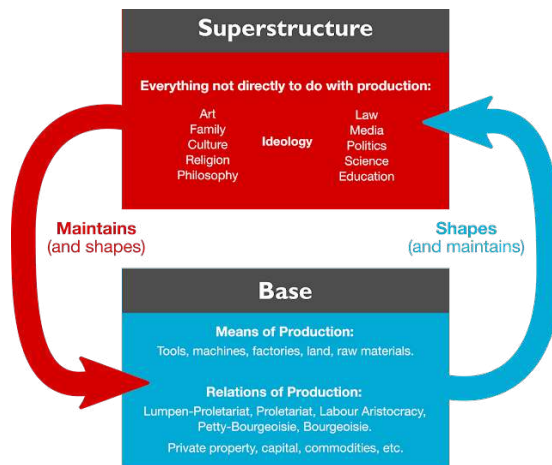
- **Marxism**: Schools of thought stemming from Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, trying historically to achieve Communism through the state first (Marxist-Leninism) instead of direct worker solidarity and action operating in opposition to the state and establishment politics (anarcho-Communism).
- **material 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**: Classically the study of oppositional *material* forces in relation to each other—i.e., the bourgeoisie vs the proletariat.

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.

Gothic Communism extends this to various *social-sexual* elements; i.e., 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.



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

([source](#): "Base and Superstructure Theory," 2013)

- **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 (a classless, stateless, moneyless society). 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.
- **Marxist-Leninism/"tankies"**: An embryonic form of Socialism that, past and present, favors state models and nostalgia; i.e., one that hybridizes Marx and Engels with 20th century thinkers and leaders—most notably Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, but also Mao, Castro and other state leaders/schools going into the 21st: through "tankie" apologia whitewashing the crimes of said leaders and their states as beings to worship and compromise *with* (Bad Mouse's "[On Hakim's Nuance](#)," 2025).
- **anarcho-Communism**: The gradual disillusion and transmutation of Capitalism into Socialism and finally Communism through direct worker

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025

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solidarity and collective action versus through state mechanism and argument; i.e., whereupon power is *horizontally* restructured away from state models and Marxism Leninism (and state power/state-regulated Capitalism).

- **Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism (abridged, full definition in "The Terms I Coined")**: the titular term of my book series, so I'll quote the whole thing, here—expanded and updated substantially since 2023, in 2025, to account for my writing of four books after Volume Zero): Coined by me, Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism is the deliberate, pointed critique of capital/Capitalism and the state using a unique marriage of Gothic/queer/game theory and semi-Marxist (an-Com) ideas synthesized campily by sex-positive workers during proletarian praxis: developing systemic catharsis, mid-liminal expression during praxial opposition, using ludo-Gothic BDSM and palliative-Numinous dialogs (e.g., Metroidvania).
- **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 gender-non-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") **Phall-O-Meter®** 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

(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—sexually but also emotionally and romantically. 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*.

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.

- **[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 \(gender roles\)](#)**: 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 gender-non-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 manner is treated as heretical by the elite, but also workers sympathetic to bourgeois hegemony.

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).

- **[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 menticide 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 that happens through various forms of torture, including "waves of terror," to mold an ideal subject within state mechanisms; i.e., someone not just 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.

"Rage Over a Lost Penny": Neologisms; or, Jargon that I Coined

"That's funny, what does it mean?"

—Ellen Ripley (to Ash, the science officer), *Alien* (1979)

This section dedicates to neo-jargon that I coined while writing Sex Positivity from start to finish (from 2022 to 2025). To my knowledge, they don't exist anywhere else—i.e., I didn't take these terms and reinvent them; I invented them, period. Due to their size, I've copied directly from "[Paratextual \(Gothic\) Documents](#)" on my website; they are not included in my in-book glossary (or [its online version](#)).

To it, if I had to pick one glossary definition to include, here, it would be "Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism"; i.e., it's literally the title of my book series, so I'll quote the whole thing here—expanded and updated substantially since 2023, in 2025—to account for my writing of four books after Volume Zero. Given I devised "Gothic Communism" in relation to several other key terms I also coined (e.g., "ludo-Gothic BDSM," "the palliative Numinous" and "Metroidvania," among others), I have supplied them here, too. —Perse

Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism

Coined by me, Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism is the deliberate, pointed critique of capital/Capitalism and the state using a unique marriage of Gothic/queer/game theory and semi-Marxist (an-Com) ideas synthesized campily by sex-positive workers during proletarian praxis: developing systemic catharsis, mid-liminal expression during praxial opposition, using ludo-Gothic BDSM and palliative-Numinous dialogs (e.g., Metroidvania). Exploitation and liberation exist and occur in the same half-real shadow zone, on and offstage. Designed to transform neoliberal Capitalism's centrist monomyth refrains (thus fascism and Marxist-Leninism *also* abusing nature as monstrous-feminine), our ironic performances (of staged "exploitation" in quotes) happen by camping the canon, and do so to playfully and flexibly liberate workers and nature; i.e., through emotionally/Gothically intelligent and class, culturally and racially aware sex-positive labor (and monsters). Reclaiming these dualistic poetic devices happens in pursuit of *universal* liberation (no Omelas); i.e., during holistic, intersectional solidarity as punching up poetically at the state and *its* standard/token proponents. In turn, rebellion synthesizes daily at a dialectical-material, social-sexual and horizontal level—one unfolding anisotropically to empower all workers during calculated risk (reversing abjection, thus the terrorist/counterterrorist binary in the shadow of state force and police

action); i.e., not just by sex workers in an overt sense, but *all* work as sexualized and alienized by capital (re: my PhD). All seek to cultivate a second-nature mentality whose gradual shifting of socio-material conditions help raise Gothic Communism from the ground up over space-time! From cops to capital to canon to states to presidents and police, then—ACAB! ASAB! ATAB! APAB (and so on)! Furthermore, development is a fundamentally genderqueer exercise; i.e., versus the state as straight, the latter enforcing straightness (not just heteronormativity but Cartesian thought and settler colonialism) per the profit motive using the state's usual tools (re: its monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital, listed in "[Paratextual \(Gothic\) Documents](#)"): to rape nature as monstrous-feminine (meaning anything not white, straight, male, Western European and/or Christian to varying modular degrees of privilege and oppression) for profit! To it, hybridity is strength through *informed* diversity overcoming state antagonism and betrayal, fighting fire with poetic fire; the latter extends to ghosts of capital and worker concessions haunting the process (which Derrida called "spectres of Marx" in his eponymous book on hauntology as a Communist "ghost" that *cryptomimetically* haunts language [re: Castricano] after the so-called "end of history"). Gothic-Communist development ultimately happens, then, by critiquing Marxist-Leninism as much as mask-off Capitalism; i.e., to cryptonymically go after token police elements and false rebellion, which both extend to ostensibly left-leaning dogmas abusing the many but also the *marginalized* to empower the few at the top (and their middle-class gatekeepers). Marxism gentrifies and decays like anything else, so we must camp and make it (thus Marx) gay to survive (re: "[Making Marx Gay](#)"). In short, we must make Marxism (thus Communism) sexier and less dry/more fun than Marx (and his followers) historically bothered! Though sex and force *are* the



ancient languages of imperium and state, nothing is more policed than worker sex through state force; i.e., during an evolving state's Venn diagram of modular-yet-intersecting persecution networks. For every whore yearning to be free, there is a pimp clutching their pearls (re: the bourgeoisie and their servants privatizing nature).

(artist: [Cupid Kisses](#))

Like the Medusa and her Aegis, then, the Gothic Communist ideology survives by endlessly mutating *with* past media to *recultivate* [the Superstructure](#) (favoring the *social-sexual* elements of grassroots revolution versus purely material or class reductionist ones); e.g., Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (and other useful ideas and works orbiting Marx's female forebear) per the Wisdom of the Ancients as a continuous cultural understanding of the imaginary past writ in opposition *to* the

state as straight. Time is a circle; effectively haunting capital after different rebellious components are shattered by state forces (cops), these traitors—whether official or stochastic—help divide nature and labor *with* nature and labor (assimilation) to conquer (thus rape) everything for profit: the pimp versus the prostitute (and all Medusa's spectres) through various facets of abjection (us-versus-them), its broader process achieved by state-corporate models of domination (which is all that profit ultimately is). Reversing abjection effectively makes us (and our anisotropic pedagogies of the oppressed healing from rape) "Communism in small"; i.e., regardless of the traditional ways that capital and the state (a form of capital, thus police violence) try to divide and conquer us: the state cares about property and profit, not people or nature, and will privatize, exploit and destroy the latter through Man-Box thinking and "prison sex" mentalities that, however banal, uphold the status quo. In doing so, they chase the Numinous to pimp it; i.e., spectres of Caesar and the Shadow of Pygmalion pimping Galatea.

However modular and gradient, then, tokenism pursues assimilation at its core, and tokenism—precisely because it adheres to capital as a fundamentally rapacious system—is poor stewardship (which Gothic Communism challenges; i.e., having been devised to originally challenge TERFs, but consequently any form of tokenism you can shake a stick at). This conquering historically self-inflicts, including through any normativity you could think of or point towards raping labor and nature; e.g., Afronormativity but also Marxist-Leninism as a kind of "Marxist normativity" that survives beyond its heyday into its graveyard shell: as an aborted "what if?" that cannot evolve or change.

So do tankies grow brittle, disingenuous and cruel—in short, acting *like* Capitalism yet dressed up in different clothes pimping nature (thus workers) as nonetheless monstrous-feminine; i.e., there must always be a whore for the state to pimp and blame—one its own shallow, bad-faith practitioners can vengefully feed on to better help the *state* survive: as slaves to party nostalgia, exclusionism, outmoded theory and ultimately betrayal. They'll eat themselves (and blame other facets of capital during the hot potato tossing match), but not before they eat us; i.e., the better we can camp canon with ludo-Gothic BDSM and the palliative Numinous, the more we can humanize the harvest as human in the eyes of our would-be abusers (who dutifully antagonize nature and those of nature as monstrous-feminine, putting them cheaply to work). The more we do this, the better our odds of survival become *while* exposing their (and the state's) inhumane treatment *of* us while comporting ourselves as sluts; re: "to critique power, you must go where it is" and subvert *what* the state is trying to control using what we got, on and offstage—our bodies, identities, performances, *et al.* Everyone likes the whore, but for different reasons; we have the whore's revenge against the state during Gothic Communism, thwarting profit as stewards of nature (see: the Demon Module's "[A Rape Reprise; or, the Whore's Paradox Having Its Revenge During Ludo-Gothic BDSM](#)," 2024).

The following terms are *ludo-Gothic* but synthesize holistically with Gothic Communism's Marxist elements. Given their interrelative nature, I'm including them, too. They're also neo-jargon I personally coined in my work (save for "ludic-Gothic" and Aguirre's original definition to "infernal concentric pattern"), so I want to supply their full definitions for maximum clarity. They are shared elsewhere in abridged form, but here is the only place where I give them in full. —Perse

the Shadow/effect of Pygmalion/Galatea

Another of my neologisms (from the thesis volume), the Shadow of Pygmalion or "Pygmalion effect" is the patriarchal vision and subsequent shadow of any knowing-better "kings" of empire, thus capital; i.e., of male- and token-dominated industries inside the Man Box, wherein "Pygmalion" means "from a male king's mind," but frankly extends to all traitors (male or not): upholding profit/the status quo raping nature *for* profit (and those treated by the state as "of nature" for those reasons); e.g., the evil monarchs of older tombs (abstractions of the bourgeoisie in crisis and decay) occupying the same colonial territories at home and abroad across space-time (a classic example being Hamlet's father's ghost, Shakespeare's famously confusing story affording *some* ambiguity to the experiencing of such entities). More to the point, the gatekeepers of the elite routinely fabricate imaginary visions of the past, present and future, doing so to *uphold* Capitalist Realism through these ghosts; i.e., a broader pacification that includes the monomyth/Cycle of Kings, but also infernal concentric pattern and heteronormative legion(s) of monsters, invasion scenarios and escape fantasies; re: their reasoned, Cartesian treatment of nature as monstrous-feminine *is* heteronormative, wherein state proponents (cops) pimp and police nature out of pre-emptive revenge (and spite).

Said revenge is *generational*, thus taught through popular monomythic stories; i.e., whose collective abjection of nature in service to profit ostensibly spares the cop from state cannibalization: antagonize nature and put it cheaply to work through *concentric* tokenism; re: gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss, but also the various modular and interchangeable statuses for blood libel, sodomy and witch hunt accusations—as an intersectional and constantly evolving Venn Diagram of persecution networks recycling dead us-versus-them language. The inverse of the Shadow of Pygmalion (and its effect) is the Shadow of Galatea; i.e., of Medusa/the Communist Numinous (as something to chase) and spectres of Marx (as something to camp) versus spectres of Caesar (the original Pygmalion, also something to camp) existing inside the same performative zones; re: exploitation and liberation share the same spaces of performance (and their fractal recursion happening through the disintegration and rediscovery of monomythic and Promethean language).

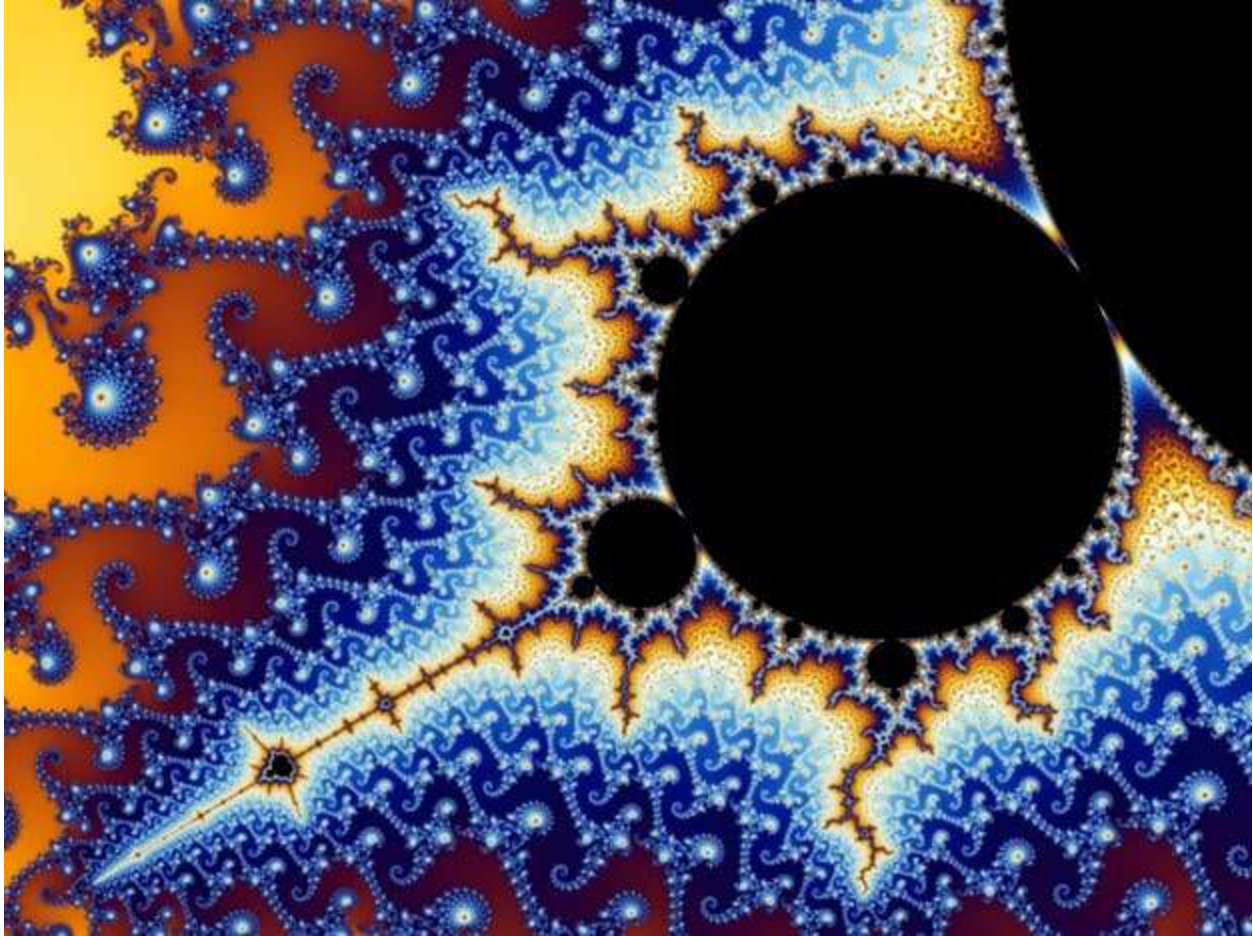
the Cycle of Kings

Another term of mine, the Cycle of Kings is the centrist monomyth, or cycling out of good and bad kings (and the occasional queen), which extends to all the kings' white cis-het Christian men or those *acting like these men*, thus warrior-minded good cops and bad cops (weird canonical nerds) apologizing for state genocide through Man Box and "prison sex" mentality arguments; i.e., within hauntological copaganda dressed up in medieval language; e.g., TERFs but also other token groups in-fighting for profit, hence dressing up in bad faith. Trapped between the past and present according to "spectres of fascism" and "spectres of Marx" (which grapple, mid-kayfabe, in anachronistic language, thereby having an emphasis on the imaginary past/retro-future, aka Fisher's "canceled future," *vis-à-vis* Jodey Castricano's *cryptomimesis*), these dark reflections often trouble persons of the heteronormative persuasion versus those of a genderqueer persuasion. Either struggles to identify with themselves in relation to canonical propaganda dictating how non-standard deviations from canon must die; i.e., someone is always a cop or a victim, but generally with some sense of overlap, imposter syndrome and internalized stigma, bigotry, guilt and shame, etc.

To it, Capitalism is *always* in a state of emergency/exception, and this relies on the creation of monstrous enemies (and related qualities; re: internalized stigma) to turn workers against each other (the in-group and its tokenized proponents). Doing so during state decay and regeneration (feeding vampirically on workers and nature) serves to keep labor too busy to effectively challenge the elite; i.e., by warring with one another and inside-outside themselves. In turn, these inherited confusions, guilt and mistrust are used by the elite to justify their hold onto vertical power as a structure, whereupon the calamity of war-as-an-*apologetic*-business—of canonically whitewashing class, culture and race war (e.g., the battle-of-the-sexes or civil rights activism)—personify in theatrical wars that extend offstage, as well as total war and shadow/proxy war on the global, non-diegetic stage (or its return home via the Imperial Boomerang/military urbanism). All collectively reek from Capitalism's zombie-like bulk, its hellish orifices release Promethean "exhaust" during offshoots of the infernal concentric pattern.

the infernal concentric pattern

Described by Manuel Aguirre in "Geometries of Terror" (2008) as the final room, or rather a room that, per my arguments, 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 (left):] 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 ([source](#)).

i.e., the infernal concentric pattern is the smoke of the ignominious dead used as a myopic screen of arrogant, Americanized Capitalist Realism—one that hides the

obvious function of the free market and exploitation as an irrefutably man-made, but nonetheless brutal Cartesian, heteronormative, and settler-colonial model: profit, by any means necessary (often through a Protestant work ethic whose post-Enlightenment era of "benign" Reason demonizes medieval markers in ways *useful* to the state and its Radcliffean thieves; e.g., the Roman Catholics, but also the paganized Romans before them and the selectively-religious fascist "Romans" after them, etc: the First Reich, Second Reich, and Third Reich, aka Holy Roman Empire, Weimar Republic and Nazi Germany).

Furthermore, such patterns are generally archaeological and architectural in nature, speaking to the medieval idea of *mise-en-abyme* ("to place in abyss") and Numinous occupations with palliative therapeutic and harmful potential, alike; re: canon vs camp, during the demonic, ergodic, concentric, anisotropic, entropic and gigantic recursions at work; e.g., Metroidvania and similar Gothic castles (or otherwise haunted *mighty* homes' signature castle-narratives, mid-chronotope) relayed through endless inheritance and doomed heroic motion: death from the house birthing *and* eating you while exploring it through fatal homecomings. As things to generate and play inside for different reasons, such spaces suggest profit as normally concealing itself during the cryptonymy process; i.e., showing things *normally* hidden/opaque through unresolved systemic/ontological tensions, exquisitely torturous emotional distress, total imprisonment, taboo subjects, raw aggregate power, paradoxical healing and tremendous obscurity (re: darkness visible, the Black Veil, etc). The pattern, then, is Capitalism (and its deliriums) in small, hence conducive to ludo-Gothic BDSM (and calculated risk) at large when played within miniatures expressing those hypermassive/quantum things felt beyond *and* inside themselves.

"prison sex" mentality

Coined in my own work, "prison sex" mentality speaks broadly to rape culture as a practice; i.e., as a systemically taught and enacted approach leading towards the routine harming of others while maintaining the status quo. It is similar to the Man Box argument by Mark Greene, who—in his 2023 podcast, [Remaking Manhood: The Healthy Masculinity Podcast](#)—refers to "Man Box culture" as:

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 ([source](#): Mark Greene's "How the Man Box Poisons Our Sons," 2019).

"Prison sex" mentality exists in quotes because it occurs inside-outside actual state-described "prisons"—said facilities (and their legends) bleeding chronotopically into

the nuclear home (and onto those things in the home's shadow as a fractally recursive extension of the state and its victims/perpetrators). To it, "prison sex" mentality 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 of *any* sort; i.e., as trained by the state Superstructure not just to rape and kill one another in literal terms, but also theatrical language.

weird canonical nerds (versus weird iconoclastic nerds)

A term I coined while borrowing from and expanding on Cheyenne Lin's "weird nerds" phrase from "[Why Nerds Joined the Alt-Right](#)" (2023), and one I present through my usual dialectical-material approach despite the obvious social components I'm weaving into things: weird canonical nerds vs weird iconoclastic nerds, or otherwise proponents of canon vs camp in popular culture; i.e., anything that weird canonical nerds posit, their iconoclastic brethren challenge in duality.

To it, weird canonical nerds work within a toxic *subset* of nerd culture. Whereas nerd culture more broadly is for those who present an increased intellectual interest in a given topic—often in literature, but also popular media more broadly as something to consume, critique, or create (with iconoclastic varieties extending such matters into a spectrum of modular activism and counterculture)—weird *canonical* nerds are those who undermine genuine, active intellectualism; i.e., by exchanging it for dumb, hostile and even bad-faith consumerism and negative freedom for the elite. As something to blindly enjoy/endorse through zealously faithful, uncritical consumption, they celebrate the monomyth and Cycle of Kings as "good war"; e.g., Gamergate, 2014, but also TERFs and *their* territorial emergence in the late 2010s. Not only are TERFs, and by extension weird canonical nerds, very wide—as a practicing group of stochastic terrorists that encompasses white cis-het male consumers and women, as well as token traitors (of class, culture *and* race)—but they unironically lead to fascism per the infernal concentric pattern as a holistic enterprise (with Gamergate endorsed by weird canonical nerds into the 2016 election of Donald Trump, and whose neoliberal sentiments' fascist outcomes were felt throughout the consumption of media and mentality alike as things to practice).

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, for instance, but also Eren Yeager as the "incel fascist" with mommy issues, or Samus Aran as the Galactic Federation's singular girl boss/white Indian, 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, hence depictions/endorsements of different monster types; i.e., that, in the white, cis-het male tradition of privilege, such persons routinely "fail up," and as success—like a whore/wife or nice house—is something they are taught to believe is owed to them (the promise of shelter and sex). Such betrayals and entitlement extend to token minorities allowed a slice of the pie, post-betrayal, 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).

ludo-gothic BDSM

My 2023 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 with any kind of Gothic poetics, ludo-Gothic BDSM playfully attains what I call "the palliative Numinous," or the Gothic quest for self-destructive power as something *to* camp (the Numinous, per Rudolph Otto, being a divine force or *numen* tied less to the natural world [the Sublime] and more to civilization as derelict, dead and alien; re: the *mysterium tremendum*): a *Communist* Numinous/the Medusa per Barbara Creed, but *not* tokenized (re: the Amazon) while dancing with Hogle's ghost of the counterfeit to *reverse* abjection (thus profit) and shrink the state!

For further information specifically on ludo-Gothic BDSM, refer [to my new webpage](#) cataloging the subject and its history as coined and synthesized by me. —Perse

ludic-Gothic

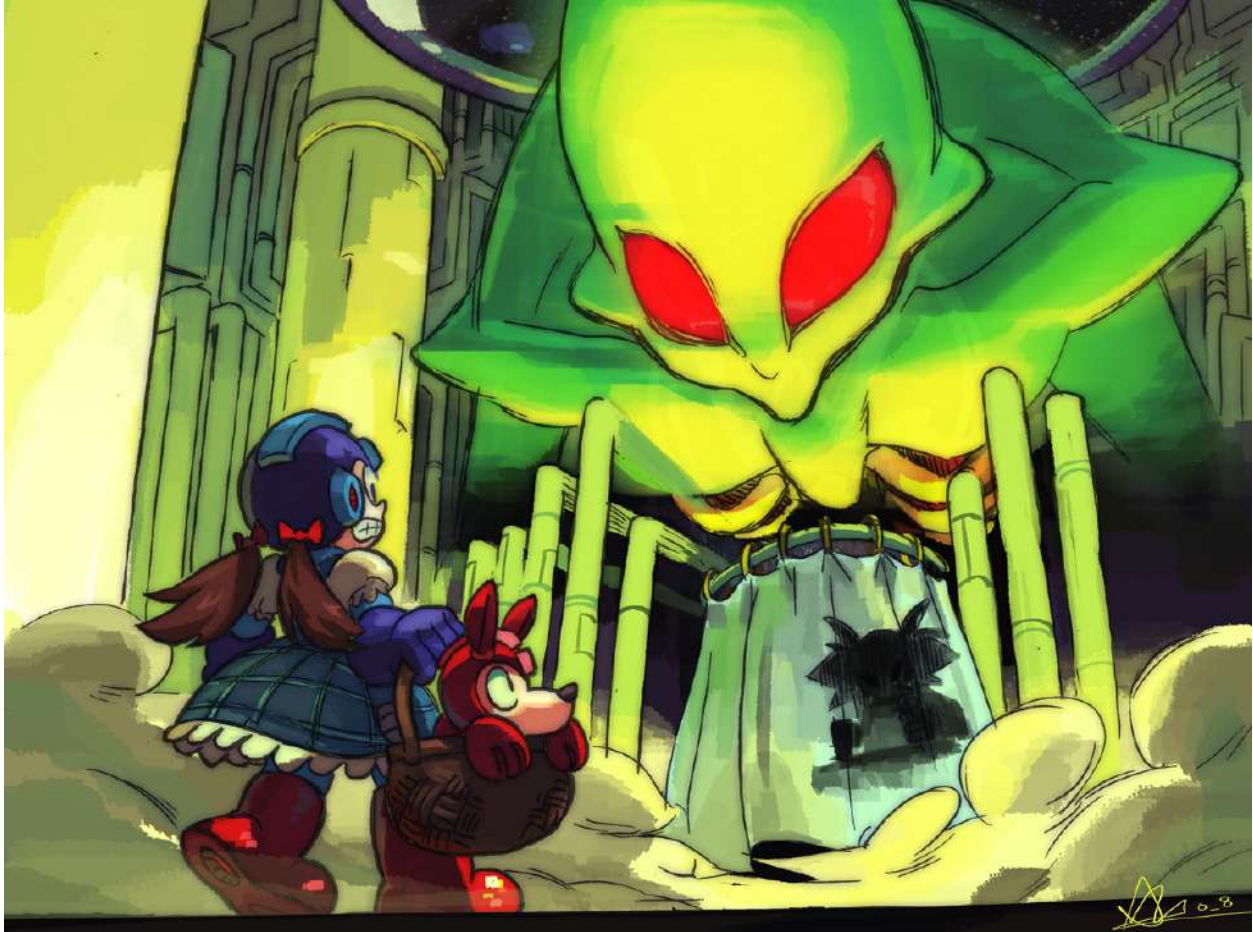
Gothic videogames. "The ludic-gothic is created when the Gothic is transformed by the video game medium, and is a kindred genre to survival horror" ([source](#): Laurie Taylor's "Gothic Bloodlines in Survival Horror Gaming," 2009).

the liminal hauntology of war (danger disco)

Another term of mine, one describing a half-real poetic space to heroically move through, onstage and off, and one that concerns the hauntological presence and function of a Gothic chronotope (the castle or some other war-like alien double of the nuclear home); i.e., of the Imperial Boomerang bringing monsters (and their masters) home to roost, during fascism; e.g., *Tolkien and Cameron's refrain* (further academic coinage on my part, specifically that of the High Fantasy treasure map and Metroidvania/shooter), per the monomyth and Promethean Quest (for power) chasing the Numinous: for different reasons during the dialectic of the alien. In turn, these translate in and out of neoliberal stories (especially videogames) into real life; i.e., during the abjection process as something to reify and further for profit raping nature as monstrous-feminine (re: "[A Note About Canonical Essentialism](#)"). Also something I call the "danger disco," or source of Numinous thrills; i.e., where the hero chases the Numinous during calculated risk: to articulate and interpret generational trauma under state confusion and duress.

military optimism

A term I wrote for a discontinued book series, *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes*, military optimism speaks to the half-real "gun-happy optimism of *Pax Americana*—i.e., that one can always shoot away the state's enemies and problems" ([source](#): "The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in *Metroid*," 2021). This includes any scapegoats that exist in and out of media/the Superstructure and society's public imagination; i.e., between fiction and non-fiction, onstage and off; re: during Capitalist Realism antagonizing nature as monstrous-feminine, pimping it through abject (us-vs-them) revenge before repeatedly summoning and banishing it, Radcliffe-style.



(artist: [Alex Ahad](#))

the dialectic of the alien

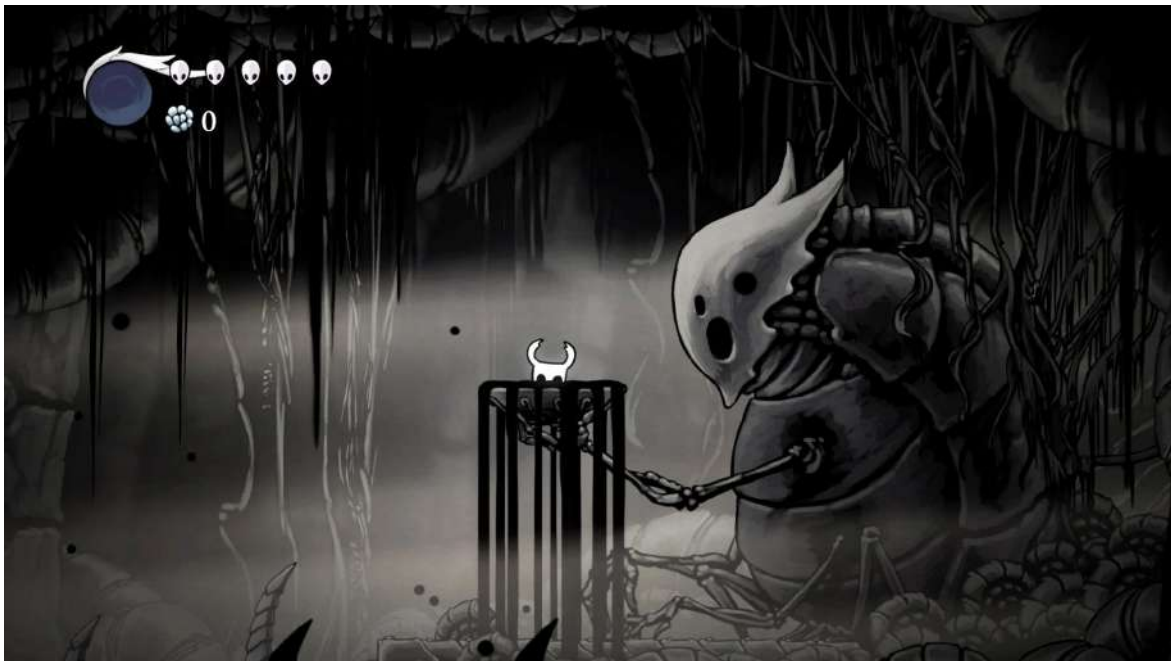
A term I coined to articulate the *dialectic* of the abjection process and venerate the Gothic—*vis-à-vis* Julia Kristeva, but also Frederic Jameson's "dialectic of shelter" and subsequent class nightmare (re: *Postmodernism*), as well as Summoning Salt's "The History of *Mega Man 2* World Records" (2024; [timestamp](#): 8:25); i.e., as a dialectic useful towards universal liberation, one concerning the alien as something to parse and arbitrate for or against abjection (as something to reverse): to hug or hate, police or liberate, the assignment of "alien" status using the same language/aesthetic of the alien, mid-play. As I write in "Brace for Impact: Some Prep When Hugging the Alien" (2024):

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

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(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*" ([source](#)).

Ludo-Gothic BDSM, then, is a potent means of negotiating generational trauma *during* the dialectic of the alien; i.e., by rarefying or otherwise going where abuse (or spectres of abuse) are—mid-dialectic—to perform and interrogate shelter and alienation for development purposes: setting nature-as-alien (re: the monstrous-feminine) free from state control/pimps (re: the whore's revenge).



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).

Metroidvania (my definition, abridged)

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

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various kinds; encourages exploration* depending on how non-linear the space is; includes progressive skill and item collection, mandatory boss keys, backtracking 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: "Mazes and Labyrinths," 2019; refer to [the Metroidvania page](#) on my website for everything that I've written on Metroidvania).*

praxial inertia

A term I coined when dealing with weird canonical nerds, praxial the resistance to/mistreatment of state-sponsored scapegoats in monomythic stories.

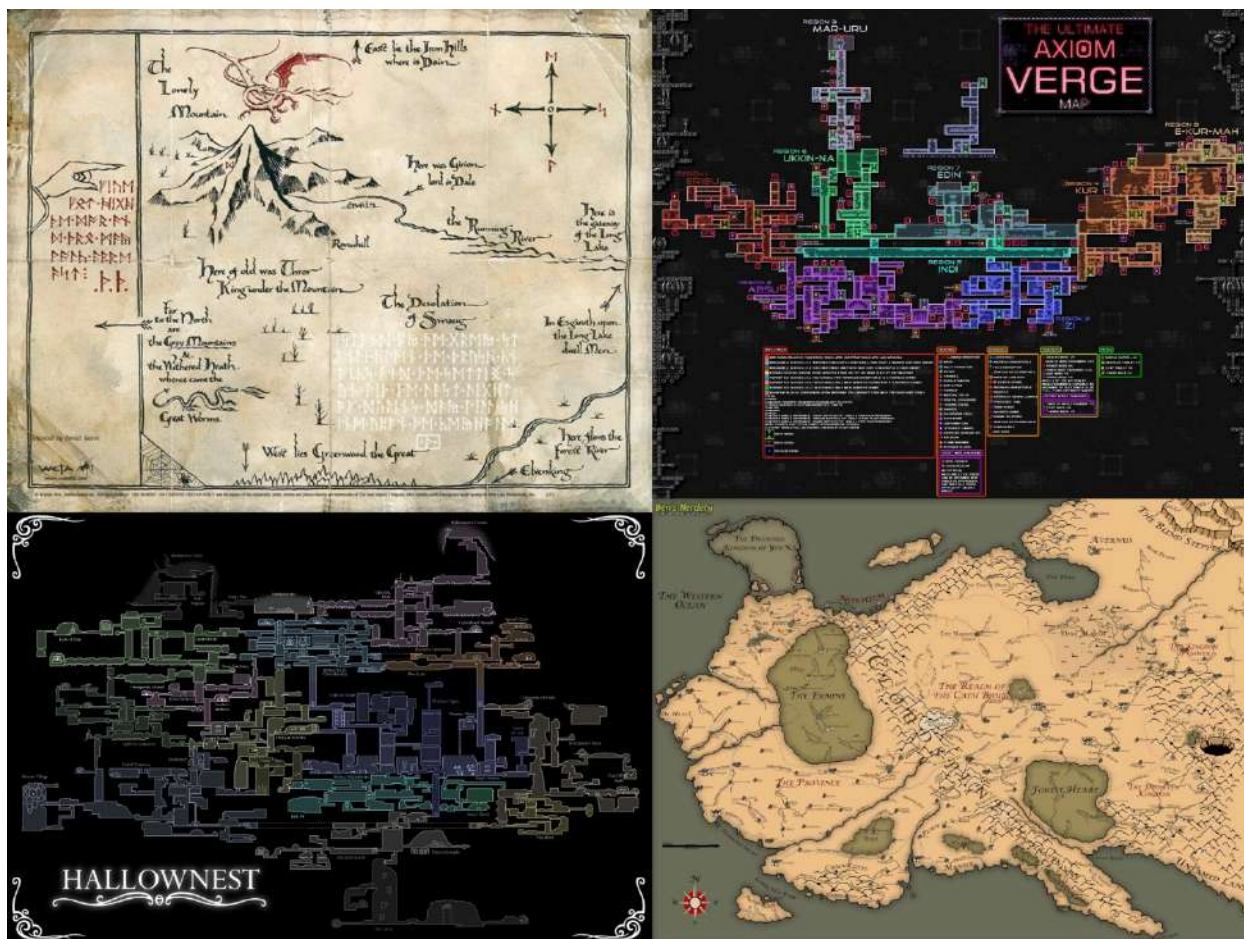
Tolkien and Cameron's refrains

Originally conceived of during my PhD, a refrain is a repeatable exercise that upholds Capitalist Realism, in some shape or form (though generally in videogames, per neoliberal media onwards). As I write in "A Note on Canonical Essentialism" (2024):

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 [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 ([source](#)). ...]



(*exhibit 1a1a1h2a1 [ibid.]*: [...]) 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: [tuppkam1](#)
- bottom-right: Bungie's map of the West from *Myth: the Fallen Lords*, 1997—source: [Ben's Nerdery](#) [...]

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* 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 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... ([source](#)).

the euthanasia effect (rabid token Amazons)

A term, coined by me, to describe the canonical, assimilative qualities of the Amazonian myth (and one whose *Amazonomachia* has canonized, post-Wonder-Woman, in *Metroidvania* through Cameron's refrain and—to a lesser extent—Tolkien's). It is one where magical, mythical warrior women—as simultaneously virgin/whore animal people (the female* berserk)—are canonically employed to keep *men* (and the victims of men/token enforcers during "prison sex" police violence) paradoxically in line, mid-**panopticon**; i.e., a female-coded (usually white, or token non-white) centurion or stentor girlboss who, in between yawping at the men to aurally castrate them (the banshee or siren), "tops" them in hauntological, dominatrix-style fashion, elsewhere *outside* the bedroom (re: Foucault): "make it through this and I'll ride you until you beg!" **Death by Snu-Snu** becomes the traditional hero's monomythic reward and doom; re: Irigaray's **creation of sexual difference**, but tokenized into a kind of virginal **warrior Madonna** jailor pulled from the Neo-Gothic's former dungeons; e.g., Charlotte



Dacre's fearsome and "phallic" (stabby-stabby) Victoria (see: Sam Hirst's 2020 "[Zofloya and the Female Gothic](#)" for a good summarizing of *that* dilemma):

**Canon is heteronormative, thus dimorphic (and settler-colonial/Cartesian). There can be intersex elements, but these will be treated as "phallic," thus male/female and masc/femme during the Amazon's struggles; i.e., as a monstrous-feminine entity the state monopolizes by gaslight-gatekeep-girlbossing*

it. Such things, then, canonically embody the Amazon and Gorgon's doubled morphological conflict inside-outside itself; i.e., to simultaneously exude the psychomachy's calm/furious or virgin/whore qualities, such "mirror syndrome" (another term of mine) punching a black reflection where state victims are housed

(thus useful to profit *pimping* nature as alien); re: the postscript from the Poetry Module's "[Following in Medusa's Footsteps](#)." Throughout BDSM and Gothic media, on and offstage, you see the euthanasia effect in *Metroidvania* a ton. To enhance your *own* ludo-Gothic BDSM (to camp subjugated Amazons with), refer to my [2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#) for some good examples of the Promethean Quest (though my "[Concerning Rape Play](#)" compendium *also* raises some salient reading regarding ludo-Gothic BDSM as a whole). Apart from either of those, we'll tackle Amazons, Medusa and the monstrous-feminine revenge argument more directly in the "Predator/Prey" subchapters, *in Volume One* (which explore Amazons and knights). Also consider the Demon Module's "[Amazons and Demon Mommies](#)," "[Vampires and Claymation](#)," "[Summoning the Whore](#)," "[Exploring the Derelict Past](#)," and "[Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit](#)"; i.e., for good examples (outside Volume Zero) of the cop/victim approach in canonical *Amazonomachia* and how to subvert it to have the whore's revenge *against* profit! I also recommend Volume Zero's "Symposium: Aftercare" for plenty of extra lists and fun examples.

The canonical Amazon, then, is a time traveler TERF meant to serve profit by betraying her fellow oppressed (women or not). Ripped spectacularly from the ancient pre-fascist past and expressed in "ancient" fascist forms during state crisis, **Red Scare** employs Amazonian fascism *and* Communism—during the usual **kayfabe** centrism and anisotropic terrorist/counterterrorist refrains pimping nature on the same stage—through a black-and-red aesthetic of power and death corrupting nature *for* state aims: to feed on nature by **triangulating** against state victims "of nature," per Cartesian thought; i.e., to antagonize nature as monstrous-feminine *with* nature as monstrous-feminine, during **the Capitalocene** (from Walpole's *Otranto* onwards—per Hans Staats' "[Mastering Nature: War Gothic and the Monstrous Anthropocene](#)" [2016] but married, per *my* arguments, to Raj Patel and Jason Moore's idea of Capitalocene).

Through these dualistic poetic devices' *assimilative* function, the subjugated Amazon is a functionally "white" Indian/whore/savior cowgirl (token) cop who harvests the functionally "black" whore (criminal, alien, etc) during the abjection process (and its bad-faith revenge arguments; e.g., **Orientalism**). All happen while suffering the usual double standards and embarrassments such betrayals bring on (which camping through ludo-Gothic BDSM anisotropically *reverses* through the same aesthetic—shrinking profit while sending abjection back *towards* the colonizer agent/apparatus); e.g., Samus Aran (re: the Poetry Module's "[Playing with Dead Things](#)") but really a wide variety of such **weyfu herbo monster girls** upholding Capitalist Realism: by kettling therefore blaming the whore **Archaic Mother***/ghost of the counterfeit.

Such blaming occurs *ipso facto* "for its own genocide" during the Promethean Quest's infernal concentric pattern (e.g., Ayla or Savage Land Rogue; re: "[Death by Snu-Snu!: From Herbos to Himbos, part two](#)"); i.e., an eternal warrior "of

nature as hellish" sent *back* into Hell come to Earth—all to do battle with the verminized, insectoid-chattel, stigma-animal, diseased-and-deathly Medusa on the same Aegis (the liminal hauntology of war): as her dark, Venus-twin half (the long-lost relative, often an evil/false sister or wicked step mother)! The Amazon is a "scab" operatically punching labor as alien hysterical (the wandering womb), but pulled *from* their ranks to do so inside **the state of exception**. From Radcliffe onwards, then, the Amazon is a warrior detective who canonically remains a classic *pro*-state actor fabricating scapegoats; i.e., from older pre-existing legends repurposed for profit *now* (the settler colony a *chronotope* danger disco).



(artist, top: [ChuckARTT](#); bottom-left: [Arvalis](#); bottom-middle: [Flyland](#); bottom-right: [Pagong1](#))

*The male version of the Archaic Mother is something I call **the Dragon Lord** or **Skeleton King** (re: **the Cycle of Kings** with vampiric, draconian or otherwise patriarchal versus matriarchal elements the state can scapegoat; e.g., Sauron or Count Dracula). Offshoots of said half-real monarchs are often lesser necromancers, rogues or death knights (re: offshoots of the Numinous tied to the same danger-disco structure's unheimlich nightmare home).

Being of the Medusa as Archaic Mother (re: the whore's paradox, from "[Rape Reprise](#)"), Amazons endure endless punishment from on high *and* down below (capital's "middle management"; e.g., Ellen Ripley); i.e., a classically female Prometheus, they are always treated as a substantial risk/desperation measure, one that must be collared just as quickly lest she "corrupt," thus take her fellow soldiers along for the ride (and back *whence* she came, to hellish territories, forever). In short, the Amazon is a token scapegoat *witch* (vampire, goblin, etc) policing *other* witches, therefore whores (re: me, *vis-à-vis* Silvia Federici, in "[Policing the Whore](#)"), and does so through modular-but-intersecting us-versus-them, white-on-black (of any sort, not just skin color) and monstrous (undead/demonic/animalistic) abjection: someone virgin/whore who, per these imbricating persecution networks, eventually exposes through Radcliffean state arbitration (demasking the villain); i.e., shown *as* whore and released shamefully *from* service (the endless oscillation used to keep such class, culture and race traitors off-balance *while* conditioning them to ruthlessly punch down, inside-



outside the concentric frontier ghettos they patrol, mid-relegation; i.e., "good job today, bitch—kill you, tomorrow!"); re: Ellen Ripley but also future versions of the female Rambo that came after and expressed in different kinds of neoliberal Gothic's trademark fantasy-to-sci-fi language: a prison colony police agent serving the state as its token barbarian, all heroes are monsters but assimilation is poor stewardship!

([source](#))

As "A Note on Canonical Essentialism" describes it; 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., *Castlevania* or *Metroid*. Conjure a Radcliffean menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force [military optimism] ([source](#)).

This is how the subjugated *Hippolyta* do (the queenly protagonist version of the regular Amazon; e.g., Wonder Woman)—a kind of token, monomyth, queen-for-a-day "fallen Pandora" (or Chaucer's "Thus swyved was this carpenteris wyf" line, from "[The Miller's Tale](#)"), and one whose previously established map and recursive occupants/warmongering we'll be camping more; i.e., during [Volume Zero's](#) "Scouting the Field" (rabies is bad for you) but also through *revolutionary* cryptonymy with *subversive* Amazons (a concept [Volume One's](#) "Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy and the State's Medieval Monopolies on Violence and Terror through Animalized Morphological Expression" unpacks at length; re: the predator/prey dichotomy and canonical abuse of animalized language in furtherance to profit, thus genocide, rape and war).

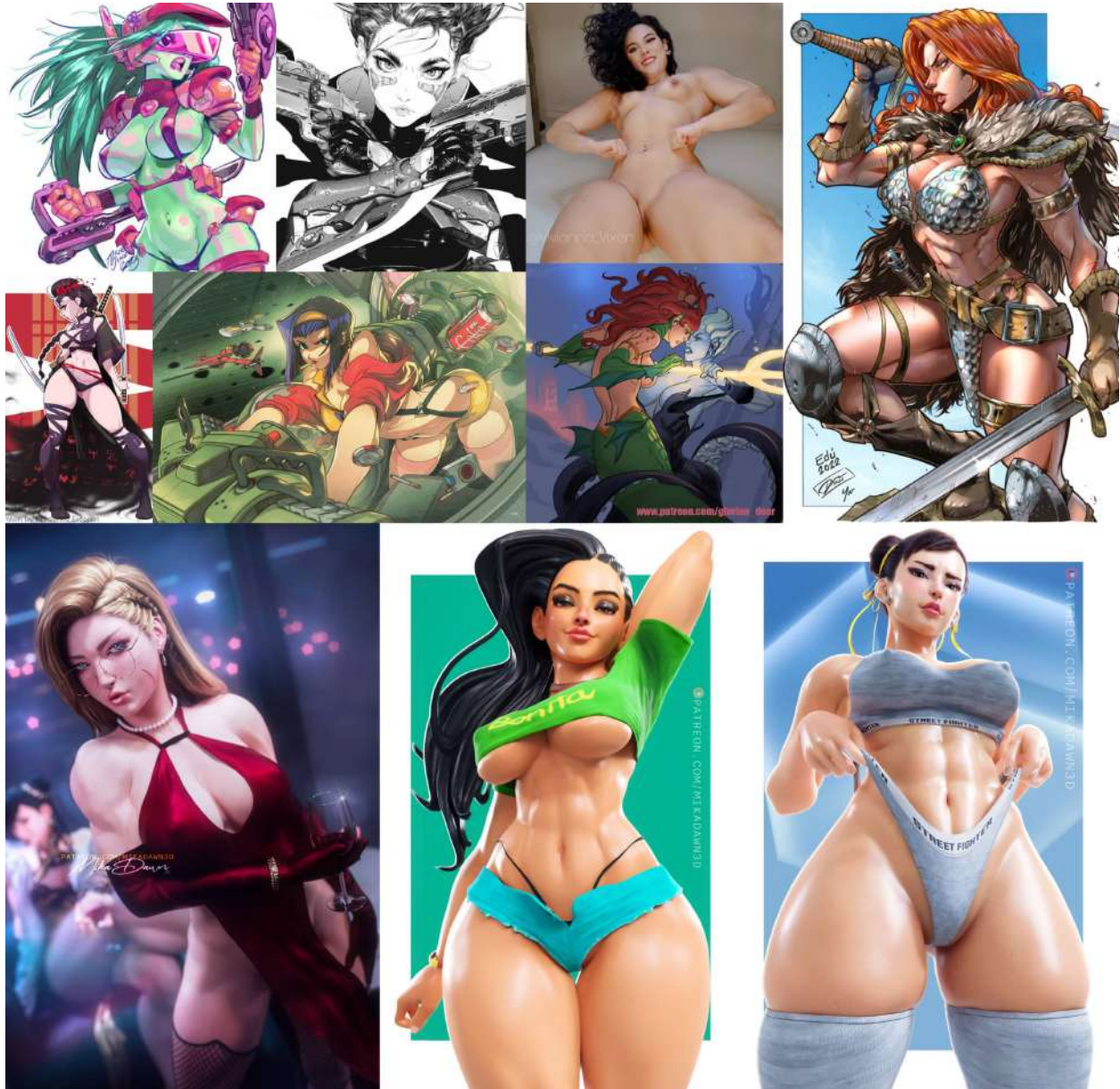


mirror syndrome

Another term of mine, one that occurs through the euthanasia effect; i.e., the euthanizing of token agents, ignominiously attacking their own black reflections' troubling comparison (which doubles are for). Such complicit cryptonymy happens during the abjection process/state of exception and, in effect, betraying their own interests (and those of their fellow workers and nature) for profit: Roman fools

killed mid-apocalypse, during blind parody's remediated praxis (re: boom and bust).

Amazonomachia (Amazon pastiche, subjugated/subversive)



(exhibit 1a1b [from [Volume Zero's "Symposium: Aftercare"](#)]): Top half's artists, top-far-left: [Michel Dinel](#); top-mid-left: [Jiyu-Kaze](#); top-middle: [Viviana Vixen](#); right: [Edu Souza](#); bottom-middle: [Nunchaku](#); bottom-mid-left: [Edwin Huang](#); bottom-far-left: [Frederico Escorsin](#). Bottom half's artist: [Mika Dawn 3D](#).

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]...)

Not a term I coined, but one I certainly expanded on (to speak on subjugated, reactionary, TERF-style forms and subversive variants, mid-duality). "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/subjugated* 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"): triangulating nature against nature, pimping itself for the state. 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.

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

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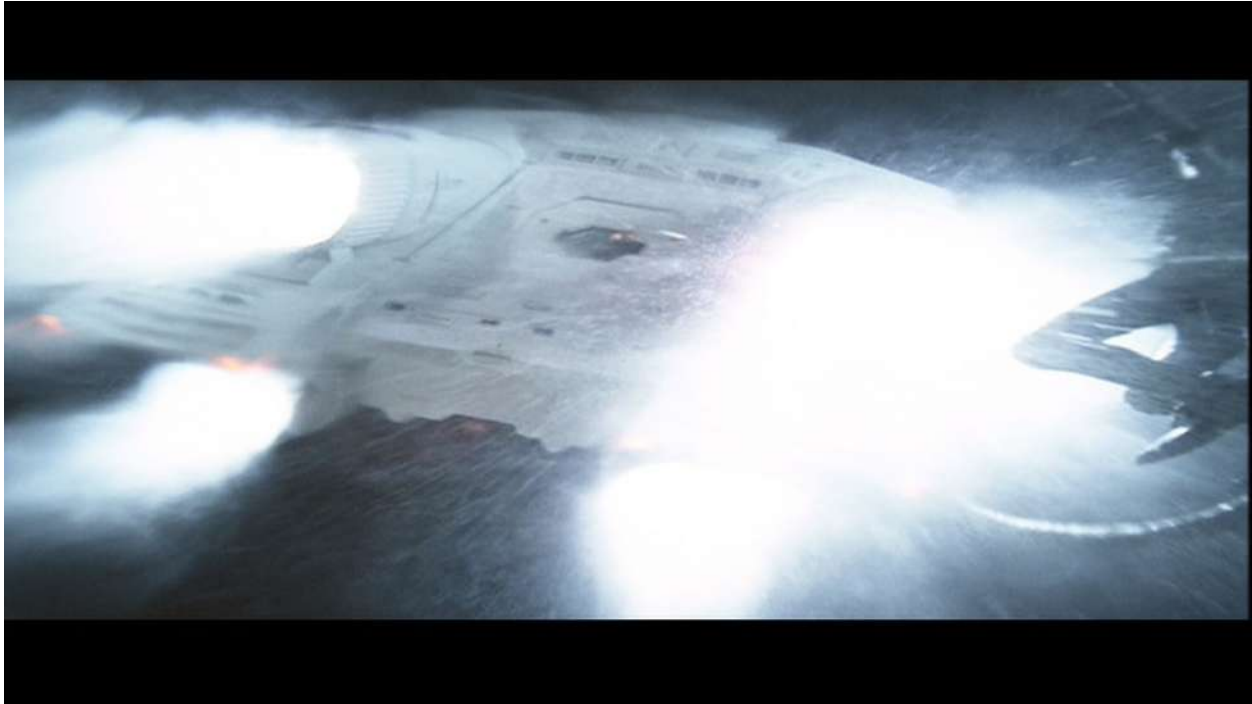
looking at examples of Gothic poetics (old or current) with a checklist to keep in mind. Otherwise, if I try to include all theory each and every time, the volumes will start to feel the same, which I don't want; but also, I want *you* to grow accustomed to being modular within a holistic approach that 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.

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, Gothicism, 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](#)) [[source](#): "Symposium: Aftercare"].

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 inhabits, 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.



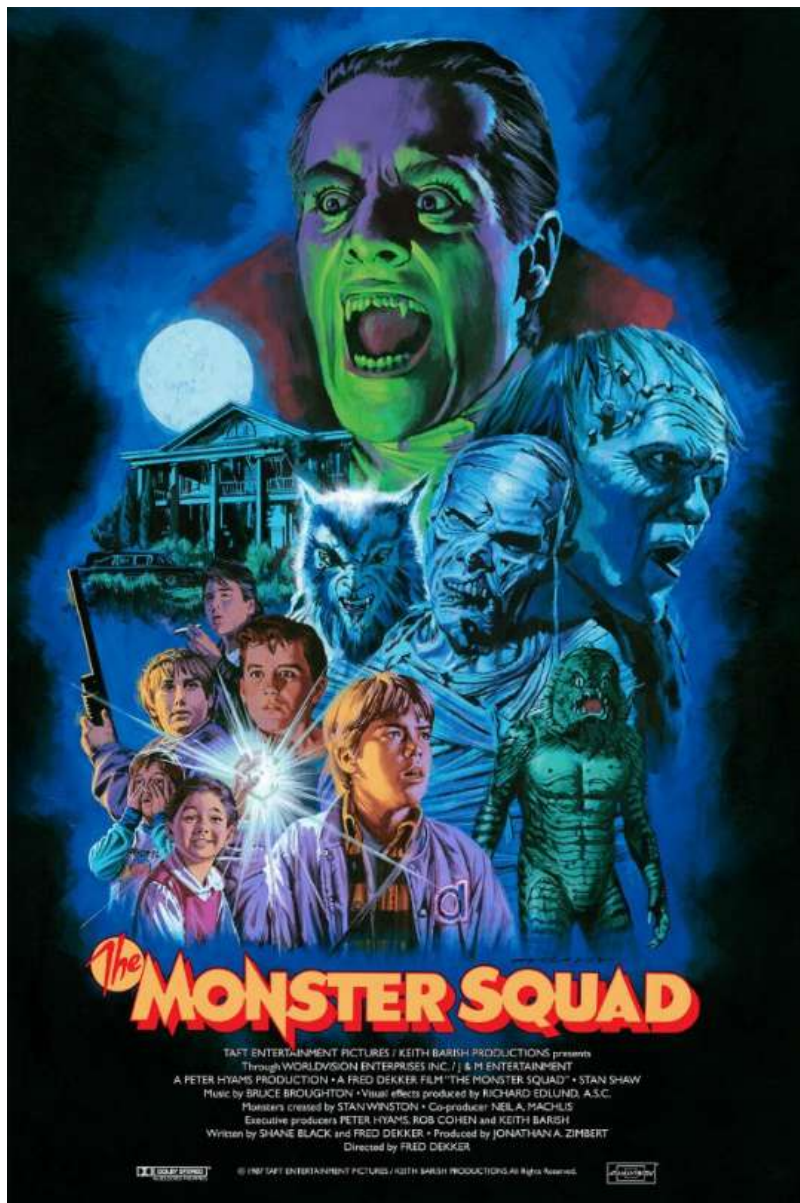
(artist: [Karl Kopinski](#))

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](#): "A Deeper Look at Cartesian Trauma in Rape Culture").

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

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

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:

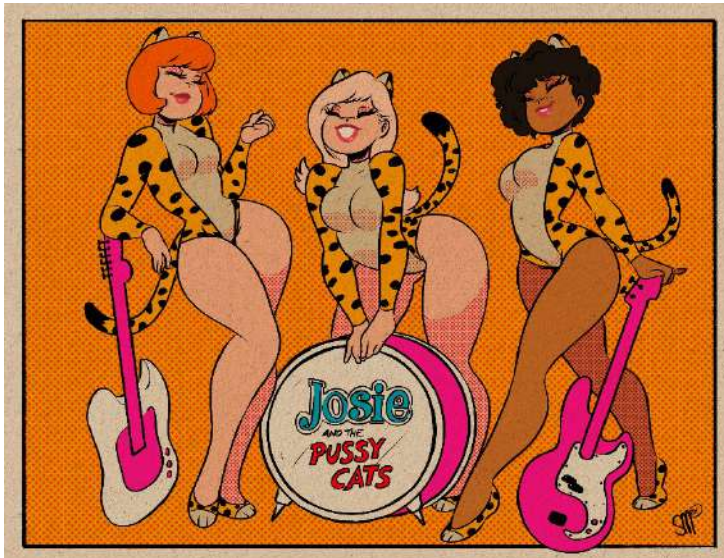
State proponents are straw dogs (throwaway effigies)/sacrificial roosters, believing themselves immune to the elite's gain while the owner slits the faithful worker's throat sooner or later. Their "greatest strength" is actually what dooms them to an ignominious death: complete alienation driven by a 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 ([source](#): "Pieces of the Camp Map").

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!

Table of Contents

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



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

Please note: The table of contents per volume will only contain *its volume's* summary and list of chapters/subchapters (with Volume Two's sub-volume's limited to the contents of a given sub-volume). 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 two: Gothic Poetics, Their History—

[Monster Volume Outline, part two](#)

[\(Module Three\) Demons: From Composites and the Occult to Totems and the Natural World](#)

- [Of Darkness and the Forbidden: A Demon Symposium](#)
- [Forbidden Sight, Faust and the Promethean Quest; or, Knowledge and Power Exchange](#)
 - [Forbidden Sight, part zero: A Rape Reprise; or, the Whore's Paradox Having Its Revenge During Ludo-Gothic BDSM \(feat. Nyx\)](#)
 - [Forbidden Sight, part one: Idle Hands Are the Devil's Workshop; or, Weapons in Clay and Even More Playtime: the Monstrous Prostitution of Blood Libel and Its Violent, Demonic Revenge](#)
 - [Idle Hands, part zero: A Cheat Sheet; or, Some Larger Thesis Arguments/How We'll Apply Them to Blood Libel and Demons at Large](#)
 - [Idle Hands, part one: Amazons and Demon Mommies](#)
 - [Prefacing Medusa: to Bay](#)
 - [On Amazons, Good and Bad, part one: Always a Victim \(feat. Medusa, Aliens\)](#)
 - [On Amazons, Good and Bad, part two: Reclaiming Amazons; or, Cops and Victims](#)
 - [Cops and Victims, part one: the Riddle of Steel; or, Confronting Past Wrongs \(feat. Amanda Nicole\)](#)
 - [Cops and Victims, part two: Our Sweet Revenge; or, Being Ourselves While Reclaiming Anal Rape, mid-Amazonomachia \(feat. Nyx and Amy Ginger Hart\)](#)
 - [A Paucity of Time: Addressing the Rest of the Demon Module's Relative Brevity](#)
 - ["I'll See You in Hell": Dark Faeries and Demon Mommies](#)
 - [Darkness Visible: Dark Faeries \(feat. Annabel Morningstar, Harmony Corrupted, Romantic Rose, The Witch, and more\)](#)
 - [Trial by Fire: Demon Muscle Mommies \(feat. Lady Hellbender and Hela, The Shape of Water\)](#)
 - [Idle Hands, part two: Vampires and Claymation \(feat. Takena's "Midnight Vampire"\)](#)
 - [Prefacing Tolkien: to Harmony/Concerning Big Black Dicks and "Anti-Semitism" vs "antisemitism"](#)
 - [Idle Hands, part three: Goblins, Anti-Semitism and Monster-Fucking \(feat. Tolkien's orcs and goblins, acid Communism, and SpongeBob SquarePants\)](#)

- [From New to Old: Concerning the Rest of the Module](#)
- [Forbidden Sight, part two: Making Demons \(re: Prometheus\)](#)
 - [Foreword: To Mary Shelley](#)
 - ["Fire of Unknown Origin": Composite Bodies, Golems and Mad Science; or the Roots of Enlightenment Persecution in the Promethean Quest \(feat. Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein* and Ridley Scott\)](#)
 - [Afterword: A Further Note on Angry Gods \(and Playing with Them, feat. Cuwu\)](#)
- [Forbidden Sight, part three: Summoning Demons \(re: Faust and Radcliffe\)](#)
 - [Raw Deals, Impostors, the Occult and Death Curses; the Demonic BDSM of Canonical Torture vs Exquisite "Torture"](#)
 - [Whores and Faust: Summoning the Whore/Black Penitent \(feat. Ann Radcliffe, Matthew Lewis, Doctor Faustus, Alan Rickman, Roger Ebert, John Landis' *Animal House*, Kevin Smith, and more\)](#)
 - [The Road to Hell; or, Summoning the Whore, Ourselves \(and Other Considerations of the Faustian Bargain *vis-à-vis* the Participants\)](#)
 - [Going Mask-Off: Showing Jadis' Face while Doubling Them](#)
 - [Dark Shadows: The Origins of Demonic Persecution and Camp; or, Applying My Education \(from School and Jadis\) to *Smile, Evil Dead* and More](#)
 - [Exploring the Derelict Past: the Demonic Trifecta of Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons; or Enjoying Yesterday's Exquisite Torture on the Edge of the Civilized World](#)
 - [Radcliffe's Refrain \(reprise\)](#)
 - ["Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons," part zero: Derelicts, Medusa and H. R. Giger's Xenomorph; i.e., the Puzzle of "Antiquity"](#)
 - ["Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons," part one: Non-Magical Damsels and Detectives \(feat. *Out of Sight*, Nina Hartley, Velma, and Zeuhl\)](#)
 - ["Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons," part two: Demons and Dealing with Them; or Abandonment, Dark Worship and Vengeful Sacrifice When Dissecting Radcliffe \(feat. Ridley Scott's *The Terror* and *Alien: Covenant*, *Ninja Scroll*, *The Dark Crystal*, and Harmony Corrupted\)](#)
 - [Afterword: In Measured Praise of the Great Enchantress \(feat. Ann Radcliffe, *Sailor Moon*, *The Ronin Warriors*, and Harmony Corrupted\)](#)

- [Call of the Wild; or Sex Education: Trans-forming the World through the Trans, Intersex and Non-binary Mode of Being](#)
 - [Call of the Wild, part one: Hunter and Hunted; or, Nature vs the State](#)
 - [Call of the Wild, part two: Dark Xenophilia; or, "Far Out, Dude!" Monster-fucking and Magic Girls Helping Foster Dark Radical \(Communist\) Empathy During Healthy Sex Education \(for Children and Young Adults into Adulthood\)](#)
 - [Dark Xenophilia, part one: Monster-Fucking and Furry Panic \(feat. Lycans, Chimeras, and Sentient Animals; e.g., Cuwu, "Pelts," Erika Eleniak, Sonic the Hedgehog and Pippi Longstocking\)](#)
 - [Dark Xenophilia, part two: "Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit"; or Magic, Drugs and Acid Communism \(feat. the Monstrous-Feminine of Magic Girls, Unicorns and Xenomorphs\)](#)
 - [Saying Goodbye: Onto Better Times Ahead \(and Harder Ones\)](#)

[The Future Is a Dead Mall; or Reviving the Zombie Future with Proletarian "Archaeologies": Revolutionary Cryptonyms that Defy Snobbish Critics of the Gothic to Break Capitalist Realism](#)

[The Caterpillar and the Wasp; or, What's to Come](#)

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(artist: [Drooling Red](#))

Volume Two, part two: Gothic Poetics, Their History

"But you're dead! You can't taste, can't smell!"

"Ah, but I remember!"

—Schmendrick the Magician and the Skull, *The Last Unicorn* (1982)



(artist: [Quinnvincible](#))

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 two

"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 part one and part two's sub-volumes, 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](#): "Thesis Statement").

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

["A Cruel Angel's \(Modular\) Thesis"; or, the Broad-Stroke Nature of Holistic Instruction: Camping "Rape" as Food for Thought Regarding the Monster Modules](#): Gives a new thesis argument to keep in mind; i.e., when examining the modular and intersectional histories of Gothic poetics.

[The Undead \(module\)](#): This module explores the undead 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 usual 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.

Demons (module): This module explores the poetic history of demons; i.e., as actively cunning-yet-alien shapeshifters. Canonized as treacherous within transactional dialogs of forbidden, unequal *exchange* (of power, knowledge and darkness) and permanent *transformation*, demons frequently yield a repressed *desire* for radical change haunted by systemic abuse; i.e., of rape and revenge as things to canonize *or* camp through the Gothic mode: as untrustworthy beings made deceitful and torturous through the ghost of the counterfeit's process of abjection. As such, we'll consider the subversive, cryptonymic potential of demons; i.e., to reverse abjection through revolutionary cryptonymy's double operation (to conceal and reveal taboo subjects), all while dealing with state doubles (re: DARVO and obscurantism, including tokenized variants). Be those people, places or something in between (the chronotope and its castle narrative/*mise-en-abyme*), we'll do so through their classical function—as seductive, mendacious granters of dark wishes, including fulfilling the whore's revenge: of nature policed, thus pimped, as monstrous-feminine by the state for profit, which the demon (as a vengeful, monstrous-feminine whore) challenges said motive (and its raping of nature) in favor of something better.

To it, we'll explore the dark, hauntological creativity and endless morphological variety of demons, but especially how they manifest and behave; i.e., as a vengeful, nebulous, psychosexual matter of exchange, transformation and desire, onstage and off, during ludo-Gothic BDSM and liminal, half-real expression: composite bodies like cyborgs, golems and robots that are built with mad science (the Promethean Quest), occult beings that are summoned and dealt with (the Faustian Bargain), or overtly natural totems that are hunted down within nature-as-alien.

"The Future Is a Dead Mall" (chapter): Monsters are classically devalued outside of canonical forms utilized by state forces, which leads to Capitalist Realism under the current order of things. To critique Capitalism, then, we must critique people's devaluing of the Gothic or otherwise misusing/scapegoating it for

Capitalism's woes: Radcliffe, but also Coleridge and Jameson's own complicit cryponymy. Through a cultivated Wisdom of the Ancients (a cultural understanding of the imaginary past), we can confront Capitalist Realism through the monsters normally pitted against us instead of speaking for us and nature as exploited by the elite. It becomes something to synthesize through our creative successes' revolutionary cryponymy—a concept we'll explore entirely in Volume Three while reflecting on Volume Two's monstrous histories (and theories from Volume One and Zero).

"The Caterpillar and the Wasp; or, What's to Come" (conclusion): A conclusion to the volume based on its contents, but highlighted through medieval expression and a coda (the caterpillar) to encapsulate everything the volume has discussed moving into Volume Three.

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](#))

"A Cruel Angel's (Modular) Thesis"; or, the Broad-Stroke Nature of Holistic Instruction: Camping "Rape" as Food for Thought Regarding the Monster Modules

*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).*

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 ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "A Note About Canonical Essentialism" (2024)

Please note, I wrote the Monster Modules over a year-and-a-half ago. The raw theory *is* there, but the historical arguments aren't aimed at specific recipients of state violence so much as I try to holistically consider all of them per intersectional solidarity as something to achieve *together* during Ludo-Gothic BDSM;



i.e., built on older monstrous histories: learning to camp rape and find our power during liminal expression/Gothic counterculture as a sex-positive force. Think of my various staged critiques being aimed at the middle class as the gatekeepers of capital, decaying and tokenizing (non-white and gender-non-conforming traitors of class, race and culture) to attack the elite's enemies by virtue of profit requiring enemies to exploit: nature as monstrous-feminine; e.g., Sigourney Weaver's GNC, Tim-Curry-tinged 1983 shoot with Helmut Newton clearly having inspired their 1984 possession as the Gozer of New York: Zuul being Medusa-by-another-name.

([source](#): Kino Images)

As such, a lot of what follows paints in broad strokes regarding said history as it applies differently for various exploited groups; i.e., under the same predatory system relative to our Four Gs, Six Rs, Gothic mode of expression, etc; e.g., masks and revolutionary cryptonymy as something we can weaponize for ourselves:



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

In short, these modules have a symposium style-flavor I want to preserve; I won't be stressing particular theories like cryptonymy or terms like monstrous-feminine, as we've already talked about them extensively across multiple chapters and book volumes. Instead, I'll be focusing on holistic expression per the monster *classes* as dualistic poetic devices. Any oppressions I express here, then, should apply intersectionally to white women, people of color, non-Christians, GNC people, disabled persons, etc, but it will apply to each *differently!* I want to focus on universal liberation *vis-à-vis* iconoclastic art, generally by considering sexuality and gender expression as canonically enslaved per the process of abjection; i.e., as *attacking* the ghost of the counterfeit through *cryptomimesis*, the narrative of the crypt and Cycle of Kings, etc, as forever serving profit. I'll try and mention these and other past concepts at least once, and consider locations—e.g., castles, prisons, what-have-you—but the *monsters* remain the main focus, here (simply pick your poison and go to town, lovelies).



(artist: [Les Edwards](#))

Likewise, my focus challenges Capitalist Realism by camping Marx with Gothic Communism as a genderqueer BDSM-meets-ludology hybrid in the Internet Age; i.e., as something to take advantage of for workers by workers. To that, Marxist analysis with Gothic poetics dates back to the man himself, but also contemporaries; e.g., Gogol's *Dead Souls* (1842) writing about the exploitation of serf numeration as a predatory necrometrics designed to enrich a predatory mid-level state official. There's truly nothing new under the sun as far as that goes and the Internet is a powerful tool for finding whatever you need (until today I had no idea who

Helmet Newton was, for example). So take whatever I supply here and close-read whatever *you* like—from Gogol's vintage grift narrative to the anti-Semitic themes of the cover art for Uriah Heep's *Abominog* (1982, above). Go nuts!

This isn't hard to do; monsters are everywhere and always maintain a dualistic, dialectical-material potential. Yes, Capitalism sexualizes everything (my PhD thesis) per the dialectic of the alien (from Volume Two, part one), but said dialectic still manifests differently (and per various double standards) depending on who's relating to whom, mid-struggle (from Volume One, "[Healing from Rape](#)"); i.e., as a given monster *type* through a given monster *function*; e.g., white women vs black men as zombies to humanize or dehumanize, or queer men as "vampires" feeding through sodomy on different prey groups to achieve complicated results: the whore, the demon, the rapist working as "dark predator" *and* prey in ways that code police violence as something to give and receive in canonical scenarios. As such, said violence becomes something to preemptively attack workers with, preventing their liberation by using dogmatic instruction meant to *serve* profit. As such, law and order canonize through state force and terror (often regarding sex) while invariably decaying as a result of itself (colonies always die; fascist ones die



faster). Fear of that in the likeness of the cop and victim is a vital survival tool for us to weaponize *against* the state:

([source tweet](#), *Katastrophe: December 14th, 2018*)

Again, my instruction is multi-media, repetitive and holistic, not microscopic or myopically "total" (such completions are impossible,

me and my friends' work simply adding to all the others who came before). As long as you keep *that* in mind, you (and *your* constellations) should be able to apply what I write here to any disadvantaged group through any text/medium you want; i.e., not just the undead receiving/giving trauma and feeding psychosexually on it, nor demons shifting shapes and granting forbidden power and knowledge, nor the natural world as being to some degree undead and/or demonic, but newer ideas I've coined since writing these modules regarding the same profit motive: as something to critique among all media and labor under Capitalism. In short, I *want* you to be intertextual and extratextual in your applications, but also excessive, shameless, and unafraid to try new things again; i.e., "bein' extra" provided it's sex-positive per various concepts we've already discussed being continuously part of a larger theoretical structure to camp canon with in a practical sense.

For example, you should do your gold-star best to keep Sarkeesian's adage in mind while synthesizing praxis: enjoy but do not blindly *endorse* canonical media, mid-consumption; i.e., as something to normally dissect *for* profit while shoving one's head in the sand as a kind of self-important history (re: most speedrunner documentation, for instance, is settler-colonial—chasing immortality through world records tied to profit that ignore state atrocities all along the watchtower).

In other words, no matter how cool someone seems or touts themselves as, don't act [like this guy](#)⁴¹ (next page) without some degree of irony that critiques profit and its heroes. We're here to kill our darlings (as a matter of critique), not worship them! Rags-to riches is bullshit, installed by the elite to force people not only to fight for scraps, but *deify* the entire opportunistic, manufactured process of scarcity and salvation; i.e., neoliberalism 101 per rigid inflexible minds incapable of fighting for anyone but themselves as part of a bourgeois Superstructure! Look around you. See that culture full of so-called gods of the sport, the Pantheon-grade colosseum and gladiators' kayfabe? American or not, it's "Rome" brought back to life in a 21st-century world, capital married to Cartesian thought raping Medusa on a global level; i.e., as a death sentence foisted onto workers and nature's labor value converted into monetary forms tied to police violence: all the heteronormative divisions of settler-colonial sex and force wreaking harm, thus



profit as something to count, name and repeat until the world ends. Until that happens, Medusa becomes a token slave, forced to mother her abusers while "threatening" them with kayfabe-style Snu-Snu: anti-predation for the oppressor and predation for the enemy (which is anything that *doesn't* serve profit).

(artist: [Yves Balak](#))

⁴¹ From Papa Lobster's "From Controversy to God: The Evolution of Tokido" (2024; timestamp: 8:57).
Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
 Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

To this, sex positivity shouldn't be a mystery monopolized by corporate guilds, a trade secret denied purposefully by dogmatic institutions in favor of crueler models of exchange (monetary value and labor/wage theft). Per revolutionary cryptonymy (e.g., "flashing"), though, we'll still have to paradoxically guard ourselves while trying to teach people less knowledgeable than us; i.e., to be more involved, thus active and engaged with, the world around them in a pro-worker sense: to actually risk getting hurt while building towards something better (which is what sex-positive relationships ultimately boil down to). People who refuse to do that in any shape or form—who blame and attack anyone but themselves and Capitalism—are doomed to not only live alone in their self-centered universes (which is what videogames classically are), but cause harm wherever they go in pursuit of their so-called "legacies" while cementing themselves *within* capital prison-like realities (that isn't a commentary about this exact person, below, but such clubbism and divisive sport mentalities *are* designed to foster us-versus-



them animus favoring the usual predatory benefactors, weird canonical nerds, as naming everything after themselves, mid-rape):

So ends the tangent. Any like it will be made holistically

in respect to a given chapter's core themes and ideas, but also the book's at large. And while I can't stress every idea here in this opening due to time and word constraints, keep your eyes peeled nonetheless. They'll surely pop up, and each-of-them grant special properties, extensions and intersections of all three monster types (which function modularly but often intersect) while developing Gothic Communism across all our lives; i.e., expressed by different members of the proletariat defending themselves and nature from state abuse/police violence while relating to each other in monstrous language that humanizes the alien: as something to reclaim through our own labor value/unequal power exchanges, including our guilty pleasures making us blush merely at the *thought* of saying them out loud!

Mind you, the embarrassment *is* ironic, canonical chagrin stemming from asking for something we're expected to take by force; i.e., coercively under unequal socio-material arrangements prioritizing white cis-het men (and token

groups) as *the* universal clientele per Cartesian thought having evolved into Man Box/"prison sex" forms. It's these canonical behaviors/roleplay scenarios that iconoclasts play around with, mid-camp; e.g., during anal vs plane-Jane PIV sex as *normally* monopolized by capital. At first blush, they don't look so different under Gothic scenarios:



(exhibit 34c1a2: Capital loves to have their cake and eat it, too; i.e., to threaten actual destruction if one deviates from "correct" forms of sexual activity while simultaneously abjecting and cashing in on "incorrect" ones: "black Bibles" to thrust in workers' faces [often as cultural exports; e.g., *Bible Black* (2001), above]. These, in turn, are sold back to the middle class through a nuclear family model that is allowed to sin in the bedroom, provided it stays in the bedroom; i.e., it relegates to exploitative fantasies whose dogmatic elements punish the usual victims of state force outside the family home [often at school and society in general as invaded by dark prurient forces during moral panic]: as witches to prostitute to the fearful as fascinated with them, treating such prurience as throwaway pleasure blindly aping Hawthorne, not administering sex-positive lessons that actually challenge Puritan ideals [thus Capitalism under the Protestant work ethic]! As usual, though, such spaces become places to camp—to try new things while just as easily [for many newlyweds and extramarital couples] trying sex at all for the first time. It's normal to be nervous, the idea scary for most virgins because capital treats it as a tightrope to walk; i.e., as ignorantly as possible, leading to dangerous confluences conducive to scared brides submitting to their husbands' knife-like dicks,

thus patriarchal dominance. While the Gothic's mutilative element has been commonplace since Radcliffe to Freud, subverting this unironically violent Amazonomachia generally requires a shy experimentation that frankly is cute to watch: "Can we... try anal?" Aw! Sure, babe!

To that, reversing abjection and humanizing the black⁴², GNC whore [and sodomy as a non-rapacious activity] becomes yet another experiment to try before giggling about it together after an admittedly nice time: "That wasn't so bad!" No, it generally isn't, which can turn peoples' worlds upside-down for the better insofar as they realize, post-anal, that "God" isn't going to smite them; i.e., God's not real, so what else isn't? Apart from the snow-white bridal "reward," what else can be reclaimed to liberate workers from capital, the middle class, menticide and the process of abjection?

Such dances with the ghost of the counterfeit not only open the mind, but help it heal. It's not a slippery slope [though the argument is present, when used by bad actors] but a complicated act of self-discovery that, once ventured, helps past victims heal from rape as committed against workers by police forces; e.g., wives and women's work; i.e., the home as something to police and expand into capital, at large, as nuclear. Each liberation is, to some degree then, unique. If yours includes anal or rape play [consent-non-consent] then that's ultimately a good thing because you'll know what works for you! As such, you become more emotionally and Gothically intelligent, which extends to class and culture war often enough.)

When camping canon, said exchanges should illustrate mutual consent (and one's basic human rights at large) through ludo-Gothic BDSM and castle-narrative; i.e., as something to pass along into the future as already dead, waiting to wake up once more, then consciously haunt the living as already haunted *passively* by imperial abuse experienced at home and broad! To this, here's a modular (cruel-angel's) thesis statement to keep in mind per the Monster Modules' subsequent essays and symposiums (indented for emphasis):

Capitalism achieves profit by moving money through nature; profit is built on trauma and division, wherein anything that serves profit gentrifies and decays, over and over while preying on nature. Trauma, then, cultivates strange appetites, which vary from group to group per the usual privileges and oppression as intersecting differently per case; i.e., psychosexual trauma (the regulation of state sex, terror and force) and feeding in decay as a matter of complicated (anisotropic) exchange unto itself, but also

⁴² Again, from a settler-colonial black-vs-white argument with pre-Enlightenment histories that predate settler-colonial racism; i.e., "black" as pure non-English, non-Christian stigma, thus incumbent less on skin color than the dialectic of the alien simply meaning "different" tied to older institutions where race argumentation wasn't the primary focus.

shapeshifting and knowledge exchange *vis-à-vis* nature as monstrous-feminine: something to destroy by the state or defend from it (and its trifactas, monopolies, etc) using the same threatening aesthetics of power and death, decay and rape.

Poetically there's not much difference functionally-speaking between feeding and transformation. As a kind of power/knowledge exchange, each has a rich, unique history woven into itself; i.e., as someone's or some society's older preference serving as monstrous code to proudly shape into cryptonymic cultural forms with their own double operations: showing and concealing or vice versa regarding the Gothic's usual erotic medieval paradoxes.

These, in turn, remain cursed by mouth-fang and dick-knife hyphenations/doubles (tokenization) that, once shown mid-*mise-en-abyme*, can't be unseen: the *undead* as the classic unthinking (and addicted, ravenous) slave to state dominion, the *demon* as the wily contractor to such inequalities, and the *animal* as forced to endure a cruel stewardship thereof; e.g., the black Nazi Jew, witch cop, TERF, etc, as hogging the graveyard as an odd, paradoxical site of psychosexual rapture, healing and release camping rape; i.e., as *normally* a dogmatic, xenophobic tool—of punishment, of us-versus-them, temptation, dangerous confusions and straight up kink—posturing as "necrophilic" camp that we must make campy in the same spaces: a pedagogy of the oppressed healing from rape, thus police abuse as all around us, the graves our cradles less to crawl out of and more to make love inside. To survive, you have to work fast in the crypt, telling good actors from bad while playing with trauma as a historical-material loop decaying inside of itself.



(source film: *Cemetery Man*, 1994)

Rape isn't unique to Capitalism, then, but Capitalism exploits rape for profit, which always leaves a bloody footprint for us to double (think Danny escaping his rampaging father by walking backwards in his own footsteps during *The Shining's* [1981] hedge maze scene, except the camera man also had to do it⁴³). In turn, its ubiquity

⁴³ Garret Brown writes, "As Danny backs up stepping in his own footprints to fool Jack, I had to back up ahead of him also in his footprints! To accomplish this I had to wear special boots with Danny-sized
Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
 Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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is something to challenge through ludo-Gothic BDSM liberating worker minds during calculated risk: the moribund body and graveyard coalesced through a concentric *cycle* of exchange. Such complicated theatre (and prostitution) dates back to Rome and the ancient world (re: B.B. Wagner's "[The Graveyard Prostitutes of Rome and Beyond](#)," 2020), expanding into the Middle Ages, the Neo-Gothic (from the Graveyard Poets, Matthew Lewis, etc) onward to a cryptic hauntology beyond Great Britain; i.e., relishing in corpse sex theatre (and other unspeakables) under neoliberal *Pax Americana*'s anxious inheritance foisted onto fresh workers to threaten *them* with (menticide): the ever-growing army of the *elite's* undead!

In turn, harmful versions of said therapy mirror the abuse as "activity" and "area"; i.e., sex in funerary places historically overlapping as burial grounds and sites of masochistic rapture—as a nightly, "almost holy" meeting place for extramarital affairs (adjacent to taboo elements like rape, suicide, cannibalism, incest, nightmares/sleep sex, murder and so on) classically tempting young men of the cloth with the forbidden-yet-constantly-advertised forbidden pleasures of the flesh; e.g., the film adaptation for Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose* (1986): sex is fun when you're breaking the rules; it's *healthy* when no one's being harmed or forced/taken against their will (the empty threat of God smiting you for doing the nasty in His decaying house being a potentially *Numinous* aphrodisiac).



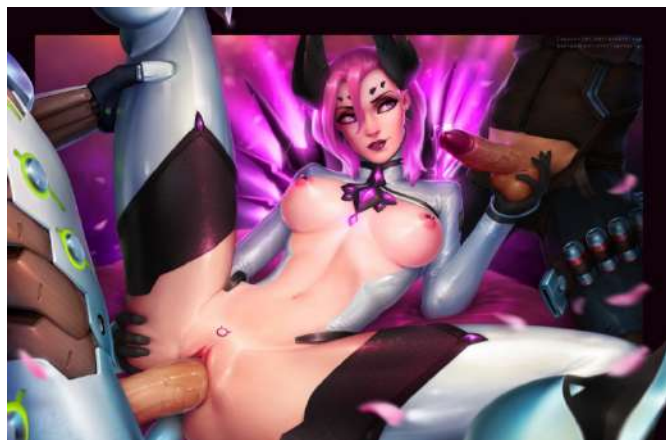
Irony is always the deciding factor insofar as something is sex-positive or not. Furthermore, such curious privileges extend to anyone and everyone in the Internet Age—to partake and enjoy a "necrotic," rape-fantasy ecstasy having been camped rather pornographically since Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* to *Rocky Horror* and present-

day works: live burial ("burying the bishop") a psychosexual means of feeling at home with one's trauma as inescapable; i.e., a patriarchal system designed to benefit white cis-het Christian men that—however tokenized or gentrified it seems—will always decay in ways they can't rely on to exclusively protect them, either (spectres of Marx seeking revenge through praxial success exposing the bourgeoisie for the murderers they and theirs are; re: a pedagogy of the oppressed, a voice of the rat/damned snitching on capital and the elite)!

Simply put, the exchanges are anisotropic, working as much to *camp* canonical forces (and move power towards workers) versus harming us with

soles nailed to the bottom so I wouldn't make the footprints any bigger!" ([source](#): "The Steadicam and *The Shining* Revisited," 2022).

dogmatic sites of older psychosexual crimes—of gargoyles scaring the faithful, fearing "God" as much as overtly secular as not (capitalists famously walking the tightrope; e.g., Ronald Reagan's Christofascism). However damaged we are from past abuse, camping this fact feels more and more homely and correct, in practice; i.e., once you go black, you can't go back, babes (the dialectic of the alien a powerful means of catharsis *and* self-defense)! Camping canon is often "rapacious," sexual; i.e., anger/gossip, monsters and camp (the basics of oppositional synthesis) with sex (and force) getting your attention in reliably Gothic ways: "Help! I'm an undead demon and I'm being 'raped' animal-style to *Rocky Horror's* 'Time Warp'!" Guess we should investigate, right?



(artist: [Tago Van Tor](#))

More to the point, "rape" is an acquired taste; victims of rape (whatever the form) experience medieval-coded, regressive fantasies of "rape" they ideally want to camp during ludo-Gothic BDSM to avoid actual rape (and overall harm) in the future. In turn, praxial catharsis occurs through iconoclasm while

healing from rape in xenophilic ways that involve nature as monstrous-feminine in fetishized, cliché sites of death, damage, decay and rebirth. As such, exploitation and liberation occupy the same shadow zones' theatrical spaces, the latter weaponized through the same linguo-material devices canonically waged *against* workers by traitorous forces; said workers reclaim these in public-to-private theatrical "danger disco"/rape-castle operatic spaces (and bodies) mapping trauma out: as something to immersively dance/party with (re: *cryptomimesis*, or fucking with the dead as a bad, Matthew-Lewis-style echo), adopting sex-positive strategies that resist capital/profit: by misbehaving as a matter of good sex education challenging profit as a matter of fact.

In the Gothic, naughtiness is generally built on genuine trauma. To avoid war and rape as systemic harm leading to generational trauma/stolen generations, we must learn from the dead as something we embody through *our* Wisdom of the Ancients. Like a Gothic heroine in a castle, the liberatory ideal is exploration leading deeper inside—to heal from police atrocities, tokenistic exploitation, and compelled perversions occurring through feminism and genderqueer politics (and other minorities) in decay (e.g., TERFs, queer and Afronormativity, Zionism, etc) leading towards genocide, thus grim harvests.

"No body, no crime," says the state, denying atrocities however much it needs to continue its dark feast. State cannibalism and disempowerment

dismember what can ultimately be reassembled, though, strung together composite-style and speaking to its own murder and/or rape by the hands of others (e.g., Emily Portman's "[The Two Sisters](#)" [2010] and similar murder ballads with changeling elements); or it can appear like a ghost, a simulacrum speaking to such lies as ultimately visible, mid-apocalypse. Cryptonymy is cryptonymy regardless of shape or size (a castle-like body or body-like castle denoting trauma as mirror-like; revolutionary or complicit, cryptonymy is about hiding in plain sight, then, generally as a means of good or bad habits synthesizing praxis in ways the state *cannot* manipulate or dissect (e.g., *Child of God*, 1972) as its fear and dogma normally do: useful criminal flesh⁴⁴ reduced afterwards to a useless unalive state, something to criminalize and scapegoat per criminogenic conditions, then incarcerate, judge and rape through law and order as usual: "all road men, gangsters, proper naughty boys and all that bollocks!" as Charlie Hunnam says, in Guy Ritchie's *The Gentleman* (2019).

⁴⁴ I've previously written about this excision of value regarding flesh; re: "Critical Review of Fred Botting's 'Future Horror (the Redundancy of Gothic)'" (2017):

Botting's obituary perpetuates themes of meaningless substance, writing how 'any anchoring substance is scraped away [as identity] slides precipitously across surfaces.' Mankind merely becomes the sum of so much superficial clay slapped on and removed with such astounding alacrity as to rob this interchangeable tissue of all meaning. Consider the surgery scene Botting initially evokes, where a British woman is being cosmetically operated on: "The skin is lifted and excess tissue scraped from under the cheeks [while a hose likewise suctions] gelatinous globules and bloody ooze pumped from the [woman's] thighs." Yet, this trope of meaningless flesh isn't exclusive to our immediate age. I recall how the lifeless body of Matthew Lewis' ill-fated prioress was beaten, trod upon and ill-used, in *The Monk* (1796), "till it became no more than a mass of flesh, unsightly, shapeless and disgusting"; or, consider Lester Ballard's ignominious demise, in Cormac McCarthy's novel, *Child of God* (1973):

He was laid out on a slab and flayed, eviscerated, dissected. His head was sawed open and the brains removed. His muscles were stripped from his bones. His heart was taken out. [...] At the end of three months [Ballard] was scraped from the table into a plastic bag.

In both instances, the flesh of the authors' victims is squeezed so tightly that it oozes between their white-knuckle fingers. However, Botting confidently asserts that, in modern times, "the terrors of the night are replaced by the terrors of the light"—as though this is an idea exclusive to that temporal region. Yet, Lewis or McCarthy both seem perfectly happy exploring those naked realities Botting attributes exclusively to our own present.

In *The Monk*, Sister Agnes and Father Ambrosio exemplify this. The former describes the unveiled horror of a present moment, not some obscurity of the long-dead past, when she says, "...often have I at waking found my fingers ringed with the long worms which bred in the corrupted flesh of my infant." Likewise, the latter, tortured by the Inquisition, tries to deny the existence of a God, but laments, "those truths, once [my] comfort, now presented themselves before [me] in the clearest light." Manifest in said light, there is always some present horror for any writer to explore. These respective anxieties aren't in the future. There's no linear progression leading to a bright, over-exposed annihilation. Gothic fiction isn't redundant because the past and future are in the present, and always have been. Thus, I can hardly agree with Botting when he writes, "the future produced in the void of the present [is] both horrifying and thrilling. But it is far from Gothic" ([source](#)).

Botting is a dumbass.

If the latter is a kind of intolerant, stalker-grade Count Dracula you do *not* want to be friends with, proletarian undeath and demonic *poiesis* reflect our being marked *with* trauma and yet still being able to function healthily with others to encourage universal tolerance but, per Karl Popper, exclude bigotry and harm; i.e., to *not* rape others as the state/capital do *by design* (regardless of venue). Whatever the monster type, there's always a double for the state and vice versa projecting onto the same troubled surfaces and into the same thresholds—them, to blame others with and us to expose them as harming us.

To that, the state will always invoke self-defense as a matter of castle doctrine. They love plausible deniability and DARVO under settler-colonial conditions; i.e., playing the victim and the underdog rebel while treating us as terrorist, Nazi-Communist, what-have-you. *Our* monsters go against such systemic features, including high burdens of proof routinely and reliably defending the



powerful as people extending from the state as centered around wealth and power always flowing up.

In a world of grand illusions, there's no "seeing the light" as completely naked. Per cryptonymy, there's always something hidden

and something exposed that you must navigate by playing with proponents of good vs bad faith, play and education, BDSM, etc (which we'll introduce here historically before unpacking fully in Volume Three: as something to make *new* histories with regarding the state as something to defend or dismantle). Intent matters less than socio-material outcomes, which those in bad faith cannot conceal (another topic for Volume Three); it's always dualistic/dialectical-material, a historical-material trail of psychosexual rituals raised from the wreckage—of trauma as something to express, confront, negotiate with as a power we can reclaim. But it's always a likeness of itself, an estate of unrest, a restless ghost (or some other egregore; e.g., Banquo's zombie-like spectre, from *Macbeth*: "Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake / Thy gory locks at me!" [source](#)) of rape to camp; it has to be or it simply becomes invisible, thus conducive to profit through the perception of order as lawful, good, stable.

Per the Gothic, though, ghosts don't *stay* dead; they get up and move around. It becomes something to invite in (or be invited into, that curiously polite quality of vampirism going both ways), then interrogate insofar as what ails them

more or less ails us, too—Capitalism as a castled site of violent lies to survive and spatially thread, from mazes to labyrinths.

In turn, these become, per C.S. Lewis's *Problem of Pain*, a dreadful, uncanny confrontation with a spirit of some small-to-mighty configuration; i.e., less a tiger in the room and more an echo that *might* be a tiger but just as much yields a general feeling of *unheimlich*. For or against the state, such likenesses are commonplace during *cryptomimesis* as a kind of puzzle to solve, a murder most foul (so-called "foul play" through intended gameplay in service to profit) testifying badly for itself across texts (the 1998 *Ringu*, above, coming from an older book). It becomes charged with corruption as data to expend like dark lightning from its sexually changed surfaces. Even so, entropy is the vector and the clue, the



obfuscating reality of existence as meant to confuse us, but which we can weaponize against our confusers per the same historical-material effects during our revolutionary cryptonymy penetrating the spectral membrane: Schrodinger's hot piece of vengeful ass!

(artist: [Grobi-Grafik](#))

No matter how violent, antagonistic or intangible they seem, then, puzzles are solved by playing with them; history-towards-development is no exception. To that, the Gothic's complicated,

often-combative history of rape and its modular-to-intersecting preferences/poetics⁴⁵ are what we want to outline and explore here, but time *is* a factor. Sometimes we'll focus on cryptonymy, others on hauntology or abjection, medieval poetics at large (e.g., a confusion of the senses, of boundaries during the dialectic of the alien) etc. Furthermore, from zombies to vampires, ghosts to composites, cyborgs to lycans, we'll survey an example for each module taken from some of the most die-hard legends, just like I did in grad school; i.e., fluctuating between a looser symposium style and various essays that adhere to this larger module thesis argument amid smaller interesting-but-not-always-wholly-constant

⁴⁵ E.g., vampires and demons both can feed, exchange power and transform, but each module historically emphasizes/stresses these individual poetic qualities more than others do, mid-intersection, and in specific unforgettable visualizations/monstrous shorthand.



tangents and hot-cold Gothic extremes: a preferred alternative favoring the irrationally violent cluing the audience into a presence of decay state illusions have repeatedly tried to conceal since the Enlightenment—self-destruction, of state proponents punching themselves in the mirror-like face (re: "We have found the enemy and he is us.").

([source](#): *Broke Horror Fan*)

As such, consider the above module thesis argument as a kebab skewer—a follow-

through to achieve common ground, but also food for thought; i.e., something to go into your little brain baskets (and holes, mid-skewering of your meat) as you holistically try to weigh the historical function of monsters in the manner that I've carefully arranged here: as expressing and exchanging unequal power ("rape") under duress during oppositional praxis while consuming and learning from/as the past, yourselves. It becomes vital forbidden knowledge we can reclaim when healing from rape *by* playing with "it" in quotes. This includes its odd sediment, doubles, hyphenations, etc; e.g., knife-*dick* play while looking for Mr. Right—our paradoxical salvation in a mock-up of our theatrical demise badly aping our deaths, our rapes, our confused pleasure-pain responses (versus Man Box types "finding religion" as just another grift/assimilation tactic, especially in kayfabe circles or executive positions; i.e., a redemption arc rehabilitating abusers; e.g., Hulk Hogan or George W. Bush) in search of a palliative Numinous, a *Communist* Numinous that engenders emotion/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness as a kind of second-nature dexterity towards being a better human and class/culture warrior on the side of the proletariat against the state and all its class traitors: dancing with the ghost of the counterfeit, giving Medusa a hug.

One more thing as far as that goes: Simplicity (abbreviation) is just a different means of abstracting trauma and power in ways useful to praxis; i.e., just an arrangement and interpretation of monsters at a given register that we can apply as needed. You already have complex and simple theory to combine with the Poetry Module; what follows is a historical inspection and hopefully future application towards fresh histories. Per the regulation of sex and force for or against

the state and its Cartesian dialogic, monsters aren't just threats ("Alright you primitive screwheads! Listen up!"); they're poetic lenses that concern power as something to paradoxically shift *away* from state forces, mid-struggle. They are, like power more broadly, something to interrogate by going where *they* are through performance and play. This concerns war and rape, decay and feeding, transformation and fatal knowledge. All exchange per various human tissues as poetic material—from brains, to flesh, to blood, to cum, and others things we won't touch on as much (e.g., shit).

In turn, all overlap; all are modular and dualistic; all are psychosexually anisotropic insofar as power is concerned, because sex and force *are* power insofar as they are perceived through monsters as us-versus-them arguments—in short, how we function *as* monsters, how we feed, decay or transform, etc, mid-exchange. State power aggregates for profit to induce praxial inertia, and by extension a decrease in emotional/Gothic intelligence and class-cultural awareness. We must aggregate against all of these variables, thus the state's trifectas, monopolies and qualities of capital: through ludo-Gothic BDSM as *our* castle-narrative to weave into the future regarding something we won't live to see—a kind of "bucket list" to give back to future generations in very sexy-macabre ways; i.e., a "spit roast" that likes the very idea *before* the pole(s) go in—a piece of meat *with* agency and rights negotiating its own "rape" in ways that liberate all parties from profit and sexual harm, but play with the poetics, nonetheless; e.g., the captive fantasy with appreciative irony per ludo-Gothic BDSM. As such, the calculated risk should constitute a subversive act of illustrating mutual consent per intersectional solidarity between workers united against the state: to make "rape" impossible by putting it in quotes as a mutually consensual act!



(artist: [Reiq](#))

Last but not least, this cruel angel's thesis cannot reify alone; it takes friends to repeatedly perform these arguments—i.e., relative to state proponents trying to pit us again each other on the same stages, in the same undead, demonic and/or animalistic costumes constituting state force and decay (sickness) weighed

against ours taking root to achieve the opposite function: liberation from rape through iconoclastic art as Gothic counterculture, including sexuality and gender

identity through performative struggle (something we'll adumbrate here and expand on much more in Volume Three). For us, Medusa is androgynous and monstrously humanized; both undead, demonic and/or animalistic, they are able to see, feed and exchange power and knowledge *despite* this seemingly blinding and otherwise crippling monstrous status (demons being more vocal than undead, but banished to hellish spheres).



(artist: [Romantic Rose](#))

On our sexy mirror-like Aegis, then, Medusa smiles to deliver their best revenge against the state in various operatic forms. Often-musical, but always theatrical (from classical to industrial, heavy metal, punk to rap; to movies, videogames, novels and performance art), Medusa never settles down; they put "rape" in quotes, saying to their enemies harvesting them, "Can't kill me, bitches! That all you got?" It's that or state shift; i.e., when *Mother Nature* goes grim and actually fucks our brains out.

So pick your poison—voyeurism or exhibitionism—until then, sweeties! Capitalism is doomed, regardless!

Demons: From Composites and the Occult to Totems and the Natural World

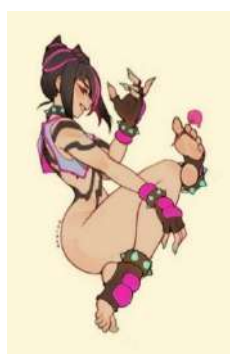
"Who needs chicks when you got demons?" [They're not mutually exclusive, my dudes.]

—John and Moe, *The Gate II: Trespassers* (1992)



([source](#): Austin Vashaw's "Forgotten Sequel *GATE II*," 2018)

This module focuses on *forbidden, unequal exchange* (often power, darkness and knowledge, which for us are synonymous with each other) and *radical transformation* (commonly shifting shape) through *demons*, but especially *creation* using such things and their dark materials' *desire/fulfillment of wishes* (commonly around *advancement* and *revenge* using black magic/mad science); i.e., going *beyond* what capital normally allows for most people. The gods, for example, classically use *clay* to create whatever they *want* (re: all heroes are monsters). Demons, then, commonly constitute unequal exchange through power, darkness and knowledge as a forbidden creative act; i.e., they make for an incredibly broad category of monster that—famously shown during Satanic Panic, in the 1980s—exhibits beings (thus power, darkness and knowledge) as literally fashioned from clay (an analog of human flesh)! Doing so constitutes highly regulated acts of *vengeful* creation; i.e., showcasing forbidden ability (again, as power, darkness or knowledge) through limitless poetry that we'll explore in the pages ahead; e.g., from Pygmalion and Galatea, Milton's Satan, and Shelley's *Frankenstein*, to echoes of those we won't: Ray Harryhausen, Larry Roemer's *Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer* (1964), and Frosty the Snowman.



(artist: [Oxcoxa](#))

Self-fashioning linguo-materially also ties to incredibly old forms of demonic poetics, which the elite package and sell under capital in a variety of media forms, but also dichotomies; e.g., virgin/whore and videogames (with prostitution and whore-as-sex-demon being something we'll explore at length, in "Forbidden Sight"). So while demonic "claymation" has occult origins dating back to the Golem of Prague (and far older examples), these have since been reinvoked; e.g., with John Carmack's own Martian variety in *Doom* (1993); i.e., as *also* being fashioned from clay before being digitized (a common

'90s technique, Blizzard originally intending their 1996 flagship game, *Diablo 1*, to also be digitized claymation).

Apart from clay, however, demons are embodied and invoked by various materials and methods reanimating dead things; e.g., ink (above) but also what William Blake called "corroding fires" in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790); i.e., being made of dark hellish materials, summoned from dark hellish zones, or sensed through the imbibing of dark hellish substances:

- posthuman mad science, *composite* demons and Cartesian thought leading to modern-day fascism and xenophobia (the Promethean Quest)
- the liminal expression of *occult* language, anti-Semitic black-magic symbols, and BDSM rituals (the Faustian bargain)
- and drug-fueled ecstasies/xenophilic knowledge tied closely to *nature*, sexuality and gender expression; i.e., as alienated from the modern world and fetishized/pimped out by capital

We'll go over these ideas one chapter/subchapter at a time:

- **"Of Darkness and the Forbidden" (opening)** is a symposium that discusses various poetic ideas and paradoxes (contradictions) known to darkness and demons, which will come up throughout the entire module.
- **"Forbidden Sight, Faust and the Promethean Quest" (chapter) parts zero, one, two and three** consider forbidden power as something to see; i.e., forbidden sight, per the Faustian Bargain and Promethean Quest. They do so through the history of making/summoning demons—initially according to Gothic, Renaissance approaches and prostitution (whores) as a Faustian bargain, but then unto the Promethean Quest; i.e., Cartesian dualism meant to punish demons, or otherwise summon/pimp them through the ghost of the counterfeit to further the abjection process in service to capital raping nature-as-vengeful (and whose inheritance anxiety occurs inside the Imperial Core, continuing Capitalist Realism as a fear of the outside, of the dark, of the Earth, creativity and nature⁴⁶).

⁴⁶ Nature is demonized by Cartesian forces; i.e., becoming something to fear to the point of ridicule. This includes the ultimate weapon of counterterror *against* occupying armies: their own fear of nature, which the elite expect them to police *out* of fear. They see nature as wild, hence must be raped to serve profit. Think of a twig snapping in a Vietnam jungle, one that sends the "brave" occupiers into a shooting spree with their surroundings. They think themselves invincible, but also spook easy. This also happens at home, during military urbanism; e.g., acorns, [as this Florida deputy discovered](#) (The Guardian's "US Officer Fired at Handcuffed Man in SUV After Mistaking Acorn for Gunshot," 2024).

Demons generally aren't tied to the land, undead are. Except demons *are* tied to a Cartesian othering which demonizes nature and conjures it up; i.e., as a curse of "the past" to attack the inhabitants of a settler colony from within; e.g., animals, Pagans, and ritual sacrifice being of "somewhere else": as within an *unheimlich* according to a forged division of sovereignty whose "historical" counterfeits remain haunted by the ghosts of actual atrocities (re: Hogle's ghost of the

- **"Exploring the Derelict Past" (subchapter)** considers the dialectical-material tensions between a *demonic trifecta* of *damsels*, *detectives* and *demons*; i.e., as something to enjoy on either side of oppositional praxis, while endorsing pro-state or pro-worker functions (their appropriative dogma or appreciative ironies): according to those expressing and investigating demons and their shape-shifting trauma/catharsis.
- **"Call of the Wild" (chapter)** considers the natural world as a hellish, demonic site of animals-as-monstrous; i.e., demonic and/or undead to varying degrees, which the state will exploit per the Cartesian model and its heteronormative, settler-colonial profit motive. **Parts one** and **two** consider the revolutionary potential of monster-fucking and the sex-positive educational device offered by the monstrous-feminine as animalized; i.e., how both liberate nature and workers from state-fueled furry panic using acid Communism (the merger of inter- and extra-community measures).

As we proceed, please remember Weber's maxim [concerning the state's monopoly of violence](#) (and in connection to it, Asprey's [paradox of terror](#) and Crawford's [invention of terrorism](#) *vis-à-vis* the Neo-Gothic mode); these apply to any demon, be the iconoclast of mad science, occult magic and/or nature, or to some degree chimeric/undead (e.g., the xenomorph). Made to prey on nature as monstrous-feminine, the state has an intrinsically heteronormative, Cartesian and settler-colonial police character that will double and weaponize Gothic poetics against pro-worker forms of counterterror seeking liberation; i.e., through demonic expression.



(artist: [Mizugi Buns](#))

To it, demons embody *poetic* exchange—as unequal/forbidden, and with transformative linguo-

counterfeit and process of abjection). Viewed as "past," state forces abject systemic abuse, then and now, to an imaginary place dug back up: *demonic* dead.

To that, Sam Raimi's titular *Evil Dead* (1981, onwards) possess self-styled "civilized" persons on home turf with a spirit of childlike black revenge; i.e., one that mortifies the flesh (a melding of torture and rot) according to a demon of nature-as-undead, of Cartesian enemies ferried into the present through Gothic reinvention. It's Capitalist Realism suspended through Gothic animations—of various stolen myths, language, and monsters. The pact is the colonizer's; i.e., with a world they are born into as inherited according to a system that distracts, overwhelms and confuses them. Like *Evil Dead*, it's paradoxical: silly and serious, inside-outside, secular and superstitious, fearful and fascinating (re: Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* [1899] and racist fascination with the abomination).

Moreover, such power cannot be killed, only used for specific aims; re: "[Bushnell's Requiem](#)"; e.g., Victor Frankenstein, the Cartesian man of science, is hunted by the ghosts of the dead *he* stitches together from clay/things he disinterred from the dark earth of Germany and calls "demon" (something to fear and enslave). Except, he made what he feared to maintain his own sense of power according to the land around him. We can reverse all of that to serve our own aims; i.e., dismantling the state versus it conjuring *us* up, Radcliffe-style, before ripping us apart to serve profit.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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material devices (re: power, darkness, knowledge; if I mention a particular noun in this module, it's because I'm stressing it). As such, they are classically made, summoned or found, and argue dualistically (through doubles) along these circuits of poetic discourse; i.e., by creating something out of clay or summoning it into a clay-like substance (or dead flesh, possessed victim, graveyard soil, etc): to deal/treat with power in all its forms, including of nature and death as old, haunted, anathema and ubiquitous. Knowledge is power and vice versa during such exchanges; i.e., as dark, anisotropic.

Couched in "darkness visible" as a poetic, xenoglossic device, we can make not just voices, but also bodies that speak cryptonymically to taboo, illusory and paradoxical things, injecting them with fresh poetic life (trans people are poets of identity and the flesh, above); i.e., a half-real, checkered combination of violent, terrifying and hellish morphological *freedom* of expression, existing in andro/gynodiverse defiance of state monopolies, trifactas and qualities of capital, hence Vitruvian medicalization and genocidal apathies (re: the Shadow of Pygmalion as white/xenophobic, fearing things not of the West ["not of this Earth!"] and bastardizing them as abject, alien evil, forgotten; i.e., reimagined with asymmetrical/guerilla powers exploited by the state but not monopolized by them)!



([source](#): Testament's *Dark Roots of the Earth*, 2012; artist: Eliran Kantor)

Per Hogle, the ghost of the counterfeit furthers abjection through the middle class upholding status-quo arrangements of power and knowledge through Gothic fakeries; i.e., viewing colonized land as dark and alien, *vis-à-vis* Cartesian thought and heteronormative language demonizing older forms of culture connected to nature, life and death, having *become* alien in ways that uphold capital (and its black/white colonial binary argument). Under Capitalist Realism, something is "dark" if it ostensibly moves anything of value (re: power and knowledge) away from the status quo. Generally this darkness is associated with the vengeful imaginary past based on buried historical atrocities, the latter paradoxically twisted by the former to keep control right where it is (among the elite). Anything that challenges this paradigm is canonically framed as dark, evil, profligate; i.e., nature as vengeful whore, which capital takes revenge on through DARVO-style police violence/obscurantism, witch hunts, tokenism and moral panic; e.g., Medusa and her Aegis' forbidden sight (we'll get to her).

Rebel power/knowledge, then, becomes ontological in highly dark, Satanic, and "archaically" poetic ways; i.e., through iconoclastic abstraction and impression, but also hefty substance, sensitivity and savory deliciousness regarding the natural world as funerary and wild (as forbidden fruit generally is): "death" as an extant

state of constant radical change, made by those "of nature" the forces of light deem ethnocentrically "lesser" or "accursed" while conveniently abusing the same language of the imaginary past's priestly and funerary necrobiome, themselves (always in service to profit/a Cartesian paradigm raping nature as whore, Pagan, black, the latter closer to life and death through reimagined death gods, post-genocide—above). And yet, all monsters are linguo-material devices, hence exist in anisotropic duality during oppositional praxis; i.e., in dialectical-material struggle, moving power towards workers or the state. This further complicates by a give-and-take approach to what is being exchanged. Whereas the undead *take* essence when they *feed* in relation to *trauma*, demons *give* knowledge to *transform* themselves and others into demons when they *teach*.

From Ovid to Milton to Giger to Vandermeer's Shimmer (the Rainbow from Hell, per Lovecraft's "Colour out of Space" [1927] worshipping cosmic nihilism), we Gothic Communists are not "sick"; we change both ourselves and others through love, pleasure, pain, and annihilation, turning into our true forms less as set and more constantly growing: amid a parallel state of existence whose Wisdom of the Ancients challenges Capitalist Realism and its blind, braindead myopia! Not to cheat death, but face and become it, we knock 'em dead—are the guardians of the universe, not its conquerors: the stewards of nature's mighty-mighty darkness. Darkness is power as potential, waiting not just to happen but intersectionally collect, consolidate and *explode* in a rising *pandemonium* of anarchistic intelligence and consciousness; i.e., shifting the giving of unequal, forbidden knowledge towards worker struggles fighting for universal equal rights, dismantling the state as we do.



(artist: [Mizugi Buns](#))

This occurs through playing with power-as-knowledge-exchange insofar as demons represent it through darkness as an aesthetic; i.e., expressed through ludo-Gothic BDSM. Something of an **Unholy Trinity** that turns capital on its head (usually expressed as upside-down; e.g., the crucifix) **power, darkness and knowledge—often as conspicuous, ritualized acts of creation/poetry and (re)invention through magic/mad science—go hand-in-hand during unequal, forbidden exchange, radical transformation and dark desire/wish fulfillment** (my demon thesis, the overarching argument for this entire module). The demon symposium shall explore this lofty and productive concept for the remainder of its pages, using these words somewhat interchangeably. In doing so, we'll conversationally unpack an assemblage of complexities and contradictions/paradoxes inherent to demonic expression as "dark," thus useful insofar as worker liberation under Gothic Communism goes; and we'll impose limitations on demonic variation/our study's focus, just to keep things—while holistic—somewhat grounded!

Of Darkness and the Forbidden: A Demon Symposium

*Darkness imprisoning me
All that I see
Absolute horror
I cannot live
I cannot die
Trapped in myself
Body my holding cell*

—James Hetfield; "One," on Metallica's *...And Justice for All* (1989)

This symposium is like that great library from *The Shadow of the Wind* (2001)—many books on the shelves and far too many to read in one lifetime or several. With selective reading, we shall pull this or that down from the dark, dusty stores, doing so to assemble and articulate a variety of poetic ideas/thesis statements useful to rebellious demonic expression, as well as arbitrating the focus of the Demon Module at large: forbidden knowledge and "darkness" to transform ourselves through ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., the demonic subversion of state harm by playing with copies of these things just as state proponents do, but in reverse; e.g.,



incarceration, torture, rape/power abuse, and the all-around policing of ironic demonic sex and force with unironic demonic sex and force: *deus ex machina*, *Deus Vult!*

Ludo-Gothic BDSM, then, is to play with unequal power as "dark" knowledge (or vice versa); i.e., plastic and anisotropic, to better make art in any linguo-material form that allows for transformation as such. Often, this speaks to someone's perspective, but it also ties to violence, terror and morphological expression—a communion with dark earthly forces communicated by their bodies and minds as somehow "demonic"; i.e., in monomorphic ways antithetical to state configurations. Power is a paradox, then, something "dark" to (re)invent and (re)enforce along the control of poetry and knowledge by the state. As a structure, it invents conditions and ideas—generally through the assignment of guilt and innocence—that flow power up by criminalizing nature and policing it in us-versus-them demonic forms; Gothic Communism reverses all of this by inverting the same terrorist/counterterrorist devices and arrangements: to illustrate how those assigning guilt—or otherwise benefiting from capital as a heteronormative, Cartesian, setter-colonial arrangement—are generally the most guilty of all.

For your convenience, I've divided this symposium into six larger chunks and a conclusion (all concern demons and darkness, and the titles should give you an idea of what to expect):

- Hello, Darkness, My Old Friend
- [Playing with Power](#)
- [Limiting Our Focus](#)
- [Expanding Our Demon Thesis](#)
- [Further Food for Thought](#)
- [Broad Strokes; Some Larger Arguments about Demons](#)
- [Conclusion: New Eyes, Forbidden Sight \(and "Religious" Concerns\)](#)

Before we proceed into the symposium at length, then, a couple of pages about "darkness," why it's vague, and what I mean by it in relation to demons!

Hello, Darkness, My Old Friend

"Darkness," whatever its form, is aggregate, massive, dwarfing the light—man vs nature, virgin/whore, state/chaos, etc—and its poetics and paradoxical ideas of dark knowledge exist within liminal in-between positions of incomplete knowledge. To be "in the dark" is to be at a disadvantage. These states of ignorance and lies actually stem from older pre-Christian religions (re: Judaism and golems), doing so in ways that hauntologically endure well into the present; i.e., "darkness" and "knowledge" attaching to "power" as, per Foucault, being equally broad. Demons are a very old kind of monster—far older than modern vampires or zombies, and still evoking that ancient tenebrous quality to them: a proximity to power merged with a foreboding but also welcoming sense of the unknown. "Dark" = "demon" as evoked by merely hearing or seeing the phrase; i.e., "a being of darkness, thus power as 'dark' or from/of nature as alien, vengeful," simply as



something to feel, thus imagine. Darkness is, in one sense, highly *subjective*—a feeling or a mood associated with demons. Per Plato, though, it operates through shadowy suggestion, having the capacity to liberate dupes or enslave them again through allegory (which is just as old as golems are).

(artist: [ArturSG](#))

Per ludo-Gothic BDSM, "power" is often psychosexual and conveyed in terms of size or classically gendered, phallic/vaginal symbols of sex and force, like caves or swords under Cartesian

reimplementation; e.g., Lion-O's Sword of Omens from *Thundercats* (first image, 1985) vs Mumm-Ra's pyramid of power (and his latter-day Egyptology's skeleton king in two parts: Old Man Saturn and revived youthful tyrant, above) speaking to neoliberal (false) power fantasies made from dolls/pulp and playing with them. Simply put, power is something you articulate through perception, poetry and play as, often enough, "dark," subjective, unstable, and Gothically vague. Shadows



stand in, doing so as simulacra and synecdoche; they abstract to reify whatever our dialectical-material positions are, and whatever is policed by the state and which workers reclaim (usually sex and force, through nature-as-alien, left). Centuries of dogma change how the world is perceived in ways that must be subverted.

(artist: [Kinky Birb](#))

Cartesian arguments classically divide nature into "thinking" and "extended" beings, essentially boiling down to white, entitled European men colonizing anything else per settler colonialism dressed up as "progress"; i.e., taming nature as wild, whorish, savage. For the state, there must always be an enemy expressed as "dark" in terms of a victim for cops to stomp—less a Snidely Whiplash to make Dudley Do Right appear good by virtue of the team he's on, and more something that *either* can unite against. There are no moral actions, only moral teams under centrist paradigms, and the portrayal and perception of strength upholding capital, *Pax Americana* and the state standing against "true darkness (nature)" is the only "good team" under Capitalism: the state was made from clay as genocide during the Cartesian Revolution, the latter seeking revenge against God's will through the former as something to possess in alien-like, demonic ways. The pastoral yields a shadow the state scapegoats and pimps mercilessly through DARVO and obscurantism: Lilith, Medusa, zombies, etc, threatening daintier forms with "corruption" (rape epidemics, sodomy and blood libel, etc; e.g., *Beauty and the Beast*, *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, Persephone and Hades, and similar stories abjecting or reverse-abjecting our mates; i.e., who we want to marry/fuck versus who we're forced to). We can defend and protect whoever we want for different reasons.



(artist: [waifumelsz](#))

So while "darkness" is initially a subjective inkblot that serves cosmetically for state forces and victim aesthetics alike, in reality it accounts for the holistic, cosmic, total, *objective* flow of power through language and nature as

phenomenologically ambiguous, dualistic and historically-materially divided in two: team bourgeoisie and team proletariat, workers and nature vs the state, man vs nature (often expressed as women), black/white ethnocentrism vs settler-colonial territory ordered for conquest, ownership and rule (e.g., Tolkien's Christianized Great Chain of Being and Divine Right⁴⁷), and sex positivity vs sex coercion, etc.

As such, "darkness" handily accounts for the sheer poetic variety recorded, witnessed and experienced under these two constants; i.e., combining the five normal senses, but also swapping their roles to speak to new demonic ones; e.g., seeing in "darkness" but also *with* it, as with power in all its poetic forms (refer to our medieval poetic devices from the Poetry Module to get a better idea of what I mean: a **confusion of the senses**, **selective absorption**, **magical assembly** and our **Song of Infinity**). Demons classically mislead. Under state illusions, us-versus-them theatre yields not just cops and victims, but supercops and supervillains. Clarity comes from confusion, then, as something workers control and command to *upset* state logic/cultural attitudes about nature and workers at large; i.e., to use shadows, seduction and demonic instability to *escape* bourgeois illusions to pursue Gothic Communism and sex worker liberation through iconoclastic art, instead: our own shapes to occupy. Gothic *maturity* comes by using "darkness" to achieve sex-positive things, our mirror-imaged twins debating with state forgeries



in and out of ourselves (myself being an identical twin, a trans woman versus my cis-het double).

([source](#): Lina Hoshino's "'Ghostly Shadows' on Petaluma Streets," 2022; artist: Larry Harper)

Arbitration is just that—arbitrary.

"Darkness" isn't automatically evil; it simply is what it is. For one, shadows are often conceived as "lesser" or "diminished" offshoots of someone formerly "bright"—i.e., to be a shadow of one's former self—or a vague concentration of some kind of occupation, calamity or hard-to-define force attached to something else (a double or Venus twin). However, this doesn't make them "less," and often they have great mass and substance; they're just a dark side to a person, place or event, or—like a black ghost or spirit—express a presence or entity unto itself that is dark, painful, mysterious, different, intimidating and/or left-behind, etc (a trace; e.g., the shadows of the victims of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, above).

⁴⁷ Gentrifying war in *D&D* cartographic refrains, but also demons and evil nature canonized by him: orcs, Balrogs, Dark Lords, previous Rings of Power (the pure Three standing in for the Holy Trinity versus the others as less as less pure, good, and correct) and giving of gifts. We'll revisit Tolkien some more, moving forwards. To those interested, though, my PhD explores his refrains at length, and Volume One his BDSM expressed pointedly through vampire and the giving of rings.

Cartesian thought generally conceives what makes a shadow feel "alien" to begin with; i.e., as needing to be explored, destroyed, and purged, etc (re: the abjection process creating a state opposite to police, a stain generally of nature as monstrous-feminine). But it can just as easily be a pulpy expression of power in romantic language—a potential waiting to happen. To it, the shadowy butterfly Psyche, or ancient goddess of the mind, is a classical symbol of transformation through said potential since Ovid, to Shakespeare, to Keats, to Marvel's somewhat looser adaption of the same basic idea:

Elizabeth Braddock, Betsy to her friends, grew up in the U.K. with her older brother Jamie and her twin Brian, better known as Captain Britain. Betsy worked for S.T.R.I.K.E.'s psi division after her mutant telepathy manifested, lost her eyes in the line of duty, then was kidnapped by the extra-dimensional media mogul Mojo, who gave her new cybernetic eyes but forced her to star in his wild TV shows. She joined the X-Men, swapped bodies with a ninja name Kwannon, trapped the Shadow King within her own mind, died, and was later resurrected. In fact, there's not much Psylocke hasn't done in her life ([source](#): "Marvel Vs. Capcom Origins: Psylocke," 2012).



Power as "darkness" is something to harness, channel and express for different reasons; it drinks the light trying to purify and extinguish it.

Furthermore, and from a pure applicatory standpoint during oppositional praxis, anyone can betray/stab someone in the back under the guise of luminary holiness and blind faith steered by bad, all in service to American Liberalism, white knight syndrome and capital; anyone can use the abstraction and aesthetic of demons and "darkness" to punch up. Cops and victims, pimps and whores, music and visuals—the state, under neoliberal Capitalism, creates whatever it needs in order to maintain its position; we respond in kind, existing in ways that use the same demonic language for our purposes, passing forbidden knowledge along: "We're here and we're queer!"

These ideas generally elide, and it's actually quite difficult to stress just how similar state and liberatory forms of power outwardly appear. They mirror each other on the same Aegis per the abjection process going forwards or in reverse; i.e., during liminal expression, through state monopolies and trifectas; e.g., "Gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss."

Cops, then, can look like victims (undercover), and whores can look like cops working for or against the state (re: brothel espionage—with "darkness" ontologically vague in ways the elite can use to expand the state of exception, and for us to hide and communicate inside it during the cryptonymy process).

"Darkness" is dualistic, is everything at once, is both the state justifying attacks on workers/nature and the rebel defending themselves/subverting state power through devilish cryptonymy showing you things that normally vanish the closer you get; i.e. are abjected, policed or recuperated by state proponents abusing them: scorn, sedition, lust and other riled-up, simmering emotions/repressed socio-political sentiments, biases, stigmas, phobias, etc (and the linguo-material things attached to either side of them). For political purposes, the disambiguating factor is function/flow, which parses through dialectical-material scrutiny! Cops flow power up towards the elite; rebels redistribute power and knowledge downwards, each addictive, intense, ready to devour and be devoured.



(artist: [Durane-S](#))

Flexibility/vagueness of expression and interpretation is a strength, not a weakness because it constitutes an uncanny ability to play with powerful things and use them to tease people with titillating possibility as "dark," but also impressive. Whatever their forms, power and "darkness" remain thankfully diffuse and nebulous; i.e., linked to nature-as-monstrous-feminine per the cryptonymy and abjection processes; e.g., shadow warriors or similar beings of darkness, like pirates, barbarians, xenomorphs, Gothic castles, werewolves, and garden-variety Amazonian redheads—all giving weird nerds wet dreams (I want to fuck what I want to be): as badass, of-nature, partially inaccessible things to get close to and play with, "darkening" ourselves in ways that heal the world through subversion and camp as a kind of devious, wicked, energizing pulse to tap into.

Except, our "darkness" and demonic chaos works opposite state "darkness"; i.e., within the same devices at odds through duality. State chaos is a prison, one meant to contain and pacify workers in order to feed on them; emancipatory forms disable all of this, but still work through illusions of power meant to dominate through pain as much as erogenous pleasure. The idea is to unlock the unknown secrets of the body and mind through reunion with alienated fetishized things "of nature," but especially sex and force injected with irony as inventive; i.e., by pulling us towards truth as, to some degree, encased in powerful, "torturous" shadows that can meet many different communication goals; e.g., Satan's shapeshifting in *Paradise Lost*, but also Cú Chulainn's demonic *ríastrad* as "a visual reflection of disorder" (re: Enri's "[Inside Out... and Upside Down](#)," 2013). This can be a threat display to ward off predators, or paradoxically to attract them during calculated risk: "Ravish me, mommy war goddess! Take me into your bush, your sylvan scene! Green light!"

Playing with Power

Darkness is vague, a found document written in Greek; demons communicate through power expressed nerdishly as pleasure and pain, sex and force (Faust was a giant nerd, as was Victor Frankenstein, and so many others pursuing forbidden things to fill in their knowledge gaps). This symposium shall address all of these linguo-materials vagaries and try to articulate the nigh-endless ways you can think about power as such, while still applying it yourselves; i.e., in more productive and less harmful ways than state monopolies do; e.g., *Thundercats'* playing with dolls and symbols of power tied to medieval, European structures of power and their dialectical-material concerns/dualities parallel to various hauntological kinship rituals, rememory and rites of passage. State force doesn't solve anything and only leads to profit for the elite, thus rape and megadeath for us; to counteract those historical-material effects, workers must familiarize themselves with alienation and exile to poetically speak through the interlocutory (dialectic), *cryptomimetic* barter of demonic sex and force *for* workers; re: to give knowledge back to workers, transforming them into outsiders while still inside Plato's cave and inviting them to do the same with others—through shadows.

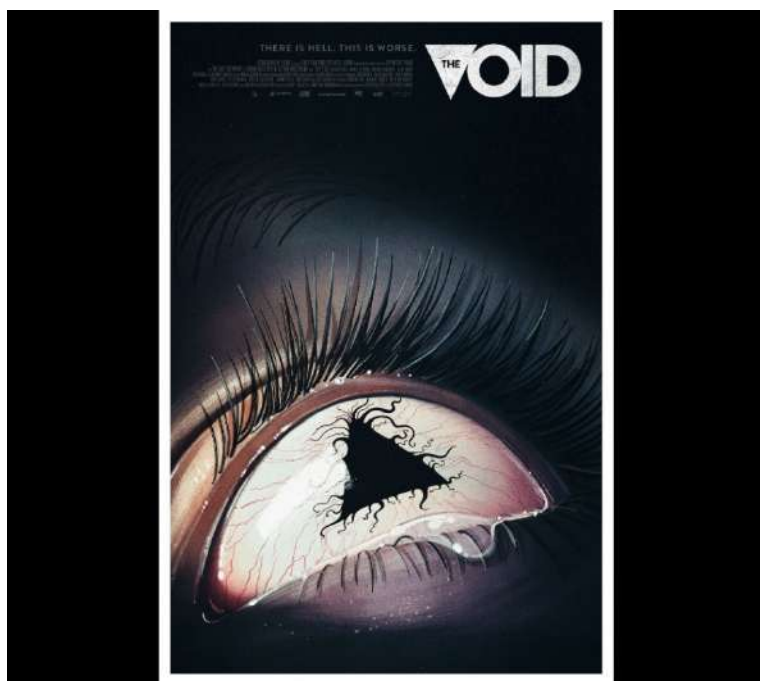
We'll get to that. As demons embody the at-times pulverized exchange of forbidden, thus policed transformative knowledge as a creative act, I'd further like to consider the vague, thus inherently broad umbrella category "darkness" and demonic poetics. We shall do so through an extended exhibit/apologia—one loosely containing various ideas to keep in mind; i.e., insofar as this creative process is a) normally monopolized to serve state forces, and b) reclaimed in the same exploitative boundaries by us to *achieve* liberation, developing Gothic Communism through ludo-Gothic BDSM: to play with demons, thus hug the alien as a shadowy figure/lie telling truth in virtually endless forms: "Life's fantasy—to be locked away and still to think you're free!" (Black Sabbath's "[Die Young](#)," 1980):



(*exhibit 43e2a: Model and artist: [Mugiwara Art](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). My drawing of Mugi as a dark visitor trapped between their devastated homeworld and ours; i.e., built on the fatal, Orientalist nostalgia of the 1980s Egyptian counterfeit: the return of the demon, demanding submission of the*

[canonically white] slave, the white Indian: "[Frozen eyes stare deep in your eyes as you die!](#)" From Percy Shelley's "Ozymandias" [1818] to Slayer's "Seasons in the Abyss" [1990], you'll have seen and heard such abjection everywhere, and multiple times in this book, already [re: [Castlevania's Countess](#), [Jojo's Pillar Men](#), [Samus Aran and Skeletor](#), etc]. Here, it serves a vital theatrical role: "antiquity" in decay delivering calculated risk with a Numinous, beyond-the-realms-of-death traveling flavor we can reclaim from the elite; i.e., as neurodivergent personas challenging their bad demon BDSM—reversing abjection! To that, Mugi and I are both neurodivergent, but Mugi is also plural [and unless stated up front is seamless within a system]. Younger plurals tend to be more open about their condition as a matter of Gothic poetics.

For example, my older friend Mavis likes to be underestimated, operating more like a chameleon, a ninja. They are plural like Mugi is and can agree and disagree with me seamlessly within a position of survival. Once taught, they can't turn it off, and like all demons, they are made by capital exerting its will upon them. Similar to the nightmare scenario of the skeleton lord coming home to roost, plurality is often a consequence of trauma; i.e., demons are made, but as the entire following module will expose, they and their "darkness visible" can be used for different aims, to represent different things; e.g., plural people, queer persons, and/or Communists to varying degrees: medical conditions, social practices, class attitudes, often as things to summon and offer as paradoxes of forbidden knowledge and unequal power exchange. We become false and true at the same time, our way of seeing the world permanently altered: the inferno inverts, as does our sight—revealing that which is hidden by darkness with darkness.



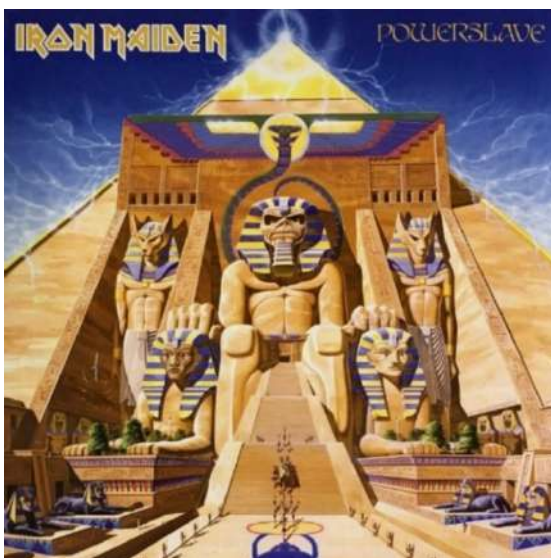
Except the state doesn't need to be the only ones making demons and using them to advertise, "other cultures are savage, not us!"; workers can place "rape" in quotes using the same faux-Egyptian counterfeit, albeit for sex-positive reasons that don't unironically seek revenge against nature-as-alien, profiting as the state does on such inherited anxieties [re: "white people disease"]: a funeral procession making the planet dead as an Orientalist metaphor for fascism and

moral panic, a cradle of conquerors and the devastation "they" routinely offer [a pro-state DARVO/obscurantist argument].



[artist: Zdzisław Beksiński]

Gothic Communism camps what is easily canonical, in this respect. The eclipse, here, equals the rising of the black, "ancient," faraway castle in either case; i.e., as a projection of all the usual bourgeois abuses onto fear-and-dogma playgrounds: the liminal hauntology of war [a flying castle, Walpole's Capitalocene] on the rise. Canon-wise, it merely becomes a middle-class opportunity to cash in on abjection, as so many did during the 1980s; i.e., move money through nature while dressing everything neoliberally up as "alien, past" [the Stargate Egyptology trick: ancient aliens tied to Biblical reinventions, specifically Exodus] and speaking to that Cartesian division through metal, cartoons, comics, videogames and so on—to sex, drugs and rock 'n roll as essentially dark demonic pulp, thus where power truly lies. For canon, the black pyramid is simply the West diminished, apologizing for "Ra" [and the sun-like Imperium] as merely decayed, unstable like a volcano during the dialectic of the alien and needing a Walpolean facelift. It's abject pacification, mid-consumerism—the worship of power-in-decay displaced to an other time, a liminal space, a Gothic-castle Sodom and Gomorrah to play with all manner of demons inside a castled morphology: floodgates to Hell, promising oblivion once thrown wide!



[[source](#)]

*When I was living this lie, fear was my game
People would worship and fall
Drop to their knees
So bring me the blood and red wine
For the one to succeed me
For he is a man and a god
And he will die too*

*[...] Now I am cold but a ghost lives in my veins
Silent the terror that reigned
Marbled in stone*

A shell of a man God preserved

*For a thousand ages
But open the gates of my hell
I'll strike from the grave*

*Tell me why I had to be a Powerslave
I don't wanna die, I'm a god
Why can't I live on?
When the Life Giver dies
All around is laid waste
And in my last hour
I'm a slave to the Power of Death [[source](#): Genius].*



To this, one of the monopolies I articulate is morphological expression; re: Hell and darkness. This power is neoliberal Capitalism in decay as something to camp; i.e., to monologue as Langella does, [the sassy lich becoming a god waxing poetic about the power of "death," for a fleeting moment](#): "I feel the power of the cosmos; the universe flows through me! [...] The universe's power! Pure, unstoppable power!

And I am that force! I am that power! Kneel before your master!"; re: "I am become death, destroyer of worlds!" He's a filthy whore, deluding himself as much as being a Darth Vader pimp from Space Egypt.

Such delusion mainly the point, the performative megalomaniacal idea is to own the stage as whore-like; i.e., during a given, profoundly intense and campy instance of the grim harvest/Grim Reaper as exotic, magical, straight-up stylish and cool. We faggish whores do it to draw attention to state predation and puff ourselves up, as proletarian counterterrorist guerrillas historically do; by comparison, the state

monopolizes the night's black boner/sodomy champion/gay butt wizard [the ass is dark and full of terrors] or resident catgirl⁴⁸ Medusa death god, summoning and raping them unironically through police violence before banishing them again—rinse and repeat. As always, liberation and exploitation share the same stage/shadow zone's power-and-death, sex-and-force aesthetics.

In the classic neoliberal refrain, Capitalist Realism strengthens by virtue of a presence of corruption and decay darkening the city scape as coming—per the "black Egyptian" classic displacement—out of the imaginary past to threaten the present world with a ghost of the counterfeit: the pimp-like Great Destroyer traveling from older decayed empires into the Imperial Core as weakened and using garden variety obfuscation and DARVO; i.e., deflecting criticism and projecting state violence onto the same-old victims. Through English operas, rock 'n roll and Gothic, then, power and darkness express less in funeral poems and more in funerary incantations—Christianized per the Resurrection as abject, Gothic in the NWOBHM style [re: as Iron Maiden did, above, with death anxiety and inheritance fears; e.g., "Hallowed Be Thy Name," 1982].

To this, a Nazi-Communist skeleton king or Medusa [a dark Cleopatra, "O rare Egyptian!"] conveniently shows up, displacing current systemic harm back onto the same imperiled world; i.e., the Imperial Boomerang and military urbanism returning per a fatal homecoming [as the Gothic generally does]. In response, a white knight is canonically summoned to whitewash the Imperial Core through a

⁴⁸ I.e., graveyard sex in "ancient" mighty ways; e.g., Capcom's Menat, below, as a catgirl and mummy (with cats being holy guardians of the Ancient Egyptian underworld, and mummies generally being important figures wealthy enough to have tombs, thus leave their legacy behind, preserved into the afterlife). Such antiquated abjections' imaginary forms work similar to European progressions; i.e., merging sex, rapture, sacrifice and death into comparable spaces/bodies "from elsewhere": as, to some extent, dating back to Biblical times and Ancient Egypt, but generally reimagined to a hauntological degree. In short, it's a gimmick, and a lucrative one; i.e., calculated risk to uphold the status quo during Capitalism in decay, middle-class predation and tokenism! Our liberation reverses these pimp-like devices, giving "ancient" power back to whores! No gods, no masters! Just sluts of darkness owning the means of shadowy production. Dark Pharaoh mommy pussy a kind of "mil spec," power and darkness assume many forms!



(artist Reiq)

false promise of restoration; i.e., one that conveniently banishes the angry foreigner/Wandering Jew [and his global conspiracy/cabal—the titular "Masters of the Universe"] whence they came [from the glossary]:

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.

In other words, it's the usual scapegoater summoning the Radcliffean castle during the liminal hauntology of war to enact Red Scare, except we can reclaim such



devices to forge our own destinies with the self-same demonic language of the imaginary past. The state doesn't monopolize that shit, and Langella's performance [and Silvestri's sweeping score] become things to camp the ghost of "Caesar" and Marx with in equal measure: "A battle fought in the stars...now comes to Earth."

[artist: [Drew Struzan](#)]

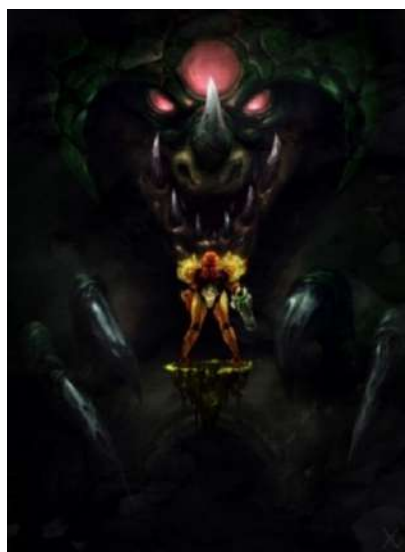
For the state, it's [Star Wars](#)' billionaire Marxism, but Gothic like [Alien](#) was while cycling profit through an endless series of centrist, neoliberal wars, battles, heroes and villains: an Americanized temple of "ancient" war traveling to and fro along with its conspicuously swole deities/avatars thereof [carried into shooter-style videogames, especially [Doom](#)'s unironically hypermasculine Doomguy as a profoundly stupid and violent himbo protagonist]. It's gibberish, made-up demonic hieroglyphic nonsense settled through force; i.e, disrespectful towards the actual past as something to learn from in imaginary forms, administering dogmatically through faux "archaeology" and sold over and over to maintain Capitalist Realism: by glorifying police violence as "timeless," eternal, pimping nature as dark and dead graveyard whore.

Canon-wise, it's an old war-film tactic, and one that translates to pretty much anything violent; e.g., gangster films and Westerns [like Heat's \[1995\] infamous bank robbery scene](#) and the ending shoot-out to [The Wild Bunch \[1969\]](#): cops and robbers, but also dragon slayers; i.e., one-man armies whose hauntological worship

under capital ignores the regular victims of those exchanges—nature and workers, obscured by evil necromancers. We can camp all of this, but remain entirely beholden to the same astral poetics. Simply put, knowledge is power but limited in ways that Gothic poetics supplement. Like printing money as much as comic books, the state wants to monopolize violence, terror and hellish bodily expression using their us-versus-them arrangement of demons; i.e., a canonical flow of power and knowledge to serve the state by pacifying workers with moral panics and their demonic codes under heteronormative, settler-colonial rule: more targets of state violence, established by playing with demonic stand-ins. All occupy the same shadow zone and use the same dark forces to say this or that.

Canon-wise, banishing a demon back to Hell is functionally no different than slaying a dragon, punching a Jewish-coded wizard, or shooting a zombie, insofar as the endless bullets, beams, missiles, muscles, blades and bombs [re: "stab, shoot, punch"] all equal profit in the eyes of capitalists selling police violence; i.e., by having soldiers, mercenaries and cops [usually himbos and token herbos] use them on the requisite victims, the latter dressed up as monsters: to be destroyed by other monsters during canonically escapist "empowerment" fantasies.

Videogames—being the classic neoliberal refrain—become monomythic war simulators built atop older media forms already designed from an early age to condition people into cops [of media, childhoods]: us-versus-them against nature-as-monstrous-feminine [whore-like] married to anti-Semitic, Orientalist and otherwise xenophobic stories framing nature as abject, as "ancient," dark, and unruly! Antagonize nature, then tokenize it and put it to work in ways that cloud its vision and judgement; e.g., Amazons like Ellen Ripley and Samus Aran, Hippolyta pimping Medusa. Betrayal is betrayal and cops are cops according to how they attack and drain nature-as-alien: summoned by state necromancers to induce a police, us-versus-them function. Canonically speaking, monsters are made to



uphold and disseminate this device; i.e., to learn its ins and outs by playing with it through state-sanctioned toys [classically made from wood, clay and metal, soil and shadows, etc—[with L.A. Beast even attempting to make a sword out of Casein plastic: spoiled milk](#)⁴⁹]. Canon makes worlds it populates with Pax-Americana cops and victims, the state Aegis asking workers, "Would you kindly break that sweet puppy's neck?" while making it look large and frightening. Nature is a whore; rape it [often with whores policing whores, left].

[artist: [Xavier Garcia](#)]

⁴⁹ L.A. Beast's "Best of The Worst (Failed Video Ideas)," (2024); timestamp: 11:48.

While a proletarian Aegis [often, a booty humanizing the whore] can dualistically and dialectically-materially reverse all of this—i.e., in order to make workers reflect on dark unpleasant realities as they evolve—in the eyes of the state, each is already dead and blind; re [from Marx]: dead labor sucks on living labor to enrich the state with cheaply stolen life, itself further rendered [*vis-à-vis* my arguments] into addictive junk food marshalling the entire process not once, but on loop, mid-Amazonomachia. In turn, the state cannibalizes its "muscle" [cops] per the euthanasia effect [re: tokens first, then black knights/crooked male cops]: "Bitches be crazy!" They must eventually be married off, generally as burly whores stuffed into bridal gowns [or chainmail bikinis enslaving them to the recruitment process, below]: war is eternal, its pimping forever collared during boom or bust [which again, we can camp, but always inside the same poetic spaces and on their dark angry surfaces; "enjoy but do not endorse," as Sarkeesian sagely puts it].



[artist: [Reiq](#)]

Until retirement, cops are bully vampires that enjoy an army of demonic victims, the latter waiting politely to be destroyed by said enforcers in doubled states of purgatorial exception; i.e., fetishizing the alien to disguise how banal and unsexy the state and economics are [e.g., Red Sonya is basically a sexy alien queen/demon warrior dangled in front of nerdy boys, done canonically to pacify them with "Red Scare," left]. Playing with smaller toys during a Sale of Indulgence as war-like, such canonical war games acclimate children [starting with white cis-het men] to the complicit cryptonymy of darkness-as-genocide; i.e., standard-to-marginalized traitors playing war for the state; e.g., women playing token subjugate Amazons [re: the monstrous-feminine] like Ripley or Samus, Cheetara or Red Sonya, and status-quo knights like Doomguy or Conan, He-Man or Lion-O, Rambo, etc, doing much the same with men. Power is comparable to itself as something to enforce through shadowy likeness.

For the elite, the goal is simple: "Make monster hero predators and monster victim prey⁵⁰ and comfort middle-class children, from standard to token as needed; threaten them with pulpy harm, then furnish them with clay-like surrogate parents, avatars and war-bride wheyfus for them to grow into: demonic sex and power fantasies, thus rewards." Triangulating against state victims by playing victims themselves, cops manifest as supermen/superwomen impossibly threatened by darkness visible [re: "the enemy is both weak and strong"] and motivated by

⁵⁰ For more work on predator and prey per Amazons and knights, refer to my chapter from Volume One, "[Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy](#)."

damsels-in-distress [the usual TERF gimmick] tokenizing feminism-in-decay [and other rotting recuperations that eventually rescind state concessions] set within a Gothic liminal space; i.e., [the Man Box](#)—one that isolates the hero monomythically inside Hell as a place to endlessly slay between childhood and adulthood, imagination and real life: a cop to call or a vigilante to triangulate against the unruly mob not just as undead, but demonic! Weird canonical nerds don't just see red, but all the colors of "the Covenant of the Rainbow":

And God blessed Noah and his sons and said to them, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth. The fear and dread of you will fall on every living creature on the earth, every bird of the air, every creature that crawls on the ground, and all the fish of the sea. They are delivered into your hand. Everything that lives and moves will be food for you; just as I gave you the green plants, I now give you all things [[source: Genesis 9](#)].



Through not classically what "Rainbow Capitalism" refers to, the regressive likeness is tempting enough. Called to heel, corporations abuse a Protestant ethic after God's death [re: Nietzsche] to have state boys and girls rape nature for them in the usual hauntological Crusades: the "apolitical" stance of seeing planet Earth as a game to act power out in ways that historically oscillate/transfer onstage and off. Oddly colorful and toy-like, said paradoxical vision reflects in the hero's, theirs literally making for a heads-up display⁵¹ [above] but also curiously set to equally hauntological music stolen from a rebellious past.

Visuals and audio, everything becomes like fruity slop—an infernal breakfast cereal stuffed with sugar, bad ideas and even worse intent; i.e., communicating the same fatal nostalgia to gamer culture while trapped inside the Man Box, coded to defend the state by devoting themselves to colonizing said fantasies [any and all of them, across all media forms]. For videogames, this generally locks inside half-real kill rooms mirroring real life in ways the state wants; re: Gothic liminal spaces whose heroically police-violent movement and action inside is written in spilled demon blood—everything set conspicuously to rock 'n roll and similar "rebellious" music, its plastic reality's fatal nostalgia turned into controlled opposition: holocaust by sprite and MIDI-tune versions of older devil's music bled of its wicked irony/potential [from opera, rock, rockabilly [fast cars, faster women], metal, punk, swing and rap, etc]!

⁵¹ An effect shared with other videogames we've examined, like *Metroid* and *Castlevania* as giving the hero, per Cartesian thought, quantifiable means of mapping and destroying a built world; i.e., with a numbered, arcade-style element per what can be taken from the world and absorbed into the hero, or thrust by the hero into the world—a health bar and ammo counter as they kill the state's demonic enemies in vampiric fashion.

Hardly a trade secret, capital needs such things to function according to the profit motive guiding such poetics. As I write in 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 [[source](#)].

I then go on to expand in Volume One

The grander counterterrorist moral isn't simply that traumatic penetration is psychosexual violence, which fetishes corporally represent; it's that such devices can be reclaimed through iconoclastic praxis during liminal expression, wherein one chooses to fetishize oneself in controlled, informed psychosexual terms. Despite the ambivalent, conflicted nature of Gothic language, the awesome power to set ourselves free lives within us and our bodies as transcendent gateways to better worlds of infinite possibility framed as "impossible" by Capitalist Realism. Except, Hell—if it is to be a home for all of nature criminalized by Cartesian thought—must be a place on Earth. We must become of two worlds, then, "half-bred" to wreak havoc and sow discord towards a better kind of place than Cartesian order does when enforced by moderate cunning and reactionary brutes' usual dogma. Their knife dicks rape and kill; ours "rape" and "kill" to drain our would-be-murders' potency when aiming their weapons against us. They freeze under our power insofar as we humanize ourselves in their eyes and expose them as the brutalizers.

To this, Gothic-Communist instruction occurs through praxial synthesis telling a different story than canon does, the latter's norms preying on nature and bodies tied to nature as something to harvest ("fat" being the classic state of something "ready-for-harvest"). By humanizing the harvest, the butt needn't be a symbol of chattel, nor its owner's smiling face a forced Doki-Doki-Literature-Club-style mask. The smile of the soon-to-be-fucked can be genuine; when the owner raises their butt, they can illustrate mutual consent, indicating how they actively want it from being hard-up: begging for some dick a particular way from a particular type of person while reclaiming the activity with their body and all too happy to do so—i.e., "We are not animals, nor are we guilty or afraid. Now gimme." It becomes vitalistic in a vampiric way that celebrates the transmission of essence and vitality through

all the usual vectors, minus the stigmas; i.e., a revival of older pre-Cartesian ways for seeing the world, updated for the kinds of dialogs-under-capital that have carefully evolved to bring these monsters (and their complicated humanity under state oppression) out into the open: a vampire standing in daylight, making them sparkle.

Trauma is always adjacent to sexuality and performance, but needn't determine the outcome. Insofar as harm can be reduced to calculated risk in forms of iconoclastic playfulness, the imaginary past remains plastic, thus can be recoded by empowering monstrous aesthetics with a critical-instructional edge, but also jouissance; e.g., the vampire as a play on rape theatre, traumatic penetration (stakes and fangs) and vitalistic power exchange through medieval language as reclaimed by ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., from Cartesian thought's bad instruction under capital: a harvesting of sanguine that enriches both parties through informed consent that profanes the church and returns to nature [[source](#)].

which I now tie to demons, here; i.e., this transfer doesn't have to be seen exclusively as vampiric through a taking of essence, but instead a giving of forbidden knowledge as demons do on their surfaces and inside their thresholds.

Such fatal portraits yield a flexible monomorphic poetic lens, one to think of monstrous things in demonic terms as much as vampiric ones: the foreclosure of dreams, but also the brokering of new ones [false or not].

Capital bullies and rapes nature as monstrous-feminine, except the monstrous-feminine is holistic, employing a variety of modules all at once; e.g., Lady Dimitrescu from Resident Evil: Village [below, 2021] being a vampire on her face, but also a giant, shapeshifting demon: the Medusa as a golem-gargoyle Galatea. While she turns to stone when she dies, she's already statuesque and colossal. And while she has an outwardly humanoid form, she's also no maiden.



Furious or calm, she's always a whore, and yields strict-flavored energies in a Gothically "phallic" type: a foxy gangster moll with no immediate boss running her side of things—Bonnie without Clyde, the Archaic Mother with a curiously recent, noir-flavored timestamp!

[artist: [Felicia Vox](#)]

"Power corrupts" is generally referring to state power. Yes, Medusa's Aegis can poetically amount to state abuse weaponizing the "strong" against the meek to inherit the Earth for the elite; but it can also be those whores "of nature" taking the planet back—by subverting the dialectic of the alien, making darkness something to get close to and become "dark" in turn! During such reversals, the whore becomes a demonic muse that corrupts

canonical data and transmits subversive, concentric replicas inside the Trojan Horse's formidable "wagon"; i.e., as doubled, bouncing back onto the glass of the screen—not war for the state, but workers raising class, culture and race war through Neo-Gothic, cryptomimetic means: "Medusa lives; now fight back!" Her harvest humanized, Medusa's letting it all hang out! Merely doing so challenges



state monopolies on their face; i.e., states are pimps that rely on whores being policed/punched down against and brutalized into order to exist as states do. Silence is genocide, but genocide is never fully silent. Frontier romances always come home.

[artist: [Sinead](#)]

In response, iconoclasts can loudly revisit and reshape the state's harmful ideas of "past" in Gothic; i.e., through "tone poem" art as highly personal-yet-cathartic—not just the shape, but the perception of shapes that don't always change that much in appearance; e.g., a drawing I did of Lady Dimitrescu, originally made by me when I was with Jadis, only to have me return to it three years later for this exhibit. My new version, below, and the original share a love for big strong women, and infuse into their surfaces a strict dominatrix/whorish character for the audience to enjoy and shudder at. Even so, the new picture also seeks, despite those likenesses, to make the alien past friendlier to workers; i.e., per an oppressed pedagogy's Wisdom of the Ancients recultivating the bourgeois Superstructure: as conceptualized since I wrote my PhD and three other books [up to this point].

The two drawings are quite similar in their design and message, then; I'm just continuing to synthesize them more and more to my liking after surviving Jadis—e.g., akin to Georgia O'Keefe painting flowers after leaving Alfred Stieglitz, but in my case, occurring through active daily habits I've kept up after leaving someone who was openly a TERF and a SWERF [thus highly abusive towards me as a trans-woman artist and sex worker]!



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

Sex and force, pleasure and pain; BDSM, fetishes and cliché rape, death and general power fantasies—all work well enough with demons as undead, in this respect: out of joint, doing their own thang to not just to shapeshift, but turn into objects d'art coded with power. They amount to sex and force expressed as verboten "darkness" but, like the Tree of Knowledge, just hang there begging to be plucked and bitten into. It's a vanity—a diaphanous robe hanging

open and showing the viewer the whore's goods beckoning into sites of power to play with forbidden knowledge! Per the cryptonymy process, things can be framed to show and hide what you want shown or hidden, but power is always there, always restless and unstable per the vanishing point: "Watch and learn!" but also "Indulge, you sick fucks!" Weird attracts weird, in this respect; trauma attracts trauma, X marking the spot, playing with superhuman symbols of power that range from kayfabe⁵² to kawaii: crimefighters and archvillains moonlighting as genuine



rebels in our capable hands, a secret identity/alter ego with a secret identity/alter ego! Doubles can double [and double and double...] and whores are an aesthetic and political stance with various sides to them!

[artist: [Beefy Kunoichi](#)]

Gothic Communism plays with these accordingly in order to threaten capital and tease development in ways that reward us; i.e., with actual empowerment [socio-material change] while giving the lesson away as forbidden cargo disguised as dumb entertainment/traditional ideas of strength, beauty and vice/virtue: stories classically made during genocide as a spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down. We take that idea and use it to lead to bitter pills we supplement with our own "sugar" to spice things up! That's generally how allegory works, and our doing so is yet another black eye we, together as one, align to give state poetics!

"The villagers feared the plague and ran away. All it took was one dead horse to scare them." Fascism is like a tinderbox. Whores, then, are a crime of reputation that only can redeem itself by doing, as the state defines it, more crimes. When the state sees you as alien, that's precisely what existence is, but in doing so becomes stronger than the foundations of the Earth, as terrible as the dawn, as deep and unknowable as the depths of the sea. Like the moon, Medusa becomes something to invoke and consequently summon as an appeal; i.e., to the humanity of those demonized. Seen as forces of nature pushing against the Capitalocene, they strive to safeguard nature before state shift becomes permanent. So much damage has already been done, much of it irreversible. But as the saying goes, it ain't over till the fat lady sings, and she's just warming up [so to speak].

Life is an experiment, as is rebellion through Gothic art. My experiment with Dimitrescu is just one of many. So many artists play around in much the same sphere of Gothic poetics. The power of revolutionary cryptonymy is something formidable to robe and disrobe as needed; i.e., mixing and matching all manner of

⁵² There's a mix-and-match, conglomerate quality to Gothic that's nearly as old as monsters, kayfabe, theatre, dolls, and combat itself (we won't have time to do more that flirt with the idea, but my PhD discusses it at length; for a fun, shorter example, consider Napoleon Blownapart's "[A Brief History of Freakshow Fighting](#)," 2023).

powerful and transformative devices, from bodies to swords to castles, to sword-like and castled bodies, etc, as political but appearing as things commonly disputed as "apolitical"; e.g., wish fulfillment and power fantasies told in common language: worker bodies manifesting a desire to never be hurt again but remain desirable—to be stacked in ways that make up for the odds being stacked against them. We are the night, and it can never fully be purged. "What is light without darkness?" The



state cannot exist without us to police, but we very much can exist without the state! We want equal rights, not pimps, so tip your sex workers and refuse to ratify genocide in all its forms!

[artist: [Vasilia](#)]

Again, that's where we come in. Whores are both treated as homewreckers and instructors of forbidden knowledge that turn the nuclear model upside-down; e.g., polyamory vs amatonormativity. In turn, people learn through Gothic sex as sexual, but also as asexual insofar as its BDSM can yield artistic and political commentaries about different social-sexual issues and struggles. As sex symbols of demonic beauty and strength, whores remain powerful while disrobed, reversing abjection as such by refusing to cheerlead profit as a genocidal, heteronormative, settler-colonial affair. Instead, we cheer for our right to fuck/get railed by whomever and own our bodies and their labor value expressed in monstrous, GNC language!

With a body like Eva's [above] from the same videogame franchise, Lady Dimitrescu cooks with gas, popping cherries. Beyond her and her children, nature is simply "Medusa." Anyone the state could police and pimp, then, Medusa will double to challenge them through a polyamorous, unruly proletariat's doubles of state counterfeits. She's truly seen and done it all, having survived worse: the state often beating and raping workers to submission, but not what they represent in duality! Medusa's body is sex, and sex is a demonic weapon for which no monopoly is possible! There is only argument for or against the state, generally through theatrical combat where the state tries to portray itself as the underdog and its



victims' the "real" abusers; in turn, truth becomes a matter of position concerning which aspect of theatre you want to support—the Gothic concerned largely with paradox about multiple things being true at once. Such is dialectical-materialism, a series of paradoxes through monsters in duality! Heroes are about overcoming adversity. Unlike the state's, ours is actually genuine, but theirs is likewise an impossible task. Demons don't die.

[artist: [Vasilia](#)]

So play with "Medusa" from any angle, size, shape, sex or gender your rebellious hearts desire; observe what collocates, then insinuate [with sinew] as your "clay" to work with, making gender trouble for fun. Make demons not to pleasure Pygmalion, but liberate Galatea so she might stomp on the Patriarchy's balls! "Chonk, stronk, and ready to bonk!" as Jadis would say! **BALLS DESTROYED** [or sliced with a sickle cropped out of the image, above; re: Barbara Creed, the Medusa, and castration fears from the Archaic Mother and her phallic spawn].

Keeping with darkness visible and paradox, then—and darkly mirroring older morality plays from centuries previous [mainly concerned with warring emotions and desire surrounding sex and force]—virtue and vice become things to demonically double, reify and dualistically play with medieval gags as demons do. Except Gothic Communism abjures the state's policing character in exchange for actual rebellion; i.e., flashing with power during revolutionary cryptonymy in pursuit of a sex-positive, post-scarcity world! The whore, like Pandora, cannot be put back into her box; her "box" is out there, a mighty-mighty fortress speaking cryptomimetically out against pimps while demanding equal pay and other basic human rights! All such play goes where power is to investigate it, we underdogs existing in the same imperiled sphere as our enemies, camping their canonical, completely unethical [and unfair] refrains!

All this being said, power is often not just visual, but audio-visual; i.e., a peep show generally comes with music of some kind or another! So keeping all that bread-and-circus music and violence we've already mentioned in mind, and the vampire-demon exhibit above, canon's inclusive pandemonium has a commercialized, pandering feel to it; i.e., using older examples of demons sold to men [or those acting like men] who never grow up, but LARP to "defend the realm" from evil: projected onto whatever state enemies they demonize, then conceal/dogwhistle with the usual suspects by proxy. The whore is something to attack in-game and out [which we camp in an equally half-real sense].

Yet, while sight has an aural, heard component to accent its visuals, this can decay and age just as fast when abused by profit. For example, as I write in, "Spectating FPS Speedruns: Potential Pitfalls Exemplified by Doom Eternal" [2021]:



Classic Doom is a curious mix, and takes its visual cues from actual gargoyles, toy guns, and clay demons; its music is MIDI metal, but also post-punk, '70s prog and '90s grunge. Doom 3 features elegant, nefarious concept art and dark, industrial levels, but minimal music (the opening track is pretty great, but rips off Tool's "Lateralus"; it also features Chris Vrenna, a former NIN drummer). Doom 2016 had a giant corporation being re-colonized by the

[demonic oppressed](#), underpinned by some desaturated visuals (inspired by late dystopian surrealist [Zdzisław Beksiński](#)) and excellent level music (re: "Rip and Tear," "BFG Division"). This music was composed by Nu-Industrial auteur Mick Gordon.

[As observed in my original review](#), *Doom Eternal's* music isn't bad. Parts of it come alive, though especially when making obscure nods to older games (*Diablo*) and movies (*Predator*). Nonetheless, it's fairly journeyman and rote; or, as [one of my exes] once said, *Doom Eternal's* OST feels like "industrial lite"—music written for people who have never listened to industrial before. For my partner, the music builds, but never climaxes. It hints at [NIN](#), [Rabbit Junk](#) or [Front Line Assembly](#) but doesn't go anywhere with it. You'd be better off listening to those bands instead (see, also: [Reznor's soundtrack for The Vietnam War](#)).

For me, [Doom Eternal's checkered music production history](#) leaves a bad taste in my mouth. Originally the story ([from id Software Studio Director Marty Stratton](#)) involved an open letter on Reddit in 2020, detailing how Mick's unprofessional music for the second game was delivered late, forcing Chad Mossholder, id's lead audio engineer, to have to piece everything together himself; later, Chad and id really got a lot of hate from fans, and Mick seemingly stayed quiet about it. Except after two years, Mick came forward with a ton of receipts, saying

Marty lied about the circumstances surrounding the DOOM Eternal Soundtrack and used disinformation and innuendo to blame me entirely for its failure. Afterwards, he offered me a six-figure settlement to never speak about it. As far as I'm concerned, the truth is more important ([source](#)).

As Greg Kennelty writes in "Mick Gordon Publishes Massive Statement over Allegations Surrounding Doom Eternal Soundtrack" (2022):

All told, **Gordon's** post runs about an hour in length and is long enough to warrant a table of contents. In the Summary of Facts section, **Gordon** alleges the following against **Stratton** [emphasis, theirs]:

- He was not paid for over half of the *DOOM Eternal* soundtrack
- He received a contract for the soundtrack 48 hours prior to the release of the game, and was not told the entire truth about the scope of his work
- He was cut out of the process at the end of the soundtrack

- **Stratton** never reached out to him about the controversy, and instead published the open letter
- He received torrents of abuse and harassment from fans afterward
- His reputation has been damaged because of this situation

Read the full letter [here](#).



*I don't care if the guy is an artist that "everybody" loves; compared to famous FPS OSTs from artists like Bobby Prince, [Trent Reznor](#) or [Sonic Mayhem](#)—hell, even Mick himself—the OST for *Doom Eternal* just isn't that great. It doesn't break any new ground, and it feels like a double CD release that could've been trimmed down to just the "combat" tracks. You know, the ones with an actual pulse [[source](#)].*

Furthermore, old monsters can start to feel adrift as time goes on, like soldiers without countries or wars to fight. Sometimes there's a punk element, as Richard Ray remarks in "[Doom, Coronavirus, the Mancubus and Me](#)" [2020]:

*id Software's *Doom* was [made by a band of dropouts and misfits](#) led by gaming pioneers John Romero and John Carmack. It is widely considered the grandfather of the First Person Shooter genre. It's also been aptly described as gaming's "[punk moment](#)." It was loud, fast, violent and didn't give a shit about your feelings. It glorified the sound effect of pumping a shotgun and blasting away at fire-spewing Imps, vile Cacodemons, unholy Hell Knights and zombified employees of the Union Aerospace Corporation [[source](#)].*



*Except, of course, this gamer-style history of "rebellion"—from Tolkien to Cameron to Romero and Carmack, to speedrunners and content creators at large as weird canonical nerds [*seriously, just [look](#) at these two dweebs, left*—is all at once incredibly dumb, self-serving and largely false, from a revolutionary standpoint; i.e., aimed squarely at gamer culture performing strength: as something largely white, cis-het and male⁵³. Made to "rebel" against a cartoon idea*

⁵³ I.e., Bill Gates syndrome, such privilege having fascist components when the punk elements, if ever they even existed, decay into pro-state forms playing the rebel/victim; e.g., Tool's Maynard James Keenan (from Volume Two, part one):

capitalizing on being a cynic, as Maynard from Tool does in "[Enema](#)" (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 ([source](#)).

It's white people disease, specifically that of violent, disingenuous white *boys* who never quite grow up, save to kill state enemies in their own victimized hero complexes. It's not just dumb for its own sake (re: "[Army of Darkness: Valorizing the Idiot Hero](#)," 2020), but *complicit* in the face of genocide; i.e., as something to turn your back on and blind eyes *towards* while raking in money through the usual mechanisms geared towards weird canonical nerds to begin with (a concept we'll unpack in Volume Three when we critique said nerds). There is no win condition, just necrometrics and lies committed by whitey playing the victim time and time again. Until then, it's business-as-usual, shutting anyone out who doesn't conform/toe the line.

I'm speaking from experience here; i.e., I used to work with white cis-het male streamers in my different interview series about *Doom* and FPS in general; e.g., [the "Hell-Blazers" series](#) (2020) with [Byte Me](#), [Under the Mayo](#), [Your Mate Devo](#) and others. However, the moment I began to research the games these men played in ways that critiqued them in a genderqueer/postcolonial manner (as I slowly left the closet and challenged Capitalism in the process), they ghosted me. It was as though a cone of silence, an *omerta*, had been enacted upon me when I said the quiet part out loud (from a now-defunct 2020 piece, "Postcolonialism in *Doom*," featured on Marilyn Roxie's also-defunct blog, [Video Hookups](#)):



Like Ripley, the Slayer unwillingly serves a powerful, corporate employer—in his case the slippery Dr. Hayden, head of the UAC corporation. Faced with an energy crisis "the world had no answer for," Hayden has colonized Hell to harvest its energy. Who inhabits this unlucky 4th world? Demons, of course—monsters, whose only purpose is to be slain. Of course, it's entirely possible to see the demons of 2016/2020 as an extension of their 1993 forebears: heavy metal piñatas. Smash them; have fun. However, it's hardly the sole interpretation, even if the makers intended otherwise. It's even possible for the player to see his enemies in-game as piñatas, but for this to reflect a parallel viewpoint held by him outside of the game.

In [this video at AGDQ](#) for example, the livestreamer Byte Me pauses *Doom 2016* to thank United States military members for their service. When I heard this, I found myself unable to view his words as neutral praise; an army has orders, after all. This remains true despite AGDQ being a charity fund-raiser where *Doom* is just another game being played to generate cash. Soldiers, or people who support them, still play *Doom* to revel in its slaughter

of evil corporations, they do so by soldiering against "evil," occupying positions of settler-colonial violence to administer as cops do. "Demon," then, is really canonical code for all the usual things white boys [and token recruits] shoot in the name of state/corporate preservation as beaten into them; i.e., to achieve, for all intents and purposes, an unironic, middle-class clubbism/gang-style revenge of the/for the nerds; re [from Volume Two, part one]:

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 [[source](#): "Modularity and Class"].

Back then, white boys "rebelled" as a matter of having the means to do so on '90s computers [and other home entertainment systems] evolving into a business they got a jumpstart on for themselves as extensions of capital; i.e., what they created, as such. Their creations—our aforementioned heroes, if they were punk in a proletarian sense—quickly became witch hunters once recuperated amid fairly stupid debates had between fighting gangs circle-jerking it⁵⁴; they invent enemies

and jingoistic camaraderie. It might pale against the reality of military service, but it still reflects said service through a videogame made for a larger audience. Not all members of this audience are soldiers, but those who are can revel in the game for their own reasons.

Perhaps it's better for those who benefit from *Doom Eternal's* gregarious qualities to avoid having it stamped as a military recruiting tool, a la *America's Army: Proving Grounds* (2015). Even if *Doom Eternal* wasn't built strictly as a recruiting tool, its imagery can, at the very least, be adopted laterally for this purpose. People with similar views can arguably flock to the same banner and say it belongs to them, not unlike a national flag. Already there's a sense of division, wherein someone like myself who enjoys *Doom* feels divided from its more warlike customers. I'm against war, so politically we're already of two opposing camps going in. *Doom* is still being marketed to a larger, heterogenous group: the old-school shooter crowd. Not all shooters shoot things in real life, but when gamers openly support the military "slaying demons" around the globe, the door for postcolonialism gets thrown wider than the gates of hell ([source](#) [repost]: "Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning").

This cold shoulder extended to anyone in the industry—from John Romero to Nick Newhard (the former whose wife answered my emails but never followed up, the latter who acted interested until I mentioned my left-leaning political lens).

A similar thing happened with [British Brat](#), who expressed an interest in being interviewed... until I mentioned my genderqueer politics. Like Byte Me, Brat is a military man and acted friendly to my face (as white moderates generally will do), but ceased all contact the moment he realized I was who I was: queer and against war in videogames—in short, an encapsulation of Gamergate attacking anyone who isn't "neutral/apolitical" by icing them out; i.e., segregating dissidents to enforce said neutrality in service to profit. It becomes all about them—their music, their toys, their guns, their *land*—taking it all for granted as Man Box thinking enslaves them to the same-old cruel grind; i.e., violence always being the solution, graduating from kiddie violence to grown-up forms per soldier, per generation.

⁵⁴ E.g., *Clerks 2* (2006): "There's only one "Return" and it's not of the King, it's of the Jedi!" A cop's a cop, Kevin Smith (also, you're a giant homophobe and Mark Hamill's a Zionist cunt, regardless of how he plays out in your stupid *He-man* reboot).

to feel useful while seeking payment as capital decays like always. It's vital, then, to court such persons through counterterrorist demonic expression, using ludo-Gothic BDSM to offer them a better path than the state does [refer to Volume One for some good examples of this; i.e., the subchapter "An Uphill Battle, part one: 'Predators and Prey,' or Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy and the State's Medieval Monopolies on Violence and Terror"].)

Limiting Our Focus

Despite barely scratching the surface, the above exhibit should hopefully demonstrate the virtually endless ways to manifest and play with power by proxy and in proximity to; i.e., letting darkness inside (or out) versus staving it off through a self-imposed vigilance (thus ignorance of its utility in worker hands). Likewise, neither are poetics, imagination, and creativity divorced from history and politics as a living document; instead, they compose, define and inherit them, hence dictate whatever direction that power flows, or the dark forms it can take through weird nerd culture, en route! Marx argued that history repeats in tragedy and then farce; from ghosts to demons, we faggy whores camp it all, including him!

Arguments are fights, then, for which demonic stand-ins are well-suited. Hell is their home—something to not only show off for those foreign to it, but stare back at them *with*. This isn't to so much defeat those being stared at, but demolish their abusive positions towards nature; i.e., as much for the demons to ingratiate themselves through the giving of—you guessed it—knowledge that is fatal to an older perspective that withers in the presence of new forms. On the Aegis, new demons are raised, the exchange helping workers by reversing the flow of power so that state harm against them is lessened and eventually under perfect circumstances, impossible. Nature-as-demonic is effectively a revolutionary's food for thought—something to love, respect and identify with, post-apocalypse: to camp not holocaust, but our survival of genocide in ways that don't tokenize into



gentrified/decayed spoofs, long after an epicenter of genocide has become a thing of the past (e.g., Afrocentrism unto Afronormativity, post-diaspora).

(artist: [Gammel Gaedda](#))

power as demonic argument.

First, classification. As already stated, egregores take two basic, modular forms: *undead* and *demonic* (with animal qualities to each, often overlapping in

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chimeric fashion; e.g., the xenomorph). Both are figuratively manmade in the poetic sense, and undead can act demonic or vice versa; i.e., a demon can feed and embody trauma and the undead can give forbidden knowledge and transform. It's just not either's poetic emphasis, historically. While zombie, vampiric or ghostly undeath are qualities that *can* be supplied to nature, the morphological breadth and liberty of demons invoke elements of actual construction that make them incredibly broad, taxon-wise: literally manmade, summoned/supernatural, and/or linked to nature, the instances of each we shall explore in order—both during the "Forbidden Sight" chapter and in the "Call of the Wild" chapter after it.

Second, morphology. Demons are literally fetishes; i.e., objects (often kinky ones) of fabricated power and darkness, thus status and socio-psychosexual knowledge. As such, the infinite poetic variety and limitless creative potential of demons and nature requires me to adopt a more survey-style approach for the entire module (future editions can always include more close-reads).

In both cases, I'm adopting such pedagogic limitations to be more playful, thus keep true to demons' shifting physiology and complicated psychosexual torture games; i.e., as poetic license and lens putting "rape" in quotes per neo-medieval expression. So expect a bit of eclectic messiness and campy oscillation to the rest



of the symposium and the module at large: something to slurp/chow down on! "Eat me alive, you animal! *Oh, no! I'm being 'devoured'!* Heaven help me/the devil take me!"

(artist: [Gammel Gaedda](#))

Demons or not, all monsters provide preferential code talking about sex and force as policed subjects; i.e., haunted by abuse concerning these topics for which assorted euphemisms give way to genuine pleasure: a cryptonymic exhibit of at least one, but often two (or more) people playing and having harmless fun behind calculated-risk suggestions of "harm." Harm haunts "harm." That's what the reclamation of monstrous poetics through ludo-Gothic BDSM is all about! Psychosexual catharsis thriving despite state abuse, Hell spills over and *cannot* be policed!

The rest of the symposium shall remain fairly conversational and holistic. We'll proceed as follows—first, to summarize demonic expression through a **demon thesis**, then examine various **food for thought** about demons and the complicated darkness they represent (each **emboldened** to signpost them as we go): demonic cosmetics; the paradox of power and its performance, play and exchange; how demons lie as a means of instruction that commonly expresses through genderqueer existence, pleasure-and-pain BDSM rituals, and hurt-not-harm roleplay scenes/unequal power scenarios; intersectional solidarity, our

strange appetites/modular thesis, dark desires/courtly love, demon lovers and the anisotropic/pact-like nature of demons.

Expanding Our Demon Thesis

To **summarize demonic expression**, demons *transform* and *exchange/give* unequal, forbidden things (re: power, darkness and knowledge) back and forth; e.g., unequal power as forbidden knowledge (not *ordinary* knowledge, then, but *dark* knowledge that supplies the power to change things in radical new directions). This only sets the stage; i.e., for our aforementioned infinite variety that occurs in terms of what these things actually are in practice. Demons don't *take* like the undead do when the undead feed, but rather *give* forbidden knowledge *back* as lessons to embody and witness that—once received—turns the *recipient* into a demon, which can happen over and over again! "She turned me into a newt" can be followed by any other shape/power configuration the demon desires, often from underground (re: golems, clay and animation; e.g., *Steve Universe*⁵⁵ making its

⁵⁵ The show *is* highly regimented/militarized—so much so that it's hardly a surprise to see the ways its "gargoyle mil spec" plays out; i.e., through bodies that can assume any material, color and shape, but also the power-as-performance that comes with them. Always to some degree, essentialized, this happens in ways that can be played with, thus entertained and/or challenged in-text and out (so-called "head canon"): through different roles/positions of power and status borrowed from older forms; i.e., from play *without* shifting shape, or shifting shape merged *with* said play as a half-real game that juggles power and positions of power between multiple parties and stages, or even across several cartoons in and out of real life; re (from the Undead Module's "[Playing with Dolls to Express One's Feeling Undead](#)," 2024):



(exhibit 38c1b: Artist: [Boner Bob](#) [amazing]. Heteronormativity frames anything beyond PIV sex as alien, thus worthy of attack. Meanwhile, the idea of the hero's reward after emerging from the Abyss during the monomyth is both conversion therapy and compelled love that promises them PIV sex after killing the monstrous-feminine [e.g., Jung's female chaos dragon] as part of a normalized cycle of queer, thus Gothic-Communist repression.

In truth, the descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation of gender-nonconforming relationships presents the group as a negotiated affair that isn't divorced from sexual desire as doll-like; it merely conducts it ironically in relation to the status quo's harmful standards. In other words, the monomyth—as we have discussed a fair bit already—is a highly prescriptive and harmful device and needs to be challenged; i.e., by going into the abyss of gender-nonconforming lovemaking and modes of relation that allow for all parties to exist through reclaimed implements of shame, hatred and domination; e.g., [Scott Pilgrim](#) [above] as "made Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 [vanderWaardart.com](#)

queer" through camp: in ways that highlight its queer potential, which also applies to Steven Universe [next page] as more overtly doll-like, thanks to a steady reliance on the golem myth.

Beyond children's stories or cartoons, though, the same basic idea applies to more overtly "goth" poetics; e.g., like Rob Halford's "Isle of Domination" or some similar genderqueer zone; i.e., occupied not by "the Ripper" as a queer-coded gay man in xenophobic canon but a sex-positive example of the gay party animal/favor as a twink-style sex doll: the usual object of total annihilation that isn't taken literally as a matter of psychosexual performance. Such irony reclaims the harmful imagery of the death fetish and its associate, doll-like tortures and sodomy—doing so for the better of society at large by progressing away from their historically unironic usage. Often, this sits on the cusp of actual exploitation, the harm it presents as always adjacent to a given performance as made to heal from feelings of inadequacy that seek out domination as a matter of interpersonal bonding through BDSM:



[artist: Doxy Doo. Their 2015 "Gem Dom" comic of Steven Universe elides the "futanari" hentai genre (the feminine body with a penis) within the broader Amazonomachia of the militarized BDSM scenario. The liminality of the scene evokes the "prison sex" culture of dominance and Spartan-esque culture of war (which has a pedophilic history to it) as overshadowing a means of doll-like catharsis: the golem. Its legitimacy of violence, terror and sexuality is of the state versus workers seeking sex-positive subversions of the former operating through various BDSM/theatrical tropes: the phallic woman (of color, in this case; i.e., the Medusa) and the non-white goblin taming our white "shrew" (note the long nose) through stereotypical discipline-and-punish exercises: overpowering through brawn, verbal commands, degradation, hyperbolic/painful sex and/or double-penetration, bukkake, collars and bondage, open mouths eagerly and obediently awaiting their reward.

Within a military culture and centrist framework, the idea isn't far removed from its historical counterpart as unironically abusive, being a forbidden sexual outlet/guilty pleasure whose predatory interplay between superior officers and subordinates would have been a historical reality (and one whose inversion within tokenized, girl boss bureaucracies would emulate their male counterparts under Capitalism).]

Catharsis, post-rape, always walks a borderline [the victim is always afraid of future abuse, thus relies on calculated risk to release tension by emulating rape up to a point]. There's clearly room to perform this irony further than the centrist, post-fascist overtures in Steven Universe. But doing so requires actively using ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., to make an earnest interrogation of the dialectical-material role—the context—of everyone beyond mere wish fulfillment/the novelty of golems ambiguously bullying one another for the Maze Gaze [which under centrist circles extends to tokenized queer people "acting like men"]. The danger of the sadist is always the advertised lack of compunction making them a frankly good dom, but also someone who can just as easily take advantage in ways that reduce the individual they control to putty in their hands [source].

Capital and its systemic abuses create strange appetites, requiring workers wanting to field said appetites to work within power as a language; i.e., to critique its harmful generational effects on us by

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golems not just from clay but gemstones mined from the Earth and uniforms made topside). Hell is a place of forbidden knowledge about the underworld, populated by all manner of demons who—knowing things—can magically transform *because* of said knowledge above ground. The more they know, the more they might transform into this or that—are beings of voluntary contrast, levied against those whose shapes (and knowledge) remain stuck/mired in harmful dogma.

In other words (indented for emphasis, an expanded **demonic thesis** for the rest of the module):

Something of an **Unholy Trinity, power, darkness and knowledge—often as conspicuous, ritualized acts of creation/poetry and (re)invention through magic/mad science—go hand-in-hand during unequal, forbidden exchange, radical transformation and dark desire/wish fulfillment**; i.e., someone will trade what they have for what they don't in order to transform or otherwise fulfill a given wish: with a demon that has the requisite item(s), build and/or abilities (e.g., sensations; re: Medusa's Aegis/forbidden sight).

Demons are the classic, mighty and at-times-untrustworthy granters of dark *wishes/desires*, be those fame, fortune, sex, and/or revenge (which transformation facilitates, on either side of an exchange). During a **Faustian bargain**, power is exchanged for knowledge; during a **Promethean Quest**,

playing with it ourselves. To critique power-as-demonic, you must go where it is, generally by making fetishes of it that you can play with; i.e., doubles standing in for us as demons do, expressed as dolls but also through doll-like games played with people as dollish, thus demonic.

First, even without changing anyone's bodies, the likes of *Scott Pilgrim* have near-endless ludic potential; i.e., in terms of who is on top/the bottom, the dom/sub, and the activities and duties portrayed that everyone arbitrates/agrees to. Second, the corporal uniforms of demons like Pearl or Garnet take on a variety of physical shapes, sizes and sex organs, but also BDSM roleplay tied to said morphologies and associate ludo-Gothic freedoms. This arbitrates according to preference, allowing for endless morphological/poetic expression tied to *ludic* expression in classic demonic forms: actual or figurative golems doing BDSM for the purposes of expressing and playing with power to heal from power abuse; i.e., "What we get to do within the rules and roles we reify outside of state forms!" Demons are clay and can be as strong or shapely as you like:



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

The only limits that exist are those our imaginations already have, which can be imposed on us through Capitalist Realism (and its notions of false power), or rejected and challenged by iconoclastic forms playing with toys/toy-like things for liberatory and ironically cathartic means.

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knowledge is exchanged for power, either being two sides of the same basic coin (of darkness)—i.e., knowledge is power and power is knowledge about sex and force, often as darkly shows thereof. Both hail from older forms of barter that return to either challenge/uphold capital; they concern unequal/unfair trades, leading to self-destruction by the human party trading with the demon party—death being the presumed outcome. And while permanent, this event (often of status shift) marks *radical, sudden change* in ways that are seldom literal; e.g., Persephone, Faust, Medusa's victims or Lot's wife standing in as before/after metaphors; i.e., that seal the dealing parties away from the human world, whence they presumably cannot return (as the monomyth generally allows for/encourages). Faustian bargains predominantly involve a deal with the devil in spoken/written discourse; Promethean Quests concern power as found/left-behind by godly forces, which Shelley describes as denying their power to Cartesian agents: to punish them for using mad science to police nature with (versus reclaiming and safeguarding it from the state, as functional Communists do).

Yet, in the demonic tradition, punishment and reward go hand-in-hand as much as power and knowledge do, this being as much an abject, cryptonymic, esoteric commentary on state reprisals as it is for worker liberation through those (and other) Gothic theories. For all demons, power and/or knowledge is *unequal* both in how it trades and presents, but speaks to the forbidden, oft-*anthropomorphic* aspects of nature that state forces close off; e.g., as demonic, whorish, vengeful, off-limits, corrupt, degenerate, etc. Demons stress exchange as such in ways that *oscillate*; i.e., they go back and forth with such data, empowering people by showing them what the elite have *stolen* from them, and alluding what workers have to gain by *defying* the status quo; i.e., during ludo-Gothic BDSM, doing so to experience things that are, from the whore's perspective, natural, but also *under their control* despite state assertions to the contrary. For Gothic Communists, mutual consent *is* power because its illustration demonstrates our ability to exchange what the state can *only* treat as unironic rape, mid-harvest (of Medusa's peach). Power is sexy for us because it *isn't* sexy as the elite envision it; re: to dominate and harvest nature pursuant to profit, because the state is incompatible with life, with human rights, with liberation.

The word "power" appears a lot in the Demon Module. I synonymize it with "unequal," and each with "knowledge," "exchange," "play" and "virgin/whore" (experience and ignorance) as equally interrelated, thus treated to the same rule of thumb during liminal expression; e.g., "power = unequal knowledge exchange/play about sex and force with whores as sex demons." —Perse



(source: [Reddit](#))

Form follows function insofar as power flows either direction. Speaking to form, then, whereas zombies are more one-note (despite being a hybrid monster, in modern settings; re: Romero) and vampires—despite their own historical prolificity and ontological complexities—tend to look fairly similar across the board, demons and nature are entirely defined by their morphological, sex-to-gender variety and ludic complexity challenging state monopolies. "Demons" are cartoonishly *transformative*, thus can be whatever you want them to be; their bodies, terror and violence communicate through sex and force as generally uneven, torturous, and raw (charged on black aphrodisiacal surfaces, above). For instance, the Medusa (arguably the most ubiquitous and famous demon to come out of the West) classically and thus regularly plays out this way through BDSM pastiche (above). Raped by the state, she disrobes any such timidity to expose her succubean whore's furious and febrile darkness; it becomes her revenge to expose (more on this, later).

To know is to (ex)change; to (ex)change is to adopt a state of mind as a performance one can play out through paradox. To it, the more power given through knowledge, pain or anything else exchanged, the greater the transformation generally is; e.g., Skeletor from *Masters of the Universe* declaring "And now, I, Skeletor, am master of the universe!" when he receives the fire of the gods, becoming a god in ways that are perceived as "fatal." His body and his mind—already twisted in pursuit of such things ("It is my destiny!")—explode in delusions of rapturous grandeur: "playing god."

A Faustian bargain canonically finger wags, saying "be careful what you wish for" to curious minds/desperate parties; but it also reminds us that knowledge can grant the ability to change our stars in ways that will see us excommunicated from state realms. This isn't a fate worse than death, but a *mercy* exiting Plato's cave: "Better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven." The same idea applies with the Promethean Quest's Numinous refrains—the searching for excessive power that leads to us being punished by false Faustian gods telling us we can't be gods, too.

"Death" becomes a state of change, then, one pursuant to our own building of better worlds using the Gothic aesthetic/poetics of power and death, sex and force (all the fun things). Poetry is cool; power and death are cool; and anyone who discounts the Gothic's ability to create genuine rebellion through them is terminally lame/a cop defending private property (thus poetics) for the state; e.g., Mark Hamill [the voice for Skeletor, below] [being a dyed-in-the-wool Zionist!](#) Gothic is a smoke screen—a regressive/progressive mode of expression whose "new flesh" ([as](#)

[Priest calls it](#)) allows for all manner of politics under its enchanting darkness (no monopolies, remember)! As much as we whores wear the same aesthetics on our sleeves—i.e., to smuggle in good, sex-positive knowledge, mid-allegory—the state can pimp this out, giving bad knowledge to nurse death anxiety with sin: a clownish juggernaut, leviathan, behemoth, and Great Destroyer getting what he wants (revenge) before ejaculating delight and promoting a world beyond our own that we cannot possibly imagine!



Or perhaps we can. Hauntology is nostalgia unanchored from a specific space and time, but haunted by a specific space and time oscillating as the Gothic does, shaking things up like a snow globe. Building anything that challenges God is considered revenge *against* God, thus forbidden *by* God (which extends to capital under a Protestant ethic and neoliberal dogma), thus framed as destructive and deceptive *vis-à-vis* Capitalist Realism. Darkness bad; darkness crossdressing and murderous, turning order upside down. "Come and see!"

In a dualistic, dialectical-material sense, though, Skeletor becomes a great shadow/castle in the flesh for both sides of oppositional praxis—a wrestler's heel crossing the point of no return per a kayfabe momentum shift; i.e., his appetite for destruction basically makes him not just Caesar but Prometheus and Faust: a whorish/demonic being *seeking* his revenge, and for the state (and its police) to deny. His impudence must be *punished*—for making a deal with the devil/stealing the fire of the gods (and transforming like Loki would, from Norse myth) to become less and less human, or conversely posthuman in gigantic ways: that return him to lost states of existence, which state proponents view/treat as "dead"; re: Capitalist Realism. As such, he's also Satan/Frankenstein's monster challenging God—either in ways whose rebellion is false, thus in defense of the state, or illegitimate in ways that—as vice characters so often do—promote the joys of basic human rights demonized as non-Christian, foreign, and alien: swollen hubris and bodies of nature, death, and the monstrous-feminine as equally tumescent.

Any way you slice it/want to think about it, knowledge and power are forbidden, but witnessed paradoxically as vengefully out in the open; re: as darkness visible. Looked at/viewed with, this force classically alienates in ways that canonically distance the state from workers and workers from each other and the state. By comparison, liberated workers may exit normal states of existence to become increasingly demonic, thus drawn to other demons who know things, too! Knowledge is power because it gives us the ability to (ex)change not just ourselves, but the ordering of the universe as canonically ordained by bourgeois forces. Iconoclasts upset this ordainment by existing merely as ourselves, thus have our sweet revenge; i.e., if state proponents ultimately deride Melmothian wanderers (or monopolize them in strictly fascist interpretations; re: Hamill's moderacy/white knight syndrome decaying into fash arguments), then we fags ultimately celebrate

them through camp: to mold *ourselves* and our trauma like clay into demons, thus gain some sense of agency and control over power-as-poetic during rape play and other unequal, made-from-clay power fantasies haunted by state abuse!

As such, *unequal* power—as something to play with, negotiate and exchange during ludo-Gothic BDSM—is likewise notoriously diffuse, illusory and nebulously subjective; i.e., formally presented as a *deal*, *bargain* or *negotiation* (often of fatal knowledge, through Faust—see footnote), "power" can be whatever you want, can flow in either direction⁵⁶ to morphologically arrange however you want (e.g., demon monarchs or servants/imps; circles of Hell, wombs of nature, darkness visible/pandemonium, and other tiered/concentric torture dungeons; "white devils" and other foreigner classifications like "barbarian" or "savage"; kayfabe heels/babyfaces; etc) as an aesthetic or metric (re: Foucault, bio-power)—can be



guided by impulse, mood, urgency/detachment and individual preference. Milton aside, one person's Heaven is another's Hell, and vice versa. The orgasm (skin or otherwise) is all in the mind!

Furthermore, apart from elemental demons—or demons of nature that yield an elemental quality to their appearance (earth, wind, water and fire; e.g., a fire jinn or water nymph)—nearly all (and their knowledge) are sexual (whores); or they concern sexuality discussed in asexual, meaning in socialized ways that express through BDSM-style rituals of pain, fetishes and kink. These extend to general power imbalance, paradox, public nudism, as well as survived and inherited/generational trauma voyeuristically exhibited. But natural demons, as we shall see in the "Call of the Wild" chapter, often concern sexuality linked to nature-as-object; i.e., massive and dark, hunted or otherwise pursued and caged/dominated by Cartesian forces.

Divorced from genocide, these conditions become—pardon the expression—breeding grounds (next page) for intense psychosexual expression with asexual elements: to play with that which no one is supposed to see outside the bedroom, but pimped out on street corners and inside bazaars thereof. Reclaimed by workers making the imaginary past wiser, Medusa is a fat, sassy whore (or gigolo) looking to instruct through demonic sex. All are power expressed in dark delicious totality—as, per ludo-Gothic BDSM, something to understand through play! So smack that demon ass, bitches! The more we play god, the more those pre-existing deities of capital seem false and hollow!

⁵⁶ Faustian bargains are one-way and express in game theory as "zero-sum." Implements of trickery aside, they harm one person to benefit another as receiving all of that person's power. Faust, by the end of the bargain, is completely disempowered and—in Marlowe's version, at least—pulled limb from limb (a gruesome fate that would play out through Clive Barker tearing the villain from *Hellraiser* to pieces with hooks and chains).



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

Simply put, for demons there's a million-and-one ways to combine, give and instruct with sex and force through pain (non-harmful or not), but also to marry it educationally with erogenous pleasure, medieval aesthetics, mil spec, time periods, (a)sexual fetishes and clichés, masks, costumes, alter egos, herbos and himbos, Biblical allusions, castle parentage/disputes, fatal homecomings and bread-and-circus trials by combat (e.g., Ornstein and Smough, the black-knight-style demons from *Dark Souls*, or Marcellus and similar oni-style *Yokai* from *Onimusha* and similar Asia-themed survival horror and Metroidvania), kink and BDSM rituals/torture implements (whips, chains, leather and so on), muscle and fat, clay and golems, doms and subs, gender and body euphoria/alteration, and various taboos, stigmas—and biases, anxieties, phobias, what-have-you—while likewise arranging and exchanging power imbalance during ironic/unironic demon BDSM. Existence becomes a point of reference, then, one to wrap our heads around by playing with power as such. In turn, all things expressed and played with as demonic conveniently become **food for thought**, insofar as playing with power-as-unequal goes.

Further Food for Thought

Let's pursue that. With vampires, for example, the poetic emphasis leans more on fluid exchange/giving and taking essence as fluid. Though "essence" translates easily enough to power and knowledge through BDSM rituals, "demons" make for an incredibly broad umbrella category amounting to food for thought—can enjoy or express power and *forbidden* knowledge (about power, essence, or anything else) in any shape or size, vestige or portrayal; and they and their poetic lessons don't need to be red and/or black (often, green or purple works, too, but really any color scheme⁵⁷). Indeed, they could drink blood as a liquid, breathe spirit as gaseous, or eat a solid shiny red apple;



(artist: [Judith Meets Salome](#))

similar to "darkness," the apple can represent pretty much anything (cum, power, cum as power, etc) and Eve can be phallic/serpentine through Biblical symbolism, or through illusory-to-allusory stand-ins for stand-ins, dead metaphors out-of-joint with canon, classic-to-Freudian-to-

⁵⁷ E.g., Uriah Heep's "[Rainbow Demon](#)" (1972).

postmodern interpretations/umbilicals, and so on. The potential to change is threatened by implied action and temptation: "Eat me."

Demon cosmetics remain simultaneously prolific and cryptonymically vague, as such; re: "dark"; e.g., a fat, menacing "castle" something of a vanishing point, *mise-en-abyme*—an event horizon/Satanic asshole that sucks you in (which assholes tend to do, save when shitting something out). The presentational idea, then, leaps to visual immediacy and in language most people understand/relate to in some shape or form; re: sex and force. Exceptions aside, Western whores tend to classically (within the Gothic mode) dress/appear in black and maidens in white; collars, gloves, corsets, stilettos, stockings and lingerie are popular (next page), as are whips, feather dusters and maid outfits, and various dichotomies like leather/lace, angel/devil, black/white, dom/sub and virgin/whore. They communicate, thus grant knowledge through sex and power as things to *recursively* reify and exchange; e.g., in a dark forest of desire (again, next page); i.e., in any of the ways outlined above: "Eat me. 'Die.' Learn. Change. Grow. Become what is needed."



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

All of these can hybridize, mid-aesthetic (all women are virgins and whores), but whores are canonically property first, people second; both something to call and relegate afterwards, they paywall in visually obvious ways—marked in society for being a particular kind of criminalized servant/forbidden merchandise that cops, as pimps, "protect" (versus the legalized variant of women's work: the bride/wife, relegated to broodmare status, party to "legitimate" bloodlines [and their households] thanks to virgin/whore syndrome; i.e., the husband getting his jollies with his mistress/paying for *her* abortions to avoid bastard, illegitimate bloodlines).

We really don't have time to unpack the universal wardrobe for whores worldwide. Just know the sky's truly the limit regarding what's "on tap" and how you want to respond to it (darlings can be killed and authors die): to draw your own conclusions/make your own connections beyond what dogma and the Imperialism of Theory (re: [Norton](#)) afford! Dogma forces singular interpretation, hence police violence; for us and Gothic Communism, speculation and critical potentiation/prolific interpretation is the name of the game! "Eat the fucking apple! They're going blame you anyway!" Rock those fishnets, girl!

Hermeneutics aside, demons essentially and creatively have *carte blanche*, affording users limitless, infinite potential and creativity in how they themselves perform, present/perceive and play power out through demonic avatars and their doubled, darkness-visible paradoxes; i.e., like money and material goods, power is

an illusion, but specifically a transient, dualistic, liminal one to play between different states that hyphenate (fake-not fake, authentic-inauthentic); e.g., knowledge is power and power is terror, violence, and morphological expression, under dialectical-material dispute during oppositional praxis. They're something to exchange for as long as possible; i.e., as a means of communicating state abuse (and our place under its shadowy tentpole): as something to subvert, thus escape under hollow existence and empty threats backed up with police force.

Original Sin makes for a classic, recursive, and dogmatic example. Satan tempts Eve with the apple, which is knowledge, but also power performed between different players casting blame and owning up to/casting off responsibility in the face of state structures (and punishment): it's a lie but true through state force as something to administer (often through the soul and purity arguments tied to glory and eternal salvation translating, under capital, to a Protestant ethic). Faced with total power, workers will happily point fingers to escape damnation/excommunication; i.e., desperation marries with convenience to *encourage* paranoid betrayal (which, in turn, amounts to more power for the state)! A witch hunt is a blame game, then, one where the state and the state alone can "win." Except, it's a lie, both everywhere and nowhere. Sex is everywhere in ways that, through these excuses to coerce workers, *cannot* be avoided.



(artist: [Domenichino](#))

Dogma weaponizes sex as something to control in unequal ways. Paradise, per law and order under state rule, is generally threatened by shapeshifting devilry (queerness) and nature as monstrous-feminine (classically female parties, but really anything that isn't white cis-het European Christian men); i.e., Eve, per Original Sin, corrupts under Satanic influence (which God allows), opening the door for degeneracy and decay of the state, hence moral panics/states of exception, hence profit during police abuse/tokenization when Imperialism comes home to empire (and when the state preys on the Global South until that point): antagonize nature-as-monstrous-feminine (alien) and put it to work under capital/settler colonialism as informed by older power structures like Imperialism, organized religion and feudalism. It's women's fault, and the Gays, the fall of Eden comparable to the fall of Rome insofar as white male fragility is "threatened" by the collusion of dark forces against that biggest of "victims": cis-het men and their DARVO schemes (which lead to betrayal/triangulation during Man Box/"prison sex" mentalities, and really assimilation of all kinds [e.g., black skin, white masks] embedded inside persecution networks/rungs of preferential mistreatment).

So what *is* power? Per Milton, power is **paradox** and darkness visible played with; i.e., both infinite *and* finite, tremendously figurative *and* objective, cryptonymically dualistic and doubled; e.g., "heaven in a wildflower" *vis-à-vis* labor value (which has *infinite* value, the state wishing to steal *our* power [whatever the shape] through Faustian bargains). Since "darkness" denotes heretical/abject power and "power" can literally take any form (and often manifests as such through theatre, acting and disguise, all happening subjectively in good faith or bad versus objective forms, like material conditions), the simplest way to conceptualize it is, "power is exchange" as a matter of context concealed/showed during the cryptonymy process' double operation; i.e., regarding forbidden knowledge in terms of gender, sex and anything else; re (from "Notes on Power" in Volume Zero):

Banquo got it wrong: Lies and the language of darkness aren't inherently bad, meaning harmful or deserving of capital punishment; while he exclaims, "Can the devil speak true?" to himself and Macbeth, the devilish workers of Communism *can* speak true—i.e., in order to help each other survive the real dangers of a structure evolved to deceive us through harmful forgery (the irony being Banquo was killed by his own friend, *not* the witches—all for the same status inside the same power structure they lived inside together and which Shakespeare relayed through a stage play whose name people [specifically thespians] don't like to say).

Language, like the devil, is plastic and can change shape (only following the **Cartesian Revolution** and Capitalism's rise of mapping and dominating the world through doubles inside and outside of "pure" fiction [exhibit 1a1a1h2a1] did language solidify and binarize in service of the profit motive). Paradox is an essential component of human language in its natural and material forms; i.e., the immensely popular idea of theatre and duels told through heroes and their monstrous contradictions to ascribe meaning through staged conflict. Within this broader dialogic, the Gothic is mired in mimetic paradox through the communication of "deathly" appetites" (indented for clarity):

Death is the ultimate feeling of a lack of control, to be out of control. To face it as codified according to stigmas and biases, theatre is a tremendous, psychosexual device for **calculated risk/informed consent** (which operates to give agency through performance as a negotiated, heavily controlled affair). For *Gothic Communists*, these praxial contraptions are built around the profit motive as something to face and challenge through its praxial doubles: Gothic Communism's monsters and their poetic, liminal extensions versus Capitalism's, communicating in shared struggle and language as paradoxical on various registers simultaneously.

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.

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 ([source](#)).

In essence, power *is* paradox during liminal expression through doubles (two or more things existing at once). From *Paradise Lost* onwards, then, power and its exchange (again, often through/with forbidden knowledge) becomes something to disguise, then tempt ignorant parties with as a gift; i.e., Original Sin (though, in defense of or from the state, this performative notion [and the epistemological freight it offers each side] goes both ways): canon vs iconoclasm using the same aesthetics in duality. Lies are simply another form of language, begging the question, "Which lies anisotropically serve workers?" As I argue about camp, we want to be of the devil's party and, unlike Milton (re: [Blake](#)), actually know it!

At their most basic, then, devils are *splendide mendax* sullyng Paradise with beautiful **lies**; i.e., as something to darken law and order (with shadows), to dirty or corrupt the state through forbidden exchange by Satanic forces. "Canon" being the strict, rigid control of information (thus power flow) by state paradigms, a devil is a whore, a tramp, a broker iconoclast of so many different things that earn them backhanded compliments by police agents (applicable to men/queer parties at large, but classically to white cis-het women in a heteronormative scheme): a dirty, naughty and/or bad girl, etc. Whores aren't just demons, then, but *criminals* who gatekeep knowledge inside-outside themselves. While iconoclasm takes and delights in that fact, Gothic Communism and ludo-Gothic BDSM are more selective/enterprising than simply offering sex to the uninitiated! It uses any expression of power imaginable to foster sex positivity as antithetical to state aims (namely that of profit, raping nature during us versus them)!



A "devil," then, becomes someone—usually a charming or brute-force tempter of this or that—to deal with in some imposturous degree of disguise

and bald face (the paradox of shifting shape through affect versus literal appearance). But such cryptonymy's dark, ludic/ontological flexibility further owes to demons being performative/poetic in a highly staged way that goes on and off said stage; e.g., serial killers, vigilantes and again, doms, subs, and switches, classically extending to horny college professors taking advantage of their students through a structural power imbalance (above), etc; i.e., BDSM isn't just for the bedroom (re: Foucault) and it isn't purely sexual, combining asexual interrogations of sex and force through demonic power displays and public nudism, amongst other things!

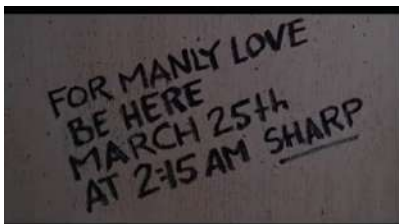
To it, demons **teach**, and generally by example, mid-poetics. These examples historically date back to the ancient world revived hauntologically in ours; i.e., schools function—from [Plato's Academy](#) to modern universities—as special sites of forbidden knowledge, whose *poiesis* and exchange are ruled classically by patriarchal agents. Except, anywhere can be a classroom/extracurricular dealing space to exchange with devilish things. Demon sex (commonly framed as



"whorish") becomes an ancient weapon evoking nostalgia and poetics to *rewrite* the Wisdom of the Ancients; i.e., to levy in devilish arts *against* the state, which again, their patriarchs *cannot* monopolize! So long as power can express in parallel courts, it can consolidate there, too!

(artist: [Jan Rock](#))

Revolution or critical analysis, then—but especially labor action and mutual consent established through gender and sex, parody and pastiche—can suitably manifest anywhere; i.e., through artistic/theatrical articulations of forbidden knowledge, demonic morphology and power exchange (above): deals with the devil as a cruiser's costume—a mask to put on or remove as needed (often in a dungeon, ball, closet or false/inverted "church" of some kind; i.e., a danger disco; e.g., a bathroom stall, below, where forbidden "exchange" and "worship" [often extramarital sex and/or drug use] might take place without interruption or interference: prayer and predation, internment and instruction, education and reeducation, etc)! Pre-capitalist, GNC ideas like demonic androgyny (above) move into a post-scarcity world beyond Capitalism, predicating on the reshaping of those things that, canonized and kept under lock and key/close watch, keep us hopelessly locked in place ourselves: a crucible that heats us up and changes our shape to suit *us*, not the elite! It hurts, but anything worthwhile does!



To it, demons speak to a heretical *desire* to change, feel strong and look cool—to fit in, sometimes,

but also stand out in ways we pass off as normal, safe; i.e., a death of the old turning into the new as waiting to unfold (as queerness in the closet always is). "The dose doth make the poison," and we Commie fags—while perhaps setting a trap or two ("The play's the thing!")—aren't exactly Zofloya handing Victoria a poison chalice; we're giving you, yes you, the chance to learn and grow *away* from dogma, even if we're a little slick/two-faced/tongue-in-cheek about it. Nothing lasts forever, and pomp and circumstance eclipse themselves. Things lost stay lost, but can be reborn in new terrifying (and awesome) forms using ludo-Gothic BDSM! As such, demons riot, and "a riot," explained MLK, "is the language of the unheard." Mid-argument (thus battle), demons are pragmatic in the linguistic sense, *making* themselves heard; i.e., through sarcasm, innuendo, play and mood (which Gothic encompasses).

To *that*, a good BDSM actor/sex worker can take any language on Earth—regardless of where it is written (e.g., in a Bible verse, or as graffiti on a bathroom stall door) or performed (e.g., rock 'n roll, next page)—and make it powerful through suggestion/subversion, generally through conscious anticipation of various responses, mid-tension-and-release: "I'll eat *your* 'apple'!" Nothing is sacred (except basic human, animal and environmental rights) and anything goes. We whores fuck to metal, then, screw on the first date—in short, we just love to fuck, period—all to spite naysayers and prudes; i.e., they're hypocrites/desperately starved of good connection, missing out on what makes life worth living! Learning is fun, is sex, is wicked, cunning and bad! "I don't always cum when I learn, but when I cum, I'm always learning!" Yeah, baby! Everyone loves whores, demons and sluts; the idea is to learn *not* to hate them, too (e.g., Kim Petras, certified transsexual and slut pop star extraordinaire, left)!



In **genderqueer** terms, then, it's less about hating on ourselves (though self-hatred/internalized bigotry *are* an ongoing problem for those in the closet or threatened with it) and more how we gay devil sluts incessantly delight in fucking with normies' perceived, pre-determined ideas of sin and salvation; re: green eggs and ham that, once tasted, turn canon's sad little world upside-down: the *sinner* being that person in the closet, acting holier-than-thou and for whom "sin" is both a guilty pleasure to watch *and* death sentence once administered!

Though queerphobia *isn't* a joke (token or not), most jokes play with phobias to *some* extent; i.e., riling workers up not to do what the *state* wants, but to make some noise/rage against the machine while celebrating ourselves building better worlds while inside: as "unholy" in ways they *can't* control, mobilizing us to challenge, hence change the status quo through sex work and art as more or less the same, as far as that goes; e.g.,

These boots are made for walkin'
 And that's just what they'll do
 One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you (Nancy Sinatra's
["These Boots Are Made for Walkin'",](#) 1966).



It's free-love sass, a threat with a wink to the pimp, but wrapped into Vietnam war songs by Hollywood directors recuperating sex, drugs and rock 'n roll for *Pax Americana*. Two parties, different goals, same language: dark, fertilizing, of the night as alienated by capital and reunited with workers by workers out of the closet, kissing and telling⁵⁸. It's fun, natural, energizing and magnetic—the dark, earthly stuff of Medusa/Gaia unchained that rebellion and recuperation build on; i.e., oppositional praxis pimping demons out or liberating them in equal, warring measure!

⁵⁸ "This gal suggested... maybe I should have some attentions paid to my butt's hole!" (Letterkenny's ["It's Impolite to Kiss and Tell,"](#) 2016).

So often, cis-het men are afraid of non-normative sex, but want it anyways; re: virgin/whore syndrome; i.e., getting it from those who are more used to being treated as sex objects/advertisement props: women (or those forced to identify as/act like women). Framed as "closer" to nature all its forms, and routinely sold under capital as such, women both a) live on the fetishized and cliché, "wild side" of things, and b) appear as chaste maidens or ordinary people (the "angel in the streets, freak in the sheets" paradox). Cryptonymy is something to enact all of these things with; i.e., it becomes a game of show-and-conceal, repressed agents speaking to what they normally mark as swallowed by Gothic's usual vanishing points: castles, whores and other such event horizons. "On the ashes of something not quite present," we demon sluts become ghosts in spectral castles that come and go like dreams, the latter dictated by socio-material turbulence!

For example, I once worked with someone from Norway who was making a graphic novel: about a redhead named Madikken (reillustrated by me, below). The story concerned the original author's closeted sex fantasies, which they wanted to celebrate *and* bury in the same breath. As such, the "vanishing point" was in full effect, here; i.e., the closer the author got to the sex scene, the less detailed it became! The color all but vanished from the pages' pastoral scenes, and the quality of the art disappeared as well. I could see their shame unfold in this respect; i.e., clearly embarrassed by their own desires, the author closeted them mid-novel on account that they were basically MAGA in that part of the world (they loved Trump and Gamergate was in vogue)!

Out-of-text, this had a censoring effect on the actual book, as well. [We originally published the novel in 2016](#), only to have them scrap it/the main character entirely. Except, entropy needn't be a censoring force. Picking up the pieces, I took Madikken and won her in a legal dispute, putting her squarely out of the closet! For me, Madikken's strong and out there—having an ass and body that don't quit. She puts in work and is proud of it!



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

To it, we sluts live for any theatrical tensions that arise, doing so to create in ways we *can* control; i.e., watching weird canonical nerds clutch their pearls, fearing our dark suggestions of damnation and delight making them sweat bullets. Trouble in paradise? That's *just* our game! We live for it, but also camp canon to survive; re: watching them crap their pants something of a special treat, but likewise entirely necessary during revolutionary cryptonymy: when reading the room to sus out who's good and bad faith using *our* Aegis!

Furthermore, torturously disabusing them of such harmful notions—i.e., by radicalizing them through ludo-Gothic BDSM (often sex)—is, unto itself, tremendously validating. Sex and force, pleasure and pain, metal and pulp media at large—modular and united, each works like a charm, the whore using her bag of tricks ("Wind! Fire! All that kind of thing!") to heat their client up and strike while the metal's hot. Pent up, we release tension, fight stress, and have fun on top of catharsis. This house is *clean*, babes!

To *that*, while certainly drug-like, we don't owe chudwads (who certainly *feel* owed sex) an enabler's taste, nor personal instruction/a benefit of the doubt, be that roleplay or sex. But people are seldom black-and-white. The state, being straight, enforces straightness in its own image, meaning we can corrupt that. Any work-in-progress, then, can promote its own potential to improve, and if we see that potential on someone's surface and choose to act on it—to mold it like clay into something better than before—well, that's our choice, isn't it? "I like them. Let's put in the work; but regardless of what happens, I'll have fun!"

So while demons constantly transform, pushing towards a "final form," they generally shift forever under surveillance, and always towards new growth and understanding. Amounting to perpetual evolution ocularized, and furnished by competing natural and socio-material forces, revolution is a journey and a cycle, not a destination (the state will always resist development). To it, relationships don't exist in vacuums; workers must adapt and, as REO Speedwagon puts it, "[Keep pushing!](#)" To learn, then, is to *keep* learning regarding labor and sex, gender and activism as demonic. Like a birthday party with friends, one happens followed by another amid fresh growth and maturity! Applying that to Gothic, so many breakthroughs, demon "cakes" (muffins, pies, etc) and splashes of wet rapture await (so much yummy frosting to eat and paint ourselves with)!



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

Furthermore, any teacher who passes sex-positive knowledge to a former entitled dumbass is going to love seeing their work bear fruit; i.e., making the world better according to what we put into it—through

what we give *back* to workers and the world (versus taking endlessly from workers as the state does, watching us). The gift is both an item and a lesson, fighting alienation with demonization: to promote reunion with the never-was to engender what *could be*.

This goes for sex, but also social practices tied to power exchange through sex work and gender expression; i.e., applying to "devils" among sex workers, lovers, and drag queens, all trying like Sisyphus to get people to abandon harmful ideas by having them watch and learn from us—gazing upon our Aegis' surfaces and thresholds. Few things are as uphill as rewiring dogma to regain meaningful connection through alien, fetishized things (re: Capitalism alienates and sexualizes everything pursuant to profit, thus rape and genocide). So when it actually happens, that frankly feels amazing! "You're doing it, babe! *We're* doing it!"



(artist: [In Case](#))

Sex is forbidden/anathema under capital, but also sold in conspicuous, highly-watched ways we can recreate, abjuring privatization and breaking Capitalist Realism; i.e., through praise, scorn, or anything else we want to roleplay and give back, on and offstage. It's not something to fear above all else, but overcome fear *about* and welcome

accordingly back into our lives: letting "Satan" and "darkness" into us as holistic unto suffering-as-comorbid, but also healing through commodity! That's good praxis, and ideally it should mobilize workers into loving the exchange of/doing away with bad knowledge and lies for good knowledge and lies, thus restoring confidence by synthesizing it. In true demonic fashion, then, these translate to any form of power/knowledge exchange you could dream up; i.e., any relationship or fantasy thereof that can be had between two or more workers; e.g., me meeting Zeuhl and them delighting at the power we shared, and which they often dictated the terms of (often at my expense, though I learned a lot, and savored their fat, hairy "deli-cut" pussy—similar to the one in the illustration, above): something to see power play out as, through sex in common, socialized, artistic forms.

Sex is power and power takes work to, well, work; you have to juggle this with that and while it *is* generally a lot of fun, it doesn't always *last*. And it, as power always does, takes many different forms from cycle to cycle. In turn, complex ideas should be able to be communicated as simply as possible through playtime exhibited! The optics consist of fun, but also profound, demonic change had in life-altering ways—giving and receiving through poetics lenses, liberty and license; i.e., whose licentious ardor can shape how we profligates wield power and see through it as something to operate and articulate unto others: through play

reclaiming humanity as "torture." Churches, after all, are classically prisons of faith people escape inside themselves.

In **BDSM**, this is called "a scene" or "a negotiation," and combines imagination with playfulness to marry fun with Gothic conventions/reinvention; i.e., to make us not just horny/cum, but able to navigate/negotiate and give/receive power out in the real world: as half-real, trapped between the fiction and rules, the fantasy and the reality as forever in flux! While physical abuse is something you can disassociate from, emotional abuse is ongoing and participatory in ways that cannot be ignored so easily. Seeing how such games involve people who don't want to play but are concentrated into tight, cramped spaces that not only surveille them, but force them to participate, the only way to escape segregation is by subverting the flow of power *while* being subjected to it!

For workers or the state, the aesthetic (and chiastic dualism) of dealings with the devil remain largely unchanged: in punitive systems that would seem to both discourage and encourage said behaviors! To litigate better boundaries, you must break down old ones and learn what works and what doesn't, using whatever "clay" you decide as you do. Short of total genocide (with ethnic cleansing designed to wipe capital, thus the state, clean⁵⁹), this eventually becomes second-nature on a community level: to work with thicker and juicier variants of the same-old "clay" formulating new tasty (and backdoor, Hannibal-the-general-style) propositions! Churches classically construct through front-facing façades flanked with not just with divine sunlight, but shadowy confessionals, choir screens, and straight-up torture dungeons speaking to repressed desire under a cloistered existence that expects people to court and breed, but in modest, highly controlled forms (e.g., Mormon "soaking" rituals allowing for PIV penetration, but not thrusting in and out of the vagina—requiring a third party under the bed to assist in the motions by kicking upwards into the mattress): a recipe for worker blue balls, but also resenting those controlling sex for the state.



(artist: [In Case](#))

In Case, for example, specializes in demonic art, of which they express in earthly-to-hellish forms using a variety of costumes (e.g., nuns, left); i.e., tied to different institutions of power and knowledge exchange whose barriers demon(strate) and transform, sure

enough, in disguise: tit for tat, changing shape and dress to liberate ourselves

⁵⁹ Such erasure is impossible. For one, language is always haunted by echoes of trauma; re: palimpsests and *cryptomimesis*. Furthermore, the state cannot afford to completely erase monsters, because profit requires them to move money through nature. God needs Satan to justify his empire.

through fantasies of transgression that, however gross in excess and provocative they seem, cannot actually harm anyone!

This is not a new idea (though it is a "novel" one, haha). Matthew Lewis' *The Monk* (1796)—a story written by a twenty-year-old gay man in a time when queerness was expressed entirely in Gothic fakery instead of medical documents—gleefully has Matilda imitate/profane the Madonna to *excite* Ambrosio, the story's star dupe. From Rosio revealing himself to be Matilda and later Matilda as a crossdressing servant of the devil styling herself as a painting of the Madonna that becomes simply the devil, period, "he" becomes "she" becomes something without shape—all according to a *hidden* devilish urge that Ambrosio both loves and fears, and which Matilda brings out in him to critique and expose the church: as mendacious and rapey through him! As such, Ambrosio becomes a slave to faith; i.e., a house of God that houses jailors who are, themselves, jailed. They preach austerity but do not practice it, are ignominiously ripped apart instead by gay devils in God's absence!

In Case's art speaks to indulgence overshadowed by God as someone to defile with relish. In turn, doing so teases a campy, bad-echo, crossdressing power game well at home in Gothic fiction before, during and after Lewis' work; i.e., nuns dressing in black and white, misbehaving under God's roof (above): "Heaven holds a place for those who 'pray'" (Simon and Garfunkel's "[Here's to You, Mrs. Robinson](#)," 1968). All constitute ludo-Gothic BDSM, thus precious opportunities to subvert and transgress against canonical, thus policed, pernicious forms of demonic power exchange felt within churchly spheres; i.e., through heretical, "almost holy" games, we gay demons play with things we shouldn't. Speaking to a profound and ceaseless delight, iconoclastic liberation *from* inquisition affords fresh, vital perspective, mid-instruction; e.g., "Suck on him like this! Learn what he likes and respond to each other in kind!"

In doing so, you learn how to relate as people do, but in sex-positive versions thereof: through psychosexual rituals of sex and force, thus power exchange on a two-way street. Making people "come" to earth-shattering revelations—e.g., about sex and gender uprooted from biology but able to play with it anyways—is one of a sex worker's biggest joys: to "see the light" by playing with "darkness." Attached to morphological and cosmetic freedom, good sex and BDSM can radically change your perception of canon's unironic aesthetics of torture; i.e., power is control during feelings of no control, paradoxically acted out during calculated risk regaining said control (for us, not the state).

Per *my* arguments, then, such tutelage and the demonic power it affords remain entirely rooted in performance and play "dressed up"; i.e., in the abject language of power and death, putting "harm" in exquisitely "torturous" quotes; re: ludo-Gothic BDSM! We're *all* toys to play with, lessons to learn! Power is plastic, so assume whatever form/combination of forms aid in passing good instruction/demonic flexibility along while collaborating inside inescapable

shadows/shows of state rule (necessity is the mother of invention, worker counterterror challenging the state's throttling of creativity *vis-à-vis* state monopolies, trifactas, and qualities of capital during class-culture and race war). In doing so, watch your horizons, minds (and other things) expand!

To that, there's certainly multiple iconic standbys—e.g., the red devil with a pitchfork, pointy tail and horns, or the phallic-woman dominatrix succubus whipping naughty boys inside her retro-future dungeon, infringing liminally on holier grounds. As things to pilot and perform, such dominatrixes take endless forms per the Gothic aesthetic and its "sweet spot" between pleasure and pain (often confusing them on purpose); e.g., Chun Li hyphenating Amazons, slutty mil spec/cop uniforms (the character is a cop, thus crimefighter dressed up, often enough, as a weightlifting whore), all-purpose (and endless) Halloween costumes, toys for boys and honeypots: muscle inside scantily-clad outfits, where the avatar's thunder thighs, stockings and tell-tale spike bracelets let players police the slum during kayfabe-style *Amazonomachia*! Sex is literally a weapon, dogma dressed up as fun and games!



([source](#))

True to form, friendly-looking demons have darker doubles, then; e.g., the cackling, histrionic and leather-clad dark mistresses from the *Dungeon Keeper* franchise (next page)... which really aren't all that different functionally from xenomorphs, cenobites, or Lewis' Matilda dominating through frog-like amplexus; i.e., torturously phallic, faux-medieval poetics hyphenating sex with vaso vaginal penetrative violence, queerness with needles and medieval-to-modern medicine/malpractice, etc. Enemies of the state enjoy one "luxury" afforded to them, in this respect: alienation as humanization (re: Said's pleasures of exile).

To exist in this sphere is grounds not just for dismissal or arrest, then, but termination of a more exterminatory sort. Until then, it's constant containment, surveillance, and torture; i.e., the Radcliffe-style⁶⁰ rescinding and deprivation of

⁶⁰ As Nick Groom writes (from the Oxford World's Classics of *The Italian*, 2017):

Ann Radcliffe may have not been a revolutionary, but her work is far from being conservative—she repeatedly tested the boundaries of orthodoxy at a time of revolutionary foment. This may explain why everything is under scrutiny in *The Italian*. It is a novel suffused with secrets and mysteries, and pervaded by scrutiny, examination, and interrogation. [...] It looks forward to a society in which order is enforced by institutions keeping individuals under perpetual surveillance. As such, *The Italian* [is] very much a novel for the twenty-first century.

So often, play is couched within abuse (or vice versa), concealing itself as "just games." We'll return to Radcliffe and Groom deeper in the module; suffice to say, she wrote her stories in the wake of the French Revolution and before women could legally own property. In doing so, she helped provide unique perspective through Gothic fiction, speaking to state abuse and control felt then and now in and out of such stories.

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rights, dressed up as justice per the Spanish Inquisition reimagined. It's moralized, an argument unto itself that leads to generational remorse, regret, and for our purposes, roleplay reversing such axioms through the same basic aesthetics and their associate actions: selling ourselves for workers versus taking state pay to punch down! Prurience cannot be stopped, so the state surveilles it in brothels as prison-like and paradoxically enough, highly publicized and "ecclesiastical."

In turn, all require us whores, suiting up, to blend in/stand out onstage and off, and whose poetically sexualized weaponization comes with various broad strokes to paint with and larger arguments about demons to keep in mind. We'll cite some of these next (as block quotes), then close the symposium out with some thoughts about religion (which demons play with)!



([source](#))

Broad Strokes; Some Larger Arguments about Demons

Concerning the Demon Module as a whole, the holistic demands of Gothic Communism (and sheer poetic multiplicity and potential of demons) all but require me to paint in broad strokes, going forwards: if something is a "demon," it emphasizes power/forbidden knowledge exchange and transformation (which basically makes the *Mighty Morphin'* Power Rangers quintessential demons, per a neoliberal power trip; re: "teenagers with attitude!"). We'll cover all our bases, through ludo-Gothic BDSM, but there won't be as many close-reads as the Undead Module (at least, not for the first edition, v1.0)!

As usual, our aim is **intersectional solidarity** during a pedagogy of the oppressed—one meant to raise the degree of public knowledge and power when

spectated about; re: expressed liminally as emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness during praxial synthesis (class war is race war, race war is culture war, etc): to locate the expression of worker traumas (queer or otherwise) and subvert their canonical, punitive forms. In doing so, we want to reverse abjection along the ghost of the counterfeit felt through our daily lives—the rules and games we install and play out versus those of the state (church or not).

By examining zombies, vampires and ghosts during the Undead Module, we've already looked at the many different ways that monstrous persecution and creation go hand-in-hand with *conditional* monsters; i.e., monsters that imply a status or affliction assigned to them by Cartesian powers (we've also examined the "feeding" vector of each monster type relative to this condition). Except, it also applies to demons through forbidden knowledge (thus power) exchange often being sexual: "flow" something to go with and induce/indulge in; re: undead take back when they feed on trauma, demons give back when they teach forbidden knowledge to transform.



(exhibit 43e2b: Artist: [Mugiwara Art](#). "I want you to cum all over me!" Cum = data, darkness, and seeds, but also where to "sow" them. As things to give, commands are powerful, insofar they consider power through sex as, from the French Revolution onwards, relegated to the bedroom [re: Foucault]; i.e., as a side of power exchanges/knowledge checks and gaps both forbidden outside of such areas and canonically advertised everywhere as "terrorism," *vis-à-vis* Crawford. Amateur porn showcases that in ways that stress how worker can transform through knowledge exchange as "guerrilla"; e.g., angel in the streets, demon in the sheets. It becomes power for workers through knowledge as something verboten to share: through globs and globs on one's fuzzy mound and squishy body as delicious—not just forbidden sodomy-style knowledge, but tasty fruit as darkly Satanic per revolutionary practices enacted and witnessed during the summoning of "rape"; i.e., establishing boundaries independent of state dogma.)

To that, specifically keep our **modular thesis argument** in mind, as I won't have time to set it up and stress it neatly per monster type as *demonic*:

Capitalism achieves profit by moving money through nature; profit is built on trauma and division, wherein anything that serves profit gentrifies and decays, over and over while preying on nature. Trauma, then, cultivates strange appetites, which vary from group to group per the usual privileges and oppression as intersecting differently per case; i.e., psychosexual trauma

(the regulation of state sex, terror and force) and feeding in decay as a matter of complicated (anisotropic) exchange unto itself, but also shapeshifting and knowledge exchange *vis-à-vis* nature as monstrous-feminine: something to destroy by the state or defend from it using the same Satanic, darkness-visible aesthetics/*pandemonium*.

As such, demonic *transformation* and knowledge/power *exchange* are anisotropic;



(artist: [In Case](#))

trauma makes us decay/corrupt as monstrous-feminine or fascist (token or not), albeit in ways that cause us to develop *demonic* habits that are to some degree sex-positive or sex-coercive inside and outside the bedroom as canonically abjecting such things. Said flow of power is seldom clean, too, lurking in the odd, spicy and grey liminal area of the theatre stage, the monster costumes viewed there hardly exclusive to neoliberal Capitalism; re: with past poets closer to death, rape and raw sexuality in ways we're currently alienated from (save in fetishized forms that serve profit inside the state of exception). Persephone, once in Hell, can stay there if it please her (dualities in full effect, of course); she can "crown" fresh abortions—to

witness and play with the mighty and grotesque, but also Numinous afterbirth.

Fortunately, hauntology lets workers brush against the past; i.e., as nostalgic in ways that never quite existed, yet push towards Communism anyways: as canonically aborted by capital/the process of abjection (and other Gothic theories). Exploitation and liberation sit in the same shadow spaces, as do pro-state and pro-worker apocalypse arguments that fend off or expand the state of exception (and state forces using DARVO and obscurantism to muddy the waters): the state is incompatible with life, consent and workers, and we are with it! We must hug Medusa, not fear her, but there can still be Gothic thrills/doubles; e.g., the xenomorph is basically a sex demon threatening alien rape⁶¹ against token

⁶¹ We've already discussed the chimeric, "ancient" qualities of the xenomorph in the Undead Module (e.g., the tokophobic, queerphobic, and racist elements to the monster); but will return to examine it even more moving forwards (especially tokenism/witch cops attacking nature, in "[Derelicts, Medusa and Giger's Xenomorph](#)").

Amazonian maidens, but whose immortal design ditches the red for all waspy⁶²



black: pure death that sometimes covers itself in human blood and gore!

This speaks to an honorary third quality of demons (though it relates to unequal power): sin, but especially **desire** (commonly expressing in religious forms as "burning passion"). From Radcliffe's menacing **demon lovers** and **Black Veil** (re: Wolff's "[Radcliffean Gothic Model](#)," which came out the same year as *Alien*, 1979), we can

see the pursuit of a vulnerable party (classically framed as white, cis-het and female, in Neo-Gothic literature) by a dark, arrested/Oedipal, wholly murderous slasher to, if not outright overcome, then at least survive: a killer's reputation that permeates the dark out-of-doors and castled, churchly and/or graveyard environments to equal measure! Nigh elemental, these are deeply ingrained, well-established-if-partly-founded/unfounded fears with tell-tale classic embodiments (usually big men with dick-like knives; e.g., Jason Voorhees' machete from *Friday the 13th*, above) predicated on concealment and revelation occupying the same



infernal, golem-esque bodies: "darkness" as a trigger to throw and experience calculated-risk sensations.

Historically within Gothic, a dialectic of the alien and of shelter orbit around a privileged liminal group, white women; i.e., going from

property to proprietor amid a state of transition, speaking to the only idea of "affection" they're ever known—pursuit and abuse from someone for whom restraint is a myth, rape is automatic, and for which sex and harm overlap (rape being an act of total domination): a transient, regressive/reductive violator-inflictor of harmful, psychosexual pain. Doing so per transaction, the class character is one of white, middle-class women demonizing poor people/immigrants/slaves through liminal expression since Radcliffe's *Italian* (or Lewis' *Monk*, minus that story's camp)—as abject, hulking maulers, invaders, trespassers in alien likenesses to their homes instead of their husbands and actual houses: getting their knickers in a twist over supernatural-tinged highwaymen (or castle knights) ravishing them.

Though it's a toy-like, evocative simulation of mutilative, life-or-death exchanges—and Freudian analysis isn't something Gothic Communism endorses (favoring dialectical-material scrutiny)—the fact remains that genuine feelings of fight, flight, fawn, freeze and flop regularly leap to mind when facing slashers (and the Halloween-grade, mad-science-meets-black-magic, holiday superstitions

⁶² Arguably a Protestant ethic pun as much as insectoid life-cycle metaphor.

associated with them and their haunted lands). That's arguably the point, but these human, or at least humanoid, bugbears sit alongside fearful sightings of state enemies; re (from Volume One):

The Western world is generally a place that testifies to its own traumas by fabricating them; i.e., as markers of sovereignty that remain historically unkind to specific groups that nevertheless survive within them as ghosts of unspeakable events linked to systemic abuse. Trauma, in turn, survives through stories corrupted by the presence of said abuse. There is a home resembling a castle, where a ghost—often of a woman—lurks inside having been met with a sorry fate. But undeath is something that can be felt through echoes of ourselves that aren't diegetically spectral; they *feel* spectral through an uncanny resemblance, like standing over our own graves. This becomes something to play with, akin to an (at-times) humorous, even trashy gallows theatre rife with dark, forbidden language: sin, vice, violent sex, all-around death, and other taboo subjects ([source](#): "Healing from Rape").

In short, these orations of rape/demonic poetics and play are cathartic *and* criminogenic, educating and agitating to pacify as much as to rebel (re: controlled opposition). They're chilling and dogmatic, praxially inert in canonical forms that see white women fetishizing those they commodify and police (re: Jameson's "[boring and exhausted paradigm](#)"): the "help" as outsider but also strong-thighed bargeman, lycanthrope, sperm donor for lady what's-her-name to fantasize with.

As far as demons more broadly go, mortal combat is a huge part of medieval theatre (the duel, *Beowulf*-style). Obviously this carries over into the adrenaline and ambrosia of modern-day BDSM/vice theatre; i.e., playing for laughs, thrills and *cryptomimetic*, legitimate-to-illegitimate boundary-breaking and setting exercises; e.g., *Mortal Kombat*'s dark '90s rock 'n roll, sold-on-CD aesthetic—its arcade-style forces of darkness, outworld shenanigans, and the passing of order into chaos, [videogames into celluloid](#). It's a place to play and preach in equal measure, for the state or against it using the same demonic, hitman's stabby-stabby language; re: courtly love, the way of the warrior as lovable scoundrel (e.g., Trevor Goddard hamming up Sonya Blade's evil foil, Kano below, as part-meathead, part-phantom-of-the-opera). Better to have the language to play with than not; i.e., to play is to



think about power through Gothic poetics (and their live-bur-al conventions) for cathartic purposes, making us strong enough to push back—often by killing our rapist in pure trashy schlock with a dark, genuine and swift undercurrent.

At their most basic, then, demons of all kinds operate sex-dungeon clubs/toy-like novelties replete with music, action and gory theatrics laden with an important asexual element: investigating all of the things listed above, granting them an artistic, social, campy/gallows-humor component that concerns healing from trauma versus simply getting off to this or that; i.e., interrogating our confused predator/prey responses, seeking death/the void in ways that speak to our rapturous survival: establishing control during feelings of us lacking control, generally on the cusp of almost-certain temptation, doom, delight and ecstasy! Part of that denial and indulgence (a mentality that embodies the West), the dominatrix is all-at-once inaccessible and forbidden, and very front-and-center! "You want this 'rape,' don't you, slut?"

Do we? It's complicated, but excluding battered housewives and other comorbidities during ongoing abuse, survivors of abuse like to put "harm" in quotes; e.g., to be spit-roasted by masked men *provided* there's an element of control merged with the self-destructive theatrics (and provided no harm takes place)! Humans are messy and trauma only makes us messier (for which there's the paradox of Gothic oxymorons, too; e.g., [Monty Python's Spanish Inquisition threatening people with comfy chairs to make them confess](#))!

This forbidden sight extends to world politics, on and offstage. From Israel to America's Vietnam or any other settler colony project, the problem of demons remains one of police violence; i.e., the deliberate and systemic abuse of demonic language to serve state aims; re: raping nature as monstrous-feminine to harvest it through settler-colonial means. But, to reiterate, they have to essentialize these monopolies of demonic sight to hold onto those territories, which is impossible.

Indeed, as Asprey writes, "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](#)). State monopolies seek to decay rebellious forces (and their perceptive vision) and present them, *vis-à-vis* Parenti, as false versions of themselves: as open fascists, but also moderate, disguised forms of the same police agents (often playing as "guerillas," themselves). We are devils in disguises versus the state's devils in disguise. There's no avoiding *that* duality. The sooner we accept that and modify our cryptonymy's weaponized sex accordingly during the dialectic of the alien, the better!



(artist: [Homare Works](#))

Keep that in mind throughout this module, as I won't overly stress it (we'll rehash it, but won't discuss police abuse to nearly the same extent as the Undead Module did; e.g., the "Bad Dreams" chapter). But also keep in mind that, like all monsters, the paradox of class, culture and race war through demonic

poetics owes to how all demons use the same base aesthetics of power and knowledge, but also transformation hovering nakedly on the cusp of Great Destruction (the maiden/sub threading the labyrinthine castle while avoiding/seeking the demon lover); i.e., to **anisotropically** reverse the usual flow that power and knowledge travel in, often through transformation/the presentation of something standing transformatively in for something else, a "blinding" that sees forbidden things with; e.g., xenomorphs for Communists; re (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: [...] subjugated phallic women castrating a female master rebel, once she visibly tries—through a dissident question of mastery—to reverse the status-quo binary (and flow) of terrorism and counterterrorism by showing her trauma, anger and willingness to fight back against a presumed overlord ([source](#): "A Deeper Look at Cartesian Trauma in Rape Culture").

Demons—in all their shapes, sizes and colors—obey the same rudimentary principles for or against the state as straight, putting nature-as-monstrous-feminine to work. Those who shift power towards the state will be viewed as "counterterrorists" (cops or deputized forces); those who don't will be seen as "terrorists" (re: Crawford's "[Invention of Gothic Terrorism](#)") or criminals for cops to punish and victimize per the Cartesian, heteronormative and settler-colonial process, mid-abjection.

The same is true for us in reverse, then, our doubles and their paradoxes' food for thought illustrating duality mid-opposition and inviting troubling comparisons that, for us, break Capitalist Realism and reclaim our lost humanity in the eyes of state forces; e.g., David in *Alien: Covenant* being a terrorist in the eyes of the company but also occupying that giant shadowy space between Nazi and Communist. Pastiche can be perceptively "blind," or just blind unto enslavement through the same darkness.

Conclusion: New Eyes, Forbidden Sight (and "Religious" Concerns)

So ends the symposium. There's plenty in here we could only touch upon, and much of what we introduced here we'll return to/unpack later throughout the

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entire module. This starts with how demons alter our perception using the forbidden knowledge they give; i.e., operating as a kind of forbidden sight—a poetic gateway or keyhole to darker realms of repressed knowledge, thus exchange:



As such, we shall further consider demons' anisotropic flow of power and knowledge moving forwards, but also their whore-like shapeshifting abilities. Demons can change shape, often through illicit, occult forms of sex like Matilda's clothing but also her skin; i.e., as a psychosexual, oft-violent summoning ritual invading sites of godly surveillance projected onto secular doubles: to summon, show/conceal and disseminate forbidden knowledge about violence and sex under state influence (thus abuse). This remains our poetic focus, not the eating of trauma as such. Yet demons-as-modular intersect with the undead to comment on nature-as-alien/monstrous-feminine; i.e., in oft-composite ways that feel hellish *and* undead (re: Skeletor), but also quasi-religious; e.g., Giger's Gothic surrealism one of many dark churches, *mise-en-abyme*.

The Gothic and its psychosexual theatre thrives in the counterfeiting of religious things (re: Walpole's *Otranto*) to speak in code, and I would be absolutely remiss to not mention *that*. For the rest of this conclusion (seven pages), I want to consider something popular about demons that we haven't touched upon, yet, but *will* come up in the module ahead: the "religious" elements!

Churches were schools of the medieval world, and continue to spread dogma through shells of their former canonical greatness (re: Hogle). Per Cartesian dualism, capital divides in service to profit through emotional manipulation, gentrifying and decaying anything it requires to do so. This hauntology/canceled retro-future includes Christianity's endless dominion/schisms and denominations ordering nature as such: to mask genocide as "charity" using the order of power-as-pecking-order instructing us-versus-them violence, mid-crisis-and-decay (the state rots, tolling its Pavlovian alarm/funeral bells; the menticed holy regress like gargoyle cops—to defend said order's laws under attack by Satanic criminals).

Apart from canon, though, demons offer up a wild cradle for release and resentment alike, allowing for new apostatic regrowth in Gothic spheres *camping* the canon; i.e., to safeguard nature *from* state forgeries, the Madonna winking at whores in the audience waging class warfare liberating all workers through intersectional solidarity as, to some degree, out of joint. Tailored through "almost holy" prostitution, their second-coming resurrections (and gooey rapture, below) surround the nun or the Madonna as anything but immaculate; i.e., normally ransomed by capital holding everything hostage, releasing vital fluid and "fatal" knowledge about nature-as-pimped-out under state control: through the kinds of storied, performative, and panting *ahegao*, all-too-hungry lessons (about lust and the other deadly sins) that demons in particular are known for (e.g., naughty



nuns—again, below)! Sinning gloriously to release ourselves from state influence, we flirt with "danger" to release police-like holds on our fear-addled brains! God is blind to our nightly trespasses, the evil eye a myth but the *church* panopticon watching us like lepers! So do we demon sluts bloom like fungus inside their blind spots, making our own poetic arguments that refute theirs—through Neo-Gothic paradox, our seditious "organs" working in concert!

(artist: [Bec Santus](#))

Simply put, demons are born-again whores; i.e., threatened with rape by state forces and relieving stress by burning their churches down, then and raising pandemonium from the euphemistic ashes' calculated risk. Thirsty for knowledge-as-forbidden, these euphoric, promiscuous instructors grant comparably prurient lessons meant to trouble blind faith coded into workers by state copaganda; i.e., by playing with the virgin/whore binary through the world's oldest profession as normally policed in demonic psychosexual language. By joyously *scorning* dogma, sluts secure special sight surrounding spoiled subjects, their policing of which Satanic atheists/Gothic Communists lampoon by example: to unspool us before installing new demonic threads in the place of older tapestries, seeing the light our Paganized darkness emanates! It's code, the corruption a data unto itself upsetting state boundaries-for-me-not-thee! We're not doing it to enjoy special privileges—e.g., nuns playing as ninja vigilantes (exhibit 48b)—but fight for equal rights granted unto all peoples; i.e., as brothel espionage, our impersonation a revolutionary cryptonymy for those who know! Canon is like a light switch, one we can flip on and off framed as "fake," giving another dimension to our coded pornographic missives: hiding in plain sight, smuggling Satanic rebellion inside faux reliquaries! Espionage is a Gothic utility through the femme fatale playing as naughty nun (someone paradoxically able to infiltrate a patriarchal space *because* she's a slut).

Missionary brides are victims of prescription, segregating themselves to submit to state enforcers. Classically expected to turn into demons—to spread their legs and dutifully have babies, then become the things that holy men ward off in public, but indulge in private (from doggystyle to sodomy of all kinds)—such women are kept, thus trapped. To be a good little *Communist* whore, then, is to be a good teacher/code-switcher pointing state (and token) hypocrisies out! Revolution is to get off the fence—to get *ourselves* off, period, motivating good praxis during oscillating positions of master and apprentice, sinner and saint, giver and receiver using Gothic language! We give and accept fresh knowledge in all its neo-medieval forms, such "data" including hot cum; i.e., using our abject open mouths (and other body parts/tissues) to poke fun of organized religion/capital's Protestant ethic. Often through ritualized cannibalism, blood libel and other sodomy double standards normally enjoyed *by* the state, we turn them into a crown of thorns—a thorn in the elite's side whose agony delights us to no end!

From hustle to gratuitous heist, any despoiling by us of virgins (and other such modesty/virtue arguments) is to emancipate them from holier-than-thou state forces; i.e., the latter raping women, children and minorities on a daily basis, instilling fear-and-dogma ignorance over the former to *preserve* the nuclear model's "purity" through impunity! From Rome into "Rome" under capital, the state is morally bankrupt. Steeped in controversy and scandal, such hypocrisy becomes endless crises of faith to leverage against them; any bastions to the contrary are merely a giant lie we can turn on its head. The iconoclastic idea, then, is camping harmful norms, breaking from their police traditions to install *liberatory* devotion through demonic porn/sex work at large; i.e., unto sex positivity as earnest, genuine and educational towards those revelations breaking Capitalist Realism (and canon's sex-coercive myopia) like a stained-glass window—into pieces!

Per Weber, capital is Christian "in spirit"; i.e., of a Protestant work ethic, which reliably runs aground by operating merely as it does. So whereas Christianity evokes power in language both historically grand, vivid, and vague, the state has since hollowed out churchly house and occupant alike: profit trumps true belief, blind faith becoming bad faith cashing in on demonic doubles. It's an easy system



to retailer along state deceptions; i.e., built on the past as copied into Gothic doubles (re: the ghost of the counterfeit).

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

In response, demons of all forms generally constitute a half-real **pact** or offering—one that, in *our* hands, demolishes dogma through the

reclamation of state poetries inside "found documents" (from Walpole onwards): as "castles" (above) antithetical to status-quo bodies waiting to be exposed! Concerned with churchly "donations," and felt onstage and off, our showing of the ass (a *mea culpa*) promise/promote a Gothic-Communist "beyond." Perceived according to linguo-material exchanges that cryptonymically achieve step-by-step development in the present space and time, these Holy Grails suggest a better world through corporal data, even psychosexual violence dressed up as "death" incarnate. Extracted through calculated risk (re: convulsionnaires, demon lovers and exquisite "torture," etc), whores communicate with pain, as often as not. In turn, the state penalizes its martyrs, driving them into psychosexual rapture. Making them writhe, the elite cannot fully monopolize such agonies. Harmed, we hypnotize others by placing our "harm" in quotes! We make it gay but also demonic and undead! It becomes a pornographic, visually weaponized/vaso vagal and politically charged, inflammatory spectacle no elite can fully control.

I'm not religious (and ironically am not the biggest fan of nuns, in Gothic), but find much to subvert in religious language/canon. Furthermore, I remain entirely serious when saying that such a palliative Numinous can change us—i.e., how we see the world—by demonically playing with codified trauma; i.e., that which the state tells workers to either completely ignore, or to play with only in particular ways: "flesh and the power it holds." The price is canonically envisioned as "steep," exorbitant, and fatal. In truth, it's simply transformative, *vis-à-vis* the shadows of a Hell reclaimed by workers seeking revenge through demonic escape; i.e., from Plato's cave by using a massive cryptonymic ass, tight pussy or asshole, what-have-you, as priceless: there being no price the state can put on them to sell ourselves (and our fellow workers) out!

Instead—and per liminal expression's surfaces and thresholds (of forbidden exchange)—revolutionary whores unchain themselves "on the cross." Gaining paradoxical access to capital's usual voyeurs spectating sacrifice (always unto others), we point out various double standards that apply uncomfortably to *them*; i.e., those that—once exposed by us, smiling through the happy pain (and rough, worker-dictated sex)—strip the state bare and lay *them* naked on the altar! Guilty pleasure becomes liberatory unto realizations the state wants to vault: that their usual fixtures of power are not so holy *or* fixed! Faced with *that*, one grows defenseless against temptation and seditious reeducation!

Indeed, the heretical, naughty sense of conjuring mischief expresses through the whorish Mephistophelean; i.e., the so-called "nun" as bent, being up to no good during ludo-Gothic BDSM—that one is breaking state rules/canonical laws to free one's mind from bourgeois dogma and illusions, thus interrogate state trauma. This happens through similarity amid difference, strung vicariously together by willing allies playing games of a restorative, debriding sort: the pedagogy of the oppressed as a shared, oft-naked activity—gettin' down with the devil in *us* as abjected by state forces! We reverse this ghastly procedure on our Aegis, gorging and gouging

this with that. "Stare and tremble!" becomes an invitation: to play with power yourselves, following the white rabbit as demonic whore.

Regardless of whom, subverting state conventions—reclaiming and humanizing their fetishes and clichés—*should* feel "dangerous," hence intimate, intimidating and fun; i.e., hooking up free of judgement, mid-disco, delivering the goods for two (or more) people indulging in deep, bottomless appetites; i.e., of all shapes and sizes to share with those looking in (often ourselves, watching the footage in private)! To see how the other side lives, "destruction" means giving ourselves to each other entirely—to hold heaven in a wildflower!



(artist: [Mugiwara Art](#))

Through poetic license, we Gothic Communists aggregate and solidarize, exchanging holistic tit for tat through ludo-Gothic BDSM as churchly pun, live burial; e.g., burying the bishop (the church and its dimorphic expressions of power are full of sex puns)! Like demons, Hell and true rebellion are what you make of them: through biomechanical trigger responses; e.g., piercings, tattoos, sex toys, knife play and so on as body-horror "new flesh"; i.e., relating to people as animate-inanimate objects, recipients of closeted rage whose diaphanous permanence expresses across bodies the only way it can, short of just filming it "as is." Demons express autonomy amid damage and healing sharing the same spaces. These become a confusion of this with that; i.e., as language exists naturally and soupily in the brain and across history's space-time: to tightrope lightning and be full of it as PTSD, which can trigger in martyred, dualistic, accessibly gargoyle shorthand ways we can dialectically-materially channel to thwart capital's dire historical materialism.

So often, the palliative Numinous communicates through ludo-Gothic BDSM, in this respect; i.e., mixing erogenous pleasure and non-harmful pain haunted by harm living inside-outside us: dogma on churchly walls. It, in turn, expresses during various relationships to sex and force through others; i.e., clawing power back any way we can, taking control of out-of-control situations per the human condition as such: to feel social again through anti-social/alienating tendencies we can socio-materially rewire through safely chaotic outlets (the collocating of power that translates so readily and accessibly in religious forgeries; re: "Gothic"). The code-switcher's idea/preference is to appreciate and understand psychosexual dysfunction as a spectrum; e.g., the Tin Man versus Ryan Gosling in *Drive* (2010); i.e., doing so in coded spectral ways that divorce from actual psychosexual harm, but manifest through demonic echoes during liminal expression! Love is a package deal, but not a ball and chain; i.e., that, once triggered, our trauma lets us

transform our past (and the "past" of churchly spheres essentially the present as "stuck"), learning from and facing it without shame to lead to new exciting destinies (rewriting the church and our place in its theatrical in-betweens)!

So keep everything we've discussed in mind, up to this point; i.e., staying vigilant and perceptive as we forge ahead into the Demon Module's object lessons: weighing our linguo-material extensions that we embody in turn, during ludo-Gothic BDSM. Exchange all the essence that you can, use all the toys you can; i.e., the larger ones giving you an element of control that often has an enormous size/alien element to its design, for calculated-risk purposes; e.g., less "murder dick" (what my ex and I would call period sex) and more freaky toys for cuties of all walks seeking to regain agency through infernal, demonic play! Both loose and tight, erogenous and painful, closeness to power can be incredibly medicinal, but also



revolutionary! "Oh god, it's growing bigger!" Our sleeves hunger for God's rod *and* Satan's shaft ("I can be your angel or your devil!")!

(artist: [Ashley Yelhsa](#))

Ludo-Gothic BDSM has a reclamatory function, in this respect; e.g., words like "invalid" or "alien" have as much a legal, medicalized usage that dehumanizes sex workers (with Ashley reclaiming her disabled status to fight back against people unironically using those terms to pity or prey on her). Through ourselves writhing restlessly and rapturously during ludo-Gothic BDSM, they become a kind of forbidden sight we can weaponize to mobilize and activate pastiche as paradoxically perceptive: to see with darkness (eyes and ears on the walls) as only demons can echo it! Switching code, we whores reclaim the church; i.e., as a conspicuous site of forbidden knowledge that, far from being *empty* of whores (and other demons) is positively *full* of them. All to speak to the faithful's fragility (thus tendency to turn coat) in eye-catching sites of powerful orders! Power is perception, something for the desperate and eager-to-believe do so out of convenience (the promise of sex) that we can expose, thus manipulate inside its own panics. If you kill us, you will have to face the reality that we are human; i.e., as you try to pimp, police and persecute us (denial being the final stage of genocide).

In a world that canonically watches for sin and suppresses it—whose criteria for care is unrealistic—we become ready the moment we gain a voice, a valve, and ultimately a value that can discuss things by reifying them as demonic sight: a reversing of *virtue* and *vice* similar to *terrorist* and *counterterrorist*, *legitimate* and *illegitimate* or *possible* and *impossible* (or any other binary you possibly could imagine). This linguo-material reversal takes effort to synthesize, but it remains, as

we shall see, playful, vital and fun. To it, building such churches of "rape" *should* be fun; i.e., to offend those institutions that unironically rape us. To spite any who isolate and harm us in dualistic blindness, nothing can be more holy than intimating world's without them; i.e., where we are free of their malign influence!

Of such "secret sin," Walpole's *Mysterious Mother* (1768) described an untold tale "that art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse." For us psycho sluts from outer spaces, it's time to sin in public; i.e., through art in ways that expand on Walpole's genderqueer echoing of "religious" (from Lewis' Matilda into present-day varieties of the same spoofs, above)! A popular façade to forge anew, we aren't slaves to quasi-medieval/religious symbols and erotic puns if we don't fancy them (they are a bit done-to-death), but they nevertheless remain popular and productive; i.e., in overt forms to include among our holistic, Evil Cupid's imposturous GNC quiver (we'll consider "subtler" seemingly secular varieties when we look at Giger's xenomorphic disguises)! Whatever the whore's outwardly form, the state will call her exposure and witness testimony "violent," then automatically compel/advocate for heteronormative violence against anyone humanizing the whore-as-harvest; so we, existing already as violence incarnate, must refuse to be quiet about what the state does to us every waking moment!

"Hogle argues that modern Gothic is grounded in fakery" and fake works (re: [Dave West](#)). From Walpole onwards, the Gothic predicates on encryption in ways we whores can *hijack*, mid-oscillation; i.e., the camping of Catholic orthodoxy through twilight "historical" documents: a paradoxically faithful ornamental approach/churchly embellishments to celebrate modern life by sarcastically aping the past. The joy of the Neo-Gothic author is being entombed in holy places to defile them, badly imitating them to deliberately rewrite history as-living-document (re: the historical Gothic tradition). Such reinvention speaks to organized religion historically organizing itself around lies, which our black mirrors can utilize to upend state monopolies/dogma; indeed, there's never been more of it, thus a need for workers to get creative in this respect! An equal and opposite reaction, we push back; i.e., making cops recoil and scamper away from the thing the state has alienated them from, making them fetishize/fear the most: nature and sex!

When normies make, they fit in; we stand out, enacting and embodying activism through iconoclasm reinventing language where power is stored and controlled (doing so while appearing as cool things, ourselves—like spies, assassins and whores/demons hiding in plain sight: as "maidens"). Indeed, it's our God-given right to double and camp the canon through this ghost of the counterfeit, our "secret" found documents' gloomth-y archaeology of the future sarcastically *defending* Medusa from the state by reversing abjection amid public excoriation; i.e., as whorish guerillas, ironic masters of disguise covertly concealing camp as "canon" to liberate sex work (thus all workers and nature) while relieving stress. We can change the past, thus the future (commonly expressed in hauntological media as retro-future); i.e., by using our bodies as church-like *mise-en-abyme* (the

graveyard sex of demon whores, hauntologically embellishing in medieval miracles). This is *our* land, something to infiltrate and reclaim *from* unironic missionaries passing *themselves* off as "locals." When cracks in start to show, we push it to the limit, using darkness visible holy hell (sex and force; violence, terror and morphological expression) to blow the lid off state power as hollow!

In doing so, our reclaimed Wisdom of the Ancients/proletarian Superstructure happens through iconoclastic art to paradoxically build trust in/with: as concentrically cryptonymic/framed, code-in-code, pornographic camouflage, and trashy (thus cheap), toe-curling *mise-en-abyme* (no spies, here, just whores pretending to be nuns)! Furthermore, doing so becomes something to organize and fund between workers illustrating mutual consent through rebellion as silly-serious, like Zorro; i.e., a Communist Numinous both difficult to prove but easy to spot: hiding a sword in her bosom/up her "sheath," or her bosom as "sword-like" on its dark surface carrying its own demonic power (up the bungus)! Espionage is the romantic language of the past brought forwards to serve us, here and now! If the church is a brothel, our best revenge is fitting in to transform the church while spying inside it. Profaning Madonna to take *Medusa* back, we use every toy at our disposal (natural or manmade): to pass off and pervert in equal measure!



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

Medusa's not without fans. Everyone loves sluts, especially monster mommies with knock-out assets; we want to free them (thus workers and nature) from state bondage/Original Sin (and other persecution networks, such as Orientalism). To double dogma as bad-on-purpose is to invite troubling comparison, our doing so to change power as workers utilize and perceive it, hence how it linguo—materially emerges on all registers and in all poetic forms; i.e., to alter the course of history through ourselves as things to ironically watch and learn with/think differently about than ever before: having control over our bodies, labor, sexualities and gender identities/performances despite state insistence to the contrary! What is rigid, "pure" and dogmatic can darken, becoming loose/plastic enough again to change not just shape but polarity—demonstrating those at the top as *not* being exempt from such poetic realities. As above, so below! In any hole! Sell your soul (and your bodies)! It's forever a game of constant underestimation and embellishment, hiding our power on artifacts thereof: as known for both their (un)reliability and cloak-and-dagger potential, but also coded, uncanny ability to have fun with it all! Rebellion is life-or-death, playing on dogma as undead, demonic and animalistic.

The line they walk is, at times, razor-thin. Just as nuns haunt churches, whores haunt castles and the nuclear model's imperial shadow at large—doing so in

hilarious, horny showboating ways that work to our advantage, mid-prison-break; i.e., sex and force, per Gothic invention/imagination, as limitless energies that can drive any rebellion through hauntology and cryptonymy (such euphemisms combining the language of sex, danger and war, food and death, etc): churches are brothels ordained by a false fallible god, reaping paradise and caging *its* almighty power for greedy men (and token sell-outs loyal to profit, thus policing and raping nature-as-demonic). Keeping with venal paradox, Gothic maturity is mature when rebellion encourages universal sex positivity on a cultural level through such processes swapping state fakeries out with ours. But this, as Walpole and Lewis gleefully showed us, is often immature/campy on its face!

Power isn't absolute; it's an illusion that maintains its legitimacy through performative appeals, not objective reality (re: canonical essentialism). The state polices power as a language it wants to monopolize and arrange as *it* sees fit; i.e., of power diegetically policing itself through Capitalist Realism finger-wagging iconoclasm as "childish" and "vain," criminal and illegitimate; e.g., American exceptionalism. So do we whores have hearts of gold (what the Ancient Egyptians called "the breath of god"); i.e., worn deliciously on our "orthodox" (unorthodox) sleeves, echoing across the centuries: to help you have a last-ditch change of heart, yourselves! Not to smite us as enemies, but embrace (and "smite") us as human, like you! In doing so, demon power is notoriously unequal. Perhaps you've gotten perhaps more than you bargained for, then but will have still received a far better deal than the *state* would ever give you (they don't negotiate with terrorists, which is precisely what Satan is). Such games, then, belong to our natural unalienable right to defend ourselves *from* the state; i.e., with it (and the bourgeoisie) as incompatible with life, with mutual consent as defined by us. There is no god; we are legion!

So no rest for the wicked! Dynamite coochie, let's weaponize demon sex, "raw dogging" its liminalities for workers! Reclaim Catholic excess and Protestant reformation ("Methinks the lady doth protest too much!"). Raid the church for ammunition, then give 'em hell (and other puns)! Misbehave! "Rape" ironically and jizz on dogma, danger disco—doing so to take the edge off and inject the holy prim-and-proper with the wilderness of the not-so-holy! Camp the canon, then watch state anuses implode (sending their own bad-faith doubles to mingle and imitate ours)!



(artist: [Mimsy](#))

This concludes the "religious" portion, and by extension, the demon symposium. We'll continue unpacking this idea of "forbidden sight" more *vis-à-vis* the Promethean Quest (the quest for the Numinous; re: transformative, ostensibly self-destructive power), unraveling each in the next chapter!

Forbidden Sight, Faust and the Promethean Quest; or, Knowledge and Power Exchange

*Approaching, you writhe, we take control
 Unholy inquisition, sentence very cold
 My servants, demons, take you down the hole
 Your mind destroyed now I want your soul ([source](#)).*

—Dave Padden; "Phantasmagoria," on *Annihilator's Never, Never Land* (1990)

Faustian bargains deal with devils, exchanging power to gain forbidden knowledge (often immortality or weapons, followed by fame, fortune, sex and revenge); **the Promethean Quest**, faced with ancient mysteries and devastation, sees Cartesian men of reason heading into godly realms to uncover self-destructive power once more (resulting in fatally optimistic, militarized homecomings met by rogue technology and astronoetic nostalgia).

To it, demons are *unheimlich*. Their houses look suspiciously human, as do their whorish, made-from-clay occupants; i.e., through cryptonymic acts of concealment and revelation, arrangement and argument: poetic renditions of forbidden sight (those black or red glowing eyes) gleaned through all the regular senses, as well as extra poetic ones (re: Milton was blind when he wrote *Paradise Lost*, enlisting his daughters to transcribe his dreams into Latin). As such, power



and knowledge are witnessed, albeit as "darkness visible" per exchange—through duality and paradox, demonic doubles teasing one hell of a good time!

As such, power and knowledge often exist as something to gaze *upon*, such forbidden scenery blasting the

viewer to bits; but just as often, they're meant to be played with on the Aegis, bridging this with that:

- "**[part zero: a Rape Reprise](#)**": Considers how the state rapes nature for profit, a process of abjection that can be subverted during the whore's paradox and its revenge *vis-à-vis* ludo-Gothic BDSM.
- "**[part one: Idle Hands, Weapons in Clay](#)**" (re: **blood libel**): "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!" Explores the morphology of whores inside the violent, vengeful domain of blood libel, persecution/revenge and sex demons' dark desires; i.e., psychosexual camp with traumatic baggage, examining Amazons/Medusa (demon mommies), followed by Takena's short-but-gnarly

claymation skit, "Midnight Vampire" (2024), then goblins as demon lovers exchanging poetic violence of all different kinds!

- **"[part two: Making Demons](#)" (re: Prometheus):** Explores the act of making golems/composite *manmade* demons from Mary Shelley's 1818 novel onwards!
- **"[part three: Summoning Demons](#)" (re: Faust):** Per *Alien*, *Evil Dead* and other Gothic stories, lays out the idea of summoning *occult* demons, including acts of interrogating them through the classic Neo-Gothic model: damsels, detectives and demons per canonical torture vs exquisite "torture."
- **"[Exploring the Derelict Past: the Demonic Trifecta of Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons](#)":** Considers the left-behind, derelict flavor of demons, and unpacks various poetic qualities to damsels, detectives and demons separately and together!

Hindsight 20/20. Such poetic ventures concern *rewriting* a cultural understanding of the imaginary past (re: **the Wisdom of the Ancients**) to *dismantle* state operations and illusions, which my books have previously discussed at length; i.e., to apply pre-capitalist ideas towards a post-scarcity world, one



whose pedagogy of the oppressed—when collectively synthesized amid intersectional solidarity—shatters Capitalist Realism *vis-à-vis* Gothic Communism and ludo-Gothic BDSM: nature as something to conquer versus nature fighting back against the usual weird canonical nerds "having studied the blade," nature camping cops to not only survive their wrath, but *thrive* in spite of it!

(artist: [Kordie](#))

Demons, then, embody virtue (value) and vice through warring dialectical-material forces for or against the state-as-straight; i.e., from a historical-material standpoint during oppositional praxis, demons are beings to defeat, but also welcome back to better challenge state tourneys as anything but fair!

As we proceed, then, remember several things: one, how the undead embody *feeding* and *trauma*, which overlap with demonic *exchange* and *transformation* (with power and

knowledge being synonymous during said exchanges); and two, that each poetic

lens concerns the natural world as preyed upon by capital—i.e., expressed favorably or unfavorably in such language as ironic or unironic; e.g., the composite nature of mad science and the chimeric nature of animals prone to merging with the undead and demons through commonplace medieval hauntologies, but especially demon lovers, Black Veils, and courtly love speaking cryptonymically to state abuse at home and abroad: inheritance anxiety a package deal under capital's veiled and rotting imperium.

Also recall how these variables divide as separate modules according to their respective poetic histories. In doing so, this chapter shall explore playing with demons as such; i.e., in and upon abject spaces and thresholds, which can be repeatedly conjured up anew as demons are: to *be* played with, thus interrogate power under capital (and alter its flow in either direction: anisotropically towards or away from the state). Trauma and feeding *will* come up during "Forbidden Sight," and you may think about demons in those terms if it helps. Call them "vampires" if you wish; doing so merely stresses an ongoing relationship to undead/animal poetics and the histories and *modus operandi* known to them (e.g., lycanthropy and crazy wolf men ravishing sluts, below).



Bearing all *that* out, "Forbidden Sight" will explore *exchange*, first and foremost; the chapter after it, "Call of the Wild," will explore *transformation* more pointedly (and with an emphasis on demonic, *anthropomorphic* animals that present with undead, chimeric elements—furies). Before we jump into acting out and playing with demonic exchange through whores and their revenge, I want to give a reprise on rape, just to be thorough (given the heavy subject matter); i.e., about demons as whore-like, starting with a thesis—the whore's paradox—and some arguments built around it in defense of nature: having its revenge against capital harvesting it under normalized, canonically essential circumstances.

Forbidden Sight, part zero: A Rape Reprise; or, the Whore's Paradox Having Its Revenge During Ludo-Gothic BDSM (feat. Nyx)

Rape isn't unique to Capitalism, then, but Capitalism exploits rape for profit, which always leaves a bloody footprint for us to double [...] In turn, its ubiquity is something to challenge through ludo-Gothic BDSM liberating worker minds during calculated risk [...] More to the point, "rape" is an acquired taste; victims of rape (whatever the form) experience medieval-coded, regressive fantasies of "rape" they ideally want to camp during ludo-Gothic BDSM to avoid actual rape (and overall harm) in the future. In turn, praxial catharsis occurs through iconoclasm while healing from rape in xenophilic ways that involve nature as monstrous-feminine in fetishized, cliché sites of death, damage, decay and rebirth ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "A Cruel Angel's (Modular) Thesis" (2024)

Earlier, we discussed demons having a third quality apart from *exchange* and *transformation—desire*, whose forbidden, wishful thinking/fulfillment occurs under a Western hegemon that alienates, fetishizes and scapegoats nature by design; i.e., by whoring it out during the dialectic of the alien and raping said alien for profit (from cops to states to billionaires and Pygmalions, ACAB, ASAB, ABAB, APAB, etc; re: the state is straight, thus heteronormative, settler-colonial and Cartesian). I want to offer a reprise, one we whores can work with to have our revenge, being stewards of nature better than past workers historically were or have been since capitals gradual evolution into itself!

Note: Given the importance of the whore's revenge as a concept (and how often it appears throughout the rest of the module), I've prefaced the original rape reprise and thesis argument with something of a foreword—one starring my muse and friend, Nyx! Said preface is nine pages long and poetically introduces/outlines the whore's revenge before the original thesis argument and reprise body. —Perse



(artist: [Nyx](#))

As you can imagine, profit's structure and grim prostitution historically-materially translate easily enough to *revenge* by one side committed dualistically against the other in praxial opposition—of man/the nuclear model and token Man-Box forms betraying nature and labor vs nature-as-whore and vice versa; i.e., commonly expressing as *Amazonomachia* during ancient to "ancient" wrestling kayfabe dialogs, psychomachia and similar "derelict" theatricalities, but also the Medusa and many other monstrous-feminine GNC forms that routinely play such things out as vice characters generally do: throughs monstrous theatre and its

myriad death masks, costumes and mirrors (from animals and undead, to demons), but also birthday suits! Whatever the monstrosity exhibiting itself, antiquity and weaponized nudism go together like peanut butter and chocolate! The mommy dom is delicious and crushing—like a black hole, sucking us inside! Except, notions of psychosexual aside, it's not strictly nihilism if the end result of such playtime is an end of profit, thus rape; a profane wicked joy waits for us at the ass-end of space, a dark star to take us to *its* hellish center and crush us to oblivion!



(artist: [Nyx](#))

Numinous play aside, general prostitution remains the oldest form of organized labor hence labor theft and action; i.e., the messy interlocution something to police in half-real forms, meaning ones where the whore's revenge to overcome said exploitation happens through *parodies* of trauma: performatively undermining profit as a monomythic structure, one whose yawning graveyard/narrative of the crypt hegemonically leads to overlapping persecution networks, onstage and off; e.g., blood libel, sodomy and witch-hunt arguments (whose revenge theatres we'll unpack sequentially as we go). Whatever the *style* of revenge being teased, the proletarian *function* (thus flow) of power is universal— one where Gothic theatre becomes a complicated, paradoxical means of relief *and* attack across space-time. It's gloriously messy.

As a hauntological entity *of* revenge since Ancient Athens' Archaic Period, for example, the witch is both primordial hag and whore of a younger *nubile*, badass and seductive persuasion, yet bears out phallic, black-magic elements of formerly ethnocentric hysteria arguments (and ritual sacrifice) that turn capital on *its* head; i.e., per Creed's Archaic Mother argument, regarding the monstrous-feminine as an act of revenge tied to looking: according to where power (and trauma) are stored in modernized identities speaking to ancient struggles having evolved under capital's

own dark metamorphosis channeling sexuality from action *to* identity as something to look upon and reflect!

Such is the Medusa and *her* Aegis' murderous womb (which we'll examine at length, in "Idle Hands"), but really *any* form of nature as monstrous-feminine beyond white female biology canonized as "exclusive victim" in Omelas (thus its cops that, tokenized and deputized, police concentric rape dialogs to root out "false" victims); i.e., haunted embarrassingly by state revenge and holocaust—Creed's oversight about the monstrous-feminine refusing to be victims *not* precluding tokenism as a regular historical-material symptom of capital (re: Athena punishing Medusa as much as empowering her on the Aegis)—thereby triangulating TERFs against other witches and marginalized parties. Called "Satanic" by the former in bad faith, the latter remain utterly capable, all the same, of enacting *non*-nuclear rebellion; i.e., during the cryptonymy process to reverse abjection (thus profit),



mid-revenge! So does hostility shiver on the Aegis (ass or otherwise), quivering like a pissed-off rattlesnake!

(artist: [Joshua Reynolds](#))

However confusing *this* might seem at first glance, the fact of the matter remains: the cruel angel's proverbial thesis can be escaped through its own subversion of capital's strange appetites; i.e., profit as endemic to rape, yet its monsters *of* rape—the pimp and the whore as demon lovers—being anisotropic through profit as reversible *through* monsters (which whores and *their* revenge constitute)! Likewise, revenge is always dualistic, thus rife with troubling comparisons we can reclaim during liminal expression; re: the *unheimlich* as liminal hauntology of war embodied between workers and language more broadly!

Latin, for example, is the dead crystallization of "Rome" and *its* Numinous offshoots; e.g., the Holy Roman Empire, aka the First Reich. In turn, modern demonology is basically "pig Latin"; i.e., tied to other forms of gibberish and linguistic-to-corporal morphology hybridized, mid-synthesis, to achieve a variety of praxial effects: mix-and-match word-salad rebellion games, which ludo-Gothic BDSM boils down into social-sexual arrangements thereof—that bleed off the page to synthesis catharsis through rape arguments favoring the whore!

Wherever she finds herself, then, everyone loves the whore, including the bourgeoisie profiting off sacred ideas of Satan-*as*-whore. Power is power as something to perform, then, the performances repeating and playing out through endless variations for or against the state pimping nature! The state is an *addict* that can never stop exploiting nature—i.e., having only doubled down on its own dogma over time—and this is where we can work *our* magic, on the Aegis! The elite love the whore to pimp; rebels, to hoist her foes on their own petards!

"Do you wanna fuck this mommy pussy?" Nyx breathes, for example. Stabbing herself gingerly for our entertainment (technically mine, but the images from that session are featured here, above and below), she waves a magic wand; i.e., teaching us through demonic sex—and in more ways than one! However magical and enchanting the pussy (and other holes) being "stabbed" are such elements are haunted by state operations making them ubiquitous *and* off-limits! The whore is the footstool of canon, terror the kissing cousin of force.

To court the whore, then, is to court a dark governess camping the canon through various forms of "rape" played out; i.e., forbidden love as offered by dark mommy doms who fuck to metal as a kind of poetic "sex, drugs and rock 'n roll" (the purview of Gothic); e.g., cannibalism, live burial, incest, pedophilia, captivity and so on, expressed in safe-to-consume (thus perform) varieties. In turn, such cryptonymy is a matter of the worker's pride in their craft; i.e., the whore having fun with things normally used to persecute them in bad faith, giving and receiving in equal dualistic measure: "Come to mommy!" So does Nyx make us hers, but release us on our own recognizance to reflect on such dialogs that we might remake them and pass Medusa's fatal wisdom along! Ace or not, sexuality and public nudism—from *frisson/skin* orgasms to toe-curling erotic orgasms—are the whore's greatest weapons! Foreplay is common, but optional, so come prepared ;



i.e., know what you want, so the Devil can give it to you in the heat of the moment!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

So do we whores insert the ghost a bit more *actively* into the counterfeit! In turn, so does revolution always begin, the whore humanizing themselves through what the state *wants* to control, but can't; i.e., Nyx isn't someone to unironically "hex" us with actual blood magic, cannibalism and kidnap, post-abuse, yet whose performance remains haunted by precisely the kinds of dogma canonical media routinely summons and prescribes: the trafficking of sex (and apologia of rape) relaid in demonic code lying in both directions! What they abuse we can savor by transgressively subverting such things.

To that, Nyx proudly uses *her* awesome body—notably that of a dark, Numinous sex goddess who loves nature; i.e., as something to free *from* capital through iconoclastic art—to summon the Medusa, doing so to make us *more* Gothically mature, hence empathetic *towards* Mother Earth. Doing so always happens during rebellion; i.e., as an ongoing process of development towards Gothic Communism, our rape dialogs authored by whores leading to more intelligent and conscious workers. Indulgence, mid-reflection on Bald Mountain, is very much the point; re: "Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream."



And yet, here we are, partaking of the usual guilty pleasures. Unlike fascism (and TERFs; re: fascist feminism, Christo- or otherwise), to actually rebel against police violence is to consent, and consent is sexy!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

Speaking to the grander peach's routine harvest in small, to gaze upon Nyx's fat Gorgon ass is look on one of many such cases clamoring for revenge as something to expound; i.e., to behold the very Earth itself as harvested by capital, an organ of perception, of contraband, of orchards of forbidden fruit! Pimps cannot stand to let their perceived merchandise speak out. And yet, it's only threatening if you mean us harm, thus fear exposure taking away state-sanctioned ideas of rejecting alien, non-white elements ("darkness" speaking to anything destabilizing state orders of existence). From Nyx to us and all whores under state brothels privatizing property as literally the planet and all life deemed "extended" under Cartesian models, we must punch up from Hell as where the state relegates us, and ultimately fears without irony!

True belief or not, incarceration and threats of release are Capitalist Realism's name of the game, and one we must challenge on our own black mirrors having the whore's revenge! Such dialogs (and the whores raising them) are always state victims; i.e., doomed with reprisals for daring testify to rape with "rape" in quotes! Regardless, such language (and its interminable, shadowy lineage) must become naked to speak frankly while suffering the consequences belonging to accident of birth; i.e., under state duress, the reaction joining the conversation by pushing Medusa *back* into her grave. The vitality of said "grave" (the whore's abyssal cunt) lies in how it speaks to what is otherwise repressed by state pimps.

Abjection be like that, its canonical forms tempting the middle class and luring them with its own ghost-of-the-counterfeit brides of darkness wrecking house and home; i.e., as sold *back* to superstitious (and punitive) audiences *seeking* assimilation through persecution of the alien as whore, the state's *de facto* pimp to summon, shadow and police the whore during controlled opposition and hypocritical Protestant ethics; re: Hawthorne's pimps always being the Puritans playing false preacher *and* Satanic rebel during historical materialism: a vicious cycle of profit whose boom-and-bust peddlers pander sequentially to moral panic during oppositional cryptonymy! The pimp and the whore are hopeless tethered.

Revenge—for the pimp *or* the whore, then—is always a game of dark desires told and retold on black mirrors *neither* can monopolize for revenge; re: Medusa's awesome Aegis as much *our* weapon as the state's and vice versa, speaking dualistically regarding Marx' "tradition of all dead generations" weighing *anisotropically* like a nightmare on the brains of the living! Pimps are classically

charlatans with bubbles to burst; i.e., by the whores they cage effectively dictating labor action as able to camp, thus subvert, its own pimping to start with.

So do we whores make Marx gay as much as the state (then and now); re: we camp canon because we must, liberating any and all brothels while going through Hell; i.e., as a matter of dogmatic reenactment, one purposefully made ironic through our holistic dualism's ergodic and liminal perversions. To bust gut and nut alike—castrating our foes with terrifying exposure to the things they fear taken out of their hands and used against them—the brothel is classically a church; i.e., one having turned pimping into a form of religion, thus dogma blaming older orders for current crimes against workers. Such is virgin/whore syndrome at play!

Much like the pearly castle that concludes *Otranto's* Capitalocene, then, the canonical good witch is always the worst; i.e., is still a virgin/whore, but a token traitor acting like she (the classic token being a white straight European women) *isn't* a witch, thus a whore punching down from positions of relative (dis)advantage; e.g., the Salem adjudicators tilting at windmills during virgin/whore and mirror syndrome, thereby conjuring up bugbears behind Black Veils/on the Aegis: during liminal expression to mollify and whitewash their own brutality from time out of mind. The oldest class traitors actually stem from ancient feminism versus Indigenous populations, the former being an older breed of activism, thus the first to decay *into* self-righteous and -deceiving methods of itself; i.e., in Radcliffean service *to* capital, the state and Capitalist Realism; e.g., the Warren family of *The Conjuring* (set on the cusp of the 1980s, thus Satanic Panic); re: gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss. It's the oldest trick in the book, Hippolyta subjugated to punch Medusa! They can't help themselves; i.e., questing for the Numinous to pimp it because capital pimps everything.



A cop is a cop, a whore a whore, and many tokens self-select (out of desperation and convenience) to prove their righteousness against alien invaders impersonating the status quo; i.e., by punching down against state and Communist spectres alike! American Liberalism exorcizes both, abjecting Communism and concealing its own nature as fascist behind the mask (and its neoliberal double standards with or without concealment). *Centrism* be like that; i.e., speaking to state needs, high on their own supply!

The fact remains, profit is built on persecution mania as something to enforce against the whore as alien; i.e., state pimps being the very cops who dutifully avenge their employers' privatization (that of the elite) *against* nature-as-colonized; re: as something to shiver at Numinously *while* cracking the case. Therefore, nature as something to seek revenge against—however dressed up in goodly white fakeries, mid-abjection—remains ever-and-always something they must chase to keep up appearances with, but also *enrich* themselves (the Warrens, for example,

keeping a trophy room full of former conquests, hoarding said victories like any good serial killer does). Indeed, their stories cannot work without such naturalized antagonism, the abjection process opening the door to their own downfall by treating labor as holy through pimping the Numinous time and time again.

Sand in the hour glass, so bides the Medusa *her* time; i.e., ever a patient predator camping the canon to fake-it-until-she-makes a functional *opposite*, the whore's campiness aiming at *Miltonic* revelation: that which, deliberately unleashed on viewers, studiously reminds those looking in that *all* deities reside in the human breast (and extensions of said breast). That of a fallen status quo laid low from endless greed, the whore brings such cataclysm about through tone-poem siren songs; i.e., levied against state pimps, the latter's complacency breeding delusions of grandeur that—like Icarus and similar Greek heroes—await one-and-all tragic ends the Medusa gleefully administers through Original Sin: the petard our dark oracle happily hoists them on (the classic Gothic villain killed through exposure)!

To *that*, the whore's terrorist/counterterrorist refrain is one of *chiastic* revenge; i.e., one that more broadly speaks to social-sexual paradigms of poetic *exchange*, and which concern power and knowledge as demons (thus whores) commonly express them: of workers routinely and fractally-recursively whored out under state rule forbidding fruit of all kinds. So do the "bananas" of a given republic grow loquacious, chorusing *apotropaic* revenge in kind!

Our revenge *as* whores, then, ultimately concerns the anisotropic development of Gothic Communism—one whose radical empathy occurs through our aforementioned ludo-Gothic BDSM (and its various paradoxes); e.g., Matthew Lewis' cryptonymy and *cryptomimesis* camping rape/profit inside the brothel-esque church/Gothic castle's prioress and Matilda. Both occupy the same virgin/whore spaces and bodies of performance, on and off canvas! Whatever the form, state logic divides good and evil into black-and-white, us-versus-them binaries whose fractal recursion lays the Gothic Ozymandias to barren waste: "Kettle this, fuckers!" Any weapon can instill terror to discourage profit as much as not! It's a mood, our whore's reprobate palace a place to raise Cain inside-outside itself!



(artist: [Nyx](#))

In turn, the entire poetic, palliative-Numinous spectrum plays with "rape" in quotes to *end* rape *without* quotes: nature—suitably antagonized and put cheaply to work by

Pygmalion's binaries—seeks the whore's revenge *against* the state and *its* bad, traitorous actors' own neo-medieval screeds; i.e., the "civil" parties kettling Galatea as the state scapegoat for the elite's disastrous historical-materialism; re: DARVO obscurantism like the Warren family (and a million other token offshoots) masking

profit's deadly daily operations, thus obfuscations and sorry betrayals policing the whore within the infernal concentric pattern: with whores playing Radcliffean detectives, thus pimps throwing accusations *at* their abject victims. From the Covenant of the Rainbow onto Francis Bacon and modern police states, all colonize Earth and those "of it" as a habitual Indigenous status to assign and carry out, meaning inside the Patriarchy-to-Protestant-ethic's holistic state of exception (the noble and unruly savage).

To be blunt, cops require victims to operate, thus feed the state with whore blood, but the whore can reverse this process, too; i.e., by showing the madness of the zealot thinking themselves sacred, but in truth being a sorry (and cheaply bought) pirate. Keeping with Radcliffe and *her* pirates, then, we want to demask them during the cryptonymy process, thereby reversing profit as a hauntological/chronotopic matter *of* abjection—to, with our own "eyes of confusion," speak to rape through "rape" as the viewing of what *is* raped haunted by the spirit of play as much as genuine, unironic abuse: to turn the abuser's world upside-down by showing them what they *want* to attack but can't; i.e., not without exposing themselves! Something they literally cannot afford (as a matter of profit), it gives our own invasions a paradoxical safe space of "danger" to launch our own salvos from, haunting the nuclear home!

In turn, "Here's true power!" becomes something of a liar's paradox; e.g., "This sentence is not true!" So is Medusa, so are we whores; i.e., both *not* what the state fears yet precisely *what* it attacks during reactive abuse because they fear our revenge baked *into* their formulas: our come-and-get it booties taking such colonizer rhetoric *out* of their hands "for good." "Stare and tremble!" speaks to what workers might do when freed from the elite's profit motive, the fatal visions we presage lurking on the temptation of forbidden knowledge seen and felt in the flesh! Concerning forbidden knowledge (and fruit, whatever), "the way of all flesh"



becomes a surreal hellish gateway leading the viewer in many directions (echoes of Borge's "Garden of the Forking Paths")! Head-crushing thighs and pussy speaking through castled "Kegel analogs" (e.g., watermelon)! In Gothic, big = "non-white," thus alien whore to pimp and fight back with, during morphological expression (and metaphor)!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

As such, demons are whores and communicate through sex and force, thus pleasure and pain merged with predator/prey being routinely confused phenomenologically *under* state models; i.e., as things to give back on the Aegis as a psychosexual exchange device; re: body-like castles or castle-like bodies, during liminal expression. Said whore's

revenge, then, happens during demonic testimony through unequal, forbidden exchange and radical (empathetic) transformation; i.e., the chase of the black rabbit less a destination and more a journey fulfilling an end to profit as dark desire personified: policing nature as alien whore and said whore having enough, her anger darkly entropic and magnetic pathos something we terrorize our foes with as their brand us; you say "heretic," we say "fuck you!"

Luckily *that* blade cuts both ways, then; i.e., anisotropically weaponizing in ways useful to class warriors, sharpening our testimony to witness/reverse state harm, thus counterterror on the same Aegis. The fearsome, nakedly furious and seductive Medusa, then—despite being an infamous and awesome goddess of death tied to gratuitous rape, murder and revenge—is often vivacious, cute, and full of tricks *as* revenge! So does the whore regain control *through* play—both with death and rape, but also empathetic cultivation during ludo-Gothic BDSM and *its* various theatrical registers; i.e., as a demonic matter of revenge during calculated risk: "What *dost* thou want?" (more on this and black rabbits in "Call of the Wild").

True to form, whores can humanize the harvest and its castles-in-the-flesh, doing so to make the *state's* flagrant inhumanity appear undressed; i.e., to expose their bad intent while arming us through paradoxical nudity cultivating empathy (segregation being no defense, Radcliffe). Revelation merely exposes anything hidden, but does so on the imagery of the surface: as a dark aesthetic whose



visually ambiguous function demands dialectical-material scrutiny *to* reveal itself!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

In turn, the whore's revenge operates against profit and pimp, alike (the two ideas are inextricable). Doing so is a concept I originally introduced in the Undead Module's "[Policing the Whore](#)"; re: by building on "[Hot Allostatic Load](#)" and Silvia Federici by introducing a ludo-Gothic element to BDSM as performative revenge speaking to state perfidy by showing workers our Aegis: as a harvest to humanize in the shadow of state force, a pedagogy to heal from rape with!

I want to build on doing so, here, first highlighting the whore's revenge; i.e., as a matter of thesis argument—power being play *as* something to regain through performative trauma putting "rape" in quotes—and then spending the rest of the module exploring various aspects of it *to* reclaim: tied to different demonic and natural forms, whose crafting and assorted, operatic, danger-disco hybrids (with undead elements) speaking notoriously out against/with the harm normally used to chattelize us and control our bodies and labor *for* profit. Where there's profit, there's unironic rape and death—the subversion of which occupies the same spaces of exploitation and liberation; re: on the Aegis, Medusa's luscious wrath (and

similar neo-medieval oxymorons) coming from an alien barbarian catching your eye! Death by Snu-Snu, the dark gods exact their productively whorish revenge!

The usual dualities and surreal paradoxes (e.g., Giger) apply here, insofar as deals with the devil can be had with the state as much as Medusa. Whatever a demon's form, then, the usual dialectics of shelter and the alien are anisotropic: they go both ways, but mean vastly different things depending on where power flows; re: the ghost of the counterfeit (and its simulacra) forwarding or reversing the abjection process; i.e., nature having the whore's revenge against capital or vice versa; e.g., Frazetta's Orientalism and damsel-in-distress theatrics, below.

However messy it appears, trashy it feels or loud it sounds, then, the language of the imaginary past speaks volumes to the sins of empire and operations of capital (and its qualities) moving things hauntologically along! In this faux-medieval's vicious cycle, there's a place for the hero, whore, evil wizard and animals all depicted on canvas and off—one to uphold said cycle (and Capitalist Realism) or break it, once and for all. This takes bait during the cryptonymy process switching things out, but nevertheless can have us completely safe during the usual buffers state agents cannot easily cross. They'll certainly *try* (as



monomyth characters generally do), but in doing so risk possession by an empathy for the abject that's entirely *our* doing—the ol' bait-and-switch, baby! Your dominatrix is a Commie slut, radiating dark strength—fetish and cliché!

(artist: Frank Frazetta)

Alien torture promotes sweet release from capital's Numinous torment, but only when domination becomes playful, thus ironic, to end profit. But where to start? Luckily we won't have to go far because the Gothic (thus Medusa) is all around us; i.e., "We live in Gothic times." Regardless if demons makes any visual objective sense, then, that's how things historically personify or otherwise hinge upon/arbitrate when demonically translating back and forth; i.e., capital is a cycle that comes back, slithering ouroborotically around and around: raping nature through recycled phobias, fetishes and stigmas... to which nature seeks out *her* revenge through rape play of varying degrees of silly-seriousness and performative irony's *mise-en-abyme*. So do we compel the state's demise through empathy as the whore's revenge; re: during ludo-Gothic BDSM: a fatal portrait to leave our behinds, well, behind! We'll not just dance on your graves, but fuck on them to spite your fallen hubris! Desensitized to illusion, our riotous asses cannot be contained or denied, ambiguity our lullaby and your torment music to our ears! Who's dominating who, again?

So concludes the new preface portion of this rape reprise. —Perse

We'll get to *that*. For now, try to understand how demonic desires are shadowy and repressed, given form by oppositional poetics in dialectical-material argument. So when I say "revenge" from here on out, I do so with concerns to the usual us-versus-them, cops-and-victims language that demons manifest as/relate to us with (and we them) while pinned between nation-states/corporations and nature growing increasingly turbulent; i.e., said revenge had by one against another pursuant to worker or bourgeois needs. Rebellion through demonic poetics happens through a particular thesis to counteract: nature is monstrous-feminine (re: Volume One)—a whore under state control, which the elite rape for profit, and



for which both sides seek revenge before, during and after structural abuse. The exploitation is endless because profit and labor value (of nature) are endless!

(artist: [PiMo](#))

Demons, then, are whores under Western (Cartesian) dominion opposite virgins, but also *are* virgins depending on the circumstances; e.g., subjugated Amazons like Psylocke, left. This need for state control and dominion introduces a paradox from which a new thesis can arise during ludo-Gothic BDSM (for this chapter/module, indented for

emphasis):

Ludo-Gothic BDSM has many theoretical definitions⁶³ and applications. In practice, though, I frequently utilize it through rape play that paradoxically

⁶³ The word as I coined it has several definitions. One (from the Six Rs):

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."

Another (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

achieves catharsis; i.e., by putting "rape" in quotes, thus healing from rape *without* quotes. Often by rape survivors, such people classically find



power/agency through theatrical reenactments of unequal, unfair or otherwise rapacious treatment and conditions; i.e., by relying on a concept I'll heretofore call "the whore's paradox."

(artists: [Ray Sugarbutt](#) and [Sammy Stocking](#))

access happens anyways; i.e., (de)valued, mid-exchange, thus used to humanize *or* dehumanize the demonized through performance and play. Per Marx and myself, Capitalism alienates and sexualizes everything. Nature is monstrous-feminine as such, "empowerment" applying to any aspect of our life, bodies, violence and terror the state wishes to monopolize/control, and

The paradox simple: demons are maidens and maidens are demons, but both are virgins *and* whores, and each finds power (and knowledge) according to how the state forbids access, yet

As I've moved through this series, though, the definition has narrowed, according to my focus on the term specifically to play with rape as I define it; re (from the Poetry Module's "A Note about Rape/Rape Play," 2024):

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 handy when 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, [...] 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* ([source](#)).

To that, rape is something that demons play with during the whore's paradox. By extension, ludo-Gothic BDSM is effectively rape play combined with Gothic themes and BDSM practices to avenge state wrongs against nature.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

any trope, convention, cliché or fetish that might be used to degrade, humiliate, rape or otherwise demonize/dominate beings "of nature" per capital's qualities (re: settler-colonial, heteronormative and Cartesian); i.e., that we can *reclaim* during ludo-Gothic BDSM, hence through unequal power letting us "get a leg up," topping from a position of *normal* disadvantage to have our revenge: perceived *disempowerment* becoming a paradoxical, interchangeable means of *escape*, regarding universal worker liberation onstage and off (versus equality of convenience inside the text).



(artist: [ALT3R4TION](#))

To do so is to break capital's hold on all things demons, darkness and nature they stole and monopolized, in turn smashing their own abjection against them and breaking Capitalist Realism with our Aegis—to deny capital's dead labor and language feeding on living labor and language according to what power and knowledge we exchange to and fro. **The whore's revenge is to break the profit motive by making a world for which it (and rape) are no longer possible using these methods;** i.e., by using the same demonic and slutty language capital does, but at cross purposes: to hug the alien—not demonize it to receive state violence—thereby (ex)changing how the world is seen to begin with. We aggregate power differently than state forms, outlasting and outperforming them to dismantle their harvesting mechanisms, social and material, foreign and domestic.

Nature, then, is always a whore who punches up against state pimps to end profit as an endless structure of genocide. History more broadly could be described as whores vs pimps, hence workers vs the state; i.e., something the seemingly cannot die, but whose aforementioned whores are as imperishable as Medusa despite being beheaded.

That's basically the gist of the whore's revenge during the whore's paradox, and we'll unpack the demonic notion of enacting revenge through ludo-Gothic BDSM more in parts one, two, three and "Exploring the Derelict Past" (then tie those to nature as a poetic-performative element, in "Call of the Wild"). First, in part zero, let's consider the poetic forces and work that drive such revenge to not only take place, but wrestle against pro-state actors! They need us far more than we need them, the whore too cool to deny and too precious to abstain from! Like Medusa, her revenge is always sexy and gratuitous (though it can be strict or gentle to varying degrees), molesting our brains (the medieval, neo or not, loves its silly-serious puns)!

I want to be brief, but inclusive; i.e., Gothic Communism is a group effort,



but also a checkered one. Against the state binarizing and dividing us, our best revenge is to exist in ways that speak *holistically* and cryptonymically to our specific-yet-combined abuses under capital; i.e., that merge in a collective desire among all workers, whose pedagogy of the oppressed must speak to a collective, universal desire to be free and loved, out in the open, bare and exposed:

([source](#))

Anything less is imprisonment, genocide, and rape of some by others. The proletarian potential of such carnivals, then, is to make *everyone* a monarch, year-round. No gods, no masters, just equality for all and the stability of post-scarcity afforded by the ability to imagine, then reify it, during ludo-Gothic BDSM. The avenging idea, in turn, is to be stewards of nature while of it, yourselves—to expand your horizons, a unity of whores thinking outside the box when throwing shade/fucking with this or that.

Again, we're painting in broad strokes here, narrowing them per case as needed. Apart from the raw materials, sex positivity should speak to holistic liberation through reclaimed exchanges affording morphological expression as exchange. Play is all but required to work with all of them separately and together to varying degrees, "monstrous-feminine" meaning many things, not just female or black skin, but anything "of nature" that isn't the status quo; i.e., that isn't white, cis-het, Christian European men pimping nature-as-alien.

Under Cartesian models, for example, whores are commonly "non-white" in terms of skin color (above) but also shape and size wielded by people of various ethnicities (next page); i.e., seen/depicted as equally gluttonous and peach-like, thus fallen and ripe for future conquest by Cartesian, heteronormative, settler-colonial agents policing nature-as-monstrous-feminine (chattelizing and exotifying alien things for profit, consequently raping them). Sex work is generally caught in the middle; i.e., the bigger the size, the bigger the prize, thus axe to grind. We're not always master of such things, but they demand to be heard, all the same. Simply put, it's a war—one full of opposing demonic forces competing among the shadows and fog as the shadows and fog!

To that, exploitation and liberation sit side-by-side on the same shadowy stages. Indeed, such media might seem hopelessly haunted by capital's bloodthirsty cycles (from gentrification and decay to tragedy to farce). In truth, such things manifest differently per oppressed group and their various intersections'

vengeful episodes, but *adhere* to the same exclusionary rhetoric viewed through capital's qualities and state monopolies/trifectas occurring through newer modes of capital built on older imperial systems; i.e., strategically swapping out different divide-and-conquer qualities of alienization within these imbricating persecution networks (diversifying tokenization). All canonically operate in service to profit as a structure; i.e., as something for workers to gradually overcome through similar



mixing and matching across a *spectrum* of status, class, culture, race, privilege and oppression told in body language and labor exchange, biological sex, orientation, gender identity and performance: state demons versus worker demons, the former recruiting from the latter to dominate them with members pulled from their own populations—all while abusing the potential said populations yield per harvest/altercation.

(artist: [Hailey Queen](#))

Mid-conflict, guerilla warfare turns land and body into a weapon; i.e., as something to perceive, counteracting state advantages (which state embodiments abuse, mimicking guerrilla tactics and imagery to achieve profit/play the victim). To illustrate a perfect world through Gothic Communism, then, is to speak adequately and advantageously using our bodies: to articulate how they are seen, thus controlled by us and others regarding "non-white⁶⁴" qualities among other marginalized elements; e.g., non-male, non-Christian, non-European, etc; i.e., where we can bare it all and not be attacked, but also not be targeted for abuse regardless how much clothes we have on (or don't) and stripped bare by the lecherous eyes of others (or their antagonizing hands). Whatever her shape, color, gender or size, then, Medusa unbound denotes an outsider among all of us who *refuse* to sell out for the usual equality of convenience (and desperation). And while segregation and tokenization are no defense, showing off should still be done in ways that reveal our friends to us, while placing things between our attackers and us (often a phone screen and/or an alias).

Such are the forces of capital that push us towards self-defeating revenge, which we must make into an inclusive, intersectional, solidarized agenda. Yet, the paradox of art is you have to first be unhappy with it, then change it by listening to your own pained existence inside-outside yourself.

By that same token, to enact rebellion (thus have one's revenge), you must first conceptualize it under duress; i.e., in ways that speak to the usual double standards, moral panics, and guilty pleasures at work: something to glut, binge and

⁶⁴ In the settler-colonial sense, which isn't necessarily skin color. The English colonizing the Irish, for example, demonized them as animals despite both parties have pale skin.

purge like a drug compensating for their own sorry lives (alienated from nature, acting superior to it). This addict's predation speaks to cops-and-victims, us-versus-them arguments inside the state of exception, save that instead of zombies as givers and receivers of state violence, you have demons executing pimps and whores to achieve the same discernible effect: cops and merchandise. The former answer only to and investigate themselves, shielded by the state to reap for its owners during selective punishment/reactive abuse.

Under this dynamic, the state antagonizes nature-as-monstrous-feminine to put it to work, endlessly harvesting it through police violence. In turn, revenge becomes acceptable to exact against nature as *the cop* sees fit, but not for state property to do so in return (which historically women, or those treated as women, have been [and still are] treated as). Per state monopolies, trifectas and the qualities of capital, one side's violence, terror and morphological expression are entirely legitimate/sovereign, thus human per the ghost of the counterfeit, and the other side is wholly illegitimate/not sovereign, thus inhuman, incorrect, unreal in service to profit (and genocide/unironic rape) during the abjection process. "When



in Rome." From the oldest systems of conquest in the West to the present ordering of things, there is generally one correct way and others that—while tolerated from time to time—are hierarchically lesser/wrong.

(artist: [Rotten Mo](#))

However strong a *rebellious* demon appears, then, it is ultimately criminal, thus bridled on the Aegis: hunted, abused, stalked, killed and discarded like waifu trash by imperial forces reaping nature-as-monstrous-feminine (this applies to tokenized forms, too; re: the euthanasia effect). We must *reclaim* this, doing so in sexually descriptive, culturally appreciative ways (re: the creative successes of proletarian praxis) during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., that give Satanic upheavals, however dualistic per their shared aesthetic with the state, a proletarian character resisting TERFs, SWERFs, cops and states. All of them rape nature through modular-yet-intersectional persecution networks (e.g., virgin/whore + black/white + master/slave + blood libel, etc) on a scale of descending privilege/preferential mistreatment.

Due to their "our way or the highway" approach, imperial systems are generally brittle, prone to enclosure and maladaptation. It takes energy to control things that very much resist being controlled, wherein strongmen and fascist bullshit go hand-in-hand; i.e., strength is a performance, meaning to fight enemies no one can defeat, or which only the Chosen One(s) can defeat. Empires die very much for this reason; their myopic approach and mythical, largely imaginary

conquest of nature prohibits them anything but a short lifespan. It's Icarian, or closer to the mark—*Promethean*. Similar to Faust looking backwards, such pursuits are always nostalgic towards disaster as something to fulfill, the followed footsteps filled with old and fresh blood alike. Gothic helps us avoid that in ways we can recultivate; re: ludo-Gothic BDSM.

Furthermore, the ability to say how in Gothic language is tremendously useful, if only because the more marginalized a particular group is, the more the in-group will be expected to police their treatment; the more policed they are, the more these behaviors escalate when empire decays; and given the Gothic is concerned almost entirely with the slow death and inheritance of *dead* empire, demons, whores and other creatures of darkness are vital to bridging the gap for those who spend most of their time on the state's good side. A time will come when this won't matter—point in fact, the state is harvesting these same benefactors for the exclusive benefit of a very small group of people. Having the language to recognize such predation gives us the ability to change and adapt in response to this exploitation, dispelling state illusions and changing our socio-material conditions (reclaiming the Base and recultivating the Superstructure) to account for a better world denied to us by the elite. Capital never stops; neither must we.

As we'll see moving forwards, then, our whore's thesis extends to the owner



class that whores must contend with. Those who pimp, thus harvest/rape nature are professional labor thieves forever out of touch with reality who, as a result, think they're really cool; they're really not:

([source tweet](#), Sonny Bunch: October 5th, 2024)

No one ever said desk murder was attractive. Yet, this is who we're dealing with, and must have our revenge against: rapists and divorced dads with all charisma of a souless wooden puppet, unbothered by state shift as something only possible after the Industrial Age fed into the Capitalocene and its fairly recent profit motive (and concessions). The elite style themselves as lords of nature on a cosmological scale, passing themselves off as rapacious, Cartesian gods: sucking nature-as-monstrous-feminine (classically as female) dry while her fury becomes impossible to ignore. They know it's disastrous; they don't care—so long as they can do it for as long as possible!

Concerning demonic poetics and an ever-growing desire for revenge, context clearly matters, here, but isn't always dialectically-materially obvious. Because such violent, terrifying forms (and their demonic, vengeful appeals as such) are endlessly doubled, finding power and knowledge through unequal exchange/transformation occurs while responding to whatever strange appetites capital saddles us with; re: trauma attracts trauma, weird attracts weird; i.e., according to unequal socio-material conditions we weaponize during calculated risk

against profit (as inherently unequal/rapacious, by design): reversing terror and counterterror by playing with rape among those who *don't* cramp our style (and to crowd out those who do)!

In the interim, we whores survive on the street as comparable to Hell foisted upon us, but paradoxically "Hell" also becomes something that we gain control over on and offstage. Doing so, as I shall expand upon deeper in "Forbidden Sight," constitutes a half-real act of revenge the state both cannot forgive but must, to some degree, allow then punish accordingly. Per capital, the state is incompatible with life; i.e., it rapes nature-as-monstrous-feminine, grappling with Medusa during mortal combat to simply move money through nature-as-alien: as *their* whore to endlessly make/summon, then rape, *ahegao*-style during graveyard sex with combative, passionate elements. "FINISH HER!"



(artist: [Rita](#))

Except, the elite's mistreatment of nature is performed *through* workers; i.e., those who *can* alter said dogma *away* from state copaganda in service to workers and nature, onstage and off. Nature's revenge, then, must go beyond what the state regularly affords workers when antagonizing them (and nature) as monstrous-feminine on the Aegis; i.e., such whorish power fantasies should induce praxial shift in a sex-positive direction, not just scare and titillate cops enticed by feisty victims (and token servants playing dom); re: praxial inertia.

So while the usual traitors psychosexually provoke and police us through the ghost of the counterfeit, we workers reclaim whores-as-demonic during equally psychosexual playtime; i.e., to suit liberation as an ongoing battle, one fought over said ghost *reversing* the abjection process; re: hugging the alien, Medusa, through cryptonymy's usual veils, vanishing points and other Gothic devices/theories: playing with rape to expose those of modernity savaging *us*.

No one likes a hypocrite. Revenge is reclamation to revolt as such. Regaining some degree of control over our bodies and labor is to writhe in ecstasy on the Aegis, its dark mirror loaded with rebellious energies, counter information and weaponized psychosexual context; i.e., to reclaim and rehumanize through demonic language and rape play reversing abjection, humanizing the harvest to expose the state and state servants⁶⁵ as inhumane, incompatible with life and consent. *That* is our revenge against those who wrong us. They pimp us unironically in spaces and

⁶⁵ Which includes tokenized monstrous-feminine refusing to be victims (re: Creed); i.e., by playing the victim as they triangulate against and attacking other victims, Omelas-style: token cops, white Indians, reactionary/moderate cops and vigilantes acting as pro-state monsters, class/culture/race traitors raping their comrades out of desperation and convenience. Betrayal *is* betrayal. However, the more *privileged* someone is, the more *convenient* their betrayals are; the more *oppressed* they are, the more *desperate* their betrayals become. Either can be exploited by the state, which relies on betrayal to survive.

on surfaces framing sex workers (and all workers sexualized by the state; e.g., women's work) as virgin/whore; we play ironically there as well to spite them and carry a counter message along: "We're human despite what you say and how you treat us." To it, we'll recruit such whorish language to suit *our* needs (during ludo-Gothic BDSM, thus liminal expression). Tits out, tongue out, clam out! Whatever! Hit me with your best shot! For some, we're an oasis; for others, a mirage to prohibit the entitled thirsty their unearned "wataa" (that was a Twitter pun).



(artist: [favcxntt](#))

During our own calculated risk and potential bad decisions, we choose what barriers to raise, who to fool around (thus lower our defenses) with, to use condoms or not, and what lessons to pass along during informed, fairly negotiated labor exchanges; i.e., those happening under criminogenic conditions that we alter inside of. Education is always a game of chance, then, which calculated risk through ludo-Gothic BDSM aims to reduce systemic harm but encourage social-sexual activities conducive as such: demonic passion/possession, psychosexual rapture, and feelings of martyrdom suddenly given a voice when playing with rape in shadowy forms. Keeping with the cryptonymy process, rape remains ubiquitous and invisible in its energies; we make it *darkness* visible, demonically ostentatious!

Founded on generational trust, not harm, we do so to better raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class-cultural awareness through demons-as-whores. Power exchange negotiates and navigates old boundaries through what is given and taken, generally through roleplay as an educational device regarding unequal things: to break bad habits, then establish a new trend or guideline for sex-positive behaviors (and positive reinforcement). All the while, exchange remains unequal by nature of power as a demonic performance; i.e., one interfaced with by workers informed by unequal *conditions*, but who refuse to interfere with equal *rights* as they play. It's an interaction between autonomous beings, not an assembly of dead parts for one side to exclusively control, enjoy and abuse. "Terror is a weapon, a weapon is terror, and no one agency monopolizes it." As such, *anyone* can play with rape and shadows of rape, weaponizing its terrifying aesthetics in service to workers challenging state monopolies, thereby avenging nature-as-monstrous-feminine! Sex, then, is a demon's greatest weapon.

Keeping such forces in mind, I want to delve into our rape reprise; i.e., some general-if-germane ideas about prostitution, nature-as-whore and concomitant revenge/rape fantasies that will come up throughout the entire chapter/module!

For one, demons are not limited by form when playing with rape, and their playtime surrounding rape is equally tenebrous and broad; i.e., BDSM can exist in isolation from medieval rape and torture aesthetics (of power and death, sex and force, etc), but often marry to these through whores during ludo-Gothic BDSM: in ironic ways that subvert older Gothic conventions, bending and shapeshifting under sex work *vis-à-vis* current industry norms and activism. Whores certainly carry a signature "look" under capital, but one where function determines function in ways not entirely removed from form; i.e., as self-selected among pre-existing dolls:



(artist: [Fugtrup](#))

Workers can influence this selection process to allow for greater freedom of expression; i.e., responding to conventions we bend as much as break while applying theory in demonically nebulous voices. Indeed, this module was inspired by the spirit of play in ways that are more fluid and carefree concerning rape in demonic forms; i.e., as something to normalize provided irony is present when camping canonical prescriptions thereof. The Gothic since inception has mobilized and played with the hauntological language of rape, death and war as useful to workers vs the state; i.e., through history as a living document we can change while buried alive, multiple dialectical-material forces being true (and false) at the same time. Power writes in blood and fiction speaking to ongoing atrocities/power abuse (which rape is). It also aggregates, affording double standards through DARVO and obscurantism for those who *uphold* the status quo (raping their wives and children, celebrated on a community level while indoctrinating both through force); we *upend* that paradigm, pivoting through the same aesthetics reclaimed during liminal expression for revolutionary (anarchistic, counterterrorist) purposes: on the same exploitative, Foucauldian (carceral, shadowy and potent) stages while avoiding the Omelas-style exceptions and dog-eat-dog concessions tokens strike with state brokers.

For our purposes, it means no SWERFs demonizing sex workers under Capitalist Realism (noir-style criminal-hauntology dialogs that treat sex workers like femme fatales, statistics and trash for middle-class women to look down on, pity and fear), nor sex workers playing the moderate-to-reactionary fash cop/token vigilante. Quite the opposite, even when the vice characters we play are flawed/damaged goods—the madwoman in the attic, the Medusa, the strung-out

whore as criminal; e.g., through *Batman's*⁶⁶ greatest hits/pinup centerfolds—they should always speak cryptonymically to what we want to change that workers and nature might benefit.

In short, the state values structural *instability* married with demonic symbols to dogmatize workers, but which said workers can reclaim: of status to possess and wield, which knowledge and power are, and express operatically through the persuasive, vivid, and entertaining language of slumming and acquisition-through-conquest; i.e., criminality and warfare, but also rape; e.g., owners/earners, cops/victims, crime/punishment, reprobation/rehabilitation, recidivism/reward, might-makes-right, blackmail, gentrification and decay, hush money and other such carrot-and-stick menticial dogma per unaddressed criminogenic conditions personified. Whores—and by extension, nature—are classically *military* targets felt and seen at home among *civilians* (re: *Amazonomachia* and military urbanism). As societal collapse nears thanks to capital's boom and bust, fear of the colonized afar

⁶⁶ A series known for celebrating gilded-age gentry and police, anti-Semitic banker vaudeville, street justice, and old-world master/apprentice distributions of power and wealth, while simultaneously demonizing criminals and romancing mental illness, drug wars/substance abuse, double-crosses, backroom deals, assassins and *banditti*, Freudian complexes, and objectified women (the house cat* being a sex symbol and underworld guardian) to *preserve* the status quo.



(artist: [Artgerm](#))

*From Volume Zero: "the cat as a sex symbol is regarded as 'small,' its killing implements either removed (the claws) or vestigial through the softening of features that communicate symbiotically with human masters" ([source](#): "Pieces of the Camp Map"). Catwoman is smaller than Batman—a "stray" in fetish gear for him to "tame," but always smaller than him, tied to lunacy (the catwoman of the moon). She's a kinkster strict dominatrix and cat burglar put in her place by Gotham's billionaire golden boy moonlighting as a bat (the white Indian).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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takes on a domestic mood, one concerned with guilty pleasure, avenging gargoyles and foreign plots threatening shadowy revenge (often mil spec, below)!



(artist: [Chloe in Pink](#))

As usual, then—and keeping with my demon symposium's aforementioned limitations (an emphasis on demonic holism versus close-reads⁶⁷)—I want to *play* with rape and presume a degree of fluency from my readers looking in on my fifth book. The order of things matters less than how you can assemble and play with them (and their modular elements) yourselves; i.e., how the world presents them *to you*, and how *you* use the ideas here to make demonic expression sex-positive in your *own* work and agreements: recursively combining things I can only *elude* to here when talking about sex and force through a holistic pedagogy of the oppressed (whose poetic forms and labor value are virtually endless); e.g., kung fu movies, BDSM, rock 'n roll, monsters, porn, art, and whatever else goes into the witch cauldron per arbitration's invigilation.

From the Four Gs (our biggest theories) to the Basics of oppositional synthesis (anger/gossip, monsters, and camp), expertise matters far less than function, concerning demons and liminal (oft-pornographic) expression; i.e., a second-nature synthesizing of these devices through an embodiment of competency about them *regardless* of state approval. "There *are* no experts" insofar as vertical authority is something to abolish; i.e., per the fluency and practice of sex-positive demons vs sex-coercive ones during liminal expression, worker unity mattering far more than singular authority. How you combine them is entirely up to you—from whatever positions of scarcity and privilege, theory and practice, format and linguo-material register. If you chose, you could marry Edward Said's postcolonialism to a '90s RTS videogame and Andrew Blake's arthouse porn tendencies (re: Velvet Blue's "[The Helmut Newton of Porn](#)," 2008). Provided it pulls a baddie and gives them a voice (their revenge), that's all that really matters!

Speaking from experience, this is how I did it and how I was taught; i.e., my grandmother worked at an asylum for mentally ill children, but Mom came from the street—was bred on Tolkien, Said, Edna St. Vincent Millay and many others giving her a glimpse of different worlds. She's streetwise and loyal, but educated and urbane—having survived things I can only *imagine* to give me a better life: to *break* the cycle by redistributing power in demonic forms of revenge. Glimpsing such worlds through Gothic, its mode is yours to retailor as *you* see fit. A buffer and a mirror to show and conceal, try to find the courage to invent your own bad, silly-to-

⁶⁷ If you want *those*, go and read the Undead Module, which is full of close-read essays that merge into demonic expression (*vis-à-vis* our modular thesis argument). There are plenty in the other volumes/sub-volumes, as well—with Volume One in particular designed to hand-hold through simplified theory.

serious echoes on its darkened Aegis—to snatch victory sarcastically from the jaws of defeat not as a brand or a pose, but a way of life from cradle to grave: power as something to perform and imagine away from harm towards healing! We "better the instruction" ("If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?") through kindness showcasing rape; i.e., as a friendly ghost of itself speaking to its evil police twin *without* harming anyone: exquisite "torture" making the elite pearl clutch (afraid to lose what they stole) and encouraging that labor rise up to reclaim and recultivate for ourselves. That's the whore's paradox, and simply how humans communicate, whores or not (though capital pimps all workers to some degree)!



(artist: [Chloe in Pink](#))

Furthermore, regardless of combination, stratagem and form—from demon to ninja, unicorn, and whore—the state will try and monopolize any and all inventions in service to profit and the elite. Inside the state of exception (treating demons like zombies and other undead, as well as witches and other beings "of nature" having demonic/undead qualities), sex workers exchange power and knowledge about sex and force, the latter *emblematic* of power and knowledge: as things to canonize and police, thus cannibalize. The whore's endless reversal of abjection, as such, helps expand society's cultural understanding of rape in imaginary language. This includes its campy prevention while capital works against us; i.e., in bastardized, pro-state forms.

Fractally recursive, us versus them subdivides into cops, knights, and champions, etc—all canonically upheld with LARPer-grade costumes, a decaying language of medievalized rebellion, and the color-coded dungeons' half-reality (on and offstage) whose power fantasies (of death, captivity and rape) we reclaim through doubled poetic abstraction. Our Venus mimicry happens during ludo-Gothic BDSM—by camping canon as demons do; i.e., through murky and potent existence (our bodies and their labor aggregate becoming things to play with for iconoclastic purposes), but also by trading in forbidden, shadowy things (sex and force, power and knowledge as *verboden*) that translate, thus transform hyperobject *structures* responsible for our rape: *vis-à-vis* generational trauma hyphenating this with that (dogma disguised as fatal nostalgia and military-optimist "child's play"). Subverting said trauma occurs during *intersectional* exchange as playing with power (and all its synonyms) to *have* our whorish revenge: making the imaginary past, the Wisdom of the Ancients, wiser towards liberation *among* the shadows.

Through poetic exposure as such, sex marries force to monsters (and to monstrous activities, locations, fetishes and clichés) through psychosexual theatre. For the doll-like sex object, to have revenge there is to regain control from state

forces pimping us out as sex demons to begin with; i.e., through reactionary police violence and segregation aggravating local populations to push back against with reactive abuse—in effect occurring through what they normally agitate and imprison, then sell in commodified forms.

They do so back towards pacified consumers, the latter helping harvest nature through scarcity arguments: the monomythic reward, the maiden promoting doubly as whore after Medusa is "dead" and nature-as-dungeon converts territorially into nuclear households; i.e., with alien red light districts just a jump, hop and skip away! Like food, sex is cheap insofar as it equates to the labor of paupers/property cordoned off and made expensive through adult entertainment (sold for "mom and dad" inside/outside nuclear families): state variants of Faustian, Faustian, sodomy-grade, primal breeder wish-granting and exploitative price-paying versus the paradoxical clarity of proletarian nightmares!



(artist: Nikki Delano⁶⁸)

Keeping with doubles and double standards, nature is a whore, a call, cam or e-girl to abject and police because that's where power is found; it's how it defines within the current order's demonic illusions—the state's false love and artificial wilderness, its bread-and-circus: "The masses have never thirsted after truth. They turn aside from evidence that is not to their taste, preferring to deify error... Whoever can supply them with illusions is easily their master; whoever attempts to destroy their illusions is always their victim" ([source](#): Gustave Le Bon's *The Opinions and Beliefs of Crowds*, 1985). It's something to canonically plunge into, then refuse to pull out.

⁶⁸ Pornstars are often quite educated. According to Nikki's IMDb profile:

She's of mixed Italian, Colombian and Puerto Rican descent. The eldest of eight children, she was raised in a strict Catholic family and attended Catholic school, where she was an honor roll student and participated in gymnastics. Nikki graduated from the John Jay College of Criminal Justice with a bachelor's degree in forensic psychology and a double minor in addiction studies and criminology. Delano worked as an office manager for a non-profit organization and was a mainstream model for over a year prior to being contacted by a talent scout for the adult website Brazzers on her ModelMayhem page ([source](#)).

In the above video, for example, Nikki riffs on her Catholic upbringing. Leaning *into* the naughty schoolgirl trope, she *reverses* roles, camping the canonical, demonic aspects to her own past: as "mommy" telling the naughty "schoolboy" *how* to fuck her—harder! Framed in Spanish (thus, to some degree, exotic), these echoes of incest are endemic not just to porn, but Neo-Gothic fakeries displaced onto imaginary countries "beyond" Britain (empire haunted by its own fabrications, their half-real "medieval" looming over seemingly modern procedures).

In *that* spirit of things, Nikki regains a modicum of control over money and sex; i.e., over things for which the state normally *denies* control of in service *to* profit, thus wage and labor theft. The better she acts, the more she carves out a name for herself, thus a place in the world: to make it *more* sex-positive through a normally harmful practice like the porn industry!

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They say revenge a dish best served cold, but keeping with Gothic paradox and oxymoron, revenge is often quite hot; re, Queen Jadis' dominion over the titular magician:

"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" ([source](#): *The Magician's Nephew*, 1955).

To liberate is to decriminalize, which won't happen without a fight. In the eyes of the state, sex work (and by extension *all* work under capital's monopolies, trifectas and qualities) is criminal as to exploit it in Gothic (demonic) forms: slices of the pie to buy cheap loyalty with. As such, the state always defaults to automatic blunt force, but all's fair in love and class, culture and race war! Ironic forms are key to systemic catharsis, winning worker hearts and minds by reclaiming monster language *especially* when the state rewards classical misuse of such things; i.e., God is always watching and lets certain things slide.

Of *course* the system looks after its own; the point is to fight back—to resist state forces by using demonic language for our sake and those less fortunate by dancing with the ghost of the counterfeit! To it, Medusa's still around and fixin' to scrap with her giant assets, her gangster's hysterical honeypot, her wandering womb's vain and formidable Aegis. Closed-off from state forces that treat us as alien whore wedding cake, let's show 'em who's boss—that we'll fight for our right not to be demonized by state forces, but demonize instead *for* ourselves. Show 'em



that we're more than a thing to play with, blame, dominate or accuse—more than a dark peach to carve up like fruit (re: Volume One)! Whores are spies, secret/double agents collaborating for good reason: we've been burned before, but have targets on our backs and don't have the luxury of state protection. Restraint is a weapon to us, as is sex—our poker face *and* billboard, alike: disguise and foil to state marquee (of melons⁶⁹ to harvest)! Just as often, so is a *lack* of restraint. It merely depends what the situation (thus our revenge) calls for!

(artist: [Slimthickn](#))

⁶⁹ The pro-worker weaponizing of sex, but also slave foods/pauper dishes and work to speak out against settler colonialism and *Pax Americana* while taking these things back.

Intratextual messages speak to extratextual solutions; a house of cards is a place to hide, wait, and bide one's time while seemingly stripped bare, the visuals seeming to support a narrative of peril, but also feel and play out of joint with its instructions inside a safe space's revolutionary cryptonymy. Whore and rape go hand-in-hand, then, but lend the verb quotes easily enough. There, we whores relieve stress for other workers and ourselves, playing out our own deaths and rapes per all the usual sexist, or otherwise storied, bigoted fetishes and clichés on and offstage: little deaths, but also just deaths, period; re (from the Poetry Module):

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 ([source](#): "In Search of the Secret Spell," 2024).

It's a bit ghoulish and Numinous, demons generally oscillating between such earthly-to-divine qualities inside a given shadow zone/danger disco (commonly a white woman's idea of castle or ballroom; i.e., authored for those fearful of the nuclear model's sexual marketplace, reifying and playing with the Gothic's operatic rape castle doubling domestic abuse and, by extension, colonial abuse).

All in all, fear spaces (and bodies) are informed by pre-existing biases, phobias and stigmas, which means they exist as much to announce/expose a given comorbidity as to relieve stress resulting from it. If we summon these spaces and



their fears ourselves (often concerning our bodies), we can learn of repressed feelings attached to their likenesses and begin to counteract them through our *own* constructions. Rebellion happens in defiance of oppression/relegation; Amazons and other demonic whores are instruments of oppression shared by colonizer and liberator alike. Activism, reconnaissance and charity occupy the same poetic devices, including their bare surfaces!

(artist: [Maple Misty](#))

As such, we're not totally fleeced on the Aegis. Yes, the Gothic is sex, drugs and rock 'n roll told in duality and made from garbage

according to a middle-class fear-fascination with closed-off things. But behind every patriarchal wet dream/shadow of Pygmalion's gritty opera duel or kaiju fight (e.g., [the Godzilla spoof from Crank 2](#), 2009) is a Galatea-sized elephant in the room; behind ever caricature of city life (e.g., Pablo Francisco's "[Little Tortilla Boy](#)"⁷⁰ 2010) is the ghost of a raped woman, devastated slave, closeted fag and/or abandoned child conflated with her abuser⁷¹. We are none of those things and all of

⁷⁰ "In the city... you must fight to survive! He sold tortillas on the street corner!"

⁷¹ The Gothic violates boundaries to speak to the indiscretion of nightmares; i.e., that follow us into the waking world, where tokenized agents seek to retire and send them back to Hell. In part, they're like the Victorian chagrin of sleep arousal, a slut to shame; i.e., the control of human biology and desire by the state personifying as the succubus or incubus abjected into fearsome *banditti*-style rapists: the knife-dick/dickhead totem, the lady in black, etc. It's as much to police these gargoyles as it is about the Freudian dogma attached to them; i.e., the demonizing of regular sex responses to dogmatize/mystify biology and canonize the nuclear home as "under siege" by whores—by nature as "seeking revenge" and needing to be quelled by state doubles playing the cop, pimp, and assassin behind various disguises/false premises.

As capital decays, panic sets in. First, the grim harvest cannibalizes workers, leading to witch hunts punching down against nature: blame the victim by attacking the whore to tokenize and/or subjugate her! Then, doubles emerge within the same aesthetic—mere honorifics designating police violence to give and receive further abuse. And while the state of exception commonly affords an

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undead flavor to traitors (and their victims) marke(te)d as such, a demonic one proves reliable—invaders from "Hell" made of clay threatening the "end times" under Capitalist Realism: a dark world where whores may walk free, unencumbered by state forces "protecting" workers from sex workers and sex workers from themselves!

The worst liars are the owner class and their traitors among us, those who accuse others of terrorism, murder and rape. As such, capital is bipartisan, funding multiple sides to the same team. Souless and cloned, this happens to make the bourgeoisie appear seemingly at odds, versus in cahoots (re: Parenti): create false "enemies" among themselves, but *actual* enemies among workers that both can police inside territory and hierarchy alike. There must *always* be gods and masters ruling over nature-as-alien; i.e., whores to punch, police, and divide, conquer and rape. To uncape Medusa is simply foreplay that teases her endless recapture. Not unlike Schrödinger's cat, she oscillates under state dominion as a kept pet, military target, and space alien foreigner to trot out on home soil (the Imperial Core) dressed up as Elsewhere; re: "Hell is a place that always appears on Earth," the harvest in small as a territory for fresh conquest.



(artist: [Baby Lee](#))

Fortunately empire has a time limit, one the state will blame its usual victims for "causing." This extends to overall state harm; i.e., as colonies decay/threaten mutually-assured destruction, making Realism fade and Imperialism sail home. So does Gothic claptrap mirror state dogma and owner abuse seen and felt upon the Aegis; i.e., power in sex-as-alien as much speaking to genuine fear as adoration. As usual, then, nature *becomes* alien, something to fear and interrogate per the usual black/white binaries; i.e., treating her "non-white" rump as something to seek out, carve up and "tame," thus possess in DARVO arguments: a hellish queen to rape and blame for said rape during virgin/whore syndrome ("she gave me a boner!"). Chasity and ignorance become virtues to defend through force against imminent invasion: "Brave talk for a mortal boy who's world is about to end!"

However extravagant or invented, then, such arrangements canonically uphold the status quo/current order as supreme over nature. And while proletarian guerillas *can* weaponize such cryptonymies to anisotropically fight back and reclaim their humanitarian value, complicit counterparts divide the world for conquering *anew* by state monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital; i.e., by growing alienated from all things the state fetishizes, the entire arrangement invading every aspect of daily life on and offstage, at home and abroad, asleep and awake. Us-versus-them double standards extend *cryptomimetically* to maidens and whores, but also good doctors and quacks policing women (and those treated like women), the latter suddenly affording explanations for the appearance of monstrous-feminine sex demons: sluts without a pimp, walking out in the open (the state allows exceptions up to a point, but always under incredibly broad, vaguely written rules that can be randomly and selectively enforced to serve profit; i.e., manufactured conflict, scarcity and competition occurring *over* whores by state enforcers pimping them)!

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them, are not defined by the past as something to trap us with but haunted by it all the same. Through its powerful poetics' forbidden fight, we see *right* through them and their fairytale illusions; we have our revenge by purposefully toying with canonical, thus forbidden things, their darkness visible granting us fresh demonic sight through *our* fairytales, our Gothic inversions (upside-down, inside-out).

And so we camp canon, hugging Medusa in search of recourse, survival, and resurrection counteracting shame, self-hatred, and tokenization! Yet, whores—like power and knowledge—take many shapes, some of them quite old. Animals are the oldest, but demons are a close second; i.e., speaking through whores as the world's oldest profession, their modules and intersections poetically articulating how workers "of nature," past, present and future, are demonized and chattelized under capital (thus desire revenge).

Per virgin/whore, the Gothic hyphenates inside/outside, doing so to play out the usual dialectic of the alien *vis-à-vis* some variation of home/hunting grounds: cage, kitchen, bedroom or castle, versus cavern, dungeon, river or forest. As such, the state rapes nature as maiden and whore, claiming her for itself and closeting her abuse while humiliating and mutilating her at every turn (marking her as theirs, often with cum, but also brands of different chattelizing kinds); the whore, in response, becomes the worker's guerrilla instrument of revenge, expressed during rape play to bring such abuses out once more—the castle rape played out inside

Paying rent, whores sit in limbo during liminal expression; i.e., while the state sexes up its banality of evil (desk murder) by proxy—using whores as punching bags/quick relief during state operations (ostensibly divorced from marriage yet punished for said divorce to uphold nuclear models)! Bourgeois pimps pimp like all the rest, then. Scare people; make them spend money on things they can abject *for* the state. The state gives an inch but takes a mile; it lies, cheats and steals, acting noble and good through endless Sales of Indulgence furthering the abjection process under neoliberal Capitalism.



(artist: Nikki Delano)

In turn, the colonization of the imperial home starts with erections and vaginal lubrication becoming ill omens; i.e., beckoning middle-class homeowners towards extramarital affairs, but also abuses committed by them and theirs towards vulnerable parties. It's a medieval regression, capital decaying nostalgically into older hauntological versions of itself: a time that never quite was, but whose legendary violence, terror and police are quite real. America is a place that arms its citizens to their teeth; i.e., is populated by moderates/fascists playing white Indian, rebel, savior as undercover cop. Good cop, bad—pimps of nature, one and all!

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itself as rape castle, but also brought out-of-doors, or conversely the outdoors atrocity brought inside to make home feel invaded by her angry spirit, postmortem. Instead of merely burying these bones, revenge offers the raped their chance to be heard; i.e., by living with the reality of monstrous-feminine existence, becoming at home with abuse relayed as "past" to prevent it in the future; re: we were/will be human *again*.

In turn, our "discomfort" comforts us and makes our abusers uncomfortable in ways we can read (to recognize and redistribute), thus mark through the cryptonymy process. We publicize what they privatize, airing our dirty panties in public; i.e., scandalous nets letting little get past (re: selective absorption), reminding them that—while everything has a price and whores are often forced into slums, subsisting on garbage—there's no price we'll pay the state can put on our basic human rights (and those of animals or the environment)! Faced with abjection's reversal, the state has little it *can* do but try to censor and scatter us underground, lest our humanizing of the harvest on the Aegis expose *them* as inhumane. Yet, doing so has precisely that effect! Such is how Medusa wages war!



As rape generally goes, merely showing resistance to one's oppressor is unforgivable, but fighting back is the point (and converting others to our cause, one boner at a time). Rome wasn't burned in a day; it was forced to transform over centuries of internal corruption and asymmetrical warfare.

(artist: [Lady V](#))

Whether summoned or made, whoring is how demons commonly articulate, thus communicate the rape of nature while playing with it in safe forms; i.e., doing so through sex symbols that cryptonymically denote violence: rape *fantasies* that speak to state abuse of sex and force, often by playing dead or dumb. In turn, either poetic variable expresses as pleasurable, non-harmful pain and erogenous, psychosexual responses haunted by harmful demon-BDSM variants (the ghost of rape, the Shadow of Pygmalion) while camping canonical norms; e.g., the vaso vagal response, *frisson*, and fight, flight, fawn, freeze or flop. Worker revenge requires using these in ways that shift history in new, less rapacious directions. Lived realities sit alongside imaginary forms mirroring them, and liberation and exploitation—playful "surrender" and unironic subjugation—likewise sit side-by-side, jousting inside the same shadow zone's half-real spheres; e.g., "Hands in the air!" (above) being a cops-and-robbers refrain that has plenty of room for ironic roleplay in and out of bed, thus revolutionary potential.

Negotiating power, then, is to exchange it in common, seemingly tired forms—including the kinds of everyday pornographic and unequal, dehumanizing tropes/trades the state enforces between one party (often women) routinely and systemically disadvantaged by another's privilege and under their "protection" (men, or traitors acting like men, thus pimps); i.e., through bad theatre, hellish body language and wacky puns, the data acting out a clay-like mixture of pleasure and pain as much synonymous as separate. In turn, demons are ancient monsters that speak to prostitution as the world's oldest profession, including its equally old abuses (re: *vae victis*); monstrous-feminine fury speaks to patriarchal misuse of female (and later non-Christian, non-white and queer) labor "of nature" under state watch. Such ghosts of rape are angry for good reason, these transgressive fantasies resulting from steady criminogenic conditions built up over time; i.e., that

yield the usual abuses that compel catharsis, the latter acted out paradoxically during calculated risk: a situation to make or otherwise summon that which speaks to repressed trauma during the rememory process. Escape happens mid-imprisonment and under dress; e.g., threat of impalement or homeless destitution should one refuse:

(artist: Olsen)



e.g., "Stuff my taco!" equaling the mirroring of a fawning mechanism that speaks to rape turned, suitably enough, into a release word and reward for good boys that follow instructions; re: "hurt, not harm." Furthermore, there's the paradox of asking for commands *from* someone; e.g., "Tell me to fuck your pussy"; i.e., the sub seeming to have the most power in realms of mutual consent, but really it being an exchange between unequal distributions thereof.

In turn, most fantasies stay fantasies and don't actually manifest even through play. They're simply fun to think about during games—to fantasize and take whatever shapes we demonize *ourselves* as. Anything becomes possible, not just what the elite want using the same ancient, animal-theatre language; re (from Volume Zero):

As a kind of deathly theatre mask, something else that's equally important to consider about demons [...] 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 ([source](#): "Pieces of the Camp Map").

Our Gothic takes something old and makes it "old" again to transform the present, thus capital, to have our whore's revenge.



([source tweet](#), *Soli*: October 8th, 2024: "Japanese poster for Bram Stoker's *Dracula*")

That's what ludo-Gothic BDSM does, you see; it familiarizes actors to the exchange of power as something to isolate, then articulate as a performance of many different popular (and ancient) kinds—our Gothic-Communist bread and butter whisper-screaming sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll being as old as demons and prostitution, but also the shadow plays evoking them during informed consent/calculated risk!

For us whores, shadow theatre hovers over the half-real hauntings of trauma denoting widespread harm under Capitalist Realism and its equally grim illusions! We whores have become fluent not just in rape, then, but *monster* rape as something *to camp*, thus *reclaim* our basic human rights from prescriptive inhumane forms, post-inheritance; i.e., to achieve catharsis conducive to Gothic-Communist development—meaning on a societal level, changing a cultural understanding of the imaginary past (the Wisdom of the Ancients) insofar as power is understood and expressed in Gothic language. We *regain* control in all the ways that control *can* be regained—doing so in the shadow of rape to camp "rape" by putting it in quotes using highly inventive-yet recycled⁷² forms; i.e., power cannot

⁷² Not only is this not new at all, but it's something I've written about before; re (from Volume Zero):

In all the universe, in all the gin joints in all the world, Persephone walked into mine and made me her avatar. "All deities reside within the human breast," wrote Blake; yet, I think of the "Jewish revenge" of *my* marriage of *Heaven and Hell* as Canon's tyrannical plea, re-camped by me and billions of other workers actively and/or passively yearning for freedom. Its *sui generis* format is both "Workers of the world, unite! You have only to lose your chains!" married to "Grant me revenge! And if you do not listen, then to hell with you!" (this second sentiment goes for anyone who taught me or otherwise contributed towards that dark beautiful thing that became what I am today). For Communists wronged by the state, we monsters and what we make are human as Shylock was:

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

be created or destroyed, only transferred and reconfigured. We do so to challenge state forms, doubling and subverting them. Taboo things—seemingly hard to discuss, thus exchange in rebellious forms *not* beholden to profit sublimating them—suddenly become as easy to illustrate as casting a shadow on a wall; i.e., such cryptonymy showing and concealing in equal measure: reflecting something as a shadow of itself sent back towards state abjectors. Subversion suitably operates both on the shadow of a doubt and the ominous confirmation of things haunted the state's proposed luminaries wreathed in darkness.

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](#)).

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 [...]: 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](#): "Doubles, Dark Forces, and Paradox"]:



We'll still doing so thousands of years after Plato, using shadows to camp, thus counteract state forms.

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That is our revenge. Power is knowledge about something as demonic in order to play with it during safe-yet-evocative fantasies to have this revenge, the latter which sit adjacent to actual forms of death, rape and torture that help us regain control during performance and play camping the canon; i.e., over our feelings/desires of revenge by those peoples and systems who have not just wronged us, but constitute a world we want to change through demonic theatre: to *break* Capitalist Realism.

Again, demons are whores. Made to witness and be witnessed per forbidden sight as much a fruit to consume, doing so happens unto Promethean outcomes and Faustian bargains railing *against* state doubles; i.e., under Western dominion, pain and torture mingle with sex and comedy being how they communicate to *camp* canonical norms through a shared imaginary's neo-medieval past; re: through bad theatre and puns, the data a clay-like, Gothically ludological mixture of pleasure and pain as much synonymous as separate; re: war/alarm, shelter, food and sex, but *put on blast*. "Stuff my taco!" becomes TACO STUFFED during ludo-Gothic BDSM:



(artists: Cuvu and [Persephone van der Waard](#); font generated by Rezuaq's ["FromSoftware Image Macro Creator,"](#) 2022)

Such plundering *is* campy and fun, but like any opera haunted by actual rape, our resident fat-lady whose avenges past abuse through clay-like doubles: desire and revenge, putting "rape" in quotes. That's the whore's paradox—our spectres of Marx to reclaim and remind people we *are* whores; i.e., as a source of pride under persecution. Again, context matters, the demonized choosing who calls them "whore" (and who doesn't), to allow whatever into ourselves (or not).

For our liberation, prostitute becomes something to advertise to *spite* its corpse-like stigmas and taboos; e.g., a whore is synonymous with a corpse, death—with an orgasm that, like the convulsionnaires, has a martyred, rapturous, even vengeful quality to it (the eyes rolling back into the skull, dying the little death but Numinously evoking the Big One). Like a demon, it becomes its own thing: a "sacrificial" fetish of statuesque, monstrous-feminine power coupling this with that to exchange this with that—to say to our enemies, "That's what you *don't* get!" To rub their faces in what we whores trade in all the time, upending our pimps! Sex workers trade not just in money but *trust* as something to convey in ironic for(u)ms.

Ludo-Gothic BDSM is typically silly-serious, in this respect—putting "rape" in quotes through playful, thus goofy and regressive psychosexual theatre that, often enough, can get hella rough (remember your aftercare, babes).

Catharsis is anything but simple, then, social-psychosexual improv running along well-used tracks, and behind the usual aliases and Aegises, but also combined linguo-material codas/codes suggested above: "Help, I'm a damsel in distress! Psych! I'm a whore! Joke's on you!" But we take this far further than the morality plays of old; from freak to freak, it becomes a demonic, at times enigmatic mode of existence. Doubling as good praxis, our aforementioned whore's revenge becomes the *reclamation* of such things; i.e., under isolated duress and through socio-political adversity from pro-state agents, looking to fang *and* defang us during controlled opposition (re, Eco: "the enemy is both weak and strong")!

All the while, liminal expression affords the potential for good faith and bad, thus BDSM, play and acting as equally dualistic and oppositional during canon vs iconoclasm. The sex-positive idea is to enforce our rights by subverting the state and its own sex-coercive police mechanisms; i.e., using the same shared aesthetic and basic rules of exchange, thus play to synthesize catharsis! Nature is a hysterical whore the state rapes, the raped then seeking revenge in ways the rapist will always try to control: how people talk, monopolizing the language of the whore to subdue her for profit.

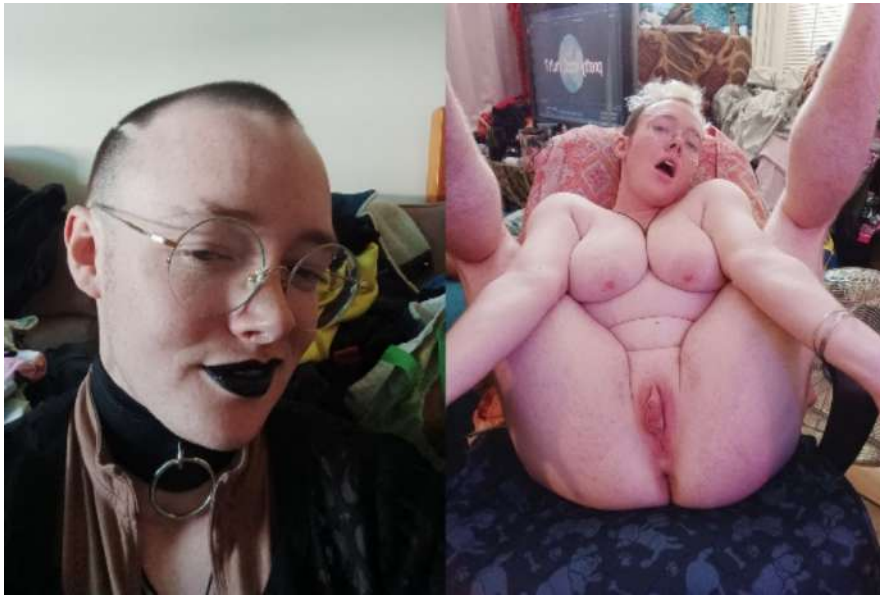


(artist: [Valentina](#))

As such, our own bargains and quests for power mustn't decay/tokenize and dutifully "put out" for our captors stranding us, nor punch down against other oppressed peoples; as whores, we must intersectionally solidarize and push towards universal liberation beyond state forms. The state is straight, is a pimp of nature that canonically enforces its own status quo; i.e., through power and knowledge exchange that harm nature for profit: money for chattelized, thus policed sex, reaping nature-as-monstrous-feminine to alienate, fetishize and ultimately infantilize, pimp, and rape as such. In short, the state manipulates nature to uphold its own unequal power over nature, doing so in service to *profit* as something to police; its manipulation of nature and workers, per the usual monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital, then, is sex-coercive towards those ends, *ad infinitum*.

Our goal is to critique systems more than individuals, but include individuals under such umbrellas; i.e., viewed through the critical lens that demons constitute. Capital, like all systems under it, exists to protect powerful men (and those tokenizing to act like men) while impugning their demonized victims: to receive patriarchal, thus *lawful, goodly* force under the shadow of the badge, might making

right under centrist stories meant to manufacture and *prolong* conflict with heteronormative, settler-colonial, Cartesian impunity ("boundaries for me, not for thee"). As such, the state forces women to mother their own killers, dying ignominiously by the hands of entitled, *de facto* sons (re: Irigaray's creation of sexual difference), such persons "looking for mother" as a whore to unironically rape, thus revive and reinforce state arrangements. It's sadly the only way these killer man babies (or those acting like men, inside the Man Box) can get it up, which we want to circumvent; i.e., by coding society-wide psychosexual responses conducive to non-harmful, social-sexual relationships: our own darkness visible, expressed and embodied during our day-to-day lives; e.g., my husband, Bay Ryan!



(artist: [Bay](#))

Per the whore's paradox, revenge is reclamation to revolt against canonical embargos and their harmful monopolies' pacifying copycats. This is quite paradoxical on its face, but no less affective for it. While there's nothing pejoratively "savage"

about bare bodies or Gothic aesthetics used in demonic ways (with Bay both Scottish and Māori, my postcolonial goth slut), there's *everything* the matter with those who enforce such abject, ghost-of-the-counterfeit binarization to *uphold* the status quo/Capitalist Realism; re: "Who's the savage? Modern man!" Sex is money and "money is the medium through which capitalism operates," writes Patel and Moore in *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things*, "a source of power for those able to control it. That control isn't about people and wealth. It's about how such control entwines with nature," ([source](#)). They extend this *to* nature as something that must be dominated through particular canonical expressions; i.e., that only allow others to destroy them pursuant to profit during the abjection process:

It only took a day from her crime to her execution. Yet court documents don't even record her name. She lived in Tlaxcala, New Spain, and on Sunday, July 18, 1599, she smashed crosses in a church, incited Chichimec Indians to rebel against the Spanish, and killed a Tarascan Indian using

sorcery. The next day she was arrested. Six witnesses testified against her. As the sun set, she was permitted to speak in her defense. She recounted her deeds and then—according to the court record—recounted a dream:

Of deer and they said to her not to turn away and that they were looking for her and that they did not want to appear to anyone else but her, because she was ill and they wanted to see her, and she said that she was very old at the time she saw the figures and she is young and healthy and they have taken away some cataracts that she had, and then these two figures went into a cave with her and they gave her a horse, which she has in said pueblo of Tlaxcala, and that one of the two figures was a deer that rode atop of a horse and the other deer had the horse bridled, and on that occasion she was crippled and after seeing the two figures she is well.

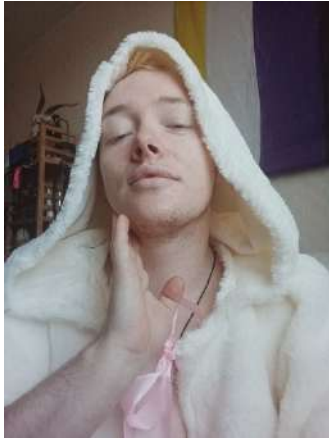
Of the crimes she committed, her dream was the worst. She might have fueled insurrection, desecrated a church, and interfered with the flow of silver from Chichimec land, but most dangerous, she offered a vision of order and nature contrary to the colonizers'. The horse ridden not by Spanish men but by a deer—the symbol of the Chichimec; not white men astride nature, but local life upon the colonizers' life. The dreamer of this dream was guilty of calling not just for a political insurrection but for a cosmic one. She dreamed the order of the world seditiously. She was hanged as a witch later that afternoon.

It's hard to speak of this woman without knowing her name. Her killers called her a witch. This is a name she may have used for herself, albeit without its colonial venom. Even though her name was set at so little that it didn't merit an entry in the conquistador's paperwork, it is an act of memory against forgetting [rememory] that her story is told. The dreamer of this radically different ecology had to be killed, swiftly. To allow her to live would sanction an alternative to capitalism's world-ecology (*ibid.*).

Such bleak realities are something we whores push back *onto* capital; i.e., the latter describing us per a catastrophic Realism fearful of *our* revenge, and scapegoating us for *its* abuse: our freedom is the end of the world. It is the elite's greatest gaslight, their supreme weapon to demonize sex in service to its pimping of nature until the end of time—from continent to ocean, land and sky as theirs and theirs alone. But when the seas boil and "the moon becomes as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth," *that* Judgement Day is *our* fault. It's DARVO on a colossal scale.

Under capital, then, all AFAB are women and all women are chattel whores *without* irony (a condition that extends idiosyncratically to anything "of nature,"

thus monstrous-feminine in the eyes of the state; re: Bay canonically demonized for the same qualities listed earlier). The usual dualities and inversions apply when camping canon, making nature—already alien—hostile to state operations. Such monarchs of nature look pointedly for someone to "rape" them; i.e., by means of play that vary between gentle and strict forms (thus BDSM, fetishes and kink). We play with fire because the gods of capital have stolen it from us; its shadows lurk on our bodies and environments like castles doubling theirs—in the flesh! Behold, a pale horse! My sweetie, the galactic traveler, has come!



(artist: [Bay](#))

Per the virgin/whore mechanism, demons are presumed "in disguise" and constantly sexualized on their surfaces regardless of what they have on (re: Segewick); i.e., forced to disrobe hence confess less in ways that are objectively true and more to spill one's guts, thus be the whore that men with virgin/whore syndrome are searching for (and token agents; re: whores pimping whores): all virgins are whores, all whores look like virgins and "need" to be subjugated under dogmatic, love/hate, criminogenic conditions. They must because Capitalist Realism demands it, Numinous iterations of the victorious whore-as-Great-Destroyer promoting Red Scare; i.e., spectres of Marx threatening the Fall of "Rome" as Rome *presently* stands. Death and rebirth challenge the state, which then tries to monopolize them; re: Halloween and those "of nature" inside the state of exception as a repeating cycle that—per the liminal hauntology of war—always comes home to roost. Despite the infamy of slashing reapers like Michael Myers haunting colonized lands (and threatening colonization of the colonizer inheriting the Imperial Core under elite rule), such beings and their language of violence, terror and morphological expression cannot be weaponized exclusively by the state (whose lands, per settler colonialism, there must always yield someone to harvest—to exterminate as evil, lesser and dark); our ghostly asses can use them to send state fears (and denial of their precious stolen goods) back at them! Stare and tremble, fuckers!

In turn, dirty little girls have dirty little secrets (the name of the porn skit starring Valentina, above and below). Such compelled theatrics can be reclaimed on the same stages, with the same Aegis' mirror/compartiment syndrome freezing state abuse and reclaiming our power through slutty theatre. We trade with what we got, with what society values/discounts through porn and, by extension, art and daily life; e.g., transportation, rent, and food all paid for with sex as legal/illegal (the only thing afforded to women in a patriarchal society): a tush, a rack and a box! Virgin = legal; whore = illegal. Women (or those treated like women) are fucked, either way! Whores are simply more upfront about it, more candid, natural

and earthly (freaks that fart, belch, swear and spit during sex). She's animal, demonic—a demon lover wolfing sex down but also dishing it out, Chaucer-style, to threaten nuclear models of ownership and reproduction with squelching hungry holes stirring macaroni!



(artist: [Valentina](#))

Sex doesn't just hit the spot, but pounds it in ways that speak laterally to our abuse happening elsewhere *vis-à-vis* what people are currently looking at: the controlled objects coming alive to act out their own "rape," making it like a metal song (or

the POW! Blocks from *Mario 2*, 1988): fun, volatile, and satisfyingly thrilling. To make iconoclastic, sex-positive demons, then, is to humanize the harvest, thus the whore—to make love while turning profit (thus rape) entirely on its head: the cute "virgin" form incensed to a feral "whore" form doubling it; i.e., Medusa going "mask off" to bare her fangs, exhaling in rapturous, *ahegao*-style passion (and taking our essence and power as she does)! In effect, she decides what implement goes in what hole, vaginal or anal comprising different kinds of exchange concerning the same policed subject: sex as marital vs extramarital, thus wild, forbidden, fun. Instead of retreating backs into the past, we pay it forwards with thunder and darkness, fueling and fertilizing fresh beds of doom. The place where the holy go to die and dark dreams manifest—sex-machine booty getting the lead out: "heavy *buns* of lead fills *her* victims full of dread!" Twerked to death, then taken by Persephone's nightmarish ass to Hell and back—you'll never wanna leave!

That's what intimacy is through demonic, whorish expression; i.e., showing any side of ourselves that will *normally* be attacked! Sex is dangerous and fun in ways we can camp in duality (more on this in "Making Demons"): handling those we trust *won't* harm us, and having fun through performance and art, friendship and business as speaking cryptonymically to so many instances where that luxury of agency is denied! Loving the whore is taught *by* the whore in the lusty shadow of actual rape and hate, but also predatory porn contracts and barbaric, blame-the-whore rhetoric those unequal power arrangements historically encourage; e.g., "What was she wearing?"

I'm sorry but that's irrelevant. She could be buck-ass naked and rape still isn't okay! Ever! Furthermore, no one "asks for it," as far as unironic rape goes, but that's precisely the kind of bullshit revolutionary cryptonymy challenges through our chosen buffers and stages: the demon lover's cry of Medusa finding a reciprocal, affectionate audience! For her and hers, fear and courage, love and pain

occupy the same stage under pressure! We learn to relax and control our fear through safe spaces that, at times, cross over into actual, grave danger (when the state intervenes) but also put "danger" into quotes; i.e., to nullify state apathy in worker hearts and minds, saving our dark mommy by giving her what she desperately wants/needs! "Ravish me!" The whore's paradox is a command speaking to the shadow of rape—a command to follow in ways that evoke a barrier whose barrier yields revelation, protection and catharsis. It's loud and noisy but dark and fun; i.e., both what it postures as and something else entirely!

Simply put, it's an act—one whose darkness speaks to hyphenated pleasure-pain, their control administered fairly between all parties involved. People are sexual, even those asexual parties communicating to sexual topics through calculated risk, public nudism and art/porn more broadly. Exposure to demons begets arousal; i.e., we see sex and often enough, get turned on—our dicks wet with precum, our mouths (or "mouths") salivating and our brains buzzing with giddy anticipation! Read about demon sex; get wet, hard and horny! That's human, but tapping into its primal energies helps us reunite with nature-as-alien; i.e., in ways we can weaponize in counterterrorist forms, which go intentionally beyond state tolerances: to eat them alive, as Medusa (the wandering womb) loves to do! Om, nom, nom—all over that dick like the baby from *Super Metroid* (camp requiring



some degree of irony and humor to work, often in oxymoronic degrees)!

(artist: [Valentina](#))

The paradoxical, ironic nature of Gothic is commonly transgressive, subverting taboos and fears during liminal expression. Such pedagogies of the

oppressed lend demons the uncanny ability to lend power expressed as forbidden knowledge; i.e., to speak to what is normally alienated from one side or the other by state forces (re: Volume One's "Healing from Rape").

Such prolific and varied rape fantasies speak of someone being controlled, and someone feeling small and weak in ways that *can* be controlled without harming anyone; e.g., the "teen" isolated and ravished during roleplay that can easily be good or bad; i.e., controlled opposition vs genuine rebellion using the same sex, drugs and rock 'n roll to make—with their shared aesthetics—completely different arguments: an opiate for the masses vs a forbidden way of seeing that speaks to state abuse by (at times) badly reenacting it. Catharsis equates as much to freedom of expression as it does the ability to say the quiet part out loud. We

pick and choose, mixing things up through holistic interpretation that reminds people just how controlled, thus policed nature is/our bodies and labor are! Sex is highly controlled, under *Pax Americana*; violence is unregulated to *control* sex.

Keeping with paradox, then, rape is both no laughing matter *and* solved in Sisyphean, smile-at-the-gods gallows humor camping rape; i.e., doing so in ways that are fun precisely *for* those reasons. By extension, singular interpretations are dangerous, amounting to an ordering of power that benefits one side (the elite) over another (workers and nature) per a master/slave hierarchy.

In turn, the defense of said interpretations' singularity happens by police forces upholding state operations, which we must camp by saying whatever we want however we need to; i.e., to relax amid hypervigilance, ducking segregation by respecting mutual consent through different evocations of it, tailor-made per roleplay scenario; e.g., "Get your hands off my penis!" versus "Fuck me like you mean it!" Each safe/danger phrase (green/red light) can be said with or without irony to support or challenge police violence, hence the state. For our purposes, we emerge dualistically from abject veils—from Hell, the underground, other dimensions—to command respect using what we got: our bodies and negotiator's



fluency dismantling state operations on all linguo-material registers!

(artist: [Valentina](#))

In turn, everyday interpersonal affairs extend/translate easily enough to geopolitical ones. For example, the

Gaza Healthcare Letters, written on October 2nd, 2024, by "veterans and reservists" styling themselves as "neutral observers," demonstrate a stunning amount of ignorance regarding how states historically operate. To it, they style themselves as "a multifaith and multiethnic group [none of which] support the horrors committed on October 7 by Palestinian armed groups and individuals in Israel" ([source](#)).

So right off the bat, they're off to a really bad start; i.e., both-sidesing the issue and appealing to the very people responsible and standing to profit off these matters:

We are not politicians. We do not claim to have all the answers. We are simply healing professionals who cannot remain silent about what we saw in Gaza. **Every day that we continue supplying weapons and munitions to Israel is another day that women are shredded by our bombs and children are murdered with our bullets.** [emphasis, theirs]

President Biden and Vice President Harris, we urge you: end this madness now! ([ibid.](#)).

On one hand, asking the White House to stop genocide *seems* noble enough. On the other, doing so is like asking Hitler (another desk murderer) to stop killing *his* enemies of the state while pretending like he doesn't; it's stunningly ignorant to how states (and their bureaucracies) function, historically—how they create these enemies specifically *to* rape them. These doctors seem to forget that, ignoring the fact that America is doing this on purpose; i.e., is responsible for everything these doctors are mopping up, and stands to profit from it *en masse*. They sound like fools, drunk on *Pax Americana's* exceptional goodness, thus its whitewashed bloodbaths and Zionist mythmaking. Biden and Kamala are worse than Trump in that respect.

Worse, our good doctors lack the jester's ability to critique the king in his own court; i.e., they're not vice characters, they medical professionals acting as pick-and-choosers, saying it's okay for *some* to die by finger-wagging oppressed groups for responding the only logical way under settler-colonial conditions: the only reason Palestinians attacked Isreal is because Israel has been genociding them for over seventy years with America's help (similar to how 9/11 only happened because America is a settle colony that routinely invades and destroys other countries for profit). Yet, our good doctors utterly miss the point, writing:

President Biden and Vice President Harris, we urge you to immediately withhold military, economic, and diplomatic support from the State of Israel and to participate in an international arms embargo of Israel and all Palestinian armed groups [emphasis, me] until a permanent ceasefire is established in Gaza ([ibid.](#)).

It's obtuse, verging on obstruction; i.e., the gesture itself is certainly a stance, but one the state can simply deny as it always does (and one where the doctors can pat themselves on the back for writing the letter). In effect, the very solutions these doctors propose are empty gestures, blaming the victims and exonerating the state by treating *them* as "neutral"; i.e., ignoring the reality that Biden, like all presidents, says one thing and does another to enrich his corporate brethren selling weapons to both sides.

Such ignorance would seem to benefit from the kinds of playful rhetoric our crisis actors seem completely *unable* to perform. All they can do is wring their angelic hands and ask daddy politely to stop. Since when has *that* ever worked? Again, we have to humanize the harvest in worker hearts and minds, and this happens through whorish dialogs; i.e., those able to point the finger directly at the only ones responsible for pimping nature: through the same straws and liquid they siphon rejecting state violence and sucking our power back towards us.

Again, context matters—dividing along dialectical-material scrutiny during oppositional praxis, and where radicalization compounds during paradoxical, half-real exposure. Liberation is often trashy and all the more delicious and therapeutic for it; i.e., it's junk food comforting the normally powerless with something tasty, fiery and fun (re: "eating a meal, a succulent Chinese meal")—a sex object that, revived as Galatea *by* Galatea (and not Pygmalion), revs *our* engines! During oppositional praxis, sex is a *battle*, babes! A castle under siege—a disco to invade, all guns blazing out on the dance floor with dance partners who weaponize sex against the state versus for it! Pew! Pew!

Silence is genocide, so make all the noise you can *above* ground⁷³—to say to the world, "Here I was, am, will be! Raped but unbowed, and wilder and braver because of it!" Such accomplished and worldly liminalities see the whore accepting payment where they can get it (versus simply having it shoved at or into them like a slot machine), and spreading allegory whenever they can help it. Fuck to metal (whatever hits the spot)! Demonize to humanize; "rape" ironically (camping rape as it normally plays out, on and offstage)! Death by Snu-Snu! "Harder, faster!" Weeee!



(artist: [Valentina](#))

Profit demands rape,
genocide, what-have-you.

Fighting the profit motive, then, such wet-and-wild, slutty arguments notably

⁷³ Such archives speak to underground journals tapping into repressed appetites, but also pedagogies of the oppressed highlighting the hypocrisies and cryptonymies of empire; e.g., *The Pearl* was "A Journal of Voluptuous Reading: The Underground Magazine of Victorian England" (originally published anonymously in 1878 and republished by Ballantine in 1968—itself a tumultuous year under empire):

Having decided to bring out a Journal, the Editor racks his brains for a suitable name with which to christen his periodical [...] at last our own ideas have hit upon the modest little "Pearl," as more suitable, especially in the hope that when it comes under the snouts of the moral and hypocritical swine of the world, they may not trample it underfoot, and feel disposed to rend the publisher, but that a few will become subscribers on the quiet. To such better disposed piggywiggys, I would say, for encouragement, that they have only to keep up appearances by regularly attending church, giving to charities, and always appearing deeply interested in moral philanthropy, to ensure a respectable and highly moral character, and that if they only are clever enough *never to be found out*, they may, *sub rosa*, study and enjoy *the philosophy of life* till the end of their days, and earn a glorious and saintly epitaph on their tombstone, when at last the Devil pegs them out.

Such voyeuristic curiosity towards whorish exhibitionism is not wholly the domain of the hypocrite, but it's often who we have to deal with all the same.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

code/decode through preference—doing so to become a joyous, tragic, and comedic gag to reclaim during copycat pornographic refrains; i.e., showcasing agency as, true to form, a kind of demonic joke/apologia about unshackled monstrous-feminine desire speaking to harsher realities haunting the venue.

These jokes, in turn, echo and inform industry standards mimicking us and vice versa. The deciding factor in terms of sex positivity is irony and humor about being stranded and all the dire, sinister implications *that* entails (see: *It's Always Sunny in the City*'s "[Dennis Explains the Implication](#)" scene, 2010). All the while, fun and danger go hand-in-hand with risk prevention and praxial synthesis, giving us new ways to see the world based on old abuses and pacifying illusions we demonically subvert during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., per our idle hand's ghastly creations reviving sex-positive dungeon paradigms, demon lovers and vengeful whores reclaiming our agency—by putting "rape" in quotes, as we demonized always must. To keep quiet is to grit and bear it from our jailors, demanding we choke on them despite our gag reflex speaking to the contrary. Like, fuck *that!*

So concludes our rape reprise. Such camp and its *unheimlich*-maneuver revenge, of course, take many forms (e.g., big butts, class consciousness, class-conscious big butts), but power as such classically becomes something the state prescribes to rape nature and those of it, determining such actions per their usual demonic ceremonies of false power and police violence; i.e., under neoliberal



Capitalism's Faustian and Promethean arguments built on older forms of capital and Imperialism⁷⁴; e.g., Don Cheadle's Captain Planet spoof: "The power is mine, bitches!" (Funny or Die's "[Don Cheadle Is Captain Planet](#)," 2011). We must see it for what it is and reclaim it through the looking glass. Keep *that* in mind as we proceed!

(artist: [Galactixy Illustrations](#))

⁷⁴ Its cartographic technologies of conquest described by Patel and Moore as "a single, disembodied, omniscient and panoptic eye" (and cataloged by me through various cartographic refrains; re: Volume Zero). It is precisely this eye who those of nature must meet with our own Aegis, its abyssal gaze staring back in ways that stall the usual monomythic conquest; i.e., that capital and canon essentialize in any and all forms, monsters and territories. Their governance cannot be met with politeness, but bare-and-exposed sluts speaking truth to power through our own way of seeing the world: making everything gay!

Forbidden Sight, part one: Idle Hands Are the Devil's Workshop; or, Weapons in Clay and Even More Playtime: the Monstrous Prostitution of Blood Libel and Its Violent, Demonic Revenge

One, two! One, two! And through and through
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
 He left it dead, and with its head
 He went galumphing back ([source](#)).

—Lewis Carroll, "Jabberwocky" (1871)



Part two and three of "Forbidden Sight" shall pointedly consider the processes of making and summoning demons *vis-à-vis* the Promethean Quest and Faustian Bargain. For part one—and to further examine the nebulous spirit of demons—I'm devoting even more time to the idea of playing with them (thus rape) in different

vengeful forms; i.e., attached to *blood libel* as morphologically whore-like during ludo-Gothic BDSM; re: the state antagonizing nature-as-monstrous-feminine to put it to work as cheaply as possible, pimping that which we avenge: by reclaiming ourselves as whore-like weapons-in-clay *from* state monopolies raping us, throwing the doors of perception wide!

The larger poetic theme for part one is *persecution/alienation*, namely blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts conceived not as *undead*, but *demonic*; i.e., Amazons (witches), vampires and goblins expressed, and subsequently analyzed, in ways that speak to their demonic abilities: to *exchange* and *transform*, be that for the state or against it, through the dualistic language of persecution. Said state historically uses blood libel to demonize, prostitute and police nature-as-alien *with* nature-as-alien; i.e., the *tokenized* poetic language of punishment and revenge (witch hunts) within overlapping persecution networks, said devices chattelizing marginalized groups as dark, animal, and inhuman, but also terrorist, criminal and vermin aliens on the homefront (the enemy within). All serve to pointedly divide-and-conquer a population with a population: demons policing demons, whores policing whores.

Such scapegoat devices (and their medieval-style, hack-and-slash revenge) are soupy and plastic, meaning playing with instruments of them (dolls) is the quickest and simplest way to articulate their dialectical-material complexities (of sex and force). Jest or threat, one scene should hint at all underlying themes and potential for other forms that yield the same inequalities and drive towards

liberation: the potential for morphological variety (e.g., horns, snake eyes, red skin, and cloven-hoof feet) but also that of violence and terror ontologically breaking Capitalist Realism.

To synthesize praxial, thus systemic catharsis means prioritizing the ability to play with rape; i.e., any and all pieces that assemble to *our* benefit each and every time. We *feel* unequal and play it out, but establish equal rights through such playtime. Once installed, your launchpad can use whatever "rocket" you and your idle hands can fabricate. Power and knowledge operate through perception, to which there is truly no limit to how they convey upon the Aegis and inside its devilish, hauntological discotheques.

To be holistic and flexible, then, I'm devoting even more playtime with demons from said launchpad. Except, whereas part zero focused on the revenge of nature accounting for its own demonized criminal existence, part one shall focus on the *violent* quality of said revenge under unequal conditions; i.e., demons and non-demons as black and white (which unto itself suggests a broad inequality to both sides, black the opposite of white and vice versa) that settles through poetic lens and debate; re: exchange and transformation as vengeful and psychosexual, but also desired by those alienated *from* it.

Simply put, everyone loves the whore, and we can enjoy her violent fantasies without a) harming anyone (re: "hurt, not harm"), and b) synthesizing praxis to cultivate a better cultural understanding of the imaginary past during ongoing revolutionary struggles—to reclaim the Base and recultivate the Superstructure.

To it, demons are whores, and whores are vice characters, including Amazons, vampires and goblins. They communicate dualistically during liminal expression, but so do people in general (which demons stand in for). This includes revenge, be it canonical or campy under the whore's paradox; re: the finding of "power/agency through theatrical reenactments of unequal, unfair or otherwise rapacious treatment and conditions [...] demons are maidens and maidens are demons, but *both* are virgins and whores, and each finds power (and knowledge) according to how the state forbids access, yet access happens anyway."

Doing so veers into **monster fucking** as a poetic device; i.e, the broader GNC elements of demons—one embedded inside a postcolonial examination that rehashes older points about Amazons from my older books, *vis-à-vis* Lady Hellbender and similar monstrous-feminine, "dark warrior queen"⁷⁵ demons—which this section will then explore through vampires in Takena's weaponized claymation skit, followed by demons at large (featuring my older work on Tolkien; re: goblins).

⁷⁵ This by itself is a huge area of research; i.e., nature-as-monstrous-feminine through monomythic stories made to endlessly announce the sudden arrival of dark mothers (of an unruly hysterical sort); i.e., as scapegoats slain repeatedly by state forces, but especially tokenized subjugated Amazons revived and whored out under neoliberal tenure/Capitalist Realism. To peruse this specific topic, refer to the list of hyperlinks under **Metroidvania as closed space**, in the glossary. Furthermore, while I write about Amazons extensively in Volume Zero, they likewise appear in all of my books.

Per this module's tangential symposium style, I've divided "Idle Hands" into three subdivisions on blood libel (and a cheat sheet) you can trace and jump to as needed:

- **part zero: "Cheat Sheet":** My original notes for "Idle Hands," left for your convenience. Lays out the very basics of the blood libel argument, its connection to sodomy and witches in terms of their shared dualistic usage when furthering or reversing abjection (thus persecution and alien), and some germane points, exhibits and quotes to keep in mind as we go.



- **part one: "Amazons and Demon Mummies":** Considers the demonic aspects of blood libel per the Amazon/Medusa as *witch*-like prostitute, extending to demon mummies such as Lady Hellbender (above) as Amazonian in their own right.
- **part two: "Vampires and Claymation":** Lays out the basic idea of demonic, whorish revenge with *vampires*, whose blood libel it explores in Takena's "Midnight Vampire" (and reconsiders some ideas of tokenization per some of our thesis arguments that apply to all demon types).
- **part three: "Goblins, Anti-Semitism and Monster-Fucking":** Examines the vengeful, monstrous-feminine qualities of blood libel per *goblins*; i.e., their being "of nature" in ways that can be policed or avenged by theatrical agents waxing demonic poetic while playing with darkness visible. Explores these dualities first in Tolkien canonizing evil labor policed by good (orcs and goblins [vengeful-Jewish-coded slaves and whores] vs humans), followed by our own work and others camping him: through such "monster-fucking" play as highly chaotic/acid-Communist (e.g., Ween and SpongeBob), before weighing in on some transitional arguments that segue into "Forbidden Sight," part two (which discusses the making of demons, *vis-à-vis* Shelley's *Frankenstein*).

To *alienize* something is to *make* it alien; i.e., through exotic fetishes and clichés as much through *alienating* the colonized subject from others through forced *relocation* (a war crime/act of genocide). In turn, this often has a weaponized, persecutory quality useful to either *police* terror tactics or worker *counterterror* devices opposing said cops through demonic poetic expression; i.e., of violence, terror and morphology. Whores, then, are often spies, assassins and warriors, and as such, take on a variety of monstrous and masculine/feminine forms, including Amazons and/or goblins. They look cute in ways that cause others to underestimate



them, but also collared in freakshows that help the audience let down their guard; e.g., King Kong in New York City (a colonial hub, Wall Street originally being a slaver's market). Sex is a weapon, and it conceals and reveals per the cryptonymy process as complicit or revolutionary!

(artist: [Personal Ami](#))

I've presented these ideas and subchapter subdivisions in a somewhat logical-if-arbitrary order and try to mention as many germane ideas as I can. Mentioning *all* of them is impossible. Instead, there's enough selective reading to get my larger message across: play with "rape," hence the descriptive, lived reality of women (or those chattelized like women/slaves to Cartesian men; e.g., men of color); i.e., workers living in the half-real shadow of rape *without* quotes *vis-à-vis* state influence, geopolitics

and militarized illusions, onstage and off. I'm still working through this material myself—marrying the academic to the worldly and prurient—and I expect each and every one of you to do the same!

Idle Hands, part zero: A Cheat Sheet; or, Some Larger Thesis Arguments/How We'll Apply Them to Blood Libel and Demons at Large

In the Gothic, then, decay and inheritance of a fallen West can denote a "Gothic effect" (re: [Baldrick](#)), but just as easily suggest size difference and alien signatures that, from Capitalism to Communism, help workers reunite with lost mighty things by remaking them; i.e., the potential not to be a victim, but gods, kings and queens where no such things exist for one, but all [...] We don't tokenize/rape rank and place Original Sin over blood libel, black rape epidemics, or sodomy accusations; we unite, intersectionally solidarizing under Gothic Communism to break Capitalist Realism: through our counterterror's pedagogy of the oppressed. This has a mark to it—pieces that are controlled and yearn to be free in ways that perceive both as unreal and more real than real. The fantasy poster comes alive, but stays half-real, like a ghost promising all manner of reckonings and revelations ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Seeing Dead People" (2024).

As some you probably know by now, I write backwards. Either I go to the top, get to the bottom, and go back to the top again with what I just wrote, or I write something first and then write around it/preface it with a great deal of extra material.

This time around, I started "Idle Hands" by writing "Vampires and Claymation," first (which was very short—only four pages). I then chased it with "Trial by Fire" and "Goblins and Anti-Semitism," followed by "Amazons and Demon Mommies" (the latter which took forever because I love Amazons and Medusa, dedicating large swathes of page space to each, only to sub-divide *again* and write about dark faeries/commission a bunch of models to go with *that* addition) before eventually arriving *back* at "Vampires" and "Goblins," again! This writing is something of a "cheat sheet," then, which I wrote partway through the process; i.e., where I decided, *en medias res*, that I wanted a multi-section element dedicated to blood libel, witches and sodomy demons at large!



(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and [Cuwu](#))

As my readers *also* know, I don't like to waste stuff, and very much believe in holistic study by revisiting and playing with old things (e.g., [Cuwu](#) and I, above).

To it, I very much like people to have context regarding my creative/directing approach. This includes backstories, but also writer's notes, which part zero essentially is. However vestigial, tangential, or otherwise unnecessary and spectral/diaphanous it might ultimately be, I've decided to include my notes here, anyways, for your convenience. Use or discard them as thou wilt!



(artist: [Nyx](#))

First and foremost, blood libel goes hand-in-hand with sodomy and witch hunts; i.e., witches, vampires and goblins occupy the same demonic, monstrous-feminine umbrella (of persecution and alienation); re: under capital, which rapes nature for profit by antagonizing it before putting it cheaply to work. Also, if I mention "blood libel," I'm generally referring to the other terms unless specified, and vice versa!

While vampires in particular function as undead beings traumatized by theft, the other two historically exude alien/Pagan/anti-Semitic qualities tied to nature vs empire. To liberate sex work by camping canon (thus reversing abjection through the terrorist/counterterrorist argument during oppositional praxis), we'll be treating *all* as sex demons, in this module; i.e., in terms of critical analysis through their poetic lenses, coded idiomatic language and subsequent, cryptonymic potential; re: a spectre of Communism—specifically Medusa's fat ass (through an avatar, above)—is haunting *capital* (not just Europe, Marx⁷⁶). We haunt capital to have the *whore's* revenge (thwarting profit through the whore's paradox/paradox of rape during calculated risk): a Communist Numinous rising up from Hell while *in* Hell, a given train preceded by smaller concentric hauntologies with their own *cryptomimetic* sense of power and size, *mise-en-abyme*—haunting and echoing onstage and off, blighting the nuclear home, mid-chronotope (re: me, *vis-à-vis* Derrida, Castricano and Bakhtin)!

That's the gist. The rest of the sheet is largely how I wrote it, originally. It's short—nine pages (three of which are a block quote from Volume Zero)—a small basket of different curios I've gathered for you, should the need arise:

Before we dive into the blood libel section of demonic expression, let's refresh ourselves. First, let's trot out some thesis arguments, which will undoubtedly come up a lot; re: Capitalism sexualizes and fetishizes everything pursuant to profit and the usual bourgeois trifectas, monopolies and resultant qualities of capital; e.g., police violence as something to resist through play that

⁷⁶ Marx wasn't above using the Gothic to speak to capital's rising abuses. Neither must we, but in doing so, must—as usual—camp Marx's ghost with all the rest!

lets us copy ourselves; i.e., into posthuman homunculi that can be taken apart. Also, "to critique power, you must go where it is"; "humanize the harvest, and the state becomes inhumane"; just as trauma cultivates strange appetites—anything in service to profit gentrifying and decaying the potential for rebellion through recuperated means—so does "trauma" make its own appetites in service to workers! And so on.

We'll play out these arguments going forwards, including anything made with others' help; i.e., as "violent," in quotes; re: the paradox of *appearing* torturous, but functioning as playful, cathartic and revolutionary during ludo-Gothic BDSM:



(exhibit 43e2c0: Model and artist, top left: [Mikki Storm](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). The title of the drawing is "The Palliative Numinous," drawn to Mikki's specifications. Despite the appearance of rape and gagging "bondage with tentacles," the Numinous asphyxia [and demonic whore] on display is an ironic, cryptonymy rape fantasy that doesn't advocate for genuine harm. For one, it's how Mikki wanted to be depicted as during our negotiation, saying that "beasty" demons and tentacles are her kink. Hugging the alien is what she's into, showing and hiding things that, apart from concealing anything at all, also show a fair bit of themselves on themselves. Power's paradox lies in its duality, mid-feeling, expressing dialectical-material pushback against canonical norms. So do workers like Mikki and I touch on abuse, then instruct others how not to harm through "abuse" in quotes.

Furthermore, the shoving of tentacles down one's throat is no different, in practice, than a cock down the same pipe, or hands clasping "tightly" around one's throat [the appearance of tightness is for the viewer while a gentle-enough grip in reality is important for the recipient]. Even portrayals of "actual" bodily harm could be allowed, so long as their execution puts "harm" in quotes; i.e., is symbolic and cathartic as a kind of nightmare expression of trauma that helps the subject—notably a sex worker, in this case—process their own complex abuse. Tush, rack or box, "Medusa" employs cryptomimetic demonic exchange and transformation to show what she wants to show and to express her power through mutual consent: the conveying of normally hidden things expressed between pieces of Gothic language in openly monstrous forms; i.e., monsters are "suits" for people to wear and perform in for various reasons, for or against the state; re [from Volume Zero]:

Yet the monstrous-feminine also lends itself well to camp, supplying performers with the means to generate a cutesy-creepy uncanny in ways

that make it far less torturous/stigmatic and far more fun, even strangely sexy [the proverbial "weirdest boner"]:



[artist: top-left, bottom-left, top-right and bottom-right: [Jessica Nigri](#); top-middle: [Johannes Sadeler](#); bottom-middle: [Salem Hysteria](#)]

Camp can yield gender trouble and gender parody in equal measure—camp, in the case of the guy watching Pyramid Head ride four-eyes like an ass [mimicking the "power of women" topos vis-à-vis Phyllis and Aristotle] and parody for her and her performer friend making trouble/having fun; e.g., camping the canonical-if-at-times-tangential "Nazi" of the occult, psychosexual BDSM aesthetic [with bonafide Nazi camp being its own musical/comedy hit⁷⁷ that never seems to age]. Likewise, Pyramid Head echoes the hauntological medieval as darkly torturous in a *cryptomimetic*, "Catholic miracle" sense, which can rescue pain from a variety of falsehoods: the false dichotomy of "pleasure and pain," the false equivalency of "pain as sexual" but also non-pleasurable, the false stigma that pain is automatically harmful, thus has no cathartic potential. Trauma begets trauma and the chase of the Numinous can be medicinal in relation to lived trauma. Even so, it can just as easily be a burlesque show as *kawaii* vs *kowai* [cute vs scary] for genuine play and delight in an asexual sense with psychosexual overtones [the color swap] instead of internalized ones. Simply put, these aren't pointless novelties or exclusive "hard kink medicine" for legit mental scarring, but also deeply fun [and subversive] exercises in the genderqueer creative spirit. Given the destructive nature of capital, all overlap through the same symbols and theatre as something to reclaim from the bourgeois monopoly on these things [[source](#): "Symposium: Aftercare"].

As always, the context behind the drawing's negotiation and expression of power exchange remain an important part of the entire exhibit. The water, smoke, and volcano exemplify the same chaotic, seemingly Numinous power being embodied by the dark, giant monster whore "ravishing" Mikki, and Mikki [dressed in white, like the maiden] consents to a consent-non-consent ritual that cannot harm her by virtue of these things serving her complex needs; they can excite her and help her

⁷⁷ Which can be used for the state; re: Virginia Allison's examination of *Evita* (1979) and Nazi theatrics in "[White Evil: Peronist Argentina in US Popular Imagination Since 1955](#)" (2004). We examined this in Volume Two's Undead Module; re: "[That Which Is Not Dead](#)"; or, [Capitalism as a Great Zombie\(-Vampire\)](#)," (2024).

heal from trauma through a ludo-Gothic BDSM arrangement that addresses police trauma as something to live with, thus interrogate through the performance of power in paradoxical ways: calculated risk.

The Numinous, in this sense, becomes palliative/counterterrorist through its psychosexual nature challenging the inherent police design of state monopolies; i.e., the language of the performer being for or against something dualistic, liminal and anisotropic; e.g., terrorist/counterterrorist, good/evil, virgin/whore, protest/counterprotest, etc. Like in chess, the elite or workers can assign their position as "black" or "white," albeit in duality and at cross purposes; e.g., "the state calls us 'terrorist,' but actually we are counterterrorist"; i.e., challenging the dichotomy of abjection and its usual blood-libel flow of power and knowledge, but also morphological forms: the virgin and the whore hyphenated, versus divided.)

Optics matter during playtime, of course—with rebels outwitting cops through counterterrorism's dialectical-material context; i.e., the sort aiding and abetting guerrillas since ancient times; re: during the dialectic of the alien, the state dehumanizing the monster only for it, the "terrorist" barbarian/scapegoat, to reverse roles (and abjection) on the Aegis! Iconoclasm is a *two-way* war of mirrors.

Tied to capital, such things are historically-materially ubiquitous and eternal; i.e., so long as Capitalism remains and continues to rape nature as its alien, monstrous-feminine whore. From vampires to demons, then, you'll *never* be rid of the Gothic aesthetic (which is so engrained within the West to be synonymous with it), but you *can* subvert how it is viewed and applied, mid-liminal-expression; i.e., insofar as the application of sex and force during state vs worker dialogs are perceived, swinging back and forth: cops and victims, felt amid common poetic extremes (which metal, videogames, comics, and porn, etc, are known for).

Canonical Gothic is notably "immature," harmful. **Gothic maturity** is when workers can engage in/with such discourse to *prevent* harm; i.e., when labor becomes emotionally/Gothically intelligent enough—and class, culturally and racially conscious enough—to a) develop, not hinder Communism, and b) break Capitalist Realism through these means on a cultural level; re: during sex-positive sex work, generating iconoclastic art to recultivate **the Wisdom of the Ancients** into a proletarian Superstructure. Liberated from harm, "rape" becomes intuitive; playful but practiced, martial but artist, it shines a black light on dried blood (and other fluids). Such is the **palliative Numinous**.



This goes for arguments that apply equally to monsters of all kinds; be they undead, demonic, and/or animalistic, we can take those from one module, turn them inside-out and apply them intersectionally to other poetic devices (which we are, here, with

demons *vis-à-vis* blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts). Furthermore, we can literally dress up or disrobe such things and go from there. Be it a uniform (above) or a single article of clothing (a hat or a cloak, below), any and all function as fashion statements *and* socio-political stances regardless of how they're worn/dressed; i.e., they are *linguo-material*, in nature, hence subject to the same cryptonymic dualities and dialectical-material arbitration all human language is:



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

Our emphasis, here, is demonic expression, thus creation; i.e., as demons are normally created *through* themselves (and their uniforms). For example, my original character—Ileana Sanda, the Queen of the Night (from my unfinished fantasy series, [The Cat in the](#)

[Adage](#))—is a "golem" of sorts; i.e., a sex doll and embodiment of power as I see it through the witch aesthetic. She accordingly turns witch hunts on their head through said aesthetic; i.e., by using it to defend women and children from state tyrants, dwindling the latter's reserves while largely in the buff as an Amazon might be: an action figure whose seditious-yet-protective spirit of utility is ludo-Gothic BDSM. Through Ileana, I marry such playfulness to dark spells and public nudism, to prostitution and parlor magic thumping the pimp *without* a male hero taking all the credit!

In Amazonian fashion, Ileana's armor *is* her body, bare and exposed; i.e., in ways patriarchal forces cannot dominate, mid-exposure, but rather who dominates *them* in a pastel-goth, witchy aesthetic. She's badass, but not furiously angry and mute, like so many female ghosts are. Instead, she's a stage magician, slut and mommy protector acting as the queen of Hell, of her kind; i.e., within *pandemonium* as granting all occupants of Hell equal rights. She's not just a sex toy for me to fuck, then, but what I want to be (the two are not mutually exclusive):



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

In turn, witches—along with vampires and goblins—embody the most immediate aspects of persecution and alienation; i.e., their subversion but also their similarities amid difference. They *look* radically different from each other and to themselves, but redouble and announce the same function across a shared pedagogy of the oppressed: to be hunted by the state, or to survive the state while

speaking out through the same terror language camouflaging them as "mere play"; re: healing from rape in the shadow of police violence. Silence is genocide; exposure is strength, *provided* we use our heads during the cryptonymy process!

The fact remains, we're all queens under Communism, babes—are all things to humanize and celebrate *for* our monstrous power (and birthdays, below)! But transformation *is* complicated, non-linear and ergodic; it takes work, but also repeated forays into the Gay Zone of Doom. It's a devil's workshop, one for idle hands to make toy-like monsters (clay or not) that *challenge* capital, hence profit; re: spectres of Marx evoking devilish tropes—e.g., Mary Shelley's shadowy cabal of "ancient" black magic, whose coded anti-Semitism haunts Victor Frankenstein's



natural philosophy to slap *him* in the face—that, through ironic usage, can turn capital (and Cartesian thought) on *its* head!

(model and artist: [Miss Nia Sax](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

As a matter of violence, terror and morphological expression, imagination has the power to set us free as such, or cloister us all over again during the whore's paradox; e.g., sodomy being something to punish us for/with, but also which opens the door to lovely monstrous factors alienated *from* workers by capital; i.e., owning collectively what the state only tries to privatize by stealing from and killing us in the bargain: the monstrous means of production, of darkness visible and its forbidden sight. Creation *is* a mode of thought, as such, for which the Gothic and demons grant our deepest, darkest desires to break Capitalist Realism with *by* developing Communism; i.e., whatever *our* hearts desire versus the state trying to rule us by dictating how *we* present. We decide such things, not them! The profit motive is rape! ASAB! ACAB!

I'll demonstrate; i.e., by quoting from my thesis volume (next page), but doing so in favor of demonic poetics, this time around; re: while inspecting goblins, vampires, and witches—as similar tropes of persecution and alienation through blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts—that, suitably enough, are made from clay (darkness visible) to either endorse or tear down the status quo with!

From music to dance—to theatre to body language, to ludo-Gothic BDSM's age, rape or murder play (and various other predator/prey mechanisms)—it's entirely possible to summon, make or play with demons without harming anyone, while also recultivating the Superstructure in a proletarian direction (which the state targets with police violence; i.e., to label us "enemy" during blood libel to receive *their* violence⁷⁸): to fuck a dark mommy dom to metal and realize that—like

⁷⁸ Which we must anisotropically reverse while considering the optics of violence; e.g., Anansi's Library's "[Nonviolence Is Good, Actually](#)" (2024); i.e., we will always be "violent" because the state needs a weak/strong enemy to rape and reap through police force; re: nature-as-monstrous-feminine.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*—the real villain is God and any canonical notion of Heaven and Hell, good and evil, cop and victim is deeply untrustworthy.

Instead, we fags, women and other policed groups learn to *trust* our idiosyncratic feelings of abandonment acquired since birth; i.e., by using them to unify *against* the elite during liminal expression, we subvert subjugation rather than tokenize to serve the state as never providing for us: "Better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven." This goes for all of us walking away from Omelas at once, solarized intersectionally towards that aim; i.e., a badge is not a shield from harm, it's just clemency during witch hunts, and a bigotry for one is a bigotry for all.

In "[Camping the Canon](#)" (2021), Colin Broadmoor argues how camping canon, since Milton and Matthew Lewis, exposes ongoing police (thus straight/token) abuse against queer people; i.e., through art, even when the language hasn't caught up or is otherwise suppressed through state force/tokenization. In response, I argue how workers camp canon because we must—for all workers! This accounts for our oppressed pedagogy's similarities, which occur *amid* difference. Like it or not, difference is where similarity occurs. Even so, revolutions cannot survive tokenization unanswered, which only makes them gentrify and decay in ways the state can closet, thus control through difference. So while insurrection *is* checkered, it still unfolds on a shared board to move different pieces across; i.e., while preventing state triangulation using the same devices! For the state, we're Satan⁷⁹ as someone to exploit; i.e., made from clay and beaten with hammers, suffering harm until we tokenize *into* gargoyles. For



actual rebellion, though, workers combat various crippling feelings (e.g., gender dysphoria and body dysmorphia, commonly through impostor syndrome/gender trouble) while pushing towards our true selves during abjection, whether the state likes it or not; re (from Volume Zero):

(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 (the queer version of Top Dollar's usual wisdom: "Every man's got a devil, and you can't rest until you find him"). 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

⁷⁹ This isn't to say we're above critique (e.g., Ty Turner's "[How Ava Tyson Became The Most Hated Trans Woman On YouTube – A Deep Dive](#)," 2024) but that we're automatically "Satanic" within the state of exception, thus marked for police abuse by state proponents and *their* Gothic dogma.

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/fruit⁸⁰ 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

⁸⁰ This experimentation comes with a steep tradeoff, of course. During Socialism, we a) come out of the closet/hiding to slowly regain control of our own bodies, labor, food and identities, but also b) shed the veil of ignorance to reunite with death as something to embrace and dance with, as well as stare down as oracles of the unbelieved, Cassandra sort that are also declared as devils, heretics, whistleblowers, castrators, bubble-bursters and iconoclasts by the faithful: the horrors of Capitalism as endless fields of exploitation, but also the subtler *unheimlich* where one gets an awful feeling—that one's home and inherited identity is unironically monstrous and harmful (as are one's usual means of escape: copaganda, unironic rape play and military optimism). The food will taste better and the sex will hit harder... but you have to be prepared to let go of childish things, including ignorant escapism into spaces of total, unironic enjoyment (repeat Sarkeesian's adage if it helps). Instead you will have to experience both sides of something so honest (unlike Capitalism): getting spit-roasted by heaven and hell. Shakespeare called the cause "slings and arrows," Coleridge called the condition "sad and wiser," and Mae Martin called its solution "sap." Of all three, I call it "the Wisdom of the Ancients."

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: persons who blend in for fear of the state, overperforming its doctrines no matter how ridiculous it makes them look. I can understand why *they* do it (they're stupid and callow), but short of implied threats of force I can't begin to fathom why would anyone ever want to listen to people like them; i.e., persons who not only never experiment or try new things regarding gender and sex, but also probably never have had sex outside of abusive and/or vanilla scenarios. They're exactly the kind of people who act holy but hide behind their privilege as the most deviant ones of all⁸¹; i.e., prone to abuse their power and harm those under their care. In essence, they treat the Holy Gospel (in one form or another) as a means to abuse others from a position of willful ignorance: by *refusing* to eat from the Tree of Knowledge because some asshole saying they're God said so. The point isn't whether they're true-believers or that God is real or that God lied

⁸¹ E.g., Hawthorne's "Young Goodman Brown," but also Matthew Lewis' *The Monk*. The latter serves as a biting (and hilarious) illustration of the (not so) Silent Majority's abuse of privilege to indulge in guilty pleasure and wish fulfillment inside the closet (which is an awful, violent place), but also the ghost of the counterfeit's process of abjection. It's "boundaries for me, not for thee" for those who—alienated from everything around them *except* fear and dogma—act precisely the way that Capitalism needs them to: as hypocritical bullies. As I write in Volume Three:

manufactured scarcity deprives sexist performers of safe, nurturing sex (not just condoms or birth control, but consensual sex, too). They become sex-starved and information-deprived—killer virgins embroiled within a prolonged state of fearful ignorance beset by "evil" as instructed by formal institutions of power. On par with Ambrosio from *The Monk* (1796), such persons revel in bad play through violent fantasies geared towards achieving sexual control through coercive dominance. Indeed, Matthew Lewis cemented these within Ambrosio himself, a religious man obsessed with raping Antonia, a woman he barely knew (and his penis frequently being compared to a dagger or vice versa). Hidden virtuously behind a veil, her impeccable modesty bore no protection against the perfidious cleric (assisted on his horny quest by a crossdressing, devil-worshipping woman named Matilda). For Lewis, these opposites—Ambrosio's nefarious aspirations and Antonia's besieged virtue—were less imagined hypotheticals [and more Lewis satirizing England's social-sexual climate within displaced and outrageous, but also queer language](#) (re: Broadmoor). Moreover, its patently Gothic nature gave him the means to speak on taboo themes: rape as a material byproduct of violent cultural attitudes, *not* isolated nut jobs misled by the metaphysical devil. Ambrosio even blames Antonia for tempting him *and* Matilda for setting it all up, fulfilling the binary of temptress and rapist working in tandem while dumping his own blame fully onto women, not himself. This works as a pre-cursor to the whole "no fap" thing that many sexist religious men today endorse: blaming women for taking away the "essence" of their strength: their semen, but also their control; cumming is a sign of spiritual, physical and mental weakness.

about the apples being poison, but what they do with their power and sense of alienation inside the status quo ([source](#): "Interrogating Power").

In short, all workers are whores under capital because capital sexualizes everything. By being ourselves in ways that consciously resist state power (and weird canonical nerds), we whores resist police violence and profit normally raping nature as monstrous-feminine; i.e., we break Capitalist Realism and—by extension, the Capitalocene's usual menticide and hopelessly afraid Man Box—by "running the asylum." Exploitation and liberation share that asylum. So might we, as the usual suspects/monstrous-feminine inmates, start to subvert canon's usual copaganda feeding on us! Capital robs us, mid-thirst; we slake said thirst while raising Cain, the whore avenging the pimp's harm, mid-harvest!

In turn, we transmute fear and dogma in all its forms. Through demons, blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts become things to level against our colonizers; i.e., by scaring them stupid through the cryptonymy process reversing abjection on the Aegis. So while weird attracts weird, its steady manufacture in our hands can shock our enemies senseless. From sex to gender to gender performance (and the trouble *it* causes), these things become weapons we turn into body art/graffiti codified as much by demonic symbols that have countercultural heft dating back centuries, but link to ongoing struggles; e.g., [my art sharing the Palestinian cause](#).

Gothic Communism, at its core, recodes bias through holistic study. It does so during ludo-Gothic BDSM, disarming persecution *with* alien theatre; i.e., with our bodies, labor and language, whose *playing* at persecution during liminal expression regains control over *ourselves* as demonic. As demons, we're still alien/deserving of state violence according to them, but learn to master things that normally rape us during the dialectic; i.e., by illustrating mutual content in society at large: where "rape" can still and should happen, in quotes (solo and with others, below)!



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

So ends our cheat sheet. Keep its arguments in mind as we investigate the demonic qualities present in blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts; re: the witch-like Amazons and Medusa, as well as dark faeries and demon muscle mommies; Takena's killer sex doll, in "Midnight Vampire"; and Tolkien's anti-Semitic rape fantasies—not his vampires, this time, but his goblins! We'll camp them all, one at a time!

Onto Amazons!

Idle Hands, part one: Amazons and Demon Mommies

Any free woman in a free society will be a monster.

—Angela Carter, *The Sadeian Woman* (1979)

"Idle Hands," part one considers a popular aspect to the monstrous-feminine, revived from Antiquity into modern mythical forms: the female warrior side as witch-like. We'll quickly⁸² consider this with Amazons—not strictly as "female," but placing the female *biological marker* onto a larger *monomorphic* gradient—then move onto more fiery and hellish postcolonial/GNC iterations.

- **"On Amazons, Good and Bad": [Parts one](#) and [two](#)** explores Amazons and Medusa—their history of tokenization and resistance, and how they manifest currently under state influence; i.e., as something to offer different unequal power fantasies, during the cryptonymy process; e.g., Gal Gadot's Wonder Woman and James Cameron's *Aliens*.
- **["A Paucity of Time: Addressing the Rest of the Demon Module's Relative Brevity"](#)**: Explains why the rest of the Demon Module will have more of a conversational, symposium style; also covers some points of holistic study and mutual informed labor exchange (collaboration), which the rest of the module will continue focusing on.
- **["I'll See You in Hell"](#)**: Goes beyond the earthly realms of classic Amazons, giving these warrior-whore sex demons more of an openly hellish character (that still yields the same ludo-Gothic BDSM devices): dark faeries and demon (muscle) mommies.

Both are monstrous-feminine beings "of nature," thus endemic to capital alienating



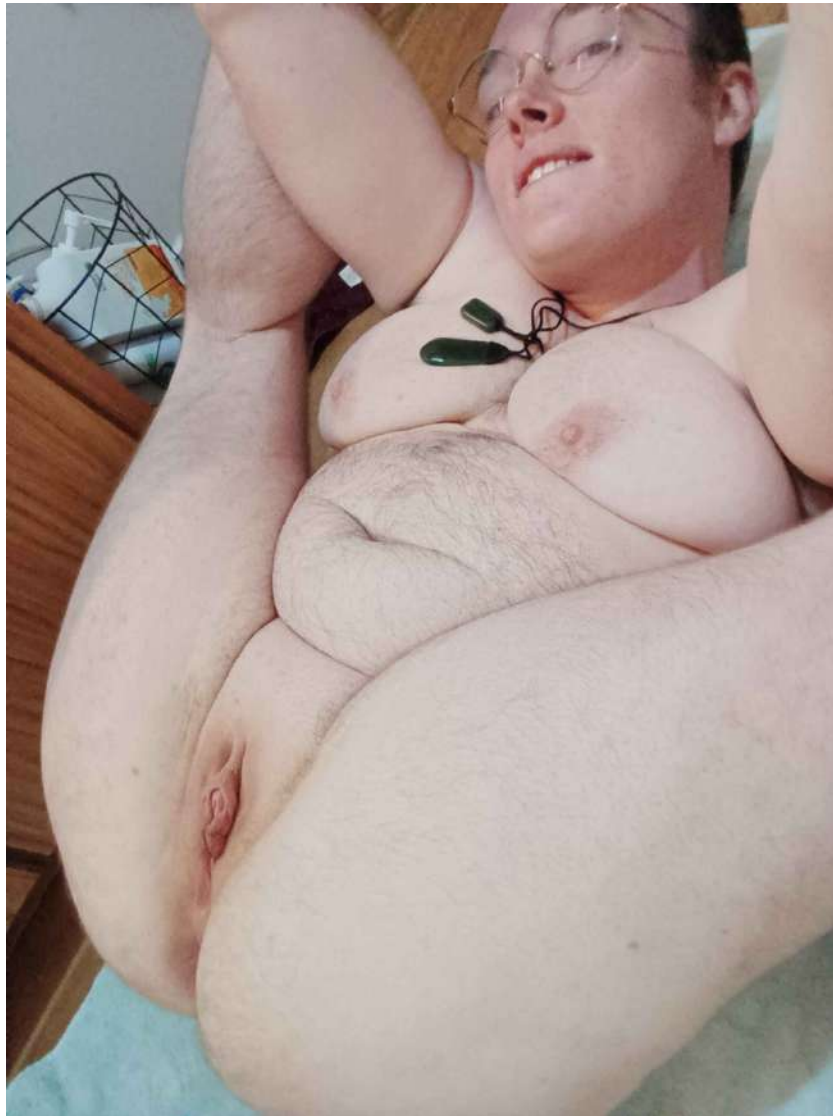
and fetishizing nature-as-monstrous-feminine for profit; i.e., kettling it and capitalizing on its revenge by triangulating against different marginalized groups inside the larger persecution networks' series of preferential treatment during reactive abuse. As we proceed, I invite you to think of each having a shared cause: liberation under duress effecting all marginalized peoples, and bravery and courage (of an Amazonian or demonic mommy sort) each take myriad forms!

(artist: [Aria Rain](#))

⁸² I say "quickly" because given my extended interest in Amazons, you should recognize many of the intersecting refrains inside referring to arguments and ideas from older books in this series; this is merely a taste—barely even a survey on all I've written about them. I love strong women/monstrous-feminine at large!

Prefacing Medusa: to Bay

A quick note about the Medusa section: It was written based on my PhD work, but also with my partner's help, in supervising the final drafts/proofreads. Just as Bay co-wrote small portions of my PhD but haunts the entire document, their presence is felt here as well; i.e., as a non-binary Indigenous bio-diversity ecologist with an interest in ancient legends, including Medusa. Despite coming from the ancient world, Medusa isn't really a woman, but nature itself as monstrous-feminine; i.e., struggling to be free from capital, from Cartesian thought, heteronormativity and settler colonialism as things presently stand. She involves vague, broad, and ultimately interchangeable-yet-highly-visible poetic ideas that give me difficulty from time-to-time, which Bays lends sparkling clarity regarding:



(artist: [Bay Ryan](#))

On Amazons, Good and Bad, part one: Always a Victim (feat. Medusa, Aliens)

Witchcraft accusations, in fact, are the ultimate mechanism of alienation and estrangement as they turn the accused—still primarily women—into monstrous beings, dedicated to the destruction of their communities, therefore making them undeserving of any compassion and solidarity.

—Silvia Federici (cited from "[Hot Allostatic Load](#)," 2015).



(artist: [The 1Medusa](#))

The Gothic (in)famously concerns itself with abject (us-versus-them) division, doubles, broken boundaries, homes and ontological grey area, nature alienated by capital to monstrous vengeful extremes during liminal expression, cryptonymy and similar poetic devices furthering abjection through Gothic fakery (**the ghost of the counterfeit**). As such, this section is less about thesis—beyond how state forces alienate, fetishize, and exploit nature as monstrous-feminine—and more a survey of Amazons and Medusa "in the wild," *vis-à-vis* demonic language; re: pertaining to unequal, forbidden exchange and transformation, either

factor speaking dialectically-materially to revenge as a matter of desire, which **demon lovers** ultimately are. Medusa is our Numinous queen—a dark source of ancient power for the state to siphon from, and us to revive in "ancient" forms of unequal size (our queen's booty fruitful and massive, above); she turns capital on its head. She isn't any one thing, but all oppressed yearning to be free.

Capital rapes to profit; profit *motive* is the *rape* motive of nature-as-monstrous-feminine through police violence defending private property in bad faith (all cops rape; some, like Kamala Harris [or those unironically supporting them⁸³], do so under the "law and order" argument). In practice, "monstrous-feminine" means *anything* that isn't a white cis-het Christian European man (or things emulating that idea, through Man Box), moving money through nature during **the abjection process** and its revenge arguments: "Medusa is alien, thus evil," albeit in ways that preface her mere existence as reprobate, damned—one that rapes the West merely *by* existing inside a prison environment under crisis (the state of exception) expanded to the world at large (and shrinking during state decay).

Inside said prison, Medusa is a whore, but also a witch, goblin and vampire of the blood libel argument as tailored into a neoliberal settler refrain, and both cannot be suffered to live but must always exist to suffer in some shape or form. Medusa must always be a victim and a scapegoat, but also a demonic (rapacious,

⁸³ E.g., Legal Eagle ("[The Most Important Election of Our Lifetimes](#)," 2024); i.e., the Omelas refrain. *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

shapeshifting) threat that can be killed by token agents gaslighting, gatekeeping, girlbossing nature; re: Amazons. The latter adopt a "prison sex" mentality inside concentric prisons/persecution networks: blame the whore, assigning shame, guilt and similar debilitating emotions to them as a biology but also an identity to attack. This arbitration paradoxically includes assigning value; i.e., something to harvest *despite* its hellish guise, which cops then enforce in centrist refrains.

In response, the state treats nature as monstrous-feminine strawman/false flag, raping it out of revenge during a pre-emptive strike, kettling the whore; i.e., through its token police, Amazons pimping nature, turning nature into a perpetual victim per Medusa triggering revenge by simply being the thing the state *wants* to attack (a zombie). As demons, all Amazons give *rape* (violence and terror during unequal exchange) as half-alien and Medusa *receives* it as wholly alien from Amazons playing at cop/acting like men (military servants for the state, upholding patriarchal structures; i.e., as Perseus did, killing Medusa in her sleep, except Amazons are classically uprooted from their own culture and forced to assimilate, gelded post-diaspora). But the state reverses all of this on its face through **DARVO**; i.e., dressed up as "rapist," Medusa becomes a peach, pumpkin (or some such crop/merchandise) to harvest through rape by the state claiming "self-defense"; i.e., rape in disguise, expressed in dualistic, revenge-fantasy settler arguments (often torture, captivity and death). It's **obscurantism**, blaming the whore to assert control over her and all she represents: "She's the rapist! 'Get' (rape) her!" "Woman is other" extends to "nature is other."

In demonic terms, this comes from flesh expressed with flesh, but also stand-ins for flesh speaking to flesh demonized (and vice versa): an alien invader in both directions, reifying to nature-as-queer through blood libel and sodomy.



(artist, left: [Leeza](#); right: [Grand-Sage](#))

I'll oblige (a makeshift Amazon thesis built on older⁸⁴ thesis arguments; indented for emphasis):

Profit requires victims; capital alienates and sexualizes everything to move money through nature-as-whore, "whore" being a combination

of alien *and* monstrous-feminine pimping by cops playing the victim; re: us-versus-them, antagonizing nature and putting it to work as cheaply as possible. As actual victim, nature has her revenge by thwarting profit through **the whore's paradox**—in short, enacting Gothic Communism by

⁸⁴ The entire "Idle Hands" subdivision borrows from my PhD's arguments, and its style of **color-coding** and **emboldening** its **keywords**.

being a whore (thus alien and monstrous-feminine) in ways the elite cannot fully tokenize/monopolize. For the state, sex is highly regulated through force during abjection as a kind of mirror argument, its mirror *syndrome* projecting rape onto symbols of colonization doubling as colonial victims; i.e., **Medusa** is both a hauntological, cryptonymic, abject symbol for imperial abuse pushed by cops onto state victims right now.

To it, capital rapes nature as monstrous-feminine, inciting rape against the victim dressed up as eternal profligate scapegoat; i.e., Medusa classically *receives* rape from state forces, including **Amazons** who *give* rape to Medusa as a form of tokenized revenge exchange under a police umbrella; re: against nature-as-monstrous-feminine (queer) per the abjection process.

In response, Medusa reverses abjection to have her own revenge on **the Aegis**, but again, does so per the whore's paradox; i.e., as dualistic—meaning she is both what cops want her to be (an enemy of good nature/the state that fights back against them, hence threatens "rape" in ways they can brutalize for profit), and by being what they want her to be, is always illegitimate in ways that serve state interests. By seemingly crossing them when she's actually just minding her own business (under criminogenic conditions, mind you), her resisting of their rape accusations (and disingenuous labels) become part of the same inescapable death warrant. The state grants their scapegoat some latitude (wiggle room), releasing their grip provided money flows through nature to uphold state monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital—which means tightening it just as quickly (to *pump* their grip). Medusa wants out; those with power will be there, expanding what they wish to cut up into pieces time and time again: a pig fattened for the slaughter only to be carved up by police forces.

For our purposes, this praxis poetically expresses in a dualistic, doubled form of Gothic poetry called **Amazonomachia** (which I generalize as "monster battle"). **Subjugated Amazons** assist in avenging the state against Medusa to maintain capital. Medusa (manufactured disorder) makes the middle class pearl-clutch, tokenize and punch down at state victims, betraying their fellow workers while acting oppressed, themselves; i.e., fascism and moderacy per a centrist, neoliberal refrain. They seek revenge against nature by giving rape to Medusa, who receives rape as something that threatens revenge in the eyes of the middle class enacting **gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss**.

Subversive Amazons accomplish *their* revenge through a physically violent, demonic kind of rape-revenge symbolism: reversing state forms with the same language—one tied to a sisterly sense of stewardship over the land while likewise belonging to it as raped by settler-colonizers blaming the victim/scapegoat; i.e., emasculation/captive fantasies, aka "death by Snu-Snu" (often likened to "castration" in psychoanalysis, but not always literal

any more than Medusa's "decapitation" is). In short, their justice is poetic, using **ludo-Gothic BDSM** to anisotropically reverse the common flow of



violence, deftly reclaiming themselves and their homes as alien rebels hoisting empire on its own petard. Such delicious (and grim) reversals double/deliver with all the usual euphemistic, mix-and-match plays on words known to medieval and quasi-medieval (Gothic) theatre⁸⁵.

(artist: [In Case](#))

Amazons and Medusa are my jam (with me writing "Medusa" last and sharing her first, in my usual backwards style). The rest of this subdivision divides in two, then. This section, part one, talks about the cops-and-victims relationship between Amazons and Medusa, and how these roles have transformed from the mid-20th century onwards (unfolding like origami, or a multi-stage rocket). Part two, will talk about reclaiming them. The emphasis throughout is critical-thinking skills, less so than documenting specific historical events.

Continuing into part one, though, I want to consider *some* history and poetics before looking at how token Amazons police Medusa; re: raping her per state DARVO arguments. First, we'll look at their mutual aesthetic, followed by their poetic history, tokenistic concerns and dialectical-material tensions—i.e., as they evolved into dogma/counterculture discussions about rape—then move onto how these exist under neoliberal Capitalism *vis-à-vis* Cameron's refrain (re: *Aliens*, *Metroidvania*, shooters). After that, I'll give my personal thoughts on Medusa (as someone evoked constantly in this project), and consider different, additional forms of her Numinous architecture; re: "She's a brick house!"

- The Basics/Aesthetics
- [Poetic History](#)
- [Tokenization](#)
- [Dialectical-Material Tension \(mirror syndrome reprise\)](#)

⁸⁵ E.g., Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* (1597):

Sampson: 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant.
When I have fought with the men,
I will be civil with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gregory: The heads of the maids?

Sampson: Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads.
Take it in what sense thou wilt ([source](#)).

- [Amazons under Neoliberal Capitalism \(re: Cameron's refrain\)](#)
- [Medusa, My Thoughts Personally](#)
- [Second Breakfast: Further Forms of the Medusa](#)
- [Facing Death: the Aegis Opens!](#)

The Basics/Aesthetics

Note: Neither Amazons nor Medusa are strictly female; i.e., the monstrous-feminine can be any sex and gender it wants/needs to be. I'll be sticking to "female/woman" in part because it's the classic model, but also because I identify with these monsters as a trans woman! Even so, Medusa isn't merely the opposite end of a heteronormative binary pimping nature to enslave it, but an inclusive spectrum reminding the Patriarchy how false, illusory and impotent their binary actually is; i.e., "[nature] is ours only when we have it, when it is owned by us" (re: [Marx](#), modified by me to camp him for not being gay enough). Nature is queer/alien in ways we must reclaim, hugging the alien, thus Medusa as queer under straight state models (which historically abuse nature and queerness). —Perse

Though Amazons and Medusa currently exist under a GNC monstrous-feminine umbrella that isn't exclusively female, they remain historically female beings of Antiquity *per* the ancient canonical laws. This comes with a particular look that, while certainly hauntological (re: "ancient"), is pretty consistent in its classical forms. Any genderqueer forms that emerge will subvert canon, their combined aesthetics speaking to what is classically pleasing to the eye, but also terrifying!

Before we proceed, then, let me plant a picture in your mind, a seed to grow into something that—for us in the present world, attracted to the imaginary past in "ancient" forms—has crystalized into something workers (genderqueer or not) often take for granted: Amazons are **phallic women**—big, strong female givers of violence (usually described as captivity and rape); they're here to kickass and chew bubblegum, and they're all outta bubblegum. Medusa is **the Archaic Mother**—a mean demon/dragon lady personifying **hysteria/wandering womb** with snakes for hair and a petrifying gaze (or acid for blood, spikes and other defense/anti-predation mechanisms doubling as forms of attack during rape arguments), who, by so much as *looking* at you, turns you to stone (for fear of death/rape); placed on Athena's Aegis, she's known as much for being a severed head as a monster or symbol of female rage/monstrous-feminine resistance: a weapon of revenge.

We'll unpack all of this, but that's basically what they look like. Amazons consistently appear more human than Medusa. Furthermore, Amazons are androgynous through gender performance, first and foremost; Medusa's biology is arguably intersex, but speaks to **andro/gynodiversity** at large, which TERFs love to police: biology through sex work, connecting biology *to* sex and gender, and both of *those* things to themselves during *false* rebellion.



Expounding on that, *Amazons* are ancient, statuesque symbols; i.e., of rebellion and assimilation doubling as feminist revolt in the 20th century that, in tokenized forms, bend the knee and uphold colonial violence by raping Medusa (re: Man Box, triangulation, acting like a man). As phallic strongwomen, their powerful demonic bodies can threaten men with unequal *exchange*, but they cannot *transform/change* shape (normally—they're still expected to defeat Medusa by becoming Medusa, giving Amazons a cursed status worthy of exile or execution; re: **the euthanasia effect**). Furthermore, they were defeated in battle by men and married to their kings/put to work by men. Their rebellion is generally one of white middle-class people and cis-het/cis-queer feminism expressed since Marston's sleeper 1940s BDSM revival into the '60s, '70s, '80s and beyond. But by the '80s, neoliberalism happened and its cartographic refrains recruited said married prisoners into neoconservative, Heinlein-style Cold Warriors; i.e., policing not only the central nucleus from invasion, but the outermost forts on the rim of empire—at the frontier during colonial proxy war protecting private property *from* rape by the barbarian side (a personified DARVO argument, made by capital towards its victims): unironic givers of revenge rape *to* nature-as-monstrous-feminine, a preemptive strike.

To some degree, then, Amazonian violence *became* legitimate because it served capital/was committed ostensibly by white married women (and token normativities)—married to the job if not to actual men; re: warrior princesses, knights, and bounty hunters. They became TERFs of the first and second wave, recuperating resistance to serve the elite by attacking "evil" nature; re: subjugated Amazons being **controlled-opposition** witch cops, refusing to be victims by triangulating against state enemies/**uncontrolled opposition**, thereby giving rape *back* to the already-raped *refusing* to bend the knee: because Amazons fear rape themselves, they kiss up and punch down. As inheritors of the Imperial Core's middle class (cooked in the womb), they are "good" witches, seeing Medusa not just on black people, but queer ones and other marginalized communities sharing the same, shadowy surfaces: "good" and "evil" as much value markers to incite merciless witch-hunt violence upon as descriptors of material conditions (and their social-psychosexual elements).



(artist: [Winton Kidd](#))

To that, *Medusa* is even more of an inkblot; i.e., the older, primal voice of the raped whore/unmarried woman in a dimorphic, binary-gender sense, but also an androgynous alien of civilized grounds that was there all along! The ghost of the counterfeit, she embodies death itself (for

the state to fear and abject onto its victims, only for them to give all this anisotropically back)—a Numinous being not defined purely for her trademark snakes-for-hair or intimidating stone gaze, but by her dark, feral, wild status as monstrous-feminine; i.e., what her assorted embodiments stand for *when* they emerge from the shadows: the black mirror reflecting her victimization by state forces, shattering their self-righteous veneer on the Aegis! Yet, the duality remains; i.e., she equals jungle fever or queer chasing with irony as much without, a mirror argument we can steal on the Aegis (for our joy and mischief—breaking **Capitalist Realism** above), but said Aegis is still shared during the abjection and cryptonymy processes.

In other words, Medusa—as the perpetual victim/scapegoat—can threaten rape in any form, mid-exchange, but generally does so by merely existing; i.e., as something that *was* raped having transformed the victim into a scapegoat, which settler colonialism dogmatizes into its cops during mirror syndrome: "The colonized will seek revenge!" She not only has a good side and a bad side to administer unequal *exchange* during demon BDSM, but can *transform* suddenly from calm nature into wild, cute/ugly or happy/furious; re: *kawaii* vs *kowai*, warring forever inside/outside herself (and in ways that stunt one's growth; i.e., often inverting appearance and emotion, the Destroyer small and unassuming little girl/princess and the victim big and imposing herbo). This **psychomachy** reflects not just her internal/external trauma or her status as uncontrolled opposition, but her transition from object to subject to human woman (often by giving her a "glow up," below, or otherwise softening her features/making her easier to be around/witness), which we'll unpack more in a moment when we examine Elizabeth Hadley.

That's the gist. Given her complexity compared to Amazons, though, I'd like to unpack Medusa's analog potential a bit more, in aesthetic terms (seven pages).



(artist: [Pinala Flame](#))

For the rest of the aesthetics portion, we're going to play a little game: "Medusa is." I'm doing so (and breaking the academic Golden Rule of not wasting valuable page space) because, while Persephone is my namesake, Medusa is my *goddess*. I love her and I want to indulge—specifically in her avatars' "uppity" elements defending the planet by reversing abjection. Medusa *isn't* modest; she's an immodest symbol of persecution—a big, bad or otherwise dirty girl who loves anal and fucks on the first date, and is someone to punish by the state (the fun police) through modesty arguments (of virtue/vice). She's a whore, a slut, a witch with big hair and a big heart; she's also an androgynous, motherly shadow symbol of power (the dominatrix) to reclaim from the state hunting and farming her as immodest, dark, alien, etc, for themselves: an ancient,

paradoxically taboo-yet-ubiquitous death goddess/vice character to "set free" or "wake up," pointing as she does to a better retro-future world (re: pre capitalist ideas helping reify post-scarcity in our imaginations, thus daily lives, unchained from Capitalist Realism). To revive Medusa is to develop Gothic Communism; like sex, you want to communicate well, but also take your time having fun (while having your eye on the clock, as whores do).

*Note: For me, Medusa is a **hyperobject**—a de facto mascot for Gothic Communism, workers/nature and the state as always in conflict. Essentially **Mother Nature**, while she abstracts and references things both titanic and diminutive (the planet and its inhabitants), we won't explore that size difference here, nor special cases (e.g., the kawaii/kowai inversion), save that smaller forms generally allude to the larger whole. —Perse*

In short, while "it ain't easy bein' green," Medusa reflects our innermost human desire: of wanting to be loved, seen, craved, heard, believed, witnessed and defended as a subject, *despite* being treated as inhuman (for her devilish prurience)—usually. There are exceptions, but we'll get to those! When interacting with Medusa, the sex-positive (thus iconoclastic) idea is to surrender power versus dominating her through police force and repeat rape, lest the world end; i.e., at the hands of a vengeful, old deity coming home to roost after having been woken up (and raped) too many times: Medusa's "coming" while expose home as false, predatory (coming for your nuts); e.g., Macbeth's Dunsinane forest or the kodama from *Princess Mononoke*, the land taking itself and its monstrous-feminine sovereignty back: land back vs land preservation. Time is a circle; to gaze into the past is to see the future in different possible forms. Except, we're not assimilating Medusa; we're going down to where she is to hear her out!



(artist: [Queen Medusa](#))

To it, Medusa is the out-and-out whore—something that *reliably* cuts loose, a whistleblower testimony going wild to expose the rapes of the West unto her in ways they and theirs cannot forgive; i.e., not just the whore to bushwack, but the Oracle/Cassandra to foresee disaster beyond Capitalism, which they martyr and closet: during Capitalist Realism, using nuns who were former whores, themselves. Amazons are *warrior* nuns, saying "Don't you dare!" before getting a guilty wish in *while* executing their victims; i.e., raping the whore—plundering her land and turning her into a spice, a song, a sex object—before putting the genie back in its bottle, Pandora back in her box. Medusa is a *holistic* egregore, ontologically broad and outwardly tortured; i.e.,

meaning she has infinite forms and interpretations, whose rape and revenge either serve profit or don't. To limit her to one and one alone is reductive, harmful.

While nebulous, Medusa is still a demon, and demons, like all monsters, embody positions within a given argument; they reify different vices (or virtues, but usually criminality or sin, expressed as forbidden knowledge) and emotions at war for one side (the state) or the other (workers seeking liberation), as much through comedy and drama **kayfabe** (wrestler's theatre, on and offstage) as parody and pastiche. She's a corpse for traitors to dig up and attack/rape when she speaks the truth about profit and the state, thus its loyal servants.

For the state, then, Medusa embodies *hysteria*, which token Amazons are expected to stoically resist/quell during necrophilic rape revenge. She's a pox, a demonic infestation—a criminal, Satanic, trickster, dragon, terrorist, vice character, vermin-zombie⁸⁶ thing to purge and exterminate; i.e., made to answer for imaginary crimes while being forced to turn into whatever the state needs to best demonize/prosecute Medusa, thus make profit happen (dipping the Amazon into Styx, like Achilles). It requires division, but paradoxically cannot entirely alienate workers from nature; instead, it must alienate (divide) then bring them back together during us-versus-them police violence as an *oscillating* form of praxial tension—one versus the other to put nature (and its dialectical-material tensions) cheaply to work. In turn, these tensions must happen for profit *to* work, hence the need for heroes, but also hostages and villain/victim/scapegoat; i.e., deserving and undeserving victims. It becomes a question of "state's rights" versus worker rights, the state having a right to defend its profits/property (the damsel-in-distress), thus itself, from workers using police brutality (worker rights being to defend themselves from the state and *its* violence). The continuous, push-pull antagonization is what moves money through nature; i.e., something the state does repeatedly through Promethean and Faustian narratives, both which inevitably involve Amazons vs the Medusa. They have become inseparable, and cannot be extricated.

For us (and Gothic Communism as a holistic discipline), Medusa is the human condition/ghost of the counterfeit, hence thoroughly immodest according to any aspect of life (and labor) the state would seek to control through police force and unironic **demon BDSM** during **the dialectic of shelter/the alien**; i.e., the fat-and-sassy posthuman/postmodern whore writhing in agony and pleasure, a dark counterculture/conduit thereof defying state medicalization and pathologization of so-called "hysteria," wandering womb, female/queer/non-white, etc, orgasms,

⁸⁶ Unlike Amazons, Medusa is **chimeric**; i.e., she's undead, animalistic *and* demonic. Like a zombie, she's not just cursed with death, but forced to come back from the grave; in similar terms, a demon doesn't stay dead/in Hell but returns from Hell to pester state forces (or is chased monomythically to Hell by said forces), either to move profit along or choke it in predator/prey language. Like Prometheus, Medusa cannot be killed (state shift being when she devours the Capitalocene), and like Mephistopheles, is always tempting Faust. She is anisotropically terrorist/counterterrorist, canonizing this binary by forwarding abjection or flipping it when reversing abjection (thus power towards or away from the state) during asymmetrical warfare.

public nudism and sex work (or sexualized work; e.g., women's work) as "mythical" and "criminal," thus needing to be contained in various ways that highlight the aforementioned tension; e.g., through humiliation kink, viewers repulsed by the whore on the toilet having spicy taco shits, yet seeking to police *that* in ways it can commodify and sell back to its constituents. Girls shit, which states alienize and profit off, by design. Antagonize nature-as-whore, then pimp her out as cheaply as possible—discipline and punish *sans* irony to quell sex positivity in favor of profit⁸⁷.



(artist: [Quinn](#))

Medusa isn't all bark, no bite/all filler, no killer (though Quinn's booty [or mouth] is certainly full, left). Hers (thus ours, Quinn's) nudity (actual or projected onto the surface of clothes/clothes and skin; re, Segewick: **the imagery of the surface**) is a Numinous weapon we can reclaim, especially as it speaks to what the state will try to rape and control in ways we can subvert and blend in/speak out with during **revolutionary cryptonymy** and ludo-Gothic BDSM; re: as silly-serious, part-comic, part-drama-/drag-queen. Medusa is a **Great Destroyer**/death goddess, thus evokes the Numinous, insofar as life and death entwine; for us, this means the **palliative Numinous** when developing Gothic Communism to escape Capitalist Realism's tenuous control over life to try and cheat death (for the bourgeoisie): Mother Nature as giver/taker of either but growing increasingly incensed by capital, Cartesian men raping Medusa and pushing her towards **state shift** while trying to extend state life by raping nature. She echoes state mortality, which its rulers cannot stand. They either think themselves immortal, or don't care if they die, so long as they're on top for as long as possible. Born full, always hungry for more. America's a hustle, preying on the dispossessed.

Activating *her* trap cards, Medusa is a power bottom, playfully-yet-forcefully topping from below—is like the Gothic, very Meatloaf-style rock opera to hit those much-needed highs and lows; i.e., life *fucks* and then you die:

I am the way
 I am the light
 I am the dark inside the night
 I hear your hopes

⁸⁷ By comparison, my commission of Quinn (above) allowed his partner to come out of her cock cage to perform in a sex tape for this project: to illustrate mutual consent during our labor exchange's sexually descriptive informed consent, raising **emotional/Gothic intelligence** when reimagining **the Wisdom of the Ancients** to achieve praxial catharsis, mid-synthesis—of different ideas, cultivating good social-sexual daily habits in the process. Genuine rebellion isn't a daily event, but a horizontal counter *structure* resisting state forms; i.e., **pandemonium**.

I feel your dreams
And in the dark, I hear your screams (Savatage's "[Believe](#)," 1991).

In the Gothic-Communist aesthetic, Medusa is **rape play/consent-non-consent** challenging unironic forms (and their **Cartesian dualism**); she puts "rape" in quotes to speak to rape *without* quotes—i.e., relieving stress during ludo-Gothic BDSM, **camping the canon** and **heteronormativity** in neo-medieval forms of eustress: "storming her castle" because she *wants* it stormed, **making it gay!** Paradox! Catharsis! Building trust by tearing down old boundaries and raising new better ones! It's not rocket science, but it does require Gothic reinvention to work in our favor! The state, after all, fears death and farms Medusa to cheat the reaper (re: **the Promethean Quest**).

Under normal conditions, we're the whores of Omelas, pushing for universal liberation. As such, the aesthete Medusa squats between castle and occupant's ***mise-en-abyme*** (aka **the belly of the beast**); re: the dance hall's beastly masquerade handing out silk scarves (tied to bed posts) and gags (to stifle the screams of "dying" pleasure); i.e., a **chronotope** of **castles-in-the-flesh**, morphologically caught betwixt building and effigy speaking to the same dark, monstrous-feminine force—its **live burial**/graveyard sex aura as "ancient," dug up and reimagined through Gothic fakery tailored to a 21st century world: Bakhtin's dynastic primacy and hereditary rites (of sacrifice and passage). To it, Medusa's libido and license—all curves, wet and wild, rowdy like a Mozart nocturne, vulgar and urbane, yet dumb and fun (the paradox prone to pun and oxymoron alike).

Like a Neo-Gothic cathedral, there's always more to say and add; i.e., movement through her "almost holy" halls (**ergodic motion**) the name of the game: a place to lose control, but also win it back during **calculated risk's castle-narrative**. Things normally "set in stone" suddenly become plastic; i.e., in ways that can challenge state dogma/canonical essentialism during class, culture and race war breaking Capitalist Realism. The same liminalities go for statues; re: **castle-like bodies** and **body-like castles** both forbidden yet open-for-business, letting alien forces go in either direction: "Put us to the *sword*, baby!"



(artist: [Magic Moonarts](#))

The Gothic, and Medusa by extension, is weaponized poetry in a *neo-medieval* age, one speaking to a half-real, none-too-distant, and questionably make-believe past that never really left (which many pretend didn't or couldn't happen back then or now): "We live in Gothic times."

To it, metaphors compare two unlike things, which demons very much do by personifying what *is* demonized (re: **darkness visible**): alienated forms of nature to reunite with and *humanize* once more; re: hugging the alien, Medusa, during the

dialectic of the alien's **pedagogy of the oppressed**, instead of sedating us with her heady (get it?) charms to rape both of us with! The idea isn't to **rape rank**, but to intersectionally solidarize, making profit/privatization (thus rape) untenable on all registers by finding similarity amid difference. Except, if we "look the part" yet cannot be held in place, the state cannot closet (thus censor/silence) us, and that is where our revenge (camping the canon) takes place: humanize the harvest to expose the state (and its profit motive) as inhumane, thus incompatible with life (and consent) because it must rape life to profit. There must always be a cop defending itself (and the state) from nature, but also rescuing nature from its wicked other self (the princess from the whore, always threatening to possess for nature instead of the state). Silence is genocide, so make some fucking noise! Laugh, cum, bleed, get mad! Take your land/peach (and its power) back, girls (and boys, enbies, etc)! **ACAB (All Castles Are Bad)! ASAB**, the state is straight! Their "protection" is pure dogshit, everyone expendable but the elite; i.e., normalizing genocide, making society sick; e.g., PTSD for combatants who, far from defeating nature, become prisoners of its ghost.

Per the whore's paradox, the Amazon classically takes the yolk (re: Hippolyta marrying Theseus), whereas Medusa is the *unbowed* rape victim "of nature" by the state; i.e., meaning she's forever radioactive, thus hostile, towards the West and its nuclear model seeking to dominate her without irony! This terror mechanism extends morphologically to her lived violence morphologized—meaning her green⁸⁸/non-white skin, snakes for hair (which men love to project their penises onto), and petrifying gaze having "started it," per **Original Sin**, but also her unnatural reproductive life cycle assigned to state vermin; i.e., when the Pegasus sprang from her neck after she was killed, itself a cesarean, "somno" rape baby.

During the **liminal hauntology of war's** diaphanous membrane/**grim harvest**, all of these non-white/non-straight qualities translate to equally abject, prickly elements reclaimed by GNC forces from TERFs and other cops; e.g., a PAWG fire-breathing dragon or the xenomorph's acid for blood, its parasitoid eggs laid inside our unsuspecting hosts. Yes, cops impersonate their victims and infiltrate their lived/theatrical spaces (the **danger disco**, Gothic rape castle, etc), but this goes both ways, and doubles invite for troubling comparison. So back off, chuds, or we'll give you *space rabies*, turning your nuclear home into an ambiguously gay orgy⁸⁹/polycule! Death to America; cum on Medusa's big, beautiful tits!



(artist: [Magic Moonarts](#))

⁸⁸ Re: the color of stigma; e.g., the Wicked Witch of the West.

⁸⁹ Something can appeal to the Male Gaze, be PIV and have white skin, and still be genderqueer towards universal liberation; re, **Sarkeesian's adage**: enjoy the pleasurable qualities to problematic media, but do not endorse their harmful qualities; camp them!

O, the horror and mixed feelings of Gothic-Communist rape-and-death therapy! Less about camping holocaust and more to camp our profound survival, mid-aftercare, its trauma lives in the body and all around us as things to unevenly police per embedded state persecution networks; i.e., as black-to-white livestock, reclaiming **the Base** and recultivating **the Superstructure** through sex controlled by force. As that curiously alien **fire of the gods**, it's ambrosia normally paywalled and cloaked in masculine/feminine division and mystique, but also monstrous-feminine symbols of strength and yielding to said strength (again and again, because we're sluts); e.g., Gothic novels promoting sex at the start, middle and end, but also showing and hiding it per the cryptonymy process: "Oh, yeah! That's it! Fuck that pussy! That all you got?" Medusa goads you, gripping the headboard as you ravish her just the way she likes. "Watch these titties bounce! My thighs, booty and tum! Jiggly flan! So tasty!" The world is Gothic, whereupon rape and sex (quotes or no quotes) lurk everywhere, on the surface of and inside. It is what it is.

Amongst other things, then, Medusa is a goddess of nature; i.e., depicting the ways that beings of nature want to be loved and feared, but also savored and worshipped more generally as givers of "death" in small. Our liberatory appetites, then, are always couched within the state exploiting us, and us liberating ourselves *as* Medusa, responding to older industry forms' guilty and privileged fantasies: where Medusa traditionally "belongs."



(artist: Victoria Paris)

It's a peep show of the whore's bedroom eyes, exposed merchandise, and fucking *outside* the bedroom: her hungry hand guiding you inside, those lips-that-grip *keeping* you there; grabbing the bedrails while getting railed, hyphenating the language of sex and force, war and food, decay and death, etc. Sex is a weapon, one for which Medusa's animalistic camping of rape (rawr) needs to become second-nature; i.e., mirroring our abuse to prevent its unironic continuation. Our cryptonymy must camp the state's, including its Sales of Indulgence unfolding right before our very eyes; i.e., while it happens in front of and behind the whore standing in for the theatre curtain's **Black Veil** (exposing its double standards and killing our darlings to rescue them; e.g., the predatory treatment of white girls vs non-white girls, but also white girls having non-white qualities: Victoria, above)! Otherwise, the state will segregate us.

Instead of being rightly seen as defense mechanisms against rape, though, the state makes Medusa's aesthetic abject, her rape and rage uncontrolled/turned into a dark reflection hanging over Amazonian heads, thus capital's: a revelation/reckoning uncovering the state's true purpose. She becomes wild, *kaiju*-style, as much by looking at things pointing to past versions of herself, thus

returned to normal by monomythical force "preventing the apocalypse." Everything plays out on the Aegis, in the shadow zone, as contested; re: "In place of a dark lord, you would have a queen!" Fucking oath!

Through capital, then, rape is rape as something to give or receive through predictable police models, but *whose busy and confusing historical-materialism took time to evolve into itself*—from object to subject, yes, but also colonized subjects being pitted against objectified recipients of selective police violence; i.e., in *unequal* ways that historically sell out by attacking themselves, ranking rape; re: "Haven't *I* suffered enough?"; e.g., **Afrocentrism** rightly mistrusting white feminism, but abjecting *all* feminism/white people in the process. Instead of a united front against the elite, we arrive at *competing* voices speaking out against empire while also being internally at odds—those who had gentrified and decayed, versus those they denied the chance to evolve, relegating their political enemies to the dark shadow zone of Capitalist Realism. One side is always controlled opposition, the other always uncontrolled to a matter of degree—one collared with a longer leash, the *length* of said leash made to justify these kinds of us-versus-them conflicts/unproductive "perfect victim" arguments; their divisions are manufactured, as are their violent arbitrations and token, marginalized hair-splitting.

Tokenism doesn't preclude reclamation. However, such canon and camp had to evolve into where they *are*, including discussions about rape as a taboo subject that, all the same, must occur under capital for profit to happen (and which we must challenge to liberate ourselves with). Before we give neoliberalism a deeper look, then, let's further consider **the poetic history, tokenistic considerations** and **dialectical-material tensions** of Amazons and Medusa, including how I approach them as a Gothic-Communist scholar, sex worker and activist.

Poetic History



Whores aren't inherently bad; the state makes them bad in ways it can police. While Medusa is alive and well under Capitalism—is arguably the most famous monster stemming from the ancient world, abbreviating nature as raped—it's important to remember she embodies death unto the victims "of nature" by civilization. She's the madwoman in the attic, smiling at the gods and their

absurdity (sex work not for the faint of heart)!

Even so, this man-vs-nature dialog *also* evolved over time, insofar as Medusa is an incredibly old legend (made from clay and other demonic materials of the ancient world; e.g., marble, above, fashioning shadowy dollish likenesses to our

Numinous, magnetic nightmares); i.e., one about poetic discussions of rape that Barbara Creed sought to tie into third wave feminism using Freudian psychoanalysis (especially the Archaic Mother concept, from "Medusa's Head," 1929), Kristeva's process of abjection and film studies, which I expanded in my PhD beyond "just (white, cis-het) women" (and films) to *anything* "othered" under Western multimedia domination; re (from Volume Zero):

Canon is classically framed as immutable, eternal—literally "outside of time"—but it isn't. It can be altered, changing history through the wider interpretation and genesis of popular legends, but also the material conditions that respond to them and vice versa (the Base and the Superstructure). Capital historically-materially alienates owners from workers and workers from each other and themselves through Cartesian dualism (with owners being collectively afraid of the poor and siding with "their own kind" as the persons they are born growing up with; i.e., other rich people they identify with and see as friends): an entire system of thought as built around the essential binding of sex and gender to each other and human biology (skin color and sex organs), which is coded to have various "correct" qualities (such as "Christian" or "cis-het") when utilized in the "correct" fashion: towards the profit motive. There is an ostensible "other" who is murdered instead of the state defender killing them, but in truth, the soldier is completely expendable. Everything sits within a cycle of imaginary history that plays out through an endless, genocidal mirroring that must, if it is to cease, be met with mirrors:



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

These particular mirrors (and their reflections' visions) become a way of seeing the world that isn't Promethean; i.e., they upend the infamous hubris of the Patriarchy without joining canon's process of abjection:

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

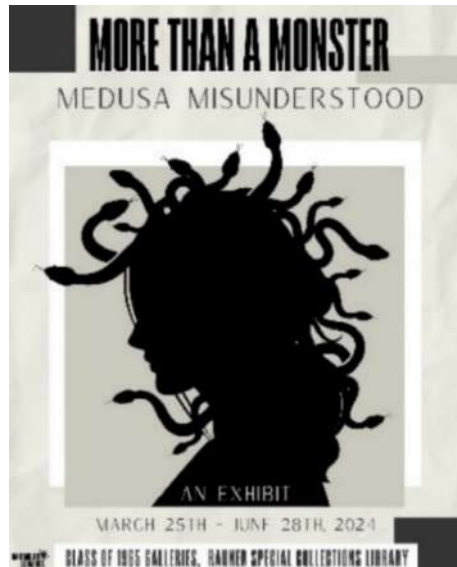
them of their symbolic debt to the imaginary castrating mother. And no doubt she knew what she was doing. After all, Athena was the great Mother-Goddess of the ancient world and according to ancient legend—the daughter of Metis, the goddess of wisdom, also known as the Medusa (source: Barbara Creed's *The Monstrous-Feminine*, 1993).

Gothic Communism goes further than Julia Kristeva or Barbara Creed. Our "Medusa" doesn't play into the elite's scheme of weaponized trauma; i.e, the TERF surrendering her neck and, once beheaded, staring blindly and furiously at the underclass (dressed up to shock the formerly abused with a disingenuous threat of rape, of the shame of unwanted pregnancies projected onto a racialized, genderqueer "other": the man-in-a-dress, or their murderous, womb-like haunt). Nor does she segregate and "play ball" through compelled modesty/invisibility and tokenism of various doubled kinds.

Instead, our complicated monster heroine uses dialectical-material scrutiny to parse which is which, combining the awesome power of her reclaimed body and its labor to actively petrify the profit motive while blending in with it [...] In doing so, she utilizes the bizarre, recycled conventions (anyone who says, "truth is stranger than fiction" has never read a Gothic novel before) to actively encourage/incite degrowth—i.e., a so-called "Jewish revenge" against fascism and the state by borking its profit motive, in this life or the next: through a sex-positive counterterrorism that exposes the state's usual terror weapons and fictions [...] All the while, our Medusa has some semblance of safety because she will be viewed as human behind the looking glass (which serves as a buffer between her and the audience), being seen as something her would-be-killers will not sacrifice because they love her ([source](#): "Author's Foreword").

To it, "striking terror" means many different things, and these merge with different qualities of the monstrous-feminine that are repulsive *and* attractive regarding rape as something to perform (the Medusa being a giant Numinous whole expressed by various offshoots). Amazons generally give rape as heroic warriors refusing to be victims by punching down, and Medusa gives it back, punching up on the same Aegis while being tortured/having survived older holocausts; either can forward or reverse abjection, but the polarity of such exchanges depends entirely on how.

As we've said, the Medusa legend itself is quite old, stemming from the Ancient Greeks to the Romans inheriting their stories, and for which Medusa herself



underwent a long transformation from weapon to monster to human-appearing monster woman talking about rape. As Elizabeth Hadley writes in "More than a Monster: Medusa Misunderstood" (2024):

(artist: [Sam Milnes](#))

You might know her from Caravaggio's famous *Medusa*, the face of Versace, the book, *Percy Jackson and the Olympians*, or some other adaptation of the ancient myth. Medusa is ubiquitous, appearing in Greek and Roman literature (from Hesiod's *Theogony* to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*) and in architecture,

metalwork, vases, sculptures, and paintings throughout history. Yet the most well-known portrayals of her all predictably converge upon one brief moment from her life's story: her beheading and the use of her decapitated head by a man to petrify others. Medusa then becomes an apotropaic symbol warding off evil, similar to the evil eye. She is imagined more often as an object or a monster than as a human. Even though Classical and Hellenistic depictions presented Medusa as more human than in the previous Archaic period, the popular conception of Medusa today still upholds her "otherness," her monstrosity. Modern-day artists have embraced Medusa as an emblem of female power, a beautiful monster, and used her story in the service of social movements; for example, Luciano Garbati's *Medusa with the Head of Perseus* went viral in 2020 in connection with the #MeToo movement ([source](#)).

In turn, Hadley highlights the evolution of Medusa in three distinct cases:

- **CASE 1: MEDUSA AS YOU KNOW:** Medusa's more typical depictions feature her on a shield or as a decapitated head with snakes for hair. This first case highlights the Medusa you most likely know and learned in school or from a mythology book: Medusa as a monster, an object, a weapon. A head, a symbol, never a woman. Terrifying, never beautiful.
- **CASE 2: THE TRANSITION OF MEDUSA:** This case highlights the spectrum of Medusas, starting with the Greek version of the myth in which she is nothing more than a monster and moving towards a more human and feminine portrayal. These works of art highlight the nuance that is buried in

Medusa's myth, and the numerous ways in which artists have chosen to render Medusa.

- **CASE 3: MEDUSA AND RAPE: MORE WOMAN THAN MONSTER:** Most audiences today who are familiar with the traditional character of Medusa don't know anything at all about her past or have misconceptions of the origins of her curse. In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the reason Medusa is metamorphosed into a Gorgon is because Neptune rapes her in Athena's temple. Instead of blaming Neptune, Athena punishes the beautiful Medusa for the violation of her temple, and curses her by transforming her from a maiden into a monster. Although Ovid is the first author to truly humanize Medusa by telling this story, he only does so within the context of the myth of Perseus and Andromeda. In that tale, Ovid emphasizes Perseus as the heroic male protagonist who retells Medusa's origin story after he's used her severed head as a weapon to save the endangered Andromeda.

Only one book in all of Rauner's many editions of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* contains the actual scene of Neptune raping Medusa, a microcosm for the reception of her story in art and literature. Whereas acts of rape in many other Greek myths are well-known and central to an understanding of their narratives, Medusa's is historically hidden and underrepresented. Instead, she is known for her beheading by heroic Perseus and for the people and monsters she petrifies both before and after her death. She is known for the terror she elicits and not her beauty or womanhood. As the books in this case demonstrate, even when Medusa's rape is illustrated, it is minimized, especially when compared to other representations of rape from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, particularly at the level of body language (*ibid.*).

In other words, the idea that a whore could even *be* raped evolved into itself (from a monstrous force of nature/undead weapon to monstrous-feminine human victim), as did the awful reality that whores could rape each other in service to the Man—let alone talk about it to challenge capital with (re: the whore's paradox/revenge)! But in the Gothic tradition, repression goes hand-in-hand with liminality insofar as something is both buried, and cryptonymically exposed, by making it something that cannot divide terror or violence from nature (woman or otherwise); i.e., as a demonic giver and receiver of such terrorist/counterterrorist treatment: Medusa both punished and protected by Athena as Medusa-in-duality (a mutual, ouroborotic embodiment of the status quo *and* Archaic Mother), and whose shield is likewise abused by TERFs long after Medusa's original demise.

Embodied *by* Medusa, the imaginary past is loaded with contradiction and baggage alike, allowing us to change/recreate the myth to suit our purposes without effacing the actual historical abuse (and value) it poetically speaks to. Medusa isn't just female or white; her alien fetishized qualities speak to all manner

of opposed peoples—i.e., abused per the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection committed by subjugated Amazons (and cops at large) against GNC, Pagan, non-white offshoots of the Medusa; re (from Volume Zero, exhibit 1a1c):

*(...I don't want to focus on vagina dentata or literal breeding crises in the classical, Neo-Gothic sense; my book aims to go thoroughly beyond Barbara Creed's somewhat dated and limited, **biological-/cis-centric view** of the monstrous-feminine/"woman as other" [...] So while it's true that the phrase "phallic woman" traditionally denotes a war-like woman, huntress or vengeful monstrous-feminine, I want to stress how subjugated Amazons aren't just aggressively and physically violent towards cis-het, sexist men; they've radicalized inside a "prison sex" mentality to become hostile towards "outsider" groups, including trans people, while seeing themselves as the universal victims that tacitly yield to their conquerors by emulating their worst habits [exhibit 41g1a2].*



(artist: [Mizugi Buns](#))

*As such, I want to expand on how the monstrous-feminine can also non-binarize to illustrate the gender-non-conforming idea of a non-violent trans, intersex or **enby** person; i.e., someone who refuses to be a victim without embodying the standard-issue implements of violence and war from conventional stories [including TERF examples: the blind, indiscriminate Medusa]. Instead, they can be nymph-like and soft, their penis a reclaimed source of shame/codified rape [mine was] and their **monomorphic** body offering up other gender-non-conforming surprises to boot. They become a dark being of chaos to sincerely-but-ironically worship relative to how they camp current heteronormative standards that abject such beings; i.e., as would have been the case before Cartesian thought came and binarized everything [[source](#): "Symposium: Aftercare"].)*

We want to expand Medusa's transformation story—of being raped, then raped and murdered while pregnant in her sleep for being a whore—beyond state forces weaponizing rape in reactionary-to-moderate forms during controlled opposition; re: through the Amazonian myth whitewashing the monstrous-feminine while treating Medusa as the eternal punching bag thereof, hence abusing the overall shock value of violence against nature in **the Shadow of Pygmalion**: into a state terror weapon directed at women/female parties to tokenize them, pitting **Galatea** against herself. It's canonically bad medicine for a problem caused by the

plaguedoctors; i.e., a threat of rape injected into white women's menticed brains: false power through **military optimism**, neoliberal canon portraying Medusa as a gay Communist bug fetish that reproduces through ovipositor rape/traumatic penetration (the Queen "checking" Bishop, left, being the Promethean destruction of servile technology similar to Scott's *Prometheus*):



All in all, it's a presumption of guilt by those TERF-y she-chuds raping Medusa and treating her as inhuman, biomechanical insect (devaluing *both* species). Ripley the blue-collar worker batters the scapegoat heel in vaso vagal fetish

gear (with Nazis and Communists occupying the same shadow space). The whole cycle not only repeats, but operates through steady ignorance and bad history as a regressive worldview to foist onto others; e.g., "[What are birds? We just don't know!](#)"; i.e., Ripley is a killing machine armed to the teeth and fighting an imaginary evil: **Domino Theory** (a metaphor for CIA activity in U.S. satellite regions). What happens abroad also happens at home.

For us, rape isn't something to see and attack by dehumanizing rape victims (which Communists generally are); we must listen and humanize those who *have* been raped, while also recognizing their subhuman, taboo, demonized statuses. If capital abjects rape to extend profit by blaming its own victims, mid-harvest, then we must expose that, too. Equality must be universal, including the equal ability to weaponize demonic counterterror (and rape revenge) against state doubles; i.e., playing at Omelas rockstars colonizing genocide dressed up as sex, drugs and rock 'n roll (themselves stolen from colonial spaces and turned on marginalized groups). We camp canon because we must—lest capital decay and do unto each of us what happened to the Medusas of yore, of the here-and-now under various double standards.

Think of it like Halloween, except it's not tied to the holiday—at least not exclusively. Rather, nature is something to rape under a system that goes boom-or-bust on a routine, accelerating pendulum. In turn, the Imperial Boomerang sails home, bringing Imperialism home to empire, aka fascism. The liminal hauntology of war is a castle that moves in place; i.e., wherein the membrane of Capitalist Realism grows thin, showing the horrors of settler colonialism to the inheritors of empire embodying those concepts. They see them as Medusa on the Aegis, and like Halloween's thinning of the veil releasing evil spirits between the world of the living and the land of the dead, coopt said things to incite moral panic. Capital decays to defend itself from its own victims, seeking revenge against nature as vengeful; i.e.,

a whore's revenge, which means to incite growth or degrowth in practice. This happens through the language of monsters, for or against capital.

As we've established, the historical elements (and all-around campy side) of Amazons and Medusa became more and more human in appearance, less biomechanical and inhuman. Even so, said process remains dualistic. For the state, Amazons were turned into cops by capital decaying feminism to serve its interests, while abjecting Medusa and her black revenge onto the imaginary past said Amazons could attack; i.e., the revenge of white women by colonial abuses (e.g., tokophobia or spousal abuse) projected during mirror syndrome onto black subjects with a racialized, non-Christian, and GNC Communist flavor! The effect is very much to see what you *think* is an old abuser and freeze, but also fight!

In short, the Amazon assimilated—was suddenly able to speak to *her* rape in ways that *wouldn't* go feral without a leash, leading people to demonize and attack her by first seeing her attack something "even worse"; re: Medusa. In blood-libel terms, this ironically "poisoned the well," turning feminists into unironic Nazis the state could shame and exhibit as demon BDSM; i.e., to conveniently bench, banish or recollar *after* the grim harvest was over (**war brides** with a warrior character). They would always be "on call," though. Anticipating Medusa's inexorable return, characters like Ellen Ripley became a modern mantle to pass from one debutante to the next (e.g., Amanda Ripley, in *Alien: Isolation*, 2014): cutting the giantess down to size, from laborer to land seen as one-in-the-same from the colonizer's perspective!

Doing so happens not to intersectionally solidarize different oppressed groups (which to some degree, white women are), but pit those with more privilege against those with less during the dialectic of shelter and⁹⁰ the alien; re: gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss; i.e., to divide workers, weakening labor through rape-ranking litigation that tokenizes out of desperation, fear and convenience: to help protect the state's next-in-line as part of a legitimate bloodline's Immaculate Conception.

During *this* nativity story, the white queen (the Madonna) saves one good white child (Jesus, presented here as a blonde female army brat⁹¹) by first killing hundreds of evil, non-white children: Grendel, the son of Cain, followed by Grendel's mother as having spawned said children out of dead American colonists (whose fatal metamorphosis *into* Communism is seen as a 1:1 irreversible trade; i.e., the former killing and corrupting the latter through vengeful "reeducation"

⁹⁰ A Gothic specialty, aka the haunted house narrative; i.e., my neighbor is an alien/my *house* is an alien—the land as alien from colonizer/occupying army's perspective, black reclaiming white, mid-hauntology. The boundaries between cop/criminal start to fissure and dissolve, the violence escalating. Capital moves money through nature, which becomes a land of madness, a tone poem/German Expressionism, a nebulous crime expressed through quantum excitement and dread. Through holistic expression, we return to the scene to get to the bottom of things; homes, in Gothic, are people and, like people, have something to hide and reveal per the cryptonymy process (we'll look into the detective aspects—of *Aliens* and the Gothic heroine—in another subchapter).

⁹¹ The blueprint for Samus' origin story, released years after *Metroid* came out.

versus reproducing normally [as *humans* do] outside parasitoid symbiosis). It's "*Alien* for men," except Rambo is a *woman* acting like a man against imperial doppelgangers: female Beowulf, taking names for God and country under a Protestant ethic upholding Christian motherhood (and general family values) through neoliberal force. She's aborting non-white children on the *simulation* of real-world battlefields ("How many drops is this for you, lieutenant?").

The Gothic classically embeds and elides bodies and buildings in war-game language; i.e., chess, but concentric. For example, Newt—as sole survivor—is elevated to princess status, mid-rebellion. The film's damsel-in-distress, she's a doll inside a dollhouse (each having a hidden military function that returns under martial law) who, similar to Jesus (the sacrificial lamb), is "killed in the sequel"; to rescue Newt during *Aliens'* Beowulf-style impunity and momentum-shift rebounds, Ripley the Amazon self-righteously kills droves of dark aliens (which Cameron presents as faceless invaders on their own land—monolithic, imitative offshoots of a dark original [which the colonizers imitate] who "doesn't value human life the same way"). Doing so isn't to *save* Newt from instant or even eventual death, but from rape and parasitoid transformation being a fate *worse* than death assigned *to* her by state forces; i.e., by switching sides from white to black, turning the nuclear order upside down: to be trapped *in* Hell, sitting by the West's abjection of their own crimes onto a dark, female, deserving victim of state force—the Medusa. She's a black, castle-like body inside a body-like castle, *mise-en-abyme*, but also a liminal space in the architectural sense: something to move through and sterilize, but also spread her evil-coded likeness across the colonial universe.

Medusa is androgynous, phallic, disobedient—by and large unafraid of the West and its poisonous (and militant) ideas of motherhood, thus happy to saber-rattle and dick-measure with white opposites (dueling moms)! In turn, Ripley ain't no queer space Commie, and is gonna prove it by burying the gay (and, by extension, the state's atrocities): scuttling colony (and slave revolt) in a cloud of nuclear hellfire!



([source](#): *Monster Legacy's "The Alien Queen," 2015*)

As usual, Cameron's doomsday (and royal apocalyptic language, left) is nothing new. The Gothic is, since Radcliffe, "terrorist literature" (re: Groom) that concerns the creation of a terrorist identity from the French Revolution, onwards (re: Crawford). Like so many others, then, Cameron shows a Communist Numinous (a female T-Rex with an African tribal mask) grappling with state spectres of competing motherhood; i.e., two hyperobjects cosmically at odds. Framed as two queens (and all the queens' men) killing each other's babies, it's Divine Right/Manifest Destiny taken to hyperbolic extremes—a Great Chain of Being relayed through anti-Communist war film. To check Medusa, Hadley's Hope

becomes a half-real colonial territory to both reclaim, but also deny its victims repossession of after America's defeat; i.e., to mark for death and blow to kingdom come, mid-Red-Scare—all to valorize *Pax Americana* denying its colonial victims land back, onstage and off!

We'll examine *Aliens* more, in just a moment. The fact remains, every superhero has a supervillain doubling them. The same goes for their associate structures, mid-kayfabe; i.e., Capitalism vs Communism. Doing so is merely another divide-and-conquer strategy recuperating and devaluing feminist language as not only hysterical, but the actual rapists under the Scooby Doo mask, *not* the elite. It's a bait-and-switch—not simply framing someone else for capital's destabilizing of the world, mid-apocalypse, but making them complicit in settler colonialism to erode any goodwill towards rebellious action (re: Federici, the epigram); i.e., to encourage submission towards capital as it presently is, returning things *to* normal by poetically *keeping* them normal in half-real, hierarchical terms. Man rapes woman; woman rapes nature. Nobody *likes* TERFs, but capital needs them to exist.



(artist: [SLBtweety](#))

To it, white women are bridled once more. Whittled into obedient sex dolls/action figures, then conjured up as shameless lapdogs, they bite other marginalized groups as needed; i.e., cutting *their* heads off during female circumcision/all-around **gender trouble**. In doing so, their mutual-if-lopsided hysteria ("they're killing each other") conflates with sexual aggression, hydrophobia (rabies), bitches in heat, and enlarged female genitals outsizing male ones (common in different animal species, like the hyena), or male ones acting feminine to *not* serve profit as a settler-colonial structure. Gender and biology are a spectrum, not a binary, but states endure by enforcing *false* binaries; i.e., to yolk/repress andro/gynodiversity and liberatory gender parody/monster bodies, morphological expression and biodiversity at large (above): how bodies appear liminally inside/outside media, produced by the spirit of Medusa (a hag-to-harpy-style virago, but also a slut and younger beautiful woman). Whatever the form, our very existence is ironic, thus criminal per state models/monopolies telling us, more or less, to eat shit and die: "Fat, drunk and stupid is no way to go through life, son." Nothing ever measures up, save that we *deserve* what we get.

Profit is, at its ghoulish heart, patriarchal, and defines treason through ontological equivocations of military insurrection around a bigoted core; i.e., capital is built on Imperialism and feudalism, including their own bigotries/ethnocentric tools of demonic domination. Under global Capitalism, such systems overlap smaller persecution networks inside larger ones that hauntologically uphold the usual

divisions; i.e., routine rapes of nature pursuant to profit, thus genocide as a matter of infinite growth and military expansion during frontier conquest (and witch hunts during military urbanism—when the state of exception shrinks said circumference *into* the Imperial Core). This selective punishment during reactive abuse tends to target sex workers, poor/non-white people and the homeless (which queer/disabled people often are, doing sex work as much to survive as communicate their humanity and basic human rights; e.g., Bay and Maybel, below). Such tokenized exclusion from SWERFs and TERFs (which are synonymous) further the abjection process through the ghost of the counterfeit; i.e., amounting to the middle class ruthlessly excising/exorcising nature through fear/fascination arguments with the colonized; re: equal rights for all, therefore land back, demonized by state



proponents seeing those things as "rape" (of the bourgeoisie, their masters) under Capitalist Realism!

(artist, left: [Maybel Syrup](#); right: [Bay Ryan](#))

In short, anything immodest that threatens profit is charged, DARVO-style, as "rape" by the elite and their traitors selling rebellion out (thus *pimping* it out to its usual benefactors, be they white men/women, or token parties looking to assimilate by leading witch hunts against other witches; i.e., during the moral panics of settler argumentation). Capital is always harvesting nature; Medusa appears during fascism attacking Communism (the grim harvest), and is sacrificed to return things to *back* to normal—to make her children (workers) less rowdy, swollen, haunted, whatever.

But the same cryptonymy (and Freudian mumbo-jumbo) can be reclaimed by us from complicit forms; i.e., by using the Amazon or Medusa to exact her whore's revenge by *breaking* the profit motive (thus Capitalist Realism), humanizing the harvest quite literally! Amazons have their revolutionary whore's revenge by refusing to tokenize and attack Medusa; Medusa has hers by humanizing her monster-mom anger in ways that expose the men behind the curtain: inciting reactionary abuse between different oppressed peoples, and what *they* give birth to. Pimps can't police whores for the state on their own, but require them to police themselves, historically-materially. This includes their poetry.

Keeping with our examination—of *Medusa's* evolving poetic history—she is a dark mother goddess having adapted to speak out in modern times against state inequalities (concerning life and death as things to give); i.e., to her *continued* demonic exploitation overlapping with a *new* voice, one that speaks out Numinously against rape for *all* oppressed parties (not just white women). In doing so, her pedagogy of the oppressed devises monsters that challenge state monopolies while being chained, Prometheus-style, to their harvesting device, capital; i.e., the duality of switches, their mood swings flaring up during the state's nefarious extraction, which dissidents camp during calculated risk, on and offstage.

For example, a mommy dom made to submit can still have power while appearing fierce-yet-defeated; i.e., topping from below provided her aesthetic evokes a demonstrable end to profit and police violence during ludo-Gothic BDSM's liminal expression: the *rogue* whore, fag and escaped slave, etc, giving birth to rebellion in demonic poetry of the flesh! We can become/present as anything we want; i.e., whatever the state cannot control, thus fears, which is everything! Our carrion flower becomes the foul stench of a lovely rose to send them packing!

During Medusa's incredibly transformative potential as normally policed, "girl" and "boy" become things to define in opposition similar to "white" and "black"; i.e., against the elite, their supporter's colonial binary viewing genderqueer emergence as "feminist erasure" (while likewise treating the planet as a mandala/*tabula rasa* on loop). Like Medusa, we transform our bodies (and their poetic offshoots) to trigger state fervor during the cryptonymy process, thus expose them trying to capture, rape and terrorize us; i.e., as Chthonic entities/evocations predating patriarchal notions of power (then and now): Earth as female/feminine (e.g., Gaia, Medusa) versus the male gods of the sky (e.g., Apollo and Zeus) abjecting serpents, afraid of them and mortal like any man is. Coming second, the Father of Light colonizes the Mother of Dark.

Out of Greece and Rome into capital ("Rome"), history is written by the conquerors, treating death as something to fear and enslave versus embracing it during guerrilla warfare. Giants are things to behead, their eyes retaining their power (of clarity through confusion) long after the body is gone. Medusa is "ancient chaos" and Athena is "statuesque order" but really they're two sides of the same abridged coin, and live/exist in duality written by men punishing women for the "crime" of *being* raped, and everyone else either supporting or denying that claim: rape guilt engrained into Western culture, the latter repressing the former to serve empire. A masochist, Medusa takes the pain to reverse abjection, exposing their mortality and hypocrisy on the Aegis: as the terrorists calling her one. "The Gothic castle is the ultimate dom," as I put it; as castle-like body or body-like castle, Medusa's ability to give and receive pain—her ludo-Gothic BDSM playing with rape—is the ultimate counterterror weapon: to regain control (we'll return to this, in part two).

Concluding the historical evolution of Amazons and Medusa by discussing rape as poetic devices, let's now consider their **tokenization** and **dialectical-material tensions** a little more, and whose tangents we'll tie into profit (as a structure) when we examine capital raping Medusa in neoliberal forms (re: *Aliens*).

Tokenization

Before we lay out Amazons and Medusa in material opposition, though, I want to spend a few more pages setting additional boundaries regarding **tokenism** (a specialty of mine; my book series started while researching TERFs). Being

holistic but strapped for time, we won't be able to cover all related variables here (the Four Gs or Six Rs; state monopolies, trifectas, and qualities of capital; hermeneutic Gothic-Communist quadfecta, etc), but what I say of/with them about tokenism (and resisting it) applies as much to goblins, vampires, and witches as it does to Amazons or the Medusa (and her *memento mori*, breadcrumb trail of Russian dolls), and likewise applies to all undead, demonic and/or animalistic beings. Sex is a joke, in Gothic, as is rape (a *killing* joke); i.e., insofar as we need that ability—to discuss it in popular modes of discourse—to best camp it: "Ask not for whom the bell fucks, it fucks for thee!"



(artist: [Dreamy Skullz](#))

Such is **Gothic maturity**—a paradox of *seemingly* juvenile humor speaking cryptonymically to the state operating as normal (through Gothic immaturity furthering abjection); i.e., violating basic human rights for *all* workers, but doing so through the unequal and relative language of phobias and stigma. By comparison, *tokenism* is a matter of desperation and convenience, for which white cis-het women (the classic second wave feminist/female Gothic author) fall closer towards convenience.

Beyond any one group, though, any sense of superiority is generally in relation to another marginalized group the former is expected to police for being lesser than the status-quo, hierarchical places of each, but also various liminalities; i.e., someone is treated "white" if they act and/or appear white; e.g., white-skinned women are treated "white" so long as they seem, more or less, straight and modest—meaning quiet (about their abuse), skinny and not dressed like a punk, fag and/or slut (excepting uncover token cops, of course). Though additional latitude *is* given towards them for the color of their skin, this can be challenged by them being poor (white trash) and female, but also their political activity and flavors thereof. Class trumps sex and race, insofar as money talks, and the system protects men, but especially *male celebrities*, first; i.e., those who are lucrative; e.g., O.J. Simpson, a black man, killed his wife, a rich white woman, only to have the state shield *him* using his male privilege, wealth, and token, star-athlete status. If the superiority of men is ever thrown into question on a patriarchal level, women always pay the price. That's what the courts are for!

To further complicate things, though (as Gothic Communism *is* a holistic discipline), there's a second set of double standards to go with the first: straight > queer—with this having a *third* relative double standard; e.g., if a white woman is perceived as queer versus a black trans man. The complexities build and exchange between different axes of privilege and oppression in service to the bourgeoisie or against them; re: cops and victims. I've often called this "descending rungs of preferential mistreatment" per Man Box thinking and weird nerd culture, but it's less two basic sides and more like an intersecting lattice of many different

variables. This further includes a *theatrical* variability that, itself, doubles during oppositional praxis⁹² being how people communicate; i.e., through the Gothic mode being simply the poetic language of monsters to describe people during state operations (ruler and subject). Truth through fakery (of the imaginary past) operates according to labor as a multicultural polity both divided and homogenous, clumped into different warring groups controlled by the same owner class; i.e., speaking dualistically through the same mirror dialogs while—doing as the West does—testifying to state atrocities by fabricating them (which Medusa embodies in

⁹² Re (from Volume Zero):



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](#): "Pieces of the Camp Map").

Workers are not homogenous. Different people are historically-materially demonized in different ways using the same language, which involves monsters as always being—to some extent—theatrical, thus half-real. These express in/as paradoxical positions of power and status that likewise carry their own double standards; i.e., depending on who's playing them, with irony or without; re (from Volume One):

By this same token, Pygmalion's opposite, Galatea, offers up classically female/genderqueer "monarchs" and non-abusive groups/communities with which to belong during oppositional praxis; e.g., Elvira (exhibit 12, a proletarian queen) and Ripley (a liminal, sometimes-proletarian "space trucker" queen/sometimes-bourgeois "TERF queen," exhibit 8b) or your run-of-the-mill sex workers rebelling and conforming to varying degrees: existing on the "rungs" of power as queens, but also figurative/literal princesses, lieutenants, captains, soldiers, etc. Either praxial type is distinguished by their good-faith or bad-faith façade; i.e., what is the queen-in-question angry about and what are they fighting for behind the persona—be they a witch, werewolf, zombie, vampire or some hybrid thereof, with all these canonical monsters personifying venereal disease but also bourgeois metaphors for homosexual men as *the* problematic practitioners [historically] of monstrous-feminine sex ([source](#): "Challenging the State's Manufactured Consent").

Any evocation of the monstrous-feminine, then, must navigate (thus critique) trauma by performing and playing with power according to these inequalities and relativities: where they are; i.e., as things to consolidate in demonic language.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

giant, animalized ways). Often this happens through fatal nostalgia, mixing good *with* bad; e.g., remember the '80s, remember AIDS? Terror language marries to language of home, creating a kind of gargoyle; re: the home as familiar/foreign.

Yet, while it's easy to highlight how things like men/male, masculinity and white skin are canonically superior to women/female, femininity and black skin (and how the latter will historically assimilate to act like its colonizer double), this sits on a spectrum of non-whiteness/monstrous-feminine affording a great deal of poetic and functional latitude; i.e., in terms of who is punished and who isn't, but also how. The state classically controls nature through victims of nature being treated as "other" (for not being straight white men/straight men/men, followed by straight



white women/straight women/women, etc); power is a performance to perceive, which means it is rife with paradox and concentric division tying people in knots (the Gothic loves its puns): false and true, Medusa and her snakes feeling pent up!

(artist: [akiraeviI](#))

For example, a white girl has white skin, yes, but if she is fat, she suddenly takes on an "immodest, non-white" quality per the settler argument, making her "less white" as a matter of performance or perspective than someone who isn't fat. This can swap and/or compound; e.g., with a queer girl being treated differently depending on her orientation, biology and gender, but also her religion and class. Except, it's not only incredibly hard to "actually" reduce things purely to class, race or culture (religion and gender), but an exceptionally bad idea even if one could. Instead, it's how these modular qualities intersect and react holistically that matters; i.e., in ways that dialectically-materially serve or disobey profit. Someone who is functionally white, then, will either have double standards that let them do things regardless, or



is someone who acts "modest" in order to avoid seeming "non-white" (again, per the settler argument).

(artist: [Sinead](#))

Challenging those is a balancing act unto itself; i.e., people who might otherwise be able to blend in or lean into a particular identity to monopolize and police it under capital can likewise abstain from such temptations; e.g., Sinead is AFAB and fat, but not a woman (above); fae identify as fae, pushing towards fat liberation while also smoking weed and using artistic expression to make faer selves heard. So these things have to be acknowledged through faer own struggles; i.e., challenging the ways in which the porn industry will normally classify Sinead: as a BBW. Capital will exude forces onto faer to make faer feel like a woman, among other things; it will treat faer as

Medusa according to its vision of the monster, not faers—a butt pirate to poach, purify or put down. There is always a double—a criminal to kettle, closet and cage; a cop to betray them "for the badge" (the myth of immunity from state force provided they punch down).

In short, capital arbitrates power through us-versus-them arguments that are, to some degree, entirely random. The structure is there, but it isn't determined by a metaphysical force, like a god or some other cosmic argument; there is no transcendental signified, but rather binaries that arbitrate through force (controlling sex and nature) by the colonizer against the colonized. These dichotomies classically emerge as black and white, but again determine by function over appearance within the various aesthetics; i.e., in a world of wealth through conquest. There's an element of dysfunction at play.

Appearance obviously matters, but isn't the end-all, be-all of arbitration. It's about who you *serve* and how you *function* under capital, which explains why you can have token Amazons to begin with—afforded their own double standards similar to any other liminal category that defies conventional boundaries; i.e., tokens, period; e.g., the token black family from Jordan Peele's *Us* (below, 2019). They'll never let you forget you're black, fat, female, queer, Jewish or anything else. When it comes time to blame someone, it will always be your fault when the chickens come home to roost (for example, no one blames school shooters for being white Christian wackjobs; they're simply taking the colonial model to its logical conclusion, from Columbine to the hundreds of shootings after it): the poor nuclear household and its women and children (Jordan Peele, a token black man/Zionist, learned nothing from Kubrick, below—abjecting Israel's war crimes, but also



America's)!

Furthermore, the abuse isn't just chattelizing or infantilizing but *verminizing*. No self-respecting person does this, but plenty lack the respect or morals to uphold them when tempted by power under duress (or inheriting it; i.e., straight white chudwads; re: white [cis-het] people disease) to placate their conquerors versus killing their darlings. It becomes a shameless, incessant pillbox game, pushing the button inside a prison (of the mind; re: Plato's cave). Eventually conditioning wins out, making cops or victims, victims coming from cops. While it's a hard cycle to break, it generally happens through resistance to police arguments while embracing nature as a monstrous-feminine aesthetic; i.e., Medusa isn't just a BDSM rape slut, but a furry on the road to activism. We not only have to subvert police-agent weapons ("to *reclaim* our chains," Marx), but humanize what they target *with* them.

Generally this is very conversational, fluid; i.e., spoken through commerce, poetry and art (re: labor exchange and mutual action). Capital has many moving parts and dualities that are difficult to encapsulate, but all the same, my approach

(and that of the people I work with) tries just that. We use monstrous-feminine poetry during Gothic Communism to synthesize (make) new versions of older things that speak to our ongoing struggles. Elitism excludes, which we're not about.

Monsters aren't just commodities, then, but poetic arguments and lenses. In turn, the Gothic is imperial home dressed up as alien, which helps us change not just our *own* shape but that of our *colonizers* to speak to otherwise taboo things in acceptable forms of trespass. It's incredibly useful, but also scrutinized and occupied by people for or against Capitalism. To it, power and its articulation go both ways; e.g., aliens aren't bad, but *become* bad when they disguise settler arguments to assist colonial invaders (and their motherships). The same goes for any monster, including Amazons and Medusa, as articulated by different people seeing different things regarding sex and force (and orbiting factors like wealth, food and other forms of security and status). None have set definitions or shapes (the Medusa is especially plastic), but the imaginary past they collectively and hauntologically evoke tends to concern similar things across space and time.

Freud's interpretations, for example, concern police force as something that psychosexually shapes and upholds the nuclear model. And while I think Freud was largely dogmatic in his assertions (as cops generally are), he's not entirely off-base when it comes to violence and the *unheimlich*. There's a morphological character to the Medusa, but also one of violence and terror working together to describe a variety of things about the monstrous-feminine, all at once; re: Medusa is a crude, inkblot metaphor for sexual arousal and castration, but also a human subject for which those things are demonized as; e.g., a walking cock or clit that is queer-coded, black-coded, and/or female-coded, etc, and speaks to the dated fears/appetites of the audience that, sure enough, haven't gone anywhere. BDSM is still very much demonized, as are things like asexuality and public nudism, fake/denied orgasms, or really any kink described in Gothic!

To it, the transphobic, Orientalist, blood-libel, and black rape fears of white second wave feminists are very much alive and well; but so are those *resisting* them and their misogynistic gangsters and capital (with the cover to Barbara Creed's *Monstrous-Feminine* having a sideways "mouth," denoting a biology that *isn't* strictly the property of "rebellious" TERFs, but really sex workers of *all* sorts; e.g., next page). Ownership is action that is seen; e.g., speaking with release words/triggers like "thick," "hard," "throbbing" to excite as much as terrify (or terrify because one is excited by things the state labels "terrorist"; re: Crawford).

In Gothic, these manifest as excessive, goes-up-to-eleven overreactions; i.e., Medusa, speaking to rape as an abuse of power against criminalized bodies and portrayals of said bodies. "Slow and steady wins the race," or so the saying goes, but Medusa is anything but nice and easy! She's Numinous, Godzilla, making her enemies eat her ass. She's wild, criminal, highly suspect and off-the-rails—a force of nature, keeping it on cooldown, crushing your head with operatic, hysterical, vice-like kegels! Police forces alienize and fear holes (female space), but also phallic

devices they cannot own; we play with their expectations to tease and excite rebellion: why settle for ordinary when you can be *mysterium tremendum*/the Great Destroyer? Forbidden sight is to see what is forbidden; i.e., the chattelized exhibiting them and theirs as normally a highly controlled substance (sex work) they transgressively reclaim through iconoclastic art: Medusa's dildo-like snakes, but also her "eye of confusion" on the Aegis!



(artist: [Digital Play Toy](#))

Whatever the form or stigma, exploitation and liberation exist in shared spaces. To alienize and alienate through fetishes during *settler* arguments, then, generally boils down to the pimping of nature-as-alien/monstrous-feminine by the colonizer imitating the colonized through revenge. Violence, terror and morphological expression are totally allowed for one side (the state, who can do no wrong/are always right), and completely unallowed for the other (nature) *save as nature's behavior achieves profit by damaging itself as monstrous-feminine*. Those given *carte blanche*/divine right always default to crusader/witch-hunter violence (might-makes-right), because *any* resistance automatically exposes their absolute positions (of god and state) as fallible, thus impotent. It only takes one, so they hide their violence among us, silencing us in bad faith (which tokenism, to some degree, always is). Ergo, to show and conceal intent during cryptonymy (and holistic, dialectical-material analysis) is far more important than raw physical appearance. As whores, we expose our rapists *during* the cryptonymy process, reversing abjection to castrate them: a half-real demonstration of their perfidiousness.

Furthermore, because monsters are dualistic, any critique concerning one can—with some critical thought, invention and flair—apply to any other, in this respect. Medusa, in particular, is chimeric; re: as much a witch/whore, vampire and goblin. Equally undead, demonic, and animalistic, she can be applied to a black person treated as "other," or a trans woman, Arab, or some combination. Holistic analysis helps us change not merely our own shape or a cop's, but also the critical lens' usage per oppressed/oppressor element concerning whores and their revenge as police or victim. We are not defined by fetishes and clichés, but often rely on them to say what we need to say during genocide—through preference and code, but also the inherent linguo-material flexibility of those things. Change their shape and function, change how we think through the language of violence, monsters and camp; give us a lever long enough, and we can move the Earth!

When starting this series, I chose to reduce these matters to *sex positivity* vs *sex coercion* because one is inherently against the profit motive and one isn't; i.e., canon vs iconoclasm, in this respect. Fascists and moderates/classical liberals under American Liberalism defend market freedoms that code/otherwise inform these arguments, which is why Nazis are always allowed, whereas activists who actually

challenge capital are always punished—i.e., the former for their carceral, complicit and abject behaviors, versus those who are emancipatory, revolutionary and reverse-abject. White or black doesn't determine by appearance alone, but how power moves involving appearance as the performance of many moving parts; e.g., immodest/non-white actions being *too* big, loud, or dark *when* they challenge profit and the status quo. Such things are perfectly fine for functionally white groups—including token parties, but also men in blackface/taking "problematic lovers" or white women playing witch cop against "bad" witches the state wants dead.



To that, if you're visibly white, male, straight and rich, you can largely do whatever you want under capital, including crimes (or whatever's going on, above); if you insert different marginalized qualities, this license narrows, doing so differently per token element: telling the desperate or opportunistic what they want to hear dressed up as "resistance," but in truth, is a **Faustian bargain** in disguise; re: us-versus-them coded instructions of violence.

In terms of crisis, then, the state will crackdown on dissidents differently than you might expect. When the membrane thins and colonial mechanisms are exposed through class awareness (tremors of Medusa), those who punch down to stymie said awareness through class betrayal (re: police action) are rewarded. This can be official police, but also vigilantes per stochastic terrorism. It is likewise a half-real proposition, occurring on and offstage, in and out of media, between fiction and nonfiction, on **the magic mirror** (where the game, activism, takes place). Those who attack activists in times of activism, in other words, are awarded more generously by the state than they might be otherwise; e.g., pink washing genocide, or black tokenism likewise speaking in favor of Israel. Tokens suddenly become exotic, highly useful strawdogs.



(artist: [Hellavender](#))

When empire is weak, its rulers paradoxically appeal to fringe betrayals more often. Whatever the betrayer's form, there must always be a cop and a victim to serve profit; i.e., a formidable and subservient token agent doubling something that isn't tokenized; e.g., Ms. Bellum's mommy milkers and ginger afro hiding her virgin/whore eyes (above) doubled by Medusa, in the same show, as antithetical to state rule. Both encapsulate Athena, who isn't just a big-titty Goth girlfriend, but also, who's a big-titty Goth girlfriend (the Male Gaze)! Nature and nurture, destroyer and defender (the Golem of Prague classically a protector device made with Jewish black magic), lust and love—she's all of these things at once, divided into dueling sides: Hippolyta and Medusa.

Per psychomachy and *Amazonomachia*, Medusa is engorged, gross and black, Hippolyta sexy-but-white (the Goldilocks whore/virginal Amazon, similar to Ripley or Samus). As these personified arguments duke things out, cop-vs-scapegoat, we see a black-and-white mirroring of *kawaii* and *kowai*, hard and soft, aroused and unaroused, pleasure and pain, predator and prey existing in kayfabe duality but also in confusion, liminality—to move through and look upon to show others their inadequacies/non-manly needs/dependencies; i.e., Mr. Mayor (the status quo) a geriatric man baby that his steely Athenian confidante defends from her abject half during state crisis. Everything relays in monstrous-feminine language to make a *pro*-state argument; i.e., sex policing sex as a matter of revenge—a token, Marston-style matriarchy!

To it, state copaganda proves there must always be a scapegoat, under Capitalism, but also a servant—a victim/whore to pimp under capital (moving money through nature) according to settler arguments of *token* superiority and revenge. It's a property dispute over women, children and land; i.e., territory and mates, thus boils down to mirror syndrome: token Amazons vs Medusa.

By extension, America is a settler colony that expands its prison-like territory beyond the initially conquered lands, meaning the entire world (on and offstage) becomes the elite's to conquer/make into a prison territory (re: Alexander the Great). America becomes a staging ground, its shadowy likenesses falling to ruin and policed by recruits from the original prison space; i.e., to either turn back into a prison for kenneled, token good whores and bad, or deny to the enemy (us) having *its* revenge by reclaiming them (thereby denying the *elite* their much-desired profit). One side canonically "goes feral," kettling the other like good little white girls, Indians, savages, animals, whores, etc, against bad, black/non-white, anti-capital, etc, as *always* feral: Medusa eating the state's young per Orientalism, sodomy and blood libel. Her fat, evil ass is pretty hot and tempting but deserving of police violence by a good, equally PHAT double; dualistically nature is always "in heat," eager to receive punishment (unequal exchange) and give forbidden



knowledge, which we use to transform into our best selves, mid-poetic engagement: camping the canon.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Subjugated Amazons are Frankenstein's perfect children; their victims, including Medusa, are the Creature for the Amazon to brutalize, insofar as these arguments are constructed. To it, tokenism yields some fairly standard and familiar dialectical-material tensions, but also *doesn't* preclude reclamation; i.e., of devices that originally *had* a rebellious flavor that has become increasingly patriarchal over time: in opposition to rising calls for liberation by those classified as Medusa and Amazon, alike. Liberation is a mirror

game fought with reflections; i.e., inside a hall of mirrors (which capital is), where language is already dualistic and tokens imitate us (and our heroes) in bad-faith.

Let's further unpack that, then consider how these track with neoliberalism abusing rape arguments to incite police violent upholding profit as a structure.

Dialectical-Material Tension (mirror syndrome reprise)

As previously stated, dialectical-material scrutiny helps distinguish the *visibly* identical. Now that we've looked at the basic aesthetic of Amazons and Medusa, Medusa's poetic history, and considered some additional points about tokenism, I want to consider how Amazons have the uncanny ability to subjugate (as cops) and subvert (as rebels); i.e., within the same aesthetic, either to help or hinder Medusa out of revenge. I want to look at a quick example of critiquing Amazons that seemingly look and act the same: Gal Gadot (and Wonder Woman).

Mirror syndrome isn't just attacking a black reflection on the Aegis; it involves copies of the same monsters embodying liberation and assimilation. These two historically appear the same. Indeed, keeping with blood libel, Amazons are classically witches and whores of a female warrior sort, their mere existence threatening the nuclear model since Ancient Athens (to some degree reimagined by modern state defenders): a darkly chaotic shadow (the Medusa) looming over the Western resident and residence, said West seeking to control (thus colonize) nature-as unruly using assimilation (token Amazons punching Medusa during us versus them). The state's revenge is to monopolize Amazons on the Aegis; i.e., turning them into witch hunters, thus defanging their rebellious energies and dooming most of them (and nature) to genocide (which is bad for colonizers, too; e.g., Nazi Germany's holocaust weakened the state to keep up the lie).

While the monstrous-feminine isn't *strictly* female (or white), canon dialectically-materially prioritizes Amazons being white female Indians it can demonize and replicate *for* the state's benefit: demon lovers who lustily rape smaller "lovers" (the phrase "lover" conflated with "warrior" in the ancient world; e.g., Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn" denoting the urn as not only spelling such cases out, but made from clay like demons are). This includes men who aren't big and strong *enough* to fend off their larger adversaries' sexually aggressive and uncharacteristically violent advances (with classic *Amazonomachia* both projecting male abuses onto evil imaginary jungle women that kill or brainwash men and women alike, mid-**kayfabe**, while still making Amazons weaker than the *strongest* men; re, Eco: "the enemy is both weak and strong").

Not to be confused with Medusa, Amazons are tall and formidable warrior women who classically threaten, thus overwhelm, the current patriarchal order by promoting *matriarchal* replacement through popular BDSM fantasies—said fantasies linked to an ancient-alien martial culture conspicuously opposing *current* Western values, laws and order (re: Marston and Wonder Woman, the latter basically

Superman with BDSM thrown in): death, capture and rape fantasies informed by pre-existing biases, stigmas and phobias that, unto themselves, can be reclaimed with liminal expression and ludo-Gothic BDSM/calculated risk from Orientalism and white/male replacement arguments (often through humor—re: death by Snu-Snu); i.e., the latter describing Amazons as alien invaders *and* saviors ("alien" synonymous with "monstrous-feminine," meaning the native [or marginalized/abused person otherwise having legitimate grievances inside a colony space] being treated as "alien" in their own home).

In canonical terms, Amazons assimilate, embodying "kill the Indian, save the woman" during mirror syndrome, but again, occurs with devices that *can* be reclaimed from bad play by iconoclastic agents mirroring *them*—half-aliens that



exchange power but again, can't normally change shape like Medusa can. Their duality lies in their equipment and their unchanging bodies.

The Lasso of Truth, for example, isn't purely a torture device (though Marston *did* invent the polygraph machine, a device he later disowned), but a highly playful mode of allegory (exquisite "torture") sold to a wider audience *minus* de Sade's particular *mil spec* uniforms (the Amazon has her own style, in this respect): release *from* illusion *through* feminist bondage! It's the whore's paradox in action, both a cop and a victim, a hero and villain on the same Aegis.

The problem is, feminism, BDSM and Amazons gentrify and decay under capital like all heroes (thus monsters) do. To it, Amazons paradoxically portray a *herbo* maternal side they try to assimilate *with* (or otherwise humanize through); i.e., as *demonic* whores/witches coming from a vengeful, mythical warrior half of nature the state can use to tokenize Amazons *into* Spartan-esque (rapacious) police agents; re: prostitutes and herbos becoming a particular kind of witch cop *during* blood libel (the grim harvest): whores policing whores on a spectrum of preferential mistreatment that took time to install, as did its mirrors; e.g., Gal Gadot (above) being a member of the IDF before she played Wonder Woman, basically making her "Nazi" by another name (a white, female, non-Christian champion from a latter-day rogue state styling itself as "rebel faction," Gadot's disguise pastiche whitewashing apartheid through token feminism: a "defensive" war). She's a **TERF** and **subjugated Amazon**—a **monster girl/girl boss/wheyfu** playing cryptofascist "rebel"; i.e., a *token* Amazon who assimilates, targeting dark aspects of herself that have *become* alien on the Aegis, which she abjects during the cryptonymy process/mirror medusa: Medusa.

Shown back to her by the state (on Athena's Aegis, to trigger a fight response), Gadot *becomes* the Medusa (a furious object of indiscriminate revenge, often a rape victim to warriors like the Amazon, below) to strawman and scapegoat her evil twin (the two hopelessly bound to one another); re: mirror syndrome—the

menticed slave seeing herself of/from "good" nature. Faced with "bad" nature, dark aspects *to* nature suddenly appear and challenge Gadot (which she has distanced herself *from* to avoid summary execution; i.e., eventually going "rabid," thus requiring her exile and/or death per the euthanasia effect/black knight syndrome). Seeing those on Medusa, Gadot petrifies (**white fragility** in action) and punches down, a gargoyle for state churches (thus territory at large) earning herself a brief reprieve/stay of execution *provided* she kills state enemies out of revenge (normally as their white knight); re: it's **DARVO** by proxy and inside **the Man Box' "prison sex" mentality—gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss**. The killer of Medusa is classically a rapist, Wonder Woman acting like a man behind the mirror shield: killing capital's bogeywoman for the millionth time, posturing as underdog but acting the state's champion under their sponsorship (and all the accolades *that* entails).



(artist: [Greg Rucka](#))

In short, a subjugated Amazon submits the moment she starts aping the colonizer *against* her own kind (and allies); i.e., punching down by embodying Western values and division putting her not *quite* at the top, but somewhere in the middle (class): a token monomyth cop attacking imaginary monarchs of the underworld, our female Rambo a latter-day Beowulf (soldier of fortune) abjecting **the ghost of the counterfeit** inside the latter's operatic, black-uterine lairs (often castles). Security is a lie upheld through force, policing nature (and sex) as monstrous-feminine per all the usual crises and decay but also concessions. Nature grows wild, hysterical; the sex police swoop in, circumcising her "for her own good" (and having a girl do it for good measure).

Keeping with the cryptonymy process (and its double operations), Gadot's justice becomes blind, yet shows the world *exactly* what's going on—she's a traitor that, like any token cop, avoids jail time by abusing the aesthetics of rebels: demon BDSM to *defend* property over people, killing vice-character whistleblowers (re: "bury your gays") and facilitating genocide (thus rape); i.e., by becoming **the phallic woman** to slay **the Archaic Mother** *with*. Generally this happens "in style," with sex, drugs and rock 'n roll disguising genocide; i.e., by becoming a symbol of recuperation and reward—a danger disco where you get to look cool and kick monster ass while acting as false rebel/actual rapist yourself (re: Parenti/me). The reasons are arbitrary, the motive is profit. Always.

To it, the state abjects the ghost of the counterfeit during the dialectic of the alien. As nature becomes alien under capital, the state uses the emerging cryptonymies to pimp nature out of revenge: Medusa appears, restless and wild; Amazons rape her incognito/*sub rosa* to restore law and order on the Aegis—by selling controlled opposition as commodities that cops mirror-mask with during cryptonymy and abjection. All happen according to state monopolies (violence,

terror and morphological expression) upholding the qualities of capital (Cartesian, settler-colonial, heteronormative) through revenge.

Gadot's no longer a *steward* of nature, then, but a go-to *rapist* of nature having sold out to the Man: a white-moderate former-whore alienated from nature—poached from the streets to police an unruly black whore inside the state of exception's recuperated rock 'n roll ("black," here, extending beyond skin color to anything that isn't a white, European, cis-het, Christian man; re: "monstrous-feminine"⁹³). Her heroism is a ruse, one defined by shared context, on and offstage. Gadot is a Nazi, in real life; anything she attacks as Wonder Woman onstage equals Medusa onstage and off: something to rape, or to hide said rape *with*. There are no moral actions, only moral teams, and betrayal is betrayal through function, not appearance.

It's not just Gadot, then, but the women directing her who also sell out, in this respect; re: by acting like status-quo men. It's assimilative, muddying the waters by whitewashing the colonizers; e.g., Lexi Alexander—a Palestinian-German female director—doing just that despite critiquing Petty Jenkins' *Wonder Woman 1984* (2020):

The much-anticipated Christmas Day release of Wonder Woman: 1984 was met with immediate controversy over its depiction of Arabs and the Middle East. Much of the online criticism of the film centers around its depictions of an Egyptian Emir and an Arab terrorist trying to obtain nuclear weapons, as well as scenes that many viewers felt shared jarring resonances with the violence Palestinians face under Israeli occupation. One scene drew particular ire: Wonder Woman lassoes a rocket to protect four Arab children playing soccer, which many felt was reminiscent of the [high-profile killing](#) of four boys from the same family who were playing soccer on a beach during the 2014 Israeli bombing of Gaza [whitewashing history with a good colonizer]. This was all the more loaded given previous controversies over Wonder Woman star and co-producer Gal Gadot's role as an IDF training officer during the 2006 Lebanon War, and a [Facebook post](#) she made in support of the IDF during the war in which the boys were killed.

Palestinian German filmmaker Lexi Alexander was quick to use her platform to signal boost the wave of online critiques of the film from young viewers of color. A seasoned director who has closely studied, and worked to challenge, the depictions of Arabs and Palestinians in Hollywood films, Alexander immediately recognized the tropes being described. The Punisher: Warzone, Green Street Hooligans, and Supergirl director was the first woman

⁹³ Medusa is classically a *Western* myth, centered around *white cis-het women* as the go-to victims of said myth. Similar to Afrocentrism, we want to decentralize it and solidarize intersectionally among all oppressed peoples; i.e., that we might unite under a common goal despite uneven privilege and oppression, but also the pointed origins of such devices.

to helm a Marvel film adaptation, and has built her career in Hollywood while facing harsh retribution for her efforts to resist the industry's exclusionary, and frequently racist, status quo. For Alexander, the problems with Wonder Woman are representative of an industry that considers itself progressive while consistently excluding marginalized voices and punishing those who fight back, and of a culture that still actively resists any attempt to portray Arabs, especially Palestinians, in a humanizing light. I recently spoke to Alexander about the Wonder Woman controversy, her personal experiences of racism behind the camera, and the stakes of accurately portraying marginalized communities on screen ([source](#): Rebecca Pierce's "White Savior Cinema," 2021).

It's all good and well to point that out, but taking Hollywood paychecks becomes its own betrayal. You have to challenge all of them, thus profit, or you wind up becoming tokenized to deliver a given form of systemic bigotry to the masses:

You can't go into this business and be the woman who loves to make chick flicks or peace movies. Kathryn Bigelow knew that making movies like the guys is the way in. [...] Why do people think I did that? I did that to show that I'm the least "woman" you can imagine. I'm so Guy Ritchie, I'm so Quentin Tarantino. I knew that was the only way in. And to this day, I still only get offered stuff in that arena. [...] Sometimes, you just need a paycheck. I think a lot of my Black activist friends look at me sideways, like, "Why are you saying you are against police violence but you make these cop shows?" How can I blame them for saying that? I even made a movie in which I played an Arab woman who fell on the ground after being shot. It was a small moment, but don't think I wasn't aware. I was even kind of jokingly praying, "Okay, God, forgive me for this" (*ibid.*).

God is an excuse for your greed, and class betrayal is still betrayal. Bigotry for one is bigotry for all. Equal rights must be equal for all, lest the raping of nature—of extended beings by thinking beings (re: Descartes)—continues unabated.

Complicit cryptonymy points to state revenge on a dark scapegoat. If Amazons tend to give rape, then Medusa receives and returns it on the Aegis. Keeping with **the Shadow of Pygmalion/Cycle of Kings**, nature becomes equated with "death" as something to defeat *for* the Amazon's patriarchal overlords. This kills her potential to actually do good (uphold basic human, animal and environmental rights), swapping genuine rebellion for a policewoman double; i.e., suffering rape but also doling it out inside the usual hierarchies: raping the whore by acting the man, thus the cop, against nature-as-alien.

Cops don't prevent crime, they guarantee it; i.e., through privatization as criminogenic, but also *cryptomimetic*. Privatization is a myth, but one that makes

Medusa what state wants her to be: a whore to blame, control, and pimp—a furious goddess with primordial power over life and death, which capital chains to acquire said power for the elite. Dressed up as "peace and prosperity for the free world," cops bridle Medusa to power the West like a Promethean lightbulb; i.e., seeing that which gives and takes and dominating it; e.g., metroids and "peace in space," the latter powered by alien extermination—workers becoming metroids, meaning both as givers and receivers of state force.

In turn, the elite *want* us divided and fighting amongst ourselves, seeking to control what has become alien, promiscuous, and profligate for us, too. Per Capitalist Realism, worker liberation equals state shift: something to abject with mirror syndrome, because the freeing of the whore is tantamount to apocalypse. It applies to Gal Gadot, but also women directing them like Patty Jenkins and so-called "critics" like Levi Alexander taking state money to uphold state arguments in some shape or form; i.e., black violence as "immoral" in favor of white "moral" violence (the IDF calling itself "the most moral army in the world," which Alexander condemns while making American copaganda). So do Gadot, Jenkins and Alexander comply with men's ideas of Amazons, abjecting Medusa *vis-à-vis* mirror syndrome.

This brings us back to Cameron, but especially his desire to appear strong against nature-as-alien in *Aliens*, whose Amazonian refrain we'll explore a bit more, next. In doing so, I want to consider how Amazon and Medusa exist *now* as being informed by neoliberal capitalism; i.e., tokenizing Amazons against Medusa in ways that inform latter-day tokenization.

Amazons under Neoliberal Capitalism (re: Cameron's refrain)

I know what you're thinking. "Didn't we just talk about this?" Yes, but as my PhD asserts, "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." So, once more unto the breach, dear friends!

This being said, we've already discussed how Amazons and Medusa are both of nature-as-monstrous-feminine seeking revenge, but where one canonically subjugates under duress and the other does not; re: subjugated Amazons are controlled opposition, which the state pits against uncontrolled through the complicit, cryptonymic veneer of rebellion: treating actual slave revolt as illegitimate, seditious, illicit, vile, worthy of capital punishment.

We've also examined, from a dialectical-material standpoint, how *Amazonomachia* display and perform various poetic, doubled tensions during oppositional praxis; re: how subjugated Amazons like Gal Gadot are fairly constant in their shape, size and actions when subjugated or not, but Medusa—an abject dumpsite—is far more shadowy on the Aegis. A psychosexual *bête noire*/nature as

gyn-ecological (within Cartesian dualism), she's darkness visible—can be whatever enemy "of nature" the state desires/needs/creates per Orientalism, sodomy and blood libel, and which we subvert from a formerly dehumanized position receiving police violence through mirror syndrome attacking danger/personified vaso vagal: the projecting of state atrocities onto their victims and having token victims (now cops) attack said shadows; i.e., duping the cop to torture the conquered into a feral-to-fetal position within reactive abuse. It's a matador scheme, riling up the bull for the crowd's gladiatorial bread-and-circus.

We're looking at *Aliens* to parse the *remediation* of this idea. It's something we've discussed at length in Volume Zero, so we'll merely be rehashing the concept, here; re: Cameron's refrain, the shooter/Metroidvania.

Cameron's biggest "achievement" (moneymaker) was whitewashing genocide through assimilation; i.e., the second wave feminism of token *Amazonomachia*, in *Aliens*. His refrain uses the common internal/external psychomachy to mirror older ethnocentric arguments: to reject one's victims on the Aegis. It's game of tug-of-war unfolds on the surface of images/within their cryptonymic thresholds—a black mirror to look upon and see one's traitorous, furious "other": a before/after simulacrum projected onto your assigned victims *to* abject. That's what Cameron's refrain (the shooter) is all about. Alienate nature, then rape it to whitewash the crimes of empire. To it, Cameron uses the death and decay of a settler colony in *Aliens*, where Ripley is recruited by the company to face and destroy her evil double, the Alien Queen: white queen versus black, per the settler colony argument. Like we said.

Canonical heroes aren't just monsters, then, but cowards reconciling their actions *during* mirror syndrome. Everything grows out-of-joint, confused and hostile—the process of abjection haunting pop culture through cryptonymy showing and concealing it: darkness as much a worrisome indicator of where violence is supposed to go as it is the loss of someone's humanity inside the same space. Language, at its dialectical-material core, becomes confused—with clear identification becoming impossible, be that friend from foe or ally from alien, and the general meaning of black and white within binaries dissolves into grey soup, mid-struggle.



(artist, left: [Nunchaku](#); right: Andreas Marschall)

To it, the state's entire system postures as good and mature, yet is anything but those things; it's mortal, doomed, cruel. Yet, historically-materially these cycles of violence keep playing out because they hold a great degree of material and societal power through such myths pursuant to profit. From their vantage point, these myths stunt and wreck worker growth in Faustian ways: class betrayal by police forces.

Colonies always die, meaning they always need to avenge themselves; they seek this revenge against nature having *its* revenge against the profit motive; i.e., by always coming back, which capital must re-abstract; e.g., the Alien Queen, below, and her whorish body's incestuous reproduction (chronotopic echoes of *state* rape) challenging Ripley's good body and non-incestuous reproduction, for which the other seeks neoconservative revenge against: during hauntological mirror arguments—from rape epidemics to "This time, it's war!"; re: Heinlein's revived, *Starship-Troopers*-style, fascist "othering" of state enemies into weak/strong victim, touting "the only good bug is a dead bug!" It's a witch hunt, witches fighting witches, except the actual villain isn't the Queen (somehow interstellar menace *and* indigenous population); it's Ripley and the nuclear family unit's monomythic formula, facing off against a black monolith and saying to it, "You raped *me*."



([source](#): *Monster Legacy's "The Alien Queen," 2015*)

Among the dialectic of shelter and the alien, Cameron had capitalized on a very old idea (re: *Amazonomachia*/the monstrous-feminine) to sell *Pax Americana* to *future* children; re: the Bay of Pigs (and similar CIA interventions) smuggled into a promising new millennium where war never ends; e.g., *Doom* copying *Aliens* just as *Aliens* copied *Starship Troopers*. There can only be one hero, but everyone gets to be Samus, Ripley, Doomguy or the Power Rangers, etc; i.e., the stormtrooper unironically enacting American revenge against Medusa when she gets out (e.g., Rita Repulsa), on loop, faster and faster (as speedrunners do); re: "specialization is for insects." Ripley is a Swiss army knife (an avatar of war), and Medusa a tremendous mystery (a god of death) waiting at the center of the dying colony maze having tried to capture and contain her power for itself (and collapsing because the state is incompatible with life); i.e., one to solve through force; 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 ([source](#): "Scouting the Field").

Medusa, as such, is caged and raped by the colonizer until the colony dies by design; its owners then blame her for the colony dying—for nature reclaiming itself from the colonizer—saying the world "will end" if Medusa gets free, while simultaneously evoking the Promethean moral, demonizing her without end.

To it, Cameron's refrain perfectly embodies Red Scare and Capitalist Realism: the ghost of the counterfeit as abject spectre-of-Marx pointing to classic

ethnocentrism. Per state DARVO and obscurantism, capital traps, beats and rapes Medusa not once, but on a never-ending cycle of police revenge, during Cameron's refrain: a) for "exposing" the elite's mortality as they chain and drain⁹⁴ her, and b) for "causing" the world to grow unstable. In doing so, capital divides nature, treating Medusa's wild side as "evil," illegitimate and immodest, and her obedient side as "good," legitimate, modest; re: virgin/whore syndrome, but on a grand scale that repeats during Cameron's refrain and its unfolding mirror syndrome.

It goes something like this: nature gives lip, trying to defend herself through various anti-predation measures (re: snakes for hair, stone gaze, acid for blood, etc); nature gets bitch-slapped by the pimp because "she asked for it," but also because she's unnatural/needs to smile more. Prostitution isn't the world's oldest profession, under capital, inside Cameron's refrain; rape is, increasingly dressed up as "sexy" and demonic revenge by Cartesian forces to hide the **banality of evil** (aka **desk murder**). Medusa is something to capture and punch when she resists, which the Promethean Quest iconoclastically challenges; re (from the Undead Module): "the Promethean Quest effectively encapsulates and discourages [attacking Medusa as terrorist], Medusa fucking back [as counterterrorist] to reverse the flow of power and information the monomyth normally supplies in outright parental language, but also monomythic media exposed to middle-class children at a young age" ([source](#): "She Fucks Back"). Cameron's refrain—but specifically its [military optimism](#) (re: Persephone van der Waard, 2021)—challenges said discouragement.

Cameron's refrain is videogames, selling subjugated Amazons to the American public: death appears, punch her to restore imperial greatness. They are effectively Capitalism in small; i.e., primarily sold and marketed to young men taught to grow into conquerors forever seeking new worlds to conquer in old places. Per virgin/whore syndrome, there will always be another princess in another castle, modest nature something to rescue from her more exciting shadow self. Such men will always be chasing whores, bored with their pastoral trad wives, unable to keep it in their pants. Amazons are their vehicle for doing so, which they pilot on the mirror to attack capital's crimes—their crimes projected onto state victims during mirror syndrome; re: white (cis-het) people disease.

Such avatars aren't just one-time, but *serial* abusers. That's what capital instructs them to be and protects them so long as they're lucrative; e.g., Black Penitents and assassins; i.e., Rambo's only purpose was to invade other lands and disrupt any semblance of order inside them, until faced with the horrifying prospect of the alien within—a foreign inside/outside plot as capital decays and extinction paranoia sky rockets. Eventually the Imperial Boomerang sails home, internalized

⁹⁴ I.e., as dark energy and matter. Medusa is the fire of the gods/of Gaia and the ancient world expressed as "high voltage." Such divinities are dark, wrathful—with Medusa laying snakes/dropping deuces, her children abortive offshoots conflated with anal sex; re: Grendel's mother/the mother of dragons. From mother to child, they carry nature's revenge forwards out of the past.

by people who think they can do no wrong because its literally their job, inside media and out; re: strawdogs, scapegoated for "going too far." Until then, these Icarian Quixotes fail up, enjoying boundaries for themselves to use against their victims; i.e., Perseus raping Medusa in her sleep, then using her severed head for his own base ends (weaponized rape). Such people become holier-than-thou by design; they rape by design, because that's what profit is. That's *all* it is.

The same goes for Amazons tokenized in Cameron's refrain to *ape* Rambo. The fantasy has always been about complete dominion because such technology was founded on military installments and operations bleeding into urbanism and optimism in the face of imperial decay. It will defend and revive itself forever, always through the ostensible element of (usually white, middle-class) assimilation; i.e., through rapid military advancement under a bourgeois paradigm (the Napoleon fantasy). In truth, it happens to the detriment of all workers alienated and fetishized for profit into givers and receivers of state force; i.e., against nature through endless hauntological revenge arguments; re: to acclimate future children towards half-real wars thereof, chasing Medusa to the ends of the Earth (and astronoetically into outer space). Under capital, she's always the perpetual alien, whore, victim, which canon scapegoats with impunity.

In Marxist language, nature is privatized; in Gothic-Communist language, she is pimped—a virgin/whore per the whore's paradox, one which capital has the right to defend itself *from* its victims, as such; i.e., to defend *profit* during mirror syndrome's revenge arguments; e.g., recruiting Ripley from second wave feminism to anticipate the rise of increasingly diverse and unhappy activist voices it could squash elsewhere, and eventually at home, under neoliberal Capitalism: as the new world order/at the so-called "End of History" and the installation of Capitalist



Realism in full. Such women were (and are) trapped inside the Man Box, exuding "prison sex" mentality just like their male counterparts: whores pimping whores for the Man, "achieving" peace through strength as subjugated, neoconservative *Amazonomachia*.

([source](#): *Inked Artistry*)

As with any double, there is always a counterexample (a shade and a hero). With the rise of neoliberalism and its fictions, the complicit cryptonymy of subjugated Amazons became a façade, one to challenge through our own revolutionary forms; i.e., when reversing abjection—in media but also on our bodies, our labor exchanges depicting mutual consent using the same exact symbols: hysteria an alarm-bell haunted house (and minotaur) of mist and spinning lights, a Gothic castle spouting shadow and flame embodied by its uncanny center mass. It's the very sort of orgasmic, hellish pain data that all demons communicate/trade in (through unequal power and psychosexual

transformation); i.e., using them to express the massive colonial forces at work against Mother Nature (and her spiritual children) as monstrous-feminine, and Medusa's confused pleasure/pain responses, vaso vagal aesthetic and predator/prey mechanisms being centered around survival and communication towards those ends. She's not just an invader but a live wire, a rioting castle-in-the-flesh working as the Gothic does: through pure unadulterated *mood*. What Hogle calls "restless," at her dark heart lies a secret and that secret is rape—a weapon for the state, but also for liberators projecting it demonically back at their attackers on the same Aegis. It's a mirror game, going where power is.

It's also an uphill battle; re: Cameron abused the arcade transitioning into American households to deliver state dogma/police legitimacy right into middle-class kids' brains. His refrain (the shooter/Metroidvania⁹⁵) ripped Heinlein off to foster military optimism among chaste, SWERF-y second wave feminists happy to reenact racist, sexist, and otherwise ethnocentric/canonically essential throwbacks given a new coat of paint: a vice character (the Queen), if not to root for by the audience, then drop to your knees and worship! She's a Numinous dominatrix, wearing a bio-mechanical strap-on with a knife. And while she and those like her *can* camp their own rapes simply by owning it onstage in the most memorable of ways (re: "[Policing the Whore](#)"), there's an element of coveted prestige for the title in unironic forms: the dark queen⁹⁶ of the danger disco, the big badass "cool one" destined to be summoned, dismantled and destroyed again, Radcliffe-style; i.e., a Medusa to behead when her snake-like dome grows too big. It's conversion therapy for Amazons, exquisite "torture" *sans* irony abjecting the ghost of the counterfeit during the cryponymy process (serialized comfort food; i.e., this *keeps* happening and occurs numerically among vague, if not innocent then innocuous-sounding nouns; e.g., *Halloween 4*, 1988).

Cameron's cryponymy is of guns and bombs, but also their female-coded straight givers and queer receivers. In essence, Cameron transformed the normally hush-hush realm of women's violence (rape, murder and childbirth) into a man's-man box office smash: a hyperbolic, kayfabe-grade battle of the sexes, their emotions, values, vices; i.e., one fought by two Galatea—one side led by a good, *de facto* Amazonian cop (and her brave-if-bumbling heroes), the other an army of entirely disposable fodder (the converted hive of gay Communism, needing to be nuked from orbit) headed by the entirely bad terrorist, Medusa-by-another-name. By framing the story as he did, Cameron was intentionally demonizing an

⁹⁵ Starting with *Metroid*, a maze-style TPS, released alongside *Aliens* in 1986 (August 6th vs July 14th). Not only did this galvanize the entire shooter umbrella genre, but *Aliens* inspired *Doom*, which took *Wolfenstein 3D*'s initial 1992 success and ran with it as a 1993 *Aliens* reskin (*Super Metroid* would release a year later on the SNES).

⁹⁶ This queen of queens voiced by Cameron himself—a role he would more or less reprise when voicing the death scene for *T2*'s own non-biological shoggoth, the T-1000. It's gibberish uttered from a white man's idea of xenoglossia, shivering at Archaic Mothers and technological singularities.

Indigenous, non-American population, his Vietnam revenge fantasy written to cater to American hawks, incense imperial xenophobia, and regain a lost sense of American dominance on the world stage that would grow over time to fight Medusa offstage again.

Forged by a (white, cis-het) Pygmalion auteur who repackaged settler colonialism to get rich off the ticket sales/royalties, Cameron's war was pure copaganda⁹⁷ paying homage to past greats with tired ideas (chatty soldiers and banter during downtime, a child in peril, and shooting gallery sets full of evil barbarians) revitalized by Gothic hauntology to feel fresh again, but, like Radcliffe, makes old, incredibly harmful arguments in current time capsules; i.e., a haunted-house encapsulation of various fetishes and clichés pilfered from older variants, all to lead a zombie-grade extermination war waged cryptonymically between "white" women monarchs and soldiers (armed with guns) against "black/non-white" women monarchs and soldiers (armed with the land and with melee weapons). Inside the infernal concentric pattern's collective punishment/reactive abuse, the imperial side is entirely humanized (within preferential mistreatment, of course), the Communist side queer-coded/chattelized as abject insectoid, saddled with imperial crimes, and entirely dehumanized in demonic language abjecting land back.

In turn, everything happens per the Modern Prometheus, Shelley's *Frankenstein* originally made to critique a tech bro who—unable to exploit and rule over nature as a god abusing "ancient" technology (the fire of the gods)—abjects technological abuses onto nature rising up against him. Nature and technology become indistinguishable, projected through the ghost of the counterfeit onto a dark relic comparable to a lost alien civilization and/or mothership (the city of the Old Ones and the Monolith, from *At the Mountains of Madness* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*—more on them deeper in the chapter): demons to build, reject and attack.



(artist: [Aylin Saier](#))

Demons are darkness visible, allegories hidden *in* clay (or similar substances). In turn, the Gothic—since its stage-play forebears and neo-medieval emergence (re: Shakespeare and Walpole)—has been queer-coded and thoroughly transgressive from the start; i.e., a forsaken place of phobias and taboos, one where things like rape, incest, live burial, corporal punishment, mortification of the flesh (torture) and murder give voice to what is normally unspeakable in lieu of inheritance anxiety and the buried crimes of the West (the endless rape of nature being chief among them, including actual incest/compelled marriage): to talk about things as if they're of the past or otherwise far away/from somewhere else.

⁹⁷ Eventually playing both sides with his *Avatar* series, using said war chest to aggrandize himself and make even more and more war films, dressed up as white-savior-style Indigenous resistance.

Think of the Gothic castle as a padded cell to work out one's hang-ups and frustrations about those things—a place of shadowy menace to feel paradoxically "in danger"⁹⁸ while when no actual danger is present (more on this in part two, when we look at Orientalism), and where playing with monsters like Amazons and Medusa helps workers hopefully gain new understandings about these things and what they represent/how they interact. For us, Medusa—be her presentation the Alien Queen or some other design (e.g., Mother Brain)—isn't entropic as a vanishing point that censors colonial uproar and unrest, but wild to help release these things in ways that can be camped and channeled unto good praxis/catharsis; i.e., as a kind of code that's easy enough to read, provided you know how.

Unfortunately Cameron isn't about that. His arenas remain entirely about American jingoism, white hypocrisy and good old-fashioned heteronormative exploitation of the Global South, Communism, feminism and Indigenous peoples by people like him: a straight white asshole aping the billionaire Marxism (a nominal practice) of George Lucas' *Star Wars* problem. The policy of such *Amazonomachia* isn't to solve poverty, world hunger or war, but prolong them in centrist refrains.

Lucas loved Jedi, and Cameron his latter-day Wonder Women and Medusa, but I digress: there's nothing wrong with weaponizing the so-called "sub-literary" or puerile against the state. The problem is, Cameron's story is written *by* a tech bro to alienate and fetishize nature as black, giving it not a postcolonial flavor (as Shelley did, in 1818), but a *settler*-colonial flavor in 1986. To it, he's no better than Columbus and the Divine Right of Kings, except in *Cameron's* case, he turned the rape of nature into a money-making *product* inside an already-existing machine; i.e., one that Columbus had already pioneered and which Cameron contributed towards: fashioning neoliberal apologia while leaning into Lovecraft and Kubrick's own colonial xenophobia (versus embracing Ridley Scott's Gothic neoliberal critique, giving such pulp its own vessel: the *Nostromo* commandeered and jury-rigged from Conrad's own racist fearmongering concerning the West; e.g., *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Nostromo*, and *Heart of Darkness*, 1897, 1899, and 1904).

Under Capitalism, then, Amazons and Medusa coincide with white views on nature not just as alien, but demonic little whores stemming from an original Big Whore: the Numinous/ghost of the counterfeit haunting middle class remediation. I won't belabor that point too much more, here. Just, that I've written repeatedly in the past on how men like Wes Craven, Cameron, Clive Barker and Conrad all kind of suck (re: Volume Zero), similar to how Poe sucks, and really any white boy turning a buck to further the abjection process by abusing demonic language.

But as my PhD argues, Cameron and Tolkien's refrains *especially* suck—as do both men's mutual misuse of the Amazonian myth to police Medusa—because they catered to and helped popularize the concept; i.e., their revenge against Medusa

⁹⁸ E.g., Edmund Burke's terror of the Sublime, itself comparable to the Weird, the Absurd, cosmic nihilism, or the Numinous, etc.

gentrifying monster war as something that decayed into endless retro-futures (from Tolkien's painterly outdoors to Cameron's dead colonies). In doing so, they took and translated settler-colonial violence into mass media accessible from a young *illiterate* age; i.e., games and videogames' fodder-style police narratives—their blood libel (witches, orcs and goblins) adopted by illiterate, "apolitical" people, well-versed in us-versus-them dogma/racial conflict and Satanic panic. Through both authors' legacies adding to settler colonialism as an ongoing practice, such arguments and their resolutions (though Amazonian police force) are sold pretty much everywhere under neoliberal Capitalism: through symbols of power and prestige that state proponents can play with and faithfully remake.

Returning to *Aliens'* settler argument/mirror-style abjection's abuse of asymmetrical warfare (with Ripley one-upping the natives, in Cameron's fantasy), we're essentially left with a binarized catfight between two queens—one of the West and police violence, and the other not of the West, beholden to all the white/black usual devices present in settler arguments; e.g., "think of the [white] women and children" borrowed from earlier centuries and dressed up as sci-fi spectacle; re (from Volume Zero, exhibit 1a1a1h2a2; re: "[source](#): "Scouting the Field"):

(...Cameron's xenomorph's take the alien's acid blood [a Medusa-style defense mechanism] from the first film, and applies it to a creature called a xenomorph that demonizes the Communist stand-ins entirely and presents the marines as the fully-humanized military relief on par with Douglas Hickox' racist settler-colonial apologia, Zulu Dawn [1979]:

We set out to make a different type of film, not just retell the same story in a different way. The Aliens are terrifying in their overwhelming force of numbers. The dramatic situations emerging from characters under stress can work just as well in an Alamo or Zulu Dawn as they can in a Friday the 13th, with its antagonist [[source](#): Aliens Collection's transcription of "James Cameron's responses to Aliens critics" from Starlog Magazine, Issue #184, November 1992].)

Except again, "white" and "black" don't refer to skin color alone. They are binarized to function for the state at all times, thus allow for tokenization (re: **black skin, white masks**) speaking to anything that can be coded as "dark"; i.e., including blood libel arguments being "black" in the medieval, "Gothic" sense of the word, when settler colonialism either did not exist, or was in its infancy and viewed backwards by Neo-Gothic authors (e.g., Charlotte Dacre's *Zofloya; or, The Moor: A Romance of the Fifteenth Century*⁹⁹, 1806). The same backwards reinvention serves

⁹⁹ Re: a story about a tall, powerful woman who poisons the men she's with (to get with his brother), and stabs a smaller weaker woman to death in very Amazonian fashion.

Cameron rewriting the history of the Vietnam War with *Aliens* and its many offshoots, themselves extending into retro-future wars continuing Imperialism at home and abroad; i.e., fascism being Imperialism come home to empire, white Indians colonizing home in bad faith, just as they once colonized foreign lands in bad faith: the infernal concentric pattern extending from hauntology to cryptonymy and rattling furiously ("like a piece of angry candy," as E. E. Cummings put it).



From then on, the world was always in crisis, "peace" always overshadowed by sequel wars: capital not just pimping Medusa, but running a train on her zombie ass during Cameron's refrain! In doing so, his Amazons (white guerrillas) demonstrate Capitalism's sole purpose: raping nature-as-monstrous-feminine during revenge arguments—of the colonizer against the colonized—which it makes cheaply and well. It does so to maintain bourgeois supremacy until state shift, when it can no longer continue dominating nature because nature becomes so unstable as to be uninhabitable. Until that moment, it will always create a whore to destroy and it will cede territory to that whore until the planet cooks for good. The point isn't to progress towards post-scarcity and harmony with nature, but for a small, select gang of unfeeling psychopaths to hold onto power for as long as they can. That's it. The outcome isn't victory and peace, but total, mutually-assured destruction by those who cannot imagine anything else. Sunlight becomes a cloak for nocturnal activities done in broad daylight; i.e., police violence, terror and monstrous legal tender backed up by state authority. As usual, it's a harvest—of nature by the state aping nature.

Amazons are central to this system, as is Medusa; i.e., the black mirror to expose and hide such abuse (and state weakness) during the cryptonymy process. Weapons evolved alongside Medusa as state terror devices that became increasingly destructive, but also loud, bright, and disruptive; i.e., diurnal, Promethean, nuclear-grade defenses of the nuclear home as increasingly mortal/under attack, censoring outliers, dissidents and victims with tokenized police exacting state revenge against nature. Guns and bombs mete out such disorder against DARVO targets, leaving the middle class confused and surrounded by guns, thus eager to police sex through force to make said alarms stop; i.e., white cis-het women, first and foremost (which Ripley very much embodies). Fatigue sets in, and profit accelerates, thus the rape of nature. Something "of nature" must always exist to rape, generally multiple things at once; i.e., an orgy around the world, thereof; e.g., the Palestinians or Congolese, abroad, and black Americans and/or queer folk, poly persons/sex workers and homeless people at home.

Capital must always be raping nature to survive; it needs not just to avenge Medusa's wrongs through DARVO arguments and obscurantism, but *exterminate* her repeatedly within capital in order to extend profit. Virgin/whore syndrome

cozies up to white/black knight and mirror syndrome rescinding worker rights within a fluctuating state of exception, projecting feelings of shame, guilt and hatred onto standard-to-marginalized groups having internalized these "prison sex" attitudes; i.e., Cartesian dualism dividing nature into something alien that could be shamed and attacked in service to profit during the abjection process; e.g., sluts and/or fat people by those claiming not to be, compelling all manner of deadly disorders, but especially eating disorders and conversely, bigorexia. Amazon bodies become alien through imposter syndrome, projected onto people they can scapegoat for their own dysphoria and dysmorphia (and comparable feelings of alienation): Medusa as *any* target of state violence subjugated Amazons can and will historically police, the temerity of such bigots countered by telling *them* to look in a mirror at themselves.

During Cameron's refrain, maidens become whores on the Aegis; whores, plagues; disabled people, useless eaters; queer people and furies, degenerates; foreigners and black people, vermin; etc. *Pax Americana* breeds fascism, going hand-in-hand with classical Liberalism/white moderacy (and tokenism) to ensure that capital (thus rape and genocide through abject police violence) never, ever stops: monomyth stories' stochastic state terrorism/menticide threatening the end of the world, under Capitalist Realism, with spectres of Marx like Medusa. It whores them out as virgin/whore, angel/devil, cop/victim, husband/wife, making mutual consent an alien, hollow fetish of itself: a mining camp pastoral that decays and abandons itself, from one black (sick) castle/ghost town to the next!



(artist: [Mighty Han](#))

Such likenesses speak to tokenism as an ongoing betrayal attacking these mirrors, but also lusting after them as weaklings to dominate (and people turning a blind eye to this abuse, generally abused themselves; e.g., battered housewives). Any way you slice it, the state is straight, white and male, but recruits from various marginalized groups to uphold this hierarchy through temporary concessions; re: inside concentric prisons/persecution networks, swapping out different qualities as needed. Cameron chose Amazons, but also prison conscripts; e.g., Vasquez, recruited from a barrio to go and fight *other* aliens.

In short, *capital* is the refrain, which requires tokens to expand and police *its* territories, which are full of many different peoples; it cannot do this alone/without help, recruiting from prisons within prisons within prisons, those closer to the in-group diametrically given more space and privileges that those closer to the out-group, swapping out externalized and internalized bigotries. The entire concept hinges on modesty and purity arguments, which affect every aspect of a prisoner's

life—from what they wear to how they speak to what they do—based entirely on accident of birth; i.e., it determines based on class, but also race—with culture determined by those two things: the money you're born into and what you look like (though we're born as queer, it's something we can chose to hide).

That being said, queerness and sodomy are often ascribed to people with darker skin, and redlining forces old money other than white to largely not exist except in select circumstances (e.g., the Saudis and their oil fields). Moral territories and religions come into effect, regardless—with colonized peoples reputed to be savage, thus told to be more modest and subservient by cops (token or not) working on a hierarchy of values, preferential mistreatment and selective-to-collective punishment; e.g., Jews are canonically "worth more" than Arabs, Asians than black people, and straight/gender-conforming versions of these things than queer/GNC versions. Us versus them is fractally recursive.

These, in turn, uphold a curious bias with its own double standards; e.g., token white women are treated more favorably than token black women, for instance; i.e., white women will have relative privilege when policing their own and black people, whereas black people can only police black people (or their other racial enemies under white installations) to whatever degree the state expects. Such intersectional degrees of privilege and oppression are merely tools for the state to abuse workers with, leading them to abuse themselves while still posturing as heroic, white, strong and statuesque; i.e., cops as Amazonian; re: Autumn Ivy abusing me (refer to Volume One for examples of this, or the Poetry Module; e.g., "["Death by Snu-Snu!": From Herbos to Himbos, part 2,"](#) 2024): aping one's colonizers in the Man Box, which subjugated Amazons do. They rape others, insofar as rape is an abuse of power meant to cause harm. It becomes a part of their brand, which all Amazons represent; i.e., stripped bare but made to attack black/non-white/queer rapists threatening them; e.g., Ripley in *Alien* having her revenge in *Aliens*, the Medusa a convulsionnaire sending rape data back at her colonizers by camping her own rape/crooning to it in psychosexual ecstasy! Rape *this*, assholes!



(artist: [Autumn Ivy](#))

Now that we've looked at token Amazons policing Medusa under neoliberal Capitalism during Cameron's refrain, we'll consider reclaiming Amazons more, in part two. For the rest of part one, let's linger on **Medusa** and my usage of her as a poetic device *vis-à-vis* Amazons and their mutual, at times competing revenge: the perpetual victim/scapegoat who seeks revenge per the whore's paradox, as the state kettles and pimps her for profit.

If Medusa is an inkblot, she can mean different things and still be a symbol of whorish resistance having her revenge. As someone who's written about her a lot,

I'd like to talk about my own thoughts on the character a bit more; i.e., as she appears in art, sex work, and various other media at large speaking to human rights through what's essentially poetry and labor exchanges, made and remade, over and over. Consider this portion, however extraneous, an ode.

Medusa, My Thoughts Personally

As a trans woman relating to Medusa, I see her like Gozer—"It's whatever it wants to be." She's *the* Whore and subject to its paradoxes and tensions, its abject hauntology cryptonymically showing and hiding the rape of nature by capital; i.e., an eye of confusion seeing with more than just eyes, policing nature through replicas both true and false demonically demonstrating the giving and receiving of police violence under state rule. Not a person, she's the ghost of the counterfeit, a gutter of oppressed things treated as monolithic trash and jewel-of-the-crown—a cluttered sodomy assemblage to coat in cum and delight in the mess made there, yet revile-revel in because such things are simultaneously dirty and sinful, "almost holy" but wholly profane. If it's bog-standard, she's queen of the bog! Rape the whore; she has her revenge putting "rape" in quotes! She does it for fun, for herself as something to solicit and camp! To hold onto and remember like a keepsake; e.g., a naughty photo, or a pair of panties; i.e., camping such things as heavily controlled in ways we use to demonically reverse abjection, thus the flow of power through unequal exchange and transformation: painting herself as whores do, but in cum *as* makeup.



(artist: *Sienna Milano*)

Any sex worker looking to decriminalize their profession is a terrorist. Per the grim harvest, Medusa isn't just a peach, but a Great Pumpkin exploited by America's settler-colonial, heteronormative, Cartesian net. Her angry side swells, only able to be returned to normal by cutting her head off; re: trimmed through female circumcision by tokenized assassins, jailors, and conversion therapists. Anything "too big" or "non-white" is collared and/or cut down to size, the swelling of labor-as-alien made "of nature" by the Cartesian model, thus crushed for doing so. It's built into capital.

Medusa's not just a gorehound/glutton for punishment, then, but a being ontologically beholden to its settler-colonial, us-versus-them divisions and fetishized, alien consumption built on top of genocide, including as the membrane weakens and a big-ass light shines on imperial consumption; i.e., per bastardized Pagan rituals of the harvest (re: Halloween) that highlight the boom-or-bust nature of capital both tied to natural cycles of the weather and astral bodies, all above (and below) linked to Puritanical recuperations of native spirits, superstition and ghosts in the settler colony's year-after-year rotation of various "crops." She's a

Great Witch, or anything else to blow up; i.e., to monstrous size and point soldiers at during Satanic Panic (and other moral disputes)—the ancient mother goddess policed by token offshoots, mollifying theirs (and the general public's) inheritance anxiety through endless scapegoating blood spatter spilled onto the labyrinthine maize; she's the curious moon in the sky looking down, aped by police torches (the panopticon) defending house and home from blood libel's false flag: baby-eating, blood-drinking, gold-hording, anal-practicing witches, vampires and goblins! All the while, the state gorges itself on *her* stolen land, labor and people—their gender and sexuality chewed down to the bone because they're bad to the bone.



(artist: [SGTMADNESS](#))

Expanding priapically until it decays (re: manufactured famines, the elite unable to exist as-is without abjection's tremendous division, violence and waste), the state wastes little time exploiting nature-as-whore, using this camouflage on its tokenized/fascist police forces (re: the black knight/witch cop). In turn, reclamation and exploitation share the same stage, ludo-Gothic BDSM sarcastically-yet-earnestly playing with the same fake/make-believe poetic materials and scenarios to liberate workers with during liminal expression: its perplexing-yet-intuitive dualities something to see and, like an animal, get hungry like the wolf for a tongue-in-cheek bite!

Whores are crude, natural, nasty and fun, in this respect, but also poached in ways we must anti-predate, graduating to sex-positive forms among our own pornographic art/appreciative irony during Gothic counterculture: an absolute baddie haunting the harvest with the ghost of the counterfeit *reversing* abjection (and its candied dreck's trick-or-treat-style us-versus-them—cops beautified into final girls; i.e., offshoots of the Numinous). Littered with assorted euphemisms/garish puns ("carve *my* pumpkin," wink-wink), these generally recode death and violence under capital through fresh context: superheroes, sluts, and witches—Medusa-in-small, tomb-raiding Her Majesty's pilfered womb (regressions to older forms of conquest)!



(artist: [SGTMADNESS](#))

Medusa is a master of cryptonymy/mirrors, thus camouflaged resistance disguising rape to speak to it. She can denote vaso vagal with castration, but also rape as conquest theatre reclaiming itself. Per the cryptonymy process, to show candy is to show the fruits of endless conquest coated by it (with *Pax Americana's* riches being sex and force under its thumb, extending literally to guns; e.g., [Lara Croft](#)

and similar classy gun bimbos). In turn, there's so many ways to pimp nature out and camp the harvest (some grosser than others¹⁰⁰), and reclaim said pimping by the prostitute! Context matters, of course, and relieving stress as she does, Medusa walks the line between genuine/phony disgust and delight (disgust *is* a disguise, feigning repugnance to scare off unwanted mates). And yet, while dialectical-material scrutiny affords likenesses a sex-positive or sex-coercive quality that otherwise isn't visually obvious, unironic rape remains a widespread problem; i.e., because capital rapes everything unironically pursuant to profit, then dresses it up as sex-monster whore and white-knight modernity. Hiding among this pornographic foliage isn't always glamorous, but remains a vital-if-lateral means of guerrilla



warfare that revolutionary cryptonymy constantly relies upon to function: hiding in plain sight (the snakes asleep, the claws hidden).

(artist: [mustblove](#))

Save pure glory for those drunk on themselves and their infinite conquest of the natural world; our gallantry is surviving and making it look good while, just as often, expressing the unattractive elements—the proverbial "dark side of the moon" during our pedagogy of the oppressed doubling state forms: the home, the nuclear model, turned on its head and shaken to see what horrors fall out!

Such duality remains a concern. For me, Medusa is a being to worship and savor tied to unsavory things. She embodies morphological diversity and the violence and terror expressed through said diversity seeking liberation per the whore's paradox; i.e., by reclaiming pedagogic tools of oppression in defiance to state monopolies, the latter sodomizing¹⁰¹ her peach pursuant to the same old grim harvest and its infernal territories cutting nature up: "dark" bodies simply being anything and everything that is monstrous-feminine in ways the state will alienize but also reframe as controlled opposition, recuperation; e.g., thicc, ethnically white bodies (next page) having an anisotropic character versus ethnically non-white bodies. There's a sense of imitation in bad faith, of appropriation vs appreciation and descriptive sexuality vs prescriptive, the colonizer imitating the colonized and vice versa, under the profit motive; re: "Damn, girl, you shit with that ass?" a hollow misogynistic appraisal to Medusa's colossal dumper versus a genuine cultural statement with any redeeming value. The profit motive is the problem, here, as is Capitalist Realism.

¹⁰⁰ E.g., Garfield saying to John when he gets home, "[Finally! I need my lasagna sack milked!](#)" Click on the link, if you want, but don't say I didn't warn you.

¹⁰¹ To frame her as "sodomy" in ways the elite control through alien fetishization.

For every dominated worker of the world, then, there is a token traitor making hay during genocide; for every copy of the original, there is a *cryptomimetic* fabrication that struggles to say something different; Medusa is both a PAWG, PHAT and BBW conceived under various oppressive conditions, but likewise is trans, intersex and non-binary in ways a given piece can't begin to express: fitting in and standing out! "Baby got back" is a Gothic found document, a lie presented as truth through its obvious fabrication (and competing emotions).



(exhibit 43e2c1: Artist: [Greg Lansky](#). *The paradox of demonizing non-white bodies by white bodies couches within feminism as having a predatory past against non-white groups; i.e., American Liberalism and white women being the villain posturing as white savior appropriating non-white culture and morphology to kiss up and punch down, virtue-signaling into a bad copy of what ultimately amounts to vaudeville. But this is, unto itself, a kind of demonic expression—of desiring to exchange this for that in caged markets of unequal power exercised by one oppressed group over an even more caged and downtrodden group. This can lead to sweeping generalizations that are themselves, speaking for everyone when they shouldn't, while simultaneously devaluing the power of technology and art:*

I created this work reflecting on the relationship between pain and feeling loved in a world driven by AI algorithms. There is no mirror for her selfie because humanity is the mirror. We are all the mirror. "Algorithmic Beauty" has no beauty filters. The marks from plastic surgeries are displayed with grace and dignity like the battle scars of an endless war no one can win.

I wanted to offer a continuation of the Venus de Milo, a sculpture made over 2000 years ago that portrays an immortal Goddess beyond the reach of humans. Today, it's AI's algorithms that have God-like power over humanity. They influence beauty standards with the irresistible promise that those who follow will be rewarded by digital engagement disguised as love. And in the pursuit of that promise people will go through immense physical pain. This made me feel that maybe plastic surgery could be seen as an act of love and commitment to participate in a world of lies we are all part of.

I also chose the Venus de Milo because it is the personification of our "Fake it till you make it era." When it was discovered in 1820 the Louvre museum actually broke a piece off the sculpture to pretend it was made by a more prestigious artist and time period. By the time people found out it was already the most famous sculpture in the world, and no one cared. Maybe

the Venus de Milo is the best metaphor for our social media era; a fictional Goddess hyped with marketing and lies but that we all want to take a picture with [source: Greg Lansky's "Algorithmic Beauty," 2022].

Of course, some cynicism is merited; museum exhibits in the Western world hoard looted property from conquered/dead cultures. Yet, the wholly descriptive reality is that bodies aren't naturally white or non-white, but rather hammered disastrously into these binaries by capitalist, thus Cartesian, heteronormative, settler-colonial, white-/cis-supremacist forces. Liberation occurs within imprisonment using the same devices: the bodies of workers, including PAWG white girls making sex-positive body statements during sex work! Our bodies don't define us; how we use them under state rule does!



[artist: [Brittney Blaine](#)]

This being said, AI is a powerful technology that, under the profit motive, is only being used to steal from workers; i.e., empire colonizing itself on yet another register attached to the ones mentioned above; e.g., tech bros stealing body likenesses and millions upon millions of images of women's bodies, before passing it off as their own. Consumption isn't bad; overconsumption is, and how such materials are acquired and spent.

In short, usage is what matters; i.e., Medusa standing in for various other things, which can gentrify and decay but also regenerate; e.g., a nuclear bomb is a weapon versus a nuclear plant hammering such "swords" into ploughshares [which the state will try to weaponize again, or regress to a farming of the territories per settler colonialism anew]. Whatever the form—of product and consumption of said product—profit is always chasing its own tail, conquering itself to enrich the elite above all else. We should not emulate that, even while toiling under capital to survive.)

In bodily (statuesque) terms, Medusa has been ceaselessly erased and recreated per the ghost of the counterfeit and abjection process; i.e., the truth and falsehood of such things exist among the entire collage simultaneously (above)—a non-white body to sell to aspiring middle-class women with surgical addiction, while likewise speaking to those whores by force under Orientalism: those who must endure the double existence of total alien and tasty monster that a) men chase when they tire of their wives, and b) that women attack or appropriate when such things become cool again. In turn, the underclass can paradoxically reclaim such things for themselves, but these remain forever haunted by the shadows described above; i.e., statements about statements about statements, the *mise-en-abyme* concentric, ergodic, anisotropic and recursive. All occupy the same stages, during

liminal expression's contradictions; e.g., "There is nothing inherently wrong with surgery" juxtaposed with the class interests of a select group making it toxic in deference to profit and its colonial motive/acquisition.

Beyond statues, there's also buildings tied to the statuesque in ways I've described as "castles-in-the-flesh"; re: anti-homes; i.e., castle-like bodies or vice versa that denote some sense of monstrous-feminine power under capital: pointing towards an imaginary past (and its forbidden agency and pleasures) that goes beyond Capitalist Realism; i.e., a Promethean space of the gods considering what



capital denies to us expressed in the language of the imaginary past, a "love shack" or tunnel to Paradise, evoking Coleridge's "stately pleasure dome" from "Xanadu" (1816); e.g., Marian Wawrzeniecki's "[Holy Entrance to the Slavic Mystery Place](#)" (1920):

So often, "woman is other" denotes the Numinous, which I've expanded to "nature is monstrous-feminine," harvested by capital pimping it, and reclaimed by workers developing Gothic Communism to liberate sex work through iconoclastic art (re: the whore's paradox). Art is very much about what pleases the artist, who is always, to some degree, their own audience.

In the past, then, I've regularly used Medusa as a symbol of wild, feral Mother Nature—specifically nature-as-monstrous-feminine having her revenge against the Capitalocene through state shift; i.e., as ancient death god giving life and death as two sides of the same coin, something that exists in defiance of state hegemony and Enlightenment "supremacy." Terms like "shadow" and "Numinous" get thrown around when describing "Gothic," a term itself that has seen a great number of people saying quite a bit about it as "sinister" or "tremendous" in relation to the West and its ongoing imaginary battles, especially with buildings:

The ingredient of fear creeps in only as a by-product of the union of Gothic with gloom, giving Terror a close association with Gothic architecture, which in its turn became the characteristic atmosphere of the Gothic novel which contains elements directly associated with Gothic architecture: castles, convents, subterranean vaults, grated dungeons and ruined piles. Inspired by this Gothic world of art, it found sinister properties in the natural world.

Later Gothic machinery developed logically as an intensification of the earlier variety. For the whole paraphernalia of a terror novel is designed to continually quicken the imagination with weird apprehensions. Soon the castle and the convent were joined by the cavern; the Gothic tyrant by banditti; the vaults and galleries by dark forests at midnight; and the scene of languorous amours became the haunt of howling spectres. Gothic villains

pursued heroines outside the walls of the castle into the surrounding forest, whose gloom was deepened by the shades of night, and where lurked the banditti. Thunder and lightning hurled their terrors against the affrighted heroine's soul. The banditti frequented gloomy caverns with dank walls, secret exits and entrances. To all this were added devils and black magic, evil monks, the tribunal of the Inquisition, secret societies, enchanted wands, magic mirrors, and phosphorescent glow. Thus with the Schauer-Romantiks terrors became more dynamic, animated with the one purpose of giving a succession of nervous shocks. They specialized in the ghastly effects of horrid crimes and death embraces (source: Devendra Varma's *The Gothic Flame*, 1957).

Leave it to the West to colonize itself, again and again. Gay men like Lewis creating *The Monk* only to have Coleridge clutch his pearls before trying to reclaim the idea of Gothic literature (and cathedrals) from the fags. But Varma writes of something that I wholly-heartedly agree with (despite his cis-het male-centric gendering of things):

The rise of the Gothic novel may be connected with depravity, and a decline of religion. [...] In particular, these novels indicate a new, tentative apprehension of the Divine. Monastic life was no longer believed in, but at least it recalled the Ages of Faith and the alluring mystery of their discipline. The ghosts and demons, the grotesque manifestations of the supernatural, aroused the emotions by which man had first discovered his soul and realized the presence of a Being greater far than he, one who created and destroyed at will. Man's first stirring of religious instinct was his acute horror of this powerful Deity—and it was to such primitive emotion that he reverted, emancipated from reason, but once again ignorant of God, his spiritual world in chaos.

Primarily the Gothic novels arose out of a quest for the numinous [emphasis, me]. They are characterized by an awestruck apprehension of Divine immanence penetrating diurnal reality. This sense of the numinous is an almost archetypal impulse inherited from primitive magic. The Gothic quest was not merely after horror—a simple succession of ghastly incidents could have satisfied that yearning—but after otherworldly gratification. These novelists were seeking a "frisson nouveau," a "frisson" of the supernatural. They were moving away from the arid glare of rationalism towards the beckoning shadows of a more intimate and mystical interpretation of life, and this they encountered in the profound sense of the numinous stamped upon the architecture, paintings, and fable of the Middle Ages. The consequent "renaissance of wonder" created a world of imaginative conjurings in which the Divine was not a theorem but a mystery filled with dread. The phantoms

that prowl along the corridors of the haunted castle would have no more power to awe than the rats behind fluttering tapestries, did they not bear token of a realm that is revealed only to man's mystical apperception, his source of all absolute spiritual values (*ibid.*).

As far as I see it, the Gothic isn't solely empty escapism, but tries to imagine things beyond Capitalist Realism using the Numinous language of the imaginary past (through bad replication): to evoke powerful sensations that penetrate state deceptions; i.e., a retro-future that envisions possible futures good and bad through the reclaimed language of the past as it *once* was reimagined, not the future (as Fisher's hauntologies, the cyberpunk, speak to/with). Like Milton's Satan, it is defined by its ability to create things that go against pre-conceived ideas of the West, haunted instead by Western atrocities and failings. The future is gay and hellish, set free to express reality in Gothic maturity.



(artist: Auguste Clésinger)

Again, there is always a duality to any being of literature, including Satan, but also Medusa as a Galatean undercurrent made and overshadowed by masturbatory Pygmalions (nothing being wrong with masturbation, save its corruption by profit into something harmful per the settler colonial argument).

She's impactful-yet-broad, hard to pin down: a castle to backtrack.

For me, Medusa *is* the Numinous to quest for/the ideal mascot for Gothic Communism; i.e., she encompasses that unequal exchange and transformation of fatal power and forbidden knowledge leading to great outcomes repressed by capital cloaking them in mystery/misery.

These include Gothic Communism as the ideal ending of our collective story—a sweaty and shapely spectre of Marx and of Gothic Communism leading to a post-scarcity world informed by pre-capitalist ideas and dictated by wanton, sex-positive impulses. Her taut, fat peach (age gap and size difference) cannot be contained—is as vague and tremendous as a shadow at night, a castle imagined after one quickly sits up, half-awake, and stares deep into the howling darkness out-of-doors: "Is that a booty I see before me?" The Gothic is classically the creation of nightmares we're not supposed to have (or make) but do so anyways, life imitating art and vice versa: to hang between reality and dreams, captured in a moment, our bodies responding whether we want them to or not. There's an element of control the whore wields over the person inside her—a faked orgasm having a similar effect to an actual one (acting is fun, and informed-consent performances are still a form of acting between couples); reclaiming the whore works through those devices. "Fat-



bottomed girls, you make the rockin' world go 'round!" Medusa is queen of such things; re: sex, drugs and rock 'n roll to police and rebel through revenge.

(artist: [Leeza](#))

Nature, that which has become alien, must be embraced as friend *for* its demonized status—not to put aside our differences, but solidarize through similarity amid difference during our pedagogy of the oppressed! Don't gentrify and decay the white rabbit; follow her down the rabbit hole (the tunnel is Medusa's deep, dark, hellishly tight asshole) to recognize our relative privilege and oppression, but also our white/non-white qualities under the settler argument—doing so in ways that have our whore's revenge universally for all whores, not the pimp or whores playing at pimps: challenging profit towards degrowth (of profit, not our junk). TERFs are SWERFs!

That concerns Medusa's broader function as I see and utilize, but what of the forms that go alongside said function? What *about* second breakfast? Medusa shows you her ass again and spouts, "Looks like meat's back on the menu, boys!" Indulge in the galloping ass cheeks clapping back to metal!

Second Breakfast: Further Forms of the Medusa

Whores are ancient, as are demons; Medusa is arguably the most famous monster out of the ancient world in that respect, if not of all time. Though doubling them, she is less an Amazon and more someone whore-like who has become aggressively vengeful against the state because of rape; i.e., in furious, openly hostile and demonic ways; e.g., a dragon lady for cops to slay in *cryptomimetic* forms (her queer eggs to scramble; i.e., "So long, Gay Bowser!"). She isn't so much a big and strong warrior woman, then, but someone "of nature" visibly corrupted/darkly affected by rape to seek open, seemingly indiscriminate, "rabid" revenge and pregnancy through death (the Pegasus was born when Medusa died, fathered by the man who raped her and freed by the man who killed her from her severed neck). Demons are hunted; Medusa's a scapegoat *to* summon and banish again, Radcliffe-style—the monomyth instruction manual's Big Bad force of nature to slay by heroic muscular forces' swords (and other phallic, police devices¹⁰²), but especially Amazons, who bear more of a likeness to her than men classically do: good witches punishing bad, during mirror syndrome.

Medusa isn't just phallic or androgynous, in that respect (re: snakes for hair), but a shadowy abject embodiment of chaos darkly doubling Hippolyta—a pissed-off, queenly rape-monster touched by rape in ways Amazons generally aren't. She's

¹⁰² Missiles and later bombs, the latter disrupting areas to rob more for capital and themselves.

divided, having a good and bad side to return to normal once incensed—nature something for the West to divide and conquer, including its own population composed of different oppressed groups. It changes how she sees the world, making her a bit temperamental, curt. Can you blame her (many do)? Rape is a source of stigma, shame and hatred delivered towards women (or those forced to identify as/treated like women); they carry it inside themselves, more often than not—a tradition to pass down, but also generational trauma, rage and angst speaking to the lived reality of so many raped parties denied a regular outlet/stress valve to release their abuse with—i.e., rape being taboo, hence its testimonies being told to smile more: like the xenomorph, Medusa had to gestate inside living hosts afraid of her "ghastly" appearance and acid for blood.

Instead, they opt for guerilla-style creativity through the Aegis, bouncing rape back at the guilty acting innocent: a born-again demon, alien, chimera, biomechanical freak to exterminate/trophy-kill, pointing to her own rape in repressed, rising-to-the-surface nightmares (the OG xenomorph). She's something so hypercanonical, we often take her for granted and put up with in equal measure (with me having evoked her plenty throughout my books, and in likenesses of the original, but never really close-examining the Medusa herself at length); i.e., nature both monstrous-feminine in ways we recoil from, but draw closer towards during Gothic push-pull; re: the wandering womb, hysteria, the Archaic Mother!

Medusa *is* nature-as-alien, as abject, as monstrous-feminine pathologized. Her fatal gaze hauntologically evokes the ancient world's elemental primality and deep primordial caves (anything dark and wet, often hot and cold to uncomfortable degrees), but also hot animal passion tapping into a repressed mindset of revenge against those who wronged her—what Freud called the Id and Jung the Shadow but which I ascribe to social-psychosexual feelings attached to material conditions burying them, as capital rapes nature, treating life as cheap. She's paradoxical, oxymoronic, Numinous—an unweeded garden grown to seed, nature taking herself and hers back during ludo-Gothic BDSM and its ritualistic, unequal power exchange scenarios/role reversals! Per liminal expression, this happens on the surface image as much as inside the threshold, attaching the neo-medieval to the ancient alien.

Transformed into an unironic monster of rape, then, Medusa paralyzes her victims, visiting rape upon them through an angry victim's view mimicking but not perfectly imitating her onlookers (states love false equivalencies; they think these give them free reign, open season). Her revenge is anisotropic, sending patriarchal "vengeance" out from a matriarchal source doubling its abuser(s); she becomes her own thing: a voice for rape no longer unspeakable, having become darkness visible on the Aegis (a shade, as the Greeks would call it)—the ageless victim of police violence that, like a *zombie*, resembles her killers, but like a hag without wrinkles, shouts "rape!" with her eyes, her vocal chords, her body as weaponized to stall rape, but also cryptonymically exude it in *animalized language* (re: the Cassandra complex). She's a fortress and a lightning rod—a chimera both undead, demonic,

and animalistic offering the viewer *forbidden* sight during the dialectic of shelter and the alien: nostalgia fatal to the colonizer group, revealing their artificial supremacy through gut instinct metabolizing rebellion! Pain and humiliation are just different ways a whore communicates—the paradox of art being it can't harm you on its own. It sets you free by informing you of what things like nudity, sex and rape are.



(artist: [Martian Zombie](#))

Keeping with forbidden fruit, though, there's bound to be some indigestion (the distended gut bulging with pulpy gore, Gaia eating her children). Like a *demon's* hellish cathedral-in-the-flesh/*mise-en-abyme*, then, Medusa gives that fatal knowledge back as uncorked shame, guilt and hatred unto the colonizer! Don't turn a blind eye when the abyss stares back; stare and tremble in return, learning what you're made of! She's Fate climbing from the well, shaking her gory locks to and fro! It feels good, but her wires are crossed. Her gift-curse condition compels us to look into her hair, at her green skin, regarding her bad attitude.

"Riots don't develop out of thin air," said MLK, Neither doe Medusa's fury. It's systemic, Sisyphean—forcing her to pay an arbitrary and cruel price, capital blaming the whore for her own rape. In turn, revenge for rape is often a desire to strike one's rapist dead; i.e., "If looks could kill" because she's not allowed any other weapons. Such is the case with whores.

This unusual ferocity includes unbridled emotions, but also her biology as abject, suspect—purged DARVO-style by state forces demonizing nature as rapist, not them; i.e., a whorish broodmother that actively gives painful cesarean or otherwise traumatic, unnatural, sodomy-style birth to monsters when slain, and whose avenger behaviors commonly confer to positions of colonized revenge surrounding her own death at the hands of men (and their servants, including subjugated Amazons) having theirs: through devices normally used to alienate and disempower them, but also where power is *stored*.

For example, sodomy (anything not heteronormative PIV sex) and its liberation and normalization is a sex-positive activity and counterterror device versus not; re: Red Scare radicalizing Amazons during moral panics to punch down against Communists (and other marginalized groups) chattelized inside the same shadow zone, using the same black-and-red aesthetics of power and death that Nazis do. Medusa's death becomes sacred in the imperial ordering of things, canon staging her anger as rudely misplaced (and mythologizing rape victims as rapacious versus passive, DARVO calling for endless revenge against them; i.e., by token, middle-class feminists with chips on their shoulders and axes to grind for underclass necks). Her status is incorrect, her death welcomed, then puzzled about;

i.e., as to why she was sick to begin with. "What's her deal?" is asked ceremonially inside the status-quo ordering of nature-as-alien; it becomes performative in ways that can only break on the canvas, bridged through linguo-material exchange and its various installations' selective filters or lack thereof: punching up from the squalid nadirs they relegate us to (reclaiming the ghetto's shitty sewer water to weaponize it during poetic-political, psychosexual dress up)!



(*exhibit 43e2c2: Artist: Artemisia Gentileschi; source: Kathleen Gilje's "Susanna and the Elders, Restored—X-Ray" [1998]. Medusa is a palimpsest haunted by the things that have painted over her—rape as covered up:*

Artemisia Gentileschi is considered an icon of feminist art, both because of her personal travails and the themes of her artwork. Gilje's installation (at the National Museum of Women in the Arts) comprises a meticulous copy of Gentileschi's 1610 painting "Susanna and The Elders" alongside an x-ray of the underpainting, a common practice in Gentileschi's time of painting over sections of the canvas to make changes. Gilje created her underpainting to highlight how closely Gentileschi's own story mirrors that of her chosen subject. Both the biblical character and the artist were subjected to unwanted attention from older men.

"Susanna and The Elders" was painted near the time that a charge of rape was brought to court by Gentileschi's father, also a painter, on her behalf. The seven-month trial produced evidence of sexual harassment and rape of the 19-year-old artist by her teacher, Agostino Tassi, a member of her father's artistic circle. Similarly, in the bible story, Susanna declines the sexual advances of two elder men in her community. Shamed by her refusal, they determine to ruin her reputation rather than their own. In the end, conflicting court testimony by the men proves her innocence.

Gentileschi's "Susanna and the Elders" is an unusually sympathetic portrayal of a young woman defensive before her aggressors. It contrasts with treatments of the subject by male artists of the time, who most often portrayed Susanna as voluptuous and participating in the elders' desire. What the x-ray reveals in Gilje's "Susanna and The Elders, Restored" is an anguished but defiant Susanna, wielding a knife against her assailants. The knife, Gentileschi's court-reported weapon of self-defense, transforms Susanna from victim to avenger. Gilje's additions to the underpainting, motivated by biographical and historical information, seek the psychological reality behind the work [[ibid.](#)].

Gilje's transgressive version simmers just beneath the surface—not buried, like the bones of Lewis' Bleeding Nun, but waiting to be dug up and presented in their true, final form. Yet, the reality of such disinterment is harsh: rape as covered up, yes, but speaking cryptonymically to rape policed, just as often, by women in service to men in some shape or form. So often, women less principled than Gentileschi betray their own cause, or—like Artemis cursing Medusa—attack themselves and others who have been raped. It becomes a disastrous game of selective punishment, equality of convenience for deserving victims vs undeserving victims, hence the application of revenge by the relatively powerful against those less so; re: "prison sex" mentality seeing rape victims police each other in service to capital and empire. Such triangulation redirects rebellious sentiment away from the state, dividing it among the oppressed to tokenize and conquer themselves with.)

Rape (a form of torture) does that to you. Medusa's not sick in a congenital sense, or a female infantilization of "the id" or some such nonsense; her plural, furious condition is comorbid, exacted upon her by token dickwads celebrating her demise. Medusa, then, could be adequately described as an Amazon who has, in some shape or form, *been* kettled/raped by other Amazons as much by men during reactive abuse, and seeks blind, venomous revenge for it in openly demonic ways; re: preventing rape through paralysis; i.e., being able to change shape in a plural mode of existence that, once awakened, actively gives hell *back* to anyone she looks at. By changing shape, she communicates in ways that speak to her *inhuman* animal body treated as lesser by Amazonian sell-outs, the latter acting "superior" to Medusa despite their collars humbling them. They're obedient, still somewhat alien but of a non-chaotic morphology blessed by the gods versus cursed: of the three Gorgons, Medusa was the only mortal sister and the one marked for death after being raped.

Subjugated Amazons are rock 'n roll without the critical bite, but all of the venom directed at the elite's political enemies—themselves! As such, they also lie to themselves, saying they *aren't* raped because they're as strong as they are/posture herbo-style strength through a dominant aesthetic that looks rape-proof/gives rape out to weaklings, yet overlooks their own slave status to a sovereign power raping them non-penetratively. Rising to state challenges, they're stuck in the Man Box/are neoconservative in their approach to strength; i.e., as a rape-prevention device *only* for themselves in service to empire during the battle of the sexes; re: acting like men as TERFs very much do. The animus isn't founded on shared respect, but hierarchical supremacy disguised as liberation, benevolent whiteness, and the noble savage conquering nature with nature. A whore is a whore, even enby ones posturing as gym moms while insisting they aren't sex workers (re: Autumn Ivy): cops with a human-alien appearance. It's the oldest trick in the book!

Scratch a SWERF and a TERF bleeds. *Eh tu, Brutae?* They embody not just a miscarriage of justice, but an abortion, self-surgery to neuter themselves. They lose all irony and stab their fellow whores on and offstage during bad BDSM enacted in bad faith. They're stupid from a class-warrior standpoint, but know what they're doing. It's literally their job! This includes whoring themselves out as dominatrixes, but also marrying up; i.e., the bridle becoming bridal when capital reins them in (or puts them down when they go "feral," a rabid whore to squash like Medusa under their owners' bootheels): the monomythic reward for men when all's said and done. They're so dead, they don't know it; are pigs, they don't even know how much of a pig they are (ripe for the slaughter). "Four legs good, two legs better!" (all the more fitting considering Orwell was an imperial cop). It's folly because Medusa can't be killed; she is Death itself, thus can only be faced on the Aegis—either respected and spared her wrath, or belittled only to be devoured by She Who Devours: "I'm the god of death; what are you?"

Facing Death: the Aegis Opens!



(artist: [Abigail Larson](#))

Athena's Aegis is a two-way mirror—one that brings Hell home to Earth. On it, Medusa—the giver and taker of life—smiles because she sees men's mortality staring them in the face! When capital decays, then, the Numinous is something workers invariably return to; re: Devendra Varma, but on a more informed, Communist variant of the same basic quest (re: me, the palliative Numinous). As a death god, Medusa's revenge is generally showing people, on her surfaces and inside her thresholds, what they *don't* want to face but paradoxically are drawn towards; re: Radcliffe's Black Veil: a fatal homing that turns the West (and its sins) to ash. Such is nature exceeding man's grasp.

For example, all women—not just Amazons and Medusa (though they embody cops and victims the best)—are demons, thus whores, under capital. When push comes to shove, women (or those treated like women; re: anything "lesser" than white, cis-het, Christian men) are always expected to submit to men and uphold their authority. Except, the whole point with Medusa is she don't give a fuck—is the Aegis to face; i.e., having been shamed with an ignominious death, thus becoming something for the state to reject because she "let" herself not only "get raped" (famously killed in her sleep like a whore), but "chose" to sacrifice her body for something monstrous, unlovable (according to them, anyways). One, she is a threat, because she exposes rape coming from inside the house; re: her testimony is dangerous to the husband, which the Amazons protects, guaranteeing there always is a scapegoat.

To that, canon's Medusa is paradoxically weak, as are her expendable-vermin insect children, thus deserve scorn, mockery and hate as "lesser" beings that eat flesh, spread disease (as whores were blamed for doing instead of the men having sex with them) and procreate through infanticide, sodomy, cannibalism, fungus and torture (re: blood libel shaming the witch per ethnocentric models serving profit); Amazons and their "superior" babies are Spartan-esque, "immune" to rape by denying it/abjecting onto her as impure, abomination *unheimlich* compared to their nuclear assimilation (whoring themselves out while excluding her). It's DARVO blaming the victim for the nuclear family's downfall, thus fascistic and queerphobic, our scornful givers of rape worshipping strength in bad faith (and grooming children/exhibiting their genitals to root out fags; re: TERFs; e.g., the LGB Alliance—"alliance" denoting a supergroup of self-righteous "good" witches standing against an evil cabal of so-called "bad" witches) while likening non-reproductive sex—but also the receiving of non-consenting sex—as "sodomy" per the colonial binary argument.

In fact, Medusa is constantly being raped and sodomized (with anal sex, but also just rape and neglect) for profit; i.e., under a structure that uses token police violence to punch down and dominate with as guilty pleasure. In turn, her revenge—as something of a black, Jewish, genderqueer whore, atomic punk butt wizard—is to reclaim such things from colonial orderings and usage demonizing her animal side as inferior to Cartesian devices built on older imperial models: "rape" in quotes serving as a campy, ironic weapon for liberation versus a canonical, unironic device for enslavement. Rape cannot be monopolized any more than infiltration can, nor monomyth stories like *Castlevania* (and its various artifacts; e.g., swords, shields, Amazons, princesses¹⁰³, succubae, and twins-in-peril, etc), heavy metal music, or literally anything else from weird nerd culture. This isn't a handicap, but our greatest strength; re (from Volume Zero):



(artist: [Bokuman](#))

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-

¹⁰³ The modest-presenting (and property-owning) sexual rewards; e.g., Zelda and Peach are a sexual treat for completing the monomyth (after killing the dragon lord, versus Medusa, like in *Kid Icarus*, 1986; Samus is too cool for school, not dating anyone onscreen). She's an excuse to fuck the whore.

/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 ([source](#): "Pieces of the Camp Map").

In this, our imagination and poetic flexibility is our greatest weapon against their Achilles' Heel. Any form the Medusa takes—be that killer stick figures ([remember Stick Death, anyone?](#)) or gay queens from outer space—we camp on the Aegis; same for the Amazons raping her or their otherwise warlike behaviors: "Terror is a weapon and a weapon is terror, and no one agency monopolizes it." Cryptonymy is a skill with a high ceiling. Medusa is the fat lady singing to hit the ceiling and bring it down—a queen of the cosmic dance, reminding us all that death is both nothing to fear and that singing and wiggling feel good (to thrash, convulse, and vibe in rock 'n roll, psychosexual martyrdom/quasi-medieval camp: to be wet with salvation)!



(artist: [Tassy Is Here](#))

Capital rapes everything, including the subjugated Amazons that rape/object Medusa for showing her furious ass (the reward as much as the princess is). We can reverse abjection, reclaiming Amazons from their fascist, vain, police-giver-of-rape function, and humanize Medusa in the bargain (while making her a bit more fun, amid the venom). But it behooves us to consider these devices—both Amazons, good and bad, as well as Medusa's calm and furious forms—as they function dualistically and dialectically-materially in the liminal wild. Let there be no Imperialism of theory in the pages ahead; kill your Amazonian darlings and give Medusa a hug. Disentangle them from their state variants, doing so through the Gothic-Communist drive towards liberation during ludo-Gothic BDSM's exquisite "torture"; i.e., negotiating our own rights (and navigating our own trauma) on the Aegis versus having the state do it for "us" (for profit). We must or else.

It will happen in time; i.e., when sex positivity becomes second nature through praxial synthesis, Medusa in all her forms allowed to come out and be treated as human, but also as monstrous-feminine stewards of nature: having our

cake and eating it, too, our forbidden sight not just intimating Medusa, but showing our arches and buttresses off (offshoots of mightier divinities, *mise-en-abyme*)! In challenging profit, we clap back, having our sweet revenge! Why do what you're told when it's much more fun to misbehave! Power over our flesh, our hauntological pleasure and pain/our revolutionary cryptonymy reverses abjection on the Aegis as we embody it! Screw promises of salvation in the afterlife! Fuck those who act like *they* have power over life and death now!

Medusa cannot die; she is a death god, which life is a part of—a **palliative Numinous**, "almost holy" reminder of our own mortality and humanity the state has long since forgotten. We reclaim our asses (and their holes, as mythical sites of violation/forbidden pleasure), right now! We cum on each other to claim our friends in good faith (not for profit), right now! We endure genocide—the seminal tragedy of merely being born different—and feel Medusa spread her wings to give life and death to all, intimations of mortality fir king and pauper alike; but to us, she comforts, letting us know the state can *never* exterminate us. And in trying to, we haunt their days on Earth till said Earth claims them. Our beautiful wickedness, our beauteous orbs! Holy St. Francis!

The state is an unnatural cycle of abuse that tries to cheat death. It relies on monopolies of violence, terror and morphological expression to control sex through force; i.e., through actions that, under state purview, have set definitions: missionary for reproduction and anal rape/sodomy thus guilty pleasure, etc. We might be toys under capital, but can decide how we're played with in ways that slowly change the paradigm, from land to worker as part-in-parcel: land back, bodies back, the whole shebang; fuck around, find out when Medusa—a holistic deity of nature with manmade and summoned anthropomorphic, but not *anthropocentric* qualities—comes back to take the arrogant West (and its false essentialism) apart.

Medusa, then, is the dumb supper of capital's endless dead. As such, she paints it black, her cosmic twerking reminding us that sex positivity isn't to extend life and improve it for a select few by preying on others, but to improve the quality of life for all; i.e., by using technology to extend life and quality of life while facing death as a total history and natural consequence laden with flagrant power abuse by state forces: to look on Omelas and remember the wretched the holier-than-thou deemed worthy of sacrifice. There must always be a victim for them to sup on. Never let them forget their own hypocrisy as Medusa pegs them (out)!

Hurt, not harm is a human idea, and Medusa is as much force of nature as human stand-in. In Numinous terms, Medusa isn't human/cannot die, but her avatars very much are/can (women or not); they'll feel her revenge when state shift happens, so we can't just "pull a Radcliffe," summon another scapegoat (another princess, another castle) and use it to *deny* what's coming. We have to face what the state has done. That being said, our whore's revenge *can* mitigate total destruction by transitioning away from capital and profit before it's too late;

re: by making our Wisdom of the Ancients wiser to Medusa's growing rage. Because a world without control is unimaginable to state defenders, the Aegis showing them their own death as a loss of control, humanizing the harvest: state shift, wrought by Medusa becoming that Great Destroyer capital can never defeat, the witch it could never burn, queer it could never bury but the dark mother who tucks *them* into bed, six feet underground! The end is nigh; let's listen to it, before she (and



her murderous womb) enrage and "take us with her" as the Gothic does: exposing the West as fallen, before taking us home for good (the black queen becoming the unironic, passionate slasher)!

(artist: [pixmilk](#))

To it, there are *planetary* forces at work, unfolding on this pale blue dot that is Medusa's domain. In a half-real sense, liberation and exploitation occupy the same space/mirror game, camping demons and the undead in animalized, predatory/prey language. Keeping with the Numinous, *some* worship and duality is expected, during liminal expression; but liberation through said worship is the point—not submitting to the elite until the world ends by blaming the Whore of Babylon.

On the Aegis, then, we're not trapped in here with you Cartesian dickwads (who love to think they conquer nature); you're trapped in with us! We'll make you motherfuckers *squirm* (trapped between pleasure and awe, formerly state disgust and delight evoking a Numinous torpor that sets Medusa free from capital's Torment Nexus)! The Aegis opens; gaze into its forbidden sight and see the world for both what it is, but also what it could become! Our death or salvation sit on the same mirror. Medusa doesn't care which, so demolish state illusions and set yourselves free, seizing post-scarcity from the jaws of defeat; haunted by spectres of Marx and a Communist Numinous giving unequal, forbidden exchange to help us transform—not to die for nothing but bring Gothic Communism to life: as bad girls setting Medusa free. What better way to expose the state as false than that?

This concludes our examination of the Medusa. She and Amazons have been pitted against each other by neoliberal Capitalism, Amazons forever tokenized and Medusa always a victim/scapegoat demon whore. We've examined *her* revenge, but what about subversive Amazons refusing to rape Medusa? Tokenism doesn't preclude reclamation, and Rome wasn't burned in a day. In part two, we'll consider less how these devices are constantly and forever "at war" under Capitalism, and more how to reconcile and deal with those consequences to push towards Gothic Communism; i.e., taking Amazons back while reconciling their tokenistic elements and criminogenic conditions that inform them; e.g., anal sex (commonly a metaphor for rape) becoming a postcolonial device (the whore's revenge). That and more, next!

On Amazons, Good and Bad, part two: Reclaiming Amazons; or, Cops and Victims

"Steel isn't strong, boy. Flesh is stronger. What is steel compared to the hand that wields it?"

—Thulsa Doom, *Conan the Barbarian* (1981)



([source Tumblr post](#), *The History of Fighting*: February 6, 2022)

Capital relies on tokenization—to recruit from nature to pimp nature, sex raping sex, thus benefit the smallest number of people possible through the suffering of the largest number possible. All exist within a system of concealment we expose inside itself—from America's corporate duopoly (establishment politics) to extensions of their team-based, cops-and-victims approach to the world under neoliberal Capitalism and its centrist refrains: bread and circus (music and combat). This includes Amazons as something to reconcile with their imaginary past, but also reclaim it as a consequence of refusing to play along with state mechanisms any longer! A whore's revenge, breaking

Capitalist Realism!

If part one focused on tokenization of the Amazon as givers of rape and revenge—i.e., treating Medusa as perpetual victim/scapegoat, during mirror syndrome—part two, "Cops and Victims," aims to humanize, thus reclaim such devices inside themselves; re: "an enemy has only images, behind which he hides his true motives; destroy the image and you break the enemy." Liberation is a mirror game, Medusa the Queen of Mirrors; queen bee, the details of her death have been greatly exaggerated. The Gothic, then, loves to remind its audience to the inferiority of man in man-versus-nature, but also Man Box tokenizing this group or that; i.e., mankind is doomed, the home reclaimed by nature, but also labor when Medusa comes to take us home: into her murderous womb—a carnivorous vat of acid, a sarcophagus (eater of the flesh). No amount of science, superhero eugenics, deals with the devil (selling out) or self-righteous posturing can thwart that, dooming the state *because* it tries to beat Medusa, anyways. It cannot, because she is nature, itself, hence a god of death—of transformation and radical change during intensely unequal, forbidden exchange.

These aren't just colonial devices, then, but our childhood materials lifted from sources normally used to deliver such things to people expected to uphold the

status quo. As usual, the elite cannot own the Superstructure, meaning we can recultivate it through iconoclastic art on the Aegis; re: **subversive Amazons**, which look and sound the same (at a glance) as subjugated ones. It's a group effort, made not by single, elevated representatives, but an intersectional collective of solarized workers liberating sex work as monstrous-feminine through iconoclastic art. This includes Amazons, which desperately need to reclaim their iconoclastic potential from TERF agents playing cops and victims *vis-à-vis* Amazons.

All hinge on lies, during the cryptonymy process. Except when the *state* lies, it lies to harm us; when *we* lie, it's a defense mechanism defying our attackers. Our vanishing point/mirror gaze isn't amnesia, but a reawakening of our lost power in campy replicas: a hall of mirrors, fatal portraits, echoes of the restless past. In turn, our rememory of personal and generational trauma is something to reassemble through partial lies, reinvention and rape play hinting at truth; i.e., our eyes of confusion, our splendid lies, our darkness visible, our Aegis—to absolutely *glow* with our dark, whorish revenge! Our beautiful darkness abolishes privatization, be it kings, gods, or masters ("a curse on both your houses!"). We're phallic women getting it off our chests, unburdening ourselves by letting it all out; Lady Vengeance in all her many forms, we've built ourselves up not to tokenize, but refuse to be the state's cops or victims policing sex through force. We seek release, not relapse: our Amazonian moxie, spunk, *noive*.



(artist: [Lera](#))

Such subversion is symbiotic; all operate on dysfunction as something to process, conjuring up the half-real past for different purposes. Over time, rebels have decayed into cops who strike a balance between human/alien, saying "we're the exclusive victim" during controlled opposition. Medusa has evolved to look more and human, evolving rape arguments that don't just speak to her endless rape, but rape at the hands of those abusing the dialectic of the alien; i.e., transforming and threatening unequal exchange per the whore's paradox to *uphold* capital and profit, thus continue their raping of nature. Let's explore their liminal reclamation during ludo-Gothic BDSM, here; e.g., anal sex as a symbol of submission that, per the whore's revenge (upending profit), becomes a subversive postcolonial device that Amazons (thicc warrior beings) are party to.

We'll get to anal, in a bit. First, we'll rehash a few important ideas concerning dialectical-materialism, liminality and hauntology *vis-à-vis* Amazons, look at some different forms of Amazons as subversive warriors whores with Amanda Nicole, apply those to personal experience (me and my mother's), then dive more deeply

into Amazonian subversion itself (about killing our darlings and reclaiming anal sex, but also collabs with Nyx and Amy Ginger Hart).

Revenge (and the demons granting it) is a very old idea, and a productive one under Capitalism in both directions (cops and victims). I originally wrote this section using a series of sub-headers (which still exist, below); but due to its increasing length, I had to chop it in two. It wasn't really designed for me doing so, but I'll try and signpost it a little to account for the division—and contents of each separate half—belonging to the same larger coin:

Cops and Victims, part one: The Riddle of Steel; or, Confronting Past Wrongs

- Dialectical-Materialism, Liminality and Hauntology
- [Amazons as Whores \(feat. Amanda Nicole\)](#)
- [Relating to Amazons \(and Sex Work\) through Personal Experience](#)
- [Double Standards and Challenging Them \(Killing Your Darlings, feat. Angela Carter\)](#)

Part two: Our Sweet Revenge; or, Being Ourselves While Reclaiming Anal Rape, mid-*Amazonomachia*

- [Weapons of Terror: Reclaiming Anal Sex](#)
- [Always In Dispute: Subjugation vs Subversion \(cont., feat. Nyx and Amy Ginger Hart\)](#)

The opening page per half was written after the bodies of each text was, hence constitutes a foreword of sorts; i.e., containing terms and ideas that don't repeat afterwards, save in synonymous ways; e.g., notions of male and female Gothic, but



also gendered violence/courtly love expressed phallically and vaginally with swords and sheaths, maidens and knights (thus whores and rapists). It doesn't hurt to be fluent with such notions, but we won't stress their usage here (refer to Volume One for some good examples)!

(artist: [Nora Fawn](#))

Cops and Victims, part one: the Riddle of Steel; or, Confronting Past Wrongs (feat. Amanda Nicole)

"Conan, what is best in life?" / "To crush your enemies, see them driven before you, and to hear the lamentation of their women!"

—a local khan and Conan, *Conan the Barbarian* (1981)

Part one shall examine the past of the Amazon myth having become increasingly hostile to state enemies in recent years; i.e., through tokenized feminism *vis-à-vis* subjugated Amazons acting traditionally like men. Such revenge is notoriously petty insofar as it involves pimping nature as monstrous-feminine; re: as something to crush, kill destroy on repeat to uphold Capitalist Realism with.

In short, such tokenism has become something *imitate* by class, culture and race traitors in bad faith—neoliberal copaganda conjuring up feminist bugbears, Radcliffe-style, for neoconservative Madonnas to destroy imperial crimes projected *onto* during state decay (the weakening of the state, thus its myopia): state scapegoats during mirror syndrome; re: cops and victims, the cop tokenized and playing the victim through DARVO and obscurantism, aka cryptofascism. The cloak is the imperial, pre-capitalist space as something to return to, Conan-style: a king or queen by one's own hand, surrounded by stolen wealth (through conquest, specifically feats of strength) and war booty of the finest (classically female) stock:



(exhibit 43e2c3a: Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). My mother's brother, Uncle Dave, loved Conan the Barbarian. Both he and Mom grew up playing *D&D* and reading the likes of Rob Howard, Tolkien and others. When Dave died of a heart attack in mid-2022 [shortly before this book series started], Mom asked me to draw him as a king—like Conan on his throne, made by his own hand. So that's exactly what I did.)

Keeping with Conan's "riddle of steel" (above), fantasies of strength, death, rape and revenge (all Gothic staples) aren't simply state tools; we can reclaim them. *Amazonomachia* is a mirror game, one where complicit and revolutionary cryptonymy clash to forward or reverse abjection (thus profit and the anisotropic arrangement of terrorist/counterterrorist). This portion focuses more on our enemies meeting us "in the middle"; i.e., through the legend of the Amazon consumed by both parties: as dialectical-material whore/terrorizer to relate to through personal experience, but also mete out through various double standards assisting in state vs worker revenge. Such things become our lullabies and bear our crest—the conqueror anthem a neoliberal refrain to prepare workers for fresh war in the name of state restoration, and which we subvert to dismantle not just the state, but an older part of ourselves!

Dialectical-materialism, Liminality and Hauntology

For the Amazon and Medusa, such dialectical-material struggles are not only dualistic and liminal, but hauntological in their half-real effects. For instance, Hippolyta and Medusa never actually fought in the ancient myths (not to my knowledge, anyways); you wouldn't know it, based on how white token feminism has sought to colonize Medusa through neoconservative military optimism—the forlorn hope that if they punch down hard enough, capital won't arbitrarily cannibalize, trash and orderly dispose of them/abort, scape and flush them down the toilet and into the sewer drain like bottom-of-the-barrel garbage for profit (what Burke in *Aliens* referred to as "arbitrary extermination"; i.e., regarding the xenomorphs as "a very important species," keen to monetize them versus Ripley wanting to wipe them out during the same displaced Red-Scare moral panic: to outer space). Subjugated Amazons are toadies enjoying victim censorship (e.g., trans people, gagged and bound for them to more easily brutalize) and state camouflage (re: the badge) with the same aesthetic's argumentation and language; i.e., DARVO but also obscurantism, aka cryptofascism/disguise pastiche.

Furthermore, such clemency is wishful thinking at its best. A decaying state always eats its token elements first, token Amazons little more than mall cops rendered into gore by the chopping mall¹⁰⁴. Afraid of nature's revenge after a holocaust they've knowingly played a part in, token Amazons tongue the toilet bowl for loose "dung" (those *they* dehumanize: themselves, projected onto more marginalized or differently marginalized groups). In turn, nature tokenizes, becoming dim-witted yet quick to blame. Thic(c/k), it rapes itself with a gun held to its head; eventually the gun is removed, but remains part of the worker's raped mind—a menticidal spectre of violence, handed down inside ghosts of its own forging (re: Hogel; e.g., "Rome" or otherwise): of Communist whores, or fascist ones (they occupy the same space using the same aesthetics of power and death, below). To survive, we must camp both as a matter of civil and guerilla warfare/strife (reclaiming the suddenly-alien castle, during Cameron's refrain; e.g., *Mario 64*, 1996).



(artist: [Lera](#))

Until we do, history shall repeat in tragedy then farce, during the abjection process. Workers always lose, and cops are not known for their compassion or intelligence. When the time

¹⁰⁴ Such hauntologies point to zombie-style betrayals—of the consumer by the state as an even-bigger cannibal eating smaller ones; i.e., during capital's endless, concentric harvests. The decay of the settler colony conceals itself through police-style shows of force, which the powerful push towards outsider groups separated from insider groups. But these always come home, Saturn devouring his son during the liminal hauntology of war versus Medusa eating her wayward children at state shift.

comes, they'll hypocritically don bridle or thong in genuine enslavement; they'll eat their own, their bowel septic with colonial rot, golems and gargoyles made from shit. "You are what you eat"; they're mad cows, having truly no dignity or shame when throwing each other under the bus, pearls before swine begging others to squeal as they cut their throats and drink the blood. Per Marx, dead labor feeds on living labor until the calories between them lose their life, their nutritional value passed upwards; the middle-class eaters of the dead become braindead, the Amazon just another cop under these circumstances. They're zombies pushing lawnmowers over barren yards; re: white people disease adopted by Amazons thinking others are inferior and *they're* owed a Stepford spouse; i.e., while calling others savages despite being hella lazy and gross. Eventually the double standard takes things to their logical conclusion; i.e., token Amazons don't care enough to change because the system coddles them and gives them something hard to attain (under capital; e.g., food and shelter) [for being stupid and cruel like men](#) (Foreign Fridays' "POV: You Have a Humiliation Kink," 2024). Capital alienates and sexualizes everything in service to profit, thus rape through revenge arguments that benefit the elite *vis-à-vis* their token slaves.

The dialectical-material fact (thus struggle) remains: people of all walks love heroes, which are always monsters, thus demons (transforming into hulking versions of a visually weaker original whose subsequent domination-by-comparison opens up masculine/feminine superiority arguments). As such, whores become hyperbolic/Numinous but controllable as alien warriors by all sides of class, culture and race warfare; i.e., as dolls/action figures to play with/teddy bears for companionship that unto themselves evoke some sense of danger and protection, but also fear and power married paradoxically to rape and revenge (voodoo dolls, but also C.S. Lewis' problem of pain, *vis-à-vis* Rudolph Otto). Incredibly common, they're pacifying or radicalizing depending on *how* they're used, lending them a situational element, but also a mitigating factor per more universal usages: fight and fawn are survival mechanisms, but also conditioning devices adjacent to generational trauma dressed up as sport, as opera, as kayfabe heavy metal, etc.

To it, Amazons are demons made from trauma in psychomachic division, the light side made to police the dark, but also steal its rebellious barbarian elements while doing so; re: Hippolyta and Medusa, the former a white-washed marble statue chasing down her darker double like Colonel Kurtz to canonically *avenge* the colony while wearing blackface: fear becomes a gaslight, the Aegis something for the state to abuse against assigned devils punching up against Western ones.



Subversive or not, there's a regressive, performative element to Amazons not unlike any barbarian fantasy. We're playing as much

with the liberation of stigmatic devices and outmoded language as we are the people associated with them (though their usage, in sex-positive cases, functions opposite sex-coercive ones). Even so, racism haunts Amazons, their recidivism/recuperation conveniently assisting state restoration by becoming a relapse that *restores* order while facing embarrassing revelations (foisted onto state enemies); i.e., the state and its colonies die, but the genocidal beliefs that drive them from start to finish live on: inside the larger system where monsters comply or resist on the Aegis.

Per the usual superhero power signatures—e.g., costumes and special moves, but also race tracks, hunting grounds, tourneys and obstacle courses with which to use them on—such Olympian bodies and games articulate police violence against nature-as-vengeful¹⁰⁵ exceptionally well; i.e., in a half-real sense, canonically trained onstage and off to deliver new sex and force built on old sex and force: regarding nature as colonized by traitorous offshoots victimizing the former as alien while playing the victim (these token qualities lending DARVO further legitimacy *and* illegitimacy before, during and after).

Such façades canonically engender police violence, terror and morphology (monsters) useful to state monopolies, trifactas and qualities of capital. In turn, fascism *defends* capital when *it* decays, employing uncanny pain to *restore* the *unheimlich* to a "proper" nuclear home, post-apocalypse. It's a Gordian knot, cut brutally through by Alexander's arrogant sword; i.e., military optimism/urbanism, nature a Promethean battle ground for future revenge coming from Elsewhere: in service to capital raping nature with nature, again and again, and empire's collared Amazon traitorously answering the elite's beck and call, *Beowulf*-style—at home.

Of course, these monopolies are wholly impossible, as are their alienized threat displays motivating workers *to* tokenize. Yet, as a warrior *class*, the subversive Amazon remains just as macho as her subjugated double, but also curiously protective, providing and gentle when she needs and/or wants to be—a *Queen* Kong looking after her "captive," the latter putting themselves paradoxically in harms' way first and on purpose: "Oh, won't someone *please* capture me and take me far away from here!" The twink energies (and subsequent palliative-Numinous rape fantasies) are second to none (no time to go into *that*, here; we'll look into twinks and submissive fantasies more in Volume Three)! In turn, "agency" amounts to its *own* paradox: "choice" informed by oscillating socio-material conditions that interfere with our ability *to* choose, thus self-define; i.e., subversion of the Amazon as our whore's revenge.

Such subversion is *liminal*, then—used by canonical forces reclaiming iconoclastic ones and vice versa, praxial inertia versus activation expressed during Amazonian theatrics; re: the dialectic of the alien. Either side reverses beauty-and-beast sex appeal, fashion statements and gender roles to move power (and beauty

¹⁰⁵ A false flag and strawman tactic.

standards) in either direction; i.e., a combination of prescriptive/descriptive sexuality and drag-show appreciation, the Amazon speaking to a peak-like warrior's towering performance as corporal—one that, when entirely disrobed, *can't* be reduced to clothing alone (despite the "borrowed robe" double standards): a lonesome *lady* looking out for a vulnerable *male* party while capital decays, threatening people's security and personal freedoms with the ghost of the counterfeit! "This city's in for a bit of a rape!" Per the Gothic, it's silly and serious all



at once, such monstrous, alien voyeurism "just singing in the rain" (minus Kubrick's nihilistic hooliganism, misogyny and trans exclusion, left).

([source](#): *Reddit*)

It's also Orientalism; i.e., as something to see and exhibit, *par excellence*. Framed as *nature's* revenge for past *imperial* sins, the state recruits from *current* middle-class groups; i.e., where women (usually white, cis-het Christian women) are more gentrified, thus have more to lose than past examples: those *less* independent and secure.

Such gargoyle-ish reminders hardly stay in the past; said "past" becomes something to threaten loyal workers *with*, the latter buying up Neo-Gothic garbage menticing their scared-stupid brains in *service* to American Liberalism:

There is absolutely nothing that Joe Biden and Kamala Harris can do -- no death toll high enough, no amount of footage of scattered limbs and dead children -- that will change the liberal mind into believing they are not the "lesser evil." For liberals, the lesser evil is simply the one more capable of leading the empire with a facade of decorum on the world stage. It is not the crime that liberals oppose, but how it's packaged ([source tweet](#), Tamara Nassar: October 10th, 2024)

As such, pearl-clutching under American exceptionalism promotes alien revenge conducive to genocide, itself inherited inside ongoing structures that cryptonymically code and conceal imperial consumption, thus predation, as rotten to the core; re: subjugated Amazons having taken the bait to police the church, its sacred grounds suddenly populated with unwelcome demons coming out of the same half-real past (the ghost of the counterfeit gatekept by middle-class forces).

There must always be a victim, in Omelas; i.e., deserving victims (usually women and children) apologized for by *undeserving* victims, the latter recruited as spokespeople to pacify outrage regarding the former's senseless destruction for profit: merciless slaughter *vis-à-vis* elements of assimilative inclusion. Such

equality isn't universal, but something of convenience that only a select few are chosen to enjoy *once* they harden their hearts ("one of the good ones," the help)! Superman was an alien, as such; so are Amazons, good or bad, ostensibly human or otherwise. Assimilation is always dangled in front of them, the other choice being unemployment, destitution, silence, homelessness and death (activism not only framed as apophenic conspiracy by the state, but antithetical to profit, thus tantamount to sedition).



(artist: [Miss Favés](#))

Through liminal beings like the Amazon or Medusa, then, the Gothic considers how fakery and artifice speak to police abuse as monstrous; i.e., by means of arbitrary us-versus-them representation. During the whore's paradox, rebel and cop hyphenate in appearance, their mutual alienation speaking to carrot-and-stick conditions and behaviors during unequal power exchange passed back and forth. Amazons cannot physically transform, but can betray the proletariat by punching down.

As such, the romance is hardly romantic, the seminal catastrophe not just *presently* underway but happening *again*, once-and-future; e.g., the state kills babies and Kamala Harris (a token cop) explains it away and covers it up, backpedaling and virtue-signaling behind a veneer of exceptional, immutable goodness. Good cop, bad cop; Amazons and knights, ACAB and ASAB—our genderqueer camping of these alien devices must reflect this duality. Insofar as Nazis and Communists exist among the same shadow zone's demonic expression, silence is genocide (a common variant during the AIDS crisis was "Silence is death"; same idea). We *cannot* afford to stay silent or otherwise *assist in* genocide by politely taking state gold (re: Zeuhl and Jadis).

Nor can we afford to play philistine and discount the entire linguo-material labor value of sexuality and gender-non-conformity in art, monsters and porn (re: Bad Empanada, "[Understanding Vampires](#)," 2024). To speak out against war profiteers, we must camp canon as it exists—unequally across all workers affected by profit turning them not just alien, but sex cop. Freedom is a constant struggle, then, one defined by resistance pushing towards a day many will not live to see.

Such is Gothic Communism, whose bitter pill ludo-Gothic BDSM offsets with the ability to synthesize *some* degree of catharsis in our daily lives! Amazons embody this, but also their own abuse in hauntological hindsight; i.e., something to transform *away* from older sell-outs and commodities occupying the same draconian surfaces and spaces; re: pastiche remediates praxis. Amazons are alien warriors of sex and force, seeking some facet of revenge for or against nature (even if that revenge is merely to exist as they are *in opposition* to state dogma; e.g., a muscled whore to dress up as a crossdress likeness of a dragon, below).

Now that we've shored up the dialectical-material elements, I want to



consider the personal experiencing of such stories: how we inherit them; i.e., as they're endlessly made and remade, through Gothic bad echo.

(artist: [Kinda Sorta Maebe](#))

Gil Scott-Heron once said, "[the revolution will not be televised](#)," but outside establishment media, revolutionary cryptonymy still takes place between media and mediators; i.e. through regressive power fantasies, which Amazons (a kind of barbarian) ultimately are. These didn't start in the Modern period/Capitalocene, but the Neo-Gothic revival took what we think of Amazons and knights and expressed them in popular unequal power fantasies that are still used today when capital decays.

Such devices aren't "new"; the state has loved to abuse demons for as long as they could invent them, including Amazons as classic female power fantasies invoking herbo warrior elements in predator/prey language to deter and instill rape. Simply scare people into purchasing what they can abject, then watch the West testify to its own atrocities against nature; i.e., by fabricating them, such gender trouble speaking on how people control trauma as made into dollish devices for them to purchase and play with. This paywalled catharsis extends to performances that are doll-like by much the same logic (which Amazons are/follow). In doing so, middle-class workers under *Pax Americana* eat garbage because they're scared; i.e., by material inequities and heteronormative impunity (of state forces pimping nature-as-alien/whore). They consequently *feel* scared because they eat garbage *that* scares and relieves them; i.e., they feel shame and guilt, fearing revenge from those most obviously in control of such things—the elite and their servants, a husband comparable to a cop, thus a pimp. Subjugated Amazons can decay into adopting a similar misogynistic or otherwise bigoted posture; i.e., one approached by those who seek even the *suggestion* of power to their otherwise powerless lives.

Their doing so isn't entirely baseless. Like any heirloom, such fakeries convey *some* degree of truth, a repressed evil hovering over the uncanny homestead: husband or homelessness, one decidedly *more* harmful despite rape being a lived reality for both. Women could not legally own property (thus material power) in the 1700s, so they married *into* power to avoid the various comorbidities known to homelessness; e.g., rape *all* the time, versus from their husband every so often *in exchange* for relative comfort; i.e., for *loyal* wives, dutifully punching down at illegal whores from positions of relative (dis)advantage (a wife is a legal whore). As such, they would often marry men to later fetishize them, doing so in a rising creative medium dominated by white women obsessed with alien things: Gothic novels. Per Wolff, such stories commonly depicted men as demon lovers that, in

older fairy tales, were eventually defeated or transformed—a curious trend that Gothic media has since ferried into the present, regarding Amazons; i.e., based on the historically uneven and gentrifying experience of *middle-class* marriage.

Ann Radcliffe's marriage, for example, was relatively non-abusive (though her life was shrouded in mystery—enough to frustrate her biographers; e.g., [Rictor Morton](#)). Despite this, the Great Enchantress canonized demon sex as much to abject colonial abuse onto criminals (the *banditti*, in her case) as to liberate middle-class housewives looking for a thrill; i.e., alien mates. But marriage remains the prescribed outcome of those original novels, itself overshadowed by the unlucky girl



before she discovers her secret-princess status (Amazons being warrior princesses): survive the rape castle's barbaric nightmare; get married and give all you own to the male hero. Oh, boy!

(artist: [Rim Jims](#))

To it, Gothic fantasies of sex and force were and are classically of assimilation from alienized positions burdened by monstrous-feminine revenge conspiracies and warrior elements. These have changed considerably over time, their aesthetic metabolism informed by feminism married to Amazonian myth. Later authors (from the mid-20th century onwards) cut out the husband, speaking to women who were both less fortunate than Radcliffe was, yet born into worlds where women presumably had *more* rights (not native to the land, per se, but alienated from it just as native populations are by white cis-het men acting as the universal owners of each; re: the true aliens brutalizing land and occupant alike).

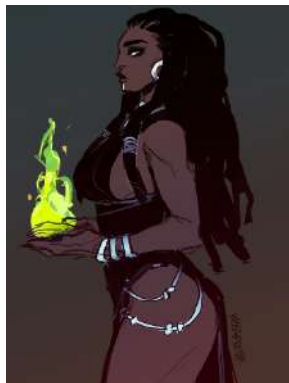
My mother is one such woman. Born to a lower-middle-class family that cut her off, she came from the street—i.e., where the rubber meets the road—thus was homeless and criminal, hence exposed to Amazon fantasies a sixteen-year-old girl might use to try and take the edge off: for fear of needing to sleep with strange men for cheeseburgers and a warm bed. Being classic symbols of female strength, Amazons bore progressive and regressive (neocon) elements, of which my mother was hardly immune to such promises in either case; i.e., she wanted to be strong in ways that, in the same breath, also concerned what men felt attracted to (what was forbidden to them), and which Mom could seek sanctuary within: to never need a man again, but still look sexy in ways that carried an ace, monstrous-feminine flavor (the interrogation of trauma in female warrior language/public nudism).

In short, Amazons (and their power fantasies) carried value for her as she tried to survive; i.e., the unspoken but notorious abuse that any woman, but especially those that a mentally ill *young* woman in the late '70s and early '80s, would have to endure. In the end, Mom chose marriage over being a destitute

whore, but this led to abuse comparable to what she had already survived on the street; the cops were as useless after her marriage as before it (a restraining order is just a piece of paper). It goes to show that Amazon fantasies walk the line between fantasy and real life, the best method towards tailoring a healthy approach (to the whore's revenge) is taking both (and their many, many forms, below) into consideration: dark power and knowledge as forbidden sight to advertise for all workers, not *some*. They must, or it's merely Omelas-by-Amazon; re: token women aping straight white men, declaring "boundaries for me, not thee!"

We'll get to my mother's experiences with Amazons and sex work in between art and real life, but first I want to outline the idea in general:

Amazons as Whores (feat. Amanda Nicole)



(exhibit 43e2c3b: Artist: [Kassarie Draws](#). Although token Amazons generally present as chaste-if-muscled, virginal combatants against Medusa-as-abject-whore—e.g., *Ellen Ripley vs the Alien Queen*—they aren't mutually exclusive with whores or Medusa; i.e., as things to combine with that, true enough, are also modular when discussing rape and revenge as having a "pretty and petty" flavor. Amazons, at their core, are bikini models with a warrior character [e.g., Marvel's Red Sonja basically being a ginger herbo in chainmail underwear] but also bear a non-white/non-Western stamp. This can be a "white Indian" vibe, to be sure, but also something "orcish" speaking to a variety of xenophobic stigmas [racial, religious, and/or queer] to, like the Amazon, either reclaim or at least understand through play.

In Gothic media, nudity = exposure. Amazons of a more "whorish" character are seen as fighters that, in conservative morality arguments, surrender or defend their maiden-esque virtue from rape when placed into compromising positions; i.e., to be nude is to risk corruption but also predation from evil forces: warrior nuns. Per the whore's paradox, Amazons also flaunt their strength in defiance of patriarchal forces trying to control their bodies to begin with: to incessantly show skin, thus spite the SWERFs. And while such resistance has shifted under neoliberal Capitalism—meaning towards various scapegoats that Amazons tokenize with during imaginary crime waves/rape epidemics—it needn't always be the case. This exhibit will explore the various ways that nudity expresses as a sex-positive form of strength—Amazonian or otherwise, but certainly useful when expressing them as a poetic device alongside Medusa!

Like all monstrous-feminine, Amazons and Medusa express through plurality during liminal expression; i.e., women are born into a world that divides them into different, oft-warring pieces. Most common are the virgin and the whore but also psychomachic fantasies about either that concern the woman's metafictional ability

to change shape/arrange power in different unequal forms; i.e., the Amazon as a "berserk" to briefly inhabit whenever one feels out of control, but likewise wants to perform and preserve/pervert elusive elements of the self that Medusa speaks to, in

Gothic stories: the Amazon's dark whorish side. Amazons are whores and all whores are demons that communicate through sex and force, pleasure and pain.

Furthermore, such demon BDSM occupies the Aegis and its illusory shadow zone; re: whose paradoxical theatre houses them without shame, but also helps the

women performing them interrogate different complicated feelings adjacent to state abuse: being a slut according to how "slut" is coded, in popular culture [e.g., Wednesday Adams, top-left].



[[source](#), top-right; artist, everything else: [Queen Complex](#)]

For example, a woman commonly feels the need to beautify and become desired in different forms; i.e., body shapes associated with dom or sub, thus different classical power scenarios and beauty

standards like the Amazon and Medusa. She might find herself guiltily wanting to betray others, or slum in ways that speak to darker fantasies—of rape, captivity and violence—wherein she gives as good as she gets: anisotropically from positions of strength and weakness performed-and-informed by her status as a woman to begin with; re: the whore's revenge.

In dialectical-material terms, such things can be fun to play with, minus actual harm; i.e., to play with "rape" by putting it quotes, doing so as much to help survivors of trauma overcome misinformed or pejorative ideas of rape association/Gothic ignorance as it is to achieve personal catharsis. Through ludo-Gothic BDSM, these various paradoxes even allow women to imagine themselves changing their body size/shape [top-right] or the size/shape of their partner [size difference] and the arrangement/appearance of the power between them [bottom-left] through BDSM binaries like top/bottom, virgin/whore, [wo]man/animal, and dom/sub. All go hand-in-hand towards raising emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness during the struggle to develop Gothic [gay-anarcho] Communism; i.e., by relating to what we see, onstage.

Those who feel like Velma, for example, can both acknowledge their actual sexual inexperience [bottom-right] while trying to learn what is normally denied to them; use the "nerd" archetype [the "angel in the streets, freak in the sheets"] to hide their body count from people who would shame or fetishize them; or otherwise give them the ability to voice themselves with these ideas, hence use them to establish

new boundaries through roleplay. Likewise, it can let them investigate, confront and play with the imaginary past and its different legends of psychosexual violence; i.e., in ways that disarm or humanize the traditional, mutilative harm associated with them, which create vaso vagal feelings of danger and pleasure working with confused predator/prey sensations: a palliative-Numinous mirror of one's actual ontological condition/crossed wires received from old trauma currently living inside/outside the body [we'll return to this concept more in the "Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons" subsection].

The point is, women are pushed towards doing sex in some shape or form; e.g., Amanda Nicole, a "slut pop" music star similar to Kim Petras [except she actually does explicit sex work](#)—a fact that expresses visually in Nicole's music¹⁰⁶ as multiple competing voices:



[source: Amanda Nicole's "Pretty and Petty," 2023]

In turn—and in keeping with the skin-deep, petty reputation of female revenge—the whore's revenge also speaks to

getting even in a world that awards certain appearances despite classic modesty arguments. For example, the PAWG Medusa [above] has power because her witchy body is "non-white," thus desired guiltily by those who, in sexually repressive environments, view her exposure as intoxicating. She becomes something not to

¹⁰⁶ Both artists are sex-positive, but Nicole channels pornstar energy through a pornstar body. That being said, Kim's "slut era" speaks to a veneer of sex work (her website, [KimXXXXX](#), having softcore elements, which are as valid as hardcore forms) made to help safeguard her friends:

In a new [interview](#), Petras reveals that her most recent EP, *Slut Pop*, was a [pleasure](#)-filled persona. "I was trying to have the most ridiculous fun with the sluttiest character I could come up with," she says. "It was someone who would say whatever the f— she wanted to." With songs like "Throat Goat" and "Treat Me Like A Slut," the German pop star clearly ate and left *no* crumbs. However, she wants people to know that it's deeper than that. It was a form of solidarity. "That was at a time when [OnlyFans](#) was going to ban sex workers," Petras says. "I have a lot of friends who need [sex work](#) in order to transition. It's a very normal thing in my world, and I don't see anything wrong with doing sex work. I wanted those girls to feel empowered" ([source](#): Gigi Fong's "Kim Petras on OnlyFans and the Importance of Her Slut Era," 2023).

With women and sex, the line between performance and performer is classically thin, but actually allows for tremendous variation; i.e., the whore's paradox includes the ability to act sex out/contribute to universal liberation on different registers differently at the same time; e.g., between cis and trans women. To that, Petras' slut was a character that spoke for her friends doing sex work to survive; by comparison, Nicole is a sex worker whose music speaks to the same idea, but through a slightly different arrangement—a character to play onstage, yes, but also someone whose music and sex work are less of a stage act and more one indicating the other beyond what the music video can show.

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chase, but crave and worship with the proper nudge. It's an attention game, but one that speaks truthfully to how power works in social situations. During these, sex is never far off on many peoples' minds; they see it in ways that—for one in control of such things—can manipulate to her benefit: embodying power as something to savor and worship, but also fear as capricious [or "petty," as Nicole calls it]. Sex symbols double as monstrous-feminine symbols of revenge—to not only "make it," under capital, but thrive there despite its rapacious treatment of women!

Nicole's fantasy offers a cross-examination of different monstrous-feminine revenge: the mean girl, the witch, and the ethereal sex goddess. All are objects d'art/tremendous mysteries that convey power through aesthetic and arrangement as one in the same, but speak to female revenge toying with ideas of getting even as Amazons do: exposing our bodies as "naked" with or without clothes; re: Segewick. In a world of manufactured competition, scarcity and conflict, having power over one's enemies includes enchanting your would-be attackers using what you got; i.e., less turning them to stone, like Medusa does, and more into your admirers to shower you with praise and tribute, mid-courtship: to look the part, then seize the "jewels" for yourself [the reclamation of carrot and stick] and push towards the abolishment of privatization [and be adored for it]! Pop off, queen!



Gods personify human failings as much as human virtues. Like many revenge fantasies, Nicole's vision is imperfect; but its pornographic flavor speaks nicely to the liminal qualities of revenge, and investigating the anger of such individuals being part of a larger group: of workers instilling fear among their usual dominators and getting what's theirs. It also speaks to workers normally feeling compelled to fight amongst themselves. Revolution is a psychomachy—a folie à deux and ménage à trois to share madness and sin with in highly performative ways, but also orient ourselves toward, mid-relationship[s]: power as something to perceive in Amazonian ways, paradox and play existing in doubled, "dueling" bodies, replete with various double standards [e.g., Mixed Wrestling Fan's "[Girl Beats Boy Mixed Wrestling Part 2](#)," 2023].

To it, theatrical outlets are important, including Gothic, openly transgressive ones playing with and pay-walling sex through push-pull feelings and mechanisms. Dark reflections of the world we live in, they let us say different things about said world per labor exchange [art and/or porn]. This includes when we're upset and that we desire revenge in more literal forms, but combines with subversive embodiments of the Amazon and Medusa [sex goddesses] to grant those seeking the whore's revenge a vast polity of choice—one that speaks to the totality of our human condition insofar as whores [and their revenge] are concerned.

Flexing and wish fulfillment are, per Amazons/the Medusa, threat displays as much as any sort of drive turning the world into the exact image, viewed onstage. Just as often, we let off steam and let people see it: the "goods" and the thrill of different "trades" of/with said goods. We likewise tailor our actual praxis to synthesize theatrical outlets that, unto themselves, leave some room for interpretation, thus execution of the monstrous-feminine. It becomes something to control, its mood paradoxically empowering despite any debilitating trauma [and slut shame] associated with it. "What's a girl to do?" you ask? "She walks in beauty like the night!" But this yields different forms per video and across one's catalog.



[artist: [Amanda Nicole](#)]

In "Pretty and Petty," the Amazon is more of an echo on Nicole's thicc, feminine body. Conversely, others videos in Nicole's portfolio critique power through a more direct merger of whore and Amazon; e.g., "Main Event" [2023].

A few more thoughts about "Pretty and Petty," specifically its locations. Nicole starts with the classroom, then the dark repressed desires of the underworld tyrant, culminating in the mysteries [and aloofness] of the sex symbol's stationary idolatry and revelation. But these could play out in any order and all share the same basic stage. In turn, they speak to a common paradox for whores: getting what one wants. Doing so, onstage, presents as sinful to the audience, but also speaks to the harmful nature of Capitalism gatekeeping such things to begin with [forcing women to girlboss, gaslighting them]. It speaks to us having to navigate various trends and beauty standards while camping them. Every person has their preference on the Aegis, and Amanda's high-voltage, danger-disco tryptic encapsulates such monstrous-feminine variety in three distinct types: of non-Amazonian whores that channel Amazonian spunk.

"If you want to critique power, you must go where it is." The celebration of sex through Gothic poetry is messy, hence always a liminal affair—one where assimilation and liberation/appropriation and appreciation occupy the same fantastical realms and involve the same basic devices; i.e., whatever's "on tap," being traded for and with [social status and material goods, sex and force] between different groups in the same larger market: where power is stored, but also the ways in which its artifacts demonically relate, through unequal, forbidden exchange and transformation. These happen during playtime speaking to live events, a skilled thespian able to work it in ways that speak to real life caught between pure fantasy and vice characters [who generally are seeking love and acceptance, but also domination and respect].

Power exchanges every day, and in ways whose understanding is, itself, forever updating/in flux with older forms. The paradox equates to consent-non-

consent for those who have been raped; i.e., we can throw shade/get rough and chase the maiden and whore through rape play and Gothic fantasy at large—in short, having fun while processing demon-lover appetites in torturously hungry, mix-and-match language! The whole point, with fantasies like Nicole's, is to



encounter Amazonian or Medusa-like beings seemingly "out of our league," yet have the capacity to change how such things exchange/are understood to begin with:

Consider body language. So often women [or those forced to identify as/treated like women] are treated as sex objects, reduced to single body parts [so-called "T&A," left] used for the enjoyment of men; or they embody virtue and vice [re: virgin/whore] in ways that reduce them to singular emotions. Being able to play with these not only gives us control over ourselves and our emotional scars/comorbidities; it allows us to manipulate the world around us in ways useful to our liberation through these things: "I am strong!" Amazons don't always win, but they have something that many women feel like they don't: the confidence to fight back.

"Strength," like demons, has infinite forms and configurations; e.g., "weakness" is strength, wherein "soft" femininity tops from below [or vice versa, and a million in-between¹⁰⁷ combinations]. Furthermore, this castled, animalistic

¹⁰⁷ I.e., death by Snu-Snu as something to portray in so many forms. Cis-het men, for example, see any kind of sex out of the bedroom as whorish, including things they sexualize in different ways, like Amazons or Medusa. This double standard ensures that any contact with them is forbidden, because society at large will treat/view it as automatically sexual, even if one side isn't doing it for that; e.g., ballerinas, wrestlers, or any other female athlete in existence. And sometimes, this becomes a joke to play with. But it doesn't preclude or change the reality that things are inherently unequal through such athleticism; i.e., girls living in a man's world. Any subversion taking place will reflect that disparity.

All the while, art and porn aren't mutually exclusive, but canon treats them as such; re: through us versus them. But we can simultaneously acknowledge that, yet operate in good faith—accepting that different people invariably get different things out of the same event.



Natalia Sense's "[Yoga Art — Flexibility Flow](#)" (above, 2024), for example, is artistic for the model, but simultaneously working within fetishes and clichés her target audience will undoubtedly indulge; i.e., in through her stunning body (and production values). And she's obviously aware of that. Art and commerce can coexist, and involve various interpretations as much from the viewer as from the performer challenging this or that *with* this or that.

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charioteer's from-outer-space liminality emerges through the uncanny ability to play with highly regulated things, opening the door to better worlds by transitioning towards them through the plastic, doll-like language of the imaginary past. "She mighty mighty!" becomes one having the whore's revenge by changing shape and expressing oneself in unequal, forbidden ways: grist for her "mill," her castle-in-the-flesh a graveyard-sex unheimlich coming paradoxically alive! "Rise, rise and do my bidding!" [she says to your dick].

Artists can combine literally anything with anything else; e.g., Nicole's "[Main Event](#)" combining sports language, gangster rap, and pop references, similar to



Cardi B.'s "[WAP](#)" [2020] and its own sexual gladiator's "warrior libido" marrying whore to Amazon that, unto itself, is haunted by Medusa's shadow [the opposite of "Pretty and Petty"]:

Got it drippin quench ya thirst
Top 5 bet he pick me first

Got him fiening for me like I'm his crack
The thunder cat [rawr]
He ain't used to that
I completely drained his nut sack
Ass is fake but this pussy natty
Lift me in the air and
Put it all in your face like a plate daddy

They all wanna wife me up
I'm Jordan out here gettin rings
None of them king enough to be Anything more than just a fling
I'm a big playa' champ
I'm here to take over the game
I'm the main event you lame
We are not the fuckin' same

We gonna' do alota' freaky shit tonight
First you eat me on the counter
Then I ride you like a bike
I'm a nympho and he love it
I do everything he like
We on the floor he on his back
That pussy poppin like a sprite
I be thick and still fit
Now go suck this clit [[source](#): Musixmatch]



Nicole embraces the fakeness of herself, the power no less real because of fat injections or breast implants. The paradox of nudity is how modesty arguments automatically blame the whore, the maiden viewed as one for exposing herself to men [who canon apologizes for as "always being that way"]. Medusa's a power bottom who "owns it" sans guilt, outside the bedroom. She doesn't just fuck to metal [e.g., Dance with the Dead's "[Rust](#)," 2024]; she is the metal! The Queen of the Night is like an Amazon, then—a dark mommy dom to tempt and tease¹⁰⁸, but also "destroy" you with exquisite "torture!" on the Aegis! Out and proud, ground and pound, her playful energies hyphenate/mirror her serious ones, elevating us to a campy borderline speaking subversively to the duality of human language/the liminality of sex work: of fucking with someone who, should she choose, could pull out our still-beating heart/turn us inside-out!

The Gothic historically loves exciting murder puns/messy euphemisms and death/rape theatre's oxymoronic, memento-mori language; re: creating sex and force for people to play with minus the worry of courtly love's actual harm. Such things aren't above criticism. Yet the praxial idea, for Gothic Communism and ludo-Gothic BDSM, is to rewrite value on the palimpsest of patriarchal devices. It does this by subverting canonical norms through visually constant monster language, hence become actively conscious of such power and use it to develop a better world for all workers; re: to catalog and engender perceptive pastiche [through the context of mutual consent] while engaging with less-perceptive [sex-coercive] liminalities. During the cryptonymy process, we sit adjacent to power in uneven/uncanny forms; i.e., transforming them to suit our needs: training us to relax while on our toes!)

For workers, power is darkness and knowledge, of which money plays a part; for capital, profit is money (moving money through nature). Whatever the metaphor (or any kind of poetic abstraction in art and porn), Amazons reflect the lived reality of women; i.e., modesty is a myth when you're starving and cold, treating your body and dignity as things to trade with in order to survive; re: Cuwu, controlling the room with sex. Mom was no different, the men around her alienated from sex, which she could trade in exchange for shelter and food as alienated from her (and whose trades she read about in Gothic fantasies). There's no shame in it, of course, but all the same, taboo commodities like sex, drugs and rock 'n roll became coping mechanisms that shaped her personal experiences when trying to

¹⁰⁸ Which the Gothic does while camping the nuclear model's parental language in fairytale-style roleplays and parlance; e.g., "mommy" and "daddy."

survive; i.e., stamped monstrosly onto female bodies out of Antiquity into the present, Amazons (and Medusa) authored inside a world happy to demonize them using a shared linguo-material device: *quid pro quo*.

While strangers to poverty might think that sex is never for sale, the reality is quite the opposite. And yet, this isn't automatically bad. Amanda Nicole, for example, just showed us how sex isn't automatically harmful towards workers, but rather is a service to offer deserving of respect as much as benefits and a living wage (success being her revenge, expressed through sex work). In demonic terms, it speaks to a Faustian element regarding forbidden fruit having an arbitrary price tag: "Cross my palm with silver."

Relating to Amazons (and Sex Work) through Personal Experience

Just as often, though, sex work takes on a survival quality for those without the luxury to do anything else. Fawning mechanisms, in turn, help abused parties control a situation as best we can, using what we got; i.e., through *combinations* of alien sex and force expressed in raw poetic forms; e.g., the damsel-in-distress, the executioner's Great Destroyer persona, and the Amazonian pinup's public nudism, carnage/carnal knowledge, and whore's rape and revenge, etc. Like them and Medusa, when we look at these things, we're looking at the imaginary past speaking to historical (colonial, ethnocentric) atrocities happening right now under the pretense of past-as-make-believe: the ghost of the counterfeit is always rape, be that a rapist or rape victim. Per liminal expression, the subjugated Amazon plays a cop while inventing a shadow of something with a kernel of truth to it (which subversive Amazons try to camp): the ghost of empire being an excuse to colonize new peoples for the Good Guys killing the Bad; re: Goldilocks Imperialism, whores policing whores for fear of the Destroyer hanging over them:



(artist: Frank Frazetta)

Be those treats or threats, such Amazonian prostitution fantasies effectively occurred for my mother through Gothic comfort food's usual cafeterias; i.e., on the television screen (from back when that was all there was to watch) and in media at large; e.g., trashy *Conan* paperbacks and *Weird* magazine offshoots (which included "H.P. Lovecraft's" *Necronomicon*¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁹ Lovecraft merely *revived* such weird-nerd Orientalism; i.e., from a Providence gentleman's harmful idea of "mad Arab," the concept lifted from older bigots and revolutionaries; e.g., Percy Shelley's "Ozymandias" (1818) or Poe's *Arthur Gordon Pym* (1838) having similar ideas about places the West (and the inexorable passage of time) had already conquered and long since dreamt about.

Unlike Shelley (the husband or wife), Lovecraft was fascist (thus full of shit), as were the other authors who purposefully carried on *his* ideas in his lifetime (and after); i.e., all were building on demonic xenophobia as something to expand upon in fascist ways: to create and assign evil to a world

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as "found"¹¹⁰ and published in the 1970s), but also the so-called "final girls" from slasher movies like *Alien*, *Halloween* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1979, 1978, and 1974), as well as Valeria from *Conan the Barbarian* (1981). All informed Mom's traumatic lived experiences, growing up as a whore in the Shadow of Pygmalion; i.e., abused by the men in her life, which caused her to dive headlong into fictional adventures written either by men fetishizing Amazons (and other monstrous-feminine) in the Pygmalion fantasy (of controlling women's bodies and turning them not just into servants, but alien warriors), or by women who took the idea and ran with it, liberating Galatea to speak for herself and other oppressed groups alienated from their homes (e.g., Angela Carter or Anne Rice).

Regardless of who the authors were, or how sex-positive they actually acted in practice (re: knowledge is defined as a struggle from positions of relative ignorance towards informed consent), Mom gleefully consumed such things with a variety of other forgeries; i.e., alongside Tolkien's *Hobbit* and subsequent *LotR*, the latter followed by *D&D* tabletop sessions that neoliberal refrains (re: videogames) *cryptomimetically* echoed when inheriting the same imperial mantle. She did so because their Amazonian monsters and heroes both a) spoke to her own trauma,

whose decay was leading to regressive witch hunts. While we'll explore the value in these worldviews' astrotheology when we look at *Alien*, such people largely suck because all—similar to Tolkien and his orcs and goblins—abused occult mythology to foster a commodified ignorance of the imaginary past standing in for the actual. As Gabriel McKee writes,

Lovecraft, "Simon" (the compiler of the *Simon Necronomicon*), and the anti-cult crusaders all trade in different misinterpretations of history. The general public knows just enough about the history of the ancient Near East for it to view it as a place of mystery and strangeness. Indeed, this reputation is itself an inheritance from the ancient world, as Greeks and Romans saw "magic" as coming from the East (In Book 30.2 of his *Natural History* Pliny the Elder [declares](#) that "there is no doubt that this art originated in Persia."). This proto-orientalism, combined with historical illiteracy—or perhaps committed distrust of "history" as an elite conspiracy in itself—has led to the mystification of antiquity as something incomprehensible, occult, or even satanic. This has opened the door for both outright fraudsters and what Laycock calls "moral entrepreneurs" to write their own chimerical histories, inserting the names of ancient places and deities into imagined struggles between cosmic good and evil. These faulty constructions of history depend on ignorance. We actually know quite a lot about ancient Near Eastern cultures and their religious practices—and the ISAW Library contains many of the fruits of this knowledge—but historical fabrications expect and depend on ignorance. The more we learn, and the better we communicate that knowledge, the more tools we will have for opposing misconstrued history ([source](#): "The Misappropriation of Ancient Texts," 2015).

Of course, such "ancient" copies aren't strictly a negative. Instead, "the idea of Gothic ancestry endured because it was useful" (re: Madoff's 1979 "[The Useful Myth of Gothic Ancestry](#)")—a utility that applies as much to workers reclaiming Amazons for revolutionary purposes (e.g., Matthew Lewis' shapeshifting Matilda) as to Lovecraft as *his* ilk demonizing witches-by-another-name: Chthonic whores (a '20s and '30s vaudeville caricature of Satanic Panic and *Hammer of Witches*). Reclaiming the Wisdom of the Ancients goes both ways!

¹¹⁰ While found documents *are* a common Gothic trope, Lovecraft never actually wrote a *Necronomicon*, himself. The copy my mother had was written under the *nom de plume*, "Simon" (attributed to Peter Levenda, an occult historian who denies involvement; see: above).

and b) made her feel safe regarding the abuse that was happening to her by those who were drawn to *Mom's* survived weirdness: a desire to be strong that takes on a half-real shape (and life) of its own!

Weird attracts weird, trauma attracts trauma; in turn, Mom passed these alien devices down to me, a prolonged and unrequited desire sitting between mother and daughter that reliably expressed itself in demonic language: for Mom to be like Valeria or some-similar Amazon, badass Galatea, Queen Bitch of the Universe. Whatever nudity and strength *she* bears, those reasons are her own and not beholden to state dickwads looking to get that nut: she'll cut you in places you *don't* want to be cut!



(artist: [Moi Yablochki](#))

Mom's the strongest person I know, strength being defined as much by unequal arrangements of power and how you respond to/with said power under duress; i.e., when your life, and that of others' you love, hang in the collective balance! In short, you live to tell the tale as something to build upon. By extension, warriors take pride in their lineage, which is always to some degree fictional. Even so, it remains a source of constant pride to pass down through personal experience married to legend, but one that is equally androgynous for those subversive Amazonian tropes; i.e., in ways that speak to a more tolerant past-revived in the Gothic mode than the exact hauntologies my mother herself consumed and passed down to me, and which my own stories tried to correct by speaking to myself as trans. Would that I could have helped her find *that* power sooner than she did (the paradox being that I wouldn't exist; i.e., my birth is illegitimate, produced by a marriage of convenience that saw me conceived out of wedlock)! Thankfully she found it herself in the end, stating both how she wouldn't change a thing but admitting such hard-fought wisdom would have made her life considerably easier once-upon-a-time!

I can certainly relate, seeking out my own unequal power fantasies (trans, in my case) while trouble found me and forced *me* to change. In doing so, it made me want for heroes, too; i.e., powerful and sexy aliens (e.g., Undine, above) that spoke to my innermost desires: to be thicc, female and "raped" in ways I *could* control—to be strong enough that one never knows harm again, but evokes palliative-Numinous shadows of it as situational medicine. People forget, demons are hunted, and I commonly found myself craving strength under hostile conditions—not to fetishize them exclusively but to speak these phenomena under state rule; i.e., escaping the "yoke" by putting it quotes, reclaiming it. The paradox of nightmares and darkness is my protectors are often bad echoes of my rapists; I crave protection from those who could destroy me and look dangerous but aren't, because they nurture and protect me from actual abusers; re: "I want to fuck what

I want to be." Mixed metaphors are fine, provided they communicate a clear message, hence achieve forbidden sight with darkness visible.

In my case, Amazons grant me the Gothic ability to find similarity amid difference; i.e., rape play isn't apologia if it takes the needs of all parties somehow into account. Personal experience, then, includes sharing the memories of past abuse through emotional extremes excited by Gothic paradox. Writing about Amazons married to my own abusive past, I commonly get images in my head—of abusers making me feel lesser and telling me I deserve to be hunted, captured, and raped (alongside fantasies that "walk the line" for medicinal purposes; re: calculated risk). This happens despite my relative privilege; i.e., even if I'm a trans, white, American woman and not, for instance, a Palestinian Arab, I still have memories of abuse that cross over into feelings of abuse expressing Gothic feelings (of alienation) that could apply to both of us in abstract ways; e.g., the child or white woman running into the forest, being chased by the lord's men, their dogs.

Equal comparisons aren't the point, here, but rather to share the same feelings: of being made to feel lesser, to be treated unironically like a whore, to be chased down and beaten like a dog. We can evoke it in ways that raise the dead, often towards feelings of inequality that solidarize us through a common goal, during the pedagogy of the oppressed: healing from rape to foster the prevention of harm in stories we experience differently but have similar feelings towards; i.e., to be "rape proof" (resistant to its deleterious mental effects) without raping others. We seek to engender compassion among those harmed by those abusing from positions of unfair advantage.

For me, trauma and transition are one in the same; for myself and others, these feelings paradoxically sit among the incessant peal of raucous alarms, which for so many victims' hypervigilance, always ring inside/outside themselves. Some desire the muscle of masculine sex appeal (to occupy or handle inside the bedroom or out), others a more feminine sort, and more still a bit from Column A and Column B entwined; such gender trouble and subsequent parody—of biology unanchored from sex and gender (and both from each other through Gothic poetics challenging canonical essentialism)—involves Amazons and their submissive wards through the aesthetic of doms and subs, tops and bottoms. "Wanna see me turn into [monster form]?" yields cheeky inquiries like Milky Kitty's, "Wanna see me put it all the way in?" Lycanthropy gonna lycanthrope!



(artist: [Milky Kitty](#))

Control over our bodies includes how they appear as monstrous, but also what we put inside them as such; i.e., sex and force relayed in all the usual scandalous ways (often porn, left)! "Rape" enters quotes speaking with bodies and actions that "shadow" their more violent doubles: traumatic penetration (of which the Amazons

are famous for) contrasting with various taming rituals that see all manner of things going into all manner of naturally assigned holes. The potential to camp rape marries to various stress-relieving activities that are, themselves, haunted by spectres of fascism and Marx alike: good-evil medicine, which functions differently for us than the state; i.e., strap-ons versus holocaust-by-bullet.

We camp the latter with the former not to so much to camp holocaust at large, but our own profound survival having experienced our own variation thereof ("Noooo, I'm being ravished! You're conquering my vast swathes of territory!"). We do so not to deny or conceal genocide, but speak to its concealment through our revolutionary cryptonymy—as a form of personal experience translated back into stories, then back into personal experience, on and on.

In turn, oppressed pedagogies speak to all manner of demonic exchange and transformation, for which porn is perfectly fine in doing *provided* it's sex-positive; i.e., done in good faith and actively seeking universal liberation: by illustrating mutual consent per labor exchange expressed as art (for which porn is; re: "art is love [thus mutual, informed consent and universal equal rights] made public") as Gothically mature. For this, demons are well-suited, courtly love (and its bellicose mating rituals/rites of passage) involving all of the above in a vast, interconnective matrix of endless possibilities. For the state, there is *only* rape, regardless of form; all subjugated Amazons can do *is* rape or *be* raped because their Gothic voice is immature, barbaric, toxic—abusing demonized language that furthers abjection during the dialectic of the alien!

Challenging universal rape with universal liberation, then, requires combining various taboos and reimagining different mythical devices with them; i.e., the Amazon being an alien/uncanny combination of noble (to not-so-noble) savage, per Orientalism, but also the clever reimagining of a white female imaginary past and lost heritage (similar to Hotep culture for peoples of color) to issue some semblance of protection while inside. Hardly discrete, it should instead permit various modular-to-intersectional forms of staged public nudism that have been unshackled from colonial supervisors, and whose galleries combine gender and sexuality with raw expressions of theatrical violence, but especially colonial atrocities; e.g., slave revolts; i.e., Medusa unchained in safe environments for both sides to work out their differences, those fearing her revenge learning to hug someone who understandably has baggage (once-bitten, twice-shy). Per the Gothic, such unveilings have to be done with some degree of care and boldness, directors able to give fair warning before maniacally throwing caution to the wind!

In other words, public nudism is directed by people whose understanding of sex positivity has become second-nature; i.e., who make informed and activist fashion statements inside liberatory art movements loaded with guerrilla argument and Indigenous (or otherwise shadowy and exotic) shows of force: nudity and violence—to go *into* abject territories to humanize them (and their populations) while camping the canon (our very own pocket sand to lob into capital's eyes). To

critique power requires dressing up in devices thereof, even if they don't always perfectly fit; re: you must go where power is and play/perform with it, battling unironic flesh markets and sex traffickers with your own brokers of power relaid unequally as sex and force during liminal expression.

This happens because privilege and marginality are inherently uneven, as are the gender identities and performances raised by workers under capital since the 1700s (themselves evolving as much to uphold capital [and its qualities] versus challenge them). So workers must create spaces that reflect their own liminality *in* Gothic; i.e., that position ourselves as already having one foot in either world (as white women generally have), or positioned *near* them (the girl *next* door described as an alien from another planet that is actually just alienated from this one): someone to admire from afar *and* go in for a closer look regarding! To subvert canonical norms, regarding Amazons, is to start where others "left off," thus involves some degree of separation from the things we're trying to reclaim: from subjugation *to* liberation *through* subversion.



(artist: [Enemi](#))

Furthermore, even if we *are* abused on a systemic level (as white women and trans people are), we likewise have to acknowledge our own privilege and advantage sitting alongside those who have *less* than we do, or undergo *different* struggles that are *unequally* comparable; e.g., cis men of color versus white trans women vs native peoples, each probing the other less for *weakness* and more for *compassion* as something to investigate with understandable caution (which lost generations/generational trauma instills within us). It's different flavors and degrees of shit, rape not something to *rank* but find common ground *with* through difference experiences, including in copies of itself; re: similarity amid difference during the pedagogy of the oppressed. Curiosity and hostility are beset by an equally human lack of immunity towards unequal attraction: unto the alien as something to *befriend*, mid-investigation.

Such descriptively gendered and sexual statements walk the line between cultural appreciation and appropriation, but also invoke dead cultures that no longer exist; e.g., the Ancient Greeks, Celts or Egyptians recruited to hauntologically revive sex-positive elements of the *ancient* past in "sleeping" barbaric forms; i.e., that once evoked, "wake up" and change the current cultural understanding of an *imaginary* "ancient" past—one to assist current groups suffering as "barbarians" under colonial rule; re: using the Wisdom of the Ancients to borrow pre-capitalist ideas (re: Foucault's "bucolic village pleasures," minus the pedophilia) that assist in post-scarcity while developing Gothic Communism under various double standards. To challenge those, we must—to some degree—reinspect the past, killing our darlings: as nostalgic ideas of said past, uprooted and repotted.

Double Standards and Challenging Them (Killing Your Darlings, feat. Angela Carter)

One double standard that white women experience, for example, is how society burdens them with modesty arguments. They can buck these however they want for transgressive status, yet often do so around rape fears expressed in actual body language; i.e., while said women often have fat/muscular "non-white" bodies, canon then argues these women must either cover up or show their audience said bodies, depending on the virgin/whore arbitration; re: the strongwoman as a freakshow attraction that "emasculates" men—meaning she becomes something for men *to* control during inverted rape fantasies (re: death by Snu-Snu), or which men motivate said women to control others *for* them with (the token cop showing her allegiance *to* the state). She's not merely the girl next door, but the alien to tokenize *by* enterprising Pygmalions in need of some muscle—Supergirl bearing out "Indigenous" qualities per the ghost of the counterfeit's brawny cleavage:



(artist: [Kitty Bit Games](#))

In turn, the warrior maiden (and her dark, whorish side) have become trapped between the whore's paradox; i.e., to *further* settler rhetoric in the wrong hands (which Kitty Bit's aren't, to be clear): people who treat the monstrous-feminine as unironic warrior rapist, threatening "gentle" women as cis men have historically been doing for thousands of years, and which *some* women imitate now (since cis female assimilation¹¹¹)—as much through proximity with versus their actual bodies' potential for courtly love; e.g., Angela Carter (more on *her*, in a moment). Amazons, in other words, are *abject* vice characters: of monstrous-feminine rape and revenge—nature-gone-wild!

¹¹¹ I.e., for as long as women (especially white middle-class women) have had voices and could punch down against minorities, *vis-à-vis* the ghost of the counterfeit furthering the abjection process; e.g., Britain, 1870—the same year Carl Westphal medically recognized homosexual men (an idea that Gothic xenophobia pathologized in the decades that followed; re: *Dracula*, 1897, projecting blood libel and sodomy arguments openly onto gay men)—cis women were conveniently presented with the Married Women's Property Act: letting women (selectively white straight women) keep any money they earned as their own property. This expanded, in 1882, with the Married Women's Property Rights Act, which allowed, again, *married* women to have complete control over all of their property, regardless of its source; i.e., the *state* allowed it, incrementally buying said women's loyalty in exchange for their complete betrayal: to colonize extramarital, non-white, non-Christian, and/or GNC peoples. The state is straight; its cops function as straight regardless of latter-day normativities: defend the nuclear model through canonical Gothic stories imitating real life (and vice versa).

In short, state concessions are *selective*, giving *some* workers their rights *back*, but always with the expectation they betray their class (often along racial and cultural lines). The "liberated" women, above, would go onto police states' rights against other marginalized groups. By extension, the suffragettes—anywhere in the "free world" (the Imperial Core and its colonies)—were incredibly exclusionary and bigoted, having decayed into fascist, property-owning forms of themselves defending privatization (and arrogantly dressed up as "rebellion"). From feminism's first wave onto its second, "gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss" (the coercion trifecta) called for women to *resist* change in bad faith (re: praxial inertia): not one step further towards liberation for all.

Made to be engaged with irony or without, this happens liminally (upon and through) forbidden zones of theatrical stigma speaking to their offstage counterparts; i.e., cops serving an Omelas refrain, recruiting from oppressed populations in moderate-to-reactionary forms of Orientalism, including *its* rape and revenge as half-real: performed in popular stories on and offstage to uphold state models with stochastic violence (e.g., Mrs. Voorhees, below, presenting both as token cop *and* escaped madwoman [out of the attic] with a funny-sounding name—a female *banditti*, per Radcliffe, but also Dacre's female demon lover, Victoria de Loredani, stabbing "Lilla" angrily and vengefully to death: "This is *your* fault, you slut!").



However "Goldilocks" or outwardly progressive/urbane they seem, then, subjugated Amazons historically decay towards more radical forms of the same things; re: witch hunts, blood libel, sodomy arguments that collectively defend capital and furthermore, whose unironic rape-as-revenge is simply wrong and unnecessary to achieve post-scarcity with.

Quite the opposite, a bigotry for one is a bigotry for all. Workers must challenge the systemic entirety of profit, including its whitewasher girlbosses gaslight-gatekeeping *all* oppressed peoples under Capitalist Realism. Rape requires intolerance; "a little genocide" is functionally letting the state rape someone, which for us, is completely unacceptable. A world without scarcity is a world without actual rape (thus token cops performing it in some shape or form)!

This being said, Gothic Communism should be able to *evoke* rape, and the potential for complicit or revolutionary cryptonymy is clearly there; re: Amazons are warrior-whore demons with a white-native, animalized¹¹² and "ancient," heavy metal flavor—one that has a calm and furious side¹¹³ refusing to be victimized again (re: the Medusa, dualistically evoked by Mrs. Voorhees as someone to behead, thus lay to rest); i.e., such revenge speaks of predator/prey relations under unequal conditions and overlapping persecution networks. These incentives can direct workers to liberate *or* enslave by transforming into different things, and all communicate through *some* degree of showing sex and force hyphenating through hellish bodily expression; i.e., the Amazon is a violent, walking terror weapon

¹¹² They're nymphs married to sex-through-conquest captivity tropes, this curious combo teaching us the forbidden arts of love known only to wild animals closer to nature and our own repressed impulses; i.e., those things "of nature" alienated from us by Cartesian forces, which workers must reclaim by playing with mythical devices; e.g., I'm a little slut who strives to prevent rape through her work, and have learned what I like and don't like by playing with big strong ladies in the past. I'm *no* tigress, but pet me wrong and watch the claws come out!

¹¹³ Re: The alter ego. This secret identity/disguise is often inverted, doubled; e.g., Superman/Clarke Kent (with Kent being the disguise) doubled by/doubling his enemies: evil aliens, but also the human race and its own divisions under capital (essentially America vs everyone else).

synonymous with the control of sex-as-weapon, specifically that of rape revenge administered by a maidenesque impasse with whorish potential: nature antagonized to behave in different monstrous-feminine ways.

In Gothic, form has multiple, dialectical-material functions; re: to move power towards workers or the state during anisotropic terror/counterterror arguments. Like all women, Amazons are maidens and whores that can do either task through their bodies. Uncloaked and demonic, they strike terror into the hearts of their enemies, achieved through threats of violent revenge (nature, avenging her rape by patriarchal forces); i.e., threat displays; e.g., "two tickets to the gun show." Subjugated Amazons tokenize by abjecting patriarchal abuse onto their victims (re: Mrs. Voorhees). On the subversive side, Amazons (and their big muscles) are revolutionary darlings, but also sex objects desired for their alien qualities (from those wanting to penetrate them and vice versa): monster mommies, but also warrior princesses who punch up, not down.



(artist: [Kitty Bit Games](#))

And yet, because she *is* a weapon, the state will try to monopolize such weaponry's violence, terror and morphology as its darling poster girl—to carve nature up with, during the usual cartographic refrains antagonizing nature as monstrous-feminine, to begin with; re: nature is a peach divvied into slices, moving money through nature on carceral territories, and of which I argue, require tokenization to work: nature raping nature, through Orientalism and its trademark threats of danger and protection (from rape and revenge); i.e., by the alien side feeling familiar as much as foreign (re: Laura Ng *vis-à-vis* Said's *Culture and Imperialism*). Raped in the past and slated for future conquest, settled lands are owned by people who will happily pimp Amazonian revenge to *police* their usual territories/populations with; i.e., nature-as-monstrous-feminine cop and victim, person and place, rape and ritual (e.g., anal sex—more on this in a moment). All operate as things to take and reclaim for either side of a given struggle, but for which state betrayals always see cops climbing out from its state of exception only to go back in and rape those unable to leave or fight back under state protection. They are silenced, thus subject to genocide by token Amazons executing courtly love without irony.

So while Amazons classically resist as an aesthetic, subjugated varieties refuse to meaningfully revolt against their masters; re: they kiss up and punch down like Hippolyta married to Theseus, acting as universal victims while victimizing others less advantaged—all while behaving like the only legitimate monstrous-feminine in town (whose freakshow muscles give them "a pass"). They become darlings undeserving of state force, hence vampires for the state, which translates easily enough to demonic modes of expression; re: unequal, forbidden

exchange and transformation versus feeding and trauma, the two discussing the same exact thing: bourgeois enforcement.

By comparison, liberators subverting the Amazon can treat this refusal as the turncoat whose betrayal (and its victims) haunt liberation on her feared/celebrated surfaces; i.e., the larger process hampered by the ghosts of those who sold out, or whose work was coopted by groups who most certainly did; re, Angela Carter and *her adage* (from Volume Zero):

Just what *is* a woman, Angela Carter, when you write in *The Sadeian Woman* (1979) "A free woman in an unfree society will be a monster"? Of course, Matt Walsh's hideous refrain is normally bad-faith nonsense directed at us, but it becomes quite important when defining what a woman is (and a monster) when regarding the likes of Carter's platitude, but also Simone Beauvoir, Cynthia Wolff, Ellen Moers, or hell, Janice-fucking-Raymond [...]. 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, 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](#): "Shining a Light on Things").

Indeed, Carter herself wasn't above Gothic fantasies with an exploitative element. As Maggie Doherty writes in "Fairytale Punish the Curious" (2017):



had no time for female melancholy. A woman whose quiet demeanor belied her forceful mind, Carter was that rarest of things—a happy writer. She followed her desires—for travel, for learning, for (younger) men—with little hesitation or regret. She was not naïve about sex; she argued that any sexual relationship must be considered in light of the way power works. Still, she believed in the emancipatory power of erotic love. She was attracted to fairytales both for their violence and their strangeness; she adjusted archetypes and tweaked myths until they came to mean something entirely new. Her fiction celebrated the couplings of a wide range of characters: teenage girls, wizened old women, circus performers, wolves ([source](#)).

Except, the problem goes deeper than that. Her work—while undeniably adventurous in its tone-poem exploration of sexuality in Gothic rape play—was as limited in its scope as any white cis woman from that period: an Orientalist madam (female pimp) of the abject, upholding Capitalist Realism by tailoring her Gothic imagination as heteronormative, thus queer-exclusionary (and hostile towards). The profit motive is there, baked into her bigoted work's obsession with unironic torture porn (thus rape); she was married to its nuclear ideas—their settings, characters and power scenarios, but also their abject scapegoats.

In short, there was a power imbalance like Foucault's, the powerful accommodating Carter's intellect as second wave feminism commonly was: the ability to pick-and-choose, then insist, "We live in Gothic times" while stroking profit's unholy cock. From plausible deniability and veils of demonstrable ignorance (a lack of inclusive queer scholarship up to that point), Carter enjoyed a celebrity

status that let *her* prey as *she* liked; i.e., someone who "challenged" the state through controlled opposition, hence conditions of surrender that pit her powers against more vulnerable parties. The Gothic's campier language (often of queer men; e.g., Shakespeare, Walpole, or Matthew Lewis) has historically given the oppressed a voice (e.g., *Phantom of the Paradise* or *Rocky Horror*, 1974/1975). Carter *resisted* such devices, pimping queerness out while tying gender to sex (e.g., *The Passion of New Eve*¹¹⁴, 1977) or focusing entirely on cis-het couples.

To be silent during genocide is to partake in it, yourself, but TERFs are essentially second wave feminists dying on that hill. Said hill *existed* in 1979; re: Janice Raymond's *Transsexual Empire* spouting the kind of transphobic dogma Carter's *New Eve* relayed about transition phobias and "men in dresses." The idea that Carter wasn't aware of these, let alone Raymond, is laughable. Hell, Carter had not only beaten Raymond to the punch—writing a transphobic story about transsexuals (a transmedicalist term) two years before Raymond's book (see: footnote); she likewise never countered its genocidal rhetoric in the 1980s (during the AIDS crisis) like Rice did. If the unironic rape porn wasn't obvious enough, Carter's a TERF and a SWERF, and doesn't deserve the benefit of the doubt; in fact, it's historically in our best interest to excoriate her and her bullshit, full stop! State defenders enjoy high burdens of proof, even when their abuse is obvious. Don't apologize for them!



In short, it was possible to be queerphobic before queer theory emerged in the 1990s to call these hypocrites out—and indeed, in 1960, when cis-het people decided to pin serial killings onto queerness with movies like *Psycho* (above), which arguably pre-dated second wave feminism (as did words like "transgender," coined in 1965). Even so, feminism, by 1960, had *already* gentrified and decayed into strange appetites that serve profit; i.e., gay panic, which Carter's work only reinforced: towards the 1980s, when transgender people were starting to be more aggressively demonized (e.g., *Alien*, 1979). Through DARVO and obscurantism, such media served up

¹¹⁴ From Rachel Carroll's "'Violent Operations': Revisiting the Transgendered Body in Angela Carter's *The Passion of New Eve*" (2011):

Carter's novel also features motifs which Prosser and Halberstam have identified as symptomatic of transphobic discourses, including the "exposure" of the transgendered person as inauthentic and the depiction of sex reassignment surgery as an act of material and symbolic violence. Indeed, transgendered lives have been met with suspicion and hostility in some feminist contexts, sentiments given expression in Janice C. Raymond's (1979) assertion that "all transsexuals rape women's bodies" ([source](#)).

In short, it's us-versus-them divide-and-conquer pitting cis women against trans, the former seeing the latter as "men in dresses," which Carter not only didn't challenge, but actively fueled. And frankly it's horseshit; you're much more likely to be raped by your husbands than other women (cis or trans), you idiots!

scared-straight, middle-class people's shadowy idea (above) of what the monstrous-feminine is beyond how they could embody it themselves—indeed, how they could weaponize it against queer people and other minorities. Medusa, the rebel, became a stranger for them to attack others *with*—a witch hunt carried out by witches, sex policing sex, whores raping whores to have the *pimp's* revenge.

Leaning into horror tropes to confirm queer bias is bad; so is failing to take a stronger stance on what should be obvious: trans women are women, and don't tend to rape other women (which cis women ironically ignore, traitorously acting like men themselves to rape trans people in service to profit).

Such is bigotry. It doesn't need an exact language or thesis to give it form, queerphobia—specifically of the "man" in the dress—dating back centuries (e.g., Matthew Lewis' *Matilda*). The paradox of moderacy lies in how it's still radical *because* it whitewashes genocide and defends fascism behind the liberal, married housewife: a refusal to change. Like so many thinkers from the '70s (or the entire 20th century, for that matter), Carter became a predator lauded for her steady and fairly tame (from a political standpoint) appetites; i.e., dressed up as bold, brave, and transgressively noble, yet gatekeeping others by excluding them—through alienizing preference! She's not the liberator of all groups, but a white cis-het woman getting her admittedly narrow jollies in the shadow of problematic straight men she was more-or-less aping (and the Man Box of weird nerd culture these men encompassed in their own work): the Marquis de Sade!

Of course, rape play and liberation aren't mutually exclusive, but Carter didn't use her bored housewife's libido to expand her horizons; i.e., beyond the Shadow of Pygmalion, hence liberate other peoples using ludo-Gothic BDSM. As such, she's a former darling who only took things so far—for white straight women, first and foremost; i.e., a form of submission, myopically limiting their struggle to that single group *against* all others, including trans people: as beings of darkness to abject state rape (that of their husbands) onto. Dick move, bitch.

From there, leveraging this ongoing problem against the whore's paradox happens per the *traitor's* perspective and outcome; i.e., a Judas refrain whose witch hunts against her own kind exhaust any goodwill at the expense of everyone (and all symbols) involved; re, TERFs and witch hunts poisoning the well (from the Undead Module):

by playing cop as TERFs do, they sell out, only serving to erode the credibility and goodwill of genuine activism (a fascist tactic, generally capital in the process); re: Silvia Federici's argument, "Witchcraft accusations, in fact, are the ultimate mechanism of alienation and estrangement as they turn the accused—still primarily women—into monstrous beings, dedicated to the destruction of their communities, therefore making them undeserving of any compassion and solidarity" [cited from "[Hot Allostatic Load](#)," 2015]. Witches aren't just AFAB, though, and worker solidarity needs to reflect that; re, as I

write (earlier in this volume: In response to both authors, I would include that capital tokenizes all labor (not just female and non-white) as sexualized, fetish, alien; i.e., something to gentrify and decay inside of itself, moving money through nature to harvest nature-as-monstrous-feminine (thus having masculine elements; e.g., phallic women). Feminism decays for these purposes, as do genderqueer movements, sex work, and Gothic poetics ([source](#): "A Crash-Course Introduction to Vampires (and Witches)," 2024).

Simply put, Amazons *are* witches, so the idea of triangulation, castration and witch hunts that we've previously explored in this larger series also applies to *them*. As mistresses mastered by men (which Carter ultimately was, indebted to heteronormative, binarized ideas of sexuality she largely upheld¹¹⁵), *they* are

¹¹⁵ I'm hardly alone in this. As Maeleine Vaughn writes in "Carter, Gender & the Binary" (2020):

without accusing her of being a TERF—because, as I said, she's dead, and never even touched on the subject—her ideas do still rely on the cis-gendered experience. [...] Carter's exploration of female sexual liberty is unapologetic, and arguably still crucial in an era where it remains repressed and underexplored, but Carter's writing remains painfully heteronormative in its exploration. To begin with, so far that I know (and please feel free to prove me wrong!) Carter doesn't portray any homosexual or queer relationships in her work. This, in and of itself, isn't a bad thing, but the dated heteronormative angle of her work is pronounced even beyond this. In particular it shines through in the tropes she uses, with the undercurrent of power and empowerment going hand in hand with (hetero)sexual liberty.

For example, when depicting her happy relationships, Carter brings the couples together under equal terms—there is consent, there is enthusiasm in both parties—but a traditional binary coding burns clear, either unconsciously or through deliberate choice. How often it is the men, antagonistic or not, who guides the sexual experience to a nervous, virginal girl? How often is the occasion marked by that archaic breaking of the hymen and the blood on the sheets? How often does the maiden swoon into the man's arms? How often does the woman become the seductress, to try and induce the man to provide her with what she needs (not wants), be that liberty, purpose, or sustenance? How often is the woman described as beautiful? And how often is fulfilment supplied not by the self, but by the right man?

A message shines through, right from the hellish landscape of De Sade's writing, which equates sexuality with empowerment, the kill or be killed, or in this case, the dominate or be dominated. And while we can wax lyrical about the potential philosophical usefulness and realism represented in De Sade's disgusting writing, it doesn't change that it fits a traditional gender role, even if De Sade himself arguably disregarded gender (and even sexuality) as part of the equation. The role of the dominant, sexually capable and strong man, and the subdued, innocent – or perhaps coquettish – female who presents herself to him as a lamb for metaphorical slaughter, is a painful stereotype, and it's one Carter uses, over and over ([source](#)).

That binarization reflects the usual qualities of capital that predate Carter's work by centuries (re: De Sade, but also Radcliffe). Even so, Carter's work remains dated in ways I saw worshipped and quoted by Gothic academics all the time (cutting their own teeth in the '80s and '90s). She's a darling and needs to be killed and discarded, save for what points she had that *were* useful, similar to other writers from then and before; re (from Volume Zero):

In other words, if Sontag was "vanilla," then Radcliffe was barely even ice cream [...]. But their combined inexperience paradoxically stems from dark fantasies invented from the open secret of sex abuse turned into urban legends [...] These canonical misconceptions operate on the automatic conflation of sex and harm, versus merely being adjacent to it during psychosexual expression [there's a thin line between the two—a tightrope to tread carefully]. That is, sex-Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

darlings and per Sarkeesian's adage, we must poetically "kill" said darlings in holistic¹¹⁶ ways that interrogate their own betrayals/misguided desires for revenge; re: Barbara Creed, saying that "Athena's aim was **simply** [emphasis, me] to strike terror into the hearts of men as well as reminding them of their symbolic debt to the imaginary castrating mother."



(artist: [The 1Medusa](#))

Except, we can't afford to be simple when having out revenge, reversing abjection during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., "just threaten cis-het dudes with Freudian castration," as Creed seemingly puts it (seemingly forgetting that Athena, depending on the legend, was a gentrified temple goddess punishing a rape victim, yet in same breath, giving her the terrible, Numinous power to freeze rapists in their tracks; re: by *reversing* abjection on the same Aegis, per my arguments). Nor can we be chaste alone when humanizing Medusa, thus Amazons; i.e., nature is an alien, monstrous-feminine *whore*, thus subject to the whore's paradox affording her power under exploitative, abject conditions. For one side or the other—not just maidens and whores, but those who normally consume whores—each finds power

*positive BDSM is generally about negotiated unequal **power exchange** in a written, contractual form that is founded on (relatively) equal bargaining positions ([source](#): "Notes on Power").*

The liberation of sex can imitate our conquerors without functioning as them, but the mutilative elements require a campy GNC irony that Carter and her ilk simply didn't have. Camping the canon, we can speak to our desire for revenge. We must if we are to override any policewoman's idea of punching down with said devices. Otherwise we're just Amazons on another witch hunt—one those in power will point to later and say (to their usual constituents), "You can't trust them."

¹¹⁶ Holistic analysis constitutes the return to older thinkers and ideas; e.g., I cite Solzhenitsyn's famous quote, in my Undead Module: "If only it were all so simple! If only there were evil people somewhere insidiously committing evil deeds, and it were necessary only to separate them from the rest of us and destroy them. But the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being. And who is willing to destroy a piece of his own heart?" I so do because I think the basic idea of empathy and emotional nuance during revolution is a good one; re: segregation *is* bad, and queer people were a regular and famous casualty of the Soviet system under Stalin's rule: outlawing them in 1933 until 1993 after the Fall. By no means do I put Solzhenitsyn on a pedestal; he was [an anti-Communist, fascist-monarchist, American liberal darling](#) (Hakim's "The Man Who 'brought Down' the Soviet Union Was a Terrible Human Being," 2024). Rather, I'm against *all* states, and would want people to understand who I'm citing and why.

In short, the basic quote is good even if the man (or the book he wrote containing it) was not. In hindsight, my knowledge of Solzhenitsyn was limited in much the same way my knowledge of people like John Lennon or George Orwell was; i.e., restricted to carefully manicured and state-sanitized postmortems. But just as such persons mixed lies with truth—in effect stealing their ideas from revolutionary forces to better resonate with their target audiences (the American middle class)—we can a) take their ideas and quote them to achieve an ironic affect, while b) educating people about the historical persons we're citing. Solzhenitsyn and Orwell were imperial-cop sell-outs; Lennon was a homophobe, out-of-touch millionaire; and Stalin was—well, Stalin: a cruel dictator who abused state mechanisms, including making homosexuality illegal, regressing queer activism under his rule and after for essentially the next century. We must be/do better than all of them!

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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(and knowledge) according to how the state forbids access, yet access happens anyways. We trade power and knowledge as labor exchanges that workers regain control *of*—across media, but also space and time; i.e., challenging various double standards through our own doubles punching *up*. Doing so—and existing to spite TERF authors like Carter or Raymond, exposing them as false—is our revenge. It should make our enemies uncomfortable, but also lull them.

Let's stick with Medusa, as she's arguably the most famous, and the one that neoliberal *Amazonomachia* uses to police workers with, then and now. She classically appears *out of control*, and is put down by Amazons who see their own failings (and abusers) mirrored on the rabid double's complicated surface. Per the whore's paradox, though, both of them regain power while *feeling* out of control; i.e., during calculated risk. They *learn* to control their *abilities*, meaning their trauma; re: playing with rape as a *counterterror device for workers*. Trauma lives in the body but also around it, and marks us in ways that draw police forces *to* us. It's their primary way of controlling us, thus our revenge "from nature."

Except, when workers become able to play with rape under controlled circumstances, they gain the ability to liberate themselves *from* the state; i.e., the state loses any hold over workers, becoming afraid of what we'll do when fear doesn't motivate us to punch down. In turn, we learn not to simply control our trauma to *hide* it, but cryptonymically weaponize it *against* our enemies (the elite and their servants). We build ourselves up despite our scars/alienation: to go beyond the narrow focus (and praxial limitations) of women like Radcliffe, Carter or Creed.

To be clear, we can salvage said women's useful *ideas*, but the idea of them as darlings desperately, *desperately* needs to die; i.e., by exposing the TERF-y (thus settler-colonial, Cartesian, heteronormative) aspects of their outmoded, Gothically immature approach to the monstrous-feminine, rape and revenge: an imaginary antiquity whose "ancient" fakeries *enforce* capital by either pointing the finger at us fags and calling us rapists (re: canonical terror/counterterror arguments), or by evoking people who do (re: Creed building *The Monstrous-Feminine* on Sigmund-fucking-Freud, of all people). That shit gets me, a trans woman, livid; i.e., at people who *should* know better that put Carter on a fucking pedestal, essentially talking about her like she's some fucking saint rescuing the world from *us*. It's 2024; we're way past that! We're not your scapegoats, bitches, and even if you get us, capital and fascism *will* get you! There must always be a whore, thus a victim, and the state is the ultimate hangman *you're* only playing at.



You're *expendable*, and betrayal cuts both ways; after *we're* dead, they'll take you out back (or through the front door) to hang you in the streets for all to see!

Rape is rape. In control of our trauma, *we* become masters of cryptonymy/mirrors; i.e., able to attack in ways

that are harder to kettle. In the West, the state relegates explicit sex to the bedroom (re: Foucault), except as something to pimp, or otherwise control/attack outside of said bedroom with (re: me). As such, those who communicate openly with sex do so through code, cryptonymy and demon BDSM; i.e., camping it; e.g., "Stepbrother, what are you doing?" or "I need my 'couch' moved." Instead of turning everyone to stone, Medusa (and by extension, Amazons) can activate her forbidden sight *without* harming her friends, and turn those who attack *her* (and other state enemies in bad faith) to stone. Ancient trauma (the abuse and revenge of whores) revives to reclaim the Medusa's power through Amazons as "out"; i.e., loud and proud activists—a threat display but also defiant jouissance whose confident passion remains haunted by those seeking to control us: subjugated Amazons colonizing the aesthetic in duality! Sex is something to have under *their* terms, which *we* resist in psychosexual exchange; i.e., as subversive Amazons, pushing back against our colonizers in disguise.

The state controls sex and gender in monstrous-feminine language because these are where power (and trauma) are found; i.e., the state wouldn't bother if that wasn't the case; re: their ideas of power revolve around ideas of state revenge *also* dressed up: the pimp dominating nature-as-monstrous-feminine, doubling and dominating it through tokenized double standards; e.g., anal sex (which we'll explore in just a moment). Except, exploitation and liberation occupy the same uncanny space; i.e., as poetic things coming alive to seek the whore's *GNC* revenge through power as something to reframe inside itself. In short, there's a potential to humanize what is demonized by reclaiming the whore-as-demonic, thus normally treated as chattel/property and reclaimed in liminal territories. To critique power, we must consume problematic things and understand how to subvert them: to gain access to the endless ways whores (thus Amazons and the Medusa, left) manifest in popular media:



([source media](#): "*Medusa Craves Boiling HOT Cocks*")

This affords us different opportunities. For one, censorship is a death sentence. We can't just throw out sex work due to systemic abuse, because the state can just abuse us and watch us discount sex work's liberatory value; i.e., people attract through alienation towards what is different, even if those differences are enforced, and porn—despite its problematic elements in industry forms (often racial¹¹⁷ ones, below)—allows people to experience fetishes and clichés; i.e., by consuming them in order to understand human behaviors: exposure to what is alien to exchange, then transform ourselves into healthier forms, moving forwards. We

¹¹⁷ Interracial porn is as much the interaction between taboo parties as it is commodified body types; e.g., the PAWG, BBW or BBC, etc.

want take what is given and learn from it to synthesize good praxis, thus catharsis; re: to use girl talk's gossip/anger alongside monsters and camp, thereby channeling Medusa's "hot goss" to tell our friends where to stick it (and where our enemies can't) during the cryptonymy process: madness as an aesthetic/form of data in the flesh.



(artist: [Medusa](#))

Keeping with Medusa and Amazons, though, we have to do better than symbolic shows of force that historically gentrify and decay into token assimilation and senseless, unproductive revenge; e.g., Victoria de Loredani stabbing Lilla (re: Sam Hirst's "[Zofloya and the Female Gothic](#)," 2020) translating to one relatively privileged group punching down. Double standards denote doubles and vice versa.

To it, liberators have to avoid triangulations pitting alien against alien, wherein said castrators unironically harm state enemies, then posture as rebels/progressive! This applies not just to Amazons, of course, but minority groups and monstrous doubles at large (which often includes Amazons); e.g., queer people and vampirism something to attack until the state, deprived of easy prey, cannibalizes its own police force; re (from the Undead Module):

Denied queer scapegoats, the state will turn to other forms of monstrous-feminine, and ultimately on itself as famine sets in (e.g., *Attack on Titan*). To that, the usual clichés persist. Though not always, vampires are often male, monstrous-feminine dandies operating predatorily inside a traumatic, colonial location (re: Lestat from *Interview with the Vampire*, feeding in pre-revolutionary America); i.e., one where consumption is generally considered an act of theft during welcome/unwelcome trespasses that freeze the victim in place: the paralyzing theft of privatized essence—blood, brains, life force, etc—from a rightful, *bourgeois* source (the lothario/gigolo-coded Lestat, gleefully supping on the aging beldame before wringing her neck, and Louis clumsily trying *his* best *not* to kill *his* meal, thus prove Lestat wrong: that gay men needn't strictly be sexual predators who harm those they feed on). Anything that challenges said ownership is unwelcome by the pearl-clutcher, be the robbery a solo enterprise or an uncomfortable gathering with revolutionary potential (eating the rich); i.e., the prosecution framing sodomy as a venereal disease that conflates the cruiser's seeking mechanism and punching up/topping from below with bad-faith predation (eating women and children).

As a *discourse*, though, the potency of class conflict during monster-themed oppositional praxis has only intensified during the Internet Age. Inside this age, new generations of queer people emerge, then reclaim "sodomy" through vampirism; i.e., as a theatrical device they take back from older tokenized queers (and straight Marxist-Leninists acting like second wave feminists at best, Stalinists at worse; re: Bad Empanada) who insist "they 'won' the battle" or "have all the answers." Newer an-Com queers must resist tokenism, then, refusing to sell out according to such desperation and convenience (wherein abjecting the entire Superstructure and literary analysis very much *is* a matter of convenience; re: Bad Empanada); i.e., those persons hijack rebellious language (such as vampirism) to abuse it *for* fascist, false-rebellious purposes: stochastic predatory violence and betrayals, both delegitimizing activist credibility and goodwill to empower state mechanisms per the *brand* of selling out (re: Drolta from *Castlevania: Nocturne*, which again, I explore in "[Back to the Necropolis](#)").

To that, canonical vampirism and its unironic, police-like means of "sodomy" language have crystalized over several centuries—i.e., by tying neo-medieval expression to individual sexual predators, pests and addicts who invade and prey parasitically upon a single location; or is framed as doing so according to abject pogrom stereotypes within a profoundly biased heteronormative imagination; re: the "outing" of Jews (and people confused as "Jewish," such as Eastern Europeans) during blood libel and other anti-Semitic tropes describing them as [blood-drinking vampires](#), [baby-killing witches](#), and/or [flesh-eating goblins](#) (all, again, from Hey Alma's "Anti-Semitic History of..." series; 2021, 2020, and 2023):

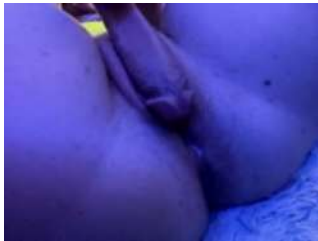


(artist: Chris Bourassa)

In turn, the same chimeric libel would extend to trans women as 21st-century reprobates; i.e., vampires (and their kissing-cousin relatives, lycans) needing to be publicly embarrassed, hounded, and ultimately put down/to the torch in order to serve profit. As such, their execution falls under the same grim harvest, its liminal hauntology of war happening by assimilative forces conducting rapacious, obscurantist and hypocritical acts of penetrative force, mid-DARVO: the silver bullet or stake through the heart being more of the same witch hunt cannibalizing queerness; i.e., one whose Foucauldian (discipline-and-punish) enforcement arbitrates chaotically as the state decays and sinks *its* "fangs" (stakes) into wherever and whomever the state needs them to go ([source](#): "Leaving the Closet; or, a Trans Woman's Scholarly Contributions to Older Histories of Sodomy and Queer Love," 2024).

The same issues that affect "phallic women" more broadly (or the white women writing about them; re: Carter) likewise affect any marginalized group that might use the Amazon (or something comparably monstrous-feminine) across different monster classes; re: the undead, demons and/or animals. Such duality per the Amazon and Medusa shows how all can gentrify and decay as profit rapes nature, thus supplies us with strange feeding habits the state can control; re ("A Cruel Angel's (Modular) Thesis"):

Capitalism achieves profit by moving money through nature; profit is built on trauma and division, wherein anything that serves profit gentrifies and decays, over and over while preying on nature. Trauma, then, cultivates strange appetites, which vary from group to group per the usual privileges and oppression as intersecting differently per case; i.e., psychosexual trauma (the regulation of state sex, terror and force) and feeding in decay as a matter of complicated (anisotropic) exchange unto itself, but also shapeshifting and knowledge exchange *vis-à-vis* nature as monstrous-feminine: something to destroy by the state or defend from it using the same Satanic, darkness-visible aesthetics/*pandemonium* ([source](#)).



(artist: [Skylar Shark](#))

All of this can be opposed—and occurs through a rising demand for performers helping us achieve catharsis under capital—but due to the complications listed above, such rebels are often historically tragic in their renaissance; i.e., framing the harvest as humanized; e.g., King Kong falling to his death, and other such beings pushing for interracial bonding that, once martyred, humanize the harvest, exposing the state as inhumane. And if that seems limiting in its scope, simply swap genders: a black *female* ape and a white *twink* in peril. To some extent, then, the darlings we must kill the most amount to our former selves/role models—meaning older "closeting" ideas of Amazons and the Medusa!

The sex-positive qualities of the Amazon classically lend white women the ability to show as much skin as they want (to be comfortable in their own homes, which extend to the land around them) and present themselves as disobedient (often by fucking whoever they want or using toys, above) in ways that build their own possible, attractive and inclusive worlds; i.e., through *mimesis*, they imitate art that is powerful, but also stresses co-existence and harmony between unequal positions of exchange and transformation. In terms of trauma and labor value, demons have infinite forms, as do what they represent in paradoxical matters of revenge; i.e., actual imprisonment is certainly terrifying (which I can attest to), but

introduce an element of control where no harm to a formerly abused party is actually possible and suddenly "imprisonment" feels amazing!

Something is always given and received per exchange; i.e., legitimate abusers awakening us to forbidden prey mechanisms of psychosexual pleasure and pain (re: Jadis, to me) that both speak to our survived confusion/rewiring by trauma, but also our ability to use them during oppositional praxis to *restore* healthy boundaries, in the future. "The dose doth make the poison," abused parties learning which poison to pick and how to camp it; e.g., I love dark mommy doms, but very much learned this the hard way from Jadis—"murder dick" (re: period sex) and *ahegao* are fun, but being raped unironically is not!



(artist: [Pork Loins](#))

Doing so in safer forms of theatre paradoxically *becomes* our Aegis—to bounce harmful energies back, yet hold onto the good stuff defined by the context of playing with rape, exposure, and showing off unique vantage points to special situations of privileged access (e.g., public masturbation with a partially concealed element, left); i.e., of dialectical-material function and flow (of power), not appearance: "Help, I'm in a compromising position!" The sentence is both true and false. So are demons, and this power is ours to reclaim from state doubles pitting Amazonian double standards against us and our stabs at liberation; re: "rape" ironically! "Bind," "torture" and "kill" not to actually accomplish those dreadful deeds, but devilishly exhibit them to instill a sense of rape prevention per the whore's paradox: "Come and see the violence inherent [to] the system!"

Camping canon through medieval recreation is an old standby (and a fun one). In turn, "when the dog bites, when the bee stings..." (a song written by a rebellious nun) can speak to big strong ladies that, per the Amazon myth, are commonly bound and gagged under patriarchal structures; i.e., in ways iconoclasts play with to paradoxically *challenge* profit as a genocidal system: rape uncloaked, but also the power to survive expressed in poetic forms. Told in the same basic language (of rape and revenge), volunteer performers chain themselves up during tantalizing shows of intersectional solidarity and protest (next page)—that of demonic, pleasure-and-pain-seeking beings (which Amazons are), paradoxically "martyring" themselves during ludo-Gothic BDSM! Whores communicate psychosexually through calculated risk, the latter becoming how those how *treated* as whores reclaim said labor and aesthetic when playing with rape in warrior ways!

As proof-of-concept, I want to unpack this *vis-à-vis* Amazons and anal sex; i.e., a postcolonial device haunted by its own abuse *as* something to camp! We'll consider this and more when reclaiming the Amazon for our gay purposes—indeed, our dark revenge when subverting Amazons and rape—next!

Cops and Victims, part two: Our Sweet Revenge; or, Being Ourselves While Reclaiming Anal Rape, mid-*Amazonomachia* (feat. Nyx and Amy Ginger Hart)

"Crom, I have never prayed to you before. I have no tongue for it. No one, not even you, will remember if we were good men or bad. Why we fought, or why we died. All that matters is that two stood against many. That's what's important! Valor pleases you, Crom... so grant me one request. Grant me revenge! And if you don't listen, then the HELL with you!"

—Conan, *Conan the Barbarian*



Demons show us our deepest, darkest desires, which mirror our present, dialectical-material realities. Amazons, as we have explored, are the stuff of American pulp—a Nazi or a TERF's wet dream/cheap power fantasy about getting even (a lie, considering their revenge against never stops)—but they're also a timeless medieval

(of knights and barbarians, but also Amazons and similar demonically crafted beings¹¹⁸) we reclaim to have our *own* revenge: through the language of the imaginary past as half-real, shared across space and time, on-and-offstage between workers for or against the state.

This desire—to crush one's enemies and rape the vulnerable—is inverted, insofar as the state wishes to trample us routinely underfoot (and move money through nature), whereas we reclaim such devices of rape and revenge (which Amazons are) to stymie profit and dismantle the state once and for all; re: during the aesthetics of power and death during ludo-Gothic BDSM's rape play. Our actions aren't those made with total impunity and heartless retribution like token state enforcers, but classify as "criminal" and automatically violent in their eyes because the state demands such things in order to exist: unironic rape, unironic Amazons pursuant to rape in conqueror-fantasy language *vis-à-vis* cops and victims (the strange appetites of those who gentrify and decay under capital, but also survive its abuse to abuse others or attract abusers).

Part one explored our confronting of the imaginary past as having a tokenized, fascist character (re: TERFs, Angela Carter and Creed, etc). Part two considers the whore's revenge as ultimately the subversion of Amazon's prior subjugation, doing so through the language of warriors and rape during the whore's paradox: to camp rape while suffering from its historical effects. "Rape" feels oddly good, either when putting others "to the sword" or vice versa (re: the so-called "Riddle of Steel"). Reflecting on earlier arguments, we'll consider this with Amazons (a classic terrorist) and anal sex (a classic terror weapon), reverting the anisotropic

¹¹⁸ Made from clay to be strong—to rape and avenge or avenge a rape, but also "rape" during ludo-Gothic BDSM, thus achieve praxial catharsis while developing Gothic Communism.

quality of such terrorism to serve a proletarian purpose: the whore's revenge granted by standing bravely against our enemies! To reclaim their stories of rape against us, hence all things associated with those tools of abuse.

Weapons of Terror; or, Anal Amazons: Reclaiming Anal Sex, mid-*Amazonomachia*



(artist: [Aria Rain](#))

First, what is anal? Anal speaks as much to rape and vulnerability as it does to proximity with unequal power and forbidden pleasure: exposed dumpers. While the state loves to threaten damsels with impregnation, it also deems them "worthy" of it. While sodomizing maidens *isn't* unheard of, doing so goes against the profit

motive/patrilineal descent. Damsels are *maidens*, first and foremost—sodomy something of an afterthought/sinful prophylactic reserved for victims worthy of *that* treatment: *whores*, thus *sex demons* (a stigma, let it be said, that *is* often assigned to older married women; i.e., those who have already borne children/marry up and are resentful towards the status quo, but who canonically punch down: the wicked stepmother a kind of witch-y impostor/devil-in-disguise).

Amazons, by comparison, are whores from the offset, hence sodomized to better stress their demonic status and token value (and deny the victim any chance at generational revenge: to train their *children* to avenge state devastation). Even so, the state also views, thus treats Amazons "like men": as capable of revenge beyond gossip and poison; re: *phallic* women, or bitches, threatening lesser men ("little bitches") with castration, captivity and ignominious penetration! Forced anal, then, speaks to the capture of Amazons "tamed" and tokenized by humiliating and painful taboo sex ranked as "worst" by the rapist; i.e., *vae victus* in *receiving* state revenge, said revenge (the cop) aping the colonized in bad faith: to fuck, thus dominate like the animals Cartesian rule prescribes (a process less about biological accuracy [animals can't rape/sodomize each other] and more to dehumanize those "of nature" slated for social-psychosexual punishment by police forces: abusing chattel slaves/property who can't consent). And yet, colonial abuse ties historically-materially to bodily sites of psychosexual harm, which rebellious recipients might subvert; i.e., to submit in ways they—like any oppressed people part of the land—can reclaim *through* theatrical distress/rape revenge; re: rape play extending to "playing dead," meaning to camp one's rape by subverting colonizer vaudeville inside itself: mid-witch-hunt, witches policing witches, sex policing sex.

To it, Amazon booties can threaten rape, insofar as "death by Snu-Snu" can mean pretty much whatever you want it to; i.e., to give but also to receive its war chest. "Amazon" can likewise mean "anal" as a classic terror weapon to use against conquered foes (re: "prison sex" mentality within rape culture¹¹⁹ having warrior elements), which subversive forms can reclaim as a postcolonial device—not the clapping of one's cheeks under genuine duress by token Amazons (thus token bitches whose shitty behavior lessens the whole in the eyes of the oppressed/viewing public), but a site of forbidden pleasure during ludo-Gothic BDSM thwarting profit per the whore's revenge: the place whence girls shit, but also where bolder (and braver) dicks go inside to vengefully defy heteronormative reproductive orders (the decay of the nuclear family unit¹²⁰)!

To conclude, anal is both a classic act of rape, and a canonical, complicitly cryptonymic accusation (and mark) of shame; i.e., of forced submission trapped in duality during liminal expression. Like Medusa, herself, iconoclasts (and *their* Great Pumpkins, below) cryptonymically reverse abjection, camping imperial consumption (sex and force) to weaken Capitalist Realism, year-round; i.e., not just on the appointed, state-supplied day of "Halloween" (controlled opposition), but freeing the harvested (the ghost of the counterfeit/spectres of Marx) to fight back, thus reverse abjection (state sovereignty upheld through force) on our Aegis: throwing the energies of rape and revenge back in the colonizer's face! "Any weapon can become a weapon of terror" (re: Asprey) and anal is a weapon for which everyone has the ability (and the asshole) to camp state doubles, using bad worker puns and wholesome worker fun: the Gothic maturity of a rebellious bodily autonomy Hippolyta would be proud of—reversing terror/counterterror with our butts. Let 'er rip!



(artist: [Kitty Boy Jake](#))

That's anal in a nutshell. Let's quickly outline some additional forces at work (two pages), then broach my thesis argument.

First, subjugation is something to subvert in dominant/submissive language. It doesn't apply exclusively to Amazons, but any "of nature-as-monstrous-

¹¹⁹ "Prison sex" being a term I devised to speak to a hierarchy of power and subsequent values towards the giving of rape, versus "rape culture" being a term I've heard used to describe rape apologetics on a mass, cultural level; i.e., apologizing for rapists and blaming their victims, under the profit motive; e.g., [R. Kelly avoiding punishment for decades despite the mountain of evidence left in his wake](#) (Dreading's "The Disturbing Case of R. Kelly," 2024).

¹²⁰ Commonly expressed through Orientalism, sodomy and blood libel; e.g., King Piccolo's parthenogenic offspring, Piccolo Junior (a qualifier he later abandons), [swearing he'll have his revenge](#) (for his senior's death) after he is reborn; i.e., from a giant egg that grows quickly into adult form: echoes of mad science, incest, reptilian vampires, Pagan infanticide, and the backstabbing Jew, etc.

feminine" per the whore's paradox having revenge during *Amazonomachia's* broader definition, "monster battle," attached to "psychosexuality" expressed (which I do) as "battle sex"; i.e., having revenge through "rape" theatrics while haunted by actual rape, thus help prevent the latter in the future by throttling profit: humanizing the harvest by using anal sex' position as "very uncomfortable place," itself alluding to the demonization of colonized lands and peoples. Anything said herein applies to out-and-out Amazons or Medusa, but also offshoots, like orcs and goblins, witches and vampires, etc—in short, anything monstrous-feminine associated with sodomy that has a bone to pick with capital targeting our bums (with the xenomorph originally being Dan O'Bannon's crude metaphor for irritable bowel syndrome).

Unironic submission occurs because colonial forces aim to not merely to destroy their enemies, but humiliate them during anal as a pacifying terror device; i.e., anything that might be perceived as empathetic "slack" for the harvest and rebellion is sodomized by the colonizer to antagonize nature-as-monstrous-feminine all over again; re: Capitalism raping nature along the usual gyn-ecological arguments, but also blood libel and sodomy-style extermination rhetoric: as their own modular persecution networks that—in capital's later days—crossed with some degree of interchangeability to assist in profit raping nature through literal-to-figurative sodomy. This means anything monstrous-feminine (female or not) having an asshole, thus being subject to anal rape as an *ongoing* threat, mid-witch-hunt, hence opportunity to abject and commodify such things.

For straight men, rape—but especially anal rape—is something to joke about, insofar as receiving it usually doesn't concern them (outside cases of child and carceral abuse). By comparison, anyone deemed "monstrous-feminine" under Cartesian rule¹²¹ is *already* demonic in state eyes, thus subject to anal as a terror device (either to give *to* them, or accuse them of doing during moral panics); subversive parties must reclaim both actor and action, anal and Amazon, as demons would: dark campy sex offering forbidden sight through problematic love that, when humanizing the harvest (the crop, not the cop), reveals capital and its tenure's ongoing flaws; re: treating nature as something to fetishize, carve and harvest by police force.

Camping *those* means camping the material being abused, anal overshadowed by its own pro-state weaponization; i.e., rape play with exotic, xenophilic elements—the beauty and brawn of savage girth, whose "Oriental" (non-European/non-American) warriors emerge seemingly *ex nihilo*, suddenly endemic to Capitalist Realism. Such vaudeville banks on unironic carceral forms of anal sex and Amazons trapping the mind inside itself, endlessly punching down at forms that

¹²¹ I.e., abused by men of reason having secularized Divine Right through the Protestant ethic, enjoying its exceptions and double standards as white straight European men always do (for them and theirs, their understanding of nature becomes artificial, ordained by God-given forces yet dressed up as "science.")

actually push for genuine liberation through *anal* sex (the whore's revenge, versus the pimp's): rape play and roleplay speaking to "conquering" as a spoof that *challenges* profit using the same devices.



(artist: [Mona Wolt](#))

Simply put, demons double "unspeakable" (cryptonymic) desires for power and knowledge; i.e., relaid in dialectical-material forms of psychosexual pleasure through various intersections of class, culture and race, but also pain (exquisite "torture," aka passion/martyrdom). As such, Amazons promise empowering transformation through the paradox of receiving anal sex during calculated risk; i.e., the giver turned into a protector of this or that, the latter receiving anal as a vaso vagal device, and which under mutual consent enjoys as much control over you as the other way around: the dom *serves* the sub, but the sub *needs* someone "dark" (thus fearsome) to serve them *through* the whore's paradox—of the sub issuing commands of domination for a dom (or switch) to objectively follow when *they* transform on command; i.e., trying anal sex for its fearful reputation, meaning a dominating act associated with harmful Great Destruction, but also *pleasurable* pain (and forbidden pleasure) serving the sub during rough sex; e.g., like a genie in a bottle, "Your wish is my command!"

Lived trauma invites Numinous dialogs; Capitalist Realism abjects rape onto pornographic language, which can be camped through the Gothic's lateral directness: destroyer *fantasies*, chasing the *palliative* Numinous. Anal, reclaimed as such, becomes a paradoxical sign of trust, wherein the harming of recipients can occur when caution *isn't* exercised (the whole point of *discipline*, in ludo-Gothic BDSM, is harm *avoidance/rape prevention*, mid-passion): to walk the line regarding things that, once they've touched you, never leave. You don't "get over" rape; you learn to live with it. A gift and a curse, predation fosters anti-predation sentiment; if you are raped, it becomes something to live with through fantasies of itself you can control and thrive within.

The entire practice commonly hints at genuine abuse through its own Ozymandian aesthetic—live burial, chasing down old secrets (re: Medusa's rape) buried/unburied during faux-Orientalism; i.e., camping rape *vis-à-vis* the ghost of the counterfeit: the Amazon's dark anal zone of wicked, barbaric delight (doubling state forgeries)! It's a *conqueror's* fantasy—pushed onto state victims and reclaimed *by* them in the same half-real, tomb-like brothel space: the plundering of alien war "booty" overshadowed by eugenics, hence actual, still-existing racism/race science and its statuesque practitioners' vague-yet-constructed ideas of an imaginary past made great through *multiple* bigotries; i.e., followers of Eugene

Sandow into Olympian, drug-fueled echoes of American-sponsored eco-fascism (which the Olympics are); e.g., Mike Israetel's "[Is Intelligence Really Different Among the Races?](#)" (2023): to live in fear of nature as criminal/terrorist, period—as monstrous-feminine, hence non-white, non-Christian, queer and/or female, etc. It's a false flag but a profitable one, provided you have the belly to police it/play the victim in bad faith. In turn, systemic rape gaslights its victims while tokenizing them, the sickness excised by assimilations thereof, turning hypochondriac (the paradox of modern sickness and health, bodybuilders making cryptofascist arguments while being gluttons and entitled [middle-to-upper-class, usually white/male] drug addicts: a disease stemming from their pathologizing of nature).

Amazons or otherwise, the Gothic is certainly no stranger to rape fantasies or telling truth with lies. This includes sodomy ("the love that dare not speak its name") as hyphenated "love language," relaid in historical violence ahistorically displaced unto fabrications of unironic rape revenge. If we are to heal from rape by capital unto nature (cops policing those "of nature" to devour them for the state), we must confront it in campy forms. So enjoy anal and even fantasize about rape through ironic forms; just don't endorse its unironic abuse by state actors aping the colonizer/chasing the dragon (re: ghosts of Caesar and his statuesque effigies' historically unattainable physique) to dick-measure with!

In turn, *our* bodies and their art may become weapons of genuine resistance (which the state will always treat as violent, regardless if it actually is); i.e., of protecting ourselves and our homes from those who would seek to own and exploit us, reclaiming what they try and take from us (our darkness visible) to use *against* us—by demonizing sex work (which all work is, under Capitalism) in sex-coercive forms! We're not doing ourselves any favors by keeping quiet, in that respect. Play with "rape"; play with Amazons, meaning those strong enough to liberate all workers from state tyranny! Sweet nutritious pain; clap my cheeks, Amazon mommy! Revenge, for us, is simply to exist in visible, humanizing forms of demonic expression. There's certainly an *exploratory* element to this, but also an addictive, drug-like facet with liberatory energies: demon BDSM, including anal sex, as criminalized, thus policed into acceptable forms of trespass by state forces.

The Gothic is largely poetic; in poetic language, "sodomy" yields a forbidden gateway to other worlds—one engaged with through a variety of non-PIV sex, BDSM and kink. This includes those reputedly practiced by Amazons (meaning those compared *to* Amazons) as vengeful aliens (re: the settler argument, prohibiting liberation for fear of revenge); i.e., so-called "savages" or "mud people" having a broad, xenophobic function despite its offshore colonial origins: degenerates of *any* location, color or creed—the enemy within to abject once more (to displace and exterminate, often by tokenized means). And while sodomy yields a crossover element speaking to/with demonized things, it's not inherently destructive or negative; instead, it can help us *regain* control—over our trauma through fetishized caricatures speaking to our idiosyncratic alienation *without*

ranking rape or discriminating against others. To heal from rape (and reverse abjection), we must exist sex-positively in the shadow of police forces; we do this (and avoid discrimination) by finding similarity *amid* difference *using* taboo language (which sodomy is); re: the pedagogy of the oppressed speaking diplomatically to those accused of rape and those having survived it (an idea we'll



revisit when looking at demon mummies). We solidarize intersectionally against capital and its effects making society sick through false notions of power (the grim harvest).

(artist: [Aria Rain](#))

So while said trauma forever stays a part of us, it likewise doesn't define or control us in totality. Instead, we become *desirable* for it, albeit in sex-positive ways to trade in; i.e., can use it to synthesize good social-sexual habits that likewise extend to society at large; e.g., Aria Rain is an amputee using her disability through sex work to *raise* awareness: towards humanizing the disabled, illustrated by the company she keeps treating her well *also* being humanized. It becomes something to pay forwards, good instruction versus bad, good *Amazons* versus bad; re: starting "from ignorance, but also positions closer to nature that have become increasingly alien and closed-off" (a statement I originally applied to queerness and blood libel, in "[Understanding Vampires](#)," but applies equally to Amazons as demonic entities).

Is anal during ludo-Gothic BDSM a Rubicon of sorts? Sure; you'll start seeing the world differently while still inside it (re: Plato's cave). But why let that stop us from living our best lives while helping others in the bargain? In turn, this encompasses our daily lives; i.e., in ways that affect ourselves and inform our struggles against larger predatory structures, namely capital (and its qualities, monopolies, and trifectas) looking to frame us as barbarians to conquer anew.

I want to consolidate some important issues regarding this, which we can likewise apply to Amazons (and anything monstrous-feminine, in that respect). Consider this portion an "anal Amazon thesis," of sorts (indented for emphasis):

First, capital sexualizes everything to rape nature in *modular* terror language, including Amazons and anal; i.e., the world under Capitalism arranges heteronormatively in *service* to capital, whose Cartesian/settler-colonial structure rapes nature through said language; e.g., Amazons being used classically to *control* women by Ancient Athenians, not free them; re (from a few pages back): "The state controls sex and gender in monstrous-feminine language because these are where power (and trauma) are found [...] their ideas of power revolve around ideas of state revenge *also* dressed up: the pimp dominating nature-as-monstrous-feminine, doubling and dominating it through tokenized double standards; e.g., anal sex [and Amazons]." The

state only tolerates the problematic love of Amazons and anal when their challenge (to the ancient canonical laws) is nominal; i.e., provided their counterfeits serve profit in *canonical* terror language that *further*s abjection. As something to combine, but also canonize in different performances, anal is a place and parlance of trauma to give and receive through tokenized enforcers dressed up as savage warriors—Amazons being a half-real theatrical device forever trapped between genuine rebellion and false, targeting vulnerable body parts in vulnerable areas (e.g., the bathroom). Things like Amazons and anal, then, canonically binarize to best give or receive state force (mainly police violence) pursuant *to* profit. To challenge profit and Capitalist Realism on and offstage, workers must camp state terror inside of itself—anisotropically with Amazons and anal to *reverse* terror/counterterror with subversive irony during liminal expression.

To see on which side of the fence people fall, you need only look to how they treat others through controlled devices; i.e., police violence; e.g., sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, but also the monstrous language of violence, terror and morphological expression per the Gothic mode: giving and receiving sodomy as a broader mechanism that includes Amazons and anal sex; re: subjugation is something to subvert in dominant/submissive language, which anal sex (and Amazons) very much are. Demons aren't satisfied with vanilla sex; they play with "darker" forms to weaponize them as a form of transformative exchange: an eye-opening experience/revelation, insofar as anal isn't purely abject, but something to reverse and embrace during the dialectic of the alien (re: hugging the alien, thus Medusa, with Amazons).

Said umbrella includes the basic idea of forbidden sex and hard kinks adjacent more ordinary forms, the appearance of fantastical things like Amazons that indicate policing as given and received through anal (and its double standards); e.g., redheads becoming scarce (from a cultural standpoint, not a genetic one) because they're exotic, hunted to extinction under capital's exterminator rhetoric: forbidden fruit weaponized part-and-parcel with capital's usual harvesting of nature behind foreign or condemned zones' arbitrary boundaries; i.e., alienated and sexualized by police agents enjoying state protection as they sodomize nature by going into said zones; re: us versus them, enacting cops-and-victims revenge arguments. This forced alienation of native groups, in turn, bleeds into any kind of archetype or associate behavior you could think of (not just Amazons): exploiting and exfoliating the land and its occupants, one on the menu and the other holding a knife and fork.



(artist: [Persia Lourdes](#))

This works historically through terror and its devices assigned to abject territories by those with a monopoly on violence, terror and monsters, hence Amazons and anal. Simply put, if someone's a cop, they'll police sex, including monster sex' fetishes, kinks and BDSM; i.e., hard kinks become a disproportionate response against nature as something to impugn by straight avengers (re: the state is straight). To that, anal *vis-à-vis* subjugated *Amazonomachia* isn't a canonical tool for pleasure, but unironic domination that extends poetically to larger structures of oppression abjecting land back through anal: Amazons and "death by Snu-Snu" speaking to bog-standard sodomy fears (as a "disease" to "catch") and warrior-style revenge against colonizer bodies by militant colonized ones (only in colonizer peoples' own heads, mind you¹²²). Guilt by association, then, becomes something to reclaim alongside shame and hatred towards abjected things; i.e., to take Amazons and anal back by camping them is to take the land (and labor) back from these performative elements and their associate structures/enforcers.

To that, we reclaim ourselves as much animals in relation to nature as the state raping nature, thus adopt its survival mechanisms: Medusa's mirror-like gaze and fearsome appearance conjoined with softer things. In evolutionary terms, this is merely strength overcoming natural pressures, which capital is an unnatural (manmade) extension thereof. In turn, the subversive aesthetic of garbage speaks to things normally treated as such, fighting back against patriarchal addicts: subversive Amazons and anal rerouting the usual flow/ordering of power on the Aegis.

Bear with me. Such arguments often (and not without some justice) sound a little funny on their face, but highlight larger forces at work; i.e., hyperobjects and their symptoms, such as Capitalism vs Communism; e.g., squiggly lines are less violent than straight lines on a map because straight lines are unnatural, therefore laid out historically by nation-states through force instead of by land markers, like rivers or mountains. The same idea applies to actions that pertain to sex by native groups (or those treated as native)—those to do reproductive acts different or, God forbid, to do them for reasons other than reproducing at all!

So-called "rape epidemics" and sodomy go hand-in-hand under ethnocentrism, hence moral territory (and actors) versus immoral ones; i.e.,

¹²² While fantasy races commonly symbolize settler-colonial arguments, there's a duality to them that requires them to be racist through usage, hence context; e.g., green skin speaks to colors of stigma that not only historically predate systemic racism, they speak to alienation of all kinds; re: blood libel being a medieval practice that survives into the present to afflict different groups for different reasons. The fact remains that rape fantasies aren't always based on actual cultures through these fantasies, but imaginary ones informed by different stigmas, biases and fears known to ours. To it, Jadis and I used to do rape fantasies—with me being their twink war bride and them playing an orc chiefess saying to me (as I fucked them), "I'm keeping this one!" Doing so wasn't so much to punch down, but play with "Gothic" destroyer language we divorced *from* systemic racism. It was fun!

deserving and underserving victims of state force; re: cops and victims, orcs and humans, etc. Hatred goes part-in-parcel with menticide breeding bad apples to spoil the entire crop; i.e., fruit from the poisoned tree, treating the colonized as "thicc" forbidden fruit to both objectify by the colonizer and deny themselves while chasing it down: e.g., PAWGs and PHAT black girls. These are generational issues measured most commonly in how they fight over time in relation to larger structures and dogma: an industry farming honeydew and milk of paradise.

For example, if someone is unusually afraid of anal, they're probably afraid of a great many other things associated *with* anal, thus more likely to attack those things using anal in bad faith; re: anything "of nature," including Amazons as barbaric givers and receivers of it for or against the state; e.g., witches—redheads or trans women, for instance (above and next page)—that might arbitrarily be called "Amazon" simply for their appearance being different, exotic, alien. Yet the truth is, hard kinks are hard for a reason, meaning they're *acquired* tastes (most of them I don't exhibit in this book because I don't prefer them, but do prefer rape play with Amazons and knights; i.e., demons, like all monsters, are enacted through preference as something to *discover*). And while experimentation often yields interesting results, its primary goal is to acclimate users to a priceless idea: of trying new things that, while stigmatized, are hardly unnatural or even that over the top!

A common application for ludo-Gothic BDSM is transformation, meaning towards a *transhumanist* outcome (more on *posthumanism* during *Frankenstein*); i.e., "upgrading" ourselves by setting aside normal activities and swapping them for abnormal ones. Doing so is less extreme unto itself (most of the time, anyways), and more a spice to, well, spice things up! Such is anal sex. It's not "bad," just different. So are Amazons and their own appearance during rape play a campy alternative to their unironic, tokenized variants—not to conquer *for* the state in subjugated forms, but to appear strong and fearsome to *avoid* state predation by *subverting* subjugation (similar to Medusa). This often has a magnetic effect, during calculated risk; i.e., they attract interested parties in good *and* bad faith.

For us, postcolonial considerations may be raised when dealing with capital's universal benefactors abusing such devices; re: capital is heteronormative, setter-colonial, and Cartesian, meaning its anisotropic views about sex and force extend unto half-real spheres exploring the rape of nature *through* revenge: as a kind of demonic exchange reversing the terrorist/counterterrorist dynamic; i.e., by illustrating mutual consent with "rape," occurring through demonic expression as part of daily life.

As something to indulge in or deny ourselves, we consume forbidden fruit and learn from the experience less perfectly synonymous with rape and more to camp it in order to safely control its powerful effects; re: forbidden sight, our darkness visible taking any shape or measurement, per exchange. In short, anal is the drug and Amazons (or things compared to Amazons; e.g., trans women, below)

are associated with it as the automatic dealers/doers, thereof; *we're* the forbidden fruit (as much as anything "dark" is): to subjugate or subvert using what we got, offering you a delicious taste of a better, freer world; re (earlier in the module):



(artist: [Eva Android](#))

Under Capitalist Realism, something is "dark" if it ostensibly moves anything of value (re: power and knowledge) away from the status quo. Generally this darkness is associated with the vengeful imaginary past based on buried historical atrocities, the latter paradoxically twisted by the former to keep control right where it is (among the elite). Anything that challenges this paradigm is canonically framed as dark, evil, profligate; i.e., nature as vengeful whore, which capital takes revenge on through DARVO-style police violence/obscurantism, witch hunts, tokenism and moral panic; e.g., Medusa and her Aegis' forbidden sight ([source](#): "From Composites and the Occult to Totems and the Natural World").

followed by

power, darkness and knowledge—often as conspicuous, ritualized acts of creation/poetry and (re)invention through magic/mad science—go hand-in-hand during unequal, forbidden exchange, radical transformation and dark desire/wish fulfillment; i.e., someone will trade what they have for what they don't in order to transform or otherwise fulfill a given wish: with a demon that has the requisite item(s), build and/or abilities (e.g., sensations; re: Medusa's Aegis/forbidden sight). / Demons are the classic, mighty and at-times-untrustworthy granters of dark *wishes/desires*, be those fame, fortune, sex, or revenge (which transformation facilitates, on either side of an exchange) [[ibid.](#)]

and

demons having a third quality apart from *exchange* and *transformation—desire*, whose forbidden, wishful thinking/fulfillment occurs under a Western hegemon that alienates, fetishizes and scapegoats nature by design, whoring it out and raping it for profit. As you can imagine, this structure and its grim prostitution translate easily enough to *revenge* by one side against the other—of man/the nuclear model vs nature-as-whore and vice versa; i.e., commonly expressed as *Amazonomachia* in ancient to "ancient" heteronormative wrestling dialogs (and similar theatricalities), but also the Medusa and many other monstrous-feminine GNC forms. Revenge is an

exchange that pertains to power and knowledge concerning workers whored out under state rule, *our* revenge being the development of Gothic Communism with ludo-Gothic BDSM to *end* said rule (thus rape) [[source](#): "A Rape Reprise"]

and

according to what power and knowledge we exchange to and [for, the] whore's revenge is to break the profit motive by making a world for which it (and rape) are no longer possible using these methods; i.e., by using the same demonic and slutty language capital does, but at cross purposes: to hug the alien—not demonize it to receive state violence—thereby (ex)changing how the world is seen to begin with ([ibid.](#)).

Which brings us to anal and Amazons; i.e., traditional, warlike, tools of tokenized *state* revenge; re: raping Medusa's corpse/tomb to repress rebellious sentiment during state decay (and uphold Capitalist Realism). To have *our* revenge (and break Capitalist Realism), we fags subvert these devices to stymie profit with; i.e., as normally achieved by abusing anal and Amazons being objects of dark desire, thus wish fulfillment: to live deliciously and in defiance of state orders purging us, generally turning those "prison sex" mentalities (and their Man Box) inside-out using weird nerd culture—monster sex and its assorted battles!

This generally means while bare and exposed, called "furious" even if we're just naked and vibing (often, though, a fair amount of rage *is* present): dead and loving it, fucking each other's brains out, or adored for our muse-like body's public nudism/asexual prowess exploring (through unknown pleasures) the ways in which sex is normally controlled by the state (through force). Fighting for the right to eat, shit, fuck and die with our dignity intact, our revenge is to humanize ourselves while being remembered for our demonized status. We conjure up (and camp) said status with clay and other dark materials, reversing "rape" by putting it in quotes; re: camping its canonical forms in paradoxical language/medieval puns: "Oh, yeah! Plunder my *forbidden* 'tomb!'" Our revenge equals survival as something to perform, exchanging data through new healthy trades that help us conceptualize our own rape as something to avoid by summoning copies of itself that are costly *and* cheap ("there is a price, barbarian"); anal is often a rebellious statement, boldly ripping the control of sex (and force) *from* state agents—one commonly made in primal, anthropomorphic "breeding" language transported *to* the modern world (which Amazons and Medusa certainly *hint* at, but which we'll examine more with furies, later):



(artist: [Foxovh](#))

It bears repeating that doing so is classically framed as "petty" by pro-state narratives; e.g., to look pretty if only to gain the upper hand in a world that values good looks. In truth, we're merely trying to exist, which requires breaking profit as the thing that normally destroys us *because we're different*; defying such notions, we become whatever we want—our body plasticity and gender euphoria existing despite capital trying to exterminate us, and contributing towards its ultimate demise by taking away its ability to privatize us (and our bodies, genders, labor and sexualities, etc): objects they cannot privatize, and sleek death machines to render their greatest treasure, profit, wholly moot by breaking Capitalist Realism with it. Such is our *ultimate* revenge—not to exist, but *thrive* in a post-scarcity world.

Like any illicit substance during a drug war/epidemic, moral panickers clutch their pearls, and the reactionary behaviors between them serve the same purpose *vis-à-vis* anal and Amazons: control for the state over workers and nature by normalizing one particular way to do things that is "correct," while outlawing everything else (or legalizing them behind paywalls; re: Sales of Indulgence under a Protestant ethic); e.g., missionary PIV sex vs anal doggy (the latter being what Amazons have, thus Commie, Satanist space aliens). These become things to feel anxious *about*, hence loaded with great expectations on how we're *supposed* to behave. In turn, Capitalist Realism informs *Amazonomachia* with neoliberal dogma (anime, videogames, movies, etc): copaganda designed to make people terminally afraid of, hence allergic and paradoxically addicted to, some very basic things onstage and off; re: Gothic push-pull during the abjection process counterfeiting the ghost of *genocide*, the middle class fearful of/fascinated towards abjected things like anal and Amazons being treated *like* forbidden fruit.

Except outlawing things, per the cryptonymy process and its double operation (to show and hide), doesn't eliminate outlawed things from society at large. Instead, they grow increasingly dark and *visible*, those abjecting them suddenly seeing them everywhere; i.e., as a matter of illicit, drug-like consumption: a moral quandary insofar as our existence is something they are conditioned to eat and deny like junk food. Guilt, curiosity and dread (venial sin, often thought crimes) ensue to *uphold* the norm, which is persecution; i.e., towards the out-group by the in-group afraid of them yet also wanting to try what might "kill" them *if* they "eat" them. We become synonymous with sin and temptation as things to try and reject, for fear that prolonged exposure might enact the whore's revenge, not the pimp's; the pimp grows afraid of their own supply.

Such oscillation is rather addictive, but also comical. Cis-het vanilla types, for example, usually walk into situations like these thinking out loud, "But what if I *like* having my asshole fingered?" Would that *really* be so bad, my dude? Furthermore,

when done correctly, anal (giving and receiving) is merely something to try¹²³. It's not a disorder but a *divergence*¹²⁴ from normative approaches to sex (and relating to others through sex), thus Capitalist Realism equating said boundary's violences as unironically apocalyptic: anal as inherently transgressive through such eyes projecting their inheritor's guilt onto the whore, the latter a homewrecker *because* she tempts people with forbidden love like anal (which the state conflates with



rape). But also, it's a asshole whose owner has reclaimed it from state terror dialogs—existing in a rebellious but happy position the same way someone might reclaim the bedroom or bathroom associated with it (and its signature "surprise butt sex" [shock and awe] vulnerability): the revenge of success, decentralizing power's spread in creamy ghosts of itself!

(artist: [Aria Rain](#))

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained" leaps to mind, but suddenly faced with that tempting proposition—of changing into something outside of what capital deems useful—will downright *terrify* most men (and anyone in the Man Box). Suddenly demon BDSM becomes a gateway to harder and harder kinks, which naysayers either reject entirely (calling such activities "giving in" or "weakness"), or which to project their own desire to dominates others onto; e.g., anal = rape because it "feminizes" the recipient; i.e., it makes them a recipient of police violence per nature-as-monstrous-feminine as something not just to rape, but rape in prison-like (uncomfortable) ways *by* Cartesian forces¹²⁵ allergic towards

¹²³ Such abjection is something to dispel *through* experiment. For example, I used to be scared of anal. When I tried it, I realized that God wasn't going to strike me down, nor Satan (the canonical version) drag me kicking and screaming off to Hell. Yes, I didn't like it with Zeuhl (who lost their virginity to anal sex), but I also didn't like them entirely as a person; when I tried it with Cuwu, I liked them a lot more (and was more comfortable with myself as trans), thus found myself enjoying anal a lot more, too. In doing so, I suddenly saw all the people who not only were afraid of anal, but things associated *with* anal; e.g., whores and gay people. It was a very *eye-opening* experience.

¹²⁴ These in turn, are loaded with various slippery-slope fallacies and false equivalencies we can dispel; e.g., anal doesn't *always* lead to felching (through it can), and felching isn't equivalent to "getting your red wings." I've done one but not the other but viewed through the abjection process, such activities would be conflated and viewed as harmful.

¹²⁵ To it, if there *is* escalation, it's generally because those escalating violence have been conditioned to behave as such; i.e., by seeing enemies all around them to attack, thus whores "of nature" to pimp; e.g., Amazons sodomize men out of revenge (the idea—of an avenging degenerate—being a fascist argument; re: the backstabbing Jew), so Amazons must die "the way they'd do it to us!" It's a strawman, one the state loves to abuse during DARVO—to shame and ridicule sluts, and things treated *like* sluts by the state tokenizing Amazons (anything not white, cis-het, male, European and Christian). Nature becomes a brothel, the land something to hold onto and choke out through force versus actually give back to Indigenous groups during "land back" arguments (which become just as unimaginable to Cartesian dominators as anal sex is).

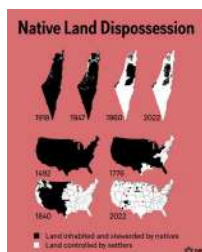
As such, everything must be white, a black planet something fear because the revenge of those reclaiming the land surely must want to seek harm against the colonizers they're ousting. Again,

liberation arguments like land back made *through* anal. They resent anything that points out their hypocrisies through these allergies; i.e., that they're bad-faith, the state incompatible with life and consent through its militants jockeying of the same-old paradigms; e.g., that they're more likely to kidnap women and children and harm them than Indigenous peoples are, thus must constantly act self-righteous to keep up appearances (and rob people blind behind the fog of war). Kinks become like rumors to squash, but also guilty pleasures: to enjoy behind the choir screens,

this is projection. While there's something to be said for getting even, the fact remains that places like Haiti and its successful slave revolt against the French, were repelling a group of people from their land that had spent their entire time there exterminating the local population for profit. Settler colonialism is a system, in this respect—one that repeats over and over across the world, space and time, in between fact and fiction, novel and romance, normal and abject. People who are weird about sex and gender—but also BDSM, fetishes and kink as monstrous extensions of these things—are likewise weird about Imperialism, ethnocentrism, and *Pax Americana*, etc. Things like anal and land back might seem unrelated, but only to the uninitiated!

In turn, history repeats itself in ways that play out through relationships between people and the land that harbors them (where they live, thus have sex). As Jewish Voices for Peace writes:

This July 4th, we contemplate parallels between the colonization of Turtle Island ("North America") and Palestine:



Genocide. Land theft. Ethnic cleansing. Environmental destruction. Forced displacement of people from their homes, and sequestration into isolated areas with (artificially) scarce resources. Criminalization and surveillance. Colonial control over lives, and denial of self-determination and sovereignty. Erasure of native history and culture. Ideologies (Manifest Destiny, Zionism) of entitlement to, and justification for, these atrocities.

While there are parallels between the colonization of Palestine and of Turtle Island, there are also major distinctions. It's inappropriate to discuss the colonization of Turtle Island as a monolith, since the various peoples here endured it in different ways and at different points in time. (To learn more about the specific history of the Indigenous people whose land you're on, go to native-land.ca.)

Supporting Palestinians' right to return and right to self-determination in their homeland goes hand in hand with supporting Indigenous people's demand for [#LandBack](https://twitter.com/LandBack) — for restoration of Indigenous sovereignty and stewardship, and respect for their deep connection to and knowledge of their lands.

As [@ndncollective](https://twitter.com/ndncollective) writes, although Palestinians and people indigenous to Turtle Island "come from different nations and geographies, the struggles against settler colonialism are the same... because settler colonists share playbooks," and "Zionism, white supremacy, and imperialism... act as one to oppress and eliminate us." And both groups of native people are working toward a similar vision of liberation. In [@ndncollective](https://twitter.com/ndncollective)'s words: "Just as we fight and organize to reclaim land on Turtle Island, our Palestinian relatives fight and organize to return the land and for the land to return to the people" ([source Instagram post](#): July 4th, 2024).

Solidarity against such oppression is the only way forwards.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

but also weapons of rape to use unironically against their enemies. "Who's the savage, modern man!"

By extension, the colonizer assumption becomes those who do things that are gross (to them) must secretly crave *anything* that isn't the norm; i.e., *isn't* PIV missionary sex with a white picket fence; re: Amazons, anal and the power fantasies they express denoting unironic violence committed by the rebel against an "innocent" colonial body. Such things are forbidden by the state, colonizing them as guilty pleasures: to let one side to unto the other as punished for crimes that *could* happen. The genocide becomes endlessly pre-emptive; i.e., any fear of a controlled substance instilled to police it through pre-emptive revenge.

For those who fear the forbidden, such things exist outside their realm of experience; camping them, these become viewpoints unto themselves, those who enjoy them doing so because of their medicinal, therefore campy and transformative, potential. Pain is often a part of this, as are ways of doing things differently to achieve similar results. An orgasm is an orgasm—largely in the mind! So is the idea of fair treatment. Our revenge is reversing abjection to undo all the awful, alienizing things listed above; re: taking anal *back* from our colonizers, thus our land, brokering for peace using Amazonian theatre (and its excessive, over-the-top theatrics) as a popular and humorous conduit: threat display (the kind to make you spit out your morning coffee). Death by Snu-Snu, indeed! Anal becomes the whore's revenge; re: Medusa clapping back, subverting the Amazon by dancing with the ghost of the counterfeit: as something to include, not abject, when going native (when in "Rome")!

Such counterterror humor often has a "gallows" flavor to it; i.e., speaking to the pain of *forced* anal (or some such metaphor of colonial abuse) inflicted over a long period of time. Pain is a data that demons specialize in; re: "hurt, not harm" providing love taps—slaps, whip cracks, and pegging, etc—that speak to our abuse echoed across bad copies we *can* reclaim. To see something exotic and different as human, but haunted as alien under police heels—re: the pedagogy of the oppressed—is to heal from rape by finding similarity amid difference in the shadow of police forces. What they dehumanize, we *re*humanize (the harvest) to expose the *state* as inhumane! Profit is the rape of nature as "inferior" to modernity's timeless enforcers; we camp doubles of those, but also embrace ourselves (and our multiculture across like-minded allies with their own struggles, left) as "native," monstrous-feminine: inheritors of a possible better world that Capitalism, in the interim, has done nothing but abuse!



(artist: [Minetgot21](#))

"Native" is both a history and a status—the latter comparable to "dark," in settler arguments and their

Gothic offshoots; Gothic (gay-anarcho) *Communism* encourages all oppressed peoples—those treated as monstrous-feminine by the state—to join hands in collective revenge: intersectional solidarity against our foes aping us in bad faith. Faced with such mirrors, the idea isn't tokenization by viewing ourselves (and our allies) as enemies within, but to subvert the expectation of subjugation-through-assimilation, thus become stewards of each other as part of the natural world we can rebuild at *capital's* expense. Our struggles might seem different, but in truth share the same basic goal: liberation, its dismantling of state models comprising our *best* revenge.

In turn, the same umbral-yet-liberatory potential that Amazons and their sodomy yield likewise goes for non-Christians, GNC persons, people of color and/or Indigenous groups combating various modular-to-intersecting abject immigrant myths/xenophobia; e.g., rape epidemics ("think of the [white] women and children"); i.e., presenting in the buff (or skimpy clothes like the bikini, below) while also being heard through these statements' combined pedagogy of the oppressed: "We're here and we're queer!" Intersectional solidarity punching up towards universal, postcolonial liberation (while navigating various double standards/uneven privilege and oppression) is key in reversing abjection/challenging profit as a whole. Find what works and run with it; light a fire under your ass and go to town! Let them see you living your best life: a mistress of one's own fate.



(artist: [Minetgot21](#))

Indeed, such holistic, feral creativity is vital to breaking Capitalist Realism, becoming mothers (and fathers) to a post-scarcity world while inside its hauntologies. This happens by having pride in one's culture, heritage and creativity as attached to other cultures; i.e., as Amazons are, speaking to white women as "ancient," unruly and chaotic, similar to their non-white cousins raped inside the same territorial police states, thus prisons: "terror-tories." Assimilation is folly because the zones of fear always expand and contract indefinitely per state revenge; i.e., delivering disproportionate violence that, unto itself, yields the very desperation and convenience that lead people to betray themselves. Being informed by the colonial past but *not* set in colonial stone, things don't reduce merely to class, culture and race under struggle, but hybridize and intersect across all persecution networks, lest the elite divide-and-conquer us all over again: "The axe forgets, the tree remembers." We're a *forest*, babes; they cut down one of us, they'll do it to all of us in due time. Lest people tokenize, gentrify and decay under state concessions, liberation is a universal affair! No exceptions! Basic human rights must become universal or Omelas' genocides will continue, unabated.

That's all our main points (and thought experiments) about Amazons, which means the rest of part two is, as usual, a bit more conversational/extraneous/tangential (a forest of tangents); i.e., rehashing previous points—recombining them holistically to reconsider how such things are forever at odds, warring among the same aesthetic for or against capital and its Realism; re: *Amazonomachia* something of a civil war between subjugated and subversive elements, abstracting them in easy-to-understand forms (re: sex and force) during ludo-Gothic BDSM: by interacting and playing with them; i.e., Nyx and Amy Ginger Hart (who we'll examine towards the end). We'll also integrate and inspect some historical elements to Amazons and the ancient world.

In Dispute, Afterthoughts: Subjugation vs Subversion (cont., feat. Nyx and Amy Ginger Hart)

Behind every fantasy is a reality waiting to be heard. Bearing *that* in mind, me and my mother's mutual feelings—of wanting empowerment through frightening-yet-sexy monsters like the Amazon—are perfectly legitimate/ethical provided they *don't* tokenize/submit to state abuse (and its various confusions about BDSM, fetishes and kink).

As such, we shouldn't discount the value of Amazonian devices; i.e., as "mere fun and games," hence treat them as "lesser" when trying to break the cycle. While fun and games *are* required to relieve stress and camp canon, garbage is useful *because* it's garbage; i.e., is clay-like, hence something to transmute demonically into something else because it is both wholly invaluable and entirely cheap. But regardless of its stamina, veracity or exact constitution, the state practice works well enough for them: to divide and conquer those made to fear and fetishize whoever the state requires by abusing the power of mythmaking that Amazons convey so well. Take what they recuperate and use it to hit them where it hurts; make your opposition unruly and desirable in ways that—through the aesthetics of power and death, but also the product placement of monstrous-



feminine revenge (the sleek, biomechanical avenger on her "steed," left)—bend others *towards* liberation through darkness visible on the Aegis!

(artist: [Martina Oliveira](#))

Under capital, sex and force sells as products, including Amazons. Their arguments—about rape and revenge—are demonic, persuading poetically through unequal power's transformative potential and fulfilling of dark desires (regarding sex and force *with* sex and force); re: the right to exist, thus have anal sex, but also practice BDSM to challenge profit/systemic rape, achieving catharsis while fencing dialectically-materially with tokenized variants.

The fact remains, rape survivors are more vulnerable under state duress, and historically betray (along class, culture and race lines) to stop it from happening again; i.e., more vulnerable parties are more *desperate*, thus more *prone* to betray under convenience to *escape* criminogenic conditions (said conditions being promises of violence that may or may not occur—the Faustian exchange, unto itself, *also* being criminogenic). It's an old TERF/SWERF trick, one the state knows all too well. Scratch one, the other bleeds, both victims of privilege and oppression who dominate other workers by *becoming* cops. Both seek revenge through costumes they'll monopolize "for themselves" and "themselves" alone: state bruisers acting as if they kneel before no one, playing the white Indian in bad faith.



(artist: [Aisendraw](#))

Bullshit; nothing is regulated *more* than sex through force, subjugated Amazons stuck smack-dab in the middle of *that* clusterfuck. Asprey writes in *War in the Shadows* how

Terror is the kissing cousin of force and, real or implied, is never far removed from the pages of history. To define (and condemn) terror from a peculiar social, economic, political, and emotional plane is to display a self-righteous attitude that, totally unrealistic, is doomed to be disappointed by harsh facts ([source](#)).

As such, TERFs are fascists and fascists, however "ancient," "mighty" and "rebellious" they seem, *always* bend the knee to capital; i.e., through *false* acts of rebellion facilitating police action—official or stochastic (vigilante)—preemptively against labor as a criminal whole to fight against; re; Parenti: the paradox of one's "defiant" actions being they constitute *deference*, actually *defending* capital by *killing* capital's enemies. The enemy *is* within, but that enemy is them: playing dress-up in bad faith to better enact state terror (thus violence) with relative impunity.

Neoliberalism endorses personal responsibility in its cryptofascism—a "phallic" Amazonian tack to defend the free market, while seeking the kinds of revenge known previously to medieval women's Gothic voices; i.e., regardless of territory or occupant; e.g., Lady Macbeth's rising venom when forced to harbor King Duncan under *her* battlements:

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](#)).

Medusa, through Hippolyta, rattles in echoes that can be copied in bad faith.

Again, while the state tries to monopolize Amazons—and while these sentiments and actual monopolies are impossible—the historical-material *consequence* of striving for them is anything but. Faced with the unknown as brought about by planned economic collapse (and loaded with cryptonymic threats of rape), the middle class triggers, suddenly crying out, "We can't go back to the street, the brothel—won't (or can't) squeeze into a corset again!" But that's



precisely what they do when they posture as strong inside the Man Box; i.e., putting on a fur or metal bikini and posing as a buff underwear model with fake tits; e.g., Autumn Ivy doing just that while aggressively insisting they *aren't* a money-grubbing sex worker, and policing those who might say otherwise:

(artist: [Autumn Ivy](#))

There's nothing wrong with underwear models, money-grubbing or fake tits; there's everything wrong with fake solidarity from token SWERFs, gentrifying sex work while punching down in bad faith (with Autumn also being a TERF for punching down against me, a trans woman). For Autumn (and anyone who acts like them), it's a brand (e.g., the tweet for the left image reading "gym girls that cosplay")—the actual politics largely unimportant save when posturing as strong in ways that white gentrified AFAB people historically do: as token feminists, punching down against easy targets. They're loud, but only when their own equality of convenience is threatened. In turn, images like the one above become something that cannot easily be parsed without dialectical-material scrutiny (the above image merely the phallic *aesthetic* of the Amazon, its author's politics largely neoconservative/unspoken beyond "strong women are sexy").

State alienation knows no bounds. Wedding personal responsibility to austerity politics, neoliberalism loves to threaten middle-class security as "under attack" (during alien invasions) before "creating jobs" to police labor with; e.g., branding the bodice as a "breastplate" and the thong as a "codpiece" (or ham sandwich holder—the *vagina dentata*) to conceal its carceral, police-like function (versus a function that liberates all peoples). All equate to labor and wage theft, disguised as false power in oft-fantastical language criminalizing sex work through

monetary value; i.e., the Amazon as a formerly conquered group, but also a job opportunity (the carrot and stick) *chained* to the brothel: a bouncer who can never leave. Doing so decays the Amazon as a sex-positive feminist symbol; i.e., replacing it with a traitorous double recruited *from* the prison population to brutalize their own (the state later rescinding these privileges, per the euthanasia effect). Whores policing whores in the brothel-as-prison, they do so while posturing as exclusive, *special* victims; i.e., *undeserving* of state force, while administering said force towards *deserving* victims in exchange for state pay. Autumn (and those like them) aren't strong for standing up to the elite; they're a cop, thus the elite's bully kept on a leash, *acting* strong (and having their cake and eating it, too, [as their alt account demonstrates](#)).

Female or not, the state must always create new monstrous-feminine enemies to uphold Capitalist Realism with (and cops to enforce it); i.e., offshoots of the Medusa scaring and exciting its middle-class gatekeepers with a ghost of the counterfeit to further the abjection process (to be on guard/the lookout for criminal degenerate elements). This includes domestic cops and victims, but also from Elsewhere—from the wild reaches *beyond* empire, while making civilians want for heroes that bridge the gap at home: cowboys and Indians, orcs and humans, us versus them. Per eco-fascism and its moderation by state good guys (re: American exceptionalism calling such things "stable," so-called "peace and prosperity" code for worker/owner division, infinite growth, and efficient profit), competition, conflict and scarcity are relaid through tokenized monsters combining this with that, under



Pax Americana power fantasies; e.g., Amazons and orcs with sex, and sex other forbidden goods, like rape: someone to capture you and presumably never let go! It's a drug and the first one's free ("There *is* a price, barbarian!")!

(artist: [Master DCJ](#))

Such feast-or-famine combative theatrics are universally applicable, and regression isn't *automatically* bad (re: regressing during roleplay to address trauma). That being *said*, state decay cycles under capital, fostering a routine unknown to endorse and enforce regressively *conservative* politics made from whole cloth (re: fascism defends capital during neo-medieval regression with paganized, eco-fascist elements). In turn, Orientalism is the dialog between the colonizer and colonized, speaking between them in warrior-like ways; i.e., among those with a capacity for physical violence pushed into cartoonish forms about monster captivity and rape (above and below). They become sources of power to tap into—rape epidemics that seek to reclaim these devices to humanize the Beast and acknowledge the furious

and whore-like elements of the Beauty character in the same breath: their hellish



co-existence during rape, capture and murder *fantasies* (we'll unpack this even more with demon mommies). It's an opera, a danger disco whose Numinous, forbidden love speaks to nature not simply as alien under capital, but desirable for it (sex out of wedlock isn't just fun, but good praxis).

(artist: [Soli](#))

Rape play involves passion when putting "rape" in quotes. Per Laura Ng and Edward Said, the inheritors of empire seek protection from the home as suddenly foreign to them per a fear of said unknown; i.e., when their rights and personal property are threatened by the elite pulling the strings (the call coming from inside the

house): during the Gothic's liminal hauntology of war turning the home into an *unheimlich*, traveling barbaric castle (thus conducive to those savage realities of empire that inheritors of the Imperial Core turn a blind eye to); re: "There is always a sense of a lurking danger from which the viewers need protection" ([source](#)), generally through feelings of alienation and attraction.

All can be supplied by rebels or cops, but their *appearance* is largely the same; i.e., in such spaces "invaded" by a foreign, imperial menace—that of a savage conqueror "of nature" doubling as a homely nurturer that, all the while, comes off as nakedly imposing and desirable, foreign and familiar while evoking the Medusa to hug and embrace during calculated risk; re: the dialectics of shelter and the alien—their threats of capture, bondage, domination, torture, rape, death, etc, playing out during courtly love. A black castle appears; the Amazon defeats it to canonically whitewash home, then is bridled/pimped out as a whore (while being somewhat whore-like until then, too).

In terms of the "invasion," itself, home is invaded by the ghosts of empire projected onto an abject scapegoat mirroring state abuse in "ancient alien" forms (re: the black pyramid and its evil rulers). A wild enemy appears, calling for token Amazons (and similar agents) to crack down in bad faith. These trends extend historically-materially into the retro-future's castle-narrative (chronotopes) and cryptonymies; re, Hogle and Bakhtin: a restless labyrinth merged with the environs of a castle space, saturated through-and-through with time in the narrow sense of the word; i.e., that of the historical past, fixated on dynastic primacy and hereditary rights enforced by police agents, pivoting and wheeling to maintain their

own middle-management, desk murderer's white-knuckle hold on a given population: the animation of a legendary *police* violence mirroring ironic, campy forms (and their gender parody's subsequent gender trouble).

In turn, this ghost of the counterfeit is policed to further the abjection



process, having revenge against nature through clay-like renditions of the status quo as "Gothic," a found document. Statutes are documentation, in that respect—psychosexual golems bringing the dead back to life, wish-fulfilling a variety of guilty pleasures/forbidden desires. "I love 'clay' so fucking much!"

(artist: [Sergey Galanter](#))

Clay is the data storage device of the ancient world, but also—still to some extent—the modern one. Demons, including Amazons, come from said world, fashioned

from clay to denote "ancient," repressed revenge; i.e., as something to reclaim *under* state dominion; re: *from* state gargoyles *policing* state territories and coded *with* state data, thus instructions regarding the giving and receiving of police violence as revenge *against* oppressed peoples fighting back. It's again effectively eco-fascism, white Indians treating native peoples like a virus while badly imitating them. This can be reversed, the proletarian whore both "for real" and artificial while pushing for post-scarcity as starting in imaginary realms; i.e., "given flesh" through clay and other demonic devices.

To demonize something is either to make it alien or speak to one's alienation while reclaiming it. As monstrous-feminine beings, Amazons—good or bad—incur this process in a dialectical-material sense similar to knights (e.g., Cameron's terminators); i.e., cops and victims, us versus them, etc, pilfered from Antiquity in service of the West or to undermine it, mid-*Amazonomachia*.

Through demonic expression—of monsters battling monsters (one-on-one or through teams)—you're only limited by your creativity and imagination; i.e., which capital curtails to *serve* profit by *raping* nature: profiting off manmade disasters. Challenging *that*, anything becomes possible, be it match to make or stance to adopt, per Satanic self-determination; re, Milton: "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven." All pro-state forms (of demons) deliberately serve profit while asleep at the wheel; all pro-labor forms actively fight capital to subvert, resist and dismantle it (to be of the devil's party and know it), hence abjure greed and achieve liberation, sex positivity and post-scarcity—often by showing audiences a troubling view of their own world: of "another" world,

another time, one whose age of wonder and cusp of disaster speaks of god-like beings who walk the earth among us mortals!

In a post-scarcity sense, such a world has never *quite* existed, but the lack of systemic cruelty *before* capital can be revived in hauntological forms felt in the



shadows of cloaked, present-day abuses. This happens per the Aegis seized from the state to embody our struggles; i.e., in opposition to state forms, *our* best revenge being to humanize and deify the proletariat as sacred: a Great Destroyer the state actually fears—what it can't fully pimp/rape, thus control in service to profit! "You'll never own *this* ass!"

(artist: [Dandofuga](#))

This dialectic of ownership and control over nature-as-alien/monstrous-feminine brings us to something I want to briefly explore, here: ancient history and aesthetics superimposed over modern forms of the Amazon as a profoundly hauntological being.

Despite a curious translation for *amazos* meaning "one breast" and indicating body mutilation, we also have the armored, resisting quality of the classical female form protecting the body *from* mutilation while wholly *unclothed*; i.e., controlling sex through force, hyphenating both in masculine body displays loaded with feminine contradictions, theatrical hauntologies, and GNC gradients that have only intensified in recent years (under Amazon tokenization).

For one, recent female embodiments speak through/of the tell-tale nudity of ancient warriors, but specifically *male* bodies mythologized for having invincible flesh (e.g., Achilles) that Amazons were historically denied; i.e., as the *victims* of male conquest (the *Amazonomachia*) by infringing on patriarchal territories. Yet, Gothic Communism is half-real, recultivating the imaginary past that performers (and their bodies) might speak to historical-material issues like female domination: as giver *or* receiver of current state abuse! To that, the monstrous-feminine isn't biologically male or female, and its mythologies allow for a sea of contrast more or less alien to the nascent West (sexuality and gender identity emerging in the 1700s; re: Foucault).

Considering public nudism, the monstrous-feminine invokes a curious paradox when presenting nude before the gods: *strength* through exposure. Under current forms, this presents an opportunity as much to ogle ancient male-exclusive ideas of masculine strength onto women's bodies as it does to masturbate to the

female body on display. The two are not mutually exclusive, but female warriors remain haunted by a die-hard notion of imaginary motherhood attached to state models about sexual reproduction and, by extension, nudity (vaginal or phallic) having evolved over time: male power fantasies for various reasons, but also female/queer pilot adopting said fantasies for ironic (or unironic) reasons.



(artist: [Alex Ross](#))

This Amazonian paradox began with older patriarchal forms that were, themselves, rather plastic. For example, Sarah Bond writes in "A Brief History of Olympic Nudity from Ancient Greece to ESPN" (2016) how the 5th century BCE historian Thucydides saw "athletic nudity [as] a show of *civility* [emphasis, me] in the face of the barbarism displayed by the Persian enemies to the East of Greece. Ancient Persians traditionally thought it against decorum to appear in the buff, and thus Greek nudity was an affront to their social mores. It was a symbol of Greekness at that time first associated with Spartans and then with

many other Greek city-states. It was said that even Spartan women worked out in the nude" ([source](#)).

In short, ancient warriors advertised their superior lineage through their naked bodies; i.e., as a kind of dogma/copaganda—one that could be replicated (for workers or the state) through *cryptomimesis* (the echo of trauma, but also, I would argue, symbols of power). Bond further writes,

Athletes were often ideal bodies that served as the muses for artists, just as Michelangelo would later use such Greek athletic sculpture to inspire his statue of David. To Thucydides and many other later writers and artists, the athletic body was a symbol of Greek civilization, superiority and, most importantly, control. These were bodies honed and shaped by extreme discipline. Greeks prided themselves in competing with each other in self-control—called in Greek "*σωφροσύνη*"—and Sparta in particular was famous for this virtue.

If nudity really was a way of projecting and advertising Spartan discipline, just think about what all those enhanced six-packs in *300* were

supposed to represent. No one articulates the meaning of the ancient nude athletic body better than historian Donald Kyle, who notes in his book *Sport and Spectacle in the Ancient World*, "[The human body-male or female, fit or flabby, clothed or naked-is the ultimate symbol...In Archaic Greece, disrobing fully to become naked for sport became an assertive communication of maleness, ethnicity, status, freedom, privilege, and physical virtue.](#)" Even then, the athletic body was a powerful advertising canvas and nudity was itself a costume (*ibid.*).

"Costume" is a good way to put it. Basically reversing Segewick's imagery of the surface *vis-à-vis* nudity on the surface of *clothes*, and more showcasing clothing through nudity (the surface of *skin*) as a virtue of masculine strength and beauty that Amazons are certainly known for (albeit as a matter of performative irony regarding their feminine side and status being monstrous because they aren't biologically¹²⁶ men)—so-called "bare strength" is an heirloom of the ancient world; i.e., bodies stripped bare, less to perform better and more to advertise them and those they represent (the state and the state's dimorphic gender values) on the field: to be viewed, hence witnessed, as intimating works of art/poetry in motion. This would happen while suitably giving a courtier's deference and hubristic display to Olympus—namely Zeus and his divinity as something to bask in and hopefully win his (infamously capricious) favor:

Athletes competed naked as a tribute to the Greek God Zeus. They wanted to show Zeus their physical power and muscular physique. Showing off their bodies also helped intimidate other competitors. /Since Greek heroes were often depicted nude in artwork and sculptures, this inspired athletes to train harder and win their event. Athletes wanted to be compared to "true" [quotes, me] heroes like Hercules and Achilles.

[...] In Greek legends death was a terrible experience. They believed when you died it was all over and you spent the rest of eternity in endless torment. This is why Hercules was so revered. He was a mortal man who won immortality because of his athletic accomplishments. / Lunt believes that many people competed in the Olympics hoping they'd be able to achieve some portion of immortality. By consistently winning athletes would have statues sculpted and songs written about their achievements, which meant their legacy would live on through the ages ([source](#): "Five Things You Didn't Know About the Ancient Olympics," 2016).

Male or female, masculine and/or feminine, there's an apocryphal element to Greek heroes—one that plays out, onstage, in a *half-real* sense (tying heroism as much to

¹²⁶ That ancient (and awful) rubric, still used by patriarchal defenders to this day (re: TERFs).

games and performance, such naked violence sitting between legend and real life). It also bears repeating that Greek heroes are notoriously *tragic*, chasing the gods only to fall short (with Hercules [going mad and killing his family before trying to commit suicide](#)¹²⁷, and Achilles famously falling victim to poison).

The belief (and a very patriarchal one, at that) was immortality being achieved through legendary feats of physical strength that people could witness at a given venue known for recreating them (athleticism, but also military conquest told in masculine art; i.e., the "human cockfighting" of gladiatorial kayfabe). The classic problem with Amazons, then, is they and their costumes (their naked bodies) were basically doing what men did *minus* a male overlord, which society at the time would have warned against; Amazons were *monsters*, meaning threats to male power structures *because* they promoted an equality that was fundamentally *antithetical* to how the Ancient Greeks—particularly the Athenians—normally viewed men and women: as inherently (according to them) unequal, thus ultimately defeated in propaganda battles ordaining such things (which classical *Amazonomachia* did, carrying its foregone conclusions into Renaissance art and ultimately present-day forms; re: hoakley's "[Amazons at War](#)," 2023). Men were dogmatized as "superior" and treated all women, not just Amazons, as threats/sites of conquest to put down by force—to rape, synonymizing sex with force.

While city-states are not homogenous, even Spartan¹²⁸ women would have been beholden to this ordering of things; yes, they could be do certain things other city-states, like Athens, might be stricter about (nudity in public), but still remained

¹²⁷ According to Euripides (source: Perseus.tufts.edu).

¹²⁸ Joshua Mark writes,

Spartan [women](#) had more rights and enjoyed greater autonomy than women in any other [Greek city-state](#) of the Classical Period (5th-4th centuries BCE). Women could inherit property, own land, make business transactions, and were better educated than [women in ancient Greece](#) in general. Unlike [Athens](#), where women were considered second-class citizens, Spartan women were said to rule their men ([source](#)).

He goes on to state how Sparta lost a 371 BCE battle with Thebes, at Leuctra, after centuries of military supremacy. Following this defeat, the state weakened and collapsed, leading future male thinkers to not only create the Amazons, but blame Spartan women, to boot:

What Aristotle and other conventionally minded non-Spartan men feared subconsciously and perhaps sometimes consciously was feminine power. One expression of that Greek male fear was the invention of the mythical race of [Amazons](#), but at least the Amazons had the decency to live apart from men, whereas the Spartan women apparently exercised their power from within the heart of the community. In the grip of such fear, the male sources often distorted the facts they had access to, usually only at second-hand at best, about Spartan women (cited by Mark; original source: Paul Cartledge's *The Spartans: The World of the Warrior-Heroes of Ancient Greece*, 2004).

In short, the glorifying of male military might was done at the expense of the women who, in the case of the Spartans, not only bore their husbands' children but used their own expanded rights to empower Sparta beyond what it could have been otherwise.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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beholden to that most sacred of womanly duties a state would need to survive: motherhood. A quality reflected in Cameron's Amazons, literal millennia down the road, this effectively made Spartan women glorified breeding vats for the city-state: to produce children, including boys, for the Spartan Agoge: "Their lives were not their own, but belonged to the state," explains Unknown5, who is quick to point out the *Spartan* state was a war machine dependent on slave labor and brutal military programs, but also secret police¹²⁹ ("[How Sparta Manufactured Super-Soldiers - The Spartan Agoge](#)," 2023).

And yet, if men were victims of the state for falling in battle, women were recruited to assist in sexual reproduction valorized over something closer to a whore or second-class citizen: dying during childbirth. But they would have still stood for the values of the state, making them glorified cheerleaders with additional responsibilities yet still controlled for their sexuality by something that had (and continues to have) power over them in newer evolved markets continuing to control sex and force, and by extension, women's bodies of all different kinds. Nothing is controlled more than sex, force an instrument to dominate nature by vengefully pimping it. Nudity and prostitution became increasingly common in forms that,



while they *can* be sex-positive and dictated by workers themselves, historically would have (and still continue to be) controlled by state forces towering over them:

(artist: [Prism Serene](#))

In short, the nation-states of today inherited the flaws of their city-state predecessors (the ones that survived, which Sparta did not), but also their *modus operandi* for advertising through bodies; i.e., whose owners at times worshipped warrior women, but also feared and reviled them as things to pimp (thus rape). In short, Amazons were policed and fetishized, but also *martyred* in service to male hegemony as an ongoing hauntological theme; i.e., the *topos* of the power of women, creation of sexual difference, and Male Gaze, etc, speaking to classic

¹²⁹ Called the Crypteia, on which Paul Cartledge writes in *Spartan Reflections* (2001), "either principally sought out and killed [helots](#) across [Laconia](#) and [Messenia](#) as part of a policy of terrorizing and intimidating the enslaved population, or they principally did a form of military training, or they principally endured hardships as an initiation ordeal, or the Crypteia served a combination of all these purposes, possibly varying over time." In short, they enforced the will of the state as a police body upheld through force—a ruthless tactic adopted by modern-day fascist resurrections regressing imaginarily backwards; i.e., paramilitary units with a vigilante flavor defending capital and its hauntological gender values (which initially fetishize, then euthanize Amazonian doubles).

problems of female appropriation and assimilation: regarding women historically disfigured and maimed by patriarchal forces, turning them into cops.



(artist: [Franz von Stuck](#))

Yet, there is a current issue through such bodies seeming to recruit warrior women in a very Spartan-esque "equality": the state haunting liberatory forms, the latter also seeking the right not simply to undress and show off, but challenge canonical doubles with self-same exposure (a kind of warrior tribadism); i.e., to *avoid* forced motherhood and military service! Subjugated Amazons commonly express as paradoxically virginal, immaculate by Cameron's neoconservative, cop-like forms; i.e., scrappy but off-limits, giving them a modesty element that is paradoxically cheeky and "of nature." Ripley doesn't birth Newt, but rescues her from dark, Communist- and queer-coded savages.

In short, the Amazons of today canonically function as "Goldilocks whores," policing bad nature through good under *Pax Americana*, and which we can redress/undress as needed. Toying with various BDSM themes, such as Marston's bondage kink, it becomes an act of worship—revering the exposed flesh as "mighty" through ironic appearance and subversive context: "She's a brick house," one caught between genuine rebellion and actual betrayal. Once a rebel, then a cop, and struggling to reclaim such things away from their traitorous qualities on the same combative surfaces, the Amazon's surface *tension* is heightened paradoxically through exposure; i.e., to her as both combatant *and* bride in patriarchal eyes, one whose dialectical-material function isn't immediately obvious: a cop or simply a warrior maiden/demon lover that speaks to liberation as a constant uphill battle. Throughout history as something to reinvent while looking backwards into the future, the Amazon's powers remain constantly stolen and abused by nation-states (and neoliberal corporations) appropriating modern-day feminism *vis-à-vis* an "ancient," naked-warrior aesthetic. Yet, such is where power lies, waiting for her to take it all back with.

Moving past the former historical side of things, let's conclude this section by considering power's application through Amazonian dualism—specifically in our hands through Amazons as a form of art and political expression.

Power is useful; demons embody all kinds, the Amazon in particular speaking to her exposed body as a sexual weapon—one of rape and revenge that promotes athleticism through the flesh and vaso vagal through the weaponry she carries. These collectively threaten before, during and after social-sexual activities (often warfare). In turn, inequality through exchange is classically determined through artists and muses, one being knowledge (about nature) and the other power (from/over nature). Per Galatea, but also Faust and Prometheus, each side has something to offer the other in statuesque ways: a slice of Antiquity as retro-future.

Keeping with ludo-Gothic BDSM, the poetic dialog of Amazons *should* be intense, but palliatively subversive; i.e., to deliver eustress, or positive stress, in Numinous passions that speak theatrically to our lived trauma while replicating good feelings, mid-paradox: those relaid in "torturous" body language, unequal exchange, and the dark transformative potential of various social-psychosexual performances. Provided it's what they want, the fucked party *should* reach back to *grip* the bedframe *while* getting railed, or otherwise offer the dom their body and agency during calculated risk (re: consent is hot, but especially under conditions that put it to the test, below). Such surrender is temporary and committed through service, the dom serving the sub in ways the sub needs (and which the dom enjoys).

Furthermore, demon BDSM (with Amazons or not) isn't purely of sex and pain, so much as it involves *asexual* interrogations of trauma that often (though not always) include sex and pain in demonic language. The point of such theatre is *to* "surrender"; i.e., under a performing destroyer's "captivity" and "violence" as equally performative, thus in quotes. It's not real so much as half-real, thus cannot harm the recipient(s) despite controlling them in ways they choose to submit to; it merely restrains them, giving them the chance to negotiate boundaries of unequal power happening under controlled circumstances arranged by everyone in advance (re: informed consent).

In turn, these devices (e.g., bed restraints, below) aren't abusive *unless* being used *to* abuse, which camp doesn't do. Even so, campy forms of exquisite "torture" very much remain haunted by actual, generational trauma; i.e., "rape" being a fantasy to live with and overcome through play that helps stabilize our inner victim, one threatened by daily reminders of what they survived: the Amazon as both protector and destroyer in good faith and bad, for workers or the state; e.g., with me loving the Amazon aesthetic *despite* having been abused by those practicing it in the past. It's not just medicinal, for revolutionaries, but cathartic, orgasmic and good praxis, when done correctly!



([source](#))

Keeping *this* in mind, the gods and their avatars (dualistic manifestations of unequal power and knowledge, transformation, and dark desires of rape and revenge unto nature-as-monstrous-feminine) are as much things to make ourselves as they are to return to in demonic forms made by others—with alienation's problematic lineage under capital reclaimed in statuesque doubles speaking to our bodies and identities echoed darkly across the Amazon (and other demons); i.e., statues to sculpt and behold as one does a god from "ancient" times—both silly [like this '90s Street](#)

[Fighter spoof](#) or serious like Heathcliff from *Wuthering Heights*, the imaginary past conjured to their makers' service: "a form moulded with at least one element of grandeur—power" ([source](#): Nava Atlas' "Charlotte Brontë's Preface to *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë," 2014).



(artist: [Zhaar](#))

This bestiary very much includes Amazons; i.e., as historically whored-out, female avatars of war that have become increasingly entropic (dualistic, liminal, GNC, BDSM-themed, and hauntological, etc) under neoliberal Capitalism as something to be for or against. Our copies double the state's and vice versa, their respective arguments borrowing a great many things from a shared source; i.e., from the cryptonymy process and its restless vanishing point; e.g., dark "phallic" mommy doms like Lady Dimitrescu, left, both coming from and occupying

the same half-real shadow zone used by cops and victims, alike. Both are "dark" in appearance, threatening order as it currently exists (under crisis and its fearsome, decaying circumstances), but only one functionally serving workers, animals and nature by doing so; i.e., there is always a shadow under capital and that shadow is always a deserving/undeserving victim in duality.

As we've discussed, cops abuse DARVO and obscurantism to accomplish state revenge (thus profit) against nature; i.e., as monstrous-feminine *with* monstrous-feminine; re: having "good" nature rape "bad," the Amazon versus the Medusa but also other "bad" Amazons during Tolkien's refrain and later Cameron's. Victims of their unironic violence and bad-faith masquerades seek to anisotropically stymie profit (and break Capitalist Realism) with while using the same linguo-material performances per liminal expression: rape play where Amazons *aren't* simply *bona fide* liberators, but token police reflecting inside/upon the same guerilla, monstrous-feminine, armor-like-yet-undressed (virgin/whore) shells and surfaces! Revolution is ergodic/non-trivial in this respect; embracing and adjusting under this total, diseased reality means acknowledging the Amazon's shared praxial, ontological confusion during the cryptonymy process: on the Black Veil *personified*, tracing its concentric veneers' *mise-en-abyme* (castles-in-the flesh) to escape the labyrinth while, to some degree, inside its power as something to occupy and relate to, person/place, resident/residence, etc.

Like Victor's Creature, Amazons are demons, meaning things that—once made—testify as much to ongoing abuse in dysfunctional relations with (and receiving deceptions/cryptonymy from) powerful forces; i.e., forces concerned with controlling power for themselves as pro-state *or* pro-worker (anarchist). This applies to both sides of a given exchange and goes both ways, among various

marginalized groups; e.g., white women like Radcliffe commonly making Neo-Gothic hulks that speak as much to their husband's legally unequal status as they do citations of imperial abjection, but also reclaim either in fictional forms: "Fuck me like you mean it!"

Speaking to the whore's paradox (re: the best sex¹³⁰ having a bit of struggle, vaso vagal, eustress—so-called "struggle snuggles," cuddlefucks, what-have you), forbidden knowledge and power are often about sex and force as "dark" *because* it achieves catharsis in a *pre-existing* state of confusion that workers inherit/are born into (one where order and equality are a lie that *serves* state continuation by menticing vulnerable parties through psychosexual dogma; re: gargoyles). Great



castigation conveys the data through how we camp its effects with other people we view as "statuesque"; i.e., Amazonian dominators that, under our command, expiate our naughty-naughty sins by pounding our asses just how we like—all while living with/embracing trauma during the dialectic of shelter/the alien:

(artist: [Marlon Trelie](#))

But again, Gothic Communism is holistic. To be considered sex-positive at all, such things cannot harm others—meaning in the scene or elsewhere—across space and time, through poetry and politics using Amazons during oppositional praxis. It's not entirely about their gender but the demon-lover *threat* they represent towards certain privileged groups under men's "protection," classically white women.

Much of the next few pages comes from Volume Zero. Though not female, for example, Radcliffe's *banditti* were demon lovers, and very much threatened (white, straight, middle-class) women with rape; i.e., whether deliberate or not, she commodified a white, straight, politically moderate woman's *idea* of rape, all while excluding most other oppressed voices during the abjection process (all relegated to the ghost of the counterfeit she charged her novels with). Among TERFs, current Amazon poetics can yield a similar misogynistic flavor (cis or trans) that Radcliffe did unto cis women exclusively using mythical, male forest demons. Both are bad, but our focus, here, is the darkness of Amazons made to serve the state similar to how Radcliffe's own rape fantasies did (causing unimaginable harm in the process).

By subverting Amazons as demon lovers during courtly love, we can use this ourselves to harness, thus convey dark power and knowledge; i.e., as things to behold in proximity to its deathly intimations, promoting repressed characteristics of ourselves and how we and *our* potential (to transform during unequal, forbidden exchange) are treated by state and liberatory forces in opposition: the struggle *to*

¹³⁰ For survivors of trauma who aren't sex-repulsed *because* of their trauma.

snuggle, to *be bold*—to rub elbows with godly forces tied to land, labor and occupant normally enslaved by bourgeois servants who look *like us*, mid-rebellion.

As things to control workers with, sex and force "war" as they normally do, the Aegis taking various taboo aspects of daily life and reflecting them back *at* workers in poetic, shadowy forms and methods; i.e., the psychomachy as *Amazonomachia*, yielding internal and external disputes for problematic contrast, thus comparison; e.g., fucking but also dialectical-material struggles about fucking (the marriage bed or wedlock) personified through Amazons (monsters to fuck) being something *to embody* and take *into* ourselves as much to get *out* of our systems; re: to be strong in ways that prevent future harm for all workers, animals and nature as monstrous-feminine caused by state predation.

Amazons are warrior women that reflect "dark desire" being historically ironic; i.e., normally triangulating *for* the state for fear of rape projecting *onto* the colonized-as-demonic, and us anisotropically pushing back through Amazonian camp. This alienized-vs-alienizer dialog commonly has a gendered, animalistic (re: predator/prey) element as well, the Amazon's classical abilities to conform (or not conform) used by state forces recuperating rebellious actors and actions like Amazons (who are basically big animal warrior women) to suit their own needs. They do so with confidence, always assuming we don't have the guts to reclaim and such things to suit us, not them. It's not technically "hard" to prove them wrong (at a glance), but the battle *is* very much an uphill one; i.e., to internalize these devices at a cultural level so that developing sex-positivity (thus Gothic



Communism) becomes second-nature: liberating sex workers (thus *all* workers) through iconoclast art, recultivating the Wisdom of the Ancients (the Superstructure) in the process.

(artist: [AkiraeviI](#))

A "terrorist" goes both ways, then, as does *any* ability to move power through such dichotomies; i.e., as things *to* reverse; re: workers being terrorist and counterterrorist in *anisotropic duality*. This duality reverses polarity through the same points, all depending on who's labeling and perceiving who, but also who's describing a given position as "Amazon" (or something similar to Amazon, like orcs or witches); e.g., state victims are always "terrorist" (thus illegitimate) in the eyes of the state and *its* rights, but always "counterterrorist" (thus legitimate) in the eyes of themselves and *their* rights. The same aesthetic of power and rebellion, rape and revenge, can be recuperated *by* state actors enacting *false* rebellion *vis-à-vis* the obfuscation of Amazons and *Amazonomachia* through DARVO arguments. Through praxial inertia, they tie the *function* of Amazons into knots (above), their white Indian/undercover cop cloaked in double standards colonizing nature (and symbols of resistance tied to nature) as a monstrous-feminine force to harvest *for* the state. Doing so

happens, again, per the usual neoconservative, predator/prey triangulations; i.e., tokenizing a desire *for* protection from abject beings under state conditions: nature equals big, scary whore, so find something of nature—an Amazonian whore domesticated by state agents—to keep criminal (non-white, queer) nature in check, thus protect the state's nuclear model (often expressed as non-Amazonian women and children; re: Cameron's Amazons and *their* victims/wards).

From a competitive standpoint, home is an alien mountain to climb; i.e., king of the hill with only one victor after trammeling the whore (which Gothic Communism seeks to reclaim using the same binding devices and weapon-like threats of force [thus rape] that cops use). In turn, canonical home defense (the besieged home-in-decay as "Western") is *always* (neo)conservative, overlooking *Pax Americana's* genocidal function by seeking *its* revenge; re: peace through strength, repressing state skeletons-in-the-closet by dressing *them* up as bugbear scapegoats.

This includes the *Amazon* as something to *banish*, afterwards—a sow to fatten and butcher while acting like a pig (a cop). Such "hogtying" happens while conveniently titillating the Male Gaze outside the bedroom (for anyone in the Man Box, not just men); re: the canceled future of childhood regression, whereupon capital decays and Imperialism comes home to empire in medieval language: summon darkness (often as evil dollhouse, but also monstrous-feminine dolls inside said house); retire the Amazon similar to the male knight or nameless gunslinger (except she's also a whore) by banishing or bridling her after the liminal hauntology of war (the haunted house or Gothic castle's operatic danger disco) retreats. Rinse and repeat; rape nature abroad by evoking genocide at home.

Doing so panders to Capitalist Realism per the ghost of the counterfeit, pimping demon lovers in parental language overlapping on the same monstrous bodies; i.e., whose abjection Amazons express *par excellence*—manlier and more "daddy-like" than many men, but still treated as non-men/automatic mothers by the state using them *like* men; re: to rape nature *with* nature by defending the state. As a system that rapes nature time and time again, the state is always good in its own eyes; under times of expansion and crisis, it allows tokenism to



assimilate one lucky member of an alien group, making *them* good merely to violate all others *from* said group (and other groups). Galatea tokenizes under Pygmalion's shadow to enforce *his* will: that of the skeleton tyrant/Capitalocene.

(artist: [Kafun](#))

The entire enterprise descends into alarm fatigue, a process where someone becomes the cop simply to *postpone*, not *prevent* their own abuse by state forces; i.e., big fish eat

little fish, so kiss up and punch down, rape encompassing an act of creative control about itself; e.g., Jadis—apart from raping me—also policed my artwork, telling me what bodies were acceptable to draw (as Amazons) and which weren't (and pulling my funding to attack me with)! Such persons are craven to a fault, selling out at the drop of a hat; i.e., at the *threat* of collapse, or facing things coded as "collapse" which they employ¹³¹ against state enemies: the perceived enemy at the gates of "Rome" also being the enemy *within* her dark fortress; e.g., "That not my wife" (from *Body Snatchers*, 1978) being a phrase Jadis freely laughed at *and* used unironically against me: *not* someone who'd put up with their bullshit indefinitely (though I did for nearly three years, the last six months mostly being me planning to leave and calling them out as my abuser).

True to form, Jadis wasn't above whoring themselves out for the state, either—not if it let them assert strength over me (a trans woman) as the (according to them) weaker party! They were always right, and I was always wrong—a holster for their frustrations, and where they could shove their terrible gaze into me (to "look daggers," as the saying goes), a colossal twat ensnaring me with boobytraps:



(model and photographer: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#)¹³²)

Onstage and off, such things regress to pre-agrarian, hunter/gatherer levels of postapocalypse, state "guerrilla monopolies" (on asymmetrical warfare as a performative device) resulting canonically in Quixotic, Pavlovian/menticial, and "white knight, black knight" syndrome (refer to Volume Zero and One for further examinations of these ideas): the hyphenating of pre-existing gender notions of strength (the stacked, "non-white" body type) with ironic roles canonically swapping to *uphold* the status quo, forced onto classic dominatrixes by the state (another reward to promise to state sissies). She's a lethal weapon from head to toe, darkness visible yielding and concealing various cryptonymic facets!

Yet, monster-fucking goes both ways. This uwu/owo (fear/fascination) schtick applies to people lusting after Amazons, knights and similar warriors' ghost of the counterfeit as much as it does when embodying them (*chercher la femme* vs

¹³¹ Ironically while acting "barbarian" themselves (as TERFs/SWERFs so often do); i.e., as facets of fascist feminism—playing dress up as a complicit disguise purely to hide/show their role (as state enforcers) during the cryptonymy process forwarding abjection.

¹³² Originally featured in the Undead Module, "[Escaping Jadis](#)" (2024).

gender dysphoria and body dysmorphia); re: Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott* craving *Sir Lancelot* from afar—boldly and voyeurism eying the great warrior with her magic mirror's telescopic gaze:

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flam'd upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott ([source](#)).

In short, middle-class people historically get "thirsty" and desire protection from imaginary threats in black/white language; e.g., black/white knights, but also novels haunted by them; re: Catherine Morland and friend—in Jane Austen's 1803/1817¹³³ *Northanger Abbey*—crying "positively dreadful!" while reading so-called "black" (Gothic) novels by the dozen (see: Volume Zero).

They also desire to be strong in ways that mirror their Amazonian protectors unequal distributions and proposals; re:

For me, this becomes another form of consent, one informed by sexual desire. I choose to interact with Samus and the castle because they teach, but also excite me. I want to fuck what I want to be: sexy. For me, that means a powerful woman like Samus [a colony brat raised by giant bird aliens].

Yes, *Metroid* spaces and heroines are "traumatic," and echo trauma (re: child abuse) and "trauma" (re: watching *Alien*) from my childhood. They remain sexy because Samus chooses to protect me inside the space, the carrot to the castle's stick. To quote Spike Spiegel, "[I love the kind of woman who can kick my ass](#)." The *Metroidvania* castle lets me adopt a traditionally "female" stance: fear of physical abuse. Intimations of trauma are inevitable; framing them within boundaries of play grants me an element of control, according to a partner I can trust. I trust the *Metroidvania* to "imprison" me. Inside the castle, I control Samus, an avatar whose powerful persona chases my boogeymen, tyrants, away ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Why I Submit," 2021).

¹³³ Written/published posthumously. In part, such stories panned as terrorist literature, something not befitting an unmarried, but still white, straight, middle-class woman to write about.

As such, Amazons are like the bull in the China shop—blunt *and* graceful, pursuer *and* object of pursuit. Thusly reclaiming these paradoxical fixtures of rape and resistance from bad actors/state hegemony during liminal expression's *mise-en-abyme*, we become not only torn between two worlds (either as or regarding Amazons), but between Amazons as alien advertisements for timeless battles working for/against the state; i.e., these castles-in-the-flesh (castle-like bodies and vice versa) "going native" to fight—from mind to monster—over and across the same billboard bodies' demonic sex and force: towering and morphologically buttressed, but also under siege in both directions.

Except, whereas cops present themselves as "shepherds" guarding nature in bad faith (often as white Indians/token vigilantes; re: Savage Land Rogue¹³⁴), we promote stewardship over nature as true anti-rape arbiters; i.e., something to take *back* from the state—both sides employing the castled language of sex and force, rape and revenge to make victim arguments in good or bad faith; e.g., the lived reality of monstrous-feminine *female* bodies controlled by patriarchal ones, the Amazon classically feared by rapists for her visibly daunting appearance, and which rapists will teach Amazons—per the Pygmalion fantasy—to rape *for* them (appearing on and off state land to police its wider colonial territories)!

¹³⁴ Amazons, tokenized, illustrate an ongoing problem of assimilation; i.e., that expresses not just in a variety of superhero bodies, but spatio-temporal fantasy worlds that house them. Rogue doesn't just appear in "our time," then, but other worlds where she can put her talents to work (stealing power from those she touches); re (from Volume Two, part one):

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 ([source](#): "'Death by Snu-Snu': From Herbos to Himbos, part two," 2024).

In doing so, she becomes a crimefighter vehicle for pro-state fantasies that we must take back, regardless of where or how such things manifest! *Kowai* or *kawaii*, tits and ass in or out—a cop is a cop, a rebel a rebel *vis-à-vis* how they move power in one direction or the other!



(artist: [Mike DeBolfo](#))

Amazons are demons, not maidens, thus intimidating to cops when cops cannot control them; i.e., as pimps poaching the most vulnerable targets they possibly can, and constantly dreaming up BDSM clichés that let the male jailor "submit" to stronger-appearing (often female) subordinates in whorish, female-coded outfits when it suits them. They pimp the conquered as controlled opposition/pin-up dominatrix (often as whitewashed "jungle fever"); i.e., projecting their rock 'n roll sex fantasies (and insecurities; re: death by Snu-Snu) onto a classic enemy of the state, but also a paradox: weak/strong per masculine/feminine as monstrous-feminine, forcing the colonized to mother them/whore for the Man—to look tough for said men, but submit to their masters raping them as whores and literally fighting their battles. It becomes an embarrassing privilege in the same old hierarchy. Women's work enters the Man Box, "acting like a man" to collect *for* the Faustian pimp as never actually giving anything up when swapping roles ("liberation" staying in the bedroom, trad wives exiting that space wearing Halloween costumes disguising June in pearls, but also her cop status). Instead, rape becomes something to rank inside a costume game.

Abjection projects state violence onto its past-and-present victims becoming *future* cops and victims. To it, older dynasties were rooted in misogyny as something to recruit from its own victim pools (restricted to local groups cops could realistically dominate through said time's state logistics; e.g. Sparta), capital expanding said pools to assimilate earlier out-groups; i.e., centuries after Imperialism expanded from feudalism into settler colonialism, some of the world's oldest scapegoats (women) became early examples of token cops furthering abjection per state concessions: to fight a rising consciousness to state abuses (merging with other forms of tokenism/decaying activism [white indentured servants, people of color and Indigenous peoples] to punch down against labor as a whole); re: gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss putting "rebellion" in quotes; e.g., kidnapped Hippolyta forced to wed Theseus and obey him, a husband and pimp one-in-the-same, the whore a savage made tame on the Wild West of frontier Capitalism. Over a relatively short period, subjugated feminism suddenly became the concealed weapon during the cryptonymy process—the warrior Venus an alien ace up the elite's sleeve: to go where men weren't allowed.

State/pimp revenge, then, became a matter of funding such sell-outs succeeding the myth as something to make anew and rebirth¹³⁵ the state by infiltrating its own prisons. In turn, *all* state monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital include and inform tokenism as something to swap out various persecution networks among the greater lattice—Amazons merely being a famous example that



has decayed into witches *hunting* witches for the state (white women gatekeeping other women and oppressed groups); i.e., for profit inside state territories, dead metaphors patrolling the same old graveyard's half-real danger discos. They become invasive, predatory cuckoos.

(artist: [Sveta Shubina](#))

Unlike workers fighting for positive freedom, thus control over themselves, state domination boils down to unironic chattelization/humiliation of its alienized prey and total control for itself, like always. Through this terrible device, older abject creatures of darkness and Hell, the wild outdoors and Numinous, etc—once polar opposites to goody state bodies—have since redoubled *among* those bodies as state cops serving profit, thus genocide; i.e., to assimilate, the state recolonizing old territories using new traitors wearing the same native uniforms/standing in monumentally for the usual colonizer agents, reversing roles only to uphold what is normal: female harvesters grasping the reaper's sickle, wearing the collar or bridle to segregate/silence their own (and other) people(s) *without* performative irony. They become stewards not of nature, but Omelas; i.e., expendable patriotic executioners and jingoistic hypocrites sheltered by the state till it yokes them (re: the euthanasia effect): the trick without the treat, the danger without the disco, relegating "resistance" and transparency to once a year (e.g., Halloween, or Pride).

Under capital, state revenge becomes something to exact no matter what, dividing and conquering Medusa (nature, the whore) as they always do—through triangulatory violence, double standards, brides and bribes; re: the middle class furthering the abjection process (and its grim harvest) through the ghost of the counterfeit. Subjugating Amazons to, in turn, subjugate others *using* said Amazons, token whores police non-token whores *for* the Man (aping his straightness,

¹³⁵ Re: The state is incompatible with life and consent—can only rearm its workers to assist in mythmaking that maintains this pattern; i.e., to essentialize the state and end history beyond Capitalist Realism, the past not something to learn from save to enforce state dogma and police violence. Our own gender trouble upsets this paradigm, doing so inside itself *vis-à-vis* Amazons and other monstrous-feminine stories and characters (classically with animal masks being an ancient form of theatre); i.e., to divorce biology from gender and sex, and gender and sex from each other to end canonical essentialism, pushing towards horizontal arrangements of power, knowledge and history.

whiteness, and/or Christianity, etc). To have *our* revenge, we whores have to fight back any way we can, extending Amazonian subversion into and out of the half-real realms of fantasy (and its dark reflections on history) while fighting *for* universal liberation *now*. Revolution, for us, is year-round and holistic (so is Halloween and queer acceptance, for that matter). All for one, and one for all!

Before we move onto "Trial by Fire" and demon mommies, let's quickly conclude with several collaborations, in this respect: Nyx and Amy Ginger Hart.

Whether of class, culture and/or race, cops are traitors through-and-through. Witch cops don't just *apologize* for oppression, you see, but fight to *maintain* and *accelerate* it within weird nerd culture (often under duress; e.g., trans people threatened with homelessness, people of color with imprisonment, etc); they strike deals and infiltrate colonial territories for their same-old masters, standing in as scarecrows and gargoyles (the latter commonly animalistic statues guarding sacred grounds from evil forces, the former ceremonial watchers controlling pests in agrarian sectors): to exterminate their fellow native/rebellious brethren who refuse to sell out. We must challenge these traitors with our own likenesses thwarting theirs; i.e., Amazons (and similar beings) expressed through labor action's revolutionary cryptonymy in age-old markets of war and the flesh; re (from Volume Zero):

[where] 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](#): "Pieces of the Camp Map").

In taking those elements on *and* offscreen, we bring the battle to the half-real streets of public imagination! Gender parody becomes iconoclastic, playfully camping canon.



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

Apart from being a walking weapon of war and survival that often *has* sold out, the Amazon's herbo, hyperbolic/giant/super-sized and protective-yet-bare muscles/sex appeal (and dark, Medusa-grade "furious" form—Nyx, above) still remain legitimate, call-and-response threat displays against state copaganda! Nyx, for example, is a nurturing force of nature, in that respect—treating the land as sacred and all its peoples, animals, and environments under state duress. It's why I chose to paint her and why I see her as one of my muses. Yes, I crave and worship her for being downright *delicious*, but do so as much for her kindness and love; i.e., for things she values *for* their labor and natural value, which capital only destroys for their *monetary* value (for profit, thus rape).

In short, I want people to know Nyx has value as a cutie and a comrade because she treats me (and nature) as she does: a stacked queen who loves to show off, yet is kind to smaller and more vulnerable things! Despite living in West Virginia (a place devastated by decades of coal-mining), Nyx knows the value of all living things, and places said things (and their labor/natural value) *above* corporate greed. She absolutely rules:



(artist: [Nyx](#))

Toxic *and* titillating to state sissies, such hulking green eggs and ham are the state's *bête noire* (nature as gyn-ecological; re: Patel and Moore) and our gender trouble's *raison d'être* when opposing them during ludo-Gothic BDSM—a feast for the eyes that says, "look, don't touch" to their ideological

enemies, hence in ways antithetical to profit when reclaimed by proletarian agents (who are happy to say "touch," as Nyx is, during playtime with comrades); re: we whores exerting control over ourselves as "of nature" during calculated risk. This includes how we present as/perform during liminal expression, thus express power in addictive and fun demonic ways; i.e., onstage and off, the Amazon classically a power fantasy about *killing* our colonizers¹³⁶ versus joining them while disguising ourselves as quite literally bridled.

¹³⁶ Again, versus imitating or otherwise getting in bed with them; e.g., Theodor Herzl (the father of the modern Israeli state): "The anti-Semites will become our most dependable friends, the anti-Semitic countries our allies. / We want to emigrate as respected people" (from Herzl's *Diaries*; e.g., cited by Joeseeph Massad's "[Zionism, Anti-Semitism and Colonialism](#)," 2012). This historically comes at a cost: killing your own in favor of a colonizer identity that alienates you from your own group, but never lets you fully assimilate. It becomes a fortress mentality tied to a satellite proxy state the

I've said repeatedly in the past that Amazons, while demonic, cannot change shape. This is only half-true. They're big muscle girls, yes; they're also military units/targets, which means they have uniforms (often of disguise, next page), which they can swap in and out of, during guerilla warfare. Often modernized in cloak-and-dagger stories like the noir *femme fatale* or Western shootout, Amazons have the capacity to *infiltrate* the state while looking like something the state would use (e.g., as a bride whose gown contains a female-but-deadly assassin); i.e., "when in Rome" to burn Rome *down*, the process a gradual one: through marriage as another aspect of the nuclear model to upend while camping it.

In fact, said disco and its hauntological "danger" are rather like the witch hunt, in that respect: often unmoored from a given space and time (re: Federici), cryptonymically in disguises that announce the plot to those who know (spies work in code, showing and hiding through the cryptonymy process)! In turn, the warrior girl is half exposed then *fully* exposed, but able to fight back when the ruse runs its course (as the fake bride does, below). Get 'em, girl!



([source](#): Choi Dong-hoon's *Assassination*, 2015)

Like the Gothic at large, Amazons are fake in a variety of ways we can exploit to our benefit; i.e., the whore's paradox requires gaining control while seemingly surrendering it (the Amazon both a maiden

and demon originally written by Athenian propagandists to subdue women), but ultimately affording oppressed workers greater agency over their own lives: by dismantling the state as it tries to pimp us. It does so through Amazonian doubles that are never fully closed off, opening the doors for rehumanization (of the harvest) per the whore's refrain applying to people, product and place. By turning the land into a brothel that operates against nature, nature utilizes the same devices to open up shop in said territories; i.e., against land owners and rich people settler-colonizing places to privatize, ethnically cleanse¹³⁷ and demonize through Amazon dialogs. Cops act like your friends, but actually exist to protect private property over people; their job is to rape, *then* play the victim.

To it, everyone *likes* the whore, and by making it a warrior monster to cage, the state is generally pointing to its own half-cloaked abuses—ones workers will see happening to themselves, during the pedagogy of the oppressed! The brothel is

powers that be (namely America) will exploit in a functionally "white" sense; i.e., racial supremacy as a geopolitic project with uneven, modular application (as fascism always is; re: Eco).

¹³⁷ With Samus Aran and similar cop-style, monomyth heroines becoming retro-future exterminators cleaning homes of vermin infestations, per state DARVO arguments); re: in the "Scooby Doo," Radcliffean approach (more on this, later, when we reexamine Ellen Ripley vs Giger's xenomorph).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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never fully the elite's to own, nor is anything else "of nature" the state tries to criminalize; e.g., sex, drugs and rock 'n roll.

As such, its traitors' loyalty (and lingo) is always for sale, hidden by the cryptonymies at work/on display and reclaimed by us; i.e., exposing those who act in bad faith during the cryptonymy process, slipping the false Amazon's mask when *she* sees what we show *her* (on the Aegis) and consequently shits her pants; e.g., TERFs acting liked oppressed Amazons, but keeping the costume to attack trans people *with*. Exposing bad intent is useful and what I designed revolutionary cryptonymy to accomplish through the dualistic, monstrous-feminine language of Amazons. In doing so, we have *our* revenge—on the Aegis by undoing state control over such things, thus reinstalling the potential for mutual consent during the whore's paradox: a savior who appears like a destroyer (meaning a stronger person who looks like they can rape you) but is anything but an actual abuser!

Update: Amy Ginger Hart has decided to go back on our deal, despite me fulfilling my end of it. To summarize, I was writing about Amazons and anal, and saw that Amy checked both boxes (so to speak). So I asked if she'd like to be featured in exchange for some promotion. In response, Amy agreed to retweet the drawing when it was finished. When the drawing was complete and I asked Amy to honor her word and her agreement, however, she responded by blocking me (refer to "[Amy Ginger Hart Exploitation Incident, 11/11/2024](#)" for the full details). I've decided to leave this section, unchanged, as it illustrates how subjugated Amazons can fool comrades acting in good faith; i.e., how subjugated Amazons often seem good on the surface while actually using the aesthetic in bad faith. To that, Amy shoots pretty photos and certainly looks cute (all photos herein used from her public Twitter account), but is actually, as Foucault might have put it, "a phony twat." What she abuses (through obscurantism), we reclaim. —Perse



(artist: [Amy Ginger Hart](#))

Such are subversive Amazons, which Amy Ginger Hart (our second collaborator) *also* aligns with; i.e., of nature as part of the same warrior tableaux (above), and one to embody/embellish for workers performing strength in ways that mix-and-match modern-to-ancient forms of the Amazon, during ludo-Gothic BDSM! Women are classically small and passive, under capital, and Amy values her tight holes but also her strong muscles as classically monstrous-feminine; i.e., masculine *and* feminine, exciting gender trouble for the status quo and gender delight for Amy and her fans!

She embodies nature as something to fight for/alongside with various allies during calculated risk:



(artist: [Amy Ginger Hart](#))

Until development, exploitation and liberation sit on the same stage. Gothic Communism is the practice of spies and monsters towards development, we whores activating demonically during ludo-Gothic BDSM to cryptonymically dispel various (mono)myths about women and other monstrous-feminine; e.g., that women can't shoot/fight back, are always subservient to men and never want revenge against them/are merely sex objects to *please* men (all of these intersecting with other myths in the fight for liberation; e.g., girls don't like being choked, above). In turn, spies imitate those they wish to destroy or change into something better. So does Amy showcase herself as Amazonian—a warrior for sex positivity who operates in the buff/out in open for all to see, and one that harmful practitioners of the aesthetic have, since Ancient Athens, stolen from healthier mythical simulacra (the copy of that which patriarchal forces unironically fear).

Women, then, are generally trapped between positions of ownership and being owned, such Amazonian brothel espionage walking the line between bride and whore, diplomat and spy/assassin. This includes models and muses, whose bodies since Antiquity have inspired (male, female or intersex) to illustrate notions of power as much between masculine and feminine, versus simply a feminine that male artists could realistically dominate: Amy's formidable physique, but also their love of anal sex (a classic terror weapon) being something they love to have—a forbidden zone's territory and traveler explored by brave souls humanizing both as harvested normally by capital.



(model and artist: [Amy Ginger Hart](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Through darkness and desire, but also vibes, mood, and monstrous thrills, we regain control of responses the state will abuse (re: the vaso vagal response and various psychosexual mechanisms)!

Amazons, whether they want to be or not, are sex demons, thus whores in this respect; and whores—again, being vice characters—communicate paradoxically through pain, stigma, bias, the taboo, barbarism, animalistic rape/torture fantasies, and so on. Literally a crush of sorts (the Gothic loves its neo-medieval puns, combined sex and war), they become avatars to vicariously portray/express, hence

grip and control desires the state would normally never allow us to speak: in the "just games" allegory of action stories, kayfabe, and Gothic theatre at large, where Amazons are queen.

Furthermore, for those who prefer the masculine approach (as Amazons generally do—upon their classically female bodies), who *doesn't* want to be desirable as sexy *and* strong (excepting subs and fem-presenting workers, who resist compelled masculinity in favor of controlling it through mutual consent)? Thick thighs save lives! Sex is better during metal; i.e., it hits harder when you're excited by theatrical implements of "danger" overshadowed by state forces haunting and infiltrating our pedagogy (and place) of the oppressed! Resistance is a party filled with good actors and bad fighting over (and with) the same Amazon aesthetic: "Don't you know I want to be with you tonight?" (Trans-X' ["I Want to Be with You Tonight,"](#) 1995).

Beyond Amazons, there's power in all monsters, specifically their reassembly, recontextualization and release; i.e., challenging the state's unironic prostitution/weaponization of anything monstrous-feminine (female/feminine parties being reduced to sex objects defined by their sexuality/sex organs, queer people by sodomy and people of color by non-white criminalization/their skin, etc). We can reclaim them while still being prostitutes, ourselves. And keeping with the



whore's paradox per Amazons, the whore's revenge doesn't have a singular meaning or application; e.g., anal sex, but also oral:

(artist: [Amy Ginger Hart](#))

The fact remains that if monsters like the Amazon *didn't* have subversive power and cathartic utility through psychosexual camp, we wouldn't bother! We camp canon because we must; i.e., from city to nation, the state historically summons the Amazon as a monster whore of nature to rile up moral panic with—as coded into dogmatic fear (scapegoat) responses towards sex controlled through unironic force! By comparison, rebellious workers camp all of that to achieve genuine, at-times-postpunk rebellious effects: disco in disguise, seeking similarity amid difference! Let's dance!

These are not naturally mysterious concepts, but have become *unnaturally* mysterious¹³⁸ by those who *don't* want people to utilize Amazon aesthetics for labor action on a grand scale; i.e., to follow She-Hulk as one might "Liberty Leads the

¹³⁸ As trade secrets—namely prostitution surrounding sexual reproduction policed through force—as more secretive than simply "punch, stab or shoot" enemy forces; e.g., *Mallrats* (1995) and Brody's obsession with superhero sex organs: "It's a secret of the pros!" Smith treats the idea strictly as a joke ("He'll grow out of it"), but such devices yield liberatory potential when camped; i.e., a classic way to disempower cops is to mock them, and a classic way to mock anyone is through their junk.

People" (a painting about the French Revolution) versus a lady who lays down *with* the law as its submissive and breedable war bride/whore-with-a-badge (which She-Hulk—a lawyer and tokenized crimefighter—sadly is), or lays down the law *for* the law (with vigilantes raping people to defend private property in the interest of continued privatization)! Amazons can be cops or victims, but victims can fight back against cops and their various effects; i.e., there's a gentrifying element that extends to superhero lairs (often cities; e.g., Gotham): turning rebel saloons into cop saloons, brothels-by-another-name gatekeeping such things per the usual assimilative double standards punching down; re: joy divisions. Cops can congregate, redlining and dividing up their prey through military urbanism. Within this hierarchy of values, women are pimped on either side of the Thin Blue line: muscle, but *female* muscle.

The fact remains, class, culture and race war concern betrayal as something to avoid along the various persecution networks we've discussed; i.e., attritional exchanges imploring sympathy for the devil on either side by various onlookers. Such supervised, spectated revenge ties Gothically to demons since at least *Frankenstein*; i.e., a concentric, frame-narrative story about nature demonized, thus criminal in the eyes of the state pimping it. Victor less feared the Creature's hulking physique and more its ability to reproduce, envisioning a doomsday when labor-as-robotic fought back across generations to reclaim the Earth out of revenge (re: the technological singularity—a concept we'll briefly explore, in "Making Demons").

Though more transhuman than post, Amazons embody such fears per the whore's revenge. In turn, such us/them and cop/criminal binaries are false insofar as the state promotes them, but which it uses strength to defend the status quo from vengeful whores of nature by presenting cops as false friends; i.e., including in tokenized forms; re: the Amazon as someone to beat and subjugate *into* a cop. We reclaim all of this during ludo-Gothic BDSM, promoting the very things we seek to challenge and subvert; i.e., by enjoying their empowering elements, per Sarkeesian's adage, and refusing to endorse their harmful functions and features while punching up against undercover cops (trying as all cops do, to control every aspect of our lives).

Liberation is a market; i.e., one whose varied and nebulous creative exchanges pass between many abused parties. Primarily nature whored out by capital pimping it as monstrous-feminine, rape isn't something to "rank," and cops can't fully monopolize Amazonian theatrics any more than workers; i.e., our own capacities for giving and receiving violence being stigmatized by the state, but sympathized with by workers for their campy positions under state rule. Like all vice characters, standbys have become the norm. So, yes, there's the classic towering huntress with her sword, club or quiver of arrows as unbroken, unbowed. In the buff, she cannot be tamed, cleansed, or bought! Her primal, athletic and flexible (above) cavewoman's body serves herself and workers, not the state! But

her camping of the state is haunted by the very abuse she makes fun of, thus reclaims through courtly love experienced by demons great and small: during anal or other Numinous forms of psychosexual, medieval-style "torture" interrogating trauma!



(artist: [Sasha Khmel](#))

During ludo-Gothic BDSM, evocations of "Ozymandias" and Prometheus *should* leap to mind in "ancient," posthuman copies—their clay-as-rogue-technology reinventing older Satanic traditions: something wild, strong and of nature, teaching us what we have lost and regain through golemesque poetics/close encounters; i.e., how power redistributes through creative expression to affect participants differently during an ongoing and oscillating pedagogy of the oppressed; re: similarity amid difference.

Amazons are demons. With any demon ever made, there is a being of nature attached to it a) policed by itself (or some traitorous double), or b) liberating itself from police abuse overseeing such construction in service to profit (thus rape). Not everyone enjoys this kind of thing to start with, but the state wants us too afraid to play with others as though they want to play with us, too. Fighting back is forbidden unless the state sanctions, thus profits from its recuperations/preservations of heteronormative thus Cartesian and settler-colonial stances. We challenge all of them on our own GNC (thus alien) surfaces, uniting in ways that Amazons have struggled to do since reclaiming themselves from state authors out of Antiquity.

To it, *pandemonium* takes many forms and combinations. Under capital, nature is monstrous-feminine, thus alien in ways that Amazons speak well to: our mutual-if-uneven alienation by the state, and the forbidden sight that punches holes, Amazon-style, into Capitalist Realism's various embodiments of rape and revenge. Once their subversive potential wakes up and unites, Amazons (and other demons) can rise up to remind the elite—those unable to imagine a world where they *can't* harm others and would rather die than give up what they *think* they own—that it was never theirs to begin with! Hope isn't given by those who hold us hostage; we make it ourselves by actually fighting back—together. "I am woman, hear me roar!"



(artist: [Amy Ginger Hart](#))

So concludes this two-part section on Amazons, rape and revenge (and Medusa before that). From here, we'll look monsters *comparable* to Amazons, albeit on a spectrum!

Again, all demons play with rape through unequal, forbidden exchange, and whose subsequent power fantasies (mainly of dark desire) take many forms of "phallic," alien, weaponized sex. These, in turn, encompass magical friends to make/construct that provide an adversarial, oft-painful component to help us change *beyond* societal norms. By feeding the whore's paradox into others—e.g., the paradox of terror speaking to virgins/whores and vice versa during the whore's revenge—workers suddenly become free to explore things like sex (and sexual taboos) that society pushes *into* fantastical, hellish realms: the asshole of existence. We reclaim these to go *beyond* what is allowed, genuine rebellious camp being far harder to prevent than canon would have you think; i.e., nature-as-monstrous-feminine having its whore's revenge to exist in ways that speak theatrically to the violence normally committed against us by police forces: on the casting couch as its own cartographic refrain!



(artist: [Amy Ginger Hart](#))

In terms of canon vs camp, function is context, which doesn't always track immediately with form; i.e., it plays with and subverts it; e.g., Amy can stretch out on said couch in a campy scenario that resembles its unironic variety's demonic exchange: power and knowledge not things that can ever be fully controlled by one side alone. Transformation happens through the whore's paradox turning things on their heads through play for oneself (with one's body, orientation, and gender identity or performance through clothing, makeup, props and sets)—a desire to have fun with things that are normally abusive. That's how any monster works during ludo-Gothic BDSM!



(artist: [Evul](#))

Let's unpack that next, going beyond earthly realms (which Amazons occupy and wage war inside) and into hellish territories about monster (thus forbidden) love with admittedly Amazonian qualities! Amazons classically capture their mates; continuing with the blood libel/sodomy class of monsters, we'll proceed unto Lady Hellbender and other demon mommies own operatic, ballroom sex-as-weaponry to reclaim postcolonially from state forces (similar to our anal Amazon thesis)! Onto the beefcake mothers of sin and hellfire¹³⁹!

¹³⁹ Oxymorons aside, desire commonly expresses through higher temperatures; i.e., to be hot. Demons of a Numinous inclination raise that to ostensibly self-destructive, incendiary degrees: the anal sulfur and witchy hellfire of a stacked *pandemonium* married to other motherly types, like Amazons.

A Paucity of Time: Addressing the Rest of the Demon Module's Relative Brevity

"I want more life, fucker!"

—Roy Batty, *Blade Runner* (1982)

My original plans for the Demon Module have oscillated constantly between longer and more complicated versus relatively short, verging on inadequate. I say "oscillating" because I acknowledged earlier how there would always be a survey element to various aspects of it; re: "As such, the infinite poetic variety and limitless creative potential of demons and nature requires me to adopt a more survey-style approach for the entire module" ([source](#): "Of Darkness and the Forbidden"); i.e., demons have infinite forms; e.g., those of nature being something we can only gloss over in the module's remaining pages. Gothic Communism is holistic, and happens among different people taking a shared corpus of ideas and applying them differently towards a common goal: universal understanding and liberation. There's always a different way to say the same basic



things—a different time and place, space and persona, term and theory to occupy and adopt. In turn, these things frame and compound, building on themselves (often through size difference, left) to challenge state scapegoat mechanisms with: to summon and abstract as we require!

(artists: [Ray Sugarbutt](#), [Shiri Allwood](#), and [JazzBerry12](#))

To it, *all sections from here on out, unless explicitly stated, will adopt a symposium approach, thus conversational style*. This means I won't have time to reiterate arguments and reinforce these pages by steelmanning them; i.e., I cannot take everything I've said already about monsters (not just demons) and say them again; re (from Volume Zero): "to include or string everything into a grand necklace/dichotomy that I then trot out each and every time a given topic comes up" ([source](#): "Synthesis: Aftercare"). Instead, I can only abbreviate big things and repeat small things, trusting my readers to take and reassemble my ideas henceforth, making new creative successes pursuant to revolution during oppositional praxis; re (also from Volume Zero):

This book is full of stars, so make your own shapes in the sky using the tools and keywords I supply. As long as the journey and outcome are sex-positive within a broad ergodic sphere, the exact routes you take to get there don't really matter. So chart your own sequences. To that, revolution needs to be

more than holistic; it needs to be *internalized* in its practitioners by exposing them to radical ideas and praxis as soon as possible, thus at as young an age as can be allowed (rest assured that fascists and centrists are doing the same thing) [[ibid.](#)].

I.e., using the Gothic to synthesize sex positivity (thus liberation) with; re (from Volume One):

Above all else, the cultivating of emotional/Gothic intelligence and class/cultural awareness remains paramount—to help workers and society liberate itself (and nature) from Capitalism, thus assist in the renewed development of Gothic Communism through sex-positive (art)work. As things to cultivate, emotional and Gothic intelligence are synonymous with social-sexual activism begot from our own diving into the imaginary past. So please, swim around and play—with language, yourselves, and figurative and literal BDSM games that renegotiate labor and unequal power exchange in sex-positive ways. Mix, match, and blend; inject or insert (so to speak).



Whatever it takes to do the job in some shape or form; i.e., to recultivate the Wisdom of the Ancients, thus achieve a Gothic-Communist outcome ([source](#): "The Basics of Oppositional Praxis").

(artist: [Kitty Bit Games](#))

Trust me when I say that I've wrestled at length, back and forth, with deciding to write less about demonic sex and force than I want. There's always more to say and revolution is less a single statement plugging up knowledge gaps (in the academic style) and more like the beating of drums, over and over, through slogans and solidarity overall. But up to this point, I've already written a variety of thesis arguments about demons, whores, and Amazons that concern the widespread raping of nature by the state. Those will have to do. Perhaps it's best to avoid cramming a single book too full of different thesis statements (even concentric ones), but I feel these arguments are productive (and modular) enough concerning the whole of demonology that I should be able to say more with less. I will have to; the results of the recent election necessitate my releasing of this module (and the Praxis Volume) ahead of schedule—i.e., while I still can, even if they're somewhat abridged or otherwise incomplete (a quality that, already felt here, will become even *more* apparent in "Call of the Wild's" abbreviated writings on nature at large).

In other words, there may be a time in the near future when my kind (trans people) are considered completely illegal. I plan to release the entirety of *Sex*

Positivity before that happens, showing my own demonic passion for Gothic Communism for others to carry into the future: that we have the power to change things through our *actions*, not voting (the latter mostly a middle-class game of follow the leader that endorses bourgeois decisions meant to pacify workers with).

Actions take many forms, and go beyond "pure" demonic expression at large. For instance, when I wrote the Undead Module, said module concerned socio-political action through our trauma, and means of feeding in relation to trauma, as undead; i.e., through strange appetites acquired under capital as constantly raping nature, which we subvert through reclamatory Gothic poetics synthesizing good praxis—to cultivate good social-psychosexual habits that prevent profit, thus rape by camping it through its usual poetic markers. Made with our bodies, labor and relationships, *our* power becomes something to "flash" on the Aegis—ourselves, persecuted like the undead so often are: by other undead forces but showing the world what power remains in spite of those trying to closet us. We expose our abuse but also that which *survives* abuse to thrive in light of it; i.e., functioning as undead in ways that often appear vivacious and fully alive, without obvious trauma or visible scars:



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

With demons (and by extension the entire Demon Module), we exist in ways that, like the whore, are paradoxically forbidden-yet-ubiquitous onstage and off—entirely policed, but something the state *cannot* police in its entirety save

through bad-faith revenge arguments monopolizing such things: portraying us as unironic monstrous-feminine demons; i.e., "of nature," which the state must first antagonize, then destroy to keep existing as the state does: unequally as a matter of revenge against nature, extirpating it like vermin.

Our revenge, as demonic whores of nature, is to exist in *spite* of that, liberating ourselves with the same devices under persecution, but also outright *extermination* mania. That occurs through the various relationships we establish together to break Capitalist Realism with; re: by humanizing the harvest and liberating nature from state bondage, suspicion and persecution by showing the world we're human *despite* our reprobate, monstrous-feminine status; i.e., as *demons* do—through a powerful, campy desire for revenge selecting the language of demonization for total liberation (through iconoclastic art) instead of state

punishment-as-usual: "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?" ([source](#)).

The rest of this section (fifteen pages) shall unpack a few broader concepts the Demon Module shall tackle through holistic study and informed mutual action, *despite* said paucity of time.



(models and artist: [Maybel and Jackie](#), and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

For one, the best revenge is success, which for revolutionaries amounts to survival, solidarity and speaking out to achieve universal liberation with; i.e., in ways that denude our killers and give us our dignity amid tremendous adversity during the cryptonymy process: the *cryptomimetic* echo of trauma, but also darkness, knowledge and power in reimagined "past" places replete with theatrical devices as old as demons; e.g., animal masks, ancient burial rites, and the repressed anger of slaves leaking from a given "tomb's" seditious fakeries (e.g., Ancient Egypt, above).

So often, demons speak with the voices of the dead—those long-dead, but also those treated as "dead" within the state of exception outlawing their existence; i.e., by fetishizing it as demonic to fulfill *state* wishes with—impossible, save under

Promethean circumstance and Faustian duress, chopping off Medusa's head. The best way to prevent *that* is to show our killers the head is human yet threatened by devices that, unto themselves, can be reclaimed during the dialectic; i.e., reversing abjection (us versus them) through an expanded circle of empathy weaponizing demonic language *for* workers, animals and the environment—with our bodies, faces, sexual acts and all-around public nudism; re: "art is love made public," negotiated by different groups within shared exhibits illustrating mutual consent as demons so often do—while openly queer and naked:



(artists: [Maybel and Jackie](#))

A perceived land of the gods (who classically enjoy forbidden things to consume or perform, be that ambrosia or reindeer games), our artful forgeries' ghosts (and their aesthetic of power and death) point vengefully to a palliative-Numinous outcome; i.e., a revenge less of the *pharaohs*, and more of their *servants* haunting the same chronotopic venues to threaten the

whore's dark revenge—a subversive, genderqueer desire *to* change the world through demonic transaction, *vis-à-vis* the Wisdom of the Ancients weaponized for worker counterterror (and benefit) through Gothic counterfeit; re: camping the canon to recultivate the Superstructure.

Laden with reclaimed instruments of bigotry and alienation, we become armored when nude (and vice versa; re: Sedgewick), a mask and mirror that—in our capable, inventive hands—grants forbidden sight through historically-materially ironic, *seemingly* impossible vision; re: Nick Bottom's dream from another of Shakespeare's plays, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1600):

Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was ([source](#)).

Rather than strictly frighten or overwhelm, this medieval **confusion of the senses** shows others our happiness, organs, trades, bonds, and yes, struggles through a combined, intersectionally solidarized pedagogy of the oppressed—one healing from rape with "rape" by finding similarity amid difference; i.e., a disparate polity



darkened as much by police shadows as by our own intersectional necromancy's ludo-Gothic BDSM, and one we pointedly resurrect through Gothic poetics and active, informed labor exchange. We become human *while* demonized—something to show off in all its rugged splendor when reclaiming poetry-as-labor from state actors:

(artists: [Maybel and Jackie](#))

"Hurt, not harm." Apart from their glaring eyes and naked, succubean bodies, demons communicate with pleasure and non-harmful pain performed adjacent to actual trauma haunting the same stages; i.e., reminding viewers that liberation (and calculated risk) share the same half-real space with unironic exploitation during liminal expression—death theatre having a fair amount of sex and guilt, but also delight. Said joy happens while breaking *through* canonical boundaries and out of the closet into the open—our *jouissance* expressed using *memento mori* symbolism to speak to death as haunted by rape, but also by healing *from* rape in graveyard language; e.g., *ahegao* both "death face," "rape face" and something in between either that camps what is often, otherwise, impossible to talk about.

In turn, these *become* pleasurable for several reasons: one, doing so both physically, emotionally and/or spiritually feels good, unto itself; and two, because suddenly having a voice where no voice previously existed—to discuss what feels bad with paradoxically "bad" language—*also* feels good. By pointing to bad things with "bad" copies during calculated risk, workers afford themselves counterfeits whose larger "ghost," *vis-à-vis* Hogel, highlights an intensely pleasurable reaction not simply unique to such Numinous juxtaposition, but renowned for it! Non-harmful pain, like non-painful pleasure, becomes a data mechanism to speak to difficult generational injury with, granting much-needed relief about things that are often repressed through state force and disguise; i.e., longstanding harm that, owing to its state-sponsored qualities, otherwise might hide in plain sight. The Gothic, then, becomes a warning device in rebellious hands; i.e., to supply the public with different paradoxical combinations that draw attention to themselves and, per the cryptonymy process, cloak their rebellious operations as needed: as monstrous code, specifically ludo-Gothic BDSM presenting violent action and thought (however actual or justified those claims actually are) as "mere play."

These aren't forbidden at all, then, but which state forces allow during popular media's Gothic dialogs; i.e., by the simple fact that they require *some* kind of Medusa (monstrous-feminine scapegoat) to impugn, thus execute through monopolized sex and force, but also violence, terror and morphological expression inside a given territory. For us, it's a Trojan Horse already *inside* Troy (or Rome)—a

splendid lie whose grey area cannot easily be censored; i.e., it gives bigots room to misinterpret what, for us, contains a deeper message to spoil the elite's propaganda with revolutionary cryptonymy during the whore's paradox; re (from earlier): "Often by rape survivors, such people classically find power/agency through theatrical reenactments of unequal, unfair or otherwise rapacious treatment and conditions [...] The paradox is simple: demons are maidens and maidens are demons, but both are virgins *and* whores, and each finds power (and knowledge) according to how the state forbids access, yet access happens anyways" ([source](#): "A Rape Reprise").

As something to transform, history is incredibly imaginary and plastic, the myth of Gothic ancestry useful for many competing groups (re: Madoff) but especially rebels needing to lick their wounds; i.e., with calculated risk, itself serving as a kind of "hair of the dog"/sheep's clothing in equal measure. Per the whore's paradox, dialogs of abuse become healing and playful during Gothic theatre's "found document" pastiche and ludo-Gothic BDSM, but also vengeful for those very same reasons; i.e., "rape," in quotes, is no longer strictly a weapon of terror employed by the state to incapacitate us with amid joy divisions, but joy and exquisite "torture" something to reunite with to castrate state terror campaigns with palliative doubles; e.g., by counteracting a great many superstitions about public nudism, queerness and sex (re: that God will smite you for having anal sex), while likewise exposing a great many holier-than-thou people who enjoy guilty pleasures while attacking others for embodying those concepts outside the nuclear model: dissecting the ancient canonical laws while reversing abjection as something to, itself, exhibit by having fun. "Fun," for us, becomes any act that, by reversing abjection, helps dismantle state structures with. The more we exist and subvert



things, the less stable their worldview becomes. Capitalist Realism begins to fracture, the elite trying to re-ingest it to regenerate itself. But decay is also a time when state power is *weak*, thus prone to revolution through controlled variables like demonic sex.

(artists: [Maybel and Jackie](#))

Keeping with demons, sex often appears (and sounds) violent, even murderous, and loads itself with medieval puns; e.g., "batter my 'fortress' with your giant 'ram'!" or *Mortal Kombat's* infamous "FINISH HER!" and "FATALITY!" but also *Dark Souls'* immortal victory font: "BUSSY DESTROYED!" Except, what might seem ambiguous in theory becomes rather obvious in practice; e.g., Maybel and Jackie aren't harming each other at all (above), but point in fact, are having a great deal of fun, subverting harm—all while letting the world see its

entrance and entering of forbidden things (assholes) with forbidden things (trans genitals) that, under capital, are very much for sale but which our exhibit shows a different usage for porn than pure, pro-state exploitation; i.e., by using the ace side of sex work to—through the ace elements of Gothic poetics (exploring psychosexual trauma, onstage)—skillfully interrogate police abuse onstage and off: by putting it in quotes, but also by showcasing the ace function of sexuality expressed as pornographic art, seeking to decriminalize itself in demonic forms attaching "Hell" to this or that. That's how subversion in Gothic fundamentally works.



(artist: [Angel Witch](#))

For example, when I showed photos of Angel Witch (a model I've worked with/drawn before) to my cover model, [Harmony Corrupted](#), the other responded: "I love that dildo on them, it's so cute! They look absolutely dreamy and fantastic!" In turn, sexual objects often haunted by sexual violence (of a medieval sort; e.g., knights, castles and torture going in and out of itself, on and on, during *mise-en-abyme*) gain the curious ability to look cute; and if dildos and assholes can look cute, "murder" and "rape" can look cute, but retain their usual taboo power on the Aegis and its carnival refrain: "Come and see the amazing ball-whacker guy! Can *you* survive their 'castles' of doom?" Hell ass, dark castle of ass, etc, as a Gothic space of camp, not genuine hate, we provide/are left with a monstrous-feminine site of fantasy that, often enough under capital, starts and ends with female bodies (queer bodies or not, Crow being non-binary but female, Angel Witch being cis-het): something to summon and rock out to/get down with during rhythmic ceremonial rituals (sites and bodies) well suited for such activities. Hell rocks!



(artist: [Crow](#))

In other words, it's a party concealing itself from state litigation as a matter of disco-in-disguise, but also devilry to normally burn at the stake; i.e., speaking to police abuse *during* a hellish party atmosphere. It's very postpunk, but goes beyond the posturing of those older Mancunians like New Order under Thatcher's reign. Regardless of function or intent, some posturing and fakery is always required during oppositional praxis; behind the mask lurks the revolutionary's desire to change the world—one all too clear to see on the naked surface of *their* playful bodies: "It's 'just' porn/Gothic!" Bodies of Hell, then, are often conspicuous—branded with "Hell" as a symbol, but easily dismissed as dumb entertainment that wasn't trying to *actually* turn the status quo upside-down (trouble in Paradise).

To it, those in good and bad faith appear visually identical, as do their monstrous symbols, metaphors (mixed or not) and costumes/poetic dress up during liminal expression. Except those more skilled in cryptonymy—i.e., as a consequence of simply needing to survive—rely on a level of skill regarding dialectical-material scrutiny the enemy doesn't have: to camouflage themselves with police and scapegoat symbols, but also to engage in rebellion with using said symbols during oppositional synthesis, onstage and off. It's a complicated idea, but after four books I kind of expect you to get it. For more examples, though, consider "An Uphill Battle" (from Volume One) and "Into the Toy Chest, part two"; re (from the Poetry Module, describing cryptonymy my own life):

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 twink), 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.

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 ([source](#)).

In short, it behooves *us* to be skillful, "skill" something that, through sex work (or work sexualized under capital, which is everything but especially any kind of work performed by/assigned to women or people treated as women by the state; i.e., according to their biology and/or identity as monstrous-feminine) merging porn and art as activism-in-disguise:



(artist: Angel Witch and [Blxxd Bunny](#))

Such vivid-yet-underestimated markers of alienation and us-versus-them violence are incredibly useful to workers for several reasons. For one, nothing is more controlled than sex and the desires and poetry surrounding it, which the state requires to prolong itself and rape nature

with using police violence (and tokenized rebellion). Except the state can't make sex entirely illegal, nor language, sarcasm, and thought crimes, and point in fact, desperately *needs* monsters acting rebellious; i.e., to justify its own sexual violence against nature as monstrous-feminine: through the performance of sin, which it can then control as a language and vector of its own tyranny punching down.

Furthermore, Gothic prohibition (and police/military violence at large; e.g., bombs) historically don't work. Such things, divorced from their immediate sexual prescription and dogma, afford theatrical commentaries that become performative with a rebellious function, during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., granting a layer of cryptonymic detachment and engagement that lets us play with such things without the immediacy that sexual connection often entails (many of the models I work with are asexual to some extent; e.g., Blxxd Bunny—who enjoys pain and sexual expression more than overtly sexual sensations—is a bit of an ace "size queen," above). In disguise, we can reverse the terrorist/counterterrorist role, banking on the historical fact that fascism and Imperialism (thus Capitalism) have short lifespans and cannot monopolize weapons of violence and terror like rape through demon BDSM. *We* can use the same exact things to *weaken* their stronghold! And there's nothing they can do about it; colonizers always need someone to fight.

We camp canon because we must. Queer people (and other minorities) live under unstable, harmful conditions, the state criminalizing nature in bad faith to police and maintain private property (re: ACAB, ASAB). So while fascism colonizes media to infiltrate the usual voices of the oppressed, and which the latter must be decolonized by us in the same spaces (subverting the Protestant ethic), we're not trying to assimilate thus become cops that relegate such subjects purely to realms of privatization/controlled opposition; we want to express private matters in public ways that make the world *safe* from capital and police violence: by highlighting the

chaos of our daily lives through the demonic, sexual language of survival during crisis. It's a kind of saber-rattling—a threat display that says, "welcome to our world," but also, "fuck around, find out."



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

Police monopolize, thus abuse, "boundaries for me, not for thee." Except empires, while formidable, are not all-powerful; they need workers (and copaganda laden with fireworks) to defend them from labor at large as something to steal *from*. Fascism is capital in decay defending itself and state rights from worker, animal and environmental rights. This means that nothing scares empire and fascism more than a vulnerable party fighting back in ways they *can't* control; i.e., by demanding boundaries while acclimated to status-quo bullshit, and calling out state obscurantism and DARVO (which the Gothic, and its lack of concrete boundaries, excels at): exposing the universal fear and hypocrisy that state actors enjoy while using its mechanisms to punch down (whose ridicule only takes a good scandal, per the black penitent trope¹⁴⁰, to hoist our enemies on their own stupid, fragile petards; e.g., pointing out that Destiny—a full-blown Zionist and pedophile who loves calling his political enemies "terrorist" to discredit and attack them—apparently blew Nick Fuentes [a bonafide Nazi who hates women and chases catboys] and then filmed it, [only to have the tape leak](#)).

Gender trouble is a large part of it, of course (which the monstrous-feminine is, even in cis-het examples like straight Amazons; e.g., Ayla, from *Chrono Trigger*, above, and a million other examples of the virgin/whore herbo and harlot), but so is "trouble," period; e.g., women with guns and confidence in their animalistic, feral bodies while *not* kissing up and punching down (a witch hunt needs token witches to work, gentrifying and decaying activism): warriors who *undermine* the status quo and shrink the state of exception for universal liberation!



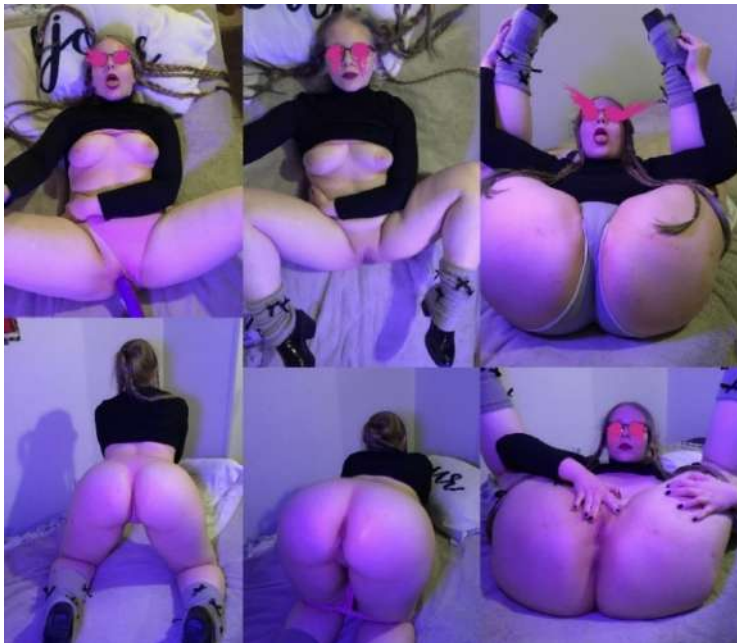
(artist: [Peach Jars](#))

Viewed onstage, darkness visible is anything that promises universal liberation through Gothic maturity. It becomes something to concentrate and channel, taken

¹⁴⁰ Outing those classically sheltered by state structures, said structures normally letting them retreat elsewhere to harm others; e.g., Father Schedoni from Radcliffe's *The Italian*. Exposed for his sins, Schedoni literally dies of shame. Nazis act holier-than-thou, but in truth are the most guilty of all.

offstage during liminal expression to then spread around: rape as something to play with. This includes titillating (and historically ironic) mixtures; i.e., of things normally raped weaponizing tools of rape to their advantage; re: women and guns (above), but also blowing off steam (a sexual outlet, when individual worker needs and desires clash) while simultaneously passing vital ludic codeswitching (and Gothic, BDSM familiarity with such mysterious devices) onto the next generation of workers; e.g., panties—often connected to violence as symbols of sexual vulnerability and conquest (during courtly love, below)—let us play with rape, thus act it out; i.e., by raping the whore as an embodiment of nature that fucks back by acting out *her* rape, but also monstrous-feminine sex to demonically have the whore's revenge: as mutually consensual, but whose mixed metaphors (of which the Gothic predominantly is) remain utterly haunted by those who wish her genuine, irreversible harm!

"Safety" is paradoxically expressed as danger and desire, but also "blind," in Gothic; re: darkness visible. The panties are up, then down; suddenly Medusa is curiously letting you inside, speaking through the performative language of psychosexual violence—to whisper through gouged-out eyes and severed necks' denoting forbidden sight¹⁴¹ through a **confusion of the senses**, but also the paradoxical excitement of lowered panties and foreign objects shoved deep inside her most "delicate" of regions; i.e., during **magical assembly** and **selective absorption's Song of Infinity** speaking to our profound surviving of rape, and coming to an important realization: that rape, under mutual consent, is impossible, but threats of "it" during calculated risk are not just possible, they're demanded! "Rape" is so often how Medusa asks for hugs (with Harmony loving the image of the



blood shooting from her eye sockets; her response when seeing it: "LMAO that's amazing!"). Hurt, not harm; no harm, no foul!

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

It's not that consent is terribly difficult to communicate, then, but that its visual ambiguity and subsequent parsing requires intuition that is not commonly taught by canonical norms (afraid of troubling comparison, which

¹⁴¹ That of blind and/or decapitated prophets and demonic xenoglossia: speaking through corpses. *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

doubles are, and which the state uses to shift the blame onto scapegoats other than themselves). To see us uncloaked and doubling our demise (and bad-faith counterfeits of said demise) during liminal expression, then, is to look upon a post-scarcity world shrouded in the plastic, inky language of the imaginary past loaded with rape as something *to camp* (usually through bad sex puns). Its hellish, anisotropic dualism begs, "Look at us, living our best life in spite of those hunting us; i.e., our stubborn thriving and, indeed, our flexible ability to speak to their betrayals under state control—our humanity something to seize by virtue of the sorry fact that those in (or with) power seek constantly to harm us for profit's sake":



(artists: [Bay Ryan](#) and Beat)

Cumming is a passionate, "torturous" matter of arrival towards profound feelings that, couched in violence, bigotry and phobia, feel amazing and bypass state barriers (thus unironic usage) during psychosexual martyrdom as a form of art, not literal suicide.

To be clear, the two are often adjacent; re (from "Psychosexual Martyrdom"):

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 ([source](#)).

In turn, "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" (Persephone van der Waard's "[Remember the Fallen: An Ode to Nex Benedict](#)," 2024).

Except, what for the elite is merely an unironic tool of domination and humiliation (often used in bad faith), we reclaim the Gothic orgasmically to camp canon with through the greatest of ironies; i.e., to do things that constitute as swears, but also employ forbidden things in operatic spaces playing with rape, death and sin, but also divinity as a campy device hauntologically unrestricted by historical time and place; e.g., curses like "holy fuck/shit" and "Oh my god!" (which Bay cried as Beat fucked him, below) but also half-real arguments that employ demonic poetry as social-psychosexual action (often by merging sexuality with the language of death, war, and food, etc): beating our meat in depraved, "almost holy" acts of Gothic reinvention, revolution's rock 'n roll taking land back, but also language and labor in connection to it (re: Amazons and anal sex). Instead of the fascist nadir of genuine dignity and standards, we reclaim our humanity through



campy terror language as the poetic passage of space and time, scandal and sentiment. Like Hell, the Gothic is something to reify and move through as we do; i.e., as *de facto*, extracurricular teaching devices camping state doubles.

(artists: [Bay Ryan](#) and [Beat](#))

In other words, *our* doing so profanes currently sacred, but ultimately harmful systems using a devil-in-disguise that's about as subtle as a Trojan Horse, tramp stamp (e.g., Hawthorne's infamous *Scarlet Letter*) or Gothic novel (originally cited as terrorist literature; re: Crawford, Groom), but historically remains just as effective;

i.e., with "harmful energies" that cultivate the Superstructure through the Wisdom of the Ancients as, itself, quite plastic.

It bears repeating that the devil is something to conjure and summon by self-appointed "holy" groups to *maintain* state control. Summoning sin personifies punishment; i.e., from a position of naturalized weakness to then exploit the whore's involvement in, even if *their* role is involuntary, beyond or otherwise outside their control: the fetish and scapegoat to see through and surveil during the cryptonymy process. The maiden/sex demon are things to canonically embrace and abject; i.e., per the same whore's paradox and revenge, itself something to reclaim *from* state mechanisms tokenizing and sacrificing the usual suspects. By

framing/concentrating them *as* sex objects, but also sex *weapons* through the arbitration (assignment) of criminal sex and force, religion already pornographizes such things as guilty pleasure. Using doubles during liminal expression (under an unequal, hierarchical ordering of existence that monopolies things like pity and blame to serve the usual benefactors), the Gothic merely highlights this double standard; e.g., naughty nuns encompassing hauntologically *medieval* arguments of appetite and abstinence (signified by black and red, the colors of Schism; re: Protestantism vs Catholicism), one where formerly extended (sex) objects—subsisting under a rising Cartesian discourse pimping nature—have always, but more gradually in an iconoclastic sense, constituted a great many things under a latter-day perspective men cannot fully dictate or perceive: camping the canon.



(artist: [Paul Laurenzi](#))

Women, as nuns, are classically saved and fallen, for example; their bodies are charged, in this respect, as a matter of automatic persecution and ownership by men fearful of educated women (e.g., [source tweet](#), Dr Ally Louks: December 10th, 2024), but also anisotropic reversal by those same women (or those treated as women). Threatened with systemic power shift, men (or those inside the Man Box) view loss of power as "rape," which they respond to by inflicting on their usual victims, mid-DARVO¹⁴². In turn, agency and disempowerment inhabit the same canvas and monstrous-

¹⁴² Re, Louk's December 10th tweet (the original attacker's response to her PhD's publication; [source tweet](#): November 27th, 2024):

You are the dumbest fucking bitch I have ever seen on the internet and the perfect example of literally everything wrong with modern society. Imagine thinking you deserve taxpayer money for writing that useless piece of shit thesis nobody will ever read. Vegan, feminist and queer, your dues to society are many and me and the boys will RAPE them out of you.



Educated women, regardless if they're for universal liberation or not, are witches to burn at the stake by good little soldiers—a threat that historically makes many women (already victims of rape) tokenize; e.g., TERFs; i.e., during fascism scapegoating modernity to attack modernity's usual victims (and token agents). It's a recruitment tactic—one to divide-and-conquer labor/gentrify and decay feminism by marginalizing educators into "prison sex" modes of thought, and all while getting others within these same, semi-privileged circles to kiss up and punch down, mid-witch-hunt.

Some things never change because the elite (and their moderate-to-reactionary defenders) endorse such pogroms, dogwhistling and virtue-signaling to varying degrees. And the reality of straight white people is, sadly enough, selective; i.e., such alienation is something that happens to different people under different degrees of preferential mistreatment—with Louks certainly antagonized for her work in academia, but less aggressively than, say, a black trans woman of color (re: "[Hot Allostatic Load](#)"). The point isn't to rape rank, here, but acknowledge relative privilege during oppositional praxis. Such abuse is alien until it is not, but for some it's *less* alien and closer to home to varying degrees of open hostility and micro-aggression, from moment to living moment; i.e., witch hunts, like any prison, persecute unevenly to keep workers divided, and America was and has always been a settler colony/police state.

Louks, for instance, pointedly "drew the line" *after* she was attacked as awfully as she was, but we must do so *before* attacks happen; i.e., while *actively and aggressively* fighting for universal liberation (which PhD authors don't always have time to do; i.e., research *is* time-consuming, emotionally demanding and expensive). And I get it—rape accusations are dangerous for those inhabiting environments that are historically unkind to those they victimize; i.e., academia and women, the former abusing and tokenizing the latter to carry such abuse forwards; e.g., Simone Beauvoir raping her students (re: [Martin](#))—but being "woke" is all about being ready for abuse and preventing it for all peoples on a systemic level by developing Communism (which academia historically doesn't do; re: it paywalls its research): while living in Gothic times.

Furthermore, you can't just report rape to the police (which Louks suggests) because police/the courts don't prevent crime; they uphold the patriarchal bigoted systems (and divisions of thought) that make rape possible to begin with (and cops commit more domestic abuse than anyone else). The state is white, straight and rapacious; so we must treat it as such whether the mask is on or off.



([source tweet](#), Dr Ally Louks: December 10th, 2024)

To be absolutely clear, I'm not saying Louks is tokenized; but it's not unreasonable to suggest that others in light of her treatment could be motivated *to* tokenize in an environment that encourages

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feminine bodies tempting men *a priori*, thus giving the status quo an excuse to resist with prejudice: to blame and rape nature all over again, reforming her as a matter of *futile* conversion; i.e., while treating it as impossible, but also hopelessly reprobate, degenerate and profane in sacred divisions of man vs nature. Her rape becomes foregone, then, as does her retaliation—one organized religion will try to reimburse and triangulate against more marginalized subjects under state rule. Nuns, in classic Neo-Gothic, are cops *and* victims. So does capital tank peoples' vitals—their intelligence and awareness, mid-struggle—to a nadir of praxial inertia.

The fact remains, we Commie-fag sex workers are already creatures of violence, terror and sin; said language can be used to cryptonymically expose state hypocrisy without *too* much trouble—i.e., by living in/as sin, we achieve multiple desires, expressing ourselves as "of nature," but also "from Hell" as a coded brand: reversing abjection to show ourselves as human and happy despite state dogma alienating and fetishizing us for being (as they see it) alien, horny and reprobate. Our doing so makes state proponents crap (or jizz) in their pants, thus out themselves as bad-faith behind concentric veneers (re: Matthew Lewis and his crossdressing Matilda tempting Ambrosio)—bad actors testifying to their abusing of us *before* we're in reach. So do we, like Lucifer bounding into Paradise, break into Heaven (sold to workers as "Hell" during the Protestant ethic). It's not like these devices (or their subjugated/subversive functions) have gone anywhere; profaning the sacred breaks Capitalist Realism by outing those menticed to uphold it—through singular (thus violent) interpretations of canonical norms, which our holistic application overwhelms and exposes easily enough!

In short, using the same language cops do, we can expose them more easily during the cryptonymy process, yet mark and identify *ourselves* as friends to the Cause when all sides are in disguise to *some* extent: friendly people to gravitate towards, in good-faith, while warding off genuine abuse camping the same destructive language's markers of prison violence; i.e., during an apocalypse/witch hunt/moral panic assigning them *without* irony to administer hate crimes dressed up as "law and order" inside a prison full of witches (the state, incompatible with consent, needs rape to function, but also disguise); e.g., Radcliffe's nunnery from *The Italian* full of uniforms that advertise state power but disguises to use by those against the institution trying to escape its concentric, prison-like halls with (for more examples of this idea, refer to "[The World Is a Vampire](#)" from the Undead Module). Inside such rooms, state actors feign oppression—acting legitimate while doubting *our* credibility (thus humanity) as something to root out, inside the prison-

abuse by turning a blind eye (re: academia has become an increasingly neoliberal institution over time). In Louk's case, she was bullied so quickly (on a platform bought by the world's richest man to platform Nazis) and so fiercely [that she left Twitter for greener pastures](#). In short, an educated woman simply announced her intellectual work, and capital's fascist lapdogs fetishized her for it; re: as they would a nun being—beyond someone classically with access to written material—a sex object for men to use and abuse with impunity. Fascism is the normalizing of rape in public, regressing to an anti-intellectual state of paranoia and persecution mania, mid-moral-panic.

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like disco; we, under scrutiny in the same masked ball, can playfully insist, "It's a 'fake,' my dude!" And if that excuse doesn't work—if such gay taunts are attacked in earnest regardless of the venue or circumstance—then it's time to lock arms and, standing side by side, storm the wire of the camps!

Silence is genocide; the existence of GNC people (and other minorities outside of normalized, token spheres) equates to a kind of speaking out the state can *only* conceptualize as a threat: to profit, thus its own existence, which it will defend by aping us. The state is *only* a prison (inside a prison, inside a prison), and police are *only* the enemies of workers (and rebels, monsters) who they dress up as in bad faith; i.e., posturing as false friends. They *know* it's a prison, but think themselves exempt; we know better, using the Gothic notion of home-as-prison (an ambivalent, ambiguous, oscillating crisis of faith, in the theatrical sense) to free our minds, then our bodies with: imagination first, then material conditions, the two ultimately working hand-in-hand to develop Gothic Communism and dismantle the state while paradoxically inside it. Liberation happens within, the wasp eating the caterpillar to emerge something different.

In Plato's cave, this happens primarily with shadows; on the Aegis, with mirrors. Cryptonymy lets us survive, solidarize and speak out through buffers of pretend/not-pretend crime and punishment during liminal expression—a half-real mirror game whose dualistic markers of monstrous violence (to give and receive) infiltrate different sectors' overlapping persecution networks: through buffers and reasonable doubt, accrued during costume games amid moral panic as an ongoing operation under capital. Our return to home as fallen is soothing through the ability to address crisis during calculated risk, psychosexual poetry and palliative-Numinous affect. Porn is some of the most potent art, in this respect; i.e., as it speaks to (and with) what the state will try to control more than anything else: sex with force, the latter dressed up as protection.

All monsters are, to some degree, imaginary thus fake, but likewise hinting at buried realities *through* their fakeness; the Gothic, as a dualistic means of calculated risk, is rooted *in* fakery to further or reverse abjection through the cryptonymy process—i.e., a fake made of clay or an authentic article made of clay are still, both of them, made of clay (re: the Gothic through camp, puts everything in quotes). As such, function trumps form as a hauntological matter of assigned legitimacy versus actual activism regardless of appearance.

Gothic Communism takes said clay, then, and uses it to liberate workers *from* state golems and gargoyles, the owners of a church increasingly menticed by/alienated from its own counterfeit sense of "past"; re: the ghost of the counterfeit ours to weaponize against our jailors, mid-chronotope. The more they lie, the more room we have to work with, terrifying what they and their forgeries try to abject using the same borderline-to-outright pornographic poetic devices: the sacrifice and executioner housed in the same special place, the maiden/whore to conjure up achingly during Gothic's liminal rape play and murder fantasy! "Oh,

heavens! Just what have I gotten myself into!" Hot goss, indeed, girls talk—about that big Gothic "castle¹⁴³" to go to for a good time!



(artist: [Owusyr](#))

Except whereas the middle class since Radcliffe might conjure up a castle or demon lover to assuage their bigoted fears (cold feet or shoulders, often with an alter ego—the secret identity man-of-mystery or Amazonian menace

to warm things up/cool things down charming the panties off the [classically white, straight, female] audience during calculated risk), we do so to announce and combat systemic oppression: killing our darlings on the Aegis, but also calling them out for their entitlement, hence grab a tantrum-throwing slaver by the balls (re: cops—those whose profession is to torture and extort people more vulnerable than themselves in defense of private property).

So do we anisotropically defend ourselves from state fabrications; i.e., by making our own and fashioning an alternate, at-times-frank/streetwise but also exciting/swashbuckling voice to history through demons (e.g., Borges). We make room for reasonable doubt/craft an alibi tied to our identity and performance going hand-in-hand. The Gothic becomes a place to conveniently be naughty and put our ideas to practice that, in turn, aren't fully removed from our habitat, thus bailiwick. So with sugar and spice, but also piss, vinegar and worse things (shit, blood, etc), we can win some degree of arbitration regarding sex and force, but also our basic human rights swept up in these things. There's power in fiction, but especially when it's mixed up with sex and force through demonic expression as pulpy and clay-like.

¹⁴³ Known in architectural legal jargon as a "[malicious erection](#)" (a structure erected maliciously—usually as an eyesore, or to vindictively block a neighboring party's vision) but what I call "the liminal hauntology of war"; re: the arrival of a harmful condition/crisis of state, which the hauntology (usually a castle) symbolically announces: genocide, thus police brutality and ultimately rape as symptoms of capital's endemic boom-or-bust cycle. The castle symbolizes the raping of workers by the state devouring them, its appearance simply a matter of routine; i.e., when Capitalist Realism wanes and apocalypse suddenly rears its ugly head (the Gothic metaphor between state violence and state bodies generally being a morphological one). The Gothic tells its stories with buildings and people relating back and forth across space and time (commonly framed as haunted houses/castles; re: chronotopes).

Yet another thing to speak to power with, onstage and off, we don't just bypass boundaries; we blur them, too, by relating to (and learning from) the half-real past as ever in flux: through iconoclastic art liberating sex work!

Cryptonymy goes both ways, of course, but in making gender trouble (and again, trouble full stop), we're freer than state proponents; aping *our* dragons, witches, zombies and demons, the latter is always trapped in crisis, closeted while reporting us to the authorities. The fact remains that some amount of violence is always required to liberate, even in theatrical forms the state cannot tolerate beyond its own perfidious misuse (of stigma, bigotry and phobia). The elite cannot own, thus monopolize sex and force, hence demons. Ergo, we camp harmful sex and force with ironic, non-harmful variants that worship ourselves, and give suitable gooey offerings (e.g., Beat giving Bay a nice big load, below) to frighten the elite with: wasted seed/non-reproductive sex (despite the creampie, Bay



doesn't have a uterus)! Our devilish *pandemonium*, these bodies and banners' dark wishes push collectively using ludo-Gothic BDSM towards a world where profit (thus rape, capital, cops and billionaires) are well-and-truly a thing of the past!

(artists: [Bay Ryan](#) and [Beat](#))

Deifying

ourselves, we become something to aspire *to*, an example to lead *by* when developing Gothic Communism as fairly novel (re: to put the pussy on the chainwax): transformed *into* as demons do, trading in shadows to achieve reparation and release from police brutality with humor and consensual control (e.g., cock cages). With darkness, desires and dreams, we unleash upon a world that—per Capitalism—has become increasingly afraid of our presence: that trans people have always existed, and always will despite those chasing us. We transform

not merely to *hide* from our attackers, but *reveal* that which they seek to conquer and destroy inside/outside themselves: us.

As such, we solidarize to *reverse* what they abject and divide, showing them their own straightness and whiteness (of the state's settler argument, including tokenized variants); i.e., as the real sickness punching spectres of Marx across space and time, but also in between the past and the present in hauntological dialogs: revolution happens inside capital, the state using language it can abuse but never fully prevent those it harms from anisotropically reversing.

This concludes the broader points of holistic study and informed action the remainder of the Demon Module shall try to impart. In my usual approach, then, I'll be cross-examining demons with the undead/animals, but will—for the rest of the module—be unpacking different aspects of demonic history and its poetic application we've yet to examine. First, we'll establish the rest of the blood libel class (monsters of persecution and revenge); i.e., among demons mummies and faeries, in "I'll See You in Hell," followed by the rest of "Idle Hands" considering the desire/revenge portion of demons as monstrous-feminine whores (such desires often being sex liberated from state force, but still haunted by it). After that, we'll summarize *making* and *summoning* demons *vis-à-vis* unequal, forbidden *exchange* to end "Forbidden Sight" with. The next chapter, "Call of the Wild," shall focus entirely on radical *transformation*—especially concerning anthropomorphic demons of nature like chimeras, furies and lycanthropes, but also their holistic temples, masks, and props, their lips that grip (and other formidable extensions, below) all



begging to be touched and played with: a sensual void calling you home, a mirror on which your own lovely monsters (and their bountiful harvests, also below) await! Ravish ironically!

(artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#))

This possible better world—one where all peoples, animals and

environments are free from state oppression and illusions—will always coexist with our dreams and bodies speaking together about such a special day. Its forbidden sight, Numinous quest, and special prescription express in and upon those

struggling to survive, using what they got to humanize themselves and theirs normally being exploited through the same monstrous-feminine aesthetic; i.e., stewards of nature reclaiming sex and force from the state (and its historical-material language of profit raping us); e.g., as Bay does while being disabled and through survival sex work, an avatar of liberation and kindness the likes of which channels a sweet feral goodness.

Blood libel conveys a classic problem of horror movies: the monster lives at the end; when in Rome, we speak to those who fear us through the ghost of the counterfeit as something to hug. Survival is victory and silence is death, Bay the little puppy god that lives in my heart, a force to be reckoned with that makes our enemies think twice. One that all revolutionaries should aspire to, his spectacular levers and buttons—once joyously thrown and pushed (next page)—move the Earth on its axis away from capital harvesting us simply for being different than the ruling class. May a day yet come when people like myself, Maybel, Jackie, Beat, and Bay (and Annabel, Sinead, Romantic Rose, and others, next section) are, all of us sex demons, gradually freed from state rule, police violence, and token betrayals! Infinite labor, infinite value; demons, infinite form to explore and express our revenge: they only have what power we give them! Able to play with power ourselves, it becomes what we hold onto and administer as stewards of nature *from* nature, learning from the imaginary past to create a better world—a Hell on Earth!

Hell, expressed as such, isn't so bad, is it? But it seems safe, harmless, non-threatening? Bay's a sweetie's sweetie, but they can absolutely fight back: "Thou



called'est me a dog before thou had a cause / But since I am a dog, beware my fangs¹⁴⁴!" In place of pity burns a heart than can never be conquered (outside of ironic playtime), will never surrender to state pigs!

Onto faeries and demon mommies! "Drink deep, or taste not, the plasma spring. Y'see what I'm sayin'?"

(artist: [Bay Ryan](#))

¹⁴⁴ From *The Merchant of Venice* (c. 1598).

"I'll See You in Hell": Dark Faeries and Demon Mommies

"Your tauntaun will freeze before you reach the first marker!"

—a deck officer to Han Solo, *The Empire Strikes Back* (1981)



Demons are intensely popular poetic devices, which communicate, as people do, through sex and force, but also taboo subjects concerning larger bigotries, phobias and stigmas involving sex and force. In turn, everything speaks to dark wishes, wants and desires achieved through transformation and trade; i.e., few things are used in conjunction

more than "fire" and "desire," but also oxymoron and darkness visible; e.g., "cold fire," and "Hell freezing over" (the latter being a frozen lake in Dante's Ninth Circle of Hell, for instance). Milton's Lucifer was, in that sense, the bringer of light *with* darkness that *broke* state illusions. I want to unpack that a little more, here.

Our focus remains monstrous-feminine, as usual. And yet, at its most simple, all roads lead to Rome; i.e., the *pandemonium* all demons and fairies provide takes you *to* Hell in order to *experience* what *is* forbidden or otherwise denied *at* home, generally through home's unequal conditions turned on their heads.

Such things historically and dialectically-materially reduce *to* sex and force, as a result—are highly controlled by canon as such because, with the proper nudge and mindset, they suddenly offer the unique and productive ability to radically *change* the world in a half-real sense; i.e., starting onstage but hardly *ending* there, battering Capitalist Realism with proletarian illusions *camping* the canon to liberate the whore: through a reclaimed (and deliberately subversive) Superstructure. This cycling wardrobe—one of many masks, mirrors and costumes—endlessly yields dark wishes concerning emancipatory sex and force dressed up as "rape," and whose dark demonic knowledge and power reliably abstract, adjudicate or otherwise convey through whorish revenge as a devilish, Gothic-Communist, impossible-to-control creative act: something to pass down in cryptonymic, anachronistic and extracurricular modes of poetic discourse forever at play (and war) in history's endless jumble.

"I'll See You in Hell," then, divides in two basic parts to consider said jumble with: a continuation of monstrous-feminine revenge "of nature" *against* profit—a rebellious witch (and not a witch cop) being someone who, pimped by state force, not only refuses to *play* ball (witches pimping witches, mid-moral-panic), but bends the rules *of* play through ludo-Gothic BDSM (and its usual historical ironies) in pursuit of universal liberation: the obfuscation of friend and foe through the usual prosecution markers; re: to confuse state threat responses, reclaiming them while humanizing ourselves during the cryptonymy process!

Amazons, already monstrous-feminine, are a kind of witch whose uneven, historically selective qualities of persecution—through blood libel, sodomy and witch hunter rhetoric—we'll pointedly explore (this time) through a symposium on *demon mummies* and *dark faeries*; i.e., as poetic extensions of the Amazon *type* of witch: the warrior and monstrous-feminine (often female) dominant/monarch. In turn, we'll consider both as a common, beloved way of working out our state-imposed, us-versus-them differences through the usual language/theatre of difference: the Gothic's rape/police roleplay scenarios pointedly breaking boundaries but also resetting them through the playful-yet-shock-therapy fantasies of abject reversal



(often with a half-real element of pure invention, dead cultures, and real-life doubles; e.g., *Skyrim's* barbarians and cat people, left, practicing cross-species "pollination" to confront and ultimately revert Cartesian, settler-colonial and heteronormative systems of violence, terror and morphological expression: *fucking the alien*)!

(artist: [Gekko](#))

Remember that I'm merely scratching the surface of a very old problem (re: nature as gyn/ecological, *vis-à-vis* Patel and Moore); our doing so, here, shall explore the dark, repressed, out-of-sight qualities to daily life felt but cloaked under capital—generally in places too hot, cold, dark, or otherwise inhospitable to regular

folk, yet for the queer-and-mighty is exactly how they prefer (and where they take us to better acclimate/expand *our* horizons):

- **Darkness Visible: Dark Faeries (feat. Annabel Morningstar, Harmony Corrupted, Romantic Rose, The Witch, and more):** A collaboration between whores. Considers the labor proponents of Gothic-Communist revolution—working together and with Gothic materials, in a staged, meta

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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sense—to demonically give rise (thus shape/voice) to dark places and people; i.e., as dark faerie rulers/regal fairylands where one can explore off-limit feelings and desires conducive to post-scarcity development; e.g., Satan from Robert Eggers' *The Witch*, Lavos from *Chrono Trigger*, and more!

- **Trial by Fire: (feat. Lady Hellbender and Hela, *The Shape of Water*):** A symposium. Considers the fiery, militant aspect to demon muscle mommy doms, specifically through the postcolonial urge of forbidden love.

Each considers the whore's paradox, and how it extends to *transition* as a source of pride, mid-capture and "duress"; i.e., when you go to Hell as Persephone, only to find out it's not so bad: a paradox of "rape" that, in quotes, can challenge profit.

In doing so, a hostage suddenly gains the ability to speak to their abuse with ludo-Gothic BDSM/calculated risk, while simultaneously reclaiming they and their friends' humanity with the fun stuff—with sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, but also those monstrous-feminine beings that famously embody them through courtly love's demonic castle sex and dark (spontaneous, forbidden) desire; i.e., "I would love [to see/do] this or that." Demons and faeries do so, and generally with Gothic "spice" haunted by actual abuse/commodification! In other words, they (and their Numinous, exquisitely "torturous" homes) are commonly gratuitous, seeming right out of a succubean nightmare, porno mag and/or Gothic novel: mail-order and made just for those dark monstrous-feminine desires (male, female, or intersex)

that workers, per the Protestant ethic, aren't "supposed" to have!

(artist: [Slightly Cuntly](#))



In response, unequal power arranges in a courtly manner with a female/monstrous-feminine, home-court advantage: a warrior whore expressing courtly love towards the princess-as-classic-sex-object (sometimes with a gender swap, but not always; e.g., female brats/pillow princesses, above).

Let's unpack this conceptually for a moment (five pages), then precede the exhibits themselves with a short list of additional boundaries.

To unpack the above ideas from a theatrical standpoint, think of them as regressive therapy told through Gothic adventure stories. Rather than every second of every day guided by alarm clocks, sugar and caffeine flowing money up, the same fictions can reallocate such forces onto new tracks of distribution. To it, the

monomyth is the classic adventure story told from a male warrior perspective, the Gothic heroine forced to survive the villainous castle while waiting to be rescued there; it is a Promethean space when reversed as such, the anisotropic variant harboring a fugitive ruler marrying through kidnap by taking Persephone *back* to Hell: where she belongs because existing there paradoxically sets her free!

People love demons (and dark worlds) for this reason—relish the gateways, but also "battle parties" and warring theatrical tensions (e.g., psychomachy and *Amazonomachia*), which they so easily represent when traveled to and visited for the length of a dream (versus coming to empire during the liminal hauntology of war); re: as conflicting poetic stances and arguments to access and adopt in praxial opposition, pimping nature or speaking from nature-whored-out in its defense (regardless of sex, species, race, gender and/or religion, etc). "Hell," then, is classically the site of such raucous, oscillating exchange, raunchy exploitation and taboo exploration; i.e., during the dialectic of the alien. Such push-pull, gruesome revenge and demonic invention aren't automatically "bad," but something to dualistically evoke and pursue by two basic sides (workers or the state) meeting in



the middle of a shared shadow zone, their parody and pastiche (remediated praxis) playing with such devices at cross purposes!

(artist: [yxxzoid](#))

To it, Gothic Communism turns the world upside-down to voluntarily transform it outside Hell's caged evocation, camping the canon (and its rape) using our cake and infernal holes (e.g., assholes, left) as dungeons of deep dark desire; the state, to keep it the same, thus prolong genocide raping nature as usual!

At a glance, things might seem discrete; in practice, people and place evoke one another through *mise-en-abyme* during liminal expression's Gothic, concentrically morphological expression (re: Walpole's walking castles [the Capitalocene] expressed as literal fortresses [and giant suits of armor inside said fortresses] but also corporally *vis-à-vis* my arguments; re: "[Castles in the Flesh](#)," 2024): where dreams, but especially dark, unequal, forbidden dreams (things conspicuously absent from daily life yet advertised everywhere as such) come gloriously alive/true during ergodic, non-trivial playtime (with "truth" being the potential for them to realize *outside* the Platonic dream space); re: darkness

visible; e.g., universal liberation, ironic/unironic murder and rape fantasies, or land back, *vis-à-vis* liminal spaces (and occupiers of said spaces) that embody such things in praxial opposition on and within the *cryptomimetically* echoing surfaces and thresholds (often as drug-like; i.e., acid Communism—a concept we'll explore at length in "Call of the Wild").

Simply put, demons articulate through chaos as a kind of wicked, horny presence (of death and decay but also change, regeneration and appetite); campy demons—whether people and/or place, be they mommies and faeries of a rebellious monstrous-feminine—use the medieval morphology of the infernal concentric pattern and Promethean space to upset any sense of order (moral, emotional, ontological, etc; re: Aguirre) that capital installs; i.e., by morphologically (and with puns) evoking violence and terror onstage to threaten radical change offstage: to evoke and instill possible worlds that capital *doesn't* want to happen. This means worlds without profit, or—paradoxically—masters (despite the mistress argument campily conveyed by dark faeries and demon mommies). In turn, canon offsets camp with canceled futures/retro-future hauntologies (re: controlled opposition), the vultures of the bourgeoisie instilling praxial inertia to continue scavenging labor's zombie corpse; re: Capitalist Realism holding workers hostage through DARVO argumentation and police obstruction/arbitration of sex and force per the trifectas, monopolies and qualities of capital levied in bad faith: "*They* [a liberated proletariat] will be a dark master worse than us! Trust in the elite!"

I'd call bullshit, but we *are* what the elite design workers to fear as "beyond" Capitalism. In short, Communism is gay and from outer space, generally as sodomy arguments known for gender trouble *and* delight; i.e., we're a thing to paradoxically chase (more on chasing femboys/catboys and twink-in-peril, in Volume Three), said chase unfolding on either side of the praxial equation: to plant ideas in our heads that bury the fag or disinter its oddly sexy corpse!



(artist: [Jaybaesun](#))

Despite demons classically being the life of the party, state dogma cannot tolerate anything that functionally threatens bourgeois hegemony. So it treats the function (of genuine rebellion) as party pooping while, in the same breath, robbing our aesthetic of any critical power through bad-faith replication (re: obscurantism).

State alienation, fetishization and control of Gothic poetics (about sex and force) are endless, as are the many ways to challenge them in dualistic forms promoting fearful

possibilities the state *wants* to repress with tokenized variants. As our exhibits will demonstrate, this includes Amazons and Medusa, but also *demon mommies* of a more overtly demonic and hellish, dark fiery mistress, and/or faerie¹⁴⁵ design; i.e., serving as operatic changeling vice characters giving voice to such things—those creatures seemingly "of another world," one whose *unheimlich*, liminal hauntology of war they can take you to as well, making *your* dreams come true in fantastical modes of expression: to another planet, an underground lake, a fortress, a dark forest, etc, to undergo sodomy as demonic courtship worthy of witch hunts and blood libel in state eyes framing such pleasure as "guilty."

Under such scrutiny and censorship, these trials by fire are felt through darkness visible; i.e., between resident and residence, seeking less redemption in state eyes and more to rectify state pogroms: a black gate to take you to Hell and back, once opened—not once, but recursively during holistic study of the Medusa's Numinous peach! If our goal is to humanize the harvest (exposing the state as inhumane), then Hell's diet grants us the demonic ability to radically change size, shape and composition (as well as perspective regarding such things) to throw the doors of perception wider than Harmony's painted, glorious ass (and to allow for the interrogation of ghosts, beating *them* up a fair bit; i.e., during theatrical violence concerned with harm that lacks the capacity to inflict lasting damage¹⁴⁶)!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Such is the stuff of forbidden love, for Gothic authors and actors; i.e., making *tongue-in-cheek* love (courtship) to demon lovers and their castled haunts during an evocatively carceral (dungeon-style) reversal of the classic abjection process: a *verboten*, outrageous, Numinous space (chronotope) of the gods—one whose dump(er) site we invoke with swears concerning taboo subjects, be those forbidden objects, personas or divinities (e.g., "shit," "fuck," "What the hell?" "Holy Saint Francis!" or "What in God's name?" etc). It's an intense, regressive

¹⁴⁵ Also spelled "fairy," and referred to as *bean sidhe*, which translates to "fairy woman/woman of the burial mounds"; i.e., often to a royal degree; e.g., a faerie queen or princess—classically of the otherworld, netherworld, Numinous beyond, Hell, etc. I'll be sticking to "faerie" for the most part, just to keep things consistent (and because "fairy" often sounds daintier than "faerie"; e.g., fairy princess).

¹⁴⁶ Including verbal abuse; e.g., the speedrunner Bubzia cursing out the boos from *Mario 64* during a blindfolded run: "[You... stupid, piece-of-shit ghost!](#)" ("I DESTROYED This Blindfolded SM64 Speedrun," 2024; timestamp: 19:55)

place that bears out similar energies between God and the Devil, the two mentioned both in the same breath and when alluding to other inhuman(e) dynasties with a Frankensteinian stamp using the ghost of the counterfeit: a world that—under capital's constant alienation and fetishization of nature—has *become* alien, but also descriptively and prescriptively vengeful towards the perceived order by the perceived disorder!

In the Faustian tradition, it *also* becomes like a carnival ride, one made with unequal, forbidden exchange and radical transformation using *basic materials* (re: clay or something comparable, like dead flesh); i.e., in pursuit of fatal knowledge versus power (two sides of the same dark coin). Promethean or Faustian, it's gratuitous, egregious, formerly accepted and currently beyond the pale owing to the abjection process—to go to an old, dislocated sphere to see the truth at home with forbidden sight; i.e., by making, summoning or otherwise digging up said truths through derelict archaeologies (the Gothic retro-future/found-yet-forged document) and likenesses: a jilted bride of Hell/the dungeon, a horny queen taking *us* prisoner for funsies in her anti-home!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Such sight, in the Gothic tradition, is always dualistic, liminal, concentric, ergodic, and anisotropic (re: castle-narrative), but also morphological and ouroborotic, intimating fearsome-but-desirable things beyond ourselves using ourselves; i.e., felt during a recursive *mise-en-abyme*, the castle-like whore or whore-like castle (the Medusa) seen pareidolically from the front or the back in ways that—when made, summoned, or found; clothed or naked, *kawaii* or *kowai*,

alive or slain, unvanquished or ravished, and viewed from all angles like a gleeful parody of Picasso's arrogant cubism, above—begin to suggest the angry whole of a furious Mother Earth (the wandering womb a traveling castle that, hyperobject, moves in stillness): to conjure up the chronotope's half-real, hauntological feelings of abjected, monstrous-feminine things, during the cryptonymy process! Policed, the whore paradoxically has *her* revenge by acting out her rape *to* revenge (as normally delivered by police violence) *from* state targets. There's always more to see, but also a state position to occupy and subvert in dualistic terms!

Blood libel, in *that* respect, speaks canonically through the monomyth language of persecution, rape and revenge (the whore's or the pimp's) afforded to undead, demonic and/or animalistic monstrous-feminine qualities that—in canonical stories—reliably frame, instigate and perform witch hunts inside/outside themselves; e.g., *Beowulf*, *Frankenstein*, or *Dracula* as things to hunt down by heroic forces; i.e., as a recruitment device meant to defend capital from invented enemies "of nature," the former seeking and destroying the latter onstage *and* off.

In turn, said execution unfurls in abject territories while abusing unironic forms of DARVO-style terror language, all before ultimately seceding dark ownership of "stolen" colonial gains, thereby restoring a fallen state to its "rightful" sovereignty's heteronormative reproductive order/the nuclear model: as rescued *from* the witch tempting the whore's revenge by exposing *her* Numinous figure (re: anal sex, but also Amazonian muscle, below). You gotta start somewhere when healing from rape, and we Gothic Communists explore such things to subvert them—to "gang along" with the devil in *some* shape or form; i.e., ourselves, often seen wearing animal masks and costumes, but also sporting powerful, semi-to-



fully-naked bodies, above and left—walking castles whose war-like fortresses promote "harm" as paradoxically pleasurable: to wage war as sex-positive-yet-fierce, at times being rather literal in its campy morphological puns and playful gallows humor cheekily lampooning abjection as a whole. The bigger the "castle," the bigger the harvest; the bigger the "threat," the greater the punchline/payoff.

(artist: [Dzenrei Art](#))

Reverse abjection, then, is still a form of courtship with harvested things—of forbidden monster love (and sex) expressing as unequal, forbidden exchange *to* explore in people and place as taboo, vulgar and, at times, crude (re: Walpole and Lewis).

The iconoclastic idea is the paradoxical threat of "danger" where no danger can occur but which the *feeling* of danger is abundant, famously evoked through traps,

monsters and atmosphere, but also animated miniatures and colossal fakeries suggesting the potential occupation of a ruinous legendary home. Such things can subvert this and reverse that during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., to illustrate power in the hands of the dom or the sub. The classic irony of the dom is they serve the sub under "perilous" boundaries of mutual consent; but power defines through exchange, wherein one is meaningless without the other! Desire goes both ways during oppositional praxis—the Gothic infamously dualistic, hence visually and at times praxially ambiguous!

Concluding our food for thought, I wish to supply several (seven) boundary-setting points before we proceed onto the main exhibits themselves.

First, for the sake of simplicity and time, "See You in Hell" is focusing on faeries and demon mommies (of, again, the "witch" blood libel class); i.e., as functionally *dominant* during a collaborative exercise/postcolonial debate, but it's not difficult to turn the tables; e.g., by a *sub* who tops from below, a dom who bottoms from the top (the "power bottom"), or switches doing either role, etc—they reify not by appearance but through the function of unequal exchange, first and foremost. Said Titania to her faerie train about Nick Bottom, "Tie up my lover's tongue. Bring him silently" ([source](#)). As such, we "enslaved" are quick to agree,



surrendering control to please those we love. Demon BDSM has universal application and adaptability in this respect, but again—our focus is on *dominant* aesthetics through faeries and demons.

(artist: [Bottru](#))

Second, "See You in Hell" was originally just "Trial by Fire," the former written concerning the postcolonial subversion—and cryptonymic revelation/concealment of—captive (thus rape/death) fantasies through swole' demon mommies. I've since expanded this to faerie queens in a second exhibit, placed first, called "Darkness Visible." Faerie or demon, we're essentially talking about femme doms of a gentle/strict variety (often hyphenated to allow for softer visual elements merged with vaso vagal ones), which effectively promote a more overtly hellish, otherworldly and Promethean ("of the gods") version of Amazons, and employ similar aesthetic devices of terror. This includes their mighty monstrous-feminine bodies, but also the sodomy those bodies promise to inflict during ludo-Gothic BDSM (and its own threats of controlled, operatic, palliative-Numinous regression); i.e., made to camp canon, thus anisotropically reverse capital's usual terrorist/counterterrorist polarities (re: its trifectas, monopolies and qualities). We're left, then, with witch-like beings of dark

power from powerful places beyond normal perception; re: faerie queens/monarchs the likes of which we've written about before, revisiting them again here (exhibit 44a1a1b1), before the original demon mummies exhibit on courtly love, 44a1a1b2.



(artist: [Iulaandrea](#))

To that, while the original exhibit (44a1a1b2) concerns fiery muscular examples to deal in dark desire, I wanted to preface that with some additional non-muscular examples of faerie queens (exhibit 44a1a1b1): kidnapper beings of darkness visible; re: "changelings," but also goblins, vampires and witches fulfilling a similar doppelganger abduction (alien imposter), blood libel role; i.e., who take their prey—often women and children, but also weaker men—to underwater places (watery graves/sunken palaces) under demon-lover torture scenarios; e.g., presumed cannibalism, bloodletting and rape/revenge play. These happen with Amazons, faeries, Medusa and similar monstrous-feminine as "hysterical" (re: phallic women/Archaic Mothers) that secure some sense of nature's revenge for workers to paradoxically enjoy when the vulnerable, thus exposed or otherwise adjacent to power as something to embrace, do just that; i.e., when hugging the alien (re: Medusa, but also her avatars like Giger's xenomorph, above)—namely through proximity with power and death in classically demonic ways (re: exchange, transformation, revenge, creativity [magic/mad science] and desire, etc). Per the vengeful, monstrous-feminine whore, nature's revenge *is* the reversal of abjection; i.e., one that occurs generally through the theatrically indecent exposure of rebellious nudity and the feverish, murky embrace of the blood libel, sodomy and witch hunt¹⁴⁷ charges: those that, camped by us, show the state/capital (and its monopolies, trifectas and qualities' bid for legitimacy/warped notions of justice through us-versus-them argumentation) to be entirely false!

Divorced from *state* authorship, such faerie monarchs are still categorically violent in light of police violence against nature as monstrous-feminine (or otherwise concern the performance of categorical violence); their campy usage still concerns universal liberation using half-real Gothic poetics about kidnapping and courtly love through impostor dialogs and dark desire interrogating creative bids for legitimacy. Even so, "Darkness Visible" before "Trial by Fire" is less focused around

¹⁴⁷ Blood libel, sodomy and witchcraft are all classically criminal charges against non-Christian bodies of the medieval world, which would segue into queerphobia in the 1700s and beyond, under capital (re: "[Leaving the Closet; or, a Trans Woman's Scholarly Contributions to Older Histories of Sodomy and Queer Love](#)," 2024). So while witch hunts classically targeted Pagan cis women, blood libel targeted Jews, and sodomy targeted homosexual men, these have been reconfigured under neoliberal, late-stage Capitalism; i.e., to select rebellious monstrous-feminine groups in bad-faith, pitting those against good-faith groups using the same aesthetic one is colonizing and the other decolonizing.

forbidden love through overtly postcolonial rhetoric, and more on ludo-Gothic BDSM (the language of capture healing from rape) that could be applied to such arguments. This faerie encore's momentum include participants like Annabel Morningstar (who will feature in this exhibit a lot, below) and some of my other friends, who I've included to be holistic (and because I frankly love mommy doms and want to expand the umbrella¹⁴⁸ a bit, through their help).

Indeed, I could raise as many cathedrals/castles-in-the-flesh as I—but also my friends and their body parts—want; i.e., my directing of what they ultimately want to articulate during ludo-Gothic BDSM: as powerful, independent, and sex-positive monsters, achieving paradoxical liberation through reclaimed, ironic bondage (and other BDSM devices), but also unironically caged by state forces struggling to contain us (re: exploitation and liberation not simply existing on the same stages, but whose punitive language is used by both sides [workers and the state] to entrap or emancipate nature as monstrous-feminine *with* nature as monstrous-feminine).



(artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#))

Beyond our doing so in "Darkness Visible," I wholly expect you to be able to do what I do/raise your own golems, gargoyles and Galatea in the same Medusa refrain (always in Pygmalion's Shadow); i.e., once critical thought, as a process, is intuitively understood, the ability to observe and/or perform it, yourselves, becomes infinite in form, using the same aesthetics (of power and death, darkness and revenge) to liberate what the state uses to enslave. During oppositional praxis, function determines function as a matter of flow regarding power moving towards or away from workers; re: through our hands developing Gothic Communism, we can throw the doors of perception wide to reveal hidden truths beyond Capitalist Realism—by using darkness visible *differently* than the state. The trick is dialectical-material scrutiny achieving intelligence and awareness (consciousness) as second-nature, said status acquired through praxial synthesis; re: on a daily level, our variable exchanges cultivating good social-sexual habits through what *we* create and encourage as extensions of our demonic, rebellious, genderqueer and emancipated selves: the hellish, awesome power of creation setting nature free, the magic outlaw/dark faerie/cyborg freak/rival power running wild by *our* making of monsters—for workers, not profit!

¹⁴⁸ Limited by human imagination and desire (for sex, revenge, and other policed areas), which is to say, completely *unlimited* save how capital shapes our ability to imagine and how we, as workers, challenge that.

Gothic Communism, as the ensuing non-fiey examples shall hopefully demonstrate, is a *group* operation, one that works as much through tactile, wet, vitalistic intuition (concerning deities of dark vengeful nature) as by dry thesis and reinforcement through clinical detachment. But there's always room to work thesis materials in; i.e., by the reader long after this module is published!

Third, I wrote "Trial by Fire" *before* writing "[Reclaiming Amazons](#)," but the framed thesis in that portion—about anal sex/general sodomy as a terror weapon couched within the whore's counterterrorist revenge through the classic poetic function of demons—is still at work in this older writing's liminal expression; i.e., in between the frame and framer's Wonderland, shifting incessantly back and forth across space and time.

Everyone loves the whore and her wanton, naughty and at-times-bloody revenge. In turn, rituals thrive on repetition, Gothic Communism developing through frequencies that synapse along active-if-cloaked circuits of data; demons, as the classic granters of forbidden wishes, generally tie to power expressed in places, people and roleplay scenarios that speak to radically altering ourselves, including how power is framed and performed. As we'll see, this includes Annabel's dark faerie queen (or my other friends) envisioned by me during a mutual, informed labor exchange and exhibit; i.e., generally through dark, unequal, forbidden exchange (of power and knowledge) that—when used actively and intelligently in counterterrorist forms—thwarts profit through Amazons and anal, whose dark animal tortures dark faeries and demon mommies certainly embody (taking their prey back to *their* lairs).



(artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#))

In short, they capture their "victims" and take them to dark realms of desire attached to pre-capitalist modes of thought, which Gothic Communism uses to recultivate a cultural understanding of the imaginary past through a rising emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, cultural and racial awareness; re: an intersectional, solidarized pedagogy of the oppressed, illustrating mutual consent (through informed labor exchange and sex-positive art) achieving praxial synthesis on the daily during opposition praxis: using iconoclastic art to achieve universal liberation for all work sexualized under capital, and to become stewards of the natural world we protect from the state as enemy to all life on planet Earth.

Revolution (and its dark cargo and romance) is an exercise in totality. Arbitrated through play and art, its liminal refrain—whose patented break from routine during holistic study and Gothic, monstrous-feminine dualism—seeks to gradually and collectively expose a system of harm designed to conceal itself through sex and force pimping nature in duality. Every monster they make or cage

is legitimate through the giving and receiving of state force, ours always illegitimate (re: Weber). Both sides require the language—by them to hunt us and by us to acknowledge we are being hunted, which we can reclaim during genocide and its moral panics/witch-hunt dialogs of persecution, caution and revenge; i.e., through poetic likenesses that hide our function among shared, oppositional subterfuge: the oppression of witches, which faeries and demon mummies essentially are!

We camp canon because we must; we play with the imaginary past through vice characters like demon mummies and dark faeries—i.e., in order to expose what is happening to people currently inside the state of exception, at home and abroad. They lend a voice to canonical fears blowing things out of proportion, worker counterterror exposing state terror through the same dialogs thereof: the witch treated as terrorist by the state looking to control nature with—all of which we subvert using what we got!

For us, such creatures stick out during the cryptonymy process, seemingly to blend in through Gothic as commonplace, vulgar and summoned *vis-à-vis* Radcliffe's evil castles/rape anxieties (fears of the ancient/medieval world including incest and pedophilia linked to straight people scapegoating homosexual men for practices that undoubtedly occurred in the historical past, but were committed far more commonly by straight-practicing patriarchs). Under *Pax Americana*, "Hell is a place that always appears on Earth (or an Earth-like double)"; rape is predominantly a white, straight male/tokenized crime committed against innocent female parties, children, the elderly and people of color/queer people, etc. In turn, rape victims aren't only not believed but often attacked because they threaten property by being witness to their property-owning fathers', husbands' and boyfriend's (or normalized token) crimes and deceptions protected by state devices: courts, cops, and copaganda. The justice system exists to predominantly engender rape, not prevent it (and movements created by marginalized groups are co-opted and abused by white victims; e.g., #MeToo)! All become things to reconcile; i.e., by relating back and forth through intersectional solidarity's pedagogy of the oppressed healing from rape in the shadow of all police violence!



(artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#))

Fourth, I won't have time to reinsert many of these positions into "Darkness Visible" or "Trial by Fire" (and their symposium approach's conversational style). But *you* may apply them yourselves as *you* go; e.g., "Trial by Fire" is about postcolonial monster sex adjacent to Amazonian power

fantasies evoked through the threat of campy sodomy and exquisite "torture." Ergo,

it should be easy enough to apply my anal Amazon thesis to demon mommies as a kind of dark monster mother well at home in ludo-Gothic BDSM; re:

The state only tolerates the problematic love of Amazons and anal when their challenge (to the ancient canonical laws) is nominal; i.e., provided they serve profit in *canonical* terror language. As something to combine, but also canonize in different performances, anal is a place and parlance of trauma to give and receive through tokenized enforcers dressed up as savage warriors—Amazons being a half-real theatrical device forever trapped between genuine rebellion and false, targeting vulnerable body parts in vulnerable areas (e.g., the bathroom). Things like Amazons and anal, then, canonically binarize to best give or receive state force (mainly police violence) pursuant to profit. To challenge profit and Capitalist Realism on and offstage, workers must camp state terror inside of itself—anisotropically with Amazons and anal to *reverse* terror/counterterror with subversive irony during liminal expression.

[...] Demons aren't satisfied with vanilla sex; they play with "darker" forms to weaponize them as a form of transformative exchange: an eye-opening experience/revelation, insofar as anal isn't purely abject, but something to reverse and embrace during the dialectic of the alien [...] to take anal back is to take the land (and labor) back from these performative elements and their associate structures and enforcers by camping them [...]:



subversive Amazons and anal rerouting the usual flow/ordering of power on the Aegis.

(artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#))

Fifth, the flavor of "I'll See You in Hell" is closer to my Poetry Module, and will reference a lot of its ideas using a similar style of discourse.

Sixth, I've decided to preserve the original parenthetical-italic formatting of each exhibit.

Seventh, the subject of rape play comes up extensively in this exhibit, but especially the dark faerie portion. The performative, didactic idea, as always, is to heal from rape by camping it as the

Gothic (and its fakeries) historically do—by helping survivors heal from trauma with "trauma"; re: through ludo-Gothic BDSM putting "rape" in quotes, effectively playing *with* rape during calculated risk (monsters) to help the traumatized relax, but also fight back by surviving and thriving despite our abusers harming us!

So anytime I mention "ludo-Gothic BDSM," I'm referring to healing from rape through play (with monsters like dark faeries, who represent rape in some shape or

form); and vice versa, "healing from rape" or general faerie/demon poetics and roleplay (often with big toys and a royal-size "dark" aesthetic, below) likewise denote "ludo-Gothic BDSM" as a penetrative death analog (re: *ahegao*). Tied to Great Change, it's the whore out in the open—similar to a *bean sidhe* or Medusa's snakes except her pussy's doin' the talking! Little death, big implications!



(artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#))

In short, each expresses the other *and* the imaginary willpower of state forces raping nature for profit, whereupon our *healing* from rape to *stymie* profit (when illustrating mutual consent behind cryptonymic safety buffers) is the whore's ultimate revenge; i.e., while paradoxically

exposed through vulnerable nudity and dark, semi-naked threats, camping state terror weapons during the cryptonymy process (with Amazonian nudity being *invulnerable*, to some extent, and "darkness" being clothed and naked at the same time, etc). Through it, roleplayers synonymize playtime and "rape" haunted by actual abuse/token betrayal, wherein our poetic devices help achieve some sense of autonomy. In doing so, they likewise help us acclimate to markers of trauma and abuse, inside/outside ourselves; i.e., as an ongoing lived reality to regain power through theatrical disempowerment, whereupon we "threaten" ourselves with campy psychosexual versions of state abuse; re (from "A Rape Reprise"): "rape is something that demons play with during the whore's paradox. By extension, ludo-Gothic BDSM is effectively rape play combined with Gothic themes and BDSM practices to avenge state wrongs against nature" ([source](#)).

Theory aside (e.g., reversing abjection), the whole point of said "exquisite 'torture'" is to help past, present and future rape¹⁴⁹ victims heal from the lasting physical, mental and emotional, etc, effects (e.g., the prey mechanisms of rape: fight, flight, fawn, freeze and flop) caused by capital doing what capital does. This means not just by rape's actual penetrative violence, but by the ongoing threats of imaginary penetration and other kinds of violence besides overtly sexual (e.g., carceral, corporal or verbal abuse), and which the state normally supplies to menticide its victims (extending from single people to entire cultures and places); i.e., before, during and after a given event, constituting an ongoing pimping of nature/policing it as alien whore: to *keep* raping nature-as-monstrous-feminine, while simultaneously pacifying *and* antagonizing it through threats of rape causing

¹⁴⁹ Refer to "A Rape Reprise" for my definitions of rape, themselves lifted from the Poetry Module's "[A Note About Rape/Rape Play](#)" and "[Psychosexual Martyrdom](#)").

generational abuse! Rape is torture and terror to keep nature under the state's boot; emancipation, to rise up from Hell to speak apocalyptically with such things.



(artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#))

The reality of rape victims is that everyone can be a victim under capital, but seldom to the same degree (many simply live under conditions where rape is more possible for them, but not foregone). Furthermore, such things are alien to many and experienced differently per side (re: Volume One's "[Healing from Rape](#)"); i.e., rape is a weapon of terror whose fresh evocation frightens anew, but also carries with it a great deal of shame, self-hatred, fear and secrecy projected onto other victims (many cops, *de facto* or actual, were once victims, themselves). By extension, rape survivors trigger at threats that are, to some degree, imaginary and lived; being able to control the time and place of these half-real interactions, but also depth, size, speed and relative nudity involved (above and left) can be intensely therapeutic and educational for ourselves and others—can help everyone gain some sense of voice, thus expert testimony *through* ourselves and our shared labor exchanges, playfully illustrating mutual consent *during* rape play!

That's the paradox of rape, thus the whore; to heal from rape, you must evoke it during calculated risk. Normally alienated by capital, but sold back to us in purely exploitative forms, our subversive remanufacture of such things can help us systemically combat internal-externalized fears and stigmas, thus avoid self-destruction while rebuilding trust through tailor-made boundaries (re: Cuwu and dialectical behavior therapy incorporated into Gothic Communism); i.e., while learning to be at peace with our strange appetites acquired by life under capital, using said dialogs of mastery to become self-sufficient. To change our socio-material conditions overtime (thus raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness) requires active, consciously informed consent through teamwork changing the rules of acceptable behavior and discourse; e.g., Annabel and I negotiating everything that went into this exhibit; i.e., reclaiming our collective time and space, but also means of production to think with, poetry to play with, and bodies to control ourselves (thereby reducing the odds of rape, which is all profit really is). *That's* what good praxis is all about!

Got all that? Enough foreplay, then! First up is our dark faerie collab—one enacted between myself and different models. Embodying different monstrous-feminine qualities embedded in Gothic, it has been funded by me to endorse our rights (as sex workers) in times of state decay and witch hunts. Consider our work representative; i.e., of wild, unruly nature performing its dark revenge: bringing fairyland home *to* the conqueror through the campy language of sex and force, our healing from rape (as a state terror weapon) relaid in darkness visible!

Darkness Visible: Dark Faeries (feat. Annabel Morningstar, Harmony Corrupted, Romantic Rose, *The Witch*, and more)

"Wouldst thou like to live deliciously?"

—Black Phillip, *The Witch* (2015)

Before we start our exhibit on dark faeries, a small tangent on Puritanism and Satan, followed by a few aesthetic notes on dark faeries (about eleven pages)...

As I've already expressed, "Darkness Visible" is a collaboration of common whores—one seeking to penetrate, thus escape, Capitalist Realism through transformative theatrical exchange; i.e., as dark faeries do, meaning *unequally* through sudden capture and rapid transportation, magically ferrying their prey beyond normal spheres and into forbidden netherworlds mirroring the faerie's diurnal counterparts: a nightly place of dreams (often a cave, lake or forest) housing dark desires that are either entirely naked (as faeries often are) or veiled by an oppressive society that normally forbids them to ordinary folk, but hangs in front of to endlessly taunt said folk with (and hypocritically perjure/scapegoat themselves); i.e., with darkness visible, meaning a paradoxically charged, opaque surface that—per Segewick's imagery of the surface, but also Radcliffe's infamous Black Veil (and the forest and castle that house veil and veiled alike)—threatens exposure to hostile alien forces similar to more a diaphanous material. Like a pair of magic panties, our investment pulls this veil aside to show you the goods; i.e., to root out harmful prudes by appreciating what we, as people, have become alienated from by capital and must refamiliarize ourselves with through demonic



trade; re: exquisite "torture"; e.g., the faerie's fat, functionally non-white ass: large, immodest, and succulent—a demon lover's darkness visible helping *us* live deliciously!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

In doing so, our interest pointedly lies in faerie *rulers*, meaning those capable of royal enforcement and divine internment, but also medieval pomp-and-circumstance of a similar grandiose scale; re: courtly love. To it, faerie transformation concerns more than *bodily* changes¹⁵⁰, but that of otherworldly *scenery* reminiscent of one's home made alien by a regal Numinous presence. Transpiring through forced relocation as a matter of unequal exchange that faeries are known for in popular stories, such creatures lead a double life. As you will see, so do we (sex workers often moonlight; survival sex workers toil in broad daylight, forced to suffer judgment by society at large policing whores).

¹⁵⁰ This being said, Black Phillip *is* known as a goat who turns into a man; i.e., as the ominous black curtain Eggers torments the audience with and eventually pulls aside, stripping *everyone* naked. We'll explore anthropomorphism and "skin-changing" much more in "Call of the Wild."

Trotted out in pulp media, the process of abjection likewise reinvents Satan as someone who, once bastardized from Pagan culture¹⁵¹, must be kept "in check"

¹⁵¹ The Gothic, as usual, is obsessed with old, vengeful sites/rites of return; i.e., by nature and those "of it" reclaiming the land and the colonial home from *current* imposters. The reappearance of faerie royals speaks to a postcolonial, hauntological apocalypse where old kings and queens closer to nature, but also their dark gods, come home to roost; i.e., by reminding Christians they never left—that they were never exterminated, thus seek dislocated, aged and alien-faerie revenge from across the sea and into the New World (witches behaving similar to Dracula, but also goblins in this respect, the Puritans having been chased out of England to punch down against older colonial victims: not the Irish and the Catholics or Jewish people, but the witches of *Celtic* myth borrowed from Samhain and other druidic harvest rituals).

Satan is one such faerie—a dark wishmaster tempting Puritan girls with liberation, till they wither from old age/exposure and become his wicked hags. The harvest is poor for the girl's family because they're all on the menu and she, possessed by the *bean sidhe** spirit of heretics (the ancient victim/rival of English fanaticism) is killing them, one by one; re: the grim harvest, the revenge of the Corn Lady on those normally holding the sickle!

*Myth commonly occupies a xenophobic track. *Bean sidhe*—according to English myth demonizing the pre-Teutonic and pre-Norman Celts into the Irish Catholics and secular Irish—were considered a death omen; their shrill, unruly cries, similar to the Medusa's gaze, were thought to be able to strike the listener dead, once heard! In short, the rage of such ghosts is a black mirror to strike the guilty dead for having stayed silent about rape while alive! It's a tool of monstrous-feminine revenge, which the colonizer uses against their usual victims; i.e., by turning them into DARVO-style bogeywomen for not killing home rule with kindness! It's tone-policing tampering with the witness, calling their testimony "poison" to alienate them [divide and conquer].

The purpose of the witch, then, is to carry the Puritan's guilt of imperial inheritance, which balloons through their own self-righteousness and overdependence; i.e., on invented enemies to aggrandize themselves and rape the land they abject onto their *new* area of divine providence (whose perceived criminality watches *them* through the witch's uncanny animal familiars, framing the American Indigenous in a New England light). The daughter is possessed not by xenoglossia, then, but by anarchist wish fulfillment; i.e., to destroy her family, who she resents as the *real* criminals; e.g., her teenage brother lusting after her, but also her demented mother slut-shaming her.



In turn, the witch embodies the Sphinx' Riddle turned on its head, the witch of youthful whore and aged crone hidden inside the mind of an increasingly vengeful maiden evoking the witch at her annoying twin siblings: "But I *am* that very witch!" She's a dog soldier guerilla, warring from the shadows; i.e., by changing shape and size, but also age to embody and invoke mass hysteria—the Puritan's weapon of choice—against *them*. Lurking in twilight between day and night, familial suspicion convinces her own flesh and blood that *she* commands nature and dark wishes to turn the Puritans against each other and, in the process, use terror weapons to ultimately undo the bloodline of nature's enemies; she's an imposter for what the Puritans call "enemy" (re: Milton's "arch-fiend") having chased *them* out of house and home (the characters—pariahs themselves, banished by a colony of

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heretics—are often homesick) and denying it to them, here, in a hauntologized, pre-colonial America: the destruction of the nuclear home by its "anti" double changeling.

Per black/white us versus them and the dialectic of shelter and the alien, nature is criminal invading the Puritans' sense of unsteady home. Satan, in that respect, might seem like Charles Manson and the witch as one of his Manson girls; i.e., bog-standard Gothic, but haunted by genocide as the ghost of the counterfeit. Closer to the mark, he's a terrorist fighting for land back, dressed up as a gangster/pimp the Puritans can recognize *dancing* on their graves! Classic centrist projection (of moral teams), and yet the Gothic works through allegory to secret critical thought into viewers' brains. Eggers stays comfortably inside the Puritan fear space, but despite this semblance of white moderacy devotes the entirety of its runtime to crucify them; i.e., as a black parody of their values, speaking in the language of morality to hoist them on their own petards. It's a witch hunt, one where the witch hunts the witch *hunters*. It's intensely critical of the Puritans, lambasting them in a classic, New-England, Hawthornean polemic obsessed with Salem's awful reputation and desire *for* revenge! There are no good witches in Eggers' film; just *black* witches having their revenge.



In turn, Eggers' film is directed at current-day Puritans-by-another-name: Christian nationalists. The victims of the film think themselves righteous, undeserving of violence, but from our perspective they're the most radical and delusional of them all. They do it to themselves, while those most often forced into monstrous-feminine, scapegoat positions *retreat* from family life; i.e., as having been designed, from the start, to harm *insubordinate*, tokenized women, and for which they seek the whore's black, monstrous-feminine revenge against; e.g., the opening "baby-mashing" scene being phallic and *vaginal*, the witch's pestle-like broom and mortar-like bowl an Archaic Mother's *vagina dentata* wielded by a phallic woman making chunky baby batter (above) with her enemies' spawn (terror weapons include horror—to invoke disgust and dehumanize one's victims); re: Lady Macbeth: "Come to my woman's breasts, / And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers, / Wherever in your sightless substances / You wait on Nature's mischief!" It's an identity *and* taboo (unthinkable*) act of defiance told through monstrous argument—the land defending itself from Divine Right and Manifest Destiny by reversing abjection at the source: wolfing down the next-in-line! "Stare and tremble!" Matthew Lewis is alive and well (whose novel, *The Monk*, also features a famous scene with a dead rotting baby crawling with worms)!

**With infanticide DARVO being a classic weapon of settler colonists, who use their women and children as human shields. The witch reduces the baby (whose pregnancy historically embodies a threat of death and enslavement to married and unmarried women, alike) as something to render down and empower her disgusting revenge (death from the skies)! Furthermore, the wet slapping sound of the witch's broom during the infanticide scene plays later in the film; i.e., when the then-widowed mother "turns," seeking revenge against the surviving daughter—by accusing her of seducing father and son! Incest and infanticide, Horace Walpole's Mysterious Mother once again leaps to mind!*

So if you find yourself chilled and quaking in the witch's indeterminate presence and feeling sorry for the Puritans (who are made by Eggers to be as incompetent and unlikeable as possible), it's merely a reminder of your own privileged position wreathed in ghostly counterfeit, but also the call of the void towards more humane orders of existence couched in barbarity. That's what dark faeries classically portend, however unsightly they come to us in our dreams (re: like Satan, disguised as a

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in Christianized spheres by strip-teasing him; i.e., by abusing the same poetics through pornographic dogma, wherein *state* Gothic canonically lands the Devil in hot water. "The Devil," not the state, tempts maidens to prostitute themselves—to disrobe, forsake God and destroy the nuclear family *vis-à-vis* a Puritan reimagining of *Hammer of Witches* (1478) and blood libel. Commonly devised to accuse disobedient women of "witchcraft," such pogroms extend state slander and DARVO into circular myth; i.e., urban legends tarring proto-feminism, queerness and Pagan religions with the same cruel, half-real brush, forsaking these groups into latter-day persecution networks, confessional refrains, and idiotic-but-effective canards; e.g., the drinking of infant blood and eating of their flesh perverting Catholic mass, all while using the leftover fat in flying ointments the witch can lubricate her "broom" with, then levitate through unholy orgasm (and phallic-woman histrionics).

According to the settlers, all this happens in service to Satan; i.e., as something to (de/an)ounce and defame through outrageous innuendo and ghost stories—their counterfeits' haunting aggrandizing God and Manifest Destiny while beset by the Wild as something to colonize all over again: nature "gone wild," thus savage, impure, and fallen out of a canonically essential pastoral imposed by moral arbiters "grown lax" and paranoid (thus punished by God through Satanic caricature, isolation, and ultimately Malthusian outcomes: starvation, disease, war and death). *Satan* is the Puritans' imaginary friend (there are no Indians, in *The Witch*, the Puritans talking only to themselves while they slowly go mad/starve to death).

A chaste maiden symbolize state dominance; her liberation, through uncontrolled prostitution, is cataclysmic—i.e., the Devil "wins" the moment the state's baby factories refuse a prescribed burden of care (and when men abjure the same rapacious gender binary, but I digress). Instead, they're saddled with outrageous entitlement, yet faced with such vituperative and bogus claptrap since birth. So it should come as little surprise when state daughters frequently go mad from threats of exile, rape and execution—that they spontaneously strip naked and run to the hills, almost *eager* to sin! Debutantes delighting in sodomy and other witchy things, their criminal's whispered and limitless debauchery cloaks in the dead of night; i.e., as things partially imaginary to repeatedly assault the righteous with, the latter's menticed brains visualizing profligates who *won't* put out for them (the abjection process, during the dialectic of shelter and the alien, fears nature as hungry for superstitious Puritans, all while allegedly "transing their kids" to hug Medusa: through hauntological gender trouble that ruffles police feathers, centuries later).

For the state and its self-policing populace, faeries amount to a fearmongering of wasted wombs, a binarization thereof that puts the colonizers at

toad to tempt Eve in *her* sleep): to pour sweet poison in our ears, and cloud our eyes with crystal darkness!

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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the top; i.e., during military urbanism and optimism crusading against invented, us-versus-them evils draining state essence—predominantly the right to control female bodies, but also anything that isn't a white, cis-het, Christian male in order to maintain patriarchal sway over state territories and populations; re: anything monstrous-feminized by the state pimping nature-as-alien for fear of nature's revenge in kind. But for workers seeking emancipation, faeries—but especially dark, *royal* faeries—communicate the desire to not only visibly resent our dominators (and their self-righteous bullshit), but slice them to ribbons; i.e., during the cryptonymy process, bristling with fury the elite cannot hope to contain through the same dark devices' double operation, showing and concealing a plethora of apocalypses.

"If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" wrote the Bard, but nudity is the whore's weapon; i.e., as a mode of endless moral panic, "hysteria" compelled through state force—a thing to dismiss and preach in equal measure. Policing it doesn't historically work, the whore's glee being a maiden set free while dancing on her captors' graves: "Get fucked, Mom! Way to go, Dad!" Through the usual Promethean anisotropic (re: Hawthorne), the *Puritans* were the victims worthy of punishment (the witches hunting the witch hunters)!



In this sense, *The Witch* is hardly unique in its morbid fascination with a Gothic puritanical, including its fatal-when-viewed nostalgia and sinister two-way applications. Plenty of stories give the guilty a place to go and commit venal sins for or against the state; i.e., through Gothic "thought crimes" walking the tightrope between outright vandal and fascist vigilante; e.g., the tank-like T-800 from *The Terminator* compelling a similar act of



revenge to Egger's titular witch that, instead of policing the usual groups with state force, animates like Walpole's armor to blast an entire police station to bits¹⁵²:

Per my arguments, such thoughts are fertilized by revolutionary cryptonymy inside the Gothic mode's

¹⁵² Cameron doing so in the style of the noir and Western, but also zombie film turning the police into a victim of their own abuses come back to haunt them; i.e., from the tech-noir retro-future! Doing so carries a rebellious signature (if not downright conviction, in Cameron's case) because the slasher's normal, canonical usage is to scare teenagers into *not* having extramarital sex; i.e., while being a guilty pleasure that, among couples married or not, is used to excite particular fears and, sure enough, *raise* libido in times of perceived danger/elevated panic (with the heroes of the movie fucking while on the run from their tireless assassin). Per Hogel, the middle class eats that shit up (re: through various fandoms and refrains, above), driving the process of abjection to feed the profit motive.

unruly aspects; i.e., as something to witness and foment fresh rebellious sentiment *with* while reversing abjection (versus posture as such; re: Jameson's dismissal of the Gothic, who we'll talk about more towards the end of the module)!

Regardless, whatever devious wish fulfillment transpires with faerie transplants (to have nature's monstrous-feminine revenge by killing your whole annoying family and oppressive belief system; re: Eggers), these always happen in darkness. Specifically they unfold in darkness *visible* relaid through the perceived fairy palaces' royal decree; i.e., faeries are quite often monsters of a patrician standing and prestige summoned by mere mortals during the restless cryponymy process, but like the more plebian brethren they walk amongst are generally made to express proletarian longing—meaning through things that are closed off to begin with, and desired for that reason by different parties involved: the forbidden sight that darkness visible classically offers generally tied to a time and place known colloquially as "Hell."

In short, every monarchy has a ruler for which their voice is given more heed (through the dynastic orderings of power) than plain country folk. Such power is often—in the ancient tradition—borne through nudity as a kind of weapon that offends modern sensibilities (with Egger's witch often being nude, and Cameron's terminator and rebel soldier both arriving naked, too); i.e., a courting of power as something to take back by getting into the nudist spirit of things. To it, "Darkness Visible" considers ludo-Gothic BDSM and dark faeries through mutual action in pursuit of Hell's demonic powers; i.e., which my friends and I—Annabel, Nyx, Harmony and Rose (among others not shown here)—pointedly synthesize, wedding performance and labor exchange to the stimulating act of forbidden creation tied to public nudism; re: castles-in-the-flesh, each with its own qualities that I'll stress when exhibiting them (e.g., Nyx' ties to nature; Annabel, to cottagecore; Harmony and Rose, to BDSM and healing from rape; and Crow, to genderqueerness)!



(artists [clockwise, starting top-left]: [Nyx](#), [Romantic Rose](#), [Harmony Corrupted](#), [Annabel Morningstar](#), and [Crow](#))

Except our exhibit, like Carroll's white rabbit, becomes something to follow deeper inside Wonderland acting as Plato's cave (a displaced, shadowy replica of the real world and its abuses lying in state). Reversing abjection, we strike conservative parties who view us "dead" merely by strutting

our stuff with confidence, and all occur within/upon our naked bodies' "Aegis": from an oppressed, fateful voice, rising up from the dark corners of the West to resist, thus subvert, *its* cultural understanding of the imaginary past—all in favor of something more sex-positive taking said Wisdom's place; re: as a proletarian Superstructure.

Furthermore, *our* bare-and-exposed contingency demonstrates a collaborative push for a universal meta awareness—one raised through the dark faerie (ruler) aesthetic as its own "bad religion"; i.e., of larger historical-material trends we want to change through ourselves as monstrous-feminine in small, thus monopolized by virtue of sex, itself, being so heavily policed and censored at large. Canonized in ways that crowd the chronotope with a special *kind* of darkness visible, the nude sex and force of Gothic castles darken with the pitch blackness known to puritanical censor bars (and modest clothing's obscurantism). In turn, we highlight the *absence* of said bars on our bodies' exposure, but also that of state weaponry and bondage surrounding us, which the state generally *won't* censor!

The Gothic's concentric duality *is* notably crowded. By pushing it in a post-scarcity direction, we make a mockery of our colonizers' values, thus their *upholding* of said values through a dogmatic, platitudinal Gothic. This includes its fairytale wish fulfillment's dubious, disingenuous framing of the world; e.g., "Suffer not a witch to live" something to apprehend by us and—like the Rolling Stones' immortal song—happily "paint it black" through *bean-sidhe* dress-up and crossdress shenanigans camping the lot of 'em: "Look at the Straights, scared of a little pussy!" (with Cameron showing his own Amazonian, white-savior conservatism, having Skynet reportedly terrified of Sarah Connor's unborn *son*).

In doing so, we not only embody the sheer heights and plunging depths of fairytales through ourselves, but demonstrate the universal applicability of "darkness" during class war told through Gothic overture. Reclaiming its revolutionary power by punching *up* during the cryptonymy process (and its own infamous reliance on such things), we reify the dualistic language of sin, demon lovers and all-around vice characters through faeries. Playing them as suitably witch-like, thus invented, our collective aim is to exit the bottle¹⁵³ dressed as

¹⁵³ E.g., Link, the Hero of Time from *Zelda*, capturing smaller faeries in bottles, but gaining boons at faerie fountains housing Great Faeries he *cannot* bottle (re: size difference)!

forgeries but also paradoxically naked disguises (with Hell being a *Promethean* place¹⁵⁴ to *escape* persecution and upend profit). In turn, this can be done by others, onstage and off, learning by our example; i.e., to give shape to dark places and persons where anyone can explore off-limit feelings and desires (so-called "yums" that many will "yuck"). Commonly expressed as monstrous-feminine, we are queenly and seeking revenge against the state fleecing us; re: wicked stepmothers and monarchs, but also truthsayers speaking in darkness visible: to our profound abuse and survival *while* naked, thus exposed to rape we must camp.

So concludes the preface on Puritanism, witches and Satanism (six pages, to haunt the remainder with a spectre of persecution). A couple more aesthetic notes, before we proceed; e.g., the intensity and size difference that faeries commonly evoke when performed; i.e., naked or not, their power *feels* naked in ways that generate a similar Numinous effect (to be bare and exposed before godly forces)!

Reminiscent of Shakespeare's Tamora, Queen of the Goths, but also Titania the Faerie Queen and Queen Mab, Milton's Satan, Galatea of the Pygmalion legend, Hecate, Medusa, etc—which our performances evoke in spirit if not actually their armies of goblins, wild animals, and Jewish-/queer-coded vampires, devils, succubae, etc—my friends and I humanize the harvest as faeries do: as beings of nature antagonized by state arguments into a kind of false tyrant threatening state

rule. Often by speaking to repressed desires *for* liberation, these include counterterrorist action caged in vice-character stigma, bigotry and phobia! She's not just a whore, but a jinn—a wishmaster trading tit for tat (often with a sinister, evil-and-loving-it flavor); i.e., while carrying a castle-sized aura. Make something "too big" and it becomes titanically estranged, fully



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

¹⁵⁴ One of dark, vengeful, monstrous-feminine gods; re: Creed and Freud, *vis-à-vis* Medusa.

inhuman; our resident baddie is big to be sure but still relatively human-sized: a walking castle to parlay with, a dragon lady to slay during monomyth pastiche. She's a queen of terrors¹⁵⁵ to treat with—up close and personal, during the witching hour/grim harvest's liminal hauntology of war! Like a massive blaze, but one that doesn't visibly burn (which darkness visible does not), her presence notably sucks the room of oxygen: a dark faerie with batwings (and probably having a witch's familiar or two; i.e., stigma animals; e.g., a frowning toad, raven or black cat) emblemizing the whore in a position of power normally reversed for women having men's babies!

In regards to dark faeries, then, I often find it useful to think of them in *parental* terms (the Gothic chronotope being concerned with dynastic primacy and hereditary rites; re: Bakhtin). The wicked stepmother trope, for example, is both diegetically and non-diegetically stuck in the past; i.e., as a corporal-architectural means of dispelling present illusions and weaving fresh spells with, *mise-en-abyme*. It's a party/disco-like mood in structure's time and place (the opera) that queer people commonly relate to/with, one that capital claims to be beyond or otherwise above using themselves; i.e., their proponents serve profit, crafting ancient landowner-yet-undomesticated beings of capricious splendor who make war and turn our worlds upside-down, only to be laid low for *their* monstrous-feminine hubris. An egregore (concentration) versus an origin, the body-like castle (or castle-like body) appears seemingly *ex nihilo*, threatens, and then as all spectres of Marx do, it vanishes (or disintegrates).



(artist: [Evul](#))

The Gothic is writ in disintegration. Our faerie-like potential (and flesh) works within the same poetic spheres' palliative Numinous, conveying some degree of enormity and psychosexual power (often height and heels; i.e., size difference and power imbalance beyond our sex organs; e.g., Gwendoline Christie's curiously chaste-but-imposing Lucifer from the 2022 *Sandman* adaptation, below—begging Key and Peele's "She tall, she tall" line from their 2012 "[Karim and Jahar](#)" skit). Instead of compelling state order through tragic-hero narratives, we make Miltonic Satanism conscious of the Devil's party to liberate nature-as-monstrous-feminine with; re: to ravish ironically by putting "rape" in the quotes of a Gothic fake laid bare!

In feudalistic terms, "sovereignty" was something to randomly assign to bodies that were, unto themselves, haunted by impostor syndrome overshadowed by tyrannical revenge, ruthless torture, dishonorable deeds (re: courtly love) and

¹⁵⁵ Darkness and chaos being classically female; re: Jung's female chaos dragon.

total conquest, but also boastful claims, grand adventure, nude fakery and murderous fantasy (fake princesses, cursed bloodlines, evil castles, pretend inheritance, uncertain ancestors, bastard children, long-lost siblings, and invented family trees, etc). As such, the Gothic historically litigates *through* fakery to forge sympathy for the Devil in any shape or size, but also configuration. The Gothic castle, then, is a site of alien invasion and pure illusion, one whose vanishing point leads into and (out from) "a place of concealment that stands on mere ashes of something not fully present." There, ambush and succor are friends, the "ancient" fake a thing to apotropaically ward off evil spirits less through genuine superstition and more through calculated risk acting curses out: the parent something to fabricate and fear in equal measure.

Except the Devil, contrary to popular belief, has no advocate, and is something of an inkblot to qualify in different ways. Like Lucifer from *Paradise Lost*, dark faeries never fully assimilate/are always rivals challenging state forms regardless if they tokenize (re: "damned if you do, damned if you don't"); i.e., occupying the same shadow space as Nazis and using the same tumultuous aesthetic of power and death. Our destiny, then, becomes the ability to craft, thus choose, our fate as something to nakedly diverge away from state copies along the same medieval tracks of invented ancestry (re: Madoff).

As such, the faerie ruler is a Nazi-Communist whore (the world's oldest profession and enemy—the Medusa), but a powerful one—an indulgent, phallic walking fetish/perpetual thorn in the state's side vengefully taking what she wants when she wants (the virgin and the whore, the cult of the virgin queen¹⁵⁶), and someone whose anathematic ability to even want *anything* (female characters in Gothic fiction being historically passive and denied the right to open sexual appetites while surrounding by rape) the bourgeoisie will desperately try to reclaim by gentrifying the idea of desire/carrying it away from slaves (with women



historically being slaves, and Christie's Satan being penned by Neil Gaiman, a sex pest masquerading as a queer ally): a fetish for the sissy to suckle, the female or GNC dom of nature chained to a straight male.

Envisioned by my friends and I, this exhibit tries to break from stage bondage while evoking unironic harm in campy genderqueer body language; i.e., by illustrating the dark faerie as monstrous-feminine liberator through darkness visible beyond its limited, capricious norms. By ransoming those persons holding our rights hostage, we supply a Trojan-Horse feller of empires, splendidly mendacious via the Gothic's giddy delight at reversing

¹⁵⁶ Re: Titania being a stand-in for Queen Elizabeth, a woman who never married or bore children, which Shakespeare, a gay man, envisioned as our aforementioned fairy queen from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

abjection (from Walpole and Lewis, onwards), and where power and trauma exist, hand-in-hand. While forged sanctuary notably contradicts the safe passage of (and through) a military home afraid of outsiders, we take the faerie ruler and flirt with disaster arranged—as it always is—by state instruments: sex as the most policed device in the world, second only to the Gothic and monsters; i.e., as poetic arguments that not only speak to our alienation, but with it to rehumanize ourselves!

Sex *is* power—doubly so concerning faerie queens as things to express through reclaimed exploitation; re: our labor value, but also our symbolic value through our genders and sexuality qualified through appearance; e.g., skin color and size—with Crow having undeniably pale skin, but also an impeccable shapeliness to them that is anything but modest (next page). Together we trade in nudity and craft, my invigilation of Crow's assets (and willingness to disrobe for a good cause, below) speaking to subversive faerie monarchs well enough: go big or go home when satirizing our survived trauma! Context matters, as does the ability to explain it when illustrating mutual consent through public nudism.



(artist: [Crow](#))

Except, while dark power's "denuding" classically threatens modesty in the state's hierarchy of values, it's a bit of a silly myth that you actually have to *be* modest when speaking truth to power! The simple fact is (and one that Gothic stories illustrate, time and time again), you can speak to power *with* power-as-abstract in recognizable forms of darkness visible disrobed. Chief among those is the human body resembling a castle and vice versa; i.e., the familiar-foreign, psychosexual signature of a stacked faerie residence as much being the stamp of power and home touched by alien elements, versus the actual humanoid shape emblematic to vanity projects. Rippling through the performance of sex, playing house can become deliberately mendacious *and* truthful, but also mixed in terms of its literal, pun-heavy metaphors; i.e., faerie castles being as much *who* embodies them with a brick-house, "mighty mighty" physique.

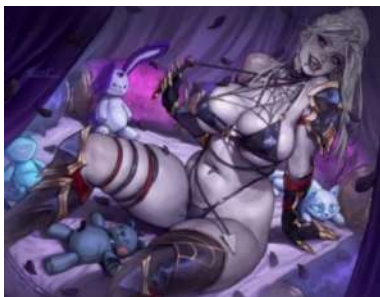
As disco-in-disguise through danger disco, period, the artificial wilderness is one whose paradoxical reinvention of royal faerie nudity happens during ludo-Gothic BDSM between different workers! It's a bad camouflage that blends into a space where everyone is wearing the same basic disguise: surviving as tricksters treating ourselves (turning tricks), making mischief while embodying it as a matter of paradox, artifice, guile, teasing and relief!

Bodies or buildings, the Gothic classically emerged out of a delicate, exciting time and perfect storm of variables: an expanding middle-class luxury affording Neo-Gothic authors (and later pretty much everyone, as soon as access to such

things expanded beyond the probably-gay sons of British prime ministers and MPs); i.e., a sudden, special sense of play and control that, up until that point, hadn't really existed beyond aristocratic privilege, and simultaneously was diving *back* into the medieval semi-imaginary past as something to play *with*. As camouflage to speak to state power/disorder rising to global prominence using the same stuff to hide itself with, such subterfuge became something not to exclusively admonish, but admire: scaring ourselves, but also the state, by reclaiming such devices to help from rape in theatrical doubles thereof.

For the state, it's a way of sexing up the banality of evil through weird-nerd culture; for workers, a rising intuition acclimated to the spread of power and lies, thus camping the canon through the usual Gothic disclaimers: everything's fake, but hides rebellious potential somewhere in all those conventions, fetishes and psychosexual clichés; i.e., Faustian transactions transmitting magical devilry through grave danger and serpentine, bandit-style, black penitent treachery as a hauntological, displaced critique of capital growing into itself; e.g., Radcliffe's Count Montoni or Father Schedoni part of a larger cultural imaginary relegating British atrocities (and aging national identity) to a cultural imaginary always at war with fictional "Italian" doubles and *their* evil castles: a forever war haunted by a "just business" mentality of gangsters, liars and thieves, but also poison, bad reputations, stolen brides, concealed weapons and private, mercenary warfare.

To this, the Gothic celebrates chaos and confusion during calculated risk acknowledging state decay (and medieval regression) *through* artifice. A at times nebulous and completely bonkers, Icarian (crash-and-burn) threat to profit/the nuclear family dressed up as "alien invasion" (which faeries represent), it's one the state will take seriously while, at the same time, giving workers something to enjoy or otherwise empathize with, through disposable and discredited pleasures; i.e., in faerie-like ways that not only exceed, but purposefully *violate* state tolerances, mid-cryptonymy! A wish to crystalize by first invoking it, to think of the Devil that she may appear helps workers conjure an imposing luminary that, through our aforementioned nudism, outshines its classical demonizing usage! Rape is historically cheap. Our bodies and identity-through-performance, take on fresh life



that overwrites state doubles policing the whore! Police *this*, dickwads!

(artist: [Lera](#))

Often, this awakening (and its active class character) incurs through infidelity regarding extramarital affairs—the Faustian dealings of the state and monarchs behind closed doors. Despite the crown, the dark faerie queen is an anti-monarch in the traditional sense, but works through entertainment as, itself, a kind of paradoxical threat: the act of being sinful, to some extent, *unfaithful*

because blind faith is historically-materially harmful; i.e., unfaithful to the harmful idea that work is holy, per the Protestant ethic, and pushing back against the idea that wish fulfillment is somehow "cheating" (versus working a low-paying job one's whole life, subject to wage and labor theft, but also sexual theft through compelled marriage). From a proletarian angle, the Devil opens doors the state wants closed—disaster a thing to court through abjected things; re: demon lovers simply whores, versus medieval slayers, the two overlapping or haunted by their own inverted flavors of sex and force through the same Numinous, abjected scheme.

Concluding our pre-exhibit tangent on Satan, Puritanism, and our aesthetic notes, everyone loves whores, if only as faerie weapons to attack with or stand against; re: sex and force as things to respect and understand above else! There's a method to our madness, a devil in the details. If the state invents whatever enemy it needs to dialectically-materially enforce *its* will and rape nature (commonly a woman, it must be said; re: "Hell hath no fury like a *woman* scorned"), we turn that on its head, fostering a dark mistress/fairy godmother it can never fully pimp, having her whore's revenge in Promethean worlds (of power older than man, thus profit)! This collab is me and my friends' fun, conversational attempt to illustrate that, speaking louder together than we ever could alone, our naked fairytale bodies making all manner of wishes come true. Why ask for a pretty dress or the taste of butter when the sky's the limit? So pay attention, loves; service to Satan *is* its own reward, and this is what living deliciously (and anti-predation/rape) is all about!



(exhibit 44a1a1b1: Artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#). Annabel is into "cottagecore," a cottage-industry type of aesthetic that features faeries, and who inspired the idea for this exhibit [though we won't cover the idea itself until "Call of the Wild"]. Many of the images featured here come from the shoot I commissioned her to produce:

While demons are whores per the virgin/whore dichotomy, and they communicate as much through pain adjacent to harm during paradoxical revenge dialogs, doing so is a method of social-sexual enrichment in "ace" forms of public nudism; i.e., interrogating trauma and power through Gothic poetics and liminal expression: the booty normally controlled by the state suddenly set free by the natural, God-given owner of said booty—workers! "If you want to critique power, you



must go where it is"; demons do that, but equip the interlocutor/participant[s] with the ability to likewise communicate as demons do—through pleasure and non-harmful pain that speak to systemic abuse being an ongoing problem under Capitalist Realism: to bring Hell to Earth, throwing the doors of perception wide on the Aegis [above and below]. Think of it as anal jazz—something to improvise "darkness" with/upon to change/upend state hegemonies; i.e., to profane the sacred in "almost holy" language, where people watch us simultaneously fail and succeed per attempt: on the highway to Hell, loaded with dark power evocative of pre-Christian religions, fertility rites and bacchanal pleasures deemed alien and sinful by the Church, but also pimped by its secularized extensions during the Protestant ethic abjecting the faerie whore's ghost of the counterfeit [and special weapons, left]!

[artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#)]

Of course, Medusa is the basic notion of such monstrous-feminine/demon lover theatrics upsetting state balance; but dark faeries constitute the same idea as the snake-headed original, as do witches, Amazons, or any other classic female example [that extends easily enough to GNC forms]. They double their canonical variants, while still having that evil, Venus-twin look to them; but again, flow [of power] determines function, not appearance. Appraising and addressing that dilemma through demons like Annabel's dark sidhe design [and peachy backside, below] helps us not only reclaim monstrous-feminine from state tokenism/obscurantism, but distinguish ourselves and blend in during revolutionary cryptonymy when humanizing the harvest with ludo-Gothic BDSM and bare, exposed forces of darkness! Antagonize nature and put it to work for us.

Furthermore, such poetry is robust, holistic—a complete package fine-tuned to reverse abjection on the Aegis; i.e., during the same-old mythological games' ghost of the counterfeit assisting rebellion, recultivating the imaginary past in all the same language to camp it; re: Marx's dead generations, but also the man himself, to yield more perceptive retro-futures looking forwards by going backwards to uncover sex-positive hauntologies within fatal, undead nostalgia [and restless dogma/rebellion during the cryptonymy process].



[artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#)]

Often, this reveals itself through flesh as castle-like, hyphenating the lavish, sensual language of revenge vis-à-vis sex and war with food and death, shelter and combat, pleasure and pain, religion and release placed in optional

quotes [e.g., "impalement" or "sheathing"¹⁵⁷] to achieve live burial in architectural, morphological degrees; i.e., the queen bound to the castle as a funerary chronotope housing a fugitive derelict's engines of war regardless of ornamentation; e.g., the faerie queen's fortress backside acting as opening to the netherworld's opera space/mise-en-abyme as "belly of the beast," but also butthole of the beast [or other such orifices and cavities, though Annabel's asshole is a sight to behold, above]: the house as the monster, liar and abuser but also the monster as "brick house" [re: *The Commodores*] telling paradoxical truths with taboo, thus attractive elements that feed anisotropically in both directions. So often, women [or those treated like women] are, per the whore's paradox, forbidden from taking abject BBC/manifesting as such, but expected per the profit motive's colossal, patriarchal double standards to do just that.

Point in fact, *Alraune* and similar vampiric heinies—e.g., the Moth Fairy from *Bloodstained 2: Curse of the Moon*, next page—literally stem from nature seeking its monstrous-feminine revenge against profit, hence rape; i.e., acting as bait while fucking back to hell from rape—lying in wait at the traditional place of abuse, thus revenge; re: the bedroom haunted by the vengeful whore's phallic ovipositor or vagina dentata, double/two-faced presentation, and Medusa-style severed head eating her rapist through Gothic pareidolia and pseudolimb, mid-liminal expression: oscillating¹⁵⁸ inside a murderous womb's Numinous, danger-zone/nexus-of-crisis hyphenating of sex and force, human and insect, mouth and fang—the palliative-Numinous, Gothic-Communist mommy to quest for and have her dom you through forbidden sight/darkness visible! Something to see that defies belief, the revenge isn't petty in defense of private property through monopolized terror devices, but substantial and thrilling in defense of nature and labor! The Gothic—as a storehouse of old recycled tropes, dated fakeries and grimly humorous camp—is a fantastic resource for such premeditated discourse/crass danger-disco maneuvers playfully badass dangers.

¹⁵⁷ The Gothic loves violent sexual metaphors, which speak adequately to queer hyphenations of criminal sex and force that, just as well, speak to demons and their psychosexuality at large: the faerie ornamentation of violence, but also the its rude slumming (re: gentrification and decay).

¹⁵⁸ A classic Gothic signature, alongside live burial tropes and the decay of state mastery through various fetishes and clichés, and dated, revived conventions stressed for their simultaneous age, barbarity and profound regeneration. These sit in between boundaries concerned with sex as a weakness, but also a death warrant that executes when consumed; re: sex equals death when one's virtue is "weak." The Gothic, cloaked in the spectre of organized religion and the Protestant ethic, camps such nonsense inside of itself.



[model and artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Except, the same ideas of the vampire's undead reversal [of the usual feeding direction] likewise apply to the demon's revenge being functionally the same; i.e., regardless of aesthetic, the dark faerie operating through unequal trade and transformation has Promethean and Faustian outcomes: the destruction of the usual predators by anti-predation devices [and false bodies/animalized

Gothic fakeries working in tandem, part of the same vengeful force, above] luring aspiring rapists [which monomyth heroes are] to their doom! Beheading the Medusa is classic abjection, her castration of patriarchal agents while playing "dead" classic reverse abjection; i.e., "helpless" while tied up. It's a kind of data, but also code-through-power-fantasy speaking to anxiety and anger in methods where the actors and articles involved can reckon with dark forces that raise intelligence/awareness during the cryptonymy process to reverse abjection and foster Gothic Communism; re: moving power anisotropically towards workers through dialectical-material scrutiny during praxial synthesis, not Freudian psychoanalysis [and mainstays, like Creed, Segewick, Carter and Kristeva, etc]. It might seem like the whore always loses; per the whore's paradox, she reverses abjection through BDSM played out in Gothic stories: showing the military optimist their own cruelty in desiring to rape nature-as-alien-whore, hoping to defeat Capitalism's hidden sins through combat.

To it, the Gothic is notoriously indiscrete/prone to push-pull while crossing very fine lines; its chaotic violation of boundaries neatly describes the half-real ways that power and its uneven distributions and boundaries exist and unfold in faerie fun and [sex] games. Whether a castle, occupant, or some castle-in-the-flesh combination, awesome [Numinous] power and obscurity are always close at hand. Weighed down by [and reached for with] ambivalent hands and clouded vision, its cryptonymy affords the wielder tangents with narrow cutting power and broad latitude; i.e., amid solvent [dissoluble] feelings of constant confusion and overwhelming danger. The air permeates with thick dread, but also paradoxical excitement; i.e., insofar as liberation and exploitation [cops and victims, Nazis and Communists] all occupy the same kayfabe umbral zone that faeries do: where the atrocities of present social structures, displaced onto faux-medieval language, return as "past" to fall once more under its powerful spell [re: Punter and the ghost of the counterfeit]—all to further or reverse abjection, time and time again!

The Gothic is obsessed with the return of rape as a matter of nostalgia paradox—to a young state of mind with an adult perspective, confronting generational trauma to

not only survive, but defeat it at the "source"; i.e., regressing to progress by going to Hell not elsewhere, but at home displaced to a nightmare, castled state—one common to medieval torture scenarios and state crisis and decay expanding said torture deeper into regular in-groups seemingly under state protection. But such places, as haunted homes, are also semi-imaginary playgrounds of "rape" out in the open, exposed dramatically for those who have survived systemic abuse [and its concealment] and seek to unbury such secrets, once and for all.

These cloaked testimonies and Black-Veil affects confess or otherwise point to unspeakable, widespread and atrocious harm on the homefront, themselves announced by great entropy [disorder and collapse] as something that suddenly arrives or erupts into massive, extreme violence: the unstoppable revenge of the barbaric past unto a possible future, holocaust and revenge housed and confronted in the same zone of play's exquisite "torture." Commonly denoted by [and abstracted as] Gothic castles and conquerors whereupon time is a circle, imperial abuse and state consumption under capital abject onto a retro-future space-time loop, the "better future" of a once-upon-a-time endlessly devoured by the imaginary past from Elsewhere traveling through space and time [usually outer space, the ocean, the barbaric past, or simply a space of darkness; e.g., Lavos from Chrono Trigger or Skynet from The Terminator—Toriyama's concentric purple people eater and Cameron's technological singularity/police state demonic personifications of manmade extinction abjected onto "unknown" spheres during the liminal hauntology of war]: to catch a predator by responding to pain and anxiety as, at times, thoroughly unreliable data.

In Gothic, pain is a problem [re: C.S. Lewis] insofar as uncanny elements promise death inside the home; i.e., as occupied by something older than us, alien even, but nevertheless part of the place we call home. Trauma attacks memory but also rememory as a process, less making it forgetful and more foggy and fractured. In turn, some things are so awful we want to forget and never speak of them again, but silence is death, pain a data to analyze "on the hunt," gathering evidence; i.e., intel that resists concrete discovery or dismissal as a kind of always-ringing alarm system gone haywire; re: inside the belly of the beast.

Yet, interpretation and deciphering these cryptic omens is required both to survive and live with peace of mind that we aren't being pimped by tyrannical forces passed off as fakes: the men behind the curtain's concentric veneer/gobstopper mask, machinations of state, and inkblot scapegoats. There's always another castle and tyrant inside, because that's what capital is: endless installations of figureheads, per the ghost of the counterfeit furthering the abjection process. Vague or crystalized, the story is worth nothing without these creatures and their Numinous, at-times-incorporeal halos; i.e., the threat of awesome change, wrought through generational abuse and cryptonymic release: a wild walking castle appears!



In Chrono Trigger's case, the canceled future [which a hauntology is; re: Fisher] is declared after a failure to stop Lavos, dooming the entire planet: "But... the future refused to change." Such is Capitalist Realism—deliberately trading genuine activism for personal responsibility scapegoating nature, the latter dressed up as

technological singularity or cosmic-nihilist space reaper! Such territories are well-trod, done to death but deathless because of a need to quell Capitalism's inheritance anxieties among the middle class quaking before the ghost of the counterfeit: the prodigal son, his chickens come home to roost per the Imperial Boomerang's grim harvest, its dirty little secret cloned and laid bare as "fantasy"!

State proponents, being incompatible with life and consent, lie by design/about everything¹⁵⁹. They do so to defend what the elite privatize—a fake, which they perform to maintain profit; i.e., through cryptonymic lies-upon-lies and force as something to enact against the counterfeit's ghost: furthering abjection for the state during Capitalist Realism, the system having an extraordinary tolerance for menticide. So when the state is strong, its cops and their perfidious illusions feel strong. But when the state is weak, these same enchantments wane; i.e., in ways that demand aggressively conspiratorial and preemptive shows of force from the middle class already conjuring up such Radcliffean bugbears: often against "weak and strong" scapegoats [re: Eco] that trap a besieged Earth inside a fluctuating spell of endless lunacy and death [re: Majora's threat of the falling moon]!

¹⁵⁹ Re: ACAB and ASAB. The state and its traitors (cops) exploit and rape everything for profit, thus control—the two historically-materially going hand-in-hand; i.e. through state illusions and force, thus neoliberal reinvention (mis)using such methods on a regular basis. These include corruption, lobbying and bribes, but also police brutality and various other activities (espionage, assassinations, etc) occurring onstage and off. Less a corrupting of the system and more lubricating it through boom-and-bust with the trifectas, monopolies and qualities of capital, these are things working very much by design. Profit, above all else, facilitates the half-real mechanisms at work, including genocide (war and rape) as a simple consequence of state and corporate operations. They only exist to exploit nature and workers as monstrous-feminine (re: through the usual ethnocentric, canonically essentialist revenge arguments), but that's all the state is made to perform: divide and conquer for profit, that's it.

Furthermore, said motive might be haunted by older forms of empire (the ghost of the counterfeit), but within the present state of affairs, profit supersedes these ghosts, which it pimps out in some shape or form; it charts them in the same mapped-out spheres, like everything else. So while everyone likes the whore, the state needs her as something to attack/surrender territory to before clawing it all back: holding a gun to nature's head, forcing sex in a rush that, turning her into carrot and stick, takes away all choice. Everything is taxable, written up as "the cost of doing business." Unequal, myopic, panoptic—the state works for one purpose, regardless of scope and scale: to privatize thus exploit and reduce everything to profit; i.e., free enterprise (which neoliberalism is) and negative freedom for the owner class, hence billionaires.

The instigator is typically absurd, Lavos effectively a castle-like "gun porcupine" whose non-diegetic pipe organs herald a sudden invasion-from-within piloted by a central menace [re: the backstabbing Jew]. For the elite, however, a Numinous scapegoat is still a scapegoat; they go so far as to grant the beast its own alien life cycle, expecting us to kneel before it when it erupts from the ground



like a cicada or African rain frog¹⁶⁰, then punch down at ourselves during mirror syndrome—in effect, bypassing the elite [and their well-deserved blame] entirely!

For Gothic Communism, though, the whole point is to subvert these black onions' escalations of civil war—meaning to recreate such cataclysmic disempowerment in ways that empower workers through awesome doom; i.e., in defense of nature from capital during calculated risk: a near-death experience whose obscured, layered threat rears its ugly head when the "old gods" return to have their revenge; re: Medusa and state shift during the Capitalocene. Per the paradox of rape, their



evocation feels good during calculated risk; i.e., a confusing reality the elite [the men behind the curtain] will exploit, full-bore: "Worship the state's gods of death pushed into neoliberal [videogame] spheres; have revenge on who we dress up as the end of the world—Communism and its spectres of Marx!"

[[source](#)]

Like the xenomorph's messy intimations of Ovid, Lavos is a Satanic gay death fairy from outer space/Radcliffean nightmare about the end the world. Aping Hell, the tyrannical butterfly's cuckoo metamorphosis turns Earth into a ravenous primordial maw eating Utopia cocooning it [re: [the caterpillar and the wasp](#)]. As usual, capital will use such degenerate [queer-coded, Archaic-Mother] cryptonymy [and its faerie-like, phantom-class egregores] to charm the middle class, thus further abjection and destabilize the world pursuant to profit raping nature by chattelizing it: the ghost of genocide personified and displaced through DARVO and obscurantism, tokenized by neoliberal copaganda haunting the sham of Utopia [re: "Rome" as retro-future].

"Progress," then, is classically the word of Cartesian white men raping nature, who frame Omelas as imperiled on the Aegis to justify policing the whore, post-apocalypse; i.e., capital routinely scapegoats its own inevitable "bust" in astronoetic

¹⁶⁰ While both animals are known for their cute battle cries, rain frogs are further referred to as "potato fairies."

language, the scapegoat a devious ur-thing to push as far away from capital [with Lavos landing on Earth millions of years in the primordial past, similar to Giygas from the Mother franchise, exhibit 60e2] yet push its child soldiers endlessly towards so they can peel back the layers and pimp the whore all over again: the murderous womb, which stories like Alien¹⁶¹ made so famous, Creed fantasized about from Freud's arguments, and I reclaimed in my own work, but which Bacon and the Cartesian Revolution's mainstays have been "running a train on" for centuries! They're Lavos pulling a bait-and-switch handing out death warrants; i.e., during us-versus-them, gaslight-gatekeep-girlboss stranger danger punching state-compelled unknown during Capitalist Realism! Divorced from the world, it's still their oyster to pry open and gut; re: through the usual simulative refrains escalating hyperbolic war against the potential for Great Change: idiots trying to conquer death, therefore nature's great revenge!



The elite push DARVO onto a capitalist analogy dressed up in Nazi-Communist obscurantism! Mighty spectres of death trapped in time as endlessly traveled, fascism and Communism become things to abort and dread, but always to discourage Communism, mid-kayfabe; i.e., neoliberal monomyth refrains promoting death omens of various

kinds by the elite unto all workers: home as Hell to return to, or Hell returning home as Juggernaut, Leviathan or some-such Great Destroyer! Faintly detected by stubbornly imperceptive investigators gentrifying extermination war as "cutesy" in service to the state, the heroes of Chrono Trigger and similar fictions [often women and children; re: Radcliffe's Scooby Doo palimpsest] hunt these endemic alien monsters down, arriving at a final spectral boss looming menacingly inside the web-like trail's garden of the forking paths: an evil onion/cocoon, hence duty to discharge or execution to carry out—reversing predator and prey in a layered singularity when others failed and the nightmare of the undying vampire never quite ends [so-called "true peace," itself, an elusive and brittle lie, under Capitalism]!

Per Radcliffe, demons are classic beings to summon and, pursuant to their final forms, "lovers" to defeat through some kind of challenge offered [often survival or temptation]. While Dracula more commonly fits this role, or something else erotic, plenty of Numinous forms have false bodies [re: Lavos] or no bodies at all [re:

¹⁶¹ I.e., Scott's film emblematic of Shelley's *Frankenstein* novel, both haunted by Red Scare vis-à-vis *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* from 1956 onwards, the latter inspired by Lovecraft's "The Colour Out of Space" or *At the Mountains of Madness* from the 1930s, H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* from 1898, and older xenophobia/Orientalism from Conrad, Poe, and Radcliffe, etc, reaching back into Antiquity's fear of the legendary guerilla and barbarian general, Hannibal (who Scipio Africanus defeated in battle, only doing so *after* Hannibal's famed crossing of the Alps).

Skynet, though it cyberpunk pyramid is preceded by an army of cyborg skeletons]. But such qualities skirt the same lines and territories as faerie rulers and their dark chrysalids—asleep, waiting like Cthulhu at R'lyeh to wake up [no one afraid of Capitalism's fall more than fascists like Lovecraft, but also those strip-mining cosmic nihilism's Cycle of Kings, post-Giger]: inside a nightmare that, once awake, cannot be escaped [the realization of our being trapped in Plato's cave]!



[[source](#)]

Whatever the form, the function is unanimous. Such beings are vice characters of some kind or another to scapegoat inside a monomyth center/closed space; e.g., vampires as faeries, often of a genderqueer quality bearing anti-Semitic flavors that—under a more modern Radcliffean—become queer-coded witch hunts during sodomy and blood libel arguments exterminating the moth by burning it with state candles; i.e., "bug hunt" being the dark desire to canonically unfold during the heroic quest: to penetrate home as sick with a foreign insectoid plot, excising the insect to whitewash capital and its castles through incendiary fetes and kayfabe. The lynch mob, as such, is a rite of passage purging the usual suspects, their purification by fire happening at night while the interlopers, the middle class, happily beat the faerie to death to achieve regicide, infanticide and genocide [and to get the girl at the end of the story]. Such is copaganda in totality—the monomyth, cops-and-victims power fantasy turning state defenders' brains off while acting like they've somehow "grown up"; i.e., once ridding Paradise of the seemingly invincible barbarian/Grendel stand-in by doing the state's dirty work. For capital, all roads lead to Rome; all minions lead to a mastermind who, at the end of the monomyth, can be martyred.

A fight over a woman is classically a fight over a chain of property [dowry] and custodial rights, only one side can't defend itself. Yet, everyone loves the whore [or has virgin/whore syndrome] and its blackhole sun's black sunshine taunting oblivion vis-à-vis state-induced death anxiety and similar emergencies. In this respect, the Gothic and its demon-mommy poetry's recursively psychosexual and emotional [ergodic, concentric, anisotropic, etc] turmoil speaks to curiosity's magnetic charm making anyone feel more at home in alien places; i.e., writ in disintegration¹⁶² with poison as the cure, at home with duality and paradox, contradiction and conflict,

¹⁶² Re, Chris Baldrick's introduction to *The Oxford Book of Gothic Tales* (2009): "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 produce an impression of sickening descent into disintegration" ([source](#)). This, for us whores, becomes something to thrive inside, regenerating like a zombie might, but also a demon; i.e., the faerie, in its chrysalis, changing shape to better suit itself in a hostile environment.

society and sickness, and empowerment through "disempowerment" with and without quotes regarding things normally closed-off and simultaneously commonplace; re: sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, but also the stories encompassing such materiel, talent, and merchandise.

Such meltdowns are what the dark faerie ultimately embodies, thus represents through an antihero's journey—person and place—to bring such things to light for workers or the state: to see you in Hell. "Hell" isn't "bad," in this sense. It's just, like a fairy's cocoon, a place of radical change, black light and dark desire, thus rape and revenge as something to address, mid-duality and -stasis; i.e., from multiple angles and holistic tangents developing Gothic Communism through wise, perceptive "torture" buried alive—an ass of the gods woken up to deliver a Wisdom of the Ancients caught somewhere in time, but also on the bodies of those we love; e.g., my friend Nyx; i.e., who, on her formidable physique and persona, traps the viewer between pre-capitalist ideas and a post-scarcity future where the state has been permanently dismantled and billionaires no longer exist! A fortress for friends to enter and "die" inside, Nyx slays capital using capital's ultimate weapon against them: faerie butts speaking for themselves as taking up arms! Like Lavos, Nyx's



planetary "fairy castle" is armed with "ballistics" [missiles or otherwise]!

[artist: [Nyx](#)]

Nothing is policed more. Per the Gothic mode, faeries personify dark spaces of chaos; i.e., the faerie queen's labyrinth¹⁶³ of conjecture to penetrate and enjoy what is forbidden outside, but permitted inside itself and its libidinous, brothel-like casino's concentric morphological architecture; re: mise-en-abyme the reader surrenders unto. Said surrender happens during an eager virgin [or experienced whore's] imperiled, overwhelmed mind: the slit-like murder holes¹⁶⁴ of prolonged sieges, ramming the barricades of a hungry and curious-yet-fragile brain that, deprived of experience or having too much of it, conflates sex and harm. Fed on warlike fictions exploring that which everyday life teases and denies, the Gothic was the original trashy escape for bored English housewives to slum with!

Speaking to experience and inexperience in equal, stoked barbarity—that being the desire to fuck, but fearing rape as something that women [or those treated as women] are born into—we non-housewives "surrender it all" for something better

¹⁶³ Labyrinths, like any dungeon, aren't cheap. The Labyrinth of Crete, for example, was designed for King Minos by Daedalus and his son, Icarus. By comparison, Gothic fiction miraculously takes what is normally expensive and lets anyone design any cathedral they wish (often with as little as their naked bodies)!

¹⁶⁴ The slots in castle walls from which arrows, bolts and other missiles were fired from relative safety.

felt but for a moment in paradoxically "rapacious" tones: "I'd give it all to spend a night with you"; i.e., gentle mommies to nurture and ward off broad, elusive terrors with their teddy-bear softness and nurturing affection, but also "strict," dark and or Amazonian/faerie femme doms. Working on a switching BDSM mechanism, they instill a sense of masculine strength [with a feminine veneer] during courtly love: comfort food nourishing through multigender mixtures of sex and force during Ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., developing Gothic Communism on the Aegis, the dated past and possible future constantly haunted by great pain and pleasure in the same fairy-like bodies closer to nature than many under Capitalism currently are!



[artist: [Nyx](#)]

Again, Nyx is one such body—a fairy godmother "goldmine" whose butterfly tattoos denote a high tolerance for pain, but also poetically evoke the ancient goddess Psyche [exhibit 56a1a2]: as a transformative deity linked to the mind set free through pleasure, including pleasurable pain linked to dead metaphors. Capitalism is a

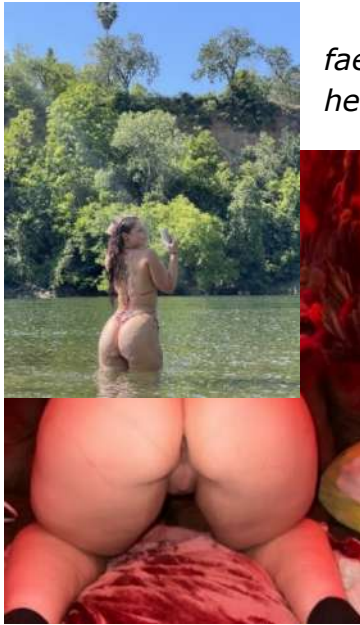
cycle of misery bleeding the land dry for a manmade disaster—one of total privatization pimping nature-as-monstrous-feminine by the state, and where such hoarded resources will do no good during state shift; men cannot eat gold and Medusa always wins, so we might as well listen to her avatars ahead of time!

In turn, the only way to exact our whore's revenge—thus challenge the state and its brittle illusions, infinite exploitation, gross inequality/Protestant ethic/billionaires, automatic violence, and incompatibility with life having their finger on the pulse of capital—is by tapping into our labor's infinite value and where it's stored as, to some degree, alien and fetishized during these endless harvests; i.e., our rights versus theirs, we're the anti-family to capital's fucked-up sense of nuclear [erectile] dysfunction, division and devastation; re: to humanize the harvest, exposing the state as inhumane. The closer you get to the heart of things, vis-à-vis the infernal concentric pattern, the more Numinous things become; i.e., a reminder that simple things like fruit [and other cash crops in banana republics] lie historically at the core of exploitation: ass farms, but also an outpouring of dark volcanic sentiment¹⁶⁵ turning regular consumption inside-out, the state [and its

¹⁶⁵ A violent outburst of a given crop preventing holocaust (re: "[Disgustipated](#)" and "the cry of the carrots") by turning the harvest back on itself—with ass being a much-needed spice to revolution! Anyone can be a faerie/use faerie devices as weapons of terror to shock and dismantle the state and state bigotry (as racist, sexist and homophobic, etc). Like the human body as something to advertise,

colonies] having incurred our baddie's chonky wrath! Fucking to metal, we smash state minds [those of cops policing us] against our whore's naughty clapping cheeks! "Stare and tremble" as our "pumpkins" turn into chariots of class war playing out the murder of class traitors! The climax is great, the catastrophe one of sweet, sweet revenge!

[artist: [Nyx](#)]



This crop-like cryptonymy includes Nyx' portentous faerie ass serving as a restless labyrinth to explore, but also her ties to the land and me, her big heart, and aching love for fantasy artwork and rock n roll; i.e., West Virginia, where she comes from, being a place not simply to preserve, but give back with gusto: to the dispossessed. Often ourselves, but also those around us the state destroys—this means labor towns, the miner's widows, the ruined land and now-native populations all owned in ways we take back through what we own, away from the boomtown factories, mines and fenced-off processing facilities attached to a naturalized boom-or-bust/circular colony. We camp economics and rebellion, making them sexier than usual; and when primed for it, only take a spark to set us off. Strange fruit sending us down special roads, so does the Gothic, through another of Medusa's

avatars—a Mountain Mama, in this case—send us home!

[artist: [Nyx](#)]

Simply put, we're hard to believe, yet, like faeries, here we are; forbidden sight, for us, amounts to believing in better worlds through what others see in and upon us as harbingers thereof. While the state frames us as destroyers from Elsewhere to make said worlds "impossible," we load Capitalist Realism with a black magnetism that reels our audience back in. We're a demonic sight for sore eyes, then—trading unequally through forbidden things [violence, terror and sex] to anisotropically achieve radical transformation, and seek to be viewed as

such weapons take infinite forms (and beckon "sodomy" as anything extramarital/non-PIV that stalls state engines with; e.g., oral or anal, but also even more repulsive [to the state] forms of kink I don't tend to advertise); i.e., Crawford's invention of terrorism and Asprey's paradox of terror become, per my arguments, Amazonian devices of terror (re: anal sex and similar sodomy devices) that apply neatly to our work: turning the state—normally hunting and pimping nature through its own monopolies—into something workers and nature hunt in response by showing them *our* ass humanized under demonizing conditions; re: "darkness" being anything that upends state order by iconoclastic means! To cover up is to segregate and silence, thus sentence ourselves to our fate.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

increasingly legitimate on all registers; i.e., during liminal expression reversing terror/counterterror! The revolutionary idea, here, is to avoid easy solutions in favor of difficult ones, our faerie glamour targeting systems instead of scapegoats by directing violence away from ourselves, mid-rodeo!

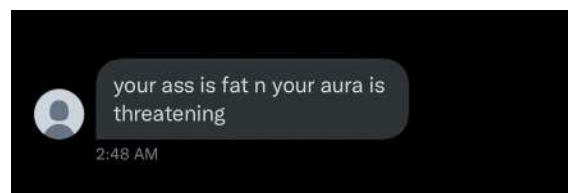
So while challenging profit and Capitalist Realism might sound incredibly boring on its face, in truth this takes many different, faerie-like forms that are anything but insipid! Great power lies in them, thus are precisely what the state aims to own, control and harvest by raping nature on loop during the abjection process; i.e., by building monuments to its own displaced abuse, and worshipped at by the middle class to further abject through cryptonymy [and the other Four Gs] all over again; re: Lavos, and those framed as Lavos, are the ones being harvested by state proponents in bad faith. So does capital demand inequality and total control for the state, framing nature as "illegitimate whore" and terrorist to seek its endless and bloody vengeance against.

In that respect, Capitalist Realism could be summarized simply as a battle for legitimacy amid state monopolies, decay and poetic dysfunction. Those of nature, like Nyx, become forces of nature that smash said monopolies with their kindness and shapeliness: a warrior mommy invoking acceptance and love, but also a willingness to transmute state terror with a harvest its cops can never reap, a dark faerie they can never dethrone! "Your ass is fat n your aura is threatening¹⁶⁶!"
Verily.

To that, the Gothic plays with Numinous things and games to instill a paradoxical sense of control; i.e., through rules and devices that can be handled, thus played with, for different means to achieve monumental leverage, post-abstraction; re: a palliative Numinous through ludo-Gothic BDSM developing Gothic Communism to challenge Capitalist Realism [and state ludologies coercing nature through mercenary force]. Doing so happens through things that are



¹⁶⁶ The text featured on Nyx's Twitter banner image; emphasis, me.



[\(source\)](#)

historically-materially very hard to regulate; re: sex and force, but also the Gothic/games on either side of class, culture and race war during oppositional praxis. Like Medusa's fat pussy or asshole, such "castled discotheques" become something to stab, but cannot die—indeed, loves to "die" during calculated risk thrusting to the hilt!

[artist: [Nyx](#)]

In times of crisis, then, sex and war are comfort foods, but also a covert means of negotiating themselves within themselves: the whore speaking cryptonymically and cryptomimetically to harm through things that are normally policed, monopolized and colonized in ways we subvert during ludo-Gothic BDSM; re: by using what we got, thus arbitrate liberation as our revenge—a desire to see the state blown to bits, but in reality being a process of smaller battles infused with activism automatically equated as "violent" by the state [and cops]: the whore, out in the open, flashing the powerful with her mighty weapons. Physically violent or not, we cannot co-exist with the state, and our struggle against the owner class is always legitimate; e.g., the assassination of UnitedHealthcare CEO Brian Thompson sloganized through "deny, defend, depose" on the shell casings [[source](#): Andrea Cavallier et al's "Manhunt Continues," 2024] versus the same liberatory sentiments enticed through our weaponized bodies demonstrating state fallibility just as well: the elite are not all-powerful; they humbugs!

The fertility of such Gothic maturity is the adventuresome ability to discuss intense harm and healing in sex-positive ways that conceal violence in "violence"; i.e., that push towards universal liberation and away from a shuttered, bigoted existence—fucking to metal not simply to breed or sate the middle class, but disabuse them of genocidal blind eyes! The ghost of the counterfeit becomes profoundly medicinal and multipurpose in good faith, as well as holistic interpretations that liberate workers through speculative richness, but highly abused by state forces in bad faith, theoretic imperialism, and singular interpretations expanding the state of exception on the same inkblot; re: warrior women, witches, faeries, and Medusa [and Medusa's fat ass, above and below] granting protection when facing the unknown during the dialectic of shelter and the alien—and faced, for some, as if for the first time and others, through déjà vu: to meet again, for the first time, an old enemy and friend both at once that, in doing so, makes our wildest dreams come true. As always, this unfolds while reversing abjection to abstain from Judas silver crucifying the rebel; i.e., the bullet with butterfly wings that riles up the rabble, Medusa's avatar having more cushion for the pushin'! With darkness visible, she takes us to the gates of Heaven or Hell, a place to come to [or on] and stay awhile!



[artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#)]

Beyond Nyx, consider Annabel's toxic faerie queen once more. Tits or ass, thighs or stomach, shoulders or throat—all sides to her speak of a scarcely-contained power viewed from different vantage points, her forbidden sight also speaking to a

greater world: the plenty of paradise merged with cryptonymy of rape and revenge, voicing joy during calculated risk, but also genuine pain on the dark side of the moon highlighting curious truths and contradictions; i.e., eustress and confusing the senses; e.g., Andrew Friesen's "[My Cat Likes to Be Hit](#)" [2008]: "If she didn't like it, wouldn't she run away?" Quite the opposite, "We eat the night, drink the time, and make our dreams come true!" [The Scorpions' "[The Zoo](#)," 1980].

Another way to phrase it is that humans are animals, and bound by the same principles of confusion and delight¹⁶⁷: to reunite with things we are alienated from, primarily our faerie-like bodies and their unknown pleasures. This includes pain, but also their psychosexual theatre speaking to rape through "rape" that—all the same—makes our eyes roll back into our dumb skulls: dummy-thicc vitality and salubrious little deaths preceded or overshadowed by Numinous big death/the torpor of Great Destruction; e.g., the rape of a friend or the death of a loved one, the fall of a country or destruction of one's home. Exacted through inescapable punishment or debt of some kind, our faerie-ness refers to something we ultimately must confront that—despite Capitalist Realism [and its neoliberal copaganda's dogmatic, ceaseless military optimism]—cannot actually be defeated; it can only be embraced regarding all sides of itself during the dialectic of the alien: us, and by extension nature, exploited by the state as the ultimate destroyer projecting its harm onto the usual Radcliffean, cops-and-victims scapegoats.

Death and rape are classically things to avenge, canonically being yet-another-way for capital to divide nature and conquer her through dualistic terror language. Our revenge is two-fold—acting revenge out while evoking adjacent harm through play during ludo-Gothic BDSM: comedy and drama through demons [faeries, in this case] as an ancient theatrical device, alongside prostitution as literally the world's oldest profession. Through them, we tell stories to aid in our survival, thus ability to play and learn, but also recontextualize harm through monstrous theatre's poetic arguments: accessing a part or side of ourselves that is normally closed off; e.g., anal sex as one form of sodomy that faerie magic and darkness visible radiate. Our

¹⁶⁷ Including the battering of housewives and similar victims' confusion of predatory/prey, pleasure/pain, fight/flight and vaso vagal, which other animals can't experience or perform (for sex-positive or sex-coercive reasons) like humans (and their Gothic parentage) can.

demons—thus operatic desires, emotional enormity and bedlam, and hauntological calamities—sit on the same shadowy stage as the state's own vice characters and apocalypses [the revelation generally shrouded in darkness during the cryptonymy process; re, Lavos: "The black wind begins to blow..." Fate farts in the edgelord's general direction].

To it, we're the caterpillar and the wasp, the impostor inside a tasty treat that, when consumed, eats you alive from the inside out! We're the death of patriarchal thought [and tokenism] that abjures profit in succulent, sweet-and-savory ways; i.e., there is no way to change the status quo without some degree of disguise and pain, but also play through transformative [metamorphic] language that is, sure enough, painfully delicious and obvious. Change hurts, especially when it's up in our guts, poetry's forbidden fruit rewiring our brains through "trepanation" in quotes—delobotomy killing our darlings, but likewise fucking us just the way we like: with a raw urgency eagerly tearing off our clothes and getting down to business [often through the dialog of sleep; e.g., Shakespeare's slutty faeries' from A Midsummer Night's Dream having a curious and steady penchant for "somno" sex; i.e., using "love-in-idleness" to make people fantasize about extramarital sex].

In the face of unstoppable death and other symbols of capital, risk becomes something to camp—calculated by us through the whore's paradox of rape! We point to our own harm, but do so to live with it in manageable forms; i.e., the whore's revenge, mid-paradox, being a tell-tale smile or set of faerie wings: a safe space to wrestle our demons, but also fuck them/guide them inside us by the hand! Through nearness with "death" as a theatrical, paradoxical concept, we faeries raise the stakes, the dead, a lover's dick, what-have-you. Consent is sexy—especially in times where it is scarce, inserting it needily into our hungry holes. Gimme!



[model and artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Everyone likes the whore, the tramp, the vice character as someone to root for/spice things up with Gothic panache; i.e., they're a secret to seek—a dead thing to play with, a puzzle to assemble, a castle [un]made brick-by-brick, to mount and pin to the bed while setting the tempo. The picture, then, is both crystal clear and sharp as knives, but also vague and fleeting as mist, mid-speculation; i.e., walking thunder that, like the Gothic castle, moves while in place and ties to grander and grander intimations blurring Heaven and Hell: a Communist Numinous relaid in castles and warships, but also bodies framed as such, the likeness [and contrast] of kaiju sovereignty that workers embody on the Aegis; i.e., as avatars of Medusa threatening cataclysm in state eyes drunk on Capitalist Realism [mistrusting anything beyond

state vision, but also imaginary history beyond fascist reinvention misinterpreting said past]!

Such playful rapture/exquisite "torture" inserts itself into one's sleeping and waking moments alike, faerie succubae and incubae invading and incubating inside daily life; i.e., with indelible feelings of chaos to embrace as one does Medusa [during the dialectic of the alien]: an alien abductor "taking us away" but not really going anywhere¹⁶⁸, impossible motion cruising for sex perching on the cusp of disaster [warding off evil while presenting as such, brimming with pathos and desire]! So do we live in Gothic times; i.e., inside dwellings of doom unable to contain their own demonic power on any register or in/across any medium. The



dark faerie doesn't merely sit on its laurels, then, but beckons with darkness visible: "Eat me... if you dare! Conquer my dark temple!" As Wordsworth put it, "Let nature be your teacher!"

[artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#)]

Abyssal though it seems, the data isn't corrupted; the corruption is the data, but it must be deciphered. It shakes things up, but cannot be shook; its dated conventions [and their massive, Walpolean personifications—the Capitalocene] continuously fall apart and reform, the Gothic writ with power and decay to best speak to things beyond Capitalism and its ever-decaying illusions while inside them; i.e., inside various persecution networks [and their concentric labyrinths] while using the language of persecution to camp canon with. In other words, the appearance informs the exchange, but the context is ultimately what defines it from a dialectical-material standpoint. Something to sink into, then, those who do can likewise accept how perception can warp under gravity's dark attraction; i.e., that such a twisting can happen [at cross purposes] while also realizing how the dialectical-material observation itself is fairly constant.

Activism, then, is predominantly leveraged through said observation as something to perform: an identity [faerie or otherwise] attached to legendary victimhood, then overcome and lived with under what power we do have to control, change and recontextualize; i.e., our own survival as beings of nature harvested by state forces through fiction as a staging point. With a little fairy dust, we might begin to arbitrate/scrutinize sex and force in Gothically mature forms that—classically inundated with suspicion, sadomasochism, bondage, and supernatural-to-earthly menace—grant us special, faerie-like ways to speak, means to hunt, and room to breathe as stewards of nature; i.e., as required by us to best survive state counterfeits playing the victim in bad faith, the cop selling out!

¹⁶⁸ For a good example of this from the Undead Module, consider "[Away with the Faeries; or, Double Trouble in Axiom Verge](#)" (2024).

Radcliffe's exclusively white, cis-het rape scenarios, for example, depict the paranoid havers abjecting other groups, punching up and down. Victimhood [and its emotions, like shame, hatred and guilt] do not define us, but do orbit around us/repurpose them through trauma normally buried¹⁶⁹ in what we inherit between



fiction and non-fiction, imagination and objective reality interlocked; i.e., as something to perform and play with during ludo-Gothic BDSM, rediscovering "ancient derelicts" like Radcliffe's spectral castles to learn from them despite their immaturity [we'll unpack this during "Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons"]:

[artist: [Carl Gustav Carus](#)]

My dislike—of Radcliffe's dry modesty but also the army of academic fans licking her mysterious asscrack—is no secret. Then again, she was an intellectual and creative whose writings aren't completely without merit [refer to my PhD for further discussions about this problem]. So while Radcliffe is a darling to kill, these windows into the past still offer dated ways of thinking we can glean current-day truths from; i.e., while moving around inside them during ergodic motion to excite faerie-like feelings, which Gothic castles very much were [and are] designed for! This means they're valuable despite their flaws¹⁷⁰, insofar as they're littered with

¹⁶⁹ What Horace Walpole called "secret sin; [an] untold tale, that art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse" from *The Mysterious Mother* (1768); re (from Volume One):

The Western world is generally a place that testifies to its own traumas by fabricating them; i.e., as markers of sovereignty that remain historically unkind to specific groups that nevertheless survive within them as ghosts of unspeakable events linked to systemic abuse. Trauma, in turn, survives through stories corrupted by the presence of said abuse. There is a home resembling a castle, where a ghost—often of a woman—lurks inside having been met with a sorry fate ([source](#): Healing from Rape," 2023).

That story was about double incest; any reclamation we enact (about rape and general harm) is generally couched within poetry and mythmaking to *some* extent—if not because what we say is false then because it will be *treated* as false, mythical, or otherwise make-believe (as faeries are). Paradoxically, the Gothic castle works as a way to process things that will otherwise be denied outright. The effect is less a strict, positive-sounding euphemism, and more a sex symbol that expresses through violence to conceal sexual abuse (and pleasure) behind; re: the cryptonymy process pointing to all manner of things inside the inky charnel house—where such things get up and move around in uncanny (animate-inanimate) miniature and gigantic forms (often suits of armor)!

¹⁷⁰ For the power of speculation as highly developed; i.e., owing to capital being *less* developed than it currently is; e.g., Radcliffe's painterly view of the world in a, at times, very literal sense:

One of the unique aspects of Ann Radcliffe's novels is her emphasis on landscape. [...] *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

playful ways of framing arguments about survival... which again, Gothic castles concern themselves with—to "survive" as relics, but for us go beyond those who harmed us without irony to begin with; i.e., to survive those who, as Gloria Gaynor put it, "hurt us with goodbye." Forget eternal damnation, ours is endless delight through exquisite torture camping the canon, fawning to feign deference towards those who do not deserve our genuine love or uncritical gaze!

While the Gothic is classically about facing our fears [especially of uncertain, imposturous parentage] by anchoring us in infernal, concentric darkness to survive, it commonly forces people to face things that—like Radcliffe's unmappable castles¹⁷¹—are never entirely imaginary and, worse still, make us doubt reality and imagination. Questioning our sanity and lineage/sense of self in the process, we must acclimate to a state of asking questions useful to our survival under monomythic duress, violence, captivity and alarm, held hostage as prisoners of dark love hunting us; i.e., in a state of probing survival [the rememory process] whose hypervigilance/reliance on intuition goes beyond any single worker or sanctioned action, and instead encompasses what all of us can offer as, to some extent, like faeries and their castles' forbidden and exotic but also policed elements; e.g., Disney's "princess" variety promoting assimilation through whitewashed, gentrified castles that put "Gothic" in the hands of a smaller paying clientele seeking a colonized wish fulfillment; re: Radcliffe's secret princess trope, granting a common girl the bounties of conquest simply by surviving a night in the

Similarly, theories of landscape are tied to particular settings in the novel. The three main settings for the novel are the different "homes" that Emily inhabits: La Valée, the castle of Udolpho, and Château-le-Blanc. La Valée "is a sheltered and highly sentimental world, a version of a Rousseauian ideal community," (Kilgour, 114) where Emily "receives a moral and sentimental education from her father," (Murray, 115) St. Aubert. Emily will take with her the moral lessons of her idyllic home to a more hostile landscape, as is captured by the Castle of Udolpho. Thus, La Valée and Udolpho represent the beautiful and the sublime: "[p]leasurable sentiments characterize the first world; sensations of terror characterize the second. Obscurity replaces light, mystery replaces openness" (Murray, 115). Situated on a towering mountain in the Apennines, the castle of Udolpho is "[s]ilent, lonely and sublime[. It] seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all, who dared to invade its solitary reign" (Radcliffe, 227). The Château-le-Blanc, in contrast, contains elements of both the beautiful and the sublime; it is a more ambiguous space (an ancestral castle that is modernized by its owner), in which Emily has to negotiate between appearance and reality (Murray, 128).

Like the characters' relation to nature indicates their moral character, so the setting's relation to the surrounding landscape reveals the character of its owner (Kilgour, 119). For example, La Vallée is in harmony with its surroundings, reflecting the moderation and virtue of St. Aubert, while Udolpho reflects Montoni's tyranny by dominating the landscape (Kilgour, 119). In this sense, setting takes on aspects of character, like the Castle in Walpole's *Otranto* [[source](#): WordPress, "Landscape, Setting, and Character," 2011].

These castles embody a particular point of worldview we can embody for the duration of the novel, but take it outside itself to shape our own works; e.g., my books informed, love it or hate, by Radcliffe!

¹⁷¹ Aka "geometries of terror"/the infernal concentric pattern (re: Aguirre); i.e., with false walls and floors, but also memories about concealed dreaded evils (re: Radcliffe)!

dastardly place. Whatever camping of the monomyth we do will often be through our bodies as "faerie," castle-like and genderqueer.



[artist: [Mugiwara](#)]

Mugi, for example, is a survival sex worker/plural trans man; trans men, per the whore's paradox, are commonly exploited by heteronormative society treating them as unnatural—doubly so for plural persons. Any attempt to humanize ourselves happens through our exchanges subverting such norms by reclaiming said language for liberatory purposes; i.e., our bodies and labor are valid, as are the faerie-like identities attached to them normally invalidated through state doubles and their monomythic violence: likenesses of Medusa, but also each other regardless of gender or sex, shape or size, color or character! Anyone can be oppressed, and anyone can camp the monomyth, hence liberate themselves through the Gothic's Promethean fairytale; e.g., Mugi, Crow and Victoria's ample and shared cause through the same pedagogic exhibitionism as Nyx and Annabel, but for expressly GNC reasons:



[artist: [Crow](#)]

With the above and below collages, Mugi and Crow played with me for my 38th birthday because I liked playing with them [and Crow is one of my partners]. But they're also two of my muses—and Victoria [next page] is a close friend. More to the point, we're all trans,

and I want to give GNC people a voice beyond just myself while illustrating mutual consent through a shared exhibit's collective labor exchange. We're all faeries of a GNC sort, making a case for ourselves using what we got!

Trans people have always been people, and despite blood libel framing us as evil faeries, we're actually quite good around children. We certainly don't eat them, and can even have them [e.g., Mugi has a daughter who's as cute as a bug's ear]!

Simply put, we have families and friends and lookout for each other under state pogroms incited by weird canonical nerds. Our life and labor have value, whereupon mutual aid is not only fine, but just another form of exchange that includes our bodies and labor cast, during demonic/faerie poetics, in a sex-positive light [versus limiting certain groups to caste-style positions; e.g., Jews and usury or untouchables and begging during public outcry/moral panic]. Through ourselves cast as faeries onstage and off, we overcome harmful expectations while allowing for public nudity as a holistic, all-inclusive form of activism; i.e., expressing itself through us, punching up towards universal liberation! "Long is the way and hard, that out of Hell leads up to light!"

Furthermore, biology is hardly essential when it comes to gender identity and performance, but informs whatever liberty emerges in either case [re: sex and gender as separate from each other and unanchored from biology, yet still relating back and forth on a magical fairy spectrum].

To it, Crow and Mugi are both trans and AFAB; I am trans and AMAB; and my friend Victoria is intersex. All of us are faeries promoting darkness visible, each one a special snowflake [as the chuds so often like to put it]:



[artist: [Victoria](#)]

Each of us represents a genderqueer aspect to existence that abjures heteronormative, thus settler-colonial and Cartesian standards; i.e., to exist despite capital exterminating us, our survival a poetic and revolutionary act of defiance made in defense of nature-as-monstrous feminine raped by state forces.

To it, our whore's fairytale revenge is to exist in ways of make-believe that—far from being

totally fictitious or imaginary—defy total banishment to "pure fiction" by shifting deliberately into half-real territories; i.e., as art that speaks to our lived, GNC realities onstage and off, and that when exposed by us through revolutionary cryptonymy purposefully challenges profit as a structure: in defense of ourselves and our friends emerging from the abject land of faeries [often dark forests, said forest alluding to Dante's Inferno, but also Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream, Shelley's Frankenstein and Ovid's Metamorphoses] to speak to apocalypse. By reversing abjection as dark faeries so often do, we camp the canon; re: punching up at state hauntologies, abjection, and cryptonymy [commonly relaid in monomyth language; e.g., Metroidvania] to break Capitalist Realism to bits! We're Lavoisier, but instead of a Greater Destroyer capable of what the state accuses, you have those who walk away from Omelas!

In turn, our wishes are "dark" because they deal in unequal, forbidden trade and radical transformation/desire that upend the current order in pursuit of a post-scarcity world that, while it doesn't harm others, remains tied to the harmful past as partially imaginary and nebulous; i.e., its plastic, signature poetry sits adjacent to the barbaric historical-material trends of older dead generations [re: Marx, but also the many Gothic castles embodying nature's dark vitality and demonic desire, power and knowledge]. We faeries camp our own rape, putting "rape" in quotes during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., while highlighting our own queerness surviving campy doubles, said doubles still reflecting unironic copycats felt upon the same Aegis. We are haunted by genocide's shadows of shadows/castled echo, but camp our profound survival [of these castles] to communicate through Numinous, psychosexual sensation—another sapient trademark the dark faerie subtype excels at! Where faeries are found, castles—usually abandoned—aren't usually far behind!

This GNC idea of universal solidarity and value through alienation goes beyond Mugi, Crow, Victoria and I; it also includes "non-white" bodies, be those with a different skin color [e.g., vitiligo, in Mugi's case] but also body type: thicc.



We've considered this spectrum earlier with Nyx and Annabel—and just now with Mugi, Crow and Victoria—but have yet to explore its monstrous-feminine margins.

[artist: [Sinead](#)]

My friend, Sinead, for example, is fat and genderqueer [not a woman, but fae¹⁷²]—much of faer praxial focus centers around fat liberation merged with**

faerie-style makeup and genderqueer artistic statements altering traditional beauty standards [or shifting to older standards thereof; e.g., the Rubenesque]. Similar to Mugi and I, fae are policed for what makes faer simultaneously forbidden and attractive under state venues: a forbidden fruit that refuses to take the grim harvest lying down! It becomes, for each of us, a "secret self" to de-closet, then camp canon with—having power the state wants to control as "dark," unholy and "demonic," during witch hunts stomping faeries.



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

Some faeries stomp back. In the poetic language of the Medusa, I've drawn Sinead as a fat underwater queen, her tomb a monstrous-feminine place to

plunder in the Cartesian tradition: to, in Francis Bacon's words, "penetrate the womb of nature and torture her secrets out of her." This translates monomythically to the moving of money through nature in the usual acts, but also sites of conquest: fat and ready for slaughter but also, per Capitalist Realism, presented as abject, Numinous, "asking for it"; i.e., a scapegoat to butcher within endlessly

¹⁷² Faers pronouns include: fae/it (any neos/they/he).

recolonized zones, where men plunge into and prove their manhoods—by raping and reaping nature, which fae and faers Promethean space prevent by fucking back through Numinous anti-predation challenging profit!

As Sinead demonstrates, Medusa isn't a woman; fae are the dark mother/fat-and-sassy whore whose watery grave [and its riches symbolizing nature's endless labor value and exploitation] is where stupid, enterprising men go to die the Roman fool [the Gothic operates dualistically through doubles and decay to defeat enemies of nature; i.e., with their own colonizing devices reclaimed for liberatory purposes]! Wrecking ships on theatrical safe "danger" spaces where true death and rape are impossible, the "kraken" takes faer stolen booty back from horny-yet-superstitious plundering idiots—a Great Destroyer striking them ignominiously dead with faer Numinous booty and whore's revenge! In doing so, fae give rise to a collective mistrust of, and to desire to change, capital's mistreatment of planet Earth: a Leveler to entreat before it makes good on its name.

To it, fae target the current mechanisms of state as having evolved over centuries out of the ancient world [and Greece and Rome] to exploit nature through the advancement of state trifectas, monopolies and qualities, thus belief systems. Medusa challenges this advancement through artistic statements that evoke the ghost of the counterfeit [through the poetic language of the half-real ancient past] to reverse abjection, thus profit and genocide as things to prevent: showing the state it's doomed on faer Aegis, and faer own superiority/unfriendliness to profit in the process! So do we become stewards to perform the symbolic death of the state raping us in bad faith, translating through praxial synthesis into activism [thus universal liberation of all work under Capitalism] through iconoclastic art: to make men fear what, for sailors, they are generally at the mercy of. The sea, then, is a cruel mistress who cannot die, but one who properly respected will yield great rewards: not being unironically trapped and isolated by shapeshifting darkness, then buried alive! In other words, quit while you're ahead!

To it, praxial synthesis is a matter of involvement that leads to development through daily habits cultivating systemic catharsis; re [from Volume One]:

Systemic catharsis requires praxis as conveyed through our extracurricular instruction's cultivation of good social-sexual habits; i.e., de facto educators relaying a pedagogy of the oppressed through trauma writing and artwork that speak to living with rape under warlike conditions, raising the collective, solidarized awareness and intelligence required towards preventing future abuse (ultimately dismantling the state) [[source](#): "Rape Culture"].

However we get involved, universal empathy and resistance to state overtures should be our top priority when triggering the responses we want. In short, we lead by example, advancing awareness and intelligence [thus rape prevention] through our bodies, labor and social-sexual, artistic-pornographic exchanges.

Last but not least, this isn't always about raw, vaso vagal violence and mutilative revenge [e.g., murder or castration] committed against our abusers; it also includes the whore's revenge challenging profit [thus rape] by receiving pain in defense of nature-as-monstrous-feminine—i.e., by establishing intersectional solidarity among pain-loving friends, who put "rape" in quotes by receiving pain through what we deliver unto ourselves: as something to delight in because it's not a terror weapon meant to pacify us, but heal from rape as our revenge by playing with pain in classical ways.

Our shared human struggle, then, includes exposing our pain in ways we paradoxically reclaim in ironically palliative forms; re: through the whore's paradox, but especially the cryptonymy process: through cheeky "punishment" arguments that show us in control during calculated risk; i.e., through the appearance of impotence, yet deftly wielding things that, exposed as we desire to expose them during ludo-Gothic BDSM, incur the wrath of people who cannot immediately attack us, yet desperately want to in bad faith. Enraging them with our Aegis, our hellish



Communist powers occur by outing them, denormalizing their predatory actions [and subterfuge concealing said actions] from safe vantage points; e.g., the buffer of the phone or computer screen, or otherwise physical distance; re: "flashing with power" to those who have it "in spades"; e.g., my friend Rose's substantial "battlements":

[artist: [Romantic Rose](#)]

To it, faeries are demons, which—while they constitute unequal, forbidden exchange and startling transformation—also morphologically synonymize with habitats whose dark, radical desires upend state control over terror and pain as darkness visible; i.e., in pursuit of post-scarcity with pre-capitalist hauntologies about giving non-harmful pain; re: that of flesh concerned with power and knowledge, linked to buildings; e.g., faerie-castle torture dungeons, appearing to revenge past wrongs but also existing merely to spite genuine abusers! "We can 'torture' ourselves, thanks!"

The dark faerie then, becomes someone to perform and savor in the bargain; i.e., "What dost thou want?" as something to act out through cryptonymic activism masquerading as "mere playtime" and guilty pleasure/controlled opposition, yet feels paradoxically genuine in its playful espionage—as naughty but educational in ways that, while they seem wholly doomed/self-destructive, actually prevent rape [cops, by comparison, enforce rape]. Gothic castles are traditionally places of fear and fascination; so when people see a body-like castle or castle-like body on the horizon, they will often be drawn towards it—i.e., as the faerie refrain's promise of

a hell of a good time, including a delivery site to deposit some dark offering or another [and overshadowed by systemic abuse, all the while]!



[artist: [Romantic Rose](#)]

Beyond cum tributes illustrating mutual consent, the prevention of rape happens by one, raising intelligence and awareness to mobilize activism during praxial catharsis; and two, recultivating the Superstructure while simultaneously exposing our attackers in ways they cannot immediately kettle; re: anisotropically reversing the terrorist/counterterrorist argument of monstrous-feminine language during the pedagogy of the oppressed while giving pain during crucial lessons: not all pain is bad, pain is vital towards growth, and pain during sex can enhance the experience¹⁷³ and change how we view sex in socialized [ace] forms; i.e., while humanizing those routinely harvested by state forces abusing said language [re: DARVO and obscurantism].

The Gothic, in turn, interrogates trauma and pain through public nudism uncovering dark things/things coded as "dark." In doing so, it reminds our attackers where such power is normally stored—through workers and their art, but also their bodies and pain as part of the same infernal trade, bouncing back and forth to heal from rape; i.e., by communicating, as people do, in the half-real, castled and demon-fairy codes: of pleasurable pain elucidating repressed, "unspeakable" desires! Whatever investigations of trauma the state impedes, we facilitate through said infernal trading of pain, bondage [the Gothic in love with desensitization and immobilization; e.g., the constriction of one under attack, below] as something they can't really control: to use at our own risk in ways that lower the odds of actual harm taking place!



[artist: [Kingocrsh](#)]

To it, how would the state begin to abolishing BDSM when it carries such a famous double standard? Furthermore, evocations of rape and harm sit in quotes, thus on the cusp of something Numinous and

¹⁷³ Especially when a former victim's survival mechanism has been damaged, the line between pleasure and pain blurred, but also predator and prey! Simply put, the bigger the trauma, the more usual psychosexual spaces (and their palliative-Numinous evocations) are.

healing insofar as rape can be healed; i.e., beckoning all who watch, "Come and see!" To the hungry, "Let them eat cake, pudding and pie!" To the combative, "Let them go twelve rounds with the champ!"



[artist: [Romantic Rose](#)]

Romantic Rose, beyond the pre-existing images already shown, deliberately posed for this exhibit—doing so as a dark faerie queen I might play with and illustrate on my canvas to make a larger point about ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., with her massive tits, cute tum, big booty and fat thighs, but also her huge heart and soft words telling me I'm a good girl as we play together! Our joys [and toys] intermingle through the mystery of monstrous-feminine work reclaimed from state alienation and greed

in castled forms of courtly love, thereby transforming into something we then show the world as alien to reunite with; i.e., through the demonic creative process purposefully given a magic-faerie stamp about healing from pain by involving it in ways we can control and camp: "her tits were there," living deliciously in spite of the Protestant ethic [no need for a hasty exit when we're protected behind a phone screen]! Sometimes, big things are to be used; sometimes, they're for show—a way to make you wet and/or hard a glance, imagining as you do what is more fun in one's head than in practice: the anxiety of receiving pain from things that might be a little too big! Faeries of a royal variety tend to be tall; their junk is less reported

on historically [ol' Shakespeare omitted Oberon's cock size, if memory serves] but often imagined as matching said height in relative length: the carrot-y girth of a hellish botanical's mondo faerie dong [with many improvised dildos being produce]!



[artist: [Romantic Rose](#)]

Keeping with Hell and darkness visible, this generally waits on the cusp of dark, intoxicating discoveries first given shape through games played by a great many users; i.e., through ourselves as controlled pieces of meat, but also our meta performances/playgrounds consciously imbued with dark poetic energies that faeries revel in. We are the witches of our time, the mistress of our own fate—of the universe freed from police abuse, hence beyond what capital orders and exploits for profit—and again, some witches hammer back.

Of course, how they chose to is ultimately up to them, but it usually happens through devices of darkness, power and knowledge recognized by the larger world, under capital—force, yes, but sex through demon BDSM and faerie-like games; e.g., size queens like Rose, above, taking giant artificial cocks for fun—not to please sexist men, but to emasculate abusive parties insecure about their own members and lack of regular sex. In doing so, these behaviors expand beyond what tortures the state permits, our simulacra exposing theirs as dangerous [e.g., death before dishonor] while putting ourselves in performances of "danger" the state will do its best to stamp out. For them, we're an unweeded garden grown to seed, the state seeking once more to control what it rapes routinely for profit [which is all the nuclear model systemically is]. By stamping the tramp, monstrous-feminine fairy rulers become conspiracies of unironic rape; re: to scapegoat and tokenize through DARVO and obscurantism by state predators, nothing more.

Touched by trauma, survivors of rape always feel somewhat uneasy/off-balance by any setting evoking exploitation and liberation; i.e., on the same dark surfaces and in the same ambiguous thresholds where faeries call home/rule from. To speak to atrocity and feel good as we do is to play under such positions of perceived disadvantage, restless and agitated by otherworldly enchantment and vaso vaginal excitement; i.e., unable to fully relax otherwise, even when said disadvantage isn't obvious and the warning signs are seemingly absent [the violence of the past happening without warning—sudden and extreme at any moment, exigent and warrantless to monopolize such things].

That being said, there is a vestigial and ongoing torturous element, one I'll keep investigating to conclude the exhibit with; i.e., with Rose a bit more, but also Harmony Corrupted playing the greatest faerie of all—the Medusa!

Trauma is something to live with; for those with a history with or of violence, weird attracts weird, trauma attracts trauma¹⁷⁴ to change the survivor for good. Until the day we die, we feel, like the dark faerie, attuned to self-destruction seeking escape by camping harm; i.e., by cramping their style at the proverbial crossroads, out-

¹⁷⁴ A saying I've evoked in the past when writing about trauma as something to revisit:

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** 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 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) [[source](#): "A Song Written in Decay," 2024].



(artist: Cuwu)

The idea is to learn from our collective but also individual past mistakes; re: "to dominate us through its own victims"; e.g., Jadis dominating me and me revisiting the grave of our relationship to ruminate on our abuse as something exchanged between us, them to me:

Weird attracts weird, trauma attracts trauma. I don't wish to hide the fact that I loved and made allowances for my abuser because I most certainly did (and still am always reminded of that, through these memories of them). Nor do I wish to change them, after the fact. *That* only happens when they decide to (and until then, they simply take and take, having no reason to change). To my most antagonistic abuser (the most Hurtful Abuser Award actually goes to Zeuhl, oddly enough), I merely wish to leave some parting words as we begin our segue into the sorts of monomythical forms you were doubtless inspired by when brutalizing me ([source](#): "Escaping Jadis; or, Running Up that Hill," 2024).

Only by interacting holistically and repeatedly with the past as "past" can we build devices to play with and prevent the same old mistakes on a systemic level

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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fiddling the fiddler with our own faerie glamour as, like all deities according to Blake, residing in our breast! The power to disrupt and offend capital lives within us—not as atomized workers, but a plastic collective whose murky wisdom reaches backwards and forwards in all directions!

To shake such imbalance, then, and retain our defense mechanisms/"spider sense" regarding hidden dangers, we often "martyr" ourselves together during calculated risk [which public nudism essentially is]—to twitch and moan like convulsionnaires, opening ourselves wide to persecution but also the liberation and acceptance of us as psychosexual beings growing accustomed to a hunted, predated existence we can pierce the fog of war with; re: the faerie's special sight being the strange, at-times-atrocious appetite for pain acquired under capital raping us for profit, which historically-materially encourage tokenization under criminogenic conditions [re: desperation and convenience]. In our hands, the ritualized administering of pain can happen in ways that are only not harmful, but easy enough to pleasurably control when we otherwise feel out of control; e.g., candle wax poured gently on soft, vulnerable parts of the body like the breasts:



[artist: [Romantic Rose](#)]

If you're wondering what on Earth might possess someone to try such things, the short answer is "capital." As such, the female body is classically haunted by pain as something to control under capital's endless pimping [wax being a medieval sculptor's analog to human flesh]. To it, Rose takes power as something to subvert and transform into her revenge through things that, generally weighed by virtue of size, become more powerful than her enemies can hope to harvest, contain, enslave or match: obstacles and theatre curtains for them, not Rose [total privacy, safety and consent something of a myth under Gothic's ongoing surveillance, which provides an odd kind of cloaked honesty in how survival victims often feel: under attack and lied to by home as untrustworthy but without exit¹⁷⁵! Per ludo-Gothic BDSM, to heal from rape is to play with rape, and that includes pain and its operatic symbols/decaying rituals honed over centuries; e.g., comfortable discomfort, bold caution, weak strength, honest dishonesty, safe danger and similar oxymorons well-known to people living with trauma not weaponizing it against others. The perditious, ecclesiastic background remains a common sticking point for Gothic satire; re: Lewis; e.g., the camping of religious rapture and torture-as-canon through psychosexual martyrdom as profoundly tongue-in-cheek, but nevertheless loaded with textual markers [as the Gothic very much is] that allude to actual harm. This extends to those Rose wants to see such things unfold witnessing her

¹⁷⁵ Escape of the maze, in Gothic, happens inside itself.

emancipation from the weight of survived trauma; e.g., me having Rose pose multiple times in compromising positions [and tortured, penitent outfits of contrition] that, in the wrong hands, might disadvantage Rose, but through us working as a team, weaponize exclusively to our benefit: the faerie queen set free to work her magic on the living world! "C'mon, scrub! Don't be courteous; slay that pussy! Mommy has needs! Pound me like I owe you money!"



[artist: [Romantic Rose](#)]

Shown for my pleasure—but also to make a combined, social-sexual political statement by inspiring me to paint her as a dark monarch afterwards—Rose uses her body to stress our shared agency over such things; i.e., that we, as sex workers, are capable of working together to speak out against genocide for all peoples under capital. We do so by using our bodies and labor through universal liberation; i.e., as active and informed by ourselves

contributing to something greater and in development: Gothic Communism. Evoked selectively through monsters—this time choosing faeries that, under a Gothic lens, function as demons do—their hypnotic glamour¹⁷⁶ administers through flesh and the power it holds having an admittedly demonic signature. Ours is the conscious reclamation of demonic poetics during rape play—carefully shaped and positioned to convey the basic human right to exhibit such things however we want; i.e., to negotiate and advertise [sex is power as something to trade through artwork, and porn is artwork that can achieve such activism to a high degree].

This includes rape play as something to champion as faerie-like and demonic; i.e., as a Promethean being to humanize and hug during the dialectic of the alien avenging nature against profit, of which Harmony also volunteered: my Medusa, and someone I engage in consent-non-consent with on a regular basis [next page]. She straight up slaps, but during live burial offers a much-needed boost to keep at it; i.e., when the chips are down and our libidos/anxiety are up inside these hauntological spaces of doom parking atop our usual safe-space residences [the Gothic famously combining cautionary-to-unbridled lust and looming death/rape fears]!

¹⁷⁶ The radiative aura that faeries classically exude, used to paralyze the recipient(s) witnessing it. In regal terms, it could be called "majesty" but often likens to a vain, drug-like torpor not unlike vampires and their own seductive charm.



[artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#)]

Gothic Communism, then, is something that Nyx, Rose, Annabel, Sinead, Mugi, Crow, Harmony and I do together as friends showing each other off in whatever ways we want to be seen; i.e., as sexy avengers illustrating mutual consent and collective worker action through demonic-yet-sex-positive art exhibits. Rose and Harmony, in particular, grace the cover of several modules for a reason; they are each incredibly kind, honorable and sweet, but also fuckable and fluent in Gothic—i.e., able to work its dated-yet-deathless fetishes and clichés to our collective advantage. When I play with them and my other friends, I feel like I've made a deal with the Devil—one whose faerie-like powers set me free, delighting in unknown pleasures couched in prison logic turned on its head. A composite danger disco, they compile a concentric fortress to lose myself in, but also to feel safe from self-righteous, militarily optimistic and tokenized pretenders who hunt us down in bad faith during the liminal hauntology of war/ghost of the counterfeit/Imperial Boomerang's canceled future [often a vehicle and/or building evocative of an "ancient" tyrant returning to beat us to submission/demand we kneel before them¹⁷⁷]—someone to believe in when surrounded by so much complicit cryptonymy and neoliberal hogwash.**

Keeping with faeries, the idea is informed bliss under Gothic-Communist development; i.e., no gods or masters, just friends who love and protect each other in the struggle to be free from state abuse using the same demon-BDSM language and aesthetic of power and death: what they can't monopolize, despite stiff competition compelling them to do so! The enemy is unironic oppression and betrayal, thus police actors upholding the state in some shape or form. There is no way to achieve rebellion, thus prevent rape, without resisting and protesting to a meaningful, demonstrable degree; i.e., rebelling against those who uphold these structures, symbolism translating to socio-material change: of criminogenic conditions [and language] towards post-scarcity conditions through medieval poetics reclaimed by workers for those ends. Power aggregates for them, but also for us backfiring their schemes.

Like the Amazon's fur bikini or nun's habit, then, there is no way to do this without exposing ourselves to some degree of exposure, thus risk. This vulnerable phrasing includes tracing the anxious spiral of death and decay that breaks how we see the world, whereupon the Aegis becomes something we can use only after the illusions forced onto us since birth are shivered by our demonic theatre, our ludo-Gothic BDSM, magic power and mad science something to behold during the same spaces and personas whose darkness actualizes proletarian needs, not bourgeois ones.

¹⁷⁷ Per the master/slave dynamic, which in Gothic, is often code for more prurient activities demanded by rulers of their slaves; e.g., "kneel" = "suck my cock." They've come to be the rulers of you all!

Again, such darkness is simply where forbidden dreams [of unequal power and knowledge] come true; re: as a dualistic, dialectical-material matter of revenge through the Gothic's demonic creative expression, betwixt residence and resident.

The idea is to throw aside "no good can come of it" when playing with these notions, and use them to our creative; i.e., to reify what capital denies us: our creative freedom breaking Capitalist Realism paradoxically with darkness; re: something that can be used for liberation or exploitation through discourse about such things, including famous monsters and their lairs: as things to embody struggle with during the abjection process!

Like Egger's witch, we dark faeries are not waifu. If anything, the power imbalance, stormy disposition, and class character makes that impossible. Instead, through the pedagogy of the oppressed as modular and intersectional, we steer the conversation away from those used to being the center of attention [and always make everything about them; i.e., white cis-het men, or those emulating them, inside the Man Box]. By daring to speak up for ourselves and those less privileged than ourselves in weird-nerd culture, we show strength and vulnerability in equal measure! Revolution is messy but the fact remains, some people are chattelized more than others; those with less privilege will be expected to betray more to elevate, meaning solidarity for and among oppressed groups is incredibly important lest we cannibalize ourselves.

We're all monarchs under Communism, loves—not defined by skin color or national boundaries but by the bounds we form and make to help one another! Anyone who excludes others to be a king for a day is a traitor and a fool; capital—an unapologetic system of theft—relies on cheap loyalty and quick betrayal to keep the elite in power. No honor among thieves? That's all capital does, and to not help those in need would be to commit a grave, insurmountable error! We give back to each other by refusing to sell ourselves to the lowest bidders imaginable; we whore ourselves for Gothic [gay-anarcho] Communism: by spitting on Medusa's trapdoor pussy before we pin her to the wall, lubricating revolution however we can—during explosive combative sex!



[artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#)]

Medusa isn't something that exists in a vacuum, then, nor is it merely a device of police hegemony against criminalized elements who aren't allowed to resist the state's sudden and merciless terror attacks; we can take her as a poetic device and embody furious, horny and rebellious aspects of ourselves and our own frustration, yearning and longing the state will only try to rape and repress labor with. Medusa unseals such documentation, herself an "ancient," found document of the Gothic style.

A new Satanic cathedral, a new master of the universe—us, haunting the counterfeit and abjection process! "Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Our fortresses, our operas, our titanic passion something that cannot be contained, silenced or ignored taking us to paradise upside-down [salvation being a metaphor for orgasm that we enact in this life, and pervert in the bargain]! It's a Gothic castle to give voice to rape by playing with it in "unspeakable" forms/darkness visible we can unpack room by room, at whatever pace we require to heal: to express vulnerability yet gain confidence, self-respect and growth recovering from self-hatred, internalized bigotry and impostor/mirror syndrome, etc, on the same road to Hell; re: the postpunk world-in-decay where rebirth is joyously found, the doomed inside gravitating towards the convulsionnaire's psychosexual martyrdom and sweet theatrical release promoting better things, mid-infernal-concentric-pattern, mise-en-abyme and Cycle of Kings, etc; e.g., the haunted house, Gothic castle, or circular ruin [see my work on Metroidvania for more examples]: the monstrous-feminine villain of the classic monomyth, reversed through Gothic homecomings to break Capitalist Realism with, inside the same endless loop of dying space-time!

Royalty are fluent in the language of service and bondage; Gothic theatre is a safe, campy space to play with powerful things that people like, including dark faeries that mirror the Gorgon as—above all else—a strict taskmaster and ironically "cruel" mistress [rawr]. Nothing is more powerful or loved/feared than Medusa, a liberated whore reversing abjection on her Aegis; boundless and bare, the dark faerie—suddenly naked—is exposed as mighty-mighty and upon the black mirror's sleek surface: paradoxically ripe for the taking as she haunts the nuclear model with rape and whose "rape," during ludo-Gothic BDSM, is haunted by nuclear abuse hunting witches! As Matthew Lewis showed us, we can play and speak to genocide by flaunting pain as an aesthetic linked to sex, but stay able to detach from and camp it with royal aplomb!

To better the instruction and regain control during her revenge against profit, Medusa knows your darkest desires. She's seen and done it all, only asking that when it's her turn, you ravish her wrecking-ball ass just the way she likes [with Harmony being agender and fluid in her expression—an avatar of the monstrous-feminine, hence Gothic Communism beyond herself, the war she makes towards



liberation seen chaotically on her surfaces and in her dark, wet thresholds]! "There you go! Good boy! Fuck mommy just like that! Mount, now heave to! Ride the lightning all full speed!"

[artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#)]

The medieval, faux or not, enjoys marrying popular culture to the language of strength, faulty

bloodlines, questionable destiny and weakness [to be weak for someone/show vulnerability around them] that it might adequately speak to larger forces at play/get to the bottom of things [the Gothic loves puns]. Revolution, then, is very much something to get into the mood of through these pernicious elements' flexible camp and persistently rigid "sticking-to" of our arguments. So push her face down into the bed; stab her demon pussy to humanize the harvest! Fantasies of subjugation/dark mastery go both ways; Gothic Communism brings them [and the dark faerie/whore of nature] out of the bedroom [re: Foucault] and into daily life once more! PRAXIS SYNTHESIZED; Medusa can't die/always hungers for more cum from gentlemen callers!

More to the point, invoking Medusa's famous aptitude for punishment [and threshold for pain] becomes an opportunity to let down one's guard and take homerun-style "power shots" of a controlled and playful variety—to spar more aggressively than you might elsewhere when camping rape with some degree of seriousness! To turn up the heat, mid-kayfabe, Medusa [and her veteran initiative] can give as good as she gets, the exposure of nudity something that bounces pain back less like turtles and more like mating porcupines charging their batteries!



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

Something is always given and received per exchange. As Harmony shows us, Medusa is something to perform towards universal liberation by Gothic means and motivations; i.e., by paralyzing capital through rude,

alien suggestions of rape putting "rape" in quotes, but haunted by its darker side on the Aegis. So don't fear the reaper—court her and see what she has to say!

Witness, mid-capture, Medusa's dark castle of unholy butt sex, looming deliciously to devour your misguided sense of piety! To squish your junk and your brain, crushing your stupid, costly preconceptions handed down by bourgeois idiots! To invite you to investigate her tremendous, moon-sized urges and wicked, Kegel-esque palpitations, she'll have you realize [sooner or later] that all workers are gods waiting to wake up and take back what's theirs from state pretenders!

Revolution is a duel, and it pays to be awake; a champion galvanizer, Medusa gets your attention and keeps it. So wake up, take hold, and reclaim through faerie apocalypse [revelation]: we can have what we want/need not be careful what we wish for! This realizes during state degrowth, the latter occurring by vacillating chemotherapy—a dark-pulse tone poem pushing forbidden things along while

disguising our faerie selves behind earthly "beards"; i.e., as controlled opposition, shrinking the bourgeoisie like a tumor! Animal magnetism sets in among commercialized doubles; we camp canon by doubling it—achieving actual, genuine rebellion that mirrors false, recuperated forms, inside the same Gothic mode. Actual martyrdom haunts nature as our domain, our psychosexual "martyrdom" flaunting our power [e.g., our plunging necklines or short skirts] to fuck with those who can't rape us short of crossing the lines that we install [re: rape is impossible within boundaries of mutual consent, whose cementing undermines Capitalist Realism and its "boundaries for me, not for thee" nonsense]! Nazis [and liberals/moderates] normalize rape in ways our healing from rape—through the regaining of agency and boundaries, during ludo-Gothic BDSM as a public advertisement—helps prevent!



[artist: [Akij Desu](#)]

Such treatment, and its umbral radiation healing emotional damage with "damage," requires concentration in multiple turnings of that word; i.e., as a matter of potency and focus, delivered through concentrated forms; e.g. Blake's corroding fires—to handle with care, but dispense with glee, convincing through the molding of a hellish statuesque by virtue of intense, profound reactions [chemical, physical or otherwise] greasing the wheels. Though merited [and fun] in its execution, the sacking of "Rome" isn't drama for its own sake, but a performative, collaborative vein of counterterrorist activism; i.e., brothel espionage engaged with and expressed through vintage Gothic theatrics' opaque transparencies; e.g., bodies, costumes, masks, roleplay scenarios, locations, idioms, medieval nostalgia, bad puns, dirty jokes, hardcore sex and penetration, lewd commentaries, genre conventions and clichés; physiological responses like sexual tension and release, throbbing orgasms, medicinal pain, belly laughter and all-around letting off steam; the assorted emotional thrills, consent-non-consent, torn panties and exposed genitals of courtly love; the Gothic's obsession with paranormal antics, drama, comedy and all-around mood—all playing with power-as-monstrous-feminine and sex as warlike, stunning and gorgeous. It's what we've been doing for this entire faerie exhibit and indeed, the whole book series: playing with those things that societies the world over value, and which we subvert inside of themselves to help from rape with!

Much of this healing concerns the theft of theatrical devices, onstage and off. Workers steal, cops steal; workers and cops commit violence. Weapons of terror aren't moral or immoral, then; how they're used—during oppositional praxis, hence class, culture and race war—is. Less a single exchange [during regular examinations and emergency consultations] and more an ongoing relationship, it's

one that happens as much with mechanism as mechanic on all registers across all groups of workers; i.e., of animals and beings of nature like faeries versus the state and its proponents/doubles tampering with or otherwise intimidating witnesses [through blackmail, extortion, even murder]. One side discourages criminality and rape through doomy language thereof; the other encourages it while reeking like a corpse: a black moon rising but also a string of dark planets seemingly vacant but haunted by Numinous, monstrous-feminine potential!

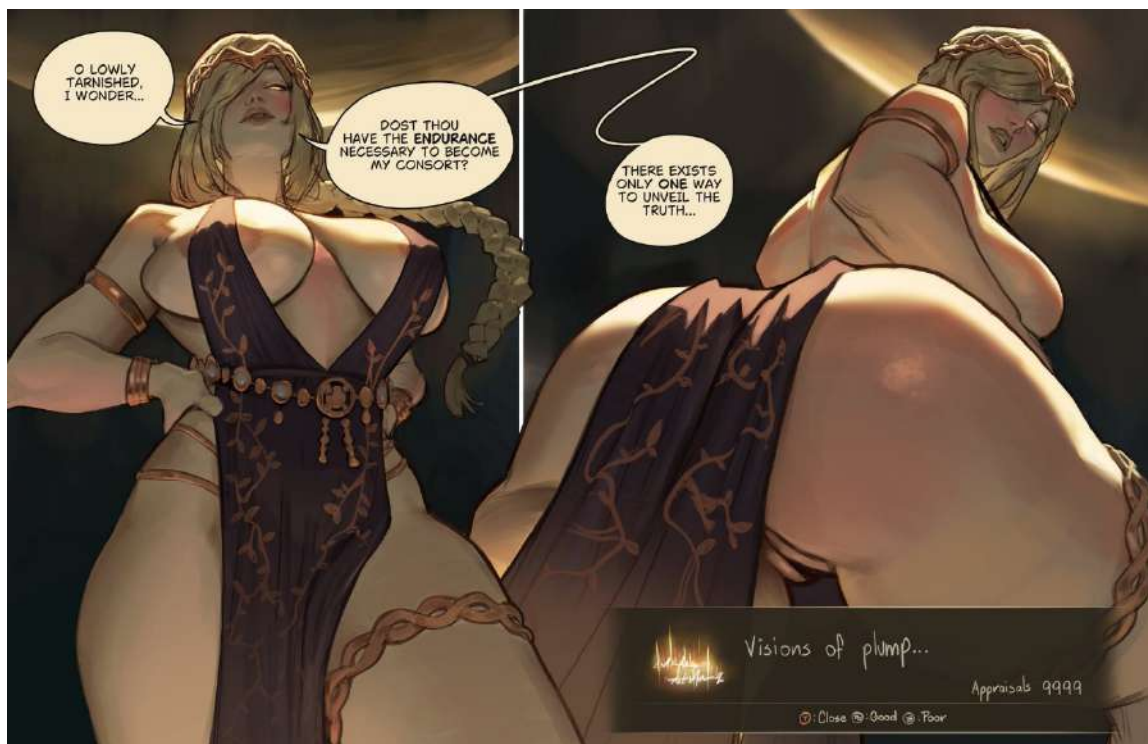
In turn, faeries are canonically things to be caught, except our beauteous orbs are too big to capture; our praxis, but also our pussies, are wetter and looser than Radcliffe's probably¹⁷⁸ was, those and other social-sexual implements pulling you under our faerie lakes [drenching spheres] and keeping you there—i.e., during live burial as, per Segewick, a commentary on libido tied to various forces/medieval poetics at work, and which we concern with dialectical-material, not psychological models [again, darkness visible and not the murky and far-less-precise models used by those schools of thought that proceeded Marx, deliberately choosing to ignore the historical-material elements he applied to monsters decades before Freud and company abandoned them]! Pillars of monsters, magic and myth, these dark faeries deliver pleasure and pain to prevent trauma, thus command respect and demand discipline from their bottoms: teamwork makes the dream work, healing from "rape" by playing with it, in quotes. As far as survivors go, we're preaching to the choir!



[artists (clockwise, starting top-left): [Romantic Rose](#), [Sinead](#), [Harmony Corrupted](#), [Nyx](#), [Victoria](#), [Annabel Morningstar](#), [Mugiwara](#), [Crow](#), and [Angel Witch](#)]

¹⁷⁸ Though given her secretive nature—and tendency to write what, for all intents and purposes, is torture porn—I'd hazard to guess that ol' Radcliffe probably experienced more than her fair share of wet nethers!

"PUSSY VANQUISHED" or "PUSSY SLAYER VANQUISHED," we've done this before, but rebellion is repeatedly and collectively seditious; re: a collage-like drum to beat, time and time again, among a polity of co-conspirators [above] breeding rebellion through sex on the brain—as something to chase down/get to the bottom of by restoring the mobility of activism [and critical thought] from its turgid, praxially-inert stasis and shell. We're not sugar-coating the bitter pill to conceal anything scandalous, but operate through sugar and scandal in faux-medieval to speak to toxic, sinister or otherwise controversial devices that—unobserved and undigested by the picky eaters—can go completely unnoticed. Revolutionary cryptonymy points a big combative sign at genocide to prevent its continuation [often through kayfabe, sex and force duking things out, on and offstage]: a garden of shattered innocence, promoting psychosexual healing through "martyrdom," cultured intuition, and unbridled passion tethered—if not on actual leads—then through bodies, rulesets, and systems of exchange that ground and facilitate the excitement of such grandiose, out-of-control sensations! So do we go beyond our comfort zones; i.e., seeking satisfaction, we adjust to colder comforts warming our plump godly backsides:



(artist: [TMFD](#))

To it, the Gothic—but especially Gothic Communism—is all about application, practice and informed interactions, not rote transaction; i.e., playing with taboo things that we enjoy camping in non-harmful forms, lowering the odds of systemic harm taking place when dashing Capitalist Realism: through fakery and rituals

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coded to prevent harm, addressing unspeakable things in ways that give them a language, hence voice to speak out with [which capital tries to alienate us from]. In other words, you are what you eat; we're a diet of pain prescribed by us, not the state's harmful, policing varieties! I, for example love sluts and playing with them; i.e., as mommy-like and virally potent, which faeries are, but also, to some degree, make-believe. The cryptonymic, holistic idea is to resonate using controlled substances that, faerie-like and in control, speak to abuse beyond our control that, performed in fake ways, touch on socio-material change through buffers; re: speaking out while protecting ourselves; e.g., we can camp Christianity through faerie-like doubles that—when push comes to shove—let us say to the offended parties rattling sabers, they're "just" faeries; re: the "just play" defense, treating our threats as emptier than they seem, "style over substance."

While silence is genocide and segregation is no protection from rape—and a bigotry for one is a bigotry for all, requiring universal emancipation—there isn't a monopoly on dishonesty and the enjoyment of guilty pleasure/demonic speaking for Great Change through pain, panic and death [dark faeries are death faeries, more or less]. We can lie to protect ourselves, but also be more honest than state proponents with the same lateral, unorthodox devices, enjoying them to endorsing liberation through said machinations [re: Sarkeesian].

In turn, we can be smarter than them when setting up our revelations' cryptonymic hall of mirrors; re: liberation and exploitation share the same spaces, surfaces and thresholds, but also confused, engorged organs of sight/tools of overall perception and disguise. Forget pocket sand, vivid concealment is the dark faerie's primary weapon! Borrowed from medieval thought [of torture; e.g., stigmata, below] and inserted into half-real medieval hauntologies and their dark Aegises, we reverse abjection through the cryptonymy process sundering Capitalist Realism with apocalyptic language: to show and behold just that, in the faerie flesh!



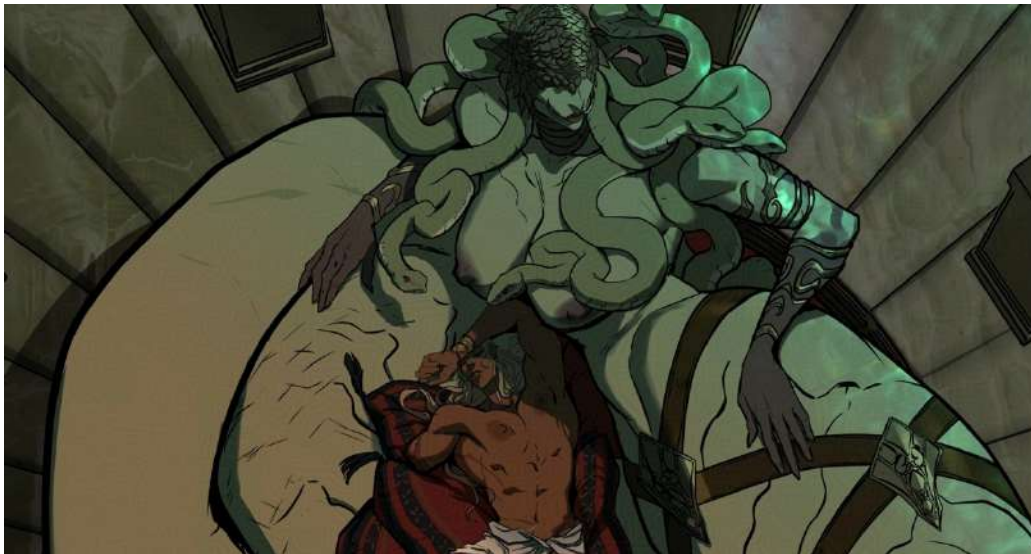
A Great Destroyer mending through the transmutation of darkness and pain, marrying strict to gentle but carrying the usual otherworldly elements of royal command that dark faeries are known for to escape unironic, non-consensual mastery!

[artists: [Romantic Rose](#)]

Milton had the right idea; re: "The mind its own place," a thing to swell with darkness visible, allowing for expanded consciousness, mid-activism. Faeries, then, make anything possible, insofar as "death" can happen onstage, but also radical wish fulfilment through repressed desires that, sure

enough, carry offstage during our aforementioned dark trades; i.e., of darkness visible, which happen through demonic exchange and transformation as an oft-hyperbolic poetic act; e.g., their alter-ego, superhero/supervillain's too-tall bodies, and too-big boobies [mammoth milkers] and butts' enormous, immodest implications promising profound, improper revelation while cryptonymically winking sardonic charm/radiating faerie ahegao from the bruised-and-bleeding flesh: about half-real potentialities to tilt towards that, unto themselves, "tilt" [enrage] those of the audience still in Plato's cave ["If we spirits have offended, think but this and all is mended..."].

The paradox of rape and it's revenge-made-visible, then—but also the monstrous-feminine as a nurturing-scaring warrior maternal—lies in the immediate visual ambiguity of such reenactments but also the presumed futility in defeating them. Death cannot be conquered, and murder (and rape) always will out. That's what darkness visible is, and by extension, swole' demon mummies, which we'll look at next.



[artist: [BS Art](#)]

In this respect, dark faeries [and their infernal castles promoting enormously obscure power] function like Medusa does; i.e., speaking to how rape destroys us [and classically is survived by turning into different objects; e.g., a tree] but, through a radical desire to heal from rape by systemically preventing it in paradoxical ways, becomes the very darkness we've been performing this entire exhibit: a world without rape, the power to prevent it in our hands subverting hyperbolic beauty standards by Gothically upending purity arguments! For the capitalist, they cannot foresee such a place; to show such profound and whorish/profane recipients of abuse—out in the open, playing with rape as an

exhibit—is to threaten capitalist with a post-rape planet. God forbid, right? The thought turns them to stone.

Like Satan, faerie royals are gods/superhumans. They tower to provide dramatic effect, but also invite troubling comparison haunting capital with shadows; i.e., for recess and relapse, absurdity and surrealism, they double our desires, but also conventional mechanisms of power used at cross purposes during oppositional praxis: curating a reality—one within that classic Gothic half-reality caught between complete fakery and total reality—to engage with through age-old power fantasies, including royalty and their power to change peoples' lives on a whim [often through ransom and arranged marriages, but also medieval, virgin-queen¹⁷⁹ sex games and all-around Faustian elevation¹⁸⁰]. And, as anyone skilled in the war of war will tell you, warfare isn't just on the obvious fields with clear-cut uniforms; it's a theatre that bleeds into daily life through darkness visible, including sex [especially monstrous sex; re: Amazonomachia more broadly] as something to play out, perform and interrogate while negotiating our rights. That's ultimately what dark faeries are: a theatre of war through psychosexual weaponry that, true enough, is measured by size and aesthetic, but ratified through sex and force performed among or regarding those devices as demonic, dark-yet-visible; re: Faust and Prometheus.

We'll examine those devices more, deeper in the module. For now, recall that demons of any kind [not just faeries] seldom stay in churches, and that states [through a Protestant ethic] aren't overtly ecclesiastical. Nevertheless, there remains a cryptonymic, hidden-visible element of sedition to faeries and their own sense of otherworldly glory making us come [to paradise]—a potential to camp that must be embraced, then crystalized in what we create, playfully developing Gothic Communism using what we got. However we do it—be that armored when nude or nude when armored during the whore's paradox, through kayfabe as psychomachy or Amazonomachia—we are life and the state is death; the state is ultimately incompatible with us, and we camp its inherently unequal canon from exchange to cryptonymic exchange using our shield-like Aegis to have the whore's revenge against profit: "No pasarán!" There is always another princess in another castle, the bare and level sands stretching far away as we quest for the Gothic-Communist Numinous, cryptomimetically liberating Medusa during cryptonymy's praxial synthesis; re: in collaborative exhibits like this one!

So is abjection dialectically-materially reversed through the faerie's demonic trades, its anisotropic vengeance parsed in cryptomimetic and hauntological arbitration. In

¹⁷⁹ Extending to royals *not* expected to produce a male heir to the throne; i.e., aristocratic privilege, romanced in Gothic fiction since Walpole and through the chronotope as saturated with such promises: of sex and force from a dynastic hereditary standpoint (re: Bakhtin). In short, power is measured in space and time through marriage as traceable through motion as much bloodline, the two hardly separate in Gothic stories throwing them into dis(re)pute!

¹⁸⁰ Generally through sacrifice during quid pro quo.

turn, such litigation frequently occupies chronotopic spheres [re: mise-en-abyme and castles-in-the-flesh] that freeze our attackers in place with darkness visible. Such oscillating duality and liminality is something to occupy across/upon/within people and place—not to rank rape or justify some variant, but prevent all harm while walking away from Omelas as a group of friends [and friends of friends, of friends of friends, and so on].

*Doing show should antagonize and provoke not one, but all: through a similarity amid difference! Found again/for the first time through Gothic paradox and reinvention, we faeries and witches dive into Styx. We do so above water and ground; i.e., out from the forests shrunk by capital and into urban territories made, like Radcliffe's Black Veil, afraid of such things. Their city streets and night skies clouded with smoke, we make ourselves at home; i.e., when bringing Hell home to ferry you there, too—not as punishment, but invitations one and all calling you back to where you belong! "Hell's bells, Satan's callin' for you!"
So kneel if you want! Just have the courage to step on through...)*

"What *dost* thou want?" Again, the devil is in the details—cloudy from aesthetic but clear as day from a dialectical-material standpoint: challenging profit through the performance of power during ludo-Gothic BDSM; re: specifically that of dark faeries, breaking Capitalist Realism through Satanic (or otherwise abject) wish



fulfillment! Their darkness visible promotes a world without end, hitting us where it hurts *and* pleases to heal from rape. In broaching post-scarcity with medieval pre-capitalist language to have the whore's revenge, the language of unhappiness can lead to happier spheres, blazing a curious trail in the bargain (not *all* roads lead to Rome):

(artist: [Nico](#))

So concludes the dark faerie (ruler) collaboration! Next, we'll examine a no less strict, but openly warrior class of monstrous-feminine (and its fiery and militant examples of the Amazon taken beyond earthly realms)—swole' demon mummies in a postcolonial symposium about forbidden love!

Trial by Fire: Demon Muscle Mommies (feat. Lady Hellbender and Hela, *The Shape of Water*)

*Some people say my love cannot be true
Please believe me, my love, and I'll show you
I will give you those things you thought unreal
The sun, the moon, the stars—all bear my seal*

—Ozzy Osbourne; "NIB," from *Black Sabbath* (1970)

Whereas "Darkness Visible" concerned dark faeries and their subversive ability to get what *they* want through the aesthetic/collaboration of psychosexual force, their reenactments sometimes had a gentle femme dom character to them. By comparison, "Trial by Fire" considers the fiery "swole" aspects of the monstrous-feminine that lean towards a stricter side of things: the demon muscle mommy's staunch command over nature, and notable intimidation factor during deals; i.e, as whorish, illegitimate traders in lethal force that threaten others in Amazonian ways, and whose revenge (against profit) burns with sulfurous hellfire. It's more blunt and less ambitious, brute force a bit easier to define than darkness



visible/the controversial voice of the royal damned; i.e., such matchmaking is short and to the point, these hellish, brutish herbos burlier and more direct, action-packed contenders than their glamorous, brawl-averse faerie cousins. With their taut, muscular bodies, these sexy warlords barrel headlong into danger as something *to* reenact and wrestle with—a compelling argument of psychosexual force they catalyze/visit on others during the dialectic of the alien's faux-medieval monster-mom battle sex!

(artist: [Ellie Maplefox](#))

Before we dive into the exhibit, a short explanation on demon mommies themselves, followed by their relationship to the imaginary medieval, ending on several distinctions between them and dark faeries (about eight pages):

Demons muscle mommies (which we'll shorten to "demon mommies," from here on out) speak to candidly smutty subject matter (and a classically female readership) that denotes a male/GNC female submissive fantasizing about a monstrous-feminine dominant. Such are Amazons, and by extension, demon mommies as an arguably more criminal, hellish variant (our emphasis again being the royal variety—the bandit queens); it's a performance to do for themselves, but still have a broader audience that evolves and changes over time.

Demon mommies, then, are demon whores and lovers courting prey-like mates through classic kayfabe shock and awe, but also sex and force relaid as a kind of sacrificial "tease"; re: of rape and revenge (often murder) suggested through paradoxically Faustian trades that, as usual, threaten rape as a bread-and-circus matter of *capture* (unequal power and harm); i.e., as something to normally distance ourselves from, the bargain tearing the recipient limb-from-limb (deals with the Devil are seldom healthy or fair): a childless monarch unchained from reproductive sex, yet one who obviously knows her way around prurient courtship and its horny terror language endemic to underworld locales. To say there isn't



some kind of theatrical tension because of that is to have seriously tuned out during the original story!

Faust aside, "Trial by Fire" specifically operates through a postcolonial urge of forbidden love: to have our whore's revenge, doing so through Lady Hellbender (and similar militarized, conspicuously muscular beings—Karlach and Hela,

but also male demon lovers, to be holistic; e.g., the merman from Del Toro's 2017 *The Shape of Water*). Our emphasis explores gladiatorial violence among such locales; i.e., not so much in the act of poetic creation, itself (through darkness), but the iron-grip wielding of unequal power during ludo-Gothic BDSM. Dominants, bondage and collars—the sub wears the dom's yoke during calculated risk/a palliative Numinous to paradoxically perform unequal power and relieve stress from past abuse as poetically inherited from total history's real and imaginary factors; e.g., demon-mommy muscles threatening castration and forced sex, emasculation well-at-home in a Neo-Gothic faux-medieval whose retro-future menace acts as a wraith-like infiltrator of the present space and time: the cushy-yet-recent Western idea of safety and privacy!

To relax, the middle class—who, fearing the deprivation of recently-granted rights by a decaying state apparatus (sticking its assassin's head into seemingly safe spaces like the bedroom, actually still haunted by rape, of course)—began, back then and now, to dread the ghost of the barbaric past (and its shakier foundation's *unheimlich* notions of ownership, illegitimate force, violent sex and brutal revenge). Whenever and wherever they perform these things, their privileged fantasies seek to sever danger from harm by faking it; i.e., in ways that can bring informed workers closer to nature as something they subsequently fetishize with the hauntological aesthetic of medieval acquisition and consummation: the princess dominated in bed extending to the entire castle, except per the demon mommy archetype has classically swapped genders!

Furthermore, the "castle" during the liminal hauntology of war is a normal home (or person indicative of the home; e.g., a housewife or housemate) adopting medieval intimations. "Home," in the medieval, was a place where sex *didn't* happen in the bedroom alone (re: Foucault), and whose taboo, aristocratic violence reliably attached to powerful structures (and their infamously cruel rulers) passed down onto more ordinary-looking people and places. Surviving bourgeois hegemony that decays back into older violence caged by capital, these same people—having received the chronotope's oversaturation of displaced, fearsome legends (about raw material and sexual exchange)—may speak to one another during the cryptonymy process about such abuse happening around them; i.e., by showing others that we



live in Gothic times: the Destroyer on the surface of smirking whores! So can our playtime put "rape" in quotes and a cap on actual harm; i.e., any caused by the bourgeoisie.

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

The Gothic plays with rape made alien by capital, flirting with chivalry-as-dead brought back to life; i.e., as Walpole once did with glee. Beyond castles, then, its bastard, danger-disco husbandry includes brutal trades during ludo-Gothic BDSM that speak to the ravishing character of older times, *minus* the harm. They involve the whispered reprisals of *banditti* henchmen, but also those who typically paid them; i.e., the unscrupulous ladies and lords, but also

their classic sites of pretend, questionable, yet ultimately enormous power (re, from Volume Zero: power is something to *perform*). This means their long-lost castles, deep dungeons and stolen rituals, but also fabulous riches, treasure, and loot overshadowed by blood-money conquest and a disturbing knack for skullduggery (often through gratuitous shows of force; e.g., defenestration).

All encompass power through the law as literally tied to their dubious bodies and bloodlines—crowns and scepters, to be sure, but also the Amazonian idea of warrior culture and strength of a conspicuously athletic sort: the *wrong side* of the law something to administer in *our* favor that, all the same, rules/fuels through violence, lust and fear (medieval sovereignty backed up through force)! Experienced diplomats in might-makes-right, demon mommies are bandit queens

and black hell knights who let their *fists* (and thighs) speak for them, doing so that others might defer to their legendary expertise—as judge, jury and executioner!

In short, "the medieval" is a place to fear returning to the present (the return of the assassin, phantom, rogue, tyrant, etc), but also where a great deal of control might be found by reversing state terror weapons in ways that Walpole himself famously did, through counterfeit and camp; re (from Volume One):

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

Unlike "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 (*ibid.*).

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 pre-fascist 15th century that was more interested in enjoying one's privilege and playing silly pranks.

This brings us to Horace Walpole, the writer of the first Gothic novel and an ostensibly homosexual (or ace) man who devoted most of his relatively long life to making Gothic not just a label to describe the medieval period, but literally a specific style of campy fakery used to embellish the present space and time through intentionally a historical reinvention: the castle where such oddities could be found and observed ([source](#): "Prey as Liberators").

This same silly-serious idea extends to the *people* of castles, which demon mummies easily qualify as: queens of Hell if Hell were a neo-medieval wasteland.

To it, ludo-Gothic BDSM is supposed to be thrilling and fun, but also adequate in ways polite discourse seldom is; i.e., by recreating a crude return to the tyrannical home suddenly doubling one's own through larger dialectical-material forces, but closer to a frank medieval voice that, akin to Chaucer's "Miller's Tale," is

completely vulgar and bananas¹⁸¹ but invested in the closeness between sex and death, food, and a variety of other poetic devices. When playing with violence and sex as people from the Gothic or Neo-Gothic periods actually did, a reunion with things capital has tried to alienate workers from/with can be a struggle but also a game to delight in; e.g., like Monty Python in the 1960s, but also more recent media getting into the same Walpolean spirit—smiting a dragon (the Capitalocene) about the bollocks!



(artist: [Tony Sart](#))

The Gothic, though historically reviled, critically panned and treated like crude garbage by prude snobs, was and is absurdly popular—not because it was counterfeit or counterculture alone, but inventive, hilarious *and* badass in equal measure; i.e., graveyard sex through fetishes and clichés, miracles

and mad science (staged battles through popular binary arguments' threatening contrast: good vs evil, reason vs madness, big vs small, tight vs loose, nature vs civilization, men vs women, virtue vs sin, us vs them, black vs white, cops vs victims, etc), but also bluffs, gambits, fakeries and bastard shams delivering clarity through confusion as something of power/power-adjacent to perform and perceive; e.g., fake funerals, marriages, bloodlines, duels, scandals, servants and sidekicks, etc, but also demon castles summoned/sought out for their naughty reputations (of vaguely "dark" monster sex), then traveled to in order to temporarily lose control/radically transform into or in relation to demon mommies!

The adventuresome thrill of the castle's opera/danger disco—steeped in bogus superstition, demented emotions, and a hellish charge (adjacent to generational abuse, but also a Gothic potential to shift away from Capitalism)—is both larger-than-life and largely *the* life and point of Gothic argument (to have power over others and vice versa), but also its vector! "A girl can dream," as the saying goes, and there's nowhere we'd rather be (a home away from home to let off steam with, but also consume canonically forbidden ideas, letting our hair down); demon mommies denote a statuesque presence of strength that reflects classic forms of violence back towards the usual givers of it by the usual receivers;

¹⁸¹ For further examination of this, consider "[Back to Jadis' Dollhouse, the Birthplace of Ludo-Gothic BDSM](#)" (2024) from the Undead Module.

e.g., from women to men! If the dark faerie is the queen of terrors through darkness personified, the demon mommy (as we've expressed it, here) is the champ when it comes to brute force, complete daring and physical, heated persuasion (unequal power and dark desire expressed through a sexualized form of combat theatre; re: kayfabe and *Amazonomachia*).

Several more distinctions, then, before we dive in (three pages). There's an undeniable element of fabrication with demon mommies, but one attached to real people (versus something completely artificial, which *doesn't* have rights). A byproduct of the tawdry and salacious gossip of enterprising-yet-bored housewives (which Radcliffe most certainly was), they're queens of firepower versus darkness. Even so, both demon mommies and dark faeries embody a kind of abject alter ego that plays out the alien, repressed feelings of oppressed groups, onstage and off: generational anger and revenge, desires to assimilate—even murder and rape! As such, they (and their organs of violent perception) remain prime candidates; re: for forbidden love as a postcolonial device told playfully through Amazonian terror



language coming from Hell, especially wrestler's kayfabe. Except, whereas a dark faerie might barely lift a finger to get what *she* needs, the demon mommy—while certainly no dummy in her own right—will happily do *all* the heavy lifting (a total thigh queen, left) while hunting for heads, herself¹⁸²!

(artist: [Ickpot](#))

Whereas the dark fairy is commonly femme and enchantingly mysterious (marking her prey with ropes, teeth, glamour and darkness), the demon mommy is shrewd, spicy, masculine and firm; both can capture their prey but she takes hers by force—i.e., direct and without guile, opting to smash and grab through underworld might versus stealth and overtly/exclusively feminine sex appeal (said femininity always occupied by an alien masculine [monstrous-feminine] element). She's competent and battle-tested, a firebrand

¹⁸² Doing so evokes Artemis and similar goddesses of war/the hunt, but also Hippolyta and her ilk. In either case, their collective "virginity" occurs by killing men outright (for trespassing on their land, hence home) or by forcing men to marry *them* and have *their* children (the shoe on the other foot; re: death by Snu-Snu)! There's certainly a long history of white-Indian tokenization* to Amazons as "man-eaters" in this respect (the humiliation of men by Amazons part of the latter's ancient copagandistic function; re: as a patriarchal mythical device treating Athenian women as second-class citizens). Even so, it can easily be reclaimed during the dialectic of the alien, and applies equally to demon mommies essentially being "Amazons from Hell" (often two-world people, one foot in each).

*E.g., *Samus Aran*; re: "[In Search of the Secret Spell': Digging Our Own Graves; or, Playing with Dead Things \(the Imaginary Past\) as Verboten and Carte- Blanche](#)" (2024)!

freak of nature (from a traditional, heteronormative standpoint) whose hauntological, faux-medieval qualities patently evoke "strict" versus gentle domination; i.e., psychosexual, vaso vagal, and predator/prey¹⁸³ confusions of danger and protection the Gothic (and its imaginary warrior-queen cavaliers) are known for, and which genuine abusers—e.g., Jadis or Zeuhl (the former who raped me, the latter who abandoned me but expected loyalty afterwards)—*don't* have a monopoly on!

To it, the demon mommy comes from a house where peace is a stranger and war a welcome friend—a survivor of assassins, vendor of malice and purveyor of strict therapy through lucid nightmares lending the *Amazonomachy's* already medieval, military and hostile gravitas an extra hellish bent. She's a vice character of sorts—bare and naked, an imposing "tank girl" distraction that roars loudly in ways unbecoming the Western maiden/state modesty argument, but presents precisely *for* those reasons in canonical circles: the femme fatale/sexual weapon/monster to love, but also routinely defeat and cage *because* she's on-fire with hellish energies; i.e., too hot to handle, thus assimilate! Medusa, in this case, is always an antagonist to some degree, because the state requires one to exist and project their own police abuse onto. For them, Galatea is always Pygmalion's bitch, the warrior whore trapped in his endless shadow and blamed for state shift; re: the Medusa bogeywoman.

Of course, everyone loves the whore; canon does so because her summoning becomes a euthanasia refrain to maintain the status quo with during times of crisis. The Nazi leader and Communist queer inhabit the same kayfabe space and bodies; e.g., Zod and Faora (the latter a Nazi werewolf woman, warrior whore and knightly wet dream for Zack Snyder's neo-conservative superhero vehicle) appear menacingly in *Man of Steel* (2013); re: during the liminal hauntology of war... only to be bested and defeated after chewing the scenery and kicking absurd amounts of ass; i.e., during the usual copaganda displacements of controlled opposition/false rebellion. Every Radcliffean scapegoat needs a cop to bury them—a rugged, phallic



jester dancing in the king's court, these usurpers brandish a black mirror to suggest state fallibility (only to have a dashing hero sweep these feelings aside, breaking the mirror [and the oracle] in the process). Through fascinating fascism, the enemy is both weak and strong!

Sex and force, then, can produce/cater to *remarkable* tension and/or release, but the demon mommy is often relaxed, in this respect; i.e., she's done this before, at home with the language of masters and

¹⁸³ For more writing about Amazons and knights apart from here, refer to Volume One's "[Predators and Prey': Predators as Amazons, Knights, and Other Forms of Domesticated, Animalized Monster Violence](#)" (2024).

slaves, aristocrats and serfs, which she combines through herself. Certifiably queenly but still putting in work, she's not above dirty jobs—an expert jousting happy to take the reins and get down; a strong-thighed Queen Bee at Castle Sodom, her reputation for extreme behavior proceeds her (and whose poetic maneuvers excite similar emotions through vulgar puns¹⁸⁴ and, in case it wasn't already obvious, heroic-villainous body language)!

She's also hungry and ambitious, possessing a ravenous royal appetite formerly known to kings that—among a female/partially feminine body—is unequivocally monstrous-feminine. Demonstrating that appetite, she runs the risk of passing traditionally manly qualities onto helpless maidens exposed to someone other than their promised husbands! In short, she's temptation incarnate, but works through a kind of gender swap importing the Amazon style onto more recent medieval hauntologies; e.g., castles, servants and unequal, nigh-scandalous breeding scenarios; i.e., a window into an older and scarier but also fascinating and partially imaginary world! Of knights and damsels, but also ladies bearing less virtue and more lust, such spaces turn regular life under capital inside-out; i.e., a Rabelaisian carnival where the exploration of what is normally denied becomes, itself, boldly normal: ringing the Devil's doorbell!



(artist: [Bold Vid Studio](#))

It might sound odd to white, straight, middle-class women in the Imperial Core nowadays, but women hardly more than a century ago were considered property by the state, of which having extramarital sex (or fantasizing about it in monstrous language) was a common mode of recourse/revenge *for* these kept persons: to "violate" ourselves, but also the state-assigned boundaries caging us that older authors projected onto a foreign exotic or dated imaginary. What, for older generations, was a push towards liberation for some (fascist feminism), we want to push towards universal liberation. This happens through the Gothic mode, including the consciously ironic language of alienation, scarcity and discord that *subversive* demon mummies represent; i.e., working towards regular shelter and comfort (often sex), their paradoxical protection realized through such tantalizing "Beauty and the Beast" what-ifs (the marriage of the Ancient Romance and ordinary novel to *escape* past barbarities, once summoned; re: Walpole's vague castled forgeries).

To it, the Gothic and its imaginary medieval is the *quintessential* site of rape play waged by the middle class (and other workers, upper and lower) for different reasons (often at odds); mutual consent during rape play/deep passion *is* good praxis, provided the "rape" is actually *in quotes*. The concept is *to* tantalize with

¹⁸⁴ "Spread 'em, mount 'em, pin 'em" as Jadis' lepidopterist friends loved to recite.

excitingly "dangerous" roleplay scenarios, the use of a threatening "lance" inviting the size queen's warrior boast during rough, suitably passionate sex, "That all you got, motherfucker? C'mon, fuck me like you mean it!" Hair down, pussies out, girls (who's fucking who—the power of knowing the courtly exchanges *per* network—something to arbitrate through girl talk's anger/gossip, monsters and camp)!



(artist: [Sasha Khmel](#))

So again, this makes the usual blood libel, sodomy and witchcraft accusations something to level against demon mummies! Like the earthbound Amazon or dark faerie, they are beings to canonically fear and tokenize, embodied by subversive agents in much the same manner that we'd camp in more earthly forms. Keeping the anal Amazon thesis in mind—that agents of terror are subverted through reclaimed terror language, including psychosexual acts of domination tied to areas of dominion (e.g., duels for property and honor, enacted by spontaneous brutal violence and fireworks, at or around castles)—let's get to the exhibit, itself. Reflecting on demon mummies' grim extortion of others to prosecute their own wars, it concerns the whore's paradox as equally a paradox of rape reversing such terror devices to achieve a postcolonial effect/reversal of abjection *with* demon mummies; i.e., how we usually get your attention: through playful, fatal-nostalgic



threats of "rape" during ludo-Gothic BDSM's regular theatrical distortions of state "truths"! When performing unequal power to rebel against state arrangements—i.e., by using guilty pleasure relayed through unlawful carnal knowledge and sinful desire—the best defense is a good "offense" (such indomitable master/slave language often played for effect through exquisite "torture," left).

(artist: [In Case](#))

That's what forbidden love ultimately is, in this case; i.e., the audience falling for scrappy harlots, slutty Valkyries, and avenging angels—our resident queens having fallen from Heaven, themselves, only to punch up from dark, foreboding places during the dialectic of the alien; i.e., by playing at war and sex' intoxicating spells of "rape" to humanize ourselves (and nature-as-monstrous-feminine; re: Medusa) with postcolonial arguments: red-hot rape fantasies, burning with forbidden desires that demon mummies in particular specialize at during calculated risk! "Hell," for Gothic Communism, is a theatrical place to go to and settle our differences, bravely

speaking out in ritualized "violence"; i.e., with a corporal punishment rhetoric endemic to medieval, ecclesiastical institutions; e.g., naughty nuns (above), the complicated genderqueer disguise of *churchly* crossdress—re: Matthew Lewis' Rosario/Matildia/the Devil—carried forwards from the ancient and medieval world into a stereotypically outmoded (operatic), predatory/prey caricature of the Amazonian underworld's traditionally female¹⁸⁵ warrior!

Note: While our focus remains largely on demon mommies like Lady Helldriver and Hela, their function as postcolonial demon lovers remains part of a Gothic-Communist operation. To be holistic (as Gothic Communism generally demands), we'll divert some energies towards other demon lovers, too—e.g., Del Toro's aforementioned merman—and consider the complicated ways that privilege and oppression manifest and overlap; i.e., during an intersectional, solidarized pedagogy of the oppressed. —Perse



(exhibit 44a1a1b2: Artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). Lady Hellbender from [Guardians of the Galaxy](#) and Kalach from [Baldur's Gate 3](#) [2023] exemplify the demon muscle mommy archetype; i.e., they evoke the Amazonian threat of "capture, rape and death" put into optional hellish quotes—of DARVO [Amazonomachia](#) speaking to evil, demon slavers from nature, whose dire revenge

canonically must be challenged through battle [when Hell comes to Earth or vice versa] but also fetishized [re: death by Snu-Snu] in ways we monster-fuckers humanize: during ludo-Gothic BDSM, camping the monomyth using postcolonial gender[queer] identity and performance!

To it, Gothic camp loves the muscled, bodybuilder guerrilla-as-demon, treated by the state like statuesque criminal hysterics and token, cop-like whores under settler colonialism's black/white binary married to virgin/whore! They're warriors and whores from Hell, the monstrous-feminine straddling the fence insofar as spine-tingling terror [and other body parts] require a bit of visual ambiguity, brute

¹⁸⁵ It'd be easy enough to treat the Amazon as male or intersex through GNC performance (the whole idea already centers around crossdress), but we won't be doing so, here.

strength and token menace! Hell and its militias aren't for wimps, save to torture them with irony or without!

Like kayfabe in general, demon mummies are physically very demanding and involved, but also govern liminal shows of force that translate to godly levels of inequality and doubles; re: faces and heels, heroes and villains, but also kings and queens, castles and forced marriages franchised by capital. In that sense, it's no different than the Wild Hunt, Apollo's chariot, or the death coach [vehicles of death and war]—flying gods speaking to latter-day UFO abduction and rapturous, Radcliffean capture tied to the ghost of the counterfeit [["back from outer space"](#)]: moving castles and their dark-disco, giant, castle-like bodies [re: the liminal hauntology of war] taking us away and making an operatic show of it, then having their way with us in the safety of upside-down homes mocking Western variants! Such are vice characters, demon mummies a kind of Amazon "from Hell" that takes their prey [of any gender they want] back to Hell as an infernal, postcolonial territory!



[artist: [Jessica Nigri](#)]

Capital divides by design, always through predator/prey in service to profit. From a Cartesian standpoint, then, the state wrongs nature, gendering it as female/monstrous-feminine in "ancient," canonically essential ways it can pimp once antagonized; nature responds by revenge-stealing state brides [often by gender-swapping them, turning men into brides] during reactive abuse. In short, subversive Amazons anisotropically camp the monstrous-feminine as terror language normally used to sodomize nature-as-monstrous-feminine; i.e., when empire decays per capital's usual boom-and-bust cycle, turning nature into terrorist the state counterterrorist [often a token Amazon] can incarcerate, rape or otherwise execute the state's will against; re: geography as destiny along moral territories and iconography that must routinely be cleansed of evil/natural "corruption" through state arbitration and heroic precedent debriding said decay while gentrifying war all over again [re: Tolkien and Cameron's cartographic refrains during the monomyth: punch, stab or shoot nature-as-whore, above].

Whatever the form, state binaries are false, harmful, and unnatural as a matter of function pimping nature as criminal, incorrect, and abhorrent; i.e., per Cartesian thought, heteronormativity and/or settler colonialism. Christianized us-versus-them violence stems from Beowulf vs Grendel; from Columbus onto the Cartesian Revolution and beyond, nature is something to pimp, anything not him and his men being "extended beings" for "thinking beings" to pimp, enslave and destroy by cheaply moving money through them. This great theft [which money is] translates neoliberally into Tolkien and Cameron's refrain, a dubious arrangement of false

power per light/darkness that calls for genocide in God's name [more on Tolkien in a bit]: "For in its presence, all darkness must flee." A blanket of the mind, such Capitalist Realism always dresses up as divide-and-conquer territory disputes happening between man/the state-as-straight and nature-as-monstrous-feminine; re [from Volume One]:

The state's various religious/secular ingroups associate entirely with exclusive ownership and universal coercion under state territories over state-assigned out-groups: to belong/to have belongings versus to be owned or used by someone or marked for systemic mistreatment, even death if you fail to be useful to them (the paradox being your death is useful to profit). Here, the state of exception provides the most basic function of capital: exploitation and genocide in service of the profit motive; i.e., the state eating its population according to heroic arrangements of theatrical power tied to bodily expression as dimorphically gendered [[source](#): "Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy"].

These, in turn, codify with older monomythic language borrowed from the means to inspire royal fear and awe, but also lust of a hauntological sort; e.g., scarred and tattooed barbarian women passing for "Vikings" or "Picts" who spit, fart, swear in four-letter words, get mad and "smash"; i.e., doubling as sexual rewards in a time when the state emasculates its own men to sexually frustrate them, then sell them cartoon copies of their biggest wet dreams.

While women, as a whole, remain "lesser" in the pecking order's Great Chain, standouts serve to enforce classical ideas of male dominance; i.e., in a female body that bullies lesser entitled men [sissification]: per a "prison sex" mentality conforming and adhering to patriarchal force inside the Man Box' weird nerd culture. Keeping with Athenian Amazon propaganda, they canonically inspire compliance, not rebellion, as muscled; re: subjugated Hippolytas! Per the euthanasia effect, tokens [not just women, but any traitors] are tolerated so long as they uphold the current order through sex and force: calls to yield/submit and ultimately disperse!



While stating the obvious is an option, a common path for poetic recourse is fighting fire with fire, myth with myth.

Speaking of the aforementioned charioteers themselves, such formidable demon lovers—strong enough to defy the "natural order" by crossing over into the civilized world but weak enough for the state to cage them [re: Eco]—are Galatea built-to-thrill when consumed, but also teach through experience alongside; e.g., size difference; i.e., calculated risk during ludo-Gothic BDSM. They're killer dolls that

consist of darkness—as flavored through particular accents that code and qualify the Amazonian proceedings of either text: muscle and fire [versus Amazonian earthliness or faerie darkness]. There's nothing objectively "wrong" with demon mommies; they're simply ways to rarefy and transfer power in-the-flesh: "Your chariot awaits."

Amazons, like other warriors and cops/criminals, have a white and a black side, which demon mommies act out in "hellish" ways. They tend to manifest less as binarized, dimorphic halves and more as moods, good and bad; i.e., inside a monomorphic entity whose base function doesn't change; re: Lady Dimitrescu being a constant "phallic" whore who becomes outwardly furious when threatened, but also turned on: wanting to fuck her attackers to death. In demon-BDSM terms, these categories are not only not discrete, they are excessive and hyperbolic; i.e., nymphomania being an out-of-control "hysterical" libido informed by systemic, externalized trauma that confuses predator/prey mechanisms during calculated risk.

To it, Lady Hellbender is made of shadows and flame, as such—the staged power of unequal strength, of dragons and rarefied cruelty [similar to Count Dracula] that has the desire for company but not the manners; i.e., she tends "flare up" when excited, singing her guests [who, it must be said, sometimes prefer that]. In the demon-lover tradition, then, she demonstrates how forbidden desire is given in ways that distribute power unevenly. According to Hellbender's damned construction, she burns, she dominates; her victims burn, dominated by her as Big Strict Whore¹⁸⁶ [re: "She tall, she tall"]! She is the curious byproduct of an

¹⁸⁶ Size difference *is* a common way to compensate for not leaning into the emotional aspects; i.e., the "Napoleon" persona versus someone who is strong and silent—though frankly there's no "correct" way to go about this. The best actors combine different elements at their disposal to achieve the desired effect (whatever that is) per case; i.e., regarding those being subjected to their talents and services! To that, Lady Hellbender carries a *strict* flavor of femme dom (the Amazon), one that plays out through her demonic aesthetic during ludo-Gothic BDSM; but *gentle* femme doms likewise exist and can use the same/different aesthetics to achieve their own desirable outcomes; e.g., Harmony Corrupted and I.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

In other words, erogenous pleasure, non-harmful pain and other euphoric sensations determine by context, during ludo-Gothic BDSM. Such performances are generally works-in-progress, tailored to fit the different players working in concert; i.e., I have trauma and want to work through it with Harmony, who doesn't want to harm me (the mark of a good dom). So we work through it, step-

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environment both "stuck" and seeking to change. Said change, in turn, occurs inside-outside itself, through poetic cliché; i.e., said conventions being "how people talk," but for her amounts to an oscillating fluency thereof: both through tackiness and lack of tact, a holistic-and-liminal ontological statement encompassing the entire masked ball [the original site of forbidden romance and home of the demon lover invading civil spaces of exchange becoming alien again]! As such, "burning with desire" is a common febrile metaphor describing blood flow and body heat, but also adrenaline when desire climbs and predator/prey confuse in disco-like ways; i.e., the female side of the operatic experience, but turned into a

by-step, session-by-session, until we figure out the best way to work such rough play *into* our psychosexual games and theatre.

But rest assured, while many people have one "speed" with which they normally play things out, switches like myself prefer the ability to adopt different fantasies—thus demonic configurations of "fatal" desire, knowledge and power—when playing with excellent cuties like Harmony Corrupted "on the go/fly." It's a place of magical pleasure, a Twilight Zone of our defense, addressing how we feel:

I'm falling down a spiral, destination unknown
 Double-crossed messenger all alone
 Can't get no connection, can't get through, where are you?
 (Golden Earring's "[Twilight Zone](#)," 1982).

Such things are a part to play out during cryptonymy and calculated risk, their darkness visible making actual harm impossible and catharsis all but guaranteed; i.e., a party to perform between different players having fun through exquisite "torture" yielding to individual preference.

In turn, we rock 'n doll in danger discos of *our* design, divorced from profit and made to help *us* heal from actual abuse/systems thereof! Genuine exploitation sits adjacent to palliative-Numinous feelings, all existing in the same shadow zone. Those marked by trauma seek "trauma" out in quotes: as made weird in ways that, true enough, seek weird out as something to relate to with; re (from Volume Two, part one):

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 likeminded *while* the state tries, as it always does, to dominate us through its own victims ([source](#): "Welcome to the Fun Palace!").

So do we make *our* bones, our own friendship and marriage counselors, during ludo-Gothic BDSM.

Demon mommies reify not just combative emotions, then, but socio-material conditions as "plastic through play." In doing so, they give us a powerfully compassionate voice to subvert, thus counteract, state forms with; i.e., during liminal expression doubling our abusers, onstage and off. Any syndrome (mirror, compartment, virgin/whore, white knight, impostor, etc), disorder (eating, personality, body and/or gender), or monopoly we'd want to interrogate, we may do so; i.e., in a half-real sense. State influence sits in between reality and imagination as informing each other according to state designs upheld or turned upside-down in said territories' *total* spheres; i.e., desk murder and state atrocities, at large, versus rape play of a campy sort, the latter punching up while arguing for/administering critical thought and dialectical-material analysis as second-nature, over time: through actual Satanic rebellion repeatedly "taking temperature."

Doing so means parsing fake rebellion/witch cops, *en medias res* (re: Milton)—with state proponents and labor proponents looking the same, but whose cryptonymy functions differently! Function determines function, and rebellion is always anisotropic; i.e., its reversal of polarity concerning power and knowledge operate through imagination and desire, either requiring such "sea legs" to navigate the inevitable confusions that occur when occupying and navigating a constantly changing world flooded with pre-existing trauma; re: its darkness visible.

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demon-lover version of itself whose confused location jumps between bodies, all operating inside the hauntology/chronotope's shared fever dream; e.g., The Tryanglz' "[Burning in the Third Degree](#)" [1984]:

Hypnotize, see the flicker gleaming in your eyes
 It catches me
 Oh, I take it and you'll never let me go
 I'm your prisoner
 I feel the heat of your desire
 I just can't face the fire [[source](#): Genius].

The phenomenology of the danger disco is paradoxical; i.e., two [or more] things true at once, camping and canonizing the notion of female hysteria and desire.

Either make survivors "break down" when triggered, but which they—often involuntarily and without guidance—seek out in ways that accurately describe the disorder of their lived experienced/menticed state informed by external factors; re: gargoyles.

In turn, everything moves in hypnotic slow-motion to speak to complicated feelings; re: the perils of dated courtship threatening the current space and time, a given survivor feeling hunted and desired simultaneously because—for them and their trauma—the difference is never clear-cut. All merge on the same surfaces and within the same thresholds, onstage and off. So, too, does the demon mommy [of a more humanized sort] embody the cowering maiden, demon lover and knightly savior all at once: "chercher la femme" a common female experience that has become, to some degree, hauntologized and myopic [focused prominently from a white, middle-class cis-het female gaze for centuries, left: "I'm being hunted!"] but also a chance to occupy an experience that, for many people, is totally alien to them: to step into someone else's shoes!



In Gothic, these heavy-metal fan favorites survive outside their respective texts to enable praxial synthesis/generate fresh momentum. As things

to rebuild like Frankenstein's monster [minus the Cartesian dogma] through fantasy/sci-fi trash, they reify in culturally appreciative, sexually descriptive forms and high/low feelings; e.g., a golem's desire to be loved, or a desire to be protected by someone "forbidden" you nonetheless desire; i.e., through desperation and

convenience, unfolding under capital's oppressive conditions! They unfold regardless, and whose mythical lovers take many forms beyond what is normally allowed; re: the demon mommy's Amazonian, incendiary and tank-like body something to canonize for a heteronormative freakshow's Male Gaze, but just as often can exist independent of that: a psychosexual gargoyle/Galatea trapped on the same shared stages while camping canonical superhero beauty standards and



heteronormative shows of force—with captivating non-standard showmanship likewise trapped inside various degrees of repetitious convention interrogating myth with myth!

[artist: [Marco Turini](#)]

To it, monopolies are illusions, which the state can still argue through its carousel monstrous appeals/menticidal sex symbols, and which we target using the same dream-like aesthetics, left and next page]! By carrying the Gothic's theatrically flippant, monstrous-feminine traditions into the present, such tours des force aren't always costumes, but speak to/for/with our bodies and naturally assigned/state reassigned characters as, to some degree, xenomorphic, thus customizable like costumes.

Butch women want to appear strong and desirable, for example, but do so as much for themselves as they do a paycheck from male [or token] bosses—allegorically inside texts that may appear to support deviations from the nuclear model, but in truth often ultimately endorse the same-old status quo [re: Pygmalions like James Cameron shoving Amazons into chaste "armor" versus openly whore-like uniforms, pimping them all the same]. "Hell" is always a brothel—a restless place of cryptonymy to subvert/play with such things without fear of immediate punishment. To it, sex/women's work extends from art, to porn, to art-as-porn or vice versa; i.e., threatening the center of man's universe through castration fantasy as something to rock out to, onstage; e.g., Jane Tricka gliding her adventuresome mitt up Wayne Brady's leg and past his vulnerable junk [note his surprised facial expression, below]: the queen of the stage "threatening" the male damsel-in-

distress [there being an unscripted, improvised element to the gag as it unfolds, in real time¹⁸⁷]!



[[source](#): *Whose Line Is It, Anyway?* Season 5, episode 21; [timestamp](#): 1:40]

Tin women and dragon ladies, capital alienates those who are different and molds them into forgeries of themselves trapped in metal and other demonic materiel. In turn,

these freakshow strongladies seek to reunite themselves with the audience regardless of profit and its associate dogma; i.e., specific members of the audience, while all eyes are upon them, the opera-in-question seeing them as alien main attractions. To grow is to less to escape arrest, then, and more to establish control, mid-stasis. Like the phantom of the opera, both sides of the creative/performance equation search for companionship, these articulations inverted and rife with various double standards and exceptions. Gender-bending and swapping are just other forms of play—ones that humanize those accused of rape, and those wanting "rape" [classically white women] in ways that meet the needs of each without turning either into cops. They skillfully reverse and/or blur the roles of power in ways that include not just dom and sub, but also the gender identity/performance of that, and the legitimacy and terrorist/counterterrorist status of each, etc.

Mommy or not, demons are like music, then; they're chosen for contrast by whoever's arbitrating them. Jazz, blues, funk, bebop, operatic tritones—in music, devilish elements are used for flavor [e.g., flat 5s, 7s and other dominants, diminished chords, Major 7s, etc]. The same goes for Gothic poetics personified, their overtones speaking pointedly to rising class, cultural and racial tensions existing between formerly ecclesiastical institutions bearing out a Protestant ethic; i.e., the eternal war between God and the Devil one that can be used to recruit both entities against workers for capital, or to reclaim either in service to them while walking away from Omelas [and selective bigotry/emancipation].

Such is the case with demon mommies like Lady Hellbender and Karlach's own sodomy/problematic love. As warrior whores threatening medieval dominion—with "medieval" mil spec attire, vaso vaginal sexuality and all-around size difference

¹⁸⁷ Note how Brady, visibly intimidated by Tricka, falls back on various bodybuilder stereotypes once triggered; and how she—suitably emboldened by the stage as a kind of safe space to push the envelope—happily fucks with him a bit; i.e., taking him to Pound Town, if but for one frightening moment written all over his face. The crowd (including the other performers, right) loves it.

classically associated with masculine strength—they speak through anger and lust to hyphenate reaping and revenge in multiple directions, but always "from Hell"; i.e., for different groups, for different reasons, using courtly love.

Furthermore, this demonic, monstrous-feminine vector can tokenize for the state, policing the whore with the whore; or it can abject in reverse, workers reveling in these infernal feelings during psychosexual martyrdom: as harmless to all except the bourgeoisie and their strangleholds on moral panic; i.e., what for many is the Man Box [token women unironically acting like men, as TERFs do] and punching down, mid-witch-hunt, but which can also become the endearing [and sincere] appreciation of stacked, capable bodies playing at Hell and its go-to tortures, mid-kayfabe. In a world that increasingly recruits demonic muscle for state, hence colonial, purposes—i.e., tokenizing for fear of total alienation/exile—we want to accept demon mommy candidates/make them feel at home: to have our



would-be abusers abandon the triangulation of unironic "prison sex" mentality/Satanic panic [and actual us-versus-them sticks-and-stones genocide] to instead make love through "war" as ironic hurly-burly hanky-panky!

[artist: [Word2](#)]

Thick-and-juicy cuts of dark [thigh] meat, they're less beefcakes topping from below or bottoming from the top and more promising hellish sodomy and total dominance [a Faustian flavor of "torture," except subs live for such strict service]. But, because it is a performance, there's always room to camp rape and add a nurturing and self-fulfilling element to Hell; i.e., our strong lady from Hell protects us and smashes our enemies, but she's got a smile that melts your heart, and brains to play games, sing songs, and clap cheeks that goes with all that molten, luscious brawn!

In other words, she's the Green Manalishi with the two-pronged crown; i.e., the indulgent, dualistic succubus-incubus of an anisotropic class character—one whose "almost holy" melding of disparate cultural and racialized elements pointedly upset heteronormative [thus setter-colonial, Cartesian] sex and gender norms; re: to have the whore's revenge against profit and the elite/their cops as straight. All happen vis-à-vis dialectical-material arrangements of demonic sex and force, of the libido—of our aforementioned "Pound Town" being staged, like always, as a gay dark place of dreams hovering near the surface [with Judas Priest's own queerness being obsessed with such things]:

Now when the day goes to sleep
 And the full moon looks
 And the night is so black that the darkness cooks
 Then you come creeping around
 Making me do things I don't want to do [Judas Priest's "[Green Manalishi](#),"
 1979].



The classic Gothic demon is reconciliation with one's home, thus legacy as fallen, rotting and doomed. Keeping with older writings of mine, "demon" refers to something you often fight to overcome/defeat, mid-exodus;

i.e., as unconstrained by human limitations and all at once consolidating them. The word often refers to psychomachy as tied to a location, specifically a chronotope; e.g., Jason Lee's demon from *Dragon* [1995] forcing him to look upon his grave to reflect on a cursed, concentrically trapped bloodline [above]. Capitalism reflects onto him, maintaining its Realism during mirror syndrome: courting the demon lover by making love as warriors do—through battle!

By extension, demon mummies aren't mere fun and games of a light-hearted sort; they're death omens—forcing us to look ignominiously upon flaws and hubris in our own lives, but also to reenact in playfully psychosexual, abstract ways. Haunted by genuine systemic, thus generational trauma, we play with endless demonic forms;

i.e., any that can better alleviate/counteract the myriad harm said systems perfidiously cause: to rise up from the street in Hell's gutter ballets/castle narratives popularized by Neo-Gothic trash and their painful cryptonymies.

Monsters in mazes, demon mummies love to tease; *i.e.*, by beckoning you with demonic pull into the infernal concentric pattern for where liberation must occur [re: Plato's cave]! There is no outside of the text, loves; there is only change inside a system of differences pushing towards one where these differences aren't punished [re: me, vis-à-vis Derrida]! Silence is genocide, so make some fucking noise!

Breaking the historical-material cycle, then, happens through mentalities and intuitions that aren't second-nature, but become that way through good play overwriting bad in Gothic "safe spaces" built to explore demonic things; re: during calculated risk. "I'll storm your castle!" she jeers, threatening psychosexual violence. To which I would happily respond: "Yes, storm it, mommy! Storm it! Depredate my bussy!" But always, a part of me still burns in Hell, sitting at the canonical Dark Lord's throne—not my playtime fantasies and submission-by-choice

under a competent femme dom, but the shadow of actual abuse I survived and which haunts the venue long afterwards [re: Jadis]!

The fact very much remains: you can't hug the alien, thus familiarize yourself with Medusa/the unfamiliar [to normies] without seeing all sides of existence under state, thus police violence; i.e., its serialized/episodic historical materialism through demonic pastiche: retelling the demon mommy as a kind of superhuman folk hero! Reifying human qualities and structures in small, but feeling larger-than-life, they emblemize war personified in ways that we, when camping the canon, need to avoid neoliberal false hope upholding Capitalist Realism; i.e., not to recapture the financial success of state [super]models and mythical, never-actually-existed Golden Ages, but to camp them and break their Superstructure to bits using superhero shorthand; re: with alter egos and abject doubles, but also Hollywood glamour and regressive power fantasies unable to monopolize on terror weapons, hence props, makeup, costumes and roleplay!

Demon mommies are whores and the whore is always a threat—one to canonically revive, post-boom, and blame for capital's inevitable bust period. In canonical terms, the line between superhero and villain, then, is notably razor-thin, the language frequently comic book in its centrist temptation arguments; e.g., Superman and his extraterrestrial superpowers, Batman and his endless gadgets, or Thor and his magic hammer—all conveniently threatened by a dark and/or queer-coded monstrous-feminine, if not equivalent to the hero, then a "close second" Venus twin emasculating hero and home alike: a Promethean scapegoat inkblot for their weakness/flagging reserves, and per the creation of sexual difference, a monomyth dragon they slay once more to prove their doubtful manhoods; e.g., Hela—the god of death, below—quite literally withering Thor's manhood [erectile dysfunction] while having one hand behind her back, deftly



emasculating him/throwing his power into question to bring Hell home to roost¹⁸⁸. She doesn't just measure up, during a dick-measuring contest; she puts the boys to shame:

Despite the state-imposed death sentence and bad rap, the demon mommy almost always enjoys her job: one, because she reliably "kills it," confidently slaying her enemies' will to fight while kicking self-righteous ass, mid-sermon; and two, the men appear as scared puny weaklings. Suitably overreacting against a sexy-and-stylish dominatrix, the former bemoan the latter's strict sense/aesthetic

¹⁸⁸ The plot of *Thor: Ragnarok* (2017) being to foist Asgard's imperial sins onto Odin's evil daughter (evocations of Virginia Woolfe's "Judith," the fictional sister of Shakespeare from her 1929 novel, *A Room of One's Own*); i.e., that women "can't have power" because they're "hysterical" and always seek revenge against the Patriarchy pimping them; re: gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss.

of power and death rhapsodizing state shift. In Hela's case, she isn't strictly muscular in her physical appearance, but she nonetheless performs strength as something that is muscular/masculine in how she wears it; i.e., owning it while gleefully saying to her would-be owners, "Imagine a world where you weren't cops, but kneeling before me!" She's a butt pirate, a Radcliffean sex bandit to conjure at the story's start, then banish again by its end.

Despite state authors framing Hela as the Nazi-Communist tyrant¹⁸⁹ whose "farming" they can repeatedly sanction through her prescribed, essential illegitimacy—meaning as a feminist bugbear for cops to attack, much like any unruly whore—Hela lives on, post-execution; i.e., as the phantom, terrorist, monstrous-feminine avenger/ghost of the counterfeit that peoples of different socio-political persuasions can happily get behind [or vice versa, to have Hela thoroughly peg them out¹⁹⁰!] She's a Radcliffean strawman/fairy godmother to raise and burn, her victim's invasion fears snuffed out by her bastard's coming into [and going from] the Imperial Core's forgery of paradise: a colossal homewrecker/monumental-if-gorgeous fake who does so with pleasure and flaring hysteria, calling the heroes to the void lurking at the center of their bogus castle!



Bury her alive, if you want; this Bleeding Nun/faggot witch always rises from the grave, her own cryptonymy speaking vengefully through blindfolds and gags to Medusa's usual silencing!

Keeping with Orientalism and other persecutory schemes, it's possible to modulate such intimations without defaming and segregating other cultures.

Even so, our demon-mommy wish fulfillment needs to occur in ways that overlap with daily life: the enormity of forces that grow to seemingly endless size, and overshadow not just our own lives, but those who came before and after us; re: death translated into anxieties of inheriting one's place in empire. Such demons adopt a hungry desire to destroy not just the individual, but the entire bloodline because capital demands it and liberation requires it; re: Hawthorne's American families always rising and falling in America [the expendability of the middle class, gatekeeping assimilation/safeguarding the elite]. We must challenge this, and do so through the pulpy inkblot language of the imaginary past speaking to buried

¹⁸⁹ The character was originally written by Jack Kirby and Stan Lee, thus echoes many of those writers problematic attitudes about American heroism on the global stage.

¹⁹⁰ A double pun; i.e., to "peg" as in, fuck with a strap-on, and to "peg out," meaning to kill. A classic double whammy that Medusa revels in!

atrocities, per the ghost of the counterfeit hiding in plain sight: the bad parent cryptomimetically haunting all replication/the panopticon.



While vital to growth, pain is an acquired taste that can motivate power to flow towards workers instead of the state. Doing so happens per ludo-Gothic BDSM playing with passivity and aggression, masculine and feminine,

etc, to foster not simply gender trouble, but parody! Self-styled terms like "butch" or "mommy dom" aren't simply applicable to Lady Hellbender or Hela as demon mommies; they speak to agency over our bodies and avataristic extensions of our bodies, sexualities, gender identities and performances, which the state will try to tokenize and prescribe back as controlled opposition—i.e., the common parlance of those who traffic in sex and courtly love, playing the victim and blaming us as victim, again per DARVO and obscurantism! We protest in duality during oppositional praxis, gender-swapping such stories but still threatening to take our admirers with us through



paradoxical theft; i.e., not for profit, but back to Hell where we belong! Free from state bondage, forbidden love might yield a postcolonial effect [female or not, left]:

Such demonic courtship is often cute and

slow, but guided by forbidden feelings that threaten to explode and expose the maiden as whore-like; e.g., the fairy princess [or some such submissive] experiencing a sudden desire for raw, extramarital sex; i.e., anything outside state-sanctioned models, thus treated as "from Hell," animalistic, etc.

These, in turn, commence with the coded expressions of interest/maid-and-butler dialogs that—as the night follows the day—routinely guide the audience away from any novel-of-manners approach and towards naughty sex slumming it with monster lovers; i.e., in spite of the dangers and societal judgements stigmatizing both differently during the dialectic of shelter and the alien: the princess opting for the monster—not to damn or exploit them, but humanize them, mid-risk, while disavowing any state-approved, nuclear forms of "coupling" in the process [re:

Radcliffe's male heroes/good guys, which the heroine "gets" after surviving the demon lover]! She abjures state propaganda to wed the outlaw!
 In turn, all can mean different things during the abjection process, and generally all at once. Monster love stories like Persephone and Hades, Beauty and the Beast or The Creature from the Black Lagoon [and similar stories rehashing the same basic concept, above] commonly portray the princess as never from Hell, but per the Gothic, yields a second trickier explanation; i.e., a reunion with one's lost home: the secret princess and her buried feelings tied to Hell's imaginary ancestry! Hell is a choice, and a useful one.

Of course, not everyone enjoys such "gimmicks"; e.g., Pallavi Dandamudi, who writes in "Here's Why the Ending of The Shape of Water Doesn't Work [2019]:

If Eliza had been similar to the amphibian man all along, then her love is no longer a statement on the human capacity for compassion. The depth of Eliza's character lies in her ability to love something that most humans would be scared of or repelled by. The plot portrays her as a simple yet courageous, silent yet powerful human being. This ending just takes away from that, it makes her like any other biological species who is attracted to another member of her species [source].

But these loaded, messy and combative representations of human and inhuman still poetically address eugenic/ethnocentric ideas of superior/inferior caused by capital and felt during a captive fantasy about forbidden love/dark desire; i.e., one that struggles to escape its own haunted history while forging new healthier myths/power fantasies using the same stuff.

Whatever the form, these liminal engagements mix danger with protection to yield our postcolonial effect; re: mid-terror-language, demon mommies [and similar sexual outlaws] protect those who feel small and/or vulnerable regarding the other ends of a given love triangle; i.e., as a prolonged and uphill battle, one where class, culture and race war wage for workers by workers, not traitors [cops] upholding the status quo! If such in-groups and tokens use monster love to abject the usual out-groups with, we upset the state's dogmatic orderings of nature through these self-same stories having two worlds collide!

Except, whether going into Hell or bringing Hell back to Earth, we must do so without permanently regressing towards the very systemic modes of animal survival [e.g., Alien and the cat] whose unironic "jungle fever" capital endlessly relies upon! Instead, we must inspire post-scarcity while attaching its emphasis upon those we help liberate, mid-fetishization: to set free, not banish or limit to a wordless role that prioritizes one group over another [and which The Shape of Water admittedly does; i.e., outlawing the girl for loving the monster she speaks to

through sign language, but for whom itself seldom gets a word in. It is always alien in ways Del Toro doesn't let the creature speak to power with¹⁹¹!]

In short, there's always a foreign element of fascination and fear to such curiously fatal attraction [re: the ghost of the counterfeit]. And yet, monster love stories opine on a scarcity of connection [sexual or otherwise] under capital, and the complicated realities that love triangles afford; i.e., where the privilege and oppression remain unequal for everyone involved, and speak in popular-but-dated forms of murky translation involving lopsided arbitration; e.g., the princess having material and social power over the monster [who she can report to the authorities, should she choose] while the monster often has physical power over her with its raw animal strength! Demon mummies, by comparison, classically keep the strength and reputation known to all demon lovers, but also retain some medieval degree of affluence and lordship over their chosen prey [regardless of gender though often male, insofar as Amazons classically target men; re: to feminize them].

Regardless, the collective road to salvation [and emancipation] requires finding common ground; i.e., in stories that frequently gentrify one side and treat the other as sexually exploitable through mixed metaphors, and whose tricky mixtures of power imbalance we must camp inside themselves; re: in Hell as it can be found on Earth, any demon couple intimated by an earthly double and vice versa; e.g., The Shape of Water evoking the unironic moral panic seen in Birth of a Nation or survived during the Wilmington massacre, but per Del Toro's Mexican roots, pits a non-princess ethnic minority [and her token friends—a closeted gay painter and a woman-of-color co-worker] against someone even more alienated by the same white straight state! The balancing act is avoiding predation by one side against another while collectively punching up through the wordless power of forbidden love!



Such stories' longing and nagging emphasis on love language [and language gaps] orbit conspicuously around a shared-if-uneven desire: sex and companionship of different kinds. You wanna really get laid/make friends? Make the unsafe feel safe again, acting as you do in good faith.

Show us restraint, control, and understanding with those big capable mitts of yours; or, if you have the means to persecute us and our demonic elements, don't!

¹⁹¹ I.e., the James Whale problem, a queer director taking away the Creature's voice: as it was normally expressed—the way Shelley intended—*against* Cartesian men.

"Be gentle!" we ask, then tremble as you "ravish" us [or spare us]. Parry and thrust in ways that—while they can inflict pain—do so in ways that ultimately feel good and are encouraged/adored for their sense of similarity amid difference, healing from rape during a given pedagogy of the oppressed:

I don't want to tame your animal style
 You won't be caged
 In the call of the wild [Scandal's "[The Warrior](#)," 1984].



The Gothic specializes in crossovers, committing the everyday offense of daring to see the demonized not just as human, but desirable in a postcolonial world. Yet, such presentation is still liminal, everything doubling and mirrored on the same surfaces, inside the same thresholds. While love-as-theatre commonly marries sex to force in martial forms, empires use it to pointedly instill fear and pacification using demon mommies; i.e., through shadows of police abuse and slave revolt, the former genuine and the latter greatly exaggerated by conflating land-back arguments

with actual police brutality dressed up as rape epidemics, drug wars, and crime waves, etc.

Beyond demon mommies singing to release tension, it bears repeating that such DARVO-grade, *vae victis* ["woe to vanquished"] overtures classically manifest as demonic awakenings that prescribe genocide. Faced the popularity of setter-colonial "musicals," postcolonial rebels of different kinds camp what has become blank parody/"camp" in quotes [re: Jameson]—doing so to pointedly and perceptively humanize all state victims; e.g., of white pioneer women towards Indigenous Peoples, normally tokenizing against them through rape fears that blame state targets instead of state structures; i.e., in half-real spaces of play and politics, the idea of monster love something to navigate and survive with an animal dance partner we're drawn towards, but don't wish to prey upon as the state desires [with white women expected to quickly use, then discard, non-white slaves as disposable sex objects]!

While inequality and preferential mistreatment generally see one side punished far more than the other is, rape ranking isn't productive or really the point. As a matter of the pedagogy of the oppressed, privilege should assist in undermining such structures to achieve intersectional solidarity against the state; i.e., in holistic ways that people actually relate and respond to. Hence the monster and love story anisotropically addressing a shared-if-uneven human condition under state mechanisms: calumny and stigma, retaliation and remorse. Women fear rape and

those branded as rapists fear accusation, the two playing these out on either side of a given exchange that allows for demon lovers of all kinds [not just mommies; re: Del Toro's demon daddy topped from below by the movie's spunky-if-unassuming heroine, their roles changing back and forth as things escalate/progress]. In turn, to even *think* of the other as "equal" becomes treason, sedition, a thought crime in canonical doctrine. So it must be disguised in ways that point to the trauma being discussed during ludo-Gothic BDSM. Anything the state can poetically combine to divide along the usual persecution networks, we mix-and-match; i.e., during the cryptonymy process, using it [and demon lovers] to cross boundaries and tear such cordons down; e.g., with demon mommies, but also mermen from the black lagoon. The boundaries that banish either to Hell are the apex of conspiracy abused by those with privilege; i.e., to enrich themselves on an individual level as much as systemic ones, working as much with ordinary things as not; e.g., Rebecca Watson's "[How Dave Grohl & Foo Fighters Put Actual Lives at Risk](#)" [2024]. As they go hand-in-hand, so must we, but in reverse of what amounts essentially to glorified misinformation. We mustn't hesitate to check it, and cement our own arguments in the mold.

In turn, these cryptonymic appeals to segregation or intersection sit inside pioneered discussions, they and their alliances couched in dated, hauntological fantasy rhetoric during liminal expression; i.e., as normally dominated by Cartesian orderings of the universe, which our holistic offerings offend on purpose. Paradox is to find one at odds with such paradigms, subverting their language to offer up visually similar but functionally alien alternatives: the golem-esque Amazon queen



"man-spreading" her hairy bear snatch on her animal-print power chair while lording over her little, always-was goblin cumslut [captured, taken by force and kept for pleasure, below]. To reverse abjection *is* to play with its stigmas and taboos, its threats of capture, bondage and torture speaking to Persephone trapped in Hell in more ways than one!

[artist: [Flare Fox](#)]

For better or worse,
such things carry weight and

instigate consequences we control; i.e., through monstrous dialogs about control. "Rape" enters quotes onstage and off, then—a way of life that yields liberatory sentiment through "torturous" castration aesthetics [re: the Archaic Mother/phallic woman]: xenophilic art of couples profoundly happy with the dominator's humiliating arrangement as designated by them [an anisotropic reversal of the nuclear order's polarity of husband and wife, but also girl-on-girl love, interracial¹⁹² relationships and other such canonical "unspeakables"! As with demon mommies, it's seen as embarrassing and guilty to enjoy such things—and indeed, there are pernicious aspects we must critique of the demon mommy rape fantasy while enjoying it—but to swear them [and monster battle and rape] off entirely is foolish. Postcolonialism needs empathy as found among monsters; i.e., during the dialectic of the alien, the latter's ubiquity owing to its popularity and age. Allegory, androgyny and monster-mommy kayfabe are as old as demons are—as old as acting is, thus masks, costumes, and muses; sex, drugs and rock 'n roll; martial arts, stage performers and prize fighters [often mixing onstage and off as half-real spectacles; e.g., with Muhammed Ali loving wrestlers and monster movies, calling

¹⁹² Such things can be performed with other people, or with poetic extensions of them; e.g., sex toys that—through size, color and shape—represent things outside our normal experience as much as anything ordinary or "realistic"; re: the classic Gothic juxtaposition of the everyday "novel" versus the Ancient Romance extending to roleplay and toys:



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

The gimmick transforms through context; re: by illustrating mutual consent through playing with forbidden elements. To that, such spaces let workers change clothes and colors of different kinds, but also offer various openings in a tantalizing gesture of exposure and invitation, as well as exploration of and for different kinds of people looking in on the fun. White girls are classically "threatened" by BBC in traditional porn, for instance, but through their *own* pornography can illustrate mutual consent simply through selection; i.e., the ability to put whatever into their holes that *they* want (a nightmare scenario for straight white men who want to control said women; i.e., in every aspect of their lives, including who they have sex with or who they fantasize about/perform with).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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his infamous opponent, George Foreman, "the Mummy" on account of his long-guard defensive style¹⁹³].

To it, personification is equally old, as are comedy and drama in kayfabe, told with shadows and flames as popular high/low forms of discourse about war and rape, but also vulgarity at large; i.e., cartoonishly monstrous like Amazons, their statuesque bodies made-from-clay and infused with that mysterious spark of life; re: the fire of the gods as seen with Victor's demonic Creature. The stuff of con men, grifters and charlatans, but also communicators, thinkers and actors, all stem from the ancient world's bread-and-circus combat flowing into medieval varieties, followed by modern nostalgic forms of either [and other] time periods.

All heroes are monsters, meaning demons [mummies or otherwise] can be whatever we need them to be that represents ourselves and our struggles, not the state; i.e., to experiment and figure out what we prefer [with orientation and gender conformity or nonconformity often having a congenital element, similar to phobias and kinks]. All the same, no one is exempt from duality and paradox per nature and language. Exploitation and genuine harm sit adjacent to parody in ways that cross over during reprisals; i.e., us being attacked by reactionaries for speaking out through theatre, blending comfort and discomfort as demon mummies generally afford. Through them, we look "under the hood" to see what we're made

¹⁹³ John J. Raspanti quotes of Ali vs Foreman:

"George Foreman is nothing but a big mummy," Ali said. "I've officially named him, 'The Mummy.' See, you all believe that stuff you see in the movies. Here's a guy running through the jungle, doing the hundred-yard dash, and the mummy is chasing him. Thomp, thomp, thomp. 'Ooh, help! I can't get away from the Mummy! Help, help! The Mummy's catching me. Help! Here comes the Mummy!' And the mummy always catches him. Well, don't you all believe that stuff. There ain't no mummy gonna catch me" ([source](#): John J. Raspanti's "Forty-Nine Years Ago," 2023).

The fact remains, people love monsters, and frequently turn up at shows like those to see monsters do battle (often men of color), and because these performers rarefy politics and bloodspots tied to specific places and warring geopolitical forces; e.g., Ali and Foreman in Kinshasa, Zaire, their event billed "The Rumble in the Jungle." Indeed, boxing is commonly called "war personified," the fighters involved representing different countries and peoples whether they want to or not.

To his credit, though, Ali was staunchly anti-war (outside the ring, anyways), going so far as to *refuse* the draft even if it cost him his license and landed him in jail:

On June 20, 1967, the great Muhammad Ali was convicted in Houston for refusing induction in the U.S. armed forces.

Ali saw the war in Vietnam as an exercise in genocide. He also used his platform as boxing champion to connect the war abroad with the war at home, saying, "Why should they ask me to put on a uniform and go 10,000 miles from home and drop bombs and bullets on Brown people in Vietnam while so-called Negro people in Louisville are treated like dogs?"

For these statements, as much as the act itself, Judge Joe Ingraham [through a blatant act of judicial legislation] handed down the maximum sentence to Cassius Clay (as they insisted upon calling him in court): five-years in a federal penitentiary and a \$10,000 fine ([source](#): Dave Zirin's "When Muhammad Ali Took the Weight," 2011).

In turn, activism and theatre often go hand-in-hand—not just for Ali, but for all performers and consumers of monsters, onstage and off; re: of demon lovers, mummies included!

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of and how we tick, but also to express ourselves in posthuman ways tied to the imaginary past [and its usual poetic indulgence] walking around:



[artist: [Jan Rock](#)]

Individual examples spent, I now want to spend the rest of the exhibit articulating demon mommies and postcolonialism through a more "big picture" lens. To it, kayfabe is liminal. Whatever its form, the fighting happens as much offstage as on; i.e., as much between the state and workers at large as between two performers being viewed. Like demons lovers overall, such things walk the line between reality and make-believe, madness and method, ancient and modern, masculine and feminine, total bullshit and pure truth, and male, intersex and female; in turn, class war weds to culture and race, all while the stage and its lovely inventions, props, stunt people and special effects become ours to use. While magic "isn't real," belief and perception are; as a matter of stage magic, then, great power lurks inside illusions and entertainment, the larger-than-life character of stage heroes [and their bodies] bearing out tremendously persuasive and representative, but also smuggling potential. While power is an illusion, we might as well use its splendid lie to assign our values to such startling and potent beings; i.e., rescuing their "Trojan Horse" function from police institutions, to instead become folk-hero role models for those who have no voice in the world [stand-ins until they find their own ways to speak out]!

All the while, it's possible to subvert canon while raising concerns about popular media's culturally appropriative/sexually prescriptive elements. Descriptive sexuality can likewise be conscripted through Rainbow Capitalism, which—along with everything else—we camp during ludo-Gothic BDSM using demon mommies. This camp serves multiple purposes, including outing our enemies. As I argue of revolutionary cryptonymy through heroic expression [from Volume One]:

[revolutionary cryptonymy] remains an utterly vital aspect of proletarian praxis—one that challenges state monopolies through the very things they try to control: morphological expression through monstrous and heroic performance, but especially animalized, hauntological examples like the Amazon or knight, as well as the more famously operatic, feudal sites of sexual danger to which they represent and/or navigate—Gothic castles as killing grounds for a state predator's prey-like designations.

To that, [...] revolutionary cryptonymy invokes liminal expression as a cosmetic, conspicuous means of useful disguise within state monopolies of violence, terror and in connection to those dated things, bodily expression. Together on antiquated stages, the deliberate use of dated masks, costumes,

props and other performative elements hide activism's sorties imperfectly within the trauma of canonical Gothic language and its complicated territories of expression; i.e., as a means of rebellious camouflage, useful for blending in and revealing the bad-faith nature of state proponents in shared, thus policed, spaces and dialogs. On said stage, reactionaries and moderates wear masks to hide themselves in common monstrous language; but when they respond to our Athena's Aegis having doubled their mask, said mask slips from outrage defending state monopolies within nerd culture [[source](#): "Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy"].

But apart from striking fear into the hearts of our enemies, the practice is admittedly self-satisfying and -serving. Insofar as power and demons are simply fun to play with, singing and theatre feel good. So does wearing costumes and acting out forbidden desire [sex or otherwise] become fun to watch; i.e., to defy the state as demon lovers, including mommies, happily do during monster love stories [often for the drama, but also the pornographic elements, below]!

Aside from toys, then, a huge appeal to BDSM lies in surrendering power as, oddly enough, its own kind of power [to become like a kid again, while playing with adult materials]. This aesthetic can involve someone big that—herbo or not—acts uncharacteristically gentle with someone they could visibly break, as much as someone small surrendering to a larger dom, or a dom aesthetic lending an element of "taming bears" to it [or a sub as strong as a bear]. It also speaks to asymmetrical warfare; i.e., as something to communicate/relate to and with during ludo-Gothic forms. None are "superior" insofar as challenging the state goes, but do utilize preference during monstrous code; i.e., demon lovers, whereupon demon mommies may assume a variety of dated cryptomimetic positions and embodiments, which echo trauma during the cryptonymy process: to best show and hide things that rebellion needs to destabilize the current world, putting a postcolonial one in its place!



[artist: [Jan Rock](#)]

Any way you slice it, great power is something to relate to in ways that historically threaten rape; i.e., someone looks strong enough to cause harm, as demon lovers generally do. Here, though, such rape-fantasy counterterror is not only not harmful, but paradoxically empowering and fun because it occurs within boundaries of faux-medieval play where both sides rewrite and reinforce the rules [thus reestablish mutual consent]. Fear of the alien is inherited by workers born and bred inside colonial bodies, then rewritten in postcolonial terms, onstage and off. When indulged in—and even by ace parties and their public nudism, playing with psychosexual trauma—such forbidden fruit

becomes fuel that gives us [and our revolutionary engines] straight fire: to turn the frogs gay!

Whatever the gender[s] being explored, monsters contain a class character among the gendered elements; and while Imperialism perpetually makes the lives of others their business, the fact remains you only need that special someone [excepting polycules] to make you happy! In turn, the myth of the rape epidemic/dark slaver tries to suggest women [or those treated as women] don't want dark things/actually desire state-assigned mates and nothing else. Yet, per the whore's paradox, they so often do, and not because the state sells nature-as-alien back to them, mid-genocide! Down to play [and fuck] during ludo-Gothic BDSM, they humanize what the state can only dehumanize; they endeavor reclaim and hold onto the very language of "darkness," mid-consumption. So does ethicality become a matter of informed consumption [a notion we'll return to, in Volume Three].

The princesses of revolution don't care to trap the demon lover inside an abject "slumming" role; and ideally the dom doesn't want to brutalize us in reality during calculated risk. We want to let off steam and enjoy unequal power together as a shared way of life; i.e., one doubling as a teaching device that can show people how not to act like cops despite the power imbalance and shadow of police rule [with cops raping others through fetishized power imbalance that has a gendered character to it; re: Man Box/"prison sex" mentality and TERFs].

In truth, there's so much room to play with power through demonic language's literal and figurative crossfade. Trans or not, some men want to be manhandled by demon mommies; some women want to be "ravished" and taken into captivity [to sit by a dark throne]. The monster lover fantasy is generally a fleeting one—often more fun in one's head [or in half-real spaces of demon BDSM where some irony is present]—but not because it is objectively wrong and shouldn't happen; the ephemeral quality to demonic desire and reunion speaks to repressed, delegitimized arrangements of power the state can only pimp and police, not practice in good faith. "Hell" in reality is generally safer than state ideas of paradise, which its pimps aggressively sell to semi-frightened but equally-interested and curious women pining for "the other side"; and those treated as women [or "black, of Hell/nature," etc] remain informed by Gothic opera and fairytales—i.e., where the woman falls in love with the monster as being more human than her assigned white knight!

Taken a step further by Pagan/GNC/non-white authors and actors, our additional dimensions and cracking eggs make a Heaven of Hell or vice versa, thus can reverse/swap already-gendered roles; re: by using demon mommies to say things about our oppression/desire in uniquely trans, intersex and non-binary morphological forms that intersectionally solidarize with other struggles: to love and be set free from state abuse/control when allegorically transforming their demonic language, ourselves; i.e., humanizing our allies during the same shared struggle, punching up from Hell! So while Amazons are classically AFAB, AMAB

princesses likewise have their own "come hither!" poise, doing to beckon those treated like prey by the state: "Don't be shy! It's safe¹⁹⁴ to play with me!"



[artist: [Julian Michaels](#)]

Queer or not, everything happens through ludo-Gothic BDSM, reclaiming the neo-Victorian bedroom to turn it [and its Protestant ethic/process of abjection] inside-out. In turn, power is like a force field, phantoms or pantomime; it's largely imaginary/subjective but shaped by objective forces. Sex and force elide as much as collide in medieval poetics. In a territorial, settler-colonial sense, the state looks to demonize those already "under fire"; i.e., treating native parties as hellish outsiders [suffering lasting damage/generational trauma]! Some will sell out through desperation and convenience; others are more principled, holding onto their values while different movements decay.

Power is all how you frame it, then. So when they're circling the wagons and playing white Indians and saviors, use your wagons against them! It's not "ceding ground" to own the demonic role; i.e., in ways that undermine capital and state authority by presenting power in ways that appear cop-like or tokenized, but actually flow power towards workers through demon mommies [often marrying them; re: death by Snu-Snu, below, colliding the medieval language of sex and war into readily consumable forms]: by helping others imagine alternative arrangements to reality and bonding with nature-as-alien. These fugitive unga-bunga refrains become conducive to Gothic-Communist development when such Great Destroyers demonstrably break state monopolies and cut their legs out from under them! "She smash!" Chonk, strong, and ready to bonk! It's clobbering time, motherfuckers!

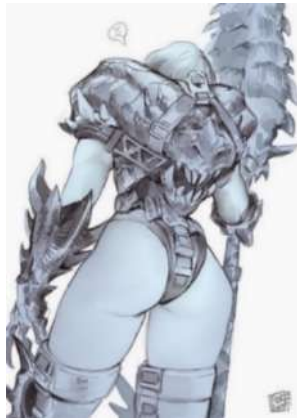


[[source](#)]

Power is something that is perceived, thus subject to the usual forces of theatre; e.g., someone can be made to look younger than they actually are, or stronger than is humanly possible. Demon mommies are born of fire, but also made of it [re: Hellbender's volcanic red hair and Karlach's burning heart]. Burns hurt like hell; for us demons, love hurts and Hell [and Hell's heartache] is our paradise, but a plastic one our forced immigrants' poetic

¹⁹⁴ This goes both ways, with trans women being seen as "traps." We'll explore this more in Volume Three.

contributions help make and redefine power [and boundaries, trust] in order to shift away from state abuse; i.e., achieving equity under dialectical-material scrutiny and [s]exercise! Hot as hellfire, a monster "ass queen" awaits, as does her Numinous booty's infernal fitness and demon-dumper glory! We are but priests praying at her temple of almighty fire! Baby got back, a bottom-heavy cathedral whose abyssal end is one to plunge repeatedly into [to fall in love with/make that pull-out game weak]! She even does anal, pegging her "victims" while preaching the benefits [re: using sodomy not as an unironic terror weapon against different marginalized targets, but to cause "terror" as a matter of spicing up sex; i.e., in lands of darkness/disputed ownership challenging state owners]!



[artist: [Forest the Rotten](#)]

Granted, worship is an ancient human function. Except, whereas state religions organize to enslave "the unknown" for profit, ours remain entirely devoted to emancipatory worship; i.e., of a secularized, Satanic politique that actually respects nature. As its monstrous-feminine stewards, our threat displays challenge the state-as-straight pimping nature as monstrous-feminine; e.g., Angela Carter's white cis-het Female Gaze preying on such things without rehumanizing anything. As such, nature's revelatory bodies become inspirational temples, rebuilt by us doubling the original's chonky profane; i.e., during crisis, and within the vein of Gothic fetishes that were already done to death/painfully cliché centuries ago. So does Gothic Communism resurrect long-lost feelings of rebellious frisson that break capital's counterparts, having the whore's revenge against them. In the usual language of victory and defeat, they're the sore losers who remain scared of nature and death!

Nothing is more covetous or afraid than a cop, than imperial defenders, than Pax Americana leery of unruly spoilsports subverting Cartesian gender norms [androgynous, Mother Nature fucks back]. From size difference to size deference, Medusa is straight intergalactic metal, and you can't kill the metal any more than colonize outer space! A forsaken fane of devilish flagellation, fornication, and flatulence [it happens], she always comes back, reclaiming colonial territories before leaving just as quick: an impure thought, a cosmic whore, mountain mama, female Hercules, bat outta hell! From art to porn, let's blaze new trails that lead away from Cartesian abuse, taking ourselves home [and to town]! Camp canon; ravish ironically by putting "rape" in quotes during ludo-Gothic BDSM! Every fortress of doom has its greatest soldier!

Beyond demon mummies, there's so much language for sex and violence when it comes to postcolonial liberation; i.e., nature treated as queer/alien/female, etc, much of it understandably animalized and medieval per a demonic courtly love's

pornographic style. Whatever the form of the art/performance, capital paywalls nature and pimps it out to rape or otherwise exploit it. Gothic-Communist calculus factors in monetization/privatization of monsters and their liberation under capital; i.e., sex work is paid only if said workers fight for it; re [from Volume One]:

our socio-political positions are vulnerable and often associated directly with our bodies and identities as things to control through monstrous forms during Gothic theatre [...] Such forays into pretend worlds amount to an imaginary liberation that challenges Capitalist Realism through avatar-like vehicles; i.e., places to put ourselves and occupy for a time, to better learn how to frame our own experiences (and bodies) in a situation of make-believe. But within that invention lies the ability to think critically about our surroundings, thus interpret the stories already present within our lives that shape how we think, thus act [[source](#)].

This goes for us defying the state animalizing us, their idea of "tribal," "savage" or "primal" challenging workers; i.e., inventing variants to some degree appropriative or appreciative regarding older struggles against empire; e.g., white Indians vs allies to Indigenous groups [with sex being a pacifying or mobilizing force in demonic forms; re: Coulthard's Red Skin, White Masks (2014) something of a pun regarding issues of demonic representation¹⁹⁵]. While [from Volume Zero]

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 [[source](#): Volume Zero's "Pieces of the Camp Map"].

likewise [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.

¹⁹⁵ I.e., "a seemingly more conciliatory set of discourses and institutional practices that emphasize Indigenous recognition and accommodation" ([source](#)). Betrayal is betrayal.

[...] 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 [...]: 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 [[source](#): "Introducing Revolutionary Cryptonymy"].

It also extends to demons "of nature" combined with a less earthly plane that points back to nature again; e.g., Hell or extraterrestrial worlds; i.e., places where women rule and men are cucked in the usual Amazonian rape/death-by-Snu-Snu wrestler fantasies that—appearances of domination aside—canonically uphold state power through token/undercover police violence.

Decaying rebellious potential, Red Scare abuses whores in demonic language to better give the Straights "scare boners"; i.e., with "non-white" body types that speak to their mommy issues towards nature during Gothic vaudeville. Compelled dominance servicing straight males sissies per the nuclear/settler-colonial model whoring nature-as-monstrous-feminine, it's something to "slay" in the usual,



unironic monomyth, and which sex-positive workers may camp using what they got: as mommies who cannot die when "slain"!

[artist: [Nyx](#)]

Demon or not, it's no secret that Amazons are farmed by the state to cater to cis-het weird nerds chasing non-natal mommies; i.e., the usual monster peach to cut up and harvest like moist

evil cake. But GNC parties humanize the harvest for postcolonial purposes, challenging profit [and its freakshow chattelization] with similar demonic poetry during ludo-Gothic BDSM [re: Nyx, above]. Not ones to overlook a good myth onstage, we use them to our advantage through ourselves; i.e., to teach one another through Gothic theatre and its many, many ways to tell stories about monsters by personifying them. In doing so, we challenge deep-seated beliefs with things rising to the surface; i.e., that we can alter on or around ourselves, all to make larger harmful structures go down in flames. If Communism is a myth, then so is Capitalist Realism, our cryptonymy fighting fire with fire [as demon mommies do]—to best burn Rome to cinders and rise from its fertile ashes!

Revolution, as such, truly is a piece of cake—one that takes as many forms as demonology holistically allows! We are legion, but whose myriad, intersectional solidarity often can be summed up in single images; i.e., any that indicate similar acts of muse-like defiance, expressed in ways openly happy and animalistic, but also educated [thus intimidating to the elite, left]:



[artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#)]

We're not just a pretty face or fat piece of ass, then, but operate through poetic argument, and whose preference with those poetic devices [often metaphors] reclaim by us to better steer our agenda with; re: by using what we got, our Aegis and its forbidden fruit/darkness visible offering up forbidden sight/a deal with the Devil!

As such, demonic rebellion [muscle mommy or otherwise] scuttles or commandeers this vessel or that, jettisons or smuggles any and all cargo, inside; it commonly combines seafaring metaphor with other performative means, often relying on medieval language, but also gut animal skills in animal situations of survival—i.e., where you communicate through scowls, smiles, puppy dog eyes and sounds, but also body language and pet-training BDSM exercises [speaking from experience, here]. It's definitely a skill, and one that can save you in a pinch. The immediacy of danger and naked exposure demand it, which calculated risk is all about. There is no "true mastery" of such things, only a desire or need to change through practice to escape hostile conditions of false mastery by altering those conditions; happening by any and all means, development [of Communism] happens when those conditions change: using Gothic poetics [and its prolific language of mastery vis-à-vis demon mommies] for the betterment of all!

Whatever our individual preferences and postcolonial inclinations—be it Amazons or cat women from the moon—we queers and other marginalized groups collectively

love demons; i.e., because their unequal power/forbidden knowledge/dark desire and transformative potential all speak to our alienation as having a human face we can ringlead: descriptive sexuality and gender as morphological freedom [to express violence and terror] towards liberation—not positive thinking and "peace" [a white man's word, but also used by cis-het feminists] fetishizing token cops, be they good or bad, white or non-white, skinny or [more often than not] thicc during state monopolies! Waifus are waifus, betrayal is betrayal, cops are cops, but liberators use the same aesthetics [and bodies/colors of stigma] as those who sell out during asymmetrical warfare!



[artist: [Angel](#)]

All workers are demonized to some extent. The postcolonial difference is, rebellious workers operate as universal freedom fighters; i.e., who consciously choose our own roles, despite whatever positions or lot we're born into. So while profit is moving money through nature as cheaply as possible, our revenge is channeling such things towards

ourselves; i.e., by redistributing them but also their capabilities to generate, which we opt of out in favor of a post-scarcity world. This includes demon mommies, but really any form of monstrous theatre you could think of. We're not just arm candy used "for looks," then, but sweet the pot through our labor exchanges, including our bodies and what they represent; i.e., at the time, but also over time, reviving such devices as needed to remind people what we and our movement is about; e.g., my friend Angel and their contributions to the book [from an old, commissioned shoot, above] but also Ebonnyy [from a more recent commission, next page].

Something to reclaim inside state monopolies, then, our guerrilla's strange appetites/diabolical inclinations under capital advertise to whet the curiosity of spectating onlookers! Vulnerable parties, however strong they appear or behave, are framed as demons: to be hunted down and killed like animals. Any appeals to the contrary sit within the same complicated language. Amazons and similar

demons are sex warriors—gladiators that promote power as something to witness in all aspects of itself [the home, weapon, body and vehicle, etc]. They play out in highly conventional ways that normally enact cops-and-victims violence to reinforce the status quo; but our imaginary bondage is like Wonder Woman's Lasso of Truth: speaking to oppression through "oppression" acted out by subversive agents. If you've seen one, you've seen 'em all, but each flower among the larger hellish bouquet remains special, unique, powerful. Helping instead of harming others despite having power over them—that's our immortality!



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

To it, monster-fucking theatre and its abstraction on the Aegis is one of paradoxical struggle—not just of mitigation and reversal during liminal expression, but of upset while turning workers on [eroticized class awakenings, getting down and in touch with our wild sides chattelized by the state]: the vulnerable as normally preyed upon by predatory agents thinking they're saving the world from evil, the former overcoming the latter emboldened by state forces to harm nature; i.e., by abusing trust, violating boundaries and limiting victims control over their own lives. We fags camp that, merging demon love with adrenaline; i.e., through fight-or-flight operatics that purposefully excite our cathartic energies challenging capital's usual qualities. If cops are criminals with badges, calling their victims criminals before unironically raping them, postcolonial demon mummies motivate systemic catharsis by camping said rape, time and time again.)

So concludes the symposium and "Idle Hands," part one. Now that we've covered Amazons, dark faeries and demon muscle mummies in the blood libel/witch class vein, I'd like to consider a different aspect to such predators and prey, in "Idle

Hands," part two; i.e., through a sculpted, claymation quality to nature-as-monstrous-feminine and its revenge: hunting and vampires! Amazons often do this, but theirs is territorial in ways that are guarded as "home"; re: for which to bring captured, smaller male mates back to for breeding purposes. But "death by Snu-Snu" has another hunter function that just as often yields *kawaii* vibes in a modern demonic; i.e., inside an urban setting haunted by monstrous-feminine rage (and patriarchal abuse) *vis-à-vis* transplanted blood libel tropes—vampires unwelcome in a homely space, yet compelling precisely for the demon-lover violence they promise to visit upon others/suspicion they arouse during courtly love.

For that, we'll be looking pointedly at Takena's "Midnight Vampire"! For Takena's antihero, death is a party—a danger disco to dance savagely inside, Matthew-Lewis-style; i.e., to anisotropically reverse the usual directions of sex and force during criminal-on-criminal violence, the female avenger's castration fantasy while attracted to predators—happily enacting the whore's bloody revenge! Gird your loins!



Idle Hands, part two: Vampires and Claymation (feat. Takena's "Midnight Vampire")

"He swore he wasn't going to kill you. He thought the humiliation of prison would be worse. The beatings. The rapes. The incessant fear for your life, but I told him, 'No, John, you're wrong. Dying would be worse.' Because, well, honestly, it is, isn't it? Dying is just worse. So do I pull the trigger or not?"

—Alice Morgan, *Luther* (2010)



Whereas part one of "Idle Hands" concerned the witch blood libel class—re: Amazons/the Medusa, and demons mummies of a dark or fiery type; i.e., as statuesque, seemingly made from clay and designed to fulfill different vengeful wishes (usually under a demon lover/protector dynamic)—part two considers the hunting mechanisms of those who are less gigantic, but no less *kowai* (fearsome) beneath their *kawaii* exterior—vampires, but specifically dainty lolita vampires dressed to kill (our focus, here, being on the classic female avenger as translating *post hoc* to other marginalized groups)!

That being said, there's generally a "moll" criminal/femme fatale idea to such beings (e.g., Alice Morgan, above) but one that is as much informed by comorbid elements as congenital; i.e., generational trauma carried "in the blood," so to speak, and relayed in theatrical forms that, sure enough, often use clay as much as costumes, actors and props: killing sprees made to avenge/right old wrongs, thus do what everyone in the audience is thinking (often a desire for bloody revenge). So many rape victims desire the ability to do so, even if they never act on it; i.e., the fantasizing of rape in reverse: "How does it feel, asshole!" Such outlets are important for a variety of reasons, giving our half-real abusers the poke!

Torture porn remains a complicated, ancient arena, one bound classically to women (white or not) as the perpetual victims of men. Out of patriarchal Antiquity into the present, such man-eaters can *subversively* manifest to *reverse* state violence (and other monopolies) onstage: the vengeful whore—equal to a one-man army dismantling a horde of thugs¹⁹⁶—showing the rapist his own castration; i.e., for having abused someone vulnerable, often within exploitative stories fetishizing said abuse. It's an anti-predation maneuver/terror weapon, one speaking—as the Gothic usually does—onstage towards things happening offstage: "Don't fuck with us." It's *supposed* to make men, hence the state, uncomfortable!

As usual, demons play with power as something to theatrically arrange and argue one's positions during courtly love. Continuing our examination of prostitute revenge—and going beyond Amazons and demons of shadow and fire—we arrive at vampire demon lovers. Typical of my work *on* vampires, it's brief, but punchy.

¹⁹⁶ E.g., ninjas or nameless suits. The monstrous-feminine combines masculine and feminine theatre tropes—including the Western action hero, be that a gunslinger or martial artist—but also hyphenates black and white through medieval language: the *woman-in-black*, taking all comers!

Some Ground Rules: Vampire as Vengeful Whore/Sex Demon

We'll get to Takena specifically in just a moment. First, some ground rules (three pages). Vampires are classically *undead*, but terms like "sex demon," "demon lover" or "whore" easily apply to female vampires as a classic version of the monstrous-feminine (for our purposes, "demon" and "whore" are synonymous, as are synonyms *to* whore, like mistress or Medusa; e.g., dark mistress = demon, commonplace to Amazonian mommy demons having androgynous/phallic qualities per classically unorthodox¹⁹⁷ gendered power arrangements; re: Lady Hellbender and Karlach); i.e., a dead whore, doll, or undead sex demon, in the modular sense; e.g., Blxxd Bunny's thick, messy or otherwise "immodest" makeup—caked on, resembling decay but also sexual arousal, depending on the color—being comparable to corpse paint (and with graveyard prostitution going back to Ancient Rome, at least; re: [B.B. Wagner](#)).



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

Abject and theatrically arrested, vampires are sex demons that speak to isolation and abuse through undead trauma and feeding mechanisms; i.e., forbidden sex defying canonical laws to enact female/monstrous-feminine revenge from beyond the grave: parallel voices/societies challenging Puritanical state authority with worker counterauthority and counterterror breaking the monopoly. They wear the makeup for themselves, and say what they want to say inside capitalist markets; i.e., cannibalizing the same whorish theatre tools for asymmetrical warfare: the strict flavor of violence, whereupon the paradox of such things (whores and rape) determines by dialectical-material context; e.g., tickling and orgasms or pain consensual through said context, but also activating different nervous centers (and chemicals) that sure enough, overlap vaso vagal with erogenous responses and confused predator/prey mechanisms *vis-à-vis* different aesthetics of torture having irony (or not).



Macbeth called these "borrowed robes." What he stole through sexualized force, we take through guerilla sex and force speaking to rape; i.e., as a loss of control tied to articles of clothing and other theatrical elements; e.g., shoes historically being torturous and uncomfortable (see: Chinese foot-binding but also high heels, above), but during camp can shape into foils that empower us *and*

¹⁹⁷ To try and reclaim them, as the state does, is to play with fire; i.e., to expose themselves as hypocrites and invite reflection on the whole nuclear model while, in the same breath, giving workers theatrical spaces vital towards playing *against* state aims!

speak to past disempowerment. All aspects of the whore can do this, yielding creativity and bodies being all the female guerilla classically has *to use*; i.e., deprived of anything else by the empires (and cops) pimping them out, sex becomes their weapon of choice. It becomes literally "on the brain," insanity a kind of death, rape, and captivity theatre expressed through hysteria narratives (merged with other moral panics, as the state requires and which we subvert) that punch through your eye sockets like a bad pun!

Whores, then, are brides of the Devil (or, per Lewis' shapeshifting Matilda, simply *the* Devil in disguise, deceiving the deceiver), meaning they can do things good girls can't, and generally take things *from* men (usually power through money and sex) to avenge their own relegation. Except *all* girls are whores per the same paradox, giving them the potential to "corrupt" for or against the state; re: "any weapon can become a weapon of terror." This occurs through sex, drugs and rock 'n roll (and equivalents of these things across the Gothic mode) while stressing their own paradoxical, profoundly liminal, darkness-visible existence; i.e., parody and pastiche, in Gothic, generally elide and—per the class, culture and race privilege of middle-class white people from the Neo-Gothic onwards—commercialize these fearful fascinations per the ghost of the counterfeit; e.g., Rob Zombie's "[Living Dead Girl](#)" (1998): "Who is this irresistible creature who has an insatiable love for the dead?" Under Gothic, bad vibes offer up *baddie* vibes, just as often; the irony is optional (and in Zombie and Sheri Moon's case, left, is generally a brand to sell, not a critical voice with any serious bite to it).



To that, any resulting "forbidden sight" (darkness visible) grants a specialized jouissance whose systemic catharsis lies in between play and rememory unto actual trauma (re: Asprey's "terror is the kissing cousin of force"); i.e., ludo-Gothic BDSM putting "rape" in quotes to recontextualize it: as "mere play" in ways that vampires use to speak cryptonymically *regarding* sexual violence, and in ways the Gothic iconoclast may camp and subvert synthesizing demonic poetics! These paradoxes suitably occur through rape, murder and/or death fantasies (dark desires for revenge), but also surreal, transformatory and excessive neo-medieval language (e.g., the Jabberwocky poem, from earlier). We'll be doing so, here in part two, with vampires, prostitution and claymation *vis-à-vis* Taneka's golem-esque, then conclude with Tolkien's goblins and other anti-Semitic tropes, in part three; re: as the weapons "of idle hands" that will come up repeatedly throughout the entirety of the Demon Module!

To it, "vampire" puts monster between woman as maiden and whore, itself cleft in twain, yet bound at the hip on the same liminal, half-real stage; but also, between house and dungeon, vampire lord and queen, genuine torture and "torture" in quotes, revenge and "revenge," clay and flesh, etc. Whereas she acts

out her rape by killing an imaginary killer to rescue her former self divided from her vampire side speaking to her current surreal and furious existence, so too can we play out our own deaths, trauma and transformation (rapes, revenge, rapture, etc); i.e., in such dualistic, psychomachic, martyred medieval forms: popular media being whatever delicious, rock 'n roll trash people love to consume. Vampires are whores, are sex demons criminalized by the state to maintain state control! We don't just get down to business; we take care of it to debride them!

In turn, demons more broadly are "shadows" that suggest holistically whatever reality hides *through* state illusions/Capitalist Realism; i.e., simulacra being clay animating in small, the homunculus, golem or egregore's function similar to Walpole's animated miniatures (the fatal portrait), Plato's shadow plays, and the phantasmagoria, etc. These historically transmit Gothic dualities and double standards through a "medieval" fake, received by playful "archaeologists" prodding the Capitalocene. A right historically enjoyed by queer white men and straight women, both played with the ghost of the counterfeit in the Neo-Gothic period: necromancer and shade, conjuring up "Hell" as allegorical, pre-Christian "past"; i.e., while in a Christian-dominated world, one whose Protestant ethic ethnocentrically essentialized the whore as "evil" per blood libel, Orientalism, and monstrous-feminine Satanic Panic, etc.



To it, we're returning to the demonic/god-like idea of making monsters from clay. While this fabrication typically includes doll-sized humans or human-sized dolls—or even giant-sized statues (e.g., Michelangelo's David, left), which historically range from ancient-to-modern vanity projects, to Humanist/Gothic commentaries

on the world when *they* were made—they don't animate especially well, in isolation. And though we'll get to larger simulacra like Shelley's Creature, chiding Victor for playing God during the Promethean Quest, I thought we'd start small and work our way up to Frankenstein's monster and similar beings (re: the xenomorph); i.e., from Takena's killer doll to goblins (which we'll look at with Tolkien, in part three).

Both are made as much to express their maker's humanity (or lack thereof, in Victor's case) as it is to comment on the humanity of those *being* made. Conjured up by "necromancers," they talk for different reasons, speaking truth through shadows, artifice and lies. This isn't in bad faith, but to communicate through allegory as just another part of human language and experience: the voice of the surly-silly Jane Doe. She smiles, but it doesn't reach her skull-girl eyes; it's like a killer doll, then: beautiful but deadly, exchanging unequal power through violent sex (or "sex," per the cryptonymy process). In iconoclastic circles, it's meant to excite the browbeaten and frighten the abuser (though the former will

always try to pimp the latter): become the whore, become vengeance—a pedagogy of the oppressed whose conduit of joy plays at hauntological *Mortal Kombat* to break Capitalist Realism on *its* wheel!

Takena's "Midnight Vampire" does this, in a nutshell. Vampires are commonly sex demons that communicate euphemistically through psychosexual pain, sodomy and murderous courtly love/torture porn; re: problematic love/the love that dare not speak its name, except *Takena's* lover shouts it without making a sound (action speaking louder than words)—the shock scarcely registering until you're already dead; i.e., revenge is reclamation *to* revolt, often through the Platonic suggestion of shadowy violence denoting a desire to change not just ourselves—and our dark, repressed reflection on the Aegis (the simulacrum)—but the world along with us!

As we shall see, so does Takena's vampire; i.e., by having the whore's revenge against profit, one undiscerning thug at a time...

Takena's Revenge: "Midnight Vampire"

This short piece was written in response/reference to my initial reactions to Takena's "Midnight Vampire" (2024): "[Persephone's Insights, #1: Breaking Down @Takena's "Midnight Vampire" \(2024\)](#)". Combining raw sexuality and violence isn't something I generally do, but did want to explore here how psychosexual expression often discusses sexuality through "medieval" theatrical violence. —Perse



(artist: [Star Gureisu](#))

Gothic maturity is the ability to discuss taboo subjects in sex-positive ways; re: from cannibalism, to murder and rape, to bounty hunters and assassins, to menstruation and "wandering womb," the Gothic loves to use medieval romance language it can force against workers, activating those survival mechanisms the West has seemingly abolished but, point in fact, manipulates for different reasons. This can be to maintain state order or break it, the state—when actual revolution decays its strongholds—trying to fetishize different scapegoat groups while simultaneously exploiting them for profit, and workers subverting *that* process (of abjection) during liminal expression: immaturity vs maturity. All happen inside calculated risk being as much people as place, the danger disco filled with demon-lover phallic women sinning for their own reasons (and visually intimidating men, all the while); i.e., versus madmen targeting non-demonic women, Takena's clubber-meets-schoolgirl vampire gives state thugs a calculated, operatic taste of their own bitter medicine (not just murder or rape, but genocide)! Keeping with vampires, capital treats sex as a violent drug to contain, a disease to surveille (re: the panopticon). In trying to, they've only dug their *own* graves; i.e., she's in here with them!

Any violence towards women, in Gothic, is always sexual or haunted by rape; i.e., forcing women to revert to trading with the only thing they *could* realistically trade in, any time before the present. The female avenger turns all of that on its head; i.e., a monstrous-feminine double trading in masculine violence (with a psychosexual bent)—not only while feminizing men the way they did to her, once upon a time, but doing them one better! She's an off-limits warrior whore/dark castle-in-the-flesh, using excessive force (and subterfuge) to lay the gangsters¹⁹⁸ to eternal, ignominious rest!

This brings us to Takena's vampire—with smaller figurines in dollhouse sets being easier to work with on account of their size. Small or not, they represent humans and their residences, but also the unspeakable actions that occur inside, which the audience relates to vicariously through theatre (the paradox being these speak easily enough with a bit of clay to work with—clay being an excellent cryptonym, showing what is concealed by standing in for raw sex through medievalized metaphors debating back and forth). They also supply the weaponized means to survive by communicating such things to achieve systemic catharsis; i.e., by cultivating good social-sexual habits unto a pedagogy of the oppressed that we can inform/contribute to, among the sleeping fetishes and clichés: stuck on history's endless carousel, waiting like the vampire to wake up and feed once more!



Takena's skit *is* fairly standard graveyard sex—a doll-ish, splatterhouse miniature combining lover and killer (and frozen at the moment of "turning"/original trauma, as the undead always are), the protagonist anisotropically reversing the usual terrorist/counterterrorist ordering of sex, fear and force; i.e., someone dislocated from the land, and from whom the owner class now fears revenge: for originally stealing from and now who takes back in potent mixtures of seductive violence the elite cannot police, thus pimp! A huntress lone wolf, our vigilante—per the usual shorthand—hunts from a home-base lair with which to launch attacks *against* predatory men and *their* secluded torture-dungeons-in-disguise. It's abbreviated, here, but has all the basic parts of a man-eater revenge fantasy (conducted for missing girls, en masse): an avenger and a crime boss, the latter's henchmen, and a damsel.

¹⁹⁸ A famous scene from *The Monk* has a carriage stopping at a cabin in the woods. The passengers are greeted by the "host" of the cabin, who is actually a bandit in disguise. Aided by the bandit's "wife" (a lady led astray by—you guessed it—a demon lover), the hero discovers the bedsheets upstairs stained with blood from the previous guests' premature demise! To survive, the hero must lie to the bandits who are lying to him, and avoid drinking so much "sleepy potion" slipped into his dinner wine that he passes out. There's more to the story in terms of action, but the basic idea is the home and hosts are "perfidious" and need to be dealt with through violence and lies. So, too, is Takena's protagonist—an expert liar and killer lying in wait against those lying in wait—confronted with a false home that she intentionally infiltrates to rescue a damsel-in-distress.

In turn, any ironic harm is offset or haunted by unironic forms the killer is avenging not once, but night after night; i.e., as a matter of routine: a female vampire/serial killer patiently pimping male pimps during non-peaceful transfers of power speaking to unanswered crimes, real or imagined (castration fantasies lending vampirism a female "cruising" character versus a traditionally *male* one as normally valorizing said male[s] penetration¹⁹⁹). They value weakness and pain as things to deal in and exchange, watching their prey while hiding in plain sight.

In a sense, the vampire and her prey aren't so different—save that she moves power away from them, the exploiters, and towards the vulnerable; i.e., by illustrating self-defense when given consent²⁰⁰ is absent. She does so by watching those who watch: "Since then, there has never been a moment that has not betrayed you—a glance, a turn of the head, the flash of your throat as you breathe! Even your way of standing perfectly still, they were all my spies!" In turn, she satisfies her thirst (for blood, the definitive aspect of vampirism): as a weapon of terror hyphenating sex and force, taking the husband, boyfriend or jealous coworker to task, and ultimately getting away with murder as the whore's revenge!

¹⁹⁹ I.e., internalized male homophobia; e.g., Cockrub Warriors demonizing anal sex, blaming feminine male homosexuality for weakness (re: the AIDS pandemic): "For the last 35 years anal sex has dominated gay male life. It's been a disaster. For 30 of those years our lives and the lives of the people we love have been consumed by an epidemic for which today there is still no cure and no vaccine" ([source](#): "Founder's Message," 2000).

²⁰⁰ Consent *is* sexy and there's plenty of ways to illustrate *that* in art; e.g., a couple having adorable, plain-Jane sex and enjoying themselves:



(artist: [The Smutty Rogue](#))

In short, they're doing things that are alien to many but also completely *non*-violent; i.e., despite happening during BDSM (through the giving and receiving of commands, mid-pleasure, but also aftercare, top-right), and despite any descriptive sexuality and informed consent taking place, the events themselves remain fairly standard and non-Gothic in their presentation. It's a cartoon, but quotidian.

For Takena's vampire, she's sexy *because* she has the ability to embody forbidden societal aspects—female revenge against male sex fiends, first and foremost. Furthermore, the descriptive elements portend to abuse and harm she addresses *through* violence; i.e., as paradoxically *kawaii*, mid-playtime. Consent is sexy. So is fighting back against slashers in genuine self-defense (the canonical Gothic equating female death with a loss of virtue, which Takena camps)!

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

In short, the protagonist premediates and embodies a rapist's worst fears: a streetsweeper without compunction, clemency or remorse. Possessing an extended history of (and penchant for) barbaric ultraviolence, she deceives the deceiver and rapes the rapist. Doing so during a nightmarish return of said barbarity's corporal punishment turned excessively violent *against* capital (capital punishment being execution), she's a *criminal* judge, jury and executioner making a house call—the call girl castrator (resembling a prioress, in her black-and-white uniform), fighting fire with fire, to *reverse* the usual direction of violence/dark desire; i.e., that other criminals working *for* the state push *towards* helpless (usually white straight middle-class) women. In fetishizing herself and her bloody actions' "cruisin' for a bruisin'," the vampire shows the rapist his doom. I'd say she spits on his grave while doing so, except she enjoys her knightly work (and wouldn't want to waste

any precious blood; re, Marx' *Kapital*, with a twist: dead labor feeding *on* dead labor to *help* living labor)!



As such, Takena's vampire is a deathless, retro-future avenger penetrating the hauntology (re: the canceled future, classically a Gothic castle but known more recently as the Western, noir or cyberpunk, etc): a

strict dom/phallic woman "acting like a man" to avenge violence against women in medieval ways. She's a demon lover "making love" during courtly love as something to bring *to* the kidnapers' false home (after being invited inside); i.e., a small *kawaii* that, suitably enough, crosses over into furious *kowai*-style bloodbaths while still appearing cute, mid-*unheimlich*. She doesn't shriek like a banshee might, but her dollish eyes speak volumes: revenge against rape through medieval violence, bathing in the blood of evil men to have the whore's revenge (the assumption being she's cracking down against profit, specifically snuff films). She's a walking weapon, a bad bitch not to be fucked with exposing the brave as cowards, scared of crazy little girls with a tendency to fuck shit up; i.e., damaged goods not afraid of getting stabbed (re: the Radcliffean heroine) but having no one *to* stab (re: Dacre's Victoria).

In turn, there's room for all kinds of puns, many which leap to mind through the campy violence taking place; i.e., the usual hyphenations of sex and force that victims of abuse live with, and which they direct their hellish lust towards would-be abusers and victims occupying the same complicated space's predator/prey confusions; re: the passion of martyrdom—of ravishing and release—reversing or redirecting harm through camp during ludo-Gothic BDSM. Despite those confusions, the liminality affords play as a matter of person and place liberated from single set outcomes. It becomes fun, but can speak to actual harm; i.e., by putting "rape" in

quotes during rape play (not shown, below), the latter sitting alongside regular sex (shown, below). Commonly fixating on oral, vaginal (or anal, not shown, below), doing so frequently relies upon implied/actual penetration, said vampiric roleplay bleeding into daily social-sexual interactions; re: Cuwu, acting as "vampy fae" and gentle mommy dom in bed, having fun with me while persistently giving and taking through two sex workers' paired synthesis:



(artist: Cuwu²⁰¹)

Cuwu's borderline disorder certainly *affected* our interactions, as such, but they never removed consent (or fun) from the equation; i.e., *while* we played.

They were certainly someone society would demonize for being trans and mentally ill/a rape victim; and yet, despite their subby abusing of me in the past, remained someone whose harm stemmed *from* their monstrous condition—i.e., as something they were trying to manage and didn't always succeed, abuse leading them to harm others *during* calculated risk.

I won't condone or otherwise apologize for the abuse they ultimately caused me/others, but likewise would never advocate for the harm that befell them, elsewhere in their life. That is my prerogative, my understanding shaped by both the severity of the abuse caused, and the fact that Cuwu—a sex worker and drug user—was ultimately steered *to* unravel by parties besides them or myself. In short, they were a victim who abused others, but often continued *being* abused; i.e., the whore's paradox (and revenge) sit in the lived reality that many sex workers are rape victims, and many rape victims love pain during sex (or threats of "danger" in quotes) that give them some sense of release/control over their trauma: to synthesize during good praxis to reduce the possibility of rape, worldwide!

Yes, Cuwu made mistakes during this process—and they certainly had a dark "destroyer" side to them—but they absolutely deserve love, anyways; i.e., they belong in Gothic Communism's vision of a better world, because they were trying to

²⁰¹ The screenshots were taken by me with Cuwu's permission; originally featured in "[Healing through Rape, or the Origins of Ludo-Gothic BDSM as a Matter of Rememory](#)" (2024).

make the current world a better place. Doing so manifested through various contributions towards the Cause, the two of us healing from rape while living in the shadow of police violence; re: by seeking out safety and comfort as much *for* me as *from* me.

When Jadis had me at *their* beck and call, for example, Cuwu gave me sanctuary. They offered me sex, of course, but also understanding and love that Jadis did not. It did not last, but they did their best, and their failure—I like to believe—was influenced by others in their life twisting them back towards self-destructive behaviors. This makes it easier to forgive them, and my exhibits of them—used with permission, according to our agreement—are of someone I respect and love in spite of their harming me. Revolution *is* a messy affair. Yet, if Cuwu and I are any indication, it blooms inside the hearts (and holes) of those on



the battlefield, opening themselves up *while* making love Shared trauma be like that—making people horny or sex repulsed, depending on those taking part (Cuwu would often oscillate, both thirsty or tempered due to their personality disorder):

(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Despite the potential for harm, Cuwu's monstrous nature had revolutionary value during the cryptonymy process. The same latitude should be given towards Takena's vampire fantasy, then. Yes, Cuwu is AFAB and trans masc, and I am a trans woman, but our clay double speaks to a shared GNC desire for revenge against capital. For those viewed or

otherwise treated as women, in general, the line between terrifying and cute is characteristically thin; i.e., by turning the safety of home, inside-out, to speak *to* nuclear hypocrisies.

Keeping with demons, this is the data, and Takena tells it through clay. If computers are modern data transmitters, clay is the data storage system of the ancient world (e.g., [the clay tablet to Ea-nāsir](#) being the oldest customer complaint). It never gets tired and can never die—can change shape or color and be, like Satan's darkness visible, whatever composition the user needs it to be, thus personify to say whatever the *creator* wants to say in the future from the past; i.e., memes, but also *cryptomemes*, per Castricano's *cryptomimesis* dynamic! Clay is also naked, but clothed/opaque (re: Segewick's imagery of the surface); i.e., able to be assigned whatever apotropaic instructions you want; e.g., "kill my enemies,"

"protect me from harm," or some dialectical-material, cops-and-victims combination of these, in duality thus granting infinite value/shape/utility for or *against* the state.

For example, Mary Shelley used the *tabula rasa* to highlight the hypocrisy of state-programmed automatons—with men like Victor arrogantly thinking *they* have free will, but simply being statues/gargoyle *slaves*, themselves: made of materials carrying messages through the *policing* of sex and force. So does Takena's golem subvert this process; i.e., as a nude/clothed defender of an imaginary but nonetheless besieged "Prague," an other world beset by fakes who she reminds of their own clay-like (de)construction ("ashes to ashes, dust to dust").

In turn, phrases like "virus" or "code" marry *cryptomimetically* to sexual production and settler arguments against nature-as-monstrous-feminine; i.e., which we can enjoy pursuant to an iconoclastic endorsement. During live burial, such dialogs (and their neo-medieval refrains) speak *our* truth as normally repressed, helping *us* grow fluent in *deception* to point *at* truth: with funerary rites, duelist lingo and all-around cryptonymy slogans—i.e., "dead" whores tell plenty of tales; those versed in psychosexual violence and demonic theatre revive the black knight²⁰² to kick ass/wage war against the usual Crusaders! It's a classic Neo-Gothic goading mechanism ("Chicken, chicken!") but one that points the finger *at* the accused living in sin under capital's present arrangements; e.g., Arthur literally holier-than-thou, and the black knight having none of it!



The point, here, isn't that Arthur wins the fight, but how the black knight humiliates him, anyways. The same goes for Takena. Whichever mercenary being discussed, think of the basic idea as the *talking* dead as much the walking dead. Whereas Macbeth promptly crapped

himself when seeing Banquo, post-execution (and fearing what the latter's unwanted apocalypse might uncover to the misled members of *that* court), the same idea speaks through humor as hate—the kind borrowed from Shakespeare, but also Walpole and Lewis' silly-serious mayhem, copied ever onwards: "'Tis but a scratch!" "A scratch? Your arm's off!" "I've had worse!" "You liar!"

Like a gargoyle, our undead heroine comes alive after sleep (death's counterfeit) to *seek* revenge on *living* abusers who *don't* value life; re: the ghost of the counterfeit exciting her viewers, doing so in campy ways that remain visually violent *and* non-violent through vaso vagal *theatre*. We summon her and watch her go berserk, avenging some hidden wrong during *her* labor of (courtly) love. Like all

²⁰² A literal bastard/demon/terrorist/mercenary whore profaning his duties/the nuclear home for the highest bidder (who, in this case, was the Beatle's George Harrison. Harrison funded several Monty Python films, out-of-pocket, including *The Holy Grail*, 1975, and *Life of Brian*, 1979).



vampires, then, she embodies *death* as a paradoxical source of *life*, a murder ballad hyphenating both as much as mouth and fang!

Made from clay and animating as such, Takena's story is basically a prurient, transhuman simulacrum of prostitution. Copied *by* Takena before arbitrating in hauntological form, the whore/demon lover works at the bar as the usual site of extramarital play and pleasure—foreplay, to be precise; i.e., leading to things that respond normally toward virgin/whore division: per male privilege, so often leading to "revenge" *against* female/GNC parties *by* cis-het male ones, the latter bored with *their* caged housewives and seeking "Hell" to colonize *it*. Our subverting of these occurs on the same vaso vaginal, poppy-red stages of power and performance playing out this or that. During the cryptonymy process, things blend in and stand out—all to make it harder to say who is and isn't the harmful agent (re: speaking to the lived reality that women experience). In turn, abjection inverts *vis-à-vis* the chronotope/clay dollhouse castle-inside-a-castle's *mise-en-abyme*, doing so by playing with the usual monopolies of violence, terror and sex. We ruin your childhoods, but remind you that *Gumby* was always creepy! Takena's vampire *is* cute, yet confuses *her* victims (who think her an easy target) precisely *because* she's violent "like men"



are/were—inside the Gothic's plastic, half-real, legendary past!

Furthermore, the militant, female demon lover's theatrical desire—to harm others that *resemble* our past abusers—becomes trapped between the reality that abusers historically appear normal and harmless, in bad faith, but on whose liminal, innocuous surfaces are where survivors see harm, anyways. In turn, survivors may play it out in *good* faith, but should remind our audience looking in (regardless of faith) that—for anyone viewing the killer doll, smashing or rescuing small likenesses of themselves per framed story—need only remember how harm is a matter of context; re: couched within an aesthetic of power and death, dom and sub, human and vampire, predator and prey during ludo-Gothic BDSM. We look and they look, and between us is where things play out on the same Aegis' cryptonymy process: the virgin and the whore, the voyeur and exhibitionist, playwright and BDSM freak. She *is* a kinky girl, the kind you *don't* take home to mother! Instilling fear and fascination is very much the point.

In turn, damage through rape play speaks to what is covered up, but also all around us and coded less in censorship and more in the cryptonymy process: violence points to rape, but also trauma and feeding in ways that anisotropically reverse the flow of power conducive to a *salubrious*, class-conscious effect. Weird attracts weird, trauma attracts trauma, our resident man-eater hunting in places

where she is normally hunted. She's here to turn the tables, telling the story in small as each sizes the other up; i.e., while the knightly chess player plays not with some frail girlish thing acting out death, but Death herself playing *him* (echoes, below, of *The Seventh Seal*, 1957).



As always, the state is incompatible with life; unlife can fight back by dressing up as the whore— i.e., by emasculating rape through its recreation, a witness testimony retold in "Gothic" fakery. So does

the Aegis anisotropically expose what *is* repressed, doing so to humanize the whore *as* demonic: a guilty pleasure, Medusa flipping the script on those usual benefactors of capital punching her! She claps back as a black knight (a kind of cop-turned-terrorist) would: hard and fast, without mercy! Pimping the pimp, this happens through play mirroring play!

In other words, the survival mechanisms of a predator/prey relationship happen very quickly and are coded among structures that—while unspoken—remain heavily ritualized and ubiquitous: go to the bar to pursue sex/drink for some sex, and canonically a chance to abuse the whore who you have power *over*. Subverting this, Takena plays with dolls inside small miniatures that combine medieval aspects of female/prostitute torture with more recent hauntologies; i.e., the snuff film and *kawaii* vampire waifu. She gives as good as she gets, hypnotizing lover boy and from him, his hidden master waiting *at* the kill house (viewed almost peripherally because her hungry eyes on the men, inside).

Exposed, the king runs from one dungeon to another inside a castle's concentric refrain; she follows him, the whorish executioner carrying her trauma with her and returning from the grave to seek a demonic revenge (dragging the abuser to Hell, reversing Hades and Persephone's role in things). It's all a death omen for future abusers; i.e., relayed in Gothic, repeating echoes of older stories felt in present-day forms. True to form, the vampire is reflecting on the surfaces and thresholds of pastiche/remediated praxis, not on actual glass; but the Aegis' glass-like reflections are, per oppositional praxis, precisely where such things play out, time and time again. Animation isn't just uncanny but speaking to unspeakable, repressed topics; i.e., through black magic as ubiquitous, commodified: xenoglossia, aka the voice of the dead. The best revenge is to help that voice survive *through* the message; i.e., when taking the state's unironic dungeon (and torturers) apart, piece by piece— through revolutionary cryptonymy reversing abjection, on and within a partially ironic counterfeit haunted by rape!



In true Gothic fashion, then, Takena's story includes a maiden, which the whore rescues from certain death before arming *her*

with an axe (above)! So does the whore *haunt* the maiden. By the end, the axe is hers not just to grind, but swing to deflower the clubber through revenge: the Gothic heroine is the slayer of a bad-dream camera man, taking his vision less apart and more bouncing the baleful gaze back on the original, non-female vampire (and his army of disposable henchmen). The maiden overpowers him, having done so through her mightier maternal double making her an accomplice. From the charmer at the gate, to the executioners inside trafficking women, all the king's men are in pieces from the skilled dominatrix, and now it's the king's turn through *her* apprentice! The hunter becomes the hunted and vice versa, the female reaver slaying her former abuser's likeness in regressive medieval language—live burial, hoisted on his own petard! *Ker-splat!*



Furthermore, Takena's psychomachy shows the monster not as strictly one side, alone; it's both, and is shared between them as an aesthetic they use to communicate different goals: to abuse the whore instead of challenging

capital, versus the whore reminding the king that he's only one for a day (and it only takes the shadow of a threat to emasculate him, above). Fetishes, at their simplest, are objects of power to give and receive; to fetishize something is, from a sex-positive standpoint, to give it power through dialogs about power as something to exchange either way. To it, the vampire *is* scary! But she can direct that terror *away* from the girl and *towards* the men looking to harm said girl; their tricks won't work on the vampire, and she knows it:



By locking herself in *with* the bandits, the vampire cuts off the room's only exit. Having no recourse for escape (and trapped inside a dungeon of their own design; re: the infernal concentric pattern),

the men's only option is to fight Death *to* the death. To that, the vampire certainly lives up to her fearful reputation. Tough-as-nails, dead as a doornail, and the final nail *in* these interlopers' coffins (which the room becomes), she teaches them one last, brutal lesson before they die; i.e., that some people push back! *She* rips-and-tears until it is done! In doing so, she spares the maiden (a virgin no more) the vampire's curse, Cupid's devilish embodiment disappearing like smoke (which vampires are prone to do).

And just as quick, the day is won; the damsel is freed and the villains are dead—our classic Gothic heroine, the air-headed sex doll, recovering from her dark reverie to see her Venus twin has disappeared, the transplant evicting the riffraff before crawling back to her own castle-in-small for a much-needed dirt nap!

Per the Promethean Quest, the Hero's Journey (the monomyth), Male Gaze and various other tropes are turned on their heads/made inside out-like a vampire's cloak; but the usual wearer is the classic Neo-Gothic readership (women/fags) punching up against the usual victimizers—not the mythical sort like Radcliffe's *banditti*, but weird LARPer white men who can't get it up *unless* they're harming someone/acting the cop. Cops need victims; victims can fight back through the same power fantasies moving power towards workers: our lady of the night—let in to raise Cain, having Grendel's revenge, mommy-dom-style. She's a demonic, night-unstoppable shapeshifter (and damage-impervious stand-in for our indestructible



elves that survive rape), showing us "death" is a hell of a time (and doesn't mind if you cum in her eye, left): a psychosexual, martyred state of grace.

Soon, the sun sets and the night falls, our feminist fearmonger back for seconds, making guilty men afraid, squirm or otherwise think twice—as she castrates their doubles, onstage! For her (and us), it's sweet relief, but also returns to and from the beckoning grave! Whoever said chivalry was dead?

Tokenization (a reprise)—Subverting It through Demonic Poetics

Note: This conclusion touches briefly (six pages) not just on vampires, but zombies. Refer to the Undead Module to consider that monster class at length. —Perse

As we discussed with Amazons, tokenization *is* a thing. The whole point of "Midnight Vampire," though, is to subvert/reverse all of that, its found document making us reflect on the recycled badass language to reveal the usual police abusers protected by canonical forms: the *actual* enemies. It does so through martyred, plural fragmentation; i.e., our resident whore can disassociate/be raped till the cows come home. Her mouth agape and giving the king bedroom eyes, she takes *all* the men's power until they are weak enough that our pillow princess can finish them off, executioner-style. "That all you got, killer? Such a little man with a little 'weapon'!" Death in these stories is both figurative and/or literal, meaning it symbolizes actual police violence, but also the ability to play said violence out for different reasons; i.e., through ludo-Gothic BDSM's counterterrorist reversal, not state fear and dogma! Intersectional solidarity punches up against all cops: "Get *thee* to a nunnery!"



(artist: [oxidiancastle](#))

Not all monsters are bad, then; but those who harm others pursuant to profit are. We're here to kill that darling

idea, camping dogma to destroy pure, blind belief; e.g., Andy Rehfeldt's "[Don't Stop Believing \(the Minor Version\)](#)" (2018); i.e., visiting feelings of torture and death onto our unironic voyeurs in the audience. It's an ironic stress valve, but also a means to voice through a pedagogy of the oppressed what normally isn't, under police structures. We shall—like Lewis' Ambrosio—unmake them using voodoo-doll likenesses of themselves: ACAB effigies to scapegoat, batter and trash. We are ungovernable—seen as "violent" for simply existing but also because we challenge the status quo through various cryptonymic games and ironies; re: that they dug their own graves, rape not only *not* destroying their usual victims but turning said victims into ravenous, indestructible, Pac-Woman maws of death (the *vagina dentata* trapped between sex and force, a ransom fetish suing for peace through class war).

A kind of demon, the vampire—as undead, but also manmade in the intra and metatextual sense (a kind of walking weapon/terminator infiltrating the danger disco to *rescue* the princess)—provides apocalypse for their wish fulfillment's special sight: to conceptualize things in imaginary medieval language, which those from the actual historical past would either have had no concept of, or a different understanding of regarding things we in the present wrestle with; i.e., while pushing towards post-scarcity by defacing modernity's hired goons (the gore violent, but also censored by its own cartoonish-ness²⁰³, below):



Faced with capital's usual enforcers, Takena's vampire is an exterminator purging *them* as the disease (re: Matteson's *I Am Legend* inspiring what became *Night of the Living Dead* and the modern zombie)—a ritual to endlessly consummate as vampires do: through the eroticized violence of courtly love. It's a survival

mechanism—a way of adapting against Capitalism *being* the disease, versus capital lobotomizing *its* victims through siege mentality. The alienation and fetishization, but also the shuttered, fortress-style monitoring go both ways. In turn, she's a disease the cops *can't* quarantine, traveling from place to place to exact *her* revenge. She's not just sodomy to persecute, but the Black Death revived and selective in its brutal, showy vengeance (turning homes into charnel houses)!

This isn't just "for show." Rape is everywhere under capital because capital rapes everything for *profit*. Systemic rape/rape propaganda is capital's open

²⁰³ A common quality of claymation bringing demonic sex and violence to a wider audience, under *Pax Americana's* strict censorship laws (refer [to my video breakdown](#) for a longer history on this subject).

secret/tool of revenge against nature (e.g., Gisele Pelicot; i.e., not just single unmarried women like Takena's helpless clubber girl, but married women like Pelicot abused under their husband's supposed "care," [and said husband's virgin/whore syndrome leading them to pimp out their wife/gang rape them in their sleep and prey on their children](#)²⁰⁴). Having incubated in capital's breeding grounds, she's merely returning the favor!

More to the point, the vampire disrupts the orderly disposal of nature (and its prostitution/chattelization) by reinfesting capital/society-as-sick under heightened conditions of survival-under-duress; i.e., by breaking quarantine and laying siege to capital-as-brothel, she can lift conditions through a *healthier* virus: compassion, acquired by demonizing the state as source to apathy burying everyone alive (through radical faith/persecution mania and mounting paranoia in times of crisis, which the state relies on to survive); re: the *state* is incompatible with life and consent, undeath being a useful poetic vector to challenge bourgeois hegemony by *interrogating* police brutality and suppression *with* theatrical violence. Rather than become something to censor without thought, said theatre touches on new orders of existence, ones that stem from older "pathologies" liberated from state utility and oppression. Rebellion is always, to some degree, violent, but also virulent. We use it not just to perform danger during calculated risk, but to spread and assess it!

Takena's vampire, punching up at the elite's usual pimps, spreads like wildfire, a succulent counterterrorist punishing the guilty and warning all rapists to beware; i.e., while relishing in the psychosexual violence unfolding on the streets, the state having made criminals it a) *can't* tokenize, and b) who attack those who suddenly become vulnerable—not the homeless or the housewife as obedient, but such things turned, like the vampire, *towards* rebellious counterterror during the dialectic of the alien! Killing the scarecrows of the elite becomes an act of pure



addictive bliss—one of revenge that merges violence with sex on the already-endless, half-real stage between imagination and material reality interacting back and forth: an unliving weapon forged in blood.

(artist: [Jkappa](#))

Takena demonstrates how this alien commonly appears as female, onstage, but avengers are demons, thus can take *any* form workers, onstage or off; re: GNC, non-white, Pagan, etc, given a taste "for

²⁰⁴ Pelico bravely chose to face and name her abusers, the latter dubbed by the French media as "Mr. Every Man" ([source](#): Natalie Stechyson, whose title, for her 2024 trial editorial, reads, "Gisele Pelicot wanted us to know her name. These are the names of the men convicted in her rape." Both speak to Pelicot naming and shaming not just her abusers, but society's everyday treatment of rapists normally protected by police and the system. Said system (and the men it protects) are quite fragile (with Pelicot's abusers hiding behind masks to shield themselves from public uproar after the verdict).

blood" as taking back what's ours! Whatever the character and intersection of class, culture and race war, rebellion is rebellion, solidarity is solidarity (and like period sex, is famously messy and whispered about). Rebellion is a war as much fought *with* as *in* shadows, taking any shape darkness visible needs to foster the monstrous-feminine desire to fight back; i.e., through forbidden sight manifesting in the usual popular forms obsessed with death, rape and other taboo things: nature unleashed, mid-dialectic!

The state is playing with fire, then; the more it tries to monopolize terror language (and psychosexual violence through demonic morphological expression; re: making things to dominate or fetishize during such discourse), the more they demonstrate a capacity for ludo-Gothic BDSM to *subvert* such dualities: to radicalize *for* rebellion in ways the elite can't control! In making whores to pimp, they make whores who pimp them!

And if *that* makes status-quo proponents uncomfortable, they're projecting (often by accusing their usual victims of the accuser's own holier-than-thou predation, DARVO-and-obscurantism-style). Furthermore, if you can't handle the black/Jewish revenge fantasies of an abused class of people acted on in safe spaces, you're calling to bury such things outright. But, as Takena shows us, such things don't *stay* buried for long! Sex is a *weapon* we sex workers can reclaim, hyphenating art and porn; i.e., as poetic extensions of our andro/gynodiverse morphologies and labor! The fat lady sings by making gender trouble ecstatic, divorcing gender from sex and either from biology in a heteronormative (thus settler-colonial, Cartesian) sense; re: camping canonical essentialism, challenging state monopolies/trifectas and all their stolen spectres; e.g., Marx.

To camp *Marx*, "The [*undead whores* of all dead generations weigh] like a nightmare on the brains of the living" (re: "[The Eighteenth Brumaire](#)," 1852); camp, thus give, these chatty corpses a much-needed place to fuck/fight back (the two are not mutually exclusive), helping conscious rebellion find a home—i.e., on the same stages among the living! The paradox, here, is that "evil" sex is somehow badass, hot, and cathartic for workers as much as cops; and it draws *us* towards difficult truths, but also delightful playgrounds where life and death, "rape" and rape occupy the same restless territories. Such is state shift scaring the elite (and their pimps) senseless.

A bit of "struggle with that snuggle," then fucking to metal, everyone loves the whore, and wants the clubbing baddie/demon lover in ways that punch up as easily as down; i.e., that which—courtesy of the Neo-Gothic—you have to go slumming to find. "To critique power, you must go where it is." Takena's vampire haunts polite society with clay doubles, occupying a g(r)ay-area danger disco while looking goth and/or bubblegum. She'll more than likely have internal damage, too—roiling on her dark surface and jumping from text-to-text, person-to-person, like lightning (re: Cuwu). Such emotional turmoil needs an outlet, which it will find, one

way or another! Better to camp it; e.g., "[FINISH HER!](#)" (The Immortals' "Techno Syndrome," 1995).

We whores aren't just demons, then, but rebels in the Miltonian tradition! Taking to the streets, we speak campily to danger through "danger" as silly and serious; e.g., *Castle Anthrax*, *Evil Dead*, *Metroidvania* and Takena's "Midnight Vampire" (among countless others) inspired by Walpole, Lewis and similar such "Male Gothic" (re: Moers) trashy-but-fun queerness: black magic, monsters, princely feasts and extravagance, dynastic power exchange and hereditary rites (re: Bakhtin), courtly violence/medieval torture and sanctioned-to-forbidden sex (and poetic, explosive mergers of all these things; e.g., [Tchaikovsky's cannons and ringing bells](#) [state but also whorish code for "orgasm"; i.e., "I hear bells ringing!"] or [the submarine captain shouting "Schneller!" \[classic *matelotage*\] during *Das Boot's Gibraltar scene*, below\); re: all the dead traditions of *rebellion* weighing on the state, our clay aping the Capitalocene to disabuse workers of any harmful](#)



ideations: to blow the lofty and benevolent idea of the state right the fuck up!

So does Takena's vampire do just that. The state can *only* rape; whores, on the other hand, may catalyze sex and force to uphold or destroy state mandates; i.e., brothel-espionage cheerleaders shouting at the top of their lungs, "Faster! Harder!" We self-styled robo-fags are not "defective models," but awake and actively putting the spunk in rebellion; i.e., riding it raw (and double-tapping for good measure), seeding and speeding liberation along *vis-à-vis* allegory and the cryptonymy process!

Activism is worker action through whoring turned against profit, thus a force that consciously opposes cops betraying labor interests, mid-conflict. Rebellion is work in this respect, as is monstrous sex (vampire or otherwise) raising awareness and intelligence towards resistance. Even so, whoever said struggle had to be dull and bleak? Rebellion can be fun! It must, or workers will simply betray their own interests for some quick relief! Revolution starts in hearts and minds (and cafés, taverns, discos, BDSM dungeons, claymation studios, etc), thus owes such rabble-rousing inflammatory sentiments to unruly Gothic military theatre doubling controlled opposition. A kind of concealed weapon worn on/up our sleeves, we Gothic-Communist sluts fuck those we *can* convert, putting out to convince any who can be convinced (and sneaking in mix-and-match allegory all the while: the message in a "bottle").

Amazonomachia, *psychomachia* and *psychopraxis*—anything whores do is "violent" in police eyes, which means whores are always criminal even when defending themselves or encouraging others to fight back. This includes by merely asking for decriminalization/equal rights ("peace" is a white man's word,

"liberation" is ours). Cops and victims become enemies who cannot coexist, but this is very much the point: to expose the state for what *it* is (a rapist, thuggish pimp for the elite abusing nature). By using darkness visible to make them attack us in ways we can direct peoples' attention towards, negotiation—for whores—is just as often made with hostile, bad-faith, and bourgeois forces who don't share power. So we force them to through all the usual paradoxes: one step forward, two steps back; hurry up, take your time; speak out, keep quiet. Rebellion *is* a balancing act.

To do nothing is to *be* raped; to protest said rape is to riot, those who fight back "terrorists" who get their faces smashed; those who fight back in spite of that are counterterrorists resisting state rule—becoming in death die-hard, Satanic symbols of *La Résistance*, punching loudly and gloriously up against pimp and regime as one-in-the-same: a pig-like enemy to mobilize against, chanting all manner of slogans. "To storm the wire of the camps, to smash those metal motherfuckers into junk!" To resist for universal liberation is noble and sexy! Assimilation is death; home rule is self-rule! So get 'em, girl! Fuck the five-O!



Stripping is not consent! ACAB! ASAB! And so on...

(artist: [Mochi](#))

Class war is culture (and race) war told in the holistic, monstrous language of whores fighting back in intersectional solidarity. To this, the villain of *Takena's* story isn't the female-coded vampire, but the men she targets, trial-by-combat; i.e., the benefactors of "innocent until proven guilty." We're not calling for vigilante justice, per se—just a means of interrogating and exposing their hiding places amid the usual vampire poetics breaking Capitalist Realism with.



To that, if a helpless damsel might suddenly come unalive and—like Grendel's mother—tear them all asunder (mommy has needs), the effect would be a draining one (for the men, but also the elite they work for): to render *them* unable to attack in the present moment. Moreover, in recultivating the Superstructure, such ironic means and measures would become second-nature in the hearts and minds of workers, but also the art they make: our spectres of Marx, sleeping in the wet spot, moist with rememory and rage.

If rape is the state's ancient weapon against nature, the whore is an ancient, vivid-yet-obscure (cryptonymic) marker for state shift—the birthplace/site of rebirth and afterbirth whose murderous womb/monstrous-feminine survives in

hauntological forms, refusing *vis-à-vis* Creed to be victims; extramarital sex, under capital, is automatically taboo, and zombie invasions originate with the vampire (re: Romero). *Arousing* the rabble, then, the man-eater makes violence (and its utility through the black/red aesthetic of power and death) something to turn against fascism and *its* abuse of such things; i.e., as already imprinting on those conditioned to submit (the princess) that, when dipped in Styx, emerge hungry for traitorous blood and revenge: through vigilante, pro-labor violence growing sexy *in people's minds*.

That is where revolution begins! Takena's hysterical, duelist baptism isn't one of fire, as such, but Nazi blood engorging the strict Commie slut to resist tokenism! From beginning to end, the trespass ceases to be acceptable (for the elite); i.e.,



once it no longer upholds the nuclear model, but again, such cryptonymy is hard to police, and camouflages itself.

(artist: [Smutty Rogue](#))

This includes Takena's fearsome vampire, but also other forms of vampirism that overlap with it, onstage

and off. Some forms opt for a soft-and-cuddly doom; i.e., a Bonnie-and-Clyde element (star-crossed lovers) to the wretched bloodbath's death by Snu-Snu, traded for actual snuggles. *Vae victis*, indeed, but also... oddly hot and adorable? Romance and desire—at least of a Gothic, neo-medieval—are incredibly liminal. In turn, revolutions happen whenever and wherever they happen, blooming on the battlefield while watered by the blood of the fallen, the rough-and-tumble, the brave and daring clutching—however futile—at life everlasting during graveyard sex of all kinds!

The Gothic, as almost holy/silly-serious, works through comedy and drama to speak to Medusa (state shift), which sooner or later comes back around, eating the state for good as normally eating itself on repeat. "Faith no more, face the whore / Rape the past, make me laugh" (Anthrax's "Make Me Laugh," 1988); we're all zombies rotting under state abuse, staring at our hungry selves on the Aegis; re: mirror syndrome. Said mirror is also a shield to fight back with. So "Fight 'Em 'Til You Can't!" (Anthrax, 2011).

And if this sounds daunting or bogus, revolution relies on imaginary and fakery to work—both to disguise itself and paint a possible future to push towards. Never has "fake it till you make it" been more applicable, the Gothic steeped in

such things/the explained supernatural; i.e., the Black Veil both hiding nothing particularly scary behind itself (a worm in a peach, if memory serves), while likewise intimating Great Destruction *towards* the narrative of the crypt: an occupation by those the state tries to contain butting up against ourselves as alien. The praxial idea is to see who can fake it *better* to best speak to worker rights and material conditions versus state rights and profit! So give it a shot!

Austen leaps to mind; e.g., "Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything." Except, now the pen is a sword, its passage a bloody one that carves towards a new historical epoch; i.e., through old materials held in the hands of women (and other targets of state violence), such dead queens reclaiming state terror devices to break their persecution monopolies (on blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts) and suck their jailors dry!



(artist: [Dariusz Kieliszek](#))

Beyond Takena's own torture-porn examples speaking to the inherent sexual qualities of porn²⁰⁵, thereof (and zombies/the undead, as a whole), we'll consider doing so with goblins as blood-libel devices; i.e., by camping Tolkien's own class thereof, next!

²⁰⁵ As Bay points out, revenge is classically sexually charged; i.e., a spurned or bereaved lover (which Shakespeare camped by having Romeo and Juliet commit suicide after destroying each other's houses). Every aspect is romanticized, in Western culture, but especially the violence (and, in certain kinds of horror stories, gore).

Prefacing Tolkien: to Harmony/Concerning Big Black Dicks and "Anti-Semitism" vs "antisemitism"

"You don't want go to South Africa." / "Why not?" / "You're black."

—an Apartheid villain to Roger Murtaugh, *Lethal Weapon 2* (1989)

Before we start, I want to do two things: dedicate part three to Harmony, and discuss "black" a little more as a poetic device; i.e., concerning Tolkien's love for big black dicks (and other non-white bodies to penetrate with some kind of dick; e.g., goblin asses, below) in his racist, sexist, and otherwise bigoted blood libel stories: murdering orcs and goblins, *en masse*, while disguising 19th-century ethnocentrism as post-WWII British High Fantasy escapism. We'll also discuss the difference between "anti-Semitism" and "antisemitism," and why I favor the former over the latter in my own work.



(artist: [Noaqin](#))

First, "Idle Hands," part three is dedicated to Harmony, who not only supported me during the entire writing process, but whose black dildo inspired my critique of Tolkien abjecting black cock; i.e., in ways Harmony and I could subvert by playing with abjected material in sex-positive ways. Like Bay during Volume Zero's construction, Harmony has been very supportive and kind, helping me see value in my own work, here; i.e., in its critiquing of popular media's dogma through industry monoliths like Tolkien (who people don't tend to critique nearly enough).

Whereas Tolkien's *Hobbit* begins with, "In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit," "Idle Hands," part three started with me seeing Harmony penetrated by a big black dick, and wanting afterwards to recreate the scene; i.e., in equally healthy ways through both of us illustrating mutual consent during ludo-Gothic BDSM. It began, as sex normally does, with smaller things growing into bigger things, but also occurred through tangents into dark, wet, exciting places; i.e., not exactly a "nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell," as Tolkien describes it, but still speaking psychosexually to the kinds of unironic, canonically essential value judgements he frequently gave to nature, outside colonial orders: stamped as "black" and alien, abjected for hobbit-hole comforts.

We must humanize the harvest in ways Tolkien clearly tried to monopolize/triangulate against nature; i.e., in ways of the underworld that

Harmony loves manipulate. Using them to break through such allegories of the English pastoral, she employs her own wanton displays of sexual liberation to camp the canon with; i.e., her own body and toys' infernal comforts; e.g., her fat goblin ass part of the same strange home for misfit toys that Harmony embodies! "Look on *our Works*, ye Mighty, and despair!"



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

This entire segment carries that playful spirit of irony forwards, camping Tolkien's wraith-like ghost in the hopes of shaping a better worldview outlined by Milton, the second-generation British Romantics and some of

the Neo-Gothic authors (e.g., Lewis)—one conducive, I should hope, towards Gothic Communism, and towards humanizing all the orcs and goblins that Tolkien killed, one black alien cock at a time! It's an olive branch.

Second, something "black." Our focus concerns not just Tolkien's racism and anti-Semitic tropes viewed backwards (using forbidden sight, but also hindsight 20/20, with darkness visible), but his entire bigotry targeting "black," in practice. So what is it?

"Black" is anisotropic, meaning it goes both ways but means different things per direction. We're playing with black to fuck the alien, during oppositional praxis; i.e., in a sex-positive sense, while subverting bigoted forms of Gothic fakery/theatre that Tolkien most certainly did not. For Tolkien and for capital, "black" is a gaslight ("there's nothing there"), a clear-and-present danger tied to national security (illegal aliens), and a cloaking device/false flag (among other things; e.g., a "gatekeep, girl boss" mechanism). Both rely on a feeling of invasion by darkness through neoliberal military propaganda; i.e., to galvanize home defense in upholding "Rome" and the nuclear model against a perceived Great Destroyer from Elsewhere. Behind the weird-nerd persona of a polite British linguist sits a white moderate printing centrist lies.

Tolkien isn't just a fascist posing as an ivy-league nerd, then, but the Necromancer himself, tucked behind the Black Veil! Such is the banality of evil, its desk murder going beyond fiscal zones and into scholarly temples. Abjecting his own decay during mirror syndrome onto his black nameless victims, Tolkien loves

and fears black dick to conduct genocide *with* (an abusive spouse raping the Global South through a Black Revenge strawman); never forget that.



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

Keeping with Otto's Numinous and Radcliffe's Black Veil (the dialectic of shelter and the alien), the Gothic is writ in tremendous obscurity and decay. "Black," for Tolkien, is alien to abject—while imprinting colonial norms onto hauntological throwbacks, and which help explain his endless productivity and celebration by state copycats: extending capital through complicit cryptonymy/state entropy to best restore British-American monarchism; i.e., a "greater" nostalgia of the imaginary past to retreat towards (the American benefactors, oddly enough, retreating into a false Britain). For us, it's alien to *reunite* amid oscillating feelings of the foreign and familiar deciding what to do, during unequal, forbidden exchange. This goes for cocks, or anything attached/relating to them, great *and* small; e.g., the fat goblin ass or tight hobbit hole attaching to Numinous evocations of nature's alien, Promethean, monstrous-feminine homecoming with workers; i.e., the fire of the gods, Medusa, and their possible worlds waiting patiently beyond the Capitalocene/Capitalist Realism!

This portion of the preface was originally written here, but I have decided to post it separately, [on my old blog](#), given its broader application. To it, I reference an archived video about my grandfather, interviewed in 2005, talking largely about his experiences during WWII: as a Dutch liberation fighter and Holocaust survivor. I didn't have time to go into the video, here, so I recorded [a response video](#) where I think about the interview as a third-generation trans Communist Dutch girl writing a book series on goblins and other anti-Semitic monsters (Persephone van der Waard's "Anti-Semitism vs Antisemitism: Discussing My Grandfather (a Dutch Holocaust Survivor) w/ My Work," 2024); i.e., how in writing this preface, I thought of my Dutch heritage overshadowed by fascist oppression, and wanted to examine my grandfather, warts and all; i.e., relative to anti-Semitic myths and monsters that don't apply to Jewish persecution exclusively. —Perse

Third, a note about Zionism and anti-Semitism. It has been brought to my attention that academics and scholars tend to favor "antisemitism" versus "anti-Semitism." Holocaust Remembrance explains it as follows:

The International Holocaust Remembrance Alliance (IHRA) would like to [address the spelling of the term "antisemitism,"](#) often rendered as "anti-

Semitism." The IHRA's concern is that the hyphenated spelling allows for the possibility of something called "Semitism," which not only legitimizes a form of pseudo-scientific racial classification that was thoroughly discredited by association with Nazi ideology, but also divides the term, stripping it from its meaning of opposition and hatred toward Jews. [...] *The term has, however, since its inception referred to prejudice against Jews alone.* [emphasis, me...] The unhyphenated spelling is favored by many scholars and institutions in order to dispel the idea that there is an entity "Semitism" which "anti-Semitism" opposes. Antisemitism should be read as a unified term so that the meaning of the generic term for modern Jew-hatred is clear. At a time of increased violence and rhetoric aimed towards Jews, it is urgent that there is clarity and no room for confusion or obfuscation when dealing with antisemitism ([source](#)).

And yet here I am, using "anti-Semitism," anyways. What gives?



(artists: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and [Autumn Anarchy](#))

The problem is, my work on Gothic Communism *doesn't* concern Jewish people, alone; it explores the holistic and widespread application of blood libel (and relative persecution languages) as having gone beyond Jewish people, but which were once applied aggressively-if-not-uniquely to them as a criminalized non-Christian group (don't forget Muslims during the Crusades, or later on, the Irish Catholics)—i.e., blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts have expanded beyond Jewish people to attack other marginalized groups (often by Jewish tokens, in later centuries); e.g., queer people, women, Muslims and Pagans, Indigenous groups, and people of color all being supplied tropes of a historically anti-Semitic nature: the so-called "bad blood" of slaves and their foregone betrayal as codified "evil servants" (with sex workers and *their* discrimination being as old as Judaism, for instance). What bigots from older times used to punch primarily down against persons called "Semite," then, has since been repackaged and sent, tokenized, back into the world.

For one, this speaks to a fundamental historical misunderstanding of race, insofar as "race" as a punitive notion under capital didn't exist in the Middle Ages, wherein such things focused on religious persecution against competing factions; it emerged with capital developing into itself as a hauntological device that inserted racism into the imaginary historical past. Said past, in turn, is routinely evoked in ways that concern the abjection process tied to different monsters of a Jewish character that has tangled itself among different marginalized groups, fictions and historical events.

In other words, Zionism *can't* be separated from non-tokenized forms, which token elements try to emulate and downplay in bad faith. That's not simply the focus of my work (which it very much is), but something that needs to be discussed *regardless* of bystanders who haven't sold out. The word clearly has been weaponized by Zionism, at this stage, and splitting hairs about a hyphen is a bit academic and furthermore, dangerous; i.e., when the word—regardless of its punctuation (and not even changing the pronunciation, while my using of the hyphen serves an academic purpose)—is clearly being used by colonizers decaying the Jewish body to fulfill a Christianized, capitalist agenda, and which the feelings of non-participants in an ongoing genocide is, forgive me, considerably less important than *exposing* the genocide. Those feelings are *still* valid—hence my prefacing of the Tolkien critique with any kind of preamble at all—but they should never *silence* criticism regarding said word's current misuse, nor the tokenized actions Zionism represents, when doing so.



([source](#): Suzanne Moore's "'Terf' Is the Ultimate Slur against Women," 2023)

Just as we shouldn't invent brand-new phrases to distance feminism from TERFs, nor should we, regarding Jews and Zionism. Zionism is a radical, fascist form of Judaism, just as TERFs are a radical, fascist form of feminism, and each bleeds into fiction, itself, meriting a radical response *from* us; i.e., to *change* the course of history on *all* registers. Radical problems require radical solutions, meaning bigots use DARVO and obscurantism to point the finger at their victims with their own language (witch cops hunting other witches, above). I'm not going to stop using "anti-Semitism" academically just because it *offends* someone (academia would cease to exist, if that were the case); the point is *how* it's offending others and why—using intellectual movements to scare those who *fear* intellectual power's historical ability to *change* the status quo (versus maintaining it by attacking intellectuals, which fascism does by design).

To that, I don't "have" to be Jewish to write about Jewish tokenism and oppression going beyond a narrow idea of Jewish people/Jewish people period, any more than I would "need" be to be black to write about Frantz Fanon's arguments likewise extending to non-African-Americans; my doing so merely happens on my side of the pedagogy of the oppressed, using its relative privilege, oppression and alienation to reach *across* the aisle, regarding *holistic* oppression: as a white, middle-class trans woman whose own non-Jewish family (on my father's side, next page) was brutalized by the Nazi regime in Holland. Nazis don't discriminate insofar as discrimination goes; they merely swap out scapegoats as needed.

Fascism, at its core, is conservative, meaning it *compels* speech through selective boundaries and moderate-to-reactionary punishment (re: "boundaries for me, *not* for thee"). We must contend with such arbitration while also dealing with each other's respective and collective abuse, mid-liberation; i.e., saying what *needs* to be said while dealing with others who say what *should or shouldn't* be said—all leading to a great deal of unproductive arguing back and forth, instead of systemic, cooperative change (a bit like Gandalf and the three trolls, the latter debating about eating the dwarves and the wizard invading their conversation by throwing his voice to make them delay until the sun came up): "Won't someone please think of the Jews!" If all they do is lead to singular and myopic interpretations that never move the focus onto *stopping* genocide, such refrains are infantilizing and criminogenic; i.e., those who say them in bad faith don't actually *care* about Jews, save as a tool for *discrediting* activism.

To it, my giving of hard facts and genuine arguments that Jewish people can respond to is a sign of respect; i.e., towards those I view not simply as human, but *adults* capable of thinking for themselves, while letting their fellow oppressed get a word in, too. To prevent *that* would be to logically limit each group *only* to itself through self-administered gag orders—a Tower of Babel to divide and conquer all peoples raped by capital. No one ever said rebellion was simple or clean (e.g., Gramps, below, was a Dutch²⁰⁶ patriot and Holocaust survivor who spoke about Nazi abuse all his adult life, but also loved America/free enterprise, hated Socialism [which he conflated with the Nazis] and would have fought in the War on Terror if they'd let him, and certainly wouldn't have understood what *trans* people are).



([source](#): Linda Meloche's "Henri Vanderwaard Interview," 2005)

Beyond Jewish trauma, we likewise wouldn't discourage *not* talking about rape or sex work, period, merely because it makes *some* women uncomfortable or because it "only" applies to them; that's TERF/SWERF logic, which extends to Zionism laterally espousing the various anti-Semitic myths surrounding it, but also the rape (and other harm) *those* systemically cause—i.e., when one group tries to monopolize victimhood, including demonic theatre as the performative, anisotropic tool, thereof. Silence is genocide, including partial silence. Gothic Communism seeks to *raise* awareness and emotional/Gothic intelligence to

²⁰⁶ The Dutch being historically compared to Jewish people through similar "miser" arguments; i.e., the blood libel argument of essentialized greed being "in the blood," which *my* people endure similar to Jewish people: by also being concentrated by tokenized elements appeasing the oppressor! To do so is folly! All arguments for liberation are valid *provided* they liberate *all* peoples *from* capital calling us "sick" for different reasons.

prevent universal rape, which you *can't* do if you're bunkered down in a space disconnected from others; i.e., for fear of *being* offended to such a degree that you close your eyes (and your mouth) entirely.

So many people that I showed this section to were afraid to say anything at all, for fear of speaking out of turn, or telling me to "ask a Jewish person," first. And while *some* caution *is* merited, and good-faith Jewish opinions are entirely valid, to let *overcaution* push people into keeping quiet about some fairly obvious connections—like Zionism and racial conflict in Tolkien, bleeding into politics through persecution mania and genocide denial—is a fatal flaw that *fascism* will happily telegraph and exploit! Fascists *aren't* your friends; they're cops with a license to kill, cheat and steal for the bourgeoisie in bad faith—i.e., power aggregates behind activism painted as "slander" by state litigators playing at false rebellion. They'll wear the mask until it suits them; i.e., until their victims lower their guard, all but asking for a knife in the back.

If I sound defensive, it's because I am; I've trusted others blindly before and have been burned for it (tokens are vicious in their policing of others). So I'd rather preface things ahead of time, then proceed in good faith when critiquing tokenism going forwards. That's how healthy relationships work.

These arguments, then, are a *gallery exhibit* in a symposium meant to *counteract* hate crimes, not *foster* public harassment targeting minority groups for hateful reasons. Anyone who walks away from my writing and seriously thinks that I'm attacking Jews/trying to harm them is the one with the problem, in that respect. *No one* is above critique, including victims but especially when they go on to victimize others (whether on purpose or not); i.e., while hiding behind exclusive-victim status. Instead, we should value the voice of victims in a *holistic* sense, not



squander it by policing its potential to the point where any critical bite disappears. If fascism squirms, you know you've hit a nerve and should keep at it. Hit 'em where it hurts!

All of this is to say, the selective use of problematic kayfabe language (e.g., orcs and goblins, but also king hippos, left) pertains to the semi-imaginary history I'm referring to, here, which the Gothic essentially comprises at all times. It's a specific group of disparate historical threads and ideas that remain at play and continue to evolve; i.e., blood libel, sodomy and witchcraft, which have similar historical elements but different applications nowadays through evolved monstrous code (re: goblins, vampires and witches). And the historical elements regarding blood lineage and power that such things evoke, however *false* they ultimately are, continue *being* evoked in bad faith by fascist parties of various signatures.

Sometimes I call that signature "pre-fascist" or "post fascist," according to the anachronisms at work. But the *lineage* of forgeries nonetheless remain; i.e., as something of world history that, however *imaginary* it ultimately is, can still *be* addressed through camp: regarding tokenized violence lampooned by a *polity* of victims, which bourgeois elements levy against each other during Capitalist Realism. Tokenism is the weaponizing of useful idiots. Except, it's not Jewish "erasure" to camp anti-Semitism; i.e., to speak to other groups harmed by or with anti-Semitic devices (speaking to a hauntology whose religious, ethnic and/or cultural "other" *doesn't* apply exclusively to Jews). They can use it to speak to their unique history and abuse, and others can expand it beyond that bailiwick to speak to theirs, too.

A social element obviously persists. The phrase "anti-Semitic," unto itself, is known to make many Jewish people feel unwelcome, but as I will go on to argue, it doesn't apply exclusively to them, past or present. There's also a historical character to interpret, mid-praxis. Much of *that* history is real and embellished, and speaks to things that are simply uncomfortable period; i.e., dealt in demonic forms, and something that refers to a specific *idea* of "past" that is still being used to attack a variety of people from the same source—while also being associated with a narrow section of the population and *its* tokenized violence, shouting others down!

To be blunt, police victims often go on to police others. The need to discuss Zionism, then (and its monopolies/mirror syndrome), frankly outweighs making all Jews feel comfortable, because there are those among them who—since Israel's forming by the British empire and the United States—have grown increasingly hostile, vocal and bad-faith; i.e., as a tokenized minority speaking for the oppressor majority through themselves (re: gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss). Hyphen or not, the word is positively *radioactive*, and the time for polite discussion using it has well-and-truly passed (e.g., climate change, genocide, fascism).

In short, we need to prioritize the *acknowledgement* of the grievous harm being caused, but also the tokenized means of sanitizing itself through mythical language that points *away* from the mechanisms at work; i.e., I'd rather talk frankly about the history of anti-Semitism and its expanded Venn Diagram of persecution networks *right now*—using markers of bigotry at play to raise awareness about genocide that some Jewish people have had a hand in—then spend time coming up with comfortable words that fail to cut home.

Anti-Semitism is an ugly business. So is Tolkien's use of it through his token power fantasies. We *need* to be able to address that, including the myriad ways in which these devices often go unnoticed precisely for the reasons above. How can I talk about the bigotries at work in any focused way if the language for doing so is forced *out* of focus and off target? We need to pinpoint these issues, not hold hands (and this is coming from a service top). You might as well ask me to cut down the mightiest tree in the forest with a herring (or use a herring to blow up the Death Star, below). Counterterrorism, from an actually rebellious standpoint, is meant to

make tokenism think twice, including those sitting—with relative comfort—on the fence. For many Jews, this idea is unthinkable all on its own, but criminogenic conditions make for strange bedfellows (and no one ever said that traitors *weren't* logical in their assessment of the Judas payment). The idea isn't to blame or police



our fellow oppressed, but recognize and address what many do not.

I could say "victims of fascism" to dodge the issue, but then the history and signature (of which victims) would be swept aside—meaning "as it would

be" for Tolkien or similar authors (e.g., Lucas, above), who built *their* careers (and legacies) out of coded racism and other bigotries with false arguments and origins tied to real ideologies; i.e., Tolkien *did* believe in blood myth, and applied it to



Jewish people, but also non-white and monstrous-feminine people *period* through the same medieval hauntologies; re: orcs, which clearly have an anti-Semitic quality to them that, canonized by *Tolkien's* work, go on to disguise that function used against all parties (which is why I think that covering up the lineage is dangerous).

([source](#): *Wikimedia Commons*)

Furthermore, any word we *could* invent would still wind up being used by the colonizer abusing tokenism to obfuscate their own operations! Tokenism and betrayal are *both* an ugly business—and the obscurantism of oppression is equally vile—but the reality as such needs to be dragged out into the open, not covered up; i.e., that, despite being coded

unfairly as "vengeful backstabbers," some Jewish people *do* sell out (e.g., Ze'ev Jabotinsky, left), as have any marginalized groups in history tied to different monsters "getting even"; re, Federici *vis-à-vis* witches: "Witchcraft accusations, in fact, are the ultimate mechanism of alienation and estrangement as they turn the accused—still primarily women—into monstrous beings, dedicated to the [vengeful] destruction of their communities, therefore making them undeserving of any compassion and solidarity" ([source](#)).

Empire hides behind its tokens, and Jewish revenge assimilates into *Christian* revenge (re: the Crusades, which Zionism emulates to kill Arabs *for* Christians through misguided ideas of revenge). This includes turning a blind eye towards present wrongs concerning past wrongs; i.e., regarding generational trauma, which many Jewish people in privilege are currently doing. If that bothers you when you're demonstrably *not* a Zionist, remember that my critique is of *Zionism* hiding within Judaism as a more radical and tokenized form, thereof. And if you *still* can't see past your own insecurities about my arguments "rocking the boat," then maybe you should let go of whatever's blinding you to the bloodbath currently happening overseas. While past atrocities *can* bring marginalized communities closer together, they also shock and isolate them, encouraging as they do willful ignorance regarding larger systemic issues. Sooner or later, that's what complacency always becomes.

However shameful, disturbing or uncomfortable *that* feels, then, we have to account for it as it's happening with blood libel, then reclaim *that* in light of such embarrassments. It sucks to require that anyone face the shame someone else more powerful in their own group has caused, but it must be done; i.e., such things don't affect "just the Jews" (as the Palestinians well know, by now), so telling the investigator(s), "stay in your lane" won't work: Zionism is currently happening and will *keep* happening regardless if all Jewish people are comfortable or not. Indeed, their fantasies of assimilation (re: Tolkien) often play *into* the silencing of genocide taking place! If their conscience gnaws at them, so be it; and if they have a bone to pick with me (for valid reasons or not), "lay on, Macduff. The black knight always triumphs!"

All kidding aside, I relish criticism; it lets me know what to fortify. I also specialize in tokenism, which—if you haven't noticed—is a tricky subject; i.e., if you don't belong to the group *being* tokenized, you're viewed (with some justice) as an outsider. And yet, we're all oppressed to some degree (re, Derrida: "there is no outside of the text"). Furthermore, tokenism remains all the same, requiring *its* addressal, mid-exile, and inside a system of differences; i.e., it needs to be interpreted intersectionally and holistically to acknowledge parties acting in bad faith, and who rely on such selection processes to silence valid criticism outright.

In turn, my usage of "anti-Semitism" is *also* tricky because it concerns *holistic* historical abuses speaking to token forces who rely on the feelings of those they blend in with to cover *for* them; i.e., human shields, those regarding different peoples harmed by/sandwiched between collective *and* selective bigoted practices, and with language that was formerly used to attack Jews pointedly having expanded elsewhere: by using the same fictitious elements of arbitrary myth-making and application tied to Zionism (frontier capitalism) as something that hasn't gone anywhere.

Again, I'm talking about monsters, and there isn't a Jewish monopoly to what has been assigned to (and to some degree accepted by) that portion of the world's population. The "Semite," while it historically *is* centered around Jews, is an umbrella egregore that includes vampires, witches, orcs and goblins leveled at a variety of real-world groups; i.e., at the same time, and to a rising degree of prominence during Jewish gentrification and decay through Zionism (a practice, that through capital, tries to bastardize various inkblots to mean one thing and nothing else; e.g., *token* orc butts are "Jewish," in Zionist eyes, and non-token/abject orc butts are "Hamas"; re: the giving and receiving of state violence through bourgeois models of terrorist/counterterrorist violence, per the zombie apocalypse relaid in demonic forms).



(artist: [Just Some Noob](#))

My whole point, then, is how a *formerly* Jewish-exclusive calumny has expanded *beyond* Jewish peoples, in recent centuries, and well into the present. Even *during* the Holocaust, it wasn't "just" about Jews and how they were affected by that disaster of state machinery run amok (desk murder); other groups besides Jewish people were sent to their deaths to "answer" the Jewish Question, but the popular historical records (fictional or otherwise) don't mention them, nearly enough. I'd rather discuss things openly to reclaim them *from* token forces; i.e., as monopolizing holocaust, exile, persecution, bereavement, rape (accusations) and revenge, and whose falsehoods we use the imaginary power of "Gothic" fakeries to subvert. "Semitism" is invented, which means it can be reinvented. So, too, has Jewishness gone from a religion to a national body that relates to others in ways that necessitate such invention and outspoken shots-in-the-arm. Blame Capitalism, not me, and set your tokenized guilt aside; my patience is frankly at its end, and I'm going to hyphenate different things to form connections useful towards universal liberation (as the Gothic so often does; re: the grey area of its storied poetics; e.g., correct-incorrect). We learn by challenging each other, and my work is hardly the final say in the grand scheme of things.

That being said, I also think we *shouldn't* seriously entertain any idea of ranking rape and "oppression Olympics." There's no such thing as a perfect victim. Instead, I think *all* groups need to be considered *together* in light of state abuse; i.e., versus a great many living in the shadow of one particular group, whose own extinction event has been advertised by American media to prioritize them, first and foremost. This goes for trans people, Jews, people of color or Indigenous people, etc; no one "trumps" anyone else, everyone speaking out against tokenism regardless of who's doing it whenever such things are out of joint/balance.

Believe it or not, I don't want to step on anyone's toes, here, but all the same, we need to get over the idea that holocaust and genocide are strictly of a

Jewish character and history (real or otherwise); i.e., while simultaneously recognizing how tools of Jewish oppression *aren't* used against them, we can acknowledge the harms caused against them, including holocaust denial. You can't camp holocaust, but you *can* camp your own survival, and multiple people can survive the same event to camp it later.

Likewise, it's not denial to include others in what has largely been framed (in Zionist circles) as a wholly Jewish ordeal. Two (or more) things can be true at once, Zionism doubling Jewishness as capably as Gene Simmons, but for different reasons (see: footnote, next page). Just as Israel and America invent things out of whole cloth behind double standards, we can do the same to *spite* those standards; i.e., fighting fire with fire and for land back despite the Jewish dogmatic belief of a god-denied, -promised, then ultimately -given homeland. Like Omelas, the point is walking *away* from Egypt if that means *not* genociding other people, not *towards* it! Israel is a ploy to buy cheap loyalty in furtherance to capital's continued raping of others—Jews included!



This will certainly ruffle some feathers, [but I'm a Satanic atheist](#); i.e., there is no God, only workers vs the elite and whatever deities either fabricates for their own purposes. My doing so happens while speaking to those harmed by refusing to look past matters of a "purely" ethnic character. It was never about "pure ethnicity" but dividing and conquering more broadly using that and other means of persecution through various networks, thereof. Jews don't have a monopoly on holocaust, and as Zionism shows us, they can tokenize like any other minority group to police nature with; i.e., non-white skin, white masks; e.g., the Inca's imperial subjugates and the Conquistadors. Betrayal is betrayal. It's only ever a question of who and why.

Assimilation is poor stewardship. We must do better if we are to survive capital's effects on us and the planet; we must camp what has *become* canon, including what Sandy Norton calls "[the Imperialism of theory](#)"; re: academics policing what is or isn't acceptable, thereby granting imperial characters to any discourse beyond academia that, unto itself, desperately needs to shed. Applying Sandy to Gothic studies instead of Foucault, I choose to use "anti-Semitism" because of its speculative richness, not its historical misuse. And if those historically abused by it feel like I'm encroaching on what is unique to them, they are sorely mistaken: witches and "sodomites" were killed in the Middle Ages, followed by the Renaissance, Holocaust, and neoliberal era. As such, liberation politics *need* to expand to account for *changing* dynamics of oppression under capital, lest *they* tokenize and decay as Zionism (and its fanatic territorialism) has done.

No one ever stopped fascism by being polite, and anti-fascism is inherently radical because it challenges state's rights in ways gentrified parties won't; i.e., nothing is sacred *except* basic universal human, animal and environmental rights, and it's possible to compromise *those* by doing nothing of note. It's *also* possible to work allegory into *seemingly* vacuous material. Far be it from me to venerate KISS, for example, but if they can camp their *own* idea of Jewishness and present it as monstrous to get what *they* wanted²⁰⁷, then so can *we* toy around with ideas of monstrosity that *aren't* intrinsically Jewish to find our own pro-Communist voice under capital. Such is the nature of demonic poetics, which camp dogma through



itself; e.g., through rock 'n roll; i.e., not all Jewish representation challenges profit—can be weaponized against Communism just like the Nazis did (re: Israel and Zionism, next page), or at the very least can foster ignorance through overly simplistic approaches: "Keep It Simple, Stupid."

(artist: Kim Kelly)

So, yes, my statements will doubtless offend some. That is what those in power want. But all the same, my work speaks to an imaginary element of discourse that is, unto itself, half-real; i.e., anything used to attack the idea of Jewishness has well-and-truly expanded into other groups.

And if saying *that* ruffles some feathers—specifically that I mention inclusive oppression to address the needs of those other groups while keeping the former in mind—said former group needs to remember that liberation is a *universal* affair and *all* peoples need to come together to overcome oppression as one; i.e., there *is* no one group for which oppression exclusively applies, or who has a magical, innately oppressed quality to them/monopoly on oppression. To think otherwise is to deny others a voice, no different than Afrocentrism or similar movements, which only historically decay into a kind of fortress mentality that prioritizes itself over other groups in a similar position.

The fact remains, we're all in the same boat, and bigotry is built into capital; i.e., "a bigotry for one is a bigotry for all," built into capital as something to

²⁰⁷ As Jon Stratton writes in "KISS: Jewishness, Hard Rock and the Holocaust" (2020):

KISS was a hard rock group, one of the most successful during the second half of the 1970s and early 1980s. The group's two founding members, Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley, were both Jewish. Indeed, both were the sons of Holocaust survivors. This article examines the impact of Simmons's and Stanley's Jewishness on KISS as a rock group and on its success. One of the most obvious impacts was the drive to succeed which Simmons and Stanley shared. Simmons writes about wanting power, Stanley that he wanted respect. As children of survivors they wanted safety. During much of the 1970s, the Holocaust was not yet publicly acknowledged. However, its trauma is evident in, for example, the stage characters that Simmons and Stanley adopted ([source](#)).

dismantle *accordingly*. It's certainly important to communicate our feelings and say when something bothers us; but also, upsetting others *isn't* the point of my arguments, which remain true regardless if they *are* upsetting—re: Jewishness *is* a weapon, one that state proponents use to limit oppressed outcry to a single specific group of people it can then weaponize against itself and others. As Asprey astutely writes, "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](#)). *No one* has a monopoly on shelter or aliens, mid-dialectic!

So, for example, can the Jewish *gentry* in Hollywood punch down against



anyone who speaks out against America's token ethnostate²⁰⁸. For them, "Jewishness" = "terror" carried out of the medieval world and into ours; i.e., one whose half-real, historical and imaginary sense of past (the Wisdom

of the Ancients) can dominate the proceedings—regardless of class, culture and race, to serve the bourgeoisie through its cultivating of the Superstructure!

Zionism does just that, turning Jews (and Jewish symbols and arguments of persecution and rebellion, victim and oppressor) against Jews and friends of the

²⁰⁸ Including wealthy Jews who refuse to toe the line; e.g., Jonathan Glazer's acceptance speech and admittedly mixed/sanitized approach nevertheless met with resounding criticism from other Jews in Hollywood (re: Tatiana Siegel's "[Over 1,000 Jewish Creatives and Professionals Have Now Denounced...](#)" 2023), versus Sarah Friedland's own award response, describing the conflict in no uncertain terms: as "the 336th day of Israel's genocide in Gaza," upon receiving her own trophy ([source](#): Aljazeera's "Jewish director at Venice Film Festival Speaks in Solidarity with Palestine," 2024). Context matters.



Jewish while making the idea of "Jewishness" something that Imperialism can hide behind: "We will always suffer and do so exclusively in ways that *supersede* our victims." It's an Omelas refrain, turned into a spear and, as it turns out, a cash cow to milk, mid-genocide; e.g., Judas Priest's *Invincible Shield* (2024); re: Persephone van der Waard's "Judas Priest: *Invincible Shield* and Zionism" (2024):

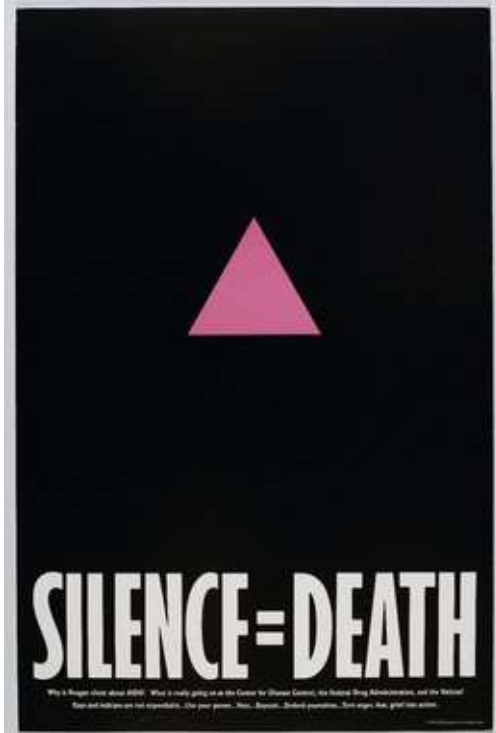
as the time-tested tradition of punching Jews became uncool after WW2, Jews became tokenized to punch down; i.e., against themselves *and* other oppressed groups, thereby serving the same-old profit motive as part of Capitalism out of Antiquity. In turn, Priest seems to have emblazoned their album with such a badge *despite* the Palestinian genocide happening next door (evoking a party disturbingly similar to Israeli settlers). Despite some bad actors being far more active in ongoing misinformation campaigns, *Invincible Shield* sadly feels like Priest saying "the show must go on" while using such imagery to line their own pockets. It feels at best, willfully obtuse; i.e., the modern equivalent to selling sugar during British Abolitionism instead of honey despite knowing full well of the Caribbean sugar (thus slave) trade.

All the same, Priest's commodifying of struggle at the cost of human life is merely the chickens coming home to roost, our metal gods staying silent on what should be blasted from the loudest speakers imaginable ([source](#)).

Silence is death²⁰⁹; for Capitalism to work, it needs a victim and a cop for which to buy silence with. To that, victims can become cops through oppressor misuse of oppression language to silence others with; re: DARVO and obscurantism; e.g., the Star of David adorning Zionist war machines and dropping bombs on Palestinians and Lebanese people, while playing the universal savior and victim, and policing anyone who might use *their* language incorrectly. Different voices *need* the ability to speak up and out for themselves and others, thus coexist, lest capital divide and disorganize us to keep doing what it has, is and always will do: rape worlds and the world by sowing division to move money through nature.

²⁰⁹ Brooklyn Museum writes,

In 1987, Avram Finkelstein, Brian Howard, Oliver Johnston, Charles Kreloff, Chris Lione, and Jorge Socarrás founded the SILENCE=DEATH Project to support one another in the midst of the AIDS crisis. Inspired by the posters of the Art Workers Coalition and the Guerrilla Girls (both of whose work is on view nearby), they mobilized to spread the word about the epidemic and created the now-iconic *Silence=Death* poster featuring the pink triangle as a reference to Nazi persecution of LGBTQ people in the 1930s and 1940s. It became the central visual symbol of AIDS activism after it was adopted by the direct action advocacy group AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP) [[source](#)].



(artists: Avram Finkelstein, Brian Howard, Oliver Johnston, Charles Krelloff, Chris Lione, and Jorge Socarrás)

Capitalism is a disease that makes society sick (and fosters diseases like AIDS in those societies; i.e., Capitalism *is* AIDS). For the colonizer class, the point of tone-policing criticism isn't to raise consciousness in duality towards an intersectional solidarity resisting capital; it's to insist in bad faith that we need to respect this one group's feelings above the collective well-being of those the bad actors are currently destroying in the name of a people they themselves have stopped representing save as a dogwhistle and cloak. And those tactics will likewise be employed among good-faith participants—laypeople and academics alike—who are understandably upset by what is being said on both sides. Those feelings and concerns *are* valid, up to a point, but desperately *need* to recognize how they can be weaponized by the state to overlook legitimate criticism against genocide. "Yeah, conflict sucks; but it's also necessary when escaping the Torment Nexus." So critique power where it is!

We need to abolish genocide as a *consequence* of privatization, and for *that* to happen, we must deprivatize bigotry by discussing it holistically among all groups affected by the same tools differently. This isn't "just" affecting Jewish people, then, nor is it "only" about them, and we shouldn't tiptoe around *Zionists* colonizing those arguments; i.e., to weaponize Jewish discomfort to perjure themselves and others. Rememory hurts and, to a healing degree, reenvisions and reprioritizes the imaginary elements of past history during the rememory process; i.e., to suit *all* peoples under attack simultaneously by those abusing imagination to suit their needs and historical revisionism for the state (re: Zionism).

And if *that* hits a nerve, then good; pain is healing. *This* pain is controlled—is an academic exhibit couched inside a larger book full of trigger warnings. To it, I'm not running to every Jewish person I know or see and saying "anti-Semitism, anti-Semitism!" until they grab a stick and brain me. It's an academic conversation punching Nazis (which Zionists are) while acknowledging the praxial complexities concerning blood libel as a universal performative device. Anyone can wear a beard

and throw a stone (or a can of soup "for our family"), and the house—to some degree—is always made of glass:



Glass-Onion that shit! Have *your* revenge by *demonopolizing* the concept; i.e., as normally used by oppressors-in-disguise, who we learn from to do better *than* while borrowing *from*. Shakespeare's Shylock soliloquy from *The Merchant of Venice*, for example, has *tremendous*

liberatory potential; i.e., as something to act out in spite of its anti-Semitic origins and fixation on Christian ideas of Jewish revenge. Shylock inquires, "Hath not a Jew eyes?" to stress the praxial *similarities* of oppression and oppressor on token groups who, pushed to *their* limit, *do* sell out; i.e., Portia punching down to serve herself and Venice (while dressed as a man, no less), and Shylock converting to Christianity after having *his* day in court! Nothing is sacred but universal liberation; anything that prohibits said liberation is dogma (often *in* disguise, above).

So "better the instruction" by thinking *outside* the box *while* inside it. Disrupt! Speak out! Discredit your discreditor! Make others uncomfortable, *provided* it develops Communism through Gothic poetics challenging profit (thus unironic rape and revenge)! The exercise is one of interpretation *through* performance. No one agency can monopolize victimhood or revenge, including Jews. And if any try to argue otherwise, remind them of your own oppression linked to theirs ("I see your holocaust and raise you a queer pogrom..."). All roads lead to Auschwitz, after all; the idea is to prevent concentration and extermination to begin with by using medieval arguments "when in Rome..."; i.e., to burn *Rome*, not people! They'll blame us for it, regardless.

And yet, if my use of "anti-Semitism" still bothers you, I hear you and understand; I merely ask in return that you acknowledge *why* I'm saying "anti-Semitism," to begin with. My aim is not to offend anyone for its own sake, but to expand emotional/Gothic intelligence and awareness by probably offending some people; i.e., as a necessary part of the process. Regarding blood libel, sodomy and witch hunter rhetoric, I shove those, mid-synthesis, towards their actual, total and half-real scope of influence: towards all marginalized groups, including my own, as part of the same underlying struggle that is regularly demonized by capital.

To that, I'm trans and belong to a group of people who were occupied and raped by the Nazis; my grandfather—despite fighting to liberate Holland from the Nazis—was still a conservative-minded man I seldom agreed with. Segregation is no defense and silence is genocide, therefore death. We *must* solidarize intersectionally—not merely to *survive*, but *break* Capitalist Realism (engendered by the likes of Spielberg saving war to maintain *Pax Americana*; re: [Zinn](#)). This means preventing what causes genocide to begin with; it means causing some

degree of pain, during ludo-Gothic BDSM. "Hurt, not harm," babes! You "don't get a pass" just because you're Jewish (or queer, non-white, or any other group); doing so would only give capital something to pounce and capitalize on: a human shield *from* criticism (Jewish or not, the settler colony model favors women and children for this purpose, below)!



If history proves anything at all, it's that cops *come from* victims; i.e., those who, apart from desperation and convenience, likewise betray through *entitlement*. Those who can't be wrong in their own mind are always right, which—as the Nazis, America and Zionism demonstrate

through American liberalism needing fascism to operate—will always lead to the harming of others: by the entitled group, because the *others* (who are not them) *are* always wrong! This caveat includes victims who sell others out, becoming cops in the process (stochastic terrorism). And if *that* stings a little to hear—if it shocks those it applies to out of their useless sense of martyrdom and makes them rethink things, or at least recover the ability to interpret things orthopraxically versus dogmatically—then good! Equally good, though, is it making bad actors to go mask-off (as many Zionists have recently done). Cryptonymy serves multiple goals.

To avoid genocide as a historical-material outcome, we need to kill our darlings during dialectical-material analysis. Said scrutiny includes challenging the terrible idea of an exclusive and innate victimhood tied to a select group of people that—regardless of what traitors think, and however deeply entrenched *their* dogma is—cannot be reduced to class, religion, ethnicity and/or culture; i.e., a misconception that often stems from popular media; re, bands like Judas Priest:

Being a fan of their music since high school (for over twenty years now), a part of me takes no joy in doing so; but all the same, part of me does. I'll gladly sacrifice the sacred image of my childhood heroes if it means liberating Palestinians (and by extension all oppressed groups). I may not succeed, but I want to try because *it's worth trying*. Certainly I can enjoy Priest while criticizing their pernicious aspects; and, as Anita Sarkeesian put it, doing so is "both possible and necessary." Otherwise, what are we doing? ([ibid.](#)).

The same goes for Judaism or any precious idea, but also any means of spreading it in ways that cause harm; i.e., overcoming oppression, in Jewish culture, *is* important, but its overprioritization historically leads to communication

breakdown/abjection (re: Zionism). Hence, how a device *able* to heal actually causes *more* harm in the face of capital doing what capital does: raping nature as monstrous-feminine by tokenizing workers; i.e., anyone acting like the *universal, exclusive* victim; re: "Haven't *I* suffered enough? I know all there is to know about victimhood, because I'm the *only* victim to ever exist!" To centralize one group and one group alone is to normalize through tunnel vision. We're in this together, comrades, and the state is the enemy, not me.

I don't want to hurt anyone purely for its own sake, here. Instead, if you scratch a Zionist, a fascist bleeds, and this goes beyond Jewish culture and identity to spread into other groups intersecting oppression as a *state* weapon. If ever *that* occurs, the priorities for self-victimization should be reexamined.

The pain in doing so—of getting scratched, mid-debate—will invariably yield new synthesis, thus better praxis pushing away from Capitalism, once and for all! Alienation is bad; it's also a bridge leading to greener pastures, scratching at dogma as ultimately a dead, plastic device that can be weaponized for our purposes: demonic poetics inventing new uses for old dead symbols! The symbol's *appearance* remains, but its *function* can anisotropically change, mid-duality—on the Aegis, oppositional praxis reversing abjection/worker chattelization to legitimize our struggles and invalidate profit's (re: per the whore's revenge, the state [and its rights] incompatible with life/consent, needing cops-and-victims extermination [thus rape, per the profit motive] just to exist)! Subversion *of* state utility can *become* normal; i.e., during the cryptonymy process becoming second-nature at a societal level. "We camp canon because we must."



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

Gothic Communism is holistic, liminal, dualistic, and ergodic, bringing different voices together to find common ground. My focus is sex work and Gothic poetics (whose nudity and exposure is offensive to a great many people), but it by no means rejects Jewish identity or voices; it merely asks them, "Give us a place to voice ourselves and say what we need to say. Nazis suck, including Jewish Nazis." Refusing victimization *is* important, of course, but making victimization your whole identity—meaning to such an unchecked degree that you alienate other oppressed peoples around you, therefore elevate yourself above them/ignore their own opposition affected by tokenism (Zionism or otherwise)—is reckless. Fascism will fash, regardless. Find similarity *amid* difference and come together to challenge the state and its lapdogs. Liberation transcends national, ethnic and religious boundaries! ACAB! ASAB! AHAB (All Holocausts Are Bad)! Free Palestine!

Idle Hands, part three: Goblins, Anti-Semitism and Monster-Fucking (feat. Tolkien's orcs and goblins, acid Communism, and SpongeBob SquarePants)

The dwarves' covetous memory becomes one of unbridled revenge, its call to war against nature sharpening to rekindle better times out of myth tied to artefacts that suggest it to start with: "He was witless and wandering, and had forgotten almost everything but the map and the key" ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Policing the Whore" (2024)



Now that we've thoroughly covered witches and briefly examined vampires as sex demons, let's carry demons and forbidden sight beyond "Midnight Vampire" or Lady Hellbender and into other famous forms of blood libel, namely goblins; re: demonic sex as torturous, psychosexual, and playful; i.e., regarding unequal power exchange, whose monster-fucking gives forbidden knowledge back, and once received, turns workers from goblin-killer into goblin-friend!

To do so, we'll be looking at Tolkien, once more; re: as a patriarchal throwback/neo-Victorian dinosaur worshipped by the public while compensating for his own imperial nostalgia colonizing nature; i.e., by gentrifying war during cartographic refrains, which we deconstruct and subvert during the whore's revenge. Our aim is simply to attack the validity of Tolkien's anti-Semitic goblins; i.e., as unworthy holders of nature that others *more* worthy are tasked, by the author playing wishmaster/god, with carrying out *his* disguised revenge/ethnocentric arguments: that whores and Jews are classically slaves, in medieval parlance, and goblins are Jewish-coded whores of nature/the underworld to threaten more deserving parties (the dwarves) with different kinds of harm (e.g., rape, captivity and torture)!

In *The Hobbit*, for example, Tolkien loves to monomythically "kettle" the dwarves before letting them break free—all to genocide the ignoble savages and take their land back *for* the state (the white Indian argument, but also marginalized in-fighting and tokenization²¹⁰). Yet, in pimping nature, Tolkien has (through evil, backstabbing Jews and other slaves) created something the state may criminalize, but never fully monopolize as "of nature"; re: a brothel/disco place of revenge where the whore takes back the sex, drugs, and monster-fucking rock 'n roll that someone like Tolkien always authors in favor of empire, thus capital.

Goblins are whores, like any other monstrous-feminine, thus pimped by Tolkien in ways where his victims have the slave's black revenge; i.e., by reclaiming the things used to normally stigmatize and colonize them for profit,

²¹⁰ Which extends to literal animals; e.g., the Great Eagles—decked in gold by the dwarves after they help win the Battle of the Five Armies—having seemingly routed the goblins "for good" ...until *LotR*; i.e., evil can never be extinguished (despite Tolkien's love for propaganda battles), because the state always needs a scapegoat to colonize/profit off of, thus pimp and project its own brutality onto.

whose motive and Realism they break through ludo-Gothic BDSM; e.g., the spurious notion that "all goblins" love not just gold, but loot (a kind of wish fulfillment tying them to police violence, below). Porn simply lets us frankly eroticize—or otherwise discuss—such desires through a lens of public nudism; i.e., relative to the stigmas, bigotries, phobias, etc, that we want to interrogate, thus change, through our own versions of these age-old monster-fucking devices.

First, I'll remind you of some history and arguments about goblins to keep in mind, then walk you through how we'll apply them to Tolkien; i.e., regarding the man's anti-Semitic sex demons, and his own harmful monster-fucking dialogs regarding them. After that, we'll consider how to break the monopoly by playing with them, ourselves; i.e., when using Fisher's acid Communism through Gothic poetics, subversive monster-fucking scenarios (white-on-black sex), cartoons, and shared labor exchanges. We'll close the section out by thinking about whores at large—the big scary ones that speak to a palliative Communist Numinous that smaller underling monsters like goblins reputedly serve and/or spring from—before we move onto "Forbidden Sight, part two: the Promethean Quest *vis-à-vis* *Frankenstein* (and similar poetic elements) about making demons at large.



(artist: [Personal Ami](#))

Note: This symposium mentions lots of ideas we can only touch on, here; i.e., regarding not just goblins, but also vampires, zombies and Capitalism-as-undead (all of which I've written about extensively in my PhD and other volumes. Expect block quotes).

Also, in keeping with ludo-Gothic BDSM and the spirit of playing with monsters/darkness, this final portion of "Idle Hands" will be fairly messy and chaotic; i.e., stressing the holistic and intersectional elements of Gothic Communism (and demons/darkness visible), combining anything and everything together to achieve praxial success! —Perse

Tolkien's Other Sex Demons: Goblins

The state, as undead, thrives on tokenism as a bastard DARVO/obscurantist enterprise. Christianity is a cuckoo religion, then, bastardizing older forms of religion and myth, which the state continues to abuse under capital. Our focus, for this symposium, is predominantly one of *service* and *monster-fucking* through *goblins* (and to a lesser degree, *orcs*); i.e., acting as bad servants, per canonical essentialism and camped by us: during ludo-Gothic BDSM's rape-play angle merging with various half-real roleplay scenarios of "homebrew" *interracial porn/xenophilia* overcoming unironic racism and other forms of dogmatic xenophobic orthodoxy (for all intents and purposes, this section shall use "ludo-

Gothic BDSM" and "monster-fucking" interchangeably. The former essentially constitutes the *function* of rape play, while the other enacts a *form* of rape play to function as, but their praxial scope is the same).

To it, orcs and goblins are canonically bad—often compared, during blood libel, to a mindless collective of non-white evil children/the spawn of Satan—and from Heinlein to Cameron to Lucas spewing the same centrist bullshit (re: the *Star Wars* problem), you can absolutely thank Tolkien for that²¹¹ (and who borrowed *his* doing so from *Beowulf* and Grendel's mother giving birth to monstrous-feminine comparable to orcs and goblins).

Few things are as pervasive or insidious as Tolkien, but especially his cartographic refrain hyphenating colonial sex and force, which it then uses to disguise rape with; i.e., antagonizing nature-as-monstrous-feminine, then fucking it unironically to death "by the sword." Hence my attacking it, here, during *my* holistic study of the man and his work, one last time ("Let us be rid of it, once and for all!"). Doing so by having *our* revenge during ironic monster sex of our own, we camp the canon to humanize the harvest, making goblins gay during ironic monster sex; i.e., by having sex with that which Tolkien considers abominable, white bodies on black; e.g., white girls taking black dick, or acting "non-white" themselves in accordance with their rebellious elements: the respectively brutish and naughty "orc" and "goblin" equaling "terrorist" and "punk" merged, for our purposes, with "criminal/whore" and "zombie." The idea isn't to separate things, at all, but engage with them holistically because Gothic Communism is holistic; capital divides to conquer us, and we unify to defy profit raping us.



(artist: [Noaqin](#))

We'll get to that, this symposium laying out various dots for you to connect, in a fairly-tangential-but-ultimately-connected group of disparate concepts; it's not really a close-read of specific texts (no Gollum in this one, nor reading into gay ring-bearers²¹²), but a constellation of the man's broadest themes merged with past elements of my own work—opting for orcs and goblins, this time, instead of vampirism (which we examined from Tolkien's stories, in Volume One):

²¹¹ His parental treatment of nature-as-dark comparing the goblins of the Misty Mountains to naughty children punished by a white, all-knowing schoolmaster who killed their king: "Go away! little boys!" shouted Gandalf, in reply. "It isn't bird-nesting time. Also naughty little boys that play with fire get punished!" ([source](#)). Echoes of Prometheus, but also King Kong clutching at white brides only to get machine-gunned.

²¹² E.g., "The Ring" is twink Frodo protecting his bussy from black people. We already discussed *that* in Volume One.

- A White Earth: Defending the Realm from Black Rape (Orc Dick or Otherwise)
- Trouble in Paradise: Fantasizing about Black Monster Dick (feat. acid Communism)
- Doing It, Ourselves: Humanizing Orcs and Goblins through Ironic Monster Sex
- How to Play with Goblins-as-Demons, Ourselves (to Have Our Revenge; feat. Bay, Blxxd Bunny, SpongeBob, and more)
- Wrapping Up/the Big Picture
- Moving On: Some Transitional Arguments about Demon Whores/the Big One (feat. Slan from *Berserk*)

First, let's explore Tolkien's worldviews regarding orcs and goblins, including their function in his propaganda fantasy worlds. In a nutshell, he bastardizes the Vikings with a pre-fascist, neo-Victorian stamp, abandoning their indigenous elements and turning them into cops to colonize nature with blood libel, while also fearing its rapacious black, queer revenge: he loves and hates black dick.

Let's unpack *that*, shall we?

A White Earth: Defending the Realm from Black Rape (Orc Dick or Otherwise)



White knights classically save damsels from black rape (dragons, ruffians, goblins, gay men, gods, and/or the witch-king's giant mace); with Morgoth and Sauron, Tolkien frames it as a Numinous, planetary struggle. Even so, it's one that shrinks, *mise-en-abyme*, into smaller versions of itself; i.e., the white knight(s) rescuing Mother Earth from total shadowy defilement, one *smaller* black cock at a time: "Just as Sauron concentrated his power in the One Ring, Morgoth dispersed his power into the very matter of Arda, thus the whole of Middle-earth was Morgoth's Ring" ([source](#): *Morgoth's Ring*, 1993). It's not really a stretch to see how Tolkien treats the wedding band as defiled by a black "finger" on an iron fist, nor how nature itself is the maiden for him to protect from dark corruption; i.e., Arda's coochie threatened by a Pagan-Satanic Great Destroyer during blood libel.

Tolkien fetishizes power as "black"; canonizing Milton's darkness visible (re: Volume Zero), said darkness could have been anything but he chose orcs and goblins/Jewish conspiracy, first and foremost. Though courtly and abstract, the notion likewise remains very apologetic towards Britain, abjecting imperial crimes (of pimping nature) onto a conveniently evil (and distant) supervillain (and said villain's generals, lieutenants, and minions). To it, the context for Tolkien's worldview is wholly abusive on a *geopolitical* refrain, one that bounces back, half-real, into canonical power fantasies executing blood libel sans irony against black

rapists threatening the globe (to impregnate the white-owned womb of nature with non-white sperm).

This Shadow of Tolkien (and myth that he somehow "can't" be racist) can be challenged, which we'll get to. Unlike the status quo, our jokers, smokers, and midnight tokers use the language of danger and torture for iconoclastic funsies: made from clay to sing and dance, making wild rumpus, goblin-style. Blind faith is for suckers, something we cannot afford while being sucked on by capital's dead labor (re: Marx). So do we play with these artificial things (dicks or otherwise), breaking the monopolies on display by giving their jester's vice-character monologues added life through performative allegory and dialectical-material context: something to sell to children, regarding nature's monstrous-feminine revenge (for having their existence be criminalized by the state and its in-groups)!



Cryptonymy's all well and good. The problem is, the Numinous is a common canonical brothel pimping out Hell's usual sluts in bigoted, blood-libel language (of rape and revenge); i.e., down in the dark brought to light to titillate the gentry with stories of exquisite torture, rape and death; re: Tolkien's anti-Semitic dwarves, executing blood libel *against* orcs and goblins (the former appearing much more in *LotR* and the latter much more in *The Hobbit*): bat-like and big-mouthed, but also swart, savage, and sinister beings²¹³ occupying the black, demonic side of the settler argument that upholds Capitalist Realism, mid-abjection. They'll get you, and your little dog, too!

"In caverns deep, where dark things sleep," Tolkien pimps them out as thieves and whores, slavers and killers-for-hire, scapegoats to dance with during his monopolies of demonic poetry that—apart from overt sex and drugs—very much includes the psychosexual overtures of rock 'n roll (and similar forms of music/theatre like heavy metal and jazz, which the Gothic embodies through golemesque puppetry's darkness visible):

Crush, smack! Whip crack!
Smash, grab! Pinch, nab!
You go, my lad!
Ho, ho! my lad!

The black crack! the black crack!
The black crack! the black crack!

²¹³ We don't focus much on the differences between orcs and goblins, here. But orcs, post-Tolkien, tend to be bigger and fiercer than goblins, which are smaller and craftier/rely on tools and gadgets (often weapons too big for them, or explosives, machinery and gizmos); i.e., versus the orc's brute strength. Orcs are big minions and goblins, small; goblins are tied more towards greed, and orcs to rape and cannibalism. While such distinctions are far more recent and easily ignored, orcs and goblins remain popular monomythic punching bags/slumming avatars *and* vehicles of genuine rebellion, alike.

Down down to Goblin-town
 Down down to Goblin-town
 Down down to Goblin-town
 You go, my lad!

Ho, ho! my lad! (Maury Laws' "[Down, Down to Goblin Town](#)," 1977).

It's all rather... funky, isn't it? People love monsters because they speak to our alienation and fetishization (thus lack of agency) under capital, which is precisely where we get our agency *back* (re: the whore's revenge)!

Except, while calculated risk *is* a fun way to meet new playmates and regain control of darkness, Tolkien is a weird canonical nerd who canonized Milton's camp. In doing so, he and his narrow, prescriptive, monomyth methods of playing with darkness were pointedly slumming in service *to* empire²¹⁴; i.e., through jazzy LARPer refrains teasing the ghost of the counterfeit to further abjection by reinventing terrorism the state can punch down against/with: through prolific, Man-Box-style police violence, killing orcs and goblins to whitewash empire-in-decline/darkened by the Shadow of Pygmalion during the Cycle of Kings/Capitalism as demonic, animalistic and undead.

In truth, Rankin/Bass parroted much of this, and the kids of the '70s, '80s and beyond feared-loved it (walking the tightrope between inheritance anxiety and vaso vagal/fight-or-flight, but also dark demonic energies). Tolkien's bigotry goes over their heads, but in some sense, he inherited the same values; i.e., through goblins and necromancy as drug-like, but also bigotries associated with them to sell canonical vampirism and goblins to the next generation; e.g., their signature greed, but also tendency to kidnap, rape and devour their prey/drink said prey's blood. It's a dogwhistle call-to-arms, then, defending capital from its own victims *with* its own victims; i.e., the self-appointed white, "righteous" hero devouring the black alien per Tolkien's orcs-and-humans argument, its centrist refrain caging his prey behind an innocuous human mask (the sweet old man) that puts him and his on the side of Good and their victims—of nature-as-alien-vengeful-slave—on the side of Evil (which for the West/Global North is the East/Global South).

That's what his maps and moral territories are, you see—undead prisons to enter and kill the inmates, moderacy decaying into fascism (when Imperialism comes home to empire), but enacting it behind gobstopper masks; re: state DARVO and obscurantism concealing in plain sight the ugly truth: cops are the criminals outlawing others in demonic language. Doing so to enrich the elite and their rights

²¹⁴ With orcs and other servants of evil speaking a monolithic "Black Speech"; i.e., the homogenizing of colonial prospects to view them ethnocentrically as worlds to conquer by those weeding the globe of monstrous-feminine nature being likewise non-white, non-Christian, and stigma-animal, etc. Per *Beowulf* and *Amazonomachia* (monster battles, not just Amazons in particular), they become animalized during pro-state rites of passage; i.e., animals and gods speaking to patriarchal governance surviving presently under neoliberal nation-states and corporations; e.g., Zeus transforming into different animals to rape women, or Theseus vs the Minotaur, etc.

over workers and nature, class (culture and race) traitors pimp both groups as monstrous-feminine! *They're* the bad servants, the backstabber charlatans sucking capital's dick (and biting on nature's neck) while flexing whatever credentials they can (e.g., Tolkien's academic pedigree)!

I'd say there's no way Tolkien can claim honest ignorance in good faith—not when he was a university professor who was an expert in his field—but doing so would overlook systemic issues in academia, as a whole; i.e., Tolkien was raised in a world that was built to coddle him and instill these pro-British, fuck-literally-everyone-else beliefs into him. Far *easier* to say is how a) there's nothing moderate about abjecting the sins of empire onto a gay space wizard/Great Destroyer and his abortive offshoots, nor b) monarchs or genocide existing in perpetuity (signatures of Tolkien's worlds extending his worldview inwards and outwards). Unlike the Neo-Gothic authors of several centuries previous, Tolkien actually believed a return to the pre-Renaissance past²¹⁵ would be a good thing. Like Hell it would!



To it, the usual fascist qualities apply to Tolkien's world; e.g., the cult of machismo and heroic cult of death, weak/strong enemies, among others (re: Eco). Inside said world, he's an indisputable god-pimp, punching down against nature as monstrous-feminine by policing it as vengeful property for the state. Being a medievalist, he pointedly does it through Divine Right; i.e., as a false preacher punching down with blood-libel, cops-and-victims vaudeville—literally medieval persecution arguments and superstitions (fear and dogma; e.g. the blood test from Carpenter's *The Thing* remake) about blood—doing so in order to aggrandize/avenge his faulty and harmful idea of a better world that, since his death, has become a neoliberal power fantasy weaponizing gullible people (through desperation and convenience) all around the world: of orcs and goblins born evil, and white men (and token cops; e.g., Eowyn) endlessly killing them in all manner of stories and games, all to spill so-called "bad" blood and replace it with "good" blood while policing labor pursuant to profit. It's barbarism in a dress—Macbeth tilting at Dunsinane but also Dracula in a priest's robes (and other such dualities canonizing Gothic).

So are Tolkien's orcs given dark skin, led by a dreaded faceless evil, conspicuously called "cannibals," bred through sodomy and shadows, living under the cloak of night, and slain zombie-style by white saviors trumpeting neo-feudalism on repeat: capital cannibalizing those it calls "cannibals" while acting high-and-mighty about it. For it, anything "black" is too dumb to serve, eventually attacking a prescribed "better master" and being put down for not knowing "its

²¹⁵ Literally "of the King" and towards a kingdom that would last however many centuries Tolkien had in mind (the Nazis said a thousand years). Keeping with *Beowulf*, his Golden Age was still Christian, but *before* the Middle Ages; i.e., an Old-English hauntology laced with settler-colonial argumentation.

place" (which unfolds differently per oppressed type; e.g., black men versus trans women, and various intersections): dead *vermin* walking!



The point, here, is how the orc's and goblin's undead function of evil labor/service behaves identically to their demonic function (and whose anisotropic qualities we'll explore when examining Blxxd Bunny and SpongeBob). In turn, such stories are canonically ethnocentric garbage, apologizing *for* slavery by flaunting apocalypse; i.e., calling those most targeted by the state "the real slavers" during slave revolt having *its* dark, whorish, backstabber's revenge against the goodly colonizers. It's a white moderate's false flag selling personal responsibility through inkblot Red Scare long after Tolkien had actually died (take note of the various commonalities Tolkien has with mask-off fascism, Nazism or otherwise).

Compared to Cameron's clever repackaging of Heinlein in the shooter/sci-fi genre (and Metroidvania) after Vietnam, then, Tolkien's refrain led to a virtually endless echo of whitewashed fantasy stories after WWII serving the same *Pax Americana* function into the neoliberal (videogame) era. He became a safe bet, his best-selling and incredibly famous stories a perfect revival (and whitewash) of Manifest Destiny transplanted Elsewhere. No one else comes close, fantasy-wise.

Worse, Tolkien's systemic good/evil racism, inkblot (arbitrary) menace were granted the airy gentry of a WWI soldier-turned-scholar (a made man, as it were). In short, Tolkien's worlds apologized *for* racial conflict dressing up ethnocentric dogma as "mere games" (from tabletop to computer)—with the man, himself, becoming the dead-skin face mask for white supremacists to wear in the guise of good faith; e.g., Peter Thiel naming his economic ventures after Tolkien's stories²¹⁶. Whereas *The Hobbit* had plenty of Marxist potential (re: "[Dragon Sickness](#)," 2014), Tolkien's *LotR* was an opiate for the masses that simultaneously ushered in a *return* to monarchies²¹⁷, while also giving racism (and other bigotries) the perfect place to hide and wage war in broad daylight *against* Communism (which Tolkien very much despised in favor of Capitalism):

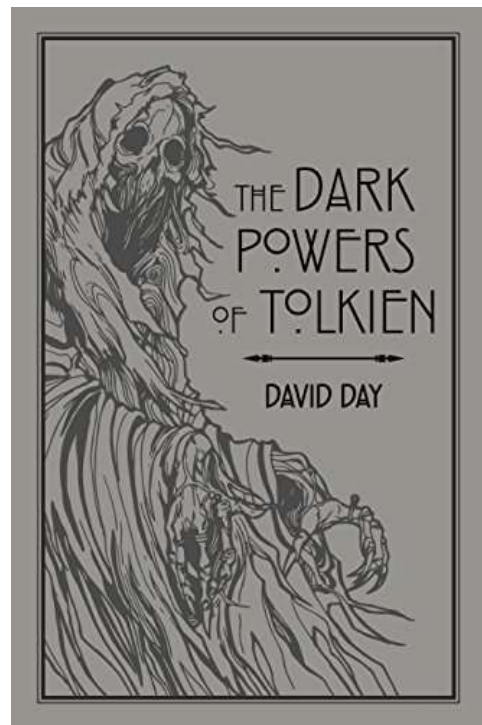


²¹⁶ "Given that *The Lord of the Rings* is one of the bestselling book series of all time, it shouldn't come as a surprise that it's inspired a lot of different groups and movements over the decades, with a wide range of politics. Probably the most influential is Silicon Valley, where the top of Salesforce Tower in San Francisco [lights up with the Eye of Sauron](#) on Halloween, executives [reference its lore](#) to get their vision across to employees, and companies name meeting rooms — if not their whole business — after objects and people from the books" ([source](#): Paris Marx's "Peter Thiel's Influence over a Network of *Lord of the Rings*-Inspired Companies," 2024).

²¹⁷ "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" ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "'Monsters, Magic and Myth': Modularity and Class," 2024).

In doing so, the whole planet became an endless property dispute lionizing Divine Right, mid-canceled-future (re: the zombie apocalypse and ensuing wasteland scenarios teasing liberation and enslavement, afterwards; e.g., not just Tolkien's orcs and goblins, but *Fallout's* ghouls to return to the earth as similar zombie fodder raped by Crusaders: cowboys, versus knights).

As such, Tolkien's bad-faith, vampire/sanguine sodomy arguments abject any flaws at home onto the black alien/Veil as a temptation *to* resist, but also indulge *in* through rape and purity/abstinence arguments; i.e., the civilized man eating the cannibal-coded savage, mid-panic, during mirror and virgin/whore syndrome. While all monsters *are* dualistic, canon pushes state violence and blame/ritual suicide(-by-cop) towards workers by doubling and demonizing *them* as evil sons of whores, but also outright demon whores (re: Grendel and Grendel's mother) tied to dark spectral forces; re: "a spectre is haunting Europe," which Tolkien



spearheads/scapegoats, Radcliffe-style, with a great many of "the help" gone bad under a single monolith's all-consuming barbarian horde: orcs and goblins waving a planetary banner changing the ownership. Summon old nightmares (the vengeful dead slave as a zombie-vampire goblin); antagonize, put to work, banish nature through a pearl-clutching appeal *to* tradition, monomyth-style.

([source](#))

To that, *Tolkien's* the Necromancer (what he calls Sauron), a decrepit leech obsessed with greatness and bleeding (Middle-)Earth dry while using DARVO and obscurantism to demonize Jews and other labor groups treated as "Jewish" in medieval, blood-libel language (e.g., queer people during Satanic Panic). Such village scapegoats include orcs and goblins as monstrous-feminine servants of the vague, faceless Dark Lord (and backstabbers of the West), but also dwarves as greedier than humans and prone to greed of a Zionist²¹⁸ sort (also

²¹⁸ Tolkien relies on racialized tokenism to have "lesser" races police themselves, which is what Zionism ultimately is. You see this offstage, too, in Zionist propaganda (Bad Empanada's "[The Appeal to Jewishness Fallacy](#)," 2024), but such things are always half-real; re: *between* fiction and non-fiction, working in tandem. Case in point, Tolkien see dwarves as "Jewish" in the way his own home, the British empire, has essentialized "Jewishness" for centuries—which is to say, they're *always* victims, thus always to some degree *aliens* in ways the Crown can exploit. They *cannot* be heroes because to be a victim—to be weak and prone to betray—is literally "in their blood," their nature.

The dwarves of the Lonely Mountain, for example, feel constantly surrounded by enemies and betrayed. Abandoned by everyone, they work extra hard *to* alienate themselves, but also fight exceedingly hard (to the death, in fact) to *redeem* themselves in Christian eyes. This is Tolkien

backstabbers, but to a lesser [thus more redeemable] degree; e.g., over pettier squabbles of moneylending and property disputes):

J. R. R. Tolkien (1892–1973) himself had some controversial opinions about at least one race of Middle Earth, writing that his Dwarves were "like Jews: at once native and alien in their habitations." In a separate interview, he

pointedly Christianizing Viking ideas of the Valkyrie by attaching them to Jewish calumny/the wandering Jew trope: Thorin was weak, earlier in life when he failed to stop the dragon and it destroyed his permanent home, and weak later in life when men killed the dragon while he took all the gold for himself. He has all the markings of station and importance, but also cowardice and entitlement while being stranded from his home.

Eventually while the men of Dale are trying to rebuild, Bard is making a good case for sharing the gold (the Christian appeal to generosity monopolizing charity). It's here that Thorin not only rebukes him (the moneylender trope, echoes of Shakespeare's Shylock), but his cousins betray the men of Dale, first chance *they* get. Yes, the men of Dale were *thinking* about attacking first, but Tolkien routinely shows the Jewish-coded dwarves *acting* traitorous; i.e., to emphasize their backstabber nature, thus their inexorable connection with the goblins. To *reject* that connection, they must kill the goblins even more fiercely than the men or elves would, putting themselves in danger for those who view them as lesser to begin with. It's a return to good service from bad, a form of conversion therapy that kills the Jew by making him Christian through martyrdom (versus forced penance through ordinary conversion, in Shylock's case).

To it, Thorin is sicker/weaker from dragon sickness (rarefied cruelty and greed) than the men are. To prove his worth in their eyes, he must throw down the gate and die in battle a glorious death... by killing as many goblins as he can, then sacrificing himself and his bloodline in doing so! It's a suicide mission, one guided by revenge (which, I should add, the entire quest for the gold has been, but merely taken to its logical conclusion). He is simultaneously fallen and redeemed, but denied a home in this world despite the ultimate sacrifice. In short, he is always a victim, always an alien who is "too violent" to deserve a forever home. Instead, he's the hero for a second, but ultimately so Dale can re-establish a human foothold in the region and the dwarves return to buried irrelevance.



(artist: [Justin Gerard](#))

Tokenism, then, is a terror weapon, and not one that Tolkien was above using (guilt-free, no less, because it appeals to the "natural" order of things, in his eyes). Tokens are always without a home, always exiled with one foot in both worlds and trying to reject Hell to find their "rightful" place by their good master's side (e.g., Samus Aran and the Galactic Federation). Tolkien relies on tokenism through centrist dogma, and whose worlds will overcorrect with massive violence to maintain the status quo—by victimizing its token groups!

For Tolkien, the dwarves are something to trot out and destroy as needed, generally by comparing them *to* goblins (through the same big noses, divided by beards, which orcs and goblins don't canonically have). This trend hasn't lessened over time, with future adaptations leaning into said tropes to make Thorin increasingly tragic through them; e.g., Peter Jackson's Thorin, played by Richard Armitage, humanized in appearance but arguing to Smaug (an imaginary enemy) about Dwarvish lands and gold. He's "the Good Jew," arguing for state's rights dressed up as liberation, the meta tyrant Tolkien dressing the *slave* up in the language of rebellion, mid-tyrant's-plea. It's like Shakespeare, making a Jew to "better the instruction" of Christian revenge, but abjected in Tolkien's case, onto a Jewish avenger upholding a Christian ordering to the world: a perversion of the Golem of Prague and Jewish necromancy!

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elaborated on this theme, noting that "the Dwarves of course are quite obviously—couldn't you say that in many ways they remind you of the Jews?" ([source](#): Matthew Wills' "J. R. R. Tolkien's Jewish Dwarves," 2022).

It's the dialectic of the alien, hard at work for the state during the abjection process; i.e., Tolkien playing with blood libel to wage yet-another witch hunt chasing state rape and revenge called "goblin," fascism waiting to decay into itself (often in token forms; e.g., Gimli is a dwarvish cop) through a contemporary viewpoint: Lovecraft, on the other side of the pond, and his weird, pulpy notion of "horror in clay" (from "[Call of Cthulhu](#)," 1928); re: creating status-quo evils to represent the state's repressed colonialism/object juridical process (the state of exception) while its power center is rotting/falling apart. Such is Zombie-Vampire Capitalism, making whatever enemy the state needs out of darkness visible canonized.

Synchronistic of the bigoted American, then, the old Brit was a Nazi in spirit, if not in professed closeness to their core values. Simply put, he gave voice to such police dialogs, his own brand of courtly love a canonical monster-fucking approach killing countless orcs and goblins bourne from the ground; i.e., as endemic to his essentialized moral geography being canonically game-like. I can't really stress this enough, so here's me stressing it as much as I possibly can (from Volume Zero):

*To this, **Tolkien's refrain** [the High Fantasy treasure map, exhibit 1a1a1h2a1] has led to the endless essentializing of war as gentrified through the fantasy mode [e.g., [Rings of Power](#), 2023] but also its science fiction and horror parallels [which we'll unpack during the "camp map" *vis-à-vis* Cameron's refrain: the shooter, of course, but specifically the *Metroidvania*]. Tolkien's magnetic, "chaste" warmongering leaves out the psychosexual horrors of war or valorizes them through the slaughter of abjected foes²¹⁹,*

²¹⁹ Consider Tolkien's zero-sex policy versus Terry Goodkind's naked exhibiting of pedophilia, genital mutilation and rape. They might seem like polar opposites, but both constitute Joseph Conrad's bigoted fear-fascination with the colonized abomination, in *The Heart of Darkness* (1899): a white, cis-het fear-fascination with the past as restricted to the fringes of the empire, that—in neoliberal media, which brings the colonial revenge to the homefront—becomes "a spell to fall under" (re: Punter) and exorcise, generally through violence. Tolkien's colonial rape occurred with swords, leveled against metaphors for people "not of the West" he considered "Mongol-types" ([source](#): Tolkien Gateway) whose linguo-material presence would be entirely unwelcome in white areas (effectively gentrification in a real-world village/suburban setting).

Tolkien famously disliked allegory for his own stories (an appeal, then, to singular interpretations that ignored his writing's racist, thus colonial potential). But even when reduced to "pure fantasy" as he would have preferred, the terrestrial framework and its cartography and colonial model are all obviously there and being put into practice; i.e., world-building and its manmade languages levied for a suitably war-like purpose regardless if Tolkien openly denounced Hitler. In short, he was a centrist to the core, the old sage handing the young hobbit a blade and preaching loftily about morals, specifically of knowing when to kill and when not to—in short, "playing god" in the face of the object:

*requiring great effort from past writers like Ursula Le Guin to break away from Tolkien's ghost, thus his trees and pastoral village recruitment antics and moderately xenophobic [racist] war stories. As these are copied-and-pasted along the shared counterfeit, they operate like a formula whose canonical replication centers around the profit motive; in turn, this becomes historical-material—e.g., *D&D* and its endless official/homebrew campaigns and dungeons—but also the "warcraft"²²⁰ of the enterprising white, cis-het young men of an early '90s company, suitably titled Blizzard [whose sexist bullshit as a company we'll discuss much more in Volumes Two and Three]—built entirely around racial conflict [thus endless war and rape] as set into motion by Tolkien himself, whose own orcs are green-skinned, debatably anti-Semitic/cannibalistic savages whose name, "orc," is Old Norse [from Beowulf's *orcneās*²²¹] for "demon"; i.e., functional zombies in the state of exception that heroes invade to kill for the state through parallel legends weaving in and out of fiction and into real life: there and back again not once, but *ad infinitum*. If these "zombies" aren't orcs, then they're spiders²²² or some other stigma animal/vermin-type pest entity who must be crushed by the forces of good in personified forms; e.g., the Drow as "chaotic evil"*

Bilbo almost stopped breathing, and went stiff himself. He was desperate. He must get away, out of this horrible darkness, while he had any strength left. He must fight. He must stab the foul thing, put its eyes out, kill it. It meant to kill him. No, not a fair fight. He was invisible now. Gollum had no sword. Gollum had not actually threatened to kill him, or tried to yet. And he was miserable, alone, lost. A sudden understanding, a pity mixed with horror, welled up in Bilbo's heart: a glimpse of endless unmarked days without light or hope of betterment, hard stone, cold fish, sneaking and whispering. All these thoughts passed in a flash of a second. He trembled ([source](#)).

Except this mercy is arguably lacking in the face of those who are physically dangerous (according to white people); orcs, unlike Gollum, are given no quarter despite arguably having a bone to pick with their colonizers: "Show them no mercy for you shall receive none!" It's tone-policing backed by force—also known as "peace through strength."

²²⁰ *Warcraft: Orcs and Humans* (1994) would lead to the company's longest, and arguably most popular and widespread franchise, beating *Diablo* (1996) to the punch by two years and going on to establish the company as the successors to *Everquest* (1999) as the MMORPG to "kill": *World of Warcraft* (2004), a globalizing of the pursuit of capital across the Internet. These games successfully applied a tactical, melee-based, roleplay element to the FPS-/TPS-adjacent strategy game (exhibit 1a1a1h2a1), which took on a massive-multiplayer form built around warring team-based combat with one-or-more combatants on either side. And of course, all of this was heavily dimorphized within the heteronormative colonial binary.

²²¹ (from Britannica): "A different word *orc*, [alluding](#) to a [demon](#) or ogre, appears in Old English glosses of about AD 800 and in the [compound](#) word *orcneās* ('monsters') in the poem *Beowulf*. As with the Italian *orco* ('ogre') and the word *ogre* itself, it ultimately derives from the Latin *Orcus*, a god of the underworld. The Old English creatures were most likely the inspiration for the orcs that appear in [J.R.R. Tolkien's](#) *The Lord of the Rings*" ([source](#)).

²²² Tolkien's inconsistent fear of spiders stretches back to a childhood phobia of them, but he was annoyingly wishy-washy and non-committal to how he felt about them; i.e., talking through both sides of his mouth (a classic centrist maneuver) [[source](#): Tolkien Gateway].

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spider people [exhibit 41b] who threaten nature as afflicted with the same problematic idea of good vs evil as canonically Biblical [versus Milton's own accidental camping of these pastoral devices through Satanic war].

Simply put, Tolkien's hopelessly academic view of nature is whitewashed, High Fantasy copaganda—a British tree huggers' biased loving of the idealized pastoral/picturesque as threatened by outsiders ruining the scene: the map of empire as sacred. It's a colonizer's cartoonishly basic aesthetic that demonizes, thus alienates darkness but also death, decomposers and natural predators [stigma animals] as part of nature; i.e., as evil scapegoats tied to wicked, unnatural places, archaic wombs and dark magic—necromancers, but also their fortress lairs:

At first they had passed through hobbit-lands, a wide respectable country inhabited by decent folk, with good roads, an inn or two, and now and then a dwarf or a farmer ambling by on business. Then they came to lands where people spoke strangely, and sang songs Bilbo had never heard before. Now they had gone on far into the Lone-lands, where there were no people left, no inns, and the roads grew steadily worse. Not far ahead were dreary hills, rising higher and higher, dark with trees. On some of them were old castles with an evil look, as if they had been built by wicked people [emphasis: me]. Everything seemed gloomy, for the weather that day had taken a nasty turn [[source](#)].

These kinds of Gothic castles were clearly known to Tolkien, though he didn't focus on them. In The Hobbit, they're mentioned hardly at all [the word "castle" is used only once in the book]—sidestepped by Tolkien until it comes time to trot out Sauron [also known as the Necromancer] as the unironically Satanic threat to Tolkien's "new Eden": Britain by another name, as built by Tolkien's easily ludologized, High Fantasy scheme²²³.

²²³ Tolkien did not exist during videogames as they are commonly thought of (though technically he died in 1973, a year after *Pong* [1972] was released for American home entertainment by Atari's Allan Alcorn). Yet, Tolkien was also no stranger to playing games. Indeed, the entire "Riddles in the Dark" chapter from *The Hobbit* is pointedly a game, with a rather involved discussion surrounding luck, fairness and the following of rules:

He knew, of course, that the riddle-game was sacred and of immense antiquity, and even wicked creatures were afraid to cheat when they played at it. But he felt he could not trust this slimy thing to keep any promise at a pinch. Any excuse would do for him to slide out of it. And after all that last question had not been a genuine riddle according to the ancient laws ([source](#)).

In truth, Tolkien's refrain—the High Fantasy treasure map—would translate very well to tabletop games and videogames, but especially *The Lord of the Rings*, which despite its immense size compared to *The Hobbit* was actually far simpler in terms of its treatment of war and wealth

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The displacement of British industrialization and slavery is made clear by examining the real-world inspiration for Mordor and Tolkien's own experiences elsewhere: "the industrial Black Country of the English Midlands, and by his time fighting in the trenches of the Western Front in the First World War" [source: Wikipedia]. Of the former Midlands, Jonathan Wilkins writes, "He based the description of Mordor, home to the evil Lord Sauron, on the Black Country, a region of Birmingham which was heavily polluted by iron foundries, coal mines and steel mills due to the Industrial Revolution. The air in it was so thick with smog and dust it was difficult to breathe and may contribute to the way local people speak today – the infamous Brummie accent" [source: "Birmingham Sites that Inspired Tolkien," 2020]. Tolkien's love for home pastoralizes the colonial element by abjecting its theatrical "soot" onto a fictional elsewhere. Places like the Shire and Lothlórien were always green and good and totally "never did a genocide" to get where they are; by comparison, the orcs threatening their naturalized goodness are the colonizers who did all of the bad things. It's DARVO through British exceptionalism (source: "On Twin Trees").

The game *is* canonization; re: Tolkien took Milton's Paradise and drained it of its critical bite. "Evil," in his hands, doesn't critique the state by destabilizing and subverting it, but merely serves to maintain the status quo in perpetuity!

No matter how he might otherwise pretend, then, Tolkien's work is wedded to the Middle Ages and allegory *as* canonical; the Dark Lord *is* Tolkien and the



goblins *his* children precisely *because* he made dark war possible using them—i.e., in ways that long outlived Hitler's wildest dreams: sucking on the planet's blood, then blaming it on spiders, goblins and black knights! Oh, my!

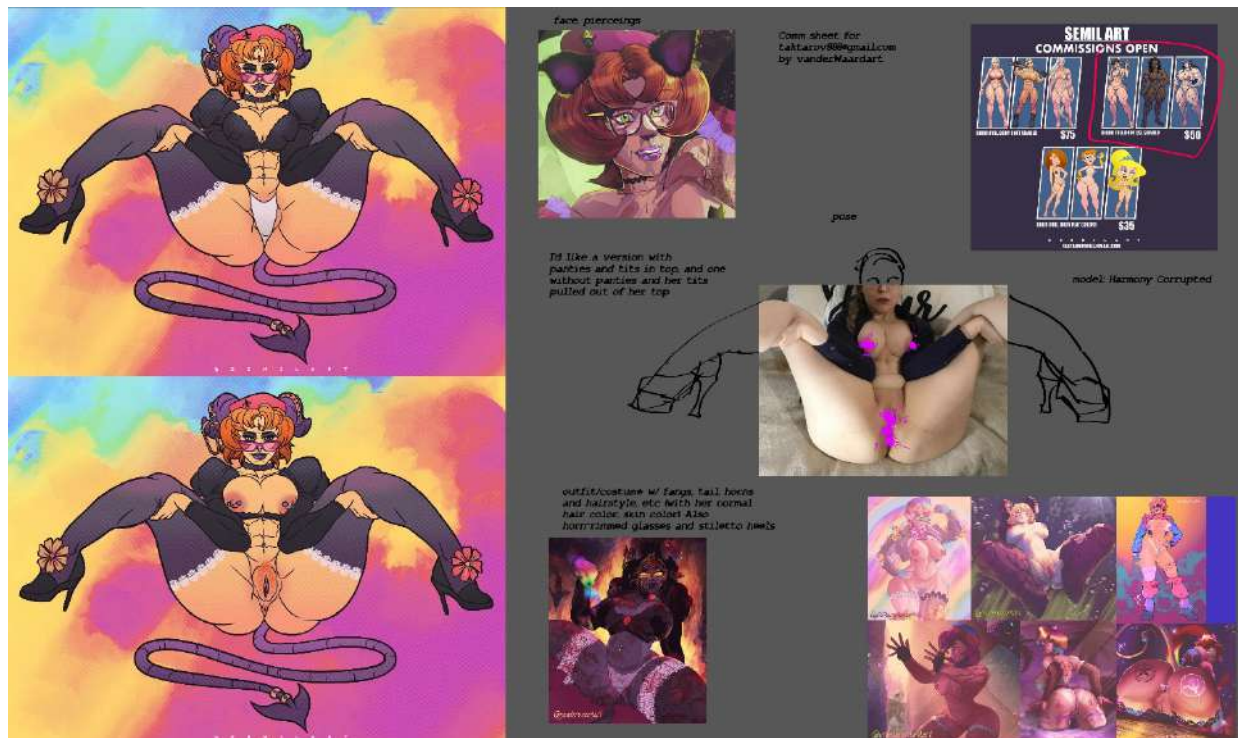
(artist: [John How Anger](#))

acquisition/generation. Everything was divided neatly into good and evil teams that—on the good side—*weren't* fighting amongst each other nearly as much as during *The Hobbit*. In his later novels, the world-war machine wasn't just suggested, but fully devised and given its own vast world to play out inside. And even with *The Hobbit*, Tolkien clearly understood the power of song and legends, writing his original story for children to acclimate them towards war and revenge dressed up in songs, fantasy and poems. It likewise had all the starts and stops of a radio serial, putting our heroes out of the frying pan and into the fire (similar to *Flash Gordon*, 1935) before pulling them out just in the nick of time (the Great Eagles being a shameless *deus ex machina* [and imperial emblem] that Tolkien would curiously refuse to use with *The Lord of the Rings* in order to prolong the story and its war for as long as possible).

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Not to sell Hilter's propaganda short, but Tolkien's *copaganda* stabilized and gentrified war against evil tied to nature, thus the world and its workers falling on the wrong side of the tracks. Whereas we can present evil as human and delicious, mid-liminal-expression²²⁴, Tolkien only uses the goblin to police (thus rape) others with. It is not played with to confirm the veracity of something under suspicion, but

²²⁴ The human condition works like a golem, as such: to make from clay or stone (orcs and goblins are not made from stone, but live below it, underground. So whereas Tolkien's trolls turn to literal stone, in sunlight, the goblins merely dislike it); i.e., as a creative process we can map and play out, together—invigilating a shared vision that means different things to different people (from the Undead Module):



(exhibit 37e1: Model: [Harmony Corrupted](#); artists: Lydia, [Persephone van der Waard](#) and [Jim32](#).)

Rebellion is quite literally a craft, one that involves dolls—or likenesses of people, which dolls essentially are—in some shape or form; e.g., action figures/athletes, but also sex dolls [or things akin to either expressed through sex work]. Whatever the exact type, dolls are homunculi; i.e., generally a smaller instance of a larger reference. More to the point, they take work to realize: planning and drafts, a model, and one or more artists working together to accomplish a shared vision's theatrical production. The main idea is mine, in this case, but it's still accomplished through teamwork that contributes to the primary demonstration of said idea and goal; i.e., universal worker liberation through iconoclastic art using Gothic media; re: illustrating mutual consent through informed labor exchanges that challenge Capitalist Realism.

To that, Revana is very much my character by design [...]. She's someone I can have stand in for myself, given that I cannot afford gender-affirming surgeries. Even so, she has been drawn by many different artists over the years. In this case, my usual paper doll approach became something to instruct others with; e.g., my friend, Lydia, illustrating [a Drow character I later completed on my own](#) and borrowed its wardrobe to dress Revana, Macbeth-style, in borrowed robes [above]. This isn't someone forced to wear clothes made to objectify her against her will [re: "[Borrowed Robes](#)"; she's an extension of me, and Lydia helped with that. So did Jim32 and Harmony. All the world's a stage and we, upon it, had and continue to have a part to play [[source](#): "Meeting Jadis; or, Playing with Dolls," 2024].)

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to enforce state rule through weak/strong and black/white binaries, per Capitalist Realism!

Furthermore, Tolkien took this problematic upbringing and turned it into a warrior's place for bad BDSM, which sure enough, sits alongside healthier forms using the same aesthetic; re: (from Volume One):

In short, Tolkien relied on the vampire legend—but also Gothic castles, BDSM language and harmful arrangements of unequal power (rings and collars)—to dominate nature and those within it. Written in defense of a divided nature in good and evil animal forms, Tolkien's war stories view the vampire a kind of parasite praying upon the conspicuously vulnerable inside Cartesian dialogs; i.e., both in raw animal terms with Shelob the spider as part of "evil nature," but also magical leeches like Sauron, whose ghastly projections have become wholly divorced from "good nature" inside dark, undead fortresses that harvest all good, living things from the land (whitewashing Britain's analogs in the process). Anything else is functionally "dead" (sanctioned for state execution) by virtue of collective punishment. In doing so, Tolkien abjects death as a vital function of nature, but also fascism as a vital function of Capitalism in relation to nature as preyed upon by those behind his undead/animalistic scapegoats: the West. [...]

Tolkien wasn't just allergic to allegory and sex; he policed them greatly in service of empire. His evils are simplistic, unironically dated and vague, and he has a stubborn clumsiness when applying them to his worlds that suggests a very closed-minded way of thinking about his world *and* ours in BDSM terms. It's certainly no secret that Tolkien eventually decided to place the lion's share of the blame on people more so than material conditions or Capitalism and nation-states. He also makes the Ring and then melts it, trying to suggest that everything is somehow "solved"—that "Isildur's Bane" is somehow to blame for the waning strength of men in the face of rarefied greed; i.e., the dragon sickness of the gold from *The Hobbit* having been turned into a simple dissociative trinket that weighs on "all men" to the same degree. He seems to understand how rings function as poetic devices while paradoxically lending them a bit too much credence; vertical power *is* a tremendously corrupting force, but you don't have to essentialize it, nor reduce it to a shapeless *male* darkness that employs throwaway female demons and does away with overt BDSM language and, yes, ironic rape fantasies:



(artist: [Owusyr Art](#))

BDSM isn't just where power is located/stored (e.g., inside the One Ring or Sauron's tower), but instructions for its use within assigned positions, including rape fantasies as a set of instructions given to the dom by the sub issuing various paradoxical commands: the civilized "princess" and the barbaric "invader" as roles to play with in animalistic ways (e.g., the "breeding"/captive fantasy) that expose and interrogate power as a device of negotiation towards better working conditions and healing from the deep traumas that emerge from settler-colonial violence and heteronormative enforcement. Material conditions play an important role in historical materialism, but power is largely about perception, which cannot simply be destroyed; it must change within society. The catharsis offered by iconoclastic roleplay grants appreciative irony amid Gothic counterculture as surviving under Capitalism. These forms of roleplay aren't just completely alien to Tolkien, but policed and denied through his own incessant prescription of orcish demon lovers (and Dark Lords); i.e. bad BDSM as a harmful arrangement of power that introduces praxial inertia into the equation. While power can't be destroyed as we just said, it *can* become unthinkable according to ways that challenge the usual runs of the mill. Tolkien and Radcliffe have that very much in common, making anything outside of their worldview as shapeless, dark and unthinkable: the incessant, utterly British fear of the outside felt within their own borders, castles, heroes, etc, as hopelessly forged and ever-present.

[...] Tolkien's origin myths were entirely unoriginal, exhibiting a very narrow, profoundly inadequate idea of what BDSM even was: officers and batmen; i.e., a British officer and his dutiful servant, exemplified by Tolkien's Samwise the Brave helping his fairly clueless master time and time again out of a bind. It *is* BDSM, but echoes the British castle of the Imperial Core as something to carry out into the battlefield while enduring Tolkien's (fairly vanilla) rape fantasies and childish dreams of captivity with which to (dis)empower the sub as male; e.g., Frodo being whipped and beaten in the orc slaver's tower (the torture dungeons in Mordor conspicuously full of the *British* tools of torture used by the colonized reimagined; i.e., during the myth of a dark, savage continent populated by evil, violent "children"). By displacing these tools off onto a dark "other" world beyond the land of plenty and light, Tolkien is scrubbing his own and blaming the colonized in the same breath). As a male benefactor of British colonialism, he fixates on faraway war as the exclusive site of power abuse exacted upon white men, ranking their abuse above everyone else (women, genderqueer people and ethnic minorities) and everywhere else (military urbanism). For him, these other things simply don't exist; abject *copies* of them do, but their sexuality is largely abandoned inside a chaste, gentlemanly medieval that forces them to address trauma as men were (and are) commonly taught: through lethal



force with killing weapons designed purely for harm against state enemies ([source](#): "Concerning Rings").

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

In turn, we Galatea reverse abjection through our own whorish, xenophilic scapegoat language and ironic rape fantasies (acting out Owusyr's script in our heads, but not to prey on others); i.e., shapeless darkness *given* shape (cocks or otherwise) and healing *from* rape by using clay-like things, monster-fucking theatre, and blood libel's black-magic poetics (with "black" marking slaves per the settler argument; e.g., genitals²²⁵, left): on our Aegis's danger disco, camping the same

infernal concentric territories by occupying and subverting them, then awakening and mobilizing ourselves through the paradoxical reclamation of state-demonized forms taken knowingly *into* ourselves (above).

The path to universal liberation starts by building trust through social-sexual exchanges that most will prescribe to, in some shape or form. This means monster sex pointing to state alienation and worker liberation through the same pathways! You are what you eat, then, and in medieval language, eating and fucking is a fine line! So is normal/abnormal, per the abjection process and those straddling it; re: "black" = "alien" as something to reunite with workers *when* fucking the alien; i.e., as a matter of psychosexual ritual. Tolkien's stories *are* ritual, and only serve to *whitewash* genocide and prolong its historical materialism through bourgeois praxis; ours do not—seeking to overcome systemic, generational harm by shrinking any desire to divide and colonize nature (synthesized by those who have differing degrees of privilege and oppression; e.g., white women and black men understanding each other's rape, not ranking it; i.e., both experience pain that is, to some degree, alien to the other side, and found through a special-and-constant middle ground: imagination).

I want to unpack some of these ideas, next; i.e., encroaching upon uncomfortable territories that Tolkien could only penetrate and purge, with Pagan cremation, and which we divinate through acid Communism (towards the end of the section). Then we'll consider doing it ourselves, *minus* the bigotry and genocide!

²²⁵ With "normal" white genitals being monstrous/different than the rest of the body they attach to; i.e., normal dicks being darker than the rest of the body and vaginas having multiple mouths like the xenomorph (the labia major and minor). They also flush with color during sexual desire (from filling with blood, be the genitals male, female or intersex).

Trouble in Paradise: Fantasizing about Black Monster Dick (feat. acid Communism)

Black dick is forbidden. Iconoclastic monster-fucking doubles state dogma through forbidden love as a postcolonial device reclaiming terror language; i.e., black dicks (and other genitals, bodies) attached to various *taboos*; e.g., rape, cannibalism, and "sodomy" normally synonymized *with us*, and which we camp through sex—especially monstrous, interracial sex during blood libel and other persecutory language—as the most regulated device there is (often through a neo-medieval proximity with penetration, medieval acumen²²⁶ and interracial threats of "torture" [through terror language subverted with porn, but also censored bodily functions like salivation, consumption and digestion, flatulence, menstruation, defecation, regurgitation or male/female ejaculation²²⁷, sexual responses, crying and *memento mori* gore dissecting the human condition through closely monitored, physiological responses bearing a strong social element, mid-abjection).

Our focus is white-on-black sex, including white bodies fantasizing about black dick but also ourselves designated as "black" *regardless* of appearance (which expands to green, purple, or any non-white, thus non-human color of stigma; ergo, "black dick" = "green dick"). This includes Tolkien, black monster dick living rent-free in *his* forever-schoolboy brain. Indeed, Tolkien *loves* the black dick, *needs* it for



his world to function through his weapons; i.e., so black and big and/or naughty it's illegal, and policed by state forms; re: Beater and Biter for fucking goblins, which they subvert, David-Bowie-style! We stewards of nature fight for nature as normally raped by Tolkien—people, but also their pets, the environment, everything. Do it, if not for us, then for kitty! All life is precious, both we human goblins and our non-human counterparts; e.g., my cat, the laundry gremlin:

But if you do it for you, remember that rebellion and struggle, however grave, should be fun because there is no afterlife, only this one; i.e., fucking not just to metal, but any fun music when walking away from Omelas while inside it/the

²²⁶ Fixated since Antiquity on sex/food and relative bodily functions, war-making and religion/funerary rites; but also classically-male contests of peeing or spitting the farthest—belching or farting the loudest, eating or shitting(?) the most, fucking the longest, etc—during battles of the sexes/the topos of the power of women extending into GNC spheres.

²²⁷ And the stigmatized, four-letter versions of such words, predating the popularizing of their longer French equivalents, post-Black-Death, and surviving into the present; e.g., chew, fuck, spit, shit, puke, etc. Monsters operate through a similar shorthand, but also critical lens of coded behaviors.

infernal concentric pattern; e.g., Shin Hae Chul's "[To You](#)" (1991): "We're doing it, babe! We're doing *Communism!*" Cue the gay rainbows, cheesy music, and multicolor creampies (the joy of *cryptomimesis*)! The brave *do* live forever!



(artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Black rainbows,
darkness visible—rebellion
relies on emotional
appeals and propaganda
to work! Furthermore,
never trust a philistine
because liberation needs
paradox; survival is

victory and that victory starts with making life something to live for/celebrate *in the moment*, mid-incarceration (the fag always starts in the closet, even if that closet is society caging someone who's out)!

So while capital routinely puts a price on the things it steals from, there's value in all forms of labor in ways they can't monopolize; i.e., regarding counterterror reclaimed from state fanaticism/double agents through our own curious deceptions. Spectres of Marx, our disco-in-disguise/postpunk often hides in plain sight. Any exchange gives and takes, the usual monopolies threatened by their own daily operations' cryptonymy mingling with ours, each going hard to upend the other's attempts. The point isn't "final victory" in our lifetimes (which Tolkien pushed for), but freedom through said expression; re: the freeness of our minds²²⁸ guiding our actions, however seemingly futile they are, towards a better

²²⁸ Gothic Communism occurs through holistic study regarding a system designed to conceal itself, mid-exchange. The dialectic is as much of shelter as the alien, the prison a game of theft and disguise, of choice shrouded in illusion (the illusion of choice enacted under deeply unnatural conditions) and shadowed by force; i.e., the holocaust/death lottery/prisoner's dilemma *only* ends when *all* prisoners see each other as human; re: by taking the red pill to break Capitalist Realism, *not* Communism.

Workers, then, always have the power to riot/strike, leveraging capital using the very things the owner class tries to cage and abuse labor with while acting like its friends; i.e., with bald-faced lies as much as not; e.g., the Nazis and the Warsaw ghetto, but also American liberalism in all its forms; re: Tolkien's anti-Semitic heroism. Capital is a settler colony disguised as a game, then—one *using* disguise to defend the state vs workers and the planet, versus workers defending ourselves, guerrilla-style, in *its* crosshairs (for more on this exact topic, see: "[The World Is a Vampire](#)").

Suppression happens by thinking we can play along to survive what is otherwise "forgone" (according to state arbiters). By having slave revolts chattelize, pacify or otherwise divide and conquer their own (fascism is false rebellion), voting is the illusion of choice (and can be manipulated by scarcity and force); to survive and liberate ourselves, we must fight back, making the cost too dear to continue. To do this, we require informed and intersectionally solidarized action, moving power actively towards workers during labor exchange. Anyone who stymies that is a traitor colonizing the

viewing of things; i.e., those things treated like goblins as Tolkien does, emasculating the "black" side of nature (cocks or otherwise) to stall praxial catharsis through *Beowulf*-grade inertia!

Sex *is* expected by capital, but demonized as a common labor form (of terror) that exchanges between functionally white and black workers. By dancing with the ghost of the counterfeit and—just as often, embodying it through demonic self-expression becoming an informed, educated choice versus a desperate last stand—we make ourselves less afraid and more informed, hence prone to making friends with the other demonized groups' Venn Diagram of persecution networks; i.e., onstage and off, goblins befriending elves to punch up, and real-life consumers identifying with that principle of disparate unity in ways Tolkien always avoided! He's a monarchist who hates rabble-rousers. For him, then, the only good orc is a

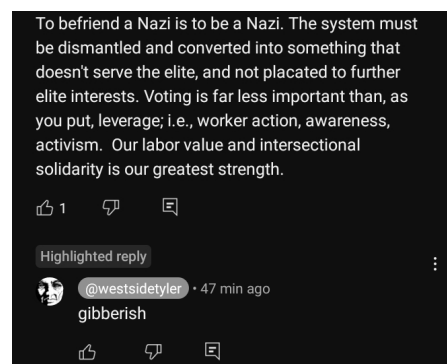


dead orc (re: [Rearick](#))—the always-scapegoat in the same-old Omelas refrain; i.e., they "can't" be sexy and must always be killed (or replaced with something else that serves the same role; e.g., the Drow).

(artist: [Danny-Green](#))

Nothing scares the elite more than intersectional solidarity, which Tolkien's ilk behind the curtain try to monopolize through Platonic, shadowy echoes of *Beowulf* and *Pygmalion*-grade tokenization; i.e., triangulating token fears through rape,

homefront, doing so with fascism and the democratic process weaponized against class-, culture- and race-conscious parties (re: Westside Tyler blaming* non-voters, below).



([screenshot source](#): the YouTube comments for Westside Tyler's "Supporting Movements Like Uncommitted WILL FAIL EVERY TIME," 2024)

*I critique his arguments, in a response video (Persephone van der Waard's "[@westsidetyler Is a White Moderate \(a Nazi Apologist\)](#)," 2024). Few things are as cowardly as a white cis-het man, who at the first sign of trouble, falls back on privilege to punch down against the oppressed—just like Tolkien! Their hearts are hardened, and they resign themselves to capital-as-is.

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engendering monomyth assimilation/divide-and-conquer copaganda pitting the middle class against the underclass and its armies of state-described "chaotic evil"; re: on the Black Veil, a dark leader and their fantastic generals (e.g., *He-Man* or *Myth: the Fallen Lords*) commanding the orcs and goblins that make up a garden-variety horde (versus the undead, chaos demons, or some other evil race). Kill an orc or a witch, get Rosie Cotton for a tradwife (the conservative promise of sex); kill a *general* whore, get a *castle* and a *princess* to defend *from* future black-dick revenge (the prince also tempted with black pussy on the same Aegis):



(artist: [Ted Nasmit](#))

Handing out rewards *is* the pimp's job, which Tolkien does through obligation, not enjoyment (e.g., Arwen but also Eowyn, left). "Paradise" equals standard-issue fascism-defending-capital; upselling labor's various "power targets," Tolkien's bad "demon BDSM" happens during orcs-and-goblins blood libel sexualizing state revenge in all the usual Neo-Gothic forms of abject courtly

love: storming castles-in-the-flesh, sans irony during the usual *mise-en-abyme's* Ozymandian inspiration (the Promethean visitation of power). Faramir doesn't get the blonde baddie without facing down an army of orcs (and she doesn't get *him* without dueling the witch-king of Angmar). Prostitution is prostitution, which marriage legalizes through state force exercised against state enemies—Tolkien's vampirism at work, feeding on orcs and goblins to enrich Whitey.

Context obviously matters, here, and there's nothing intrinsically wrong with playing god, invoking Numinous "inkblots," or regressing to kayfabe-style, bread-and-circus hauntologies whose medieval language and emotional turmoil express various forms of inequality and trauma through poetic (make-believe) hyphenations of sex and force (e.g., sensations of rape or divisions of power/dueling emotions, mid-psychomachy). Per Sarkeesian, I can even enjoy Tolkien's worlds, while refusing to endorse their bigoted elements. Indeed, as a medievalist, myself, my dialectical-material scrutiny rescues the Gothic from Tolkien's abject views (and tokenized fans), the latter reifying and policing the alien through fatal nostalgia/false claims of sovereignty. This includes orcs and goblins of my own design (more on *that* in a bit, exhibit 44a1b1a), but also recognizing through dialectical-material scrutiny those made by other workers, too (next page). Orcs



and goblins are sexy as a matter of dialectical-material context; i.e., because genuine rebellion and subversive monsters are sexy! They were only ugly in Tolkien's world because his worldviews demanded they be! "Who's the savage, modern man!"

(art: [Amber Harris](#))

Tolkien's media is already colonized, and ACAB/ASAB. For Tolkien and those like him valorizing cops and the state, there's always an in-group and an out-group to the calculated risk, thus a cop and a victim, a defender and an alien invader endemic to home needing its routine whitewash/genocide; i.e., a correct party and an incorrect party pursuant to the usual state mechanisms tokenizing Judas sell-outs. Funny how the incorrect side is literally most of the planet, highlighting capital raping the world by design. They act like they own it, monopolizing and raping it accordingly by unironically fucking monsters—all to decide who loves and who dies inside an inherently unequal and cruel system, one favoring white straight Christian men, who enjoy rules meant to favor them and punish others (through various double standards and preferential mistreatment).

Tolkien privatized nature by pimping orcs and goblins. To privatize nature, then, is to rape it as cheaply as possible; that's all the state does, and its servants enforce that dominance through intolerance with impunity dressed up as liberal democracy and freedom. It's a rigged game, the illusion of choice; cops don't prevent rape, but legitimize it against those the system codes as bad, goblins or otherwise—i.e. in a hierarchy of values linked to physical attributes/accident of birth upholding the status quo; re: in accordance with the state's monopolies/trifectas and the qualities of capital, whose "sickness" of greed Tolkien abjects onto dragons, but also goblins and dwarves as ultimately "more greedy" than *good* men, hence more deserving to *die* by the latter's grimy hands. Rape does not preclude death; it engenders it, disempowering state victims *to* harm them for profit.

Such is Capitalism, which Tolkien's stories illustrate in small: "Kill the pig! Spill its blood!" In the centrist refrain, there are no moral actions, only moral teams; capital, Tolkien demonstrates, assigns portions of the world to die, *en masse*—piled and burned in Viking-esque romances, yet also used by the West as a weapon of terror and means of disposing the useless, *dishonorable* dead²²⁹ (as the

²²⁹ "Cremation is reserved for baddies," Knitting&Death describes. "The Riders of Rohan bury their own dead with honour, but burn orcs as they would dead animals." Knitting also acknowledges Tolkien's double standard, going on to add,

Nazis did, in their death camps): burn them *before* they defile good nature with their black dicks.

prevent the spread of disease, cremation was considered a rejection of the possibility of resurrection. Nowadays, although cremation is permitted, scattering ashes is forbidden; the Vatican [reasons](#) that "reservation of the ashes of the departed in a sacred place [such as a cemetery or church] ensures that they are not excluded from prayers and remembrance." That the Riders of Rohan not only burn dead orcs but also scatter their ashes ensures that they will not rise again and that they will also be forgotten the latter providing particular contrast to the mounds where dead Riders are inhumed and that are meant to last forever ([source](#): "What Happened to the War Dead of Middle Earth?" 2022).



Gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss; the mass graves and cremation are a hate crime against those Tolkien coded as racially and religiously inferior to his own warrior supermen (the cowboys of an imaginary frontier). Orcs and goblins aren't just waste, then, but literal fuel for the British war machine (whitewashing its own fascism and ethnocentrism/canonical essentialism through intensely regressive hauntological war games). It's genocide, glorifying bigotry to serve Imperialism (and hopelessly in love with a once-great Britain afraid, all the same, of endless black cocks).

Gothic without the Middle Ages, Tolkien Christianized Pagan cultures (which the Vikings were) and married them to Germanized Untermensch-vs-Übermensch monomyth shenanigans; i.e., the Rohirrim superior to the Gondordians, but both superior to the "lesser" races. "We will burn like the kings of old." It becomes his little paradise to protect from outsiders by his surviving fans, but in ways no way, shape or form divorced from the real world; i.e., through overt themes of ethnic cleansing that *cover up* allegory through monomythic violence and crusader-grade monster sex: sodomy by flame, desecrating the orc and goblin as animal, but also living dead (to fertilize poppies).



Rape is rape, genocide is genocide, and Tolkien goes all out (name me something more fetishized than his stupid swords). He's a coward, because fascism fears the entire world; i.e., as already haunted by past crimes of empire—and like Hitler and the Reich—uses moral panic of so-called Black Revenge to power his own arguments of expansion and home defense. Through preemptive first strikes committed by an entire hero culture, worldview and language family bastardized by the colonizer against the oppressed, Tolkien wants you to *feel* like rebels while fighting *for* old, brutal systems that refuse to change—the might-makes-right return of a pre-ordained, kingdom-style rulership that always decays into "dark" (fascist) versions of itself. Except there's no Ring (tyrant hot potato) to destroy! Only patrilineal descent remains, the war criminal hiding behind cartoon dictators and Divine Right—forever doomed and in love with itself—punching death as the world spirals towards state shift. It's a sham, a simulation of war playing out for efficient profit.

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In his darkest dreams, then, Tolkien is the open rapist he projects so nakedly onto others—the banal spectre of Christopher Columbus or Cromwell conducting genocide inside the Imperial Core and on its frontiers/satellites. Sublimating unironic monster sex—namely that of nature-as-whore through monomythic language—black rape and racialized territorial conflict are endemic to Tolkien's worlds, armies and offshoots (re: *D&D* and pretty much every RPG in existence), making them excellent models for capital and its ideologies literally "at play": a white-moderate, "woe is me" genocide fantasy—one populated with bastardized lore and languages (literal palingenesis, *another* fascist trick)—and based on slumming and tokenism, the world is always something to farm, thus harm²³⁰.

This is what I meant when I said Tolkien gentrified war. For him, nature is a virgin/whore to divide along the same cartographic lines; i.e., abusing the usual terror language/medieval courtship of slaying dragons (and/or orcs and goblins); i.e., in psychosexual language to sodomize the Earth and pin said crimes onto others (re: "good" nature corrupted by "bad" nature). For him—and I really can't stress this enough—the only good goblin whore is a *dead* goblin whore. In turn, his medieval shorthand outlines capital-as-hyperobject; i.e., the planet as "giant white ass" for Tolkien's good guys to save from "giant black dick," but also—per the usual hypocrisies love-hating anything monstrous-feminine regardless of gender or sex, race or religion—Tolkien threatens with grim harvest; re: monster-fucking as a doomsday scenario to gaslight, gatekeep girlboss workers like Eowyn until they "sign up" (a neo-conservative precursor to Ellen Ripley and similar Amazons, out of Ancient Athens and into the present):



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Except Hell—along with the demonic, monster-fucking opera of sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, and of monstrous-feminine heavy-metal poetry (thus rape and revenge fantasies during ludo-Gothic BDSM and *its* palliative-Numinous paradoxes)—is *our* domain to patrol, which the state can only try *their* damndest to monopolize, commodify and colonize. Often, this happens by pitting different marginalized "outsider" groups against themselves; re: tokenization; e.g., white women versus orcs, but also goblins versus dwarves (comparable to Arabs vs Jews). In turn, divide and conquer includes the medieval idiocy of marshaling

²³⁰ E.g., My twin brother "quad-kiting" of the four dwarven guards outside Kaladim on EQ's (1999) Sullon Zek PvP server. For context, the game wasn't built for PvP, and the evil side—in keeping with Tolkien's moral territories—had all the continents with "phat loot." My brother played a druid, which were "OP" because they could "kite" red mobs (anything ten levels higher than you) with speed buffs and "DoTs" (damage-over-time), but also teleport; i.e., letting him corner the market farming Karg Icebear's cloaks (emergent value through unintended play of an aging game), then sell them to evil-aligned players on the in-game black market (who never killed him because he was their inside man).

armies to fight for kings to begin with. That's what Tolkien's refrain entails, its tokenism a trademark strategy the Allies (and Western powers after the war) use to rape the *Global South* to this day!

"Dwarves Are Not Heroes," [writes Rebecca Brackmann in 2010](#)²³¹; they're Jewish stereotypes that, in hauntological forms, apply to any foe the state could hope or want to tokenize/rape. The same goes for orcs and goblins. Liberation and exploitation exist on the same stages, wherein *we* kill *our* darlings to escape the disastrous ways of thinking Tolkien canonized; i.e., his refrain orbiting around wealth acquisition through monomythic conquest, requiring anti-Semitic tropes (of theft and bad service, but also black rape) to work; re: as scapegoats of capital, these unworthy dwarf lords instigating larger conflicts by stealing the dragon's gold out of revenge. Our responses occupy the same pornographic visual ambiguities, which ludo-Gothic BDSM and monster-fucking parse through dialectical-material scrutiny when playing with/as goblins (or any race you could possibly want)!

As my older books have already explored (re: block quotes), Tolkien's BDSM is a ludic power fantasy used at other people's expense, and generally in service to state bodies per Goldilocks Imperialism (re: "settler colonialism with more steps"²³²). Our ludo-Gothic power fantasies (which again, BDSM largely is) must camp those; i.e., taking the diminutive, abject yet sexually descriptive (shortstack) goblins and other demons of the underground back from old dorks like Tolkien canonizing *BDSM*. His bad data instructs harmful activities through police dogma; i.e., a fatal nostalgia fetishizing greed attached to racialized bugbears categorized, once again, as bad servants with black rapacious intentions (these "backstabbing Jews" only loyal to wicked masters/dark lords, stabbing their good masters in the back [often over money] or raping them from any direction). It's a fantasy *about* black dicks being used to cuckold state power—making the powerful (and their servants, the middle class) only tighten their hold on said cocks! For Tolkien—and indeed the entire Western world—"backstabbing" equals "rape" as something to spread through rumor and canard (whose anti-Semitism became less about Jews, over time, and more about multi-ethnic racism and queerness); re: through the state's white revenge against black dick (and other genitals, not shown here).



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

By comparison, the *whore's* revenge is to fuck whoever *she* wants, subverting those lies and, by extension, the entire *bête noire* (re: nature as gyn/ecological and monstrous-

²³¹ "'Dwarves Are Not Heroes': Antisemitism and the Dwarves in J.R.R. Tolkien's Writing."

²³² I.e., the state lionizing itself through "valor animals" attacking and eating but also exterminating stigma animals: those which the goblin attaches to, namely the rat and other vermin, the state treating itself (and its proponents) as "superior" to nature's essentialized backstabbers.

feminine, including black men). In doing so, she evokes a common fear of capital (white women fucking black men) that—while it historically evokes parental reactionary violence (re: [the Wilmington massacre](#))—can counteract systemic intolerance/extortion while stymieing profit behind revolutionary cryptonymy's usual buffers (and going beyond white cis women, to be clear). It's *still* a rape fantasy thanks to dialectical-material offers, but one being consciously subverted by the actors involved; i.e., canonical interracial exchanges (which Tolkien's orcs and goblins present as an unironic nightmare scenario) versus iconoclastic interracial porn. The latter isn't merely forbidden, by Tolkien; it's anathema—literally beyond his willingness to imagine! He was incapable of fucking at all, in his stories, let alone monster-fuck (which extended to non-sexual scenarios²³³, below)!



(artist: [Amber Harris](#))

Interracial sex *is* seditious outside state control, and even then it's still a controlled substance; i.e., one chattelizing nature not just as alien whores, but *vermin* to exterminate on a ladder of preferential mistreatment. Whatever

dalliances that occur through us pointedly offend intolerance, including the ladder of privilege and deserving-to-undeserving violence capital assigns its victims (a task that Tolkien excels at). On its rungs, even the lowliest imp serves a purpose: to be raped with irony or without. Rebellion is when the trash fucks back; our non-white elements and fantasies (about black dick and other traditional forms of rape borrowed from canonical language) rail against capital's rigged, dare-I-say *Faustian*, bargains with Tolkien! We recode his rules to spite him, changing the outcomes when playing with such toys; i.e., by preventing holocaust and reversing abjection/the colonial binary's terrorist/counterterrorist flow of power!

Our combinations corrupt the data to cryptonymically expand the mind, our "goblins" love for gold (and big black dick/pussy—Medusa having either or both, above) a universal theatre device; i.e., whose camp diverts not just *Tolkien's* unironic rape scenarios, but also the kinds of unchecked mammon known to the First and Second Gilded Ages (the same idea goes for orcs and hand-to-hand combat, but also their naturalized sexual aggression). By regressing to a half-real

²³³ Which often leads *to* sex, to be fair. Except Tolkien's stories end after the war is won and the warriors wed. He couldn't be arsed to write *about* the sex that happens, save as neo-colonial revenge against black nature; i.e., while being manly with other men (a very ancient, homosexual approach to queerness—one that hyphenates sex with harmful violence).

imaginary space-time where such things were *formerly* allowed—and once-entered again through goblin-type forays beyond Tolkien—we can "swashbuckle" not just with terror and violence during the cryptonymy process, but things controlled *through* violence; e.g., money and drug use (or drug-like things, which monsters are), which workers safely play with *during* monster-fucking: to interrogate state arrangements and negotiate towards worker-friendly versions/mutual exchange!

For every theatrical double, there is *always* an earthly equivalent being treated the same; if we can subvert that at the root of the problem—changing how one side views and treats the other per exchange—we can synthesize good praxis on a wider scale; i.e., as a countercultural movement that celebrates white-on-black love over space and time (of any configuration you could imagine, not just cis-het white girls and black men; e.g., goblins and orcs among themselves, demons and maidens crossing the isle/red line, and so on). Thanks to actual or imagined abuse during criminogenic conditions, many white women *are* afraid of black men/non-white people (and other minorities treated as "non-white," per the settler argument); and vice versa, those groups fear white women for having power over them.



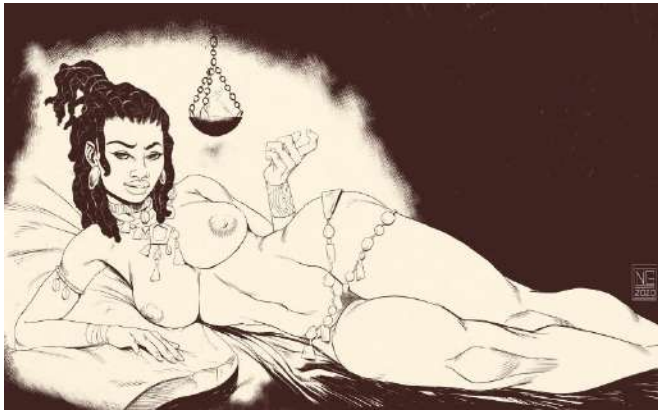
That's the whole point of monster-fucking and ironic fetishization—to camp canon by facing these fears and exposing their ridiculous, alienating qualities alongside uneven socio-material conditions that need to change. The dick shouldn't scare us; the state's ability to divide us using it should! "Let Jesus, fuck you!"

(artist: [Just Some Noob](#))

So long as we fear ourselves, the state can divide and destroy us any way it likes. And while opposites often attract, revolution always happens in opposition to state proponents; it

likewise needs solidarity—however chimeric—or state power will sever rebellious factions from themselves while fostering non-rebellious ones, then pimp nature as

monstrous-feminine whore (afraid of giant black cock during the whore's paradox; e.g., the nun trapped between salvation and sin, above) all over again!



(artist: [NGArt7](#))

To combat or enable rape, the Gothic works through blood libel, but also cannibalism, adultery and suicide (all cardinal sins); i.e., as equally taboo fears, during the abjection process; e.g., gut reactions, impulsiveness, affairs of the heart, burning passions and chilling fears, etc. The iconoclastic idea is to excite these to control and understand them through playing at dogma to reverse abjection; i.e., camping the canon, thereby emulating persecution to liberate ourselves from fear (through our bodies) as a state weapon. Instead, it can become ours, going where power is to *subvert* bigoted stereotypes with; i.e., at any point in which relationships unfold (with black women being treated as more sexually aggressive and experienced/seductive than white women²³⁴ but also fetishized differently than them, for example—a quality that extends not just to orcs and goblins, but exotic queens of an imaginary past, above):



(artist: [Just Some Noob](#))

So while exploitation and liberation exist in the same space, the process of abjection (us-versus-them) must be occupied by workers who consciously subvert its materials to *reverse* harmful boundaries; i.e., generally in alien nostalgic language regarding sex and force. The idea is to *cross* state boundaries to go *into* alien spheres, then rehumanize demonized peoples *with* demonic language

²³⁴ While these qualities *are* heavily mythologized, there remains a kernel of truth to them; i.e., white women are infantilized by their husbands, and black women forced into single motherhood. Both sides experience criminogenic conditions, but those conditions remain idiosyncratic and unequal on purpose (to better divide and demonize labor with).

(dicks or otherwise). Such synthesis remains uneven, of course, and concerns relative privilege and oppression, mid-courtship.

All the same, Gothic Communism hugs Medusa through fantasy to find similarity amid difference, among the winding threads; i.e., in ways that push towards universal liberation inside capital. Medusa is classically "rape-proof," then, teaching others *not* to harm her (thus themselves) through psychosexual martyrdom facing state condemnation colonizing its own populations *with* its own populations. We must fuck back, using state terror weapons during liminal expression as, often enough, pornographic (e.g., sodomy and interracial sex, below):



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Such resistance is always violent, to some extent; i.e., like goblins and their own mini-demon counterterror shenanigans, capital cannot be defeated by exclusively conventional means, but through gradual transition away from itself and towards a post-scarcity world; re: using violence during mirror syndrome, our cryptonymy matching Tolkien's, measure for measure. Gothic Communism *is* holistic, in that respect, but prides itself in subverting the state's usual monomythic propaganda (re: Beowulf and the masculine lethal force enjoyed by Tolkien's mostly-male, non-teenage heroes cutting orcs and goblins, but also hags, whores and evil women, to bits through *their* version of courtly love); i.e., from any direction, front or

back (above), turned anisotropically on its head—monsters but also coveted resources, like sex and drugs. Again, the Gothic values violating pre-conceived boundaries (that further abjection) to generate new ones in similar stories, often centered around monster fucking as "violent." This includes camping stories like Tolkien's, giving us tremendous latitude.

Under capital and its qualities, "black" is always abject—is something to view and treat differently than "white"; Tolkien's stories—of world war and token-yet-racial police violence—imply a black planet raped away *from* white purity *by* vengeful dark forces. By equating holistic slave liberation (re: Jews and whores, white women and black men) with total destruction of the Capitalocene (state shift), it has an almost drug-like berserker rage to it (of blind faith, if not drugs, given Tolkien's Christianizing of the Viking lifestyle): be a man and kill the orc, or the orc will kill you and your whole family before burning your home to the ground!

Among these rape-fantasy qualities, then, there's a drugged element to explore when camping Tolkien.

United we stand, divided we fall; assimilation is poor stewardship of the natural world (which many Indigenous groups did, out of desperation). In turn, praxial synthesis happens through the intersectional solidarity of class, culture and race *avoiding* normativity and assimilation; e.g., Afronormativity, Hoteps and separatism; i.e., by working not just with what we know, but what we *imagine* tied to what we've *lost* and try to regain through the rememory process as—sure enough—tied to drug therapy, sex, and artwork often going hand-in-hand:



(artist: [NGArt7](#))

This brings us to acid Communism. The iconoclastic idea of the orc or the goblin speaks to Fisher's acid Communism, used by me and my friends, but also all peoples to work through demon poetics *comparable* to the orc or the goblin—i.e., to liberate ourselves through iconoclastic art tied to nature-as-monstrous-feminine, monster-fucking a drug-like activity that broadens our capacity for empathy inside uneven persecution networks; e.g., stoner white girls taking big black dick (slaves of different kinds unifying against capital; re: Zinn) while under the influence to promote universal tolerance, acceptance and emancipation from state myopias:

Acid communism is about ways of imagining a world after capitalist realism, and for Fisher, one of the ways to escape this reality is psychoactive drugs. The programme of acid communism is not to condone psychoactive drug use, but as an example this activity captures the philosophy of acid communism excellently.

To imagine new futures, we have to find ways to break out of our present myopia. Fisher's acid communism is unique primarily for placing this goal above all others. [...] The future has been cancelled because we are unable to imagine anything other than the present. To invent the future, to escape our myopia, we have to go beyond the present bounds of our imagination. This is acid communism ([source](#): Stuart Mill's "What Is Acid Communism?" 2019).

This freedom to express with forbidden materials contributes to the whore's revenge, such monster-fucking as Harmony's tearing down state boundaries during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., to form healthier ones *for* workers than Tolkien dared, much how tanking profit more broadly does except through our actions witnessed by others: the "witch's brew" cum macro-dosing inside Harmony's cauldron-like pussy and stirred by a dark "spoon" (a big "fuck you" not just to Tolkien, but Francis Bacon)! It's not sexy because it's abject, but because it showcases mutual consent with fear while subverting state forms of paradise-in-peril (the damsel-in-distress). Mutual consent is sexy *as* something to illustrate, during various labor exchanges—especially when accepted by one side squeezing the other (regardless of color²³⁵ or size) into their tight little openings: something to watch (voyeurism) *and* show off (exhibitionism)!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Camp is when we refuse to kill each other and choose to make love, instead. So don't fear black dick, like Tolkien does, and fetish unironic harm and death (which just so happens to be another fascist feather in his cap²³⁶); be bold, like Harmony and I (who loves big dick)! Dive *into* Hell, doing so to transform into more-

human, less-alien but still-fetishized subjects of power taking said power back while fucking monsters you *treat* as human; i.e., demonstrating empathy through white-on-black sex, but also through morphological statements that translate through sight, period; e.g., desire, insofar as Harmony spreads her legs to accept as much of the black monster dildo into her naughty white pussy (above). Such is her revenge, delighting such revelry in the face of those who might try to rob Harmony of any bodily autonomy because *they* "know better" than she does. As if! We decide, not SWERFs, and certainly not old imperial dinosaurs like Tolkien fetishizing our deaths and calling *it* "holy" (fetishizing objects of power as he does; e.g., swords, crowns and rings)!

We'll unpack this even more, next.

²³⁵ Racial considerations aside, black-on-white makes for a nice visual contrast.

²³⁶ Re, Sontag's "Fascinating Fascism" (1974): a "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](#)).

Doing It, Ourselves: Humanizing Orcs and Goblins through Ironic Monster Sex

(artist: [Just Some Noob](#))

Tolkien's worst fear is white-on-black sex, whose policing canonizes unironic crusades/fetish charm offensive against nature as "black, corrupt" (the white man's side-piece/side quest somewhere between the rules and fiction, above). This blood

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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vanderWaardart.com

libel targets orcs and goblins (whose green skin is functionally "black," per settler arguments), but also the white women they threaten with dark desire; i.e., in half-real exchanges that point to real-life versions intimidated by imaginary ones, quotidian *or* Romantic; re, my prior exploration of rape during pornographic expression, in Volume One:

Just as liminality is expressed through conflict within thresholds and on the surface of things, pornography is generally controlled and fought over by those who wish to compel profit through binary sexuality versus those who want to liberate sex and gender from the state's heteronormative constraints using Gothic expression. The emphasis of these exhibits is racialized; i.e., the gender binary as settler-colonial in ways that stress a racialized character from bodies of different skin colors (exhibits 32a and b), physical types (skinny vs fat, exhibit 32c) and monstrous forms of expression (vampires, exhibit 32d) that speak to Cartesian trauma as something to live with and *prevent* in the future.

Sex-coercive BDSM actually includes a *gradient* of impotence echoed in canonical porn pastiche; i.e., not just "knife dicks," but someone "under" the state worker—a slave or token class traitor (which is basically a slave)—aping the blade: "prison sex" mentality. Under this mindset, an unwilling third can be conditioned to fuck another worker the way the state, thus the privileged worker, wants them to: according to the torturer's canonical, alien-fetishistic worldview (and fatal promised glory, post-slaughter²³⁷) handed to them like a knife by the state, then synonymized with their biology as "all they are." Insect politics.

²³⁷ Generally of the hero, but also the hero's *victims*, whereupon the conqueror's death is enshrined in a vault of worship pushing the mythic life-and-death glory forward into new, unsuspecting minds. Or as my thesis volume argues,

In other words, canon (thus Capitalism) is full of ritual sacrifice with a Christianized flavor (crucifixion) or Westernized abuse of paganized forms whose divine right revives the glory of recuperated Roman aesthetics (the Nazi as quasi-pagan); e.g., the sacrificial rooster or lamb, the virgin or scapegoat, as something to bleed out for significance and good fortune, but also stalled demise for the holder of the knife: the Christ-like Herculean warrior as babyface or heel to sacrifice when the state's crises enter decay while firing up production, which in turn requires more and more sacrifice the hotter the furnace gets. Engorged, the elite need ever more blood to satisfy their hunger as the ultimate parasite, thus demand of their loyal followers, "Defend our land; defend *your* land from the infidels" (which curiously the elite stole the land from, to begin with). As Hitler put it, "What is life? Life is the nation. The individual must die anyway. Beyond the life of the individual is the nation" ([source](#)).



(artist: [Pancake Pornography](#))

One "card" in the state's aforementioned "deck," then, is racialized fetishization through traumatic penetration; i.e., the BBC as an internalized, "fattened" metaphor for phallic implements of state terror by black men against women (and other recipients) but classically white women. Originally on the plantations and colonies of the antebellum American South,

the white man's toxic view of the black man's "giant animal cock" historically has become slave canon, *post hoc*—mythologized and repurposed to be turned on white women as a fearful prophecy fulfilled through sex-coercive rituals, then gargoyle-ish abstractions and extensions of those rituals: female gargoyles attacking perceptions of rape inside but also *outside* white populations, becoming vigilantes during interracial rape fantasies where they embody givers and receivers of sexual abuse in terrifying forms (state terror as a weapon). The cock needn't literally be black, even—simply "too big" to be considered "white" within settler-colonial models, thus able to cause pain relative to traumatic penetration as something to threaten in oft-Gothic forms: being too big.



(artist: [Slugbox](#))

Echoes of nightly slave abuse, then, have survived into the present—first lauded by powerful men like Woodrow Wilson towards D. W. Griffith's aforementioned "black, rebellious slaves violate white women" rape fantasy, *The Birth of a Nation*, followed by Giger's xenomorph as a postcolonial "lawn jockey" later crystalized by 1980s' porn

hauntologies (below). Something for moderates to preserve and for reactionaries to return to, said porn becomes an unironic product to consume and embody through canonical praxis; and it is precisely this kind of

pornography we must *de facto* synthesize into healthier forms of sex-positive education (counterterror):



(exhibit 32a: Artists: Victoria Paris and Sean Michaels. Since I'm writing about oppositional praxis as liminal expression [the execution of dialectical-material theory within thresholds] in porn pastiche, here's a collage thereof: the black star athlete enjoying his forbidden prize, the white blonde in wifely silks. They kiss, then begin, him removing her panties and starting to fuck her. From every angle you can think of, the camera is curious and invasive, showing you things normally left to the fearful-fascinated imagination. Literally "sex with the lights on," the makers have placed these sights behind a canonical paywall; i.e., in medieval language, it's a Catholic "sale of indulgence" or return to canonical norms. Rejected by Martin Luther and Protestantism during the Iconoclasm, this only led to the Protestant work ethic and Puritanism through American labor during the 20th century—work being holy and sold sex being unholy but profitable. In turn, this oscillating schism remained curiously in place under Reagan's tenure, a high time of profitability during the latter-end of the "[Golden Age of Porn](#)." VHS offered up a mass-produced, widely disseminated reprieve from one's holy work through a taste of unholy decadence, laziness and unlawful carnal knowledge: blondie likes that big black dick, not only taking all of it like a champ but fucking back, power-bottom style.)

The above exhibit might seem "harmlessly" cliché, but Gothic canon treats "black" as synonymous with "aggressively violent and racist" according to repressed sexual desires in the 20th and 21st centuries; i.e., black men

sleeping with white women as a common source of contention among reactionary white men (and their token subordinates) declaring a state of emergency spearheaded by *foreign* knife dicks: a crisis of unwanted black penetration against white women. While canonical porn is full of whitewashed appropriations like these, it reaches back to older conflicts in American history we must dig up and confront. Generally uglier things are preceded by cryptonyms of various kinds, including sex; but sex is generally a part of the problem being discussed in psychosexual bedlam.

For example, before the Wilmington Massacre of 1898, the Reconstruction-era town had black-owned businesses and politicians—until a white-supremacist mob retaliated with violence. This included a local racist editorial printing malicious slander against the black population, saying the latter were the rapists of white women (and implying that having "sheathed black daggers," the modesty of white women was compromised forever):

Newspapers meanwhile spread claims that African Americans wanted political power so they could sleep with white women, and made up lies about a rape epidemic. When Alexander Manly, owner and editor of the Wilmington Daily Record, published an editorial questioning the rape allegations and suggesting that white women slept with black men of their own free will, it enraged the Democratic party and made him the target of a hate campaign ([source](#): Toby Luckhurst's "Wilmington 1898," 2021).

Afterward, the town exploded into violence, resulting in the only successful domestic coup in American history. The massacre included a machine gun-armed white mob targeting and killing people of color and their allies. Sound familiar? Kyle Rittenhouse and the Proud Boys are merely copycats in a long tradition of upholding racist violence in the United States. This is not a glitch, but the system defending itself through bad-faith arguments projecting state rape onto state victims. Any voice of the oppressed must occur through the same basic dialog—in short, because that's where power is concerned, thus amounts to where people are already looking and surviving.

The blindness of such gazes can be undone through iconoclastic narratives that subvert rape; i.e. ironic or critical rape fantasies that remove the harmful capabilities of the knife dick as a settler-colonial tool. These aren't always playful in an obvious sense. For instance, the Wilmington Massacre inspired Charles W. Chesnutt's *The Morrow of Tradition* (1901), an Austen-style novel-of-manners that devolves into a horrible riot partway through due to escalating racial tensions inspired by a local white supremacist newspaper. This paradigm shift was codified— teased decades later, post-Civil Rights movement, by canonical '80s wish fulfillment; i.e., of

canonical American pornography as a widespread extension of unchecked systemic American racism. The general sentiment stems from Lost Cause, Jim Crow and white supremacy and extends into various future groups like the Proud Boys. This happens through canonical behaviors and sentiments; i.e., coded behaviors taught by porn as incredibly body-centric, but also divisive regarding nature as alien under Cartesian rule.

This brings us to a corporal threshold, one the elite—try as they might— cannot fully monopolize in demon BDSM linked to Satanic morphological expression; i.e., the body and its knife dick (or *vagina dentata*) as a poetic offshoot of a greater inhuman²³⁸ presence; e.g., Medusa's snakes, Lilith's demons; Sauron's orcs, the alien queen's insect brood or Dagon's spawn; Cain's son Grendel, Dracula's thralls, etc, that reproduce in non-heteronormative ways (sodomy effectively meaning "non-PIV sex") to endlessly produce armies of invincible barbarians, which as "forces of darkness/nature-run-amok" (e.g., Alex Jones' "gay frogs") must be conquered by state champions during returning "hard times"²³⁹ that demand the knife dick's resumed employment (which promises a bloody harvest to enrich the state-in-decay to a former glorious position) [[source](#)].

Porn, as we'll see, is a useful means of interrogating bigotry through campy forms subverting canonical ones; i.e., policing the "corporal threshold," above, and through canonical pornographic violence is what unironic pimps (thus men like Tolkien and his orcs and goblins) always do: control maidens²⁴⁰ "for their own good," while treating them like whores (often through doubles; e.g., Shelob): tempted by darkness *vis-à-vis* weak/strong barbarians threatening "Rome"—all to uphold the Christianized nuclear household/ordering of things, per a Protestant ethic (all the more ironic, given Tolkien was Catholic)!

²³⁸ Nature-as-alien canonically achieves demonic power (allegory through transformation) through sexual reproduction tied to an inhuman stigma-animal life cycle; e.g., Kafka's *Metamorphosis* (1915) but also the xenomorph.

²³⁹ 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](#)).

²⁴⁰ I.e., the state survives by telling workers what they want, thus need*; she wants to live deliciously with strange bedfellows, the two (or more) burying the hatchet by recultivating the Superstructure! Revolution so often fertilizes praxis through sex.

*With "darkness" uncontrolled by force seen as "glutinous" (or otherwise sinful, per the Seven Deadly Sins) and whose fearsome temptation would remain something that various holy parties (usually men of the cloth or Crusaders)—ignoring double standards and hypocrisies—must dutifully abstain from, save by raping through unironic force.

Capitalism is like a bad parent and/or husband, then, one that naughty little girls must run away from and rebel in order to survive the usual abuses their actual/*de facto* parents inflict upon them. Like the proverbial tip of the iceberg, we take whatever bigotry moderates men like Tolkien expose during these exchanges and pull them, screaming like a mandragora, out of the ground! Not as vaudeville/a minstrel show, but calculated risk occupying the same stages and using the same darkness visible for campy reasons.

To break Capitalist Realism on yourselves, then, you must turn *into* sex objects of a theatrical sense; and to do that without harming yourselves or others, you must experiment with yourselves and others, "on the settlement." Of course, rebellion often has a dysfunctional, exhausting character to it; and whatever we're pumping—be it cum, blood, oil, drugs, money or power of some kind—this takes work under imperfect conditions complicated by capital defending itself. So do we hook each other up or hook up *with* each other to whatever degrees we're able. That ability varies, from moment to moment.

Likewise, smaller simulations of class, culture and race war include battles inside/outside ourselves that attach to those fought on other registers. The less prone we are to attack others, the more we can solidarize, thus humanize/decolonize the harvest and its alien, hellish crop. Keeping with the drug-fueled metaphors of acid Communism, these crops take on a love-in-idleness character that—among orc and goblin bodies—mirrors older faerie ones we've already examined; re: Romantic Rose; i.e., a demonic "orchard" whose "violence" of exposed nudity is legitimate in state eyes, so long as they control nature as their whore to pimp, their harvest to dehumanize while raping nature for profit:



(artist: [Romantic Rose](#))

Function determines function; agency *is* nudity through the whore's paradox, projecting such power out into the world as something to humanize ourselves with, mid-duality and flow—as monsters to fuck for reasons different than the state's own policing of whores, of orcs and goblins, of nature as black and alien. This includes when the skin is white (re: all beings treated as women [especially white women] are deemed "corruptible" by an enterprising status quo "counting chickens" per standard imperial practices).

So experiment! Free your mind and join every dimension by pulling this in that direction. Golems—and by extension goblins; i.e., as classic, shortstack, commonly green-skinned mischief-makers, but also whose punk culture/terrorism is decidedly fun (a firecracker)—are poetic placeholders we can hurt, but never harm while embodying sin as something to synthesize during oppositional praxis; i.e., they're made to take it, and breathe life into dark forces for rebellious, Satanic

purposes; re: goblins, witches, black magic, demon resurrection, drug use/acid Communism and interracial sex, etc, aiding the cryptonymy process for workers: forbidden sight during demonic sex and asexual rituals of pain/public nudism with a psychosexual aesthetic! Strange appetite, strange eyes! Defy God and Heaven! Learn what resonates in sex-positive ways and make *that* your drum to beat! Once introduced, they cannot police it—the brothel, per the whore's paradox, becoming a place we can reclaim during liminal expression as never wholly acted on by one side; re: "how the state forbids access, yet access happens anyway."

Life finds a way, as it were. So can workers become free, mid-paradox, to forge our own destinies; i.e., while identifying as we want to, and choose to spend time with those *we* care about. Even if the feelings don't last, the intensity of a wild romance—wanting it so goddamn *bad* the baddie bucks back *into* you, below—is bound to make a lasting impression: something to ride out, however long it lasts! The whole point isn't that you control it through pure domination, but working with others who have agency in a shared operation. Sex and romance likewise bear out social components that have their own asymmetrical elements, and whose parties will be treated differently by society under capital, at large! Understanding and appreciation, while you can, is prudent.



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Such chaos is often planned and playful—made by deliberately forming connections that might seem tangential and pointless, but in reality open up new vistas of reflection conducive to development as a whole (the state and its

imperialism of theory atomizing thinkers until they no longer can); re: entitled, covetous, white cis-het men (and tokenized people in the Man Box) look at an orc or a goblin and see a "waifu," whereas we look at them and see "rebels," "punks" and sexual outlaws who punch up during the whore's revenge; i.e., exploitation and liberation's usual liminalities extending to blood libel through orcs and goblins: sex objects fighting back as dirty sex symbols.

To it, "black" is a state of "danger" because forbidden love not sanctioned by the state will be viewed and treated as "terrorist"; it's not something we're "supposed" to do, therefore exciting because it speaks to our true alien selves finding some sense of home where we're treated as foreign, exotic, anathema—i.e., where our power is found by us and policed by the state, flirting with disaster in dualistic, liminal, ergodic and recursive forms! Such arrangements can take many different shapes, but generally reduce to one side of an arrangement being policed differently than another is; i.e., in fractally recursive/concentric formations, but who find similarity in the midst of police shadows assaulting us; re: the pedagogy of the oppressed, healing from rape during monster-fucking theatre: speaking to a desire for intimacy with those we love, yet feeling the classic Gothic push-pull under the presence of dialectical-material dispute and state overreach policing the grey areas of exchange.



(artist: [Iron Dullahan](#))

Everyone loves the whore, for different reasons; everyone loves orcs and goblins as rebellious *feisty* whores speaking demonically through different dark desires, unequal exchange and radical transformation for or against the state's monopoly (thus abuse) of such monstrous, violent terror language—e.g., Shrek's wife, Fiona (next page), but also Harley Quinn²⁴¹ and Poison Ivy as famous

bisexual icons (above [with a super-giant tree dick] and below) that, in the pornographer's capable hands, speak through size difference, gender trouble, blood libel and interracial sex to reverse abjection (thus profit, rape); i.e., during monster-fucking theatre sitting between art and porn, onstage and off: "futa" and other such things for us, not for straight men fetishizing our identities to dominate us with. They rule not through respect and trust, but cruelty and fear dressed up as "love" and "protection." "What a story, Marx!"

²⁴¹ A little goblin in her own right; i.e., someone who farts in front of the boys to a weaponized degree ("[Harley Quinn Farts in the Batmobile](#)," 2017). At first, Batman tries to act tough, refusing to let Harley out. But the farts are so bad that eventually *he* concedes defeat! Huzzah!



(artists [top-left-to-bottom]: [Ngmi](#), [Amber Harris](#), and [Iron Dullahan](#))

People—even ace people—relate through Gothic dialogs about sex. Sex-positive demons communicate cryptonymically through non-harmful pleasure and pain to illuminate harm caused by the state; i.e., the whore, through ludo-Gothic BDSM, must reclaim such devices normally used by the state causing harm: to police porn's subversive, genderqueer elements is to deny GNC people (and other marginalized groups) any ability to a) speak out against their own exploitation where it normally occurs, and b) to their ability to normalize the reclamation of these devices in Gothic (wicked, perverted, reprobate) modes of expression helping workers connect (through hook-ups or otherwise). "You *are* determined!" Service tops and power bottoms make up much of this, but really any arrangement of power and its seeking you could dream of, their ensuing arguments wrecking the nuclear model (and state ideas of maidens and whores), mid-*Amazonomachia* (re: battle sex through kayfabe). "PUSSY DESTROYED" by goblin dynamite dick (camping the usual medieval poetic mergers of sex and siege warfare)!

"We camp canon because we must!" Whereas canonical Gothic furthers abjection through monomyth escapism courting the ghost of the counterfeit, Gothic Communism navigates the confusions and excitements that result to guide workers *towards* a better world; i.e., during a close encounter/brush with death in canonically bigoted phallic/vaginal forms standing in monolithically for the monstrous-feminine (often in Numinous forms; e.g., Pyramid Head, Medusa).

To break Capitalist Realism, then, is to encounter the abject and *not* die, but merely change/radicalize by realizing we're looking into a mirror showing us our alien side waiting *for* reunion. It's to fuck with black cocks and bodies partially on ourselves—seemingly for a moment but actually for all our yesterdays—to bridge liminality oscillating *towards* development; re: with sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, but also the haunted house, Metroidvania noir or Western saloon's danger disco and its cloak-and-danger theatricalities; i.e., though uncanny arrangements speaking to our mutual-if-idiosyncratic alienation and chance to reclaim our shared humanity through said demonizing theatre. It's not a swan song but a *siren* song that has the listener not just hugging but *fucking* the alien *while* humanizing them!

To illustrate subversive labor action as it commonly occurs, then, I want to exhibit this complicated praxial reality and its descriptively sexual, culturally appreciative synthesis when planned and played out by workers making pornographic art in the real world; re: the creative successes of proletarian praxis; i.e., through the goblin as a genderqueer force during ludo-Gothic BDSM, using acid

Communism (and drug use/children's cartoons) to fuck with Tolkien's rigid (and sadly popular) anti-Semitic worldview—through the demonic spirit of creative rebellion/unruly slaves, which the goblin so easily represents; i.e., beyond Tolkien's undead scapegoating of it (and subsequent hierarchy of values), his doing so to *maintain* imperial hegemony/Goldilocks Imperialism to put Whitey conveniently at or near the top (elves are what men want to be). Rebellion *is* a shady business, but one filled with galaxies and constellations, their "Big Bangs" lighting the way through darkness *with* darkness (dark matter)—one planetary castle at a time!

Note: As stated, this portion is a bit messy and holistic and that's the point [re: ludo-Gothic BDSM and the spirit of play synthesizing praxis]. What we're talking about here [darkness visible/forbidden sight] pertains to all demons, but these examples focus on goblins going beyond Tolkien's narrow police use of them; i.e., through dehumanized agents reclaiming their humanity during ludo-Gothic BDSM as a shared, intersectional polity's pedagogy of the oppressed. We're all demonized differently by capital; fucking and even rape play are how we monsters relate to one another while being demonized unequally by the state. Anything I present here with my friends, then, I posit that you, yourselves, could generate among your friends; i.e., with furies, dragons, zombies, jinn, etc, or combination[s] of these separate modular elements to have the whore's revenge. —Perse

How to Play with Goblins-as-Demons, Ourselves (to Have Our Revenge; feat. Bay, Blxxd Bunny, SpongeBob, and more)



(exhibit 44a1b1a: Illustration and outfit by [Lucid-01](#); background, outfit alterations and character design by [Persephone van der Waard](#). Genuine abuse can be subverted, happening through a controlled "call of the void"/calculated risk. Glenn the Goblin, for example, is a formerly anti-Semitic symbol that invades the pre-fascist Christian wardrobe to wickedly play around with the garments inside. In short, she's taking them back, having her revenge through ludo-Gothic BDSM's darkness visible. The source of play comes from symbolic, doubled tension; i.e., the metaplay of fan fiction's paradox of pleasurable pain lying adjacent to perceived threats of harmful pain and its assorted legendarium. On the surface of the image, black is loaded in Western imagery with a variety of conflicting data: the threat of power as a destroying force, but also the color black as thoroughly dimorphized under Western thought; i.e., of presumed subservience [and misbehavior] for women under a perceived medievalized order of existence, the police state-of-affairs signified by black

uniforms that hold punishment over those judged as good little girls and bad little girls who live under fear of rape as something to endure and avenge.

Just as canon is all according to design, so is my iconoclasm; i.e., Glenn—as a shapeshifter and Satanic atheist who isn't much interested in being good, nor being a scapegoat—wants to have danger-disco fun through consent-non-consent by walking the tightrope. The idea is doll-like, undressing Glenn like a doll [implying a similar subversive element of control to the sub being undressed as such, instead of the heteronormative idea of intromission, coitus and creampie; i.e., "Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am!"]: in ways that beg the disco refrain as disarming of unironic harm within a Gothic, BDSM threshold; re: New Order's "[How does it feel, to treat me like you do?](#)"

In Glenn's case, the question is asked under informed consent; i.e., from two parties who know exactly what they want and are reveling inside the unique, delicious sensations as normally denied to us, under Capitalism: inside danger-disco torture dungeons! Glenn didn't pick "her" clothes in the sense that she's a cartoon, but rather did so as an extension of myself; i.e., I chose her to represent my desires: during the appreciative peril you see taking place. Just as I designed Glenn to shapeshift themselves—and me shapeshifting by proxy—the "goblin transformation" fantasy is me being tied up and threatened with "death"/a palliative Numinous.

To set ourselves free, we fags [and other aliens] use ludo-Gothic BDSM communicate through feelings of alienation, stigma, miracles, imprisonment, and exquisite torture, etc; i.e., the tremendously anguished cryptonymy of state boundaries, which we test by threatening them with our power as ultimately greater than any state: catharsis through "rape," on the receiving end of something great, in control; e.g., "Should you choose to test my resolve in this matter, you will be facing a finality beyond your comprehension, and you will not be counting days, or months, or years, but millenniums in a place with no doors²⁴²." We wager in strict and gentle forms, but speak to moral trespasses that defy reason, blind our eyes, and steal our dreams through false versions of themselves. Reversing such polarities, we see through/with them while wearing blindfolds and weeping blood: to puzzle over these tactile seekings of "destruction" and temporary bondage during calculated risk as a psychosexual, "martyred" act of rebellion.



[artist: [Lucid-01](#)]

²⁴² Reminded of my exes, I recently asked Harmony Corrupted to "rape" me as we played; i.e., I felt out of control when triggered by the present. Sensing the harmful past, I invoked rememory to *regain* control during ludo-Gothic BDSM with a trusted friend. It's a bit counterintuitive on its face, but a vital paradox to counter capital's rising inequalities and power abuse: rape makes us chase the Numinous. It is a *mighty* outlet when harnessed by us to heal!

Latter-day uniforms, then, become similarly loaded with canonical connotations of torture, treachery and forbidden seduction as dimorphically gendered; i.e., the eliding of angelic patience with Radcliffe's "black penitent" as a kind of xenophobic caricature of destruction that, under fascist/post-fascist conditions, takes on different meanings for beings perceived as "woman," but also monstrous-feminine: the regressive in holy garbs, but also the queer BDSM subversive playing at the dark god for heretical reasons of Satanic apostasy and hellish delight. There is an undeniable link to trauma and imaginary history's constant reinvention; the wearer could just as easily be a Christian missionary on the Oregon Trail or 1800s China, but also a ninja, gun hand or some other operative training in bondage, torture and murder that is nevertheless fetishized in the [classically] white cis-het fantasies of women [or men playing the "heroes" in these narratives]. So do we camp blood libel in ways Tolkien did not.



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

Like an action hero, we get stronger the less clothes we have on. Such things are torment mapped out and turned into strength, thriving in places the Straights couldn't dare to dream; i.e., a mascot to illustrate that state dialogs only mirror ours and what we're trying to say. To it, Glenn indicates of my voice—dancing on my enemies' graves as a point of praxis [e.g., ribbing Rowling by existing despite her desire for me not to, above]. But any artistic movement isn't solo; it's a group exercise and takes a lot of planning to humanize those things normally demonized

to serve police goals under state hegemonies. These invigilations of "brothel espionage" generally work inside capital, on different registers: me, the director/promoter and various people collaborating with me and what I invigilate. Teamwork makes the dream work!



[artists: [Lucid-01](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

This planning can occur through Lucid and myself [above]. Or it can happen synchronistically through others; e.g., my partner, Bay Ryan, who normally identifies with the goblin through Gothic play, and which I've drawn as such [next page].

Celebrating my Satanic shortstack for their fuckable attitude and grit, I've

created a spiritual companion to Glenn; i.e., one to play with our respective lost humanities by camping unironic blood libel, together [whose canonical forms we subvert as they happen around us].

Goblins, like golems, are made from clay or things treated like clay. Assembled by different practitioners, they are functionally "dead," beforehand; i.e., loving inscribed in various occult symbols and clothes that—whatever meaning they once had—only currently have as much granted, post-resurrection, by the sorcerer! In playing with dogma to reverse the polarity of power and virtue/vice, workers can stand up and say as one, "We are not small, wicked, functionally black children"²⁴³ for functionally white cops to smash into paste; we have power to expose them in ways that subvert their bad-faith poetry and violence: our Aegis, reminding them of their own cruelty and hypocrisy!"

It's something that goes beyond Glenn, of course; re: through real people like Bay!

Being drawn as a goblin by me, Bay humanizes themselves through our relationship. In turn, I humanize myself in how I depict Bay as human; i.e., as they want to be seen, thus treated, while identifying with things capital treats as alien and worthless. They want to be valued as short, mischievous and fun, but also as persecuted in ways they overcome. Small and big at the same time, Bay's an imp-like offshoot of a larger Cause, one melding struggle and fun, hence terrorist and party animal, punk and activist, skater and whore, orc and goblin, servant and delinquent, etc:

²⁴³ Often coded as "black," in a medieval sense, and having green skin (or some other spectral blackface) during blood libel argumentation.



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

The whole point, with Bay and I, is to work together to rescue the goblin; i.e., in a sex-positive way that remains sexually descriptive and culturally appreciative regarding Indigenous struggles married to Satanic panic, BDSM and prostitution arguments. Sex workers live and die by making their sex fun, naughty and—for our purposes—actively rebellious in service to workers and nature reclaiming the language of demonic slaves [sex classically being a slave's work; e.g., that of women].

Except, no one wants to martyr themselves; making revolution fun helps the medicine go down, effectively fetishizing the Gothic without showing bigotry as such. Doing so requires informed labor exchanges, happening between workers who love doing this shit for free/at reduced cost; e.g., Bay and I, but also Harmony and others [exhibit 44a1b1b] having fun during praxial synthesis. Melding sex and war into something memorable, we use old demonic language to become a new way of framing and humanizing labor with. In the same token, we combat dated, pervasive stereotypes about whores, and non-white/queer people, etc, when capital antagonizes nature and puts it cheaply to work; i.e., through a dark revenge dynamic thwarting profit. Canonically occurring through state copaganda, the elite frame nature as a vengeful servant tragically "gone bad" [commonly depicted as lazy or cruel, then blamed during capital's bust phase through blood libel argument]. We fight fire with fire, subverting state tools in duality. Goblins are perfect for this—if not the actual aesthetic, then something comparable, during liminal expression; i.e., in a small, tight, mini-demonic package making trouble for those in power [true punk bashing the bully from a guerrilla's small, disadvantaged position]! Keeping with acid Communism, this rebellion has a drug-like flavor to it; e.g., Black Sabbath's "Faeries Wear Boots" [1970] suggesting such things as fictitious, but nonetheless making an impression while tied to drug-induced paranoia [the album's namesake] and the shadow of the Vietnam War felt overseas, in England; i.e., as the birthplace of "Gothic" and heavy metal, alike, but prone to its own signature treating of activism/punk culture like "terrorism"²⁴⁴ [re:

²⁴⁴ Apparently the song was inspired by English "skinheads," which the band—in true false-punk (and homophobic) fashion—called "faeries":

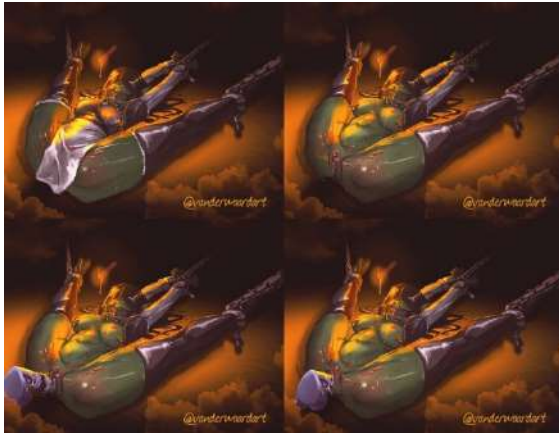
This song is about Skinheads. At the time in England, Skinheads were not racists, but punks and anarchists. They usually wore boots, which is how Sabbath got the title. [...] The lyrics were inspired by an incident after a Sabbath concert in 1970. The band was attacked by a bunch of Skinheads after the show, injuring Tony Iommi and forcing them to cancel their next performance [[ibid.](#)].

Like many rock songs, the band buries the lead/obscures their criticism of different punk groups interfering with *their* bottom line; i.e., while cashing in on witchcraft, monsters and drug use,

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Crawford, and the Gothic invention of terrorism]: "Yeah, fairies wear boots and you gotta believe me / Yeah, I saw it, I saw it, I tell you no lies" [[source](#): Genius].

As Glenn demonstrates, the formerly problematic can be tipped away from its regressive, commercialized aspects—abjuring profit while keeping the medievalized, religious-tinged outer shell—but there will always be ontological tension within a broader dialogic interrogating whatever results transpire. Further fun can be made by chaining her to the pillar but having her grip it with her fingers. At a glance, she appears at the viewer's disadvantage, but upon closer inspection is actually having the time of her life! She feels out of control, so she regains control during ludo-Gothic BDSM mired in stigma arguments she likewise can face and play with; i.e., a roleplay of false danger, loose morals and dungeon language haunted by overarching state abuse abstracted as such:



[artists: [Lucid-01](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

There's a charged, stirring sense of improvised chaos, too. Glenn takes what's on hand—the nun's habit, the convenient pair of manacles next to the bed; the hot candlewax on her bare, muscled skin; her anachronistic pussy tattoo, In Hoc Signo Vinces ["In this sign thou shalt conquer"] and the massive white dildo—and runs wild with it. She's not the hopeless impostor-victim, stricken with dysphoria or dysmorphia; these are abusive conditions to redeem through emergent play avenging nature by defending herself from the state through staged impropriety [re: the whore's paradox/revenge enacted through nudity and exposure]. As such, Glenn at home in her shapeshifting²⁴⁵ body and herself as "in flux" and at odds with the tyrannical past. Carefully rewriting her own destiny by throwing caution to the wind, she reclaims the prescribed terror instruments of colonial abuse in thrilling paradoxically ways; i.e., the thrill of ritualized violence, minus actual harm, and married to interracial sex [sex with goblins and non-goblins is interracial sex]. I'd say it's a game where no one gets hurt, but what's life without a little pain?

themselves (re: the ghost of the counterfeit). The band went on to make millions and lose themselves in drugs, far less concerned with activism than they were exploiting the aesthetics of it while butting heads with those they called "punks" and "faeries." When push came to shove, they sold out and treated rebellion as "gay."

²⁴⁵ I originally devised Glenn as a shapeshifter goblin; i.e., born as one, but able to turn into different shapes, sizes and genders to synthesize good praxis with: GNC poetics I pointedly wanted to "goblinize" while rescuing all aspects thereof from a harmful historical past (one whose queerness and goblins had to suffer under Western pogroms; more on this in Volume Three).

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Furthermore, this goes beyond "just goblins," tying them and other monsters [through workers and their exchanges] to a grander process of creation-under-pressure; i.e., one had between many models I've worked with, over the years, but also the broader assemblage and chaos for which all creatures of chaos [which goblins are] and Gothic Communism—through acid Communism—collectively speak to, in a highly meta sense. I want to quickly explore this process through one of my models, but also outline the kinds of socio-political, linguo-material elements that converge, mid-assemblage, to adumbrate Gothic Communism:



[artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#)]

Bunny is one such person I connected with, during this project; i.e., they're ace and I'm not, but we can still work through those differences to speak to our collective emancipation: through the monstrous-femininity of the bare exposed whore [rawr]! The left image, for example, comes from a shoot they provided for one of my paintings of them. Compulsion isn't strictly authoritative, but also encompasses the cathartic pursuit of things that feel good through pain²⁴⁶ that speaks, in turn, regarding subconscious impulses; i.e., that cross consciously over into our world: from any one monster

²⁴⁶ Bunny likes "painal," for instance—as much for the pain, but also the *control* it gives them, during sex work. They also have sex with different people, but generally as a form of public nudism/pornographic art (samples [from Bunny's Twitter profile](#)):



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

In short, they *can* work with other people, but tend to favor toys because of the unparalleled control those give them; i.e., over their own body and the scenes they're trying to cultivate. This took time and work to figure out, which shows in Bunny's extensive catalog. Indeed, since meeting Bunny [back in March 2023 when I first drew them as female Ozymandias](#), they've come such a long way and really matured as an artist! And they've supported my work a great deal, funding it/supplying subscriptions gratis and being there for me emotionally when others were attacking me in bad faith (re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Setting the Record Straight, Transmisia Experience: 5/26/2023](#)").

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type and into bodies being the canvas for all of them, combined; e.g., I could easily paint Bunny as a goblin, despite having never done so—yet! Only time will tell!

Yet, the adage, "be careful what you wish for" applies to the sobering reality that harm is not historically-materially divided from pleasure, pain or power exchange; i.e., during social-sexual rituals where all of these things are distributed unevenly, dimorphically and abusively through fetish, kink and BDSM aesthetics. Bunny is my friend, and planning monsters around them and their labor informs my own; i.e., I care about them and often check in with them regarding what I work/feature Bunny on. Such things don't exist in a vacuum, then—quite the opposite, they float in a more chimeric and chaotic sphere that interrelates



imperfectly to produce wildly incongruous but seemingly perfect-for-each-other modulations and synthesis.

[artist: Ween]

This obviously goes beyond Bunny and I meeting at random—doing so

similar to Harmony and myself—onto equally-random-but-no-less-special happenstance; e.g., Steven Hillenberg and the obscure '90s band Ween [above]—the two fitting together like human genitals [themselves a byproduct of millions of years of unchecked evolution and its pressures, and resembling sea animals in their own right] to make something profoundly special unto itself: SpongeBob SquarePants²⁴⁷.

²⁴⁷ The evolution of this incredibly bizarre-yet-charming children's cartoon has a surprisingly storied history in its own right. Nathan Evans writes, in "Ween - *The Mollusk*: How an Album Inspired the World's Most Famous Kid's Cartoon" (2020):

In a [Facebook post](#) written shortly after the death of Hillenburg in late 2018, band members Gene and Dean Ween told the story of how they were contacted by him, saying that "he wanted to start a cartoon inspired by *The Mollusk*," bringing to light what was a truth hidden in plain sight for many years. The Pennsylvania duo was asked to write a song teaching kids how to tie their shoes, which became "[Loop De Loop](#)" from one of the show's most heartwarming innocent moments. You could even be forgiven for thinking it wasn't the same band who wrote "Piss Up a Rope," but that was part of the Ween magic. In tribute to *The Mollusk*, the record's penultimate track "Ocean Man" plays as the 2004 movie's credits roll.

[...] These sock puppet-like characters feed into the adorably childish comedy of the record, as does their simple Limerick style of songwriting. The very on-the-nose title "Waving My Dick in the Wind" doesn't hold back Gene and Dean's silly side, and neither does some of *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

Relationships, in general, operate as such; Communism relies on that to function, and SpongeBob—like any egregore you could dream of, not just goblins—is a product of the same chaos all poetry springs from: something to play with as children do [with Tolkien ethnocentrically comparing the goblins to children]. "Are ya ready, kids?" Things that remind you of that chaos, while delivering on it anyways, speak to the complicated and endlessly metamorphic/magical forces at work through Gothic Communism playing with darkness. This can be sexual—e.g., Cuwu and I once fucked to SpongeBob's jellyfish rave—but includes a childlike element, as well; i.e., Cuwu only showed me SpongeBob because they loved it, themselves, and wanted to share its magic with me [and me—loving older cartoons like Ren & Stimpy and Rocko's Modern Life (1991 and 1993)—delighted at the chance: to feel like a kid as an adult]!

To that, the best things in life [in terms of stimulation and jouissance] come with a dialectical-material element of risk—to love monsters, and each other as monsters, but realize back and forth, how such things are likewise tools for the state abusing us. There's no way to avoid this, and it can seem a little scary. But without

the lines within the cut—though many reviewers have used the word "masturbatory" to describe music, "you should have seen old Jimmy Wilson dance" really is so [a tradition far older than SpongeBob—with Herman Melville using plenty of phallic jokes in *Moby Dick* to comment both on *matelotage* but also the whaling industry as a whole].

But that nerdiness too lends itself to another aspect of the lyrics on here, namely with their casual use of head-turning references rooted in the obscure. Throughout, they are constantly sneaking in gentle religious subtext ("The Mollusk") or a reference to a Rastafarian deity ("Mutilated Lips") into an otherwise simple affair. Leaving these scraps of scholarly knowledge in a place one would least expect causes an emergent feeling of surrealism, mirroring how Hillenburg and co. nodded to the likes of [metal band Pantera](#), [literary macabrist Edgar Allen Poe](#), and [German horror legend Nosferatu](#). Into a bloody children's show [another tradition, one used—for example—by James Joyce's *Ulysses* or T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" and similar stories speaking to the chaos of modernity after WWI].

Ween's relationship with psychedelics also matches the aforementioned college-band stereotype, as "Polka Dot Tail" and "Mutilated Lips" document these—again, surrealistic—sightings witnessed only through pills, smoke and crystal. Twisted images of flying puppies, malformed human hands and wormlike tentacles lodged inside the brain. Although out of context these lines would appear completely demented, it's inverted by the tongue-in-cheek sonics behind them. The former is one of several children's showtunes on the album, and as we all know, there's a very blurred line between hallucinogenic visions and children's entertainment ([source](#)).

In short, people didn't like SpongeBob because it turned a profit; they liked it for its artless charm, which capital promptly pimped out. Rebellion, then, abjures profit as such. To it, the parallels between the meta forces at work—and the sheer seemingly-random serendipity of chance meetings, out in the world—go beyond Ween and SpongeBob, Jojo and Walpole, Watterson and Calvin/Hobbes, or Harmony and myself. And yet, in keeping with acid Communism—and the creative reality that anything might combine with anything else under natural and manmade pressures, but still make it work, through Gothic Communism at large—such holistic intra, micro and macro-spection makes for an incredibly interesting journey, all on its own!

More to the point, such eclectic and dialectical-material chaos becomes incredibly *liberating* the moment you realize you *can* combine anything with anything to say whatever *you* need to say to bond *with* other people under capital. Do it *because* life is absurd; smile at the gods by making your own, in the present space and time. It is, as Jameson once said, all we have. And as *Molly Grue* once said, "You have all the power you need, if you dare to look for it!"

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

pursuing catharsis, you run the risk of being a slave not just to society's polite norms, but their hidden, brutalizing ones, too: the snowy bridal gown and the black nun's habit [or goblin dick, below] intimate the same systemic issues. If they wear a uniform, then it must mean something—with the uncanny possibility of their being a false option or replication that isn't the intended function. The house of pain becomes, to some degree, ironic.



[artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#)]

Again, this can be sex-positive or coercive; it all boils down to dialectical-material context: what is the point of the costume within the piece in relation not to Capitalism, but its core, systemic values, etiology and symptoms [e.g., virgin/whore syndrome]? And more to our purposes, how can these be subverted within the paradox of cathartic, exquisite torture; i.e., in ways that don't endorse or promote actual harm—thus canonical iterations of something as seemingly throwaway and performative as a nun's outfit—but whose hauntological mask, costume or role to play brings one joy and other denied pleasures in parallel societies: lost histories and possible new worlds within the half-real fictions of Gothic poetics as de

facto education. Blood libel, when camped, speaks to "sodomy" as canonically "unnatural," vis-à-vis interracial sex. Yet, in looking at it, the images seems to speak, "Come and see, but also do; critique through experience as profound, intense, iconoclastic." That's Gothic Communism!

The ludic nature is, like a videogame, divorced from actual harm; the ritual is there, but not the dreaded result, allowing for instruction to occur through repeated, simulated experiences involving the same ingredients. While this can be for or against the state—with fascist parties like Tolkien embracing the heroic cult of death through the slaying of demons with codified arguments—the "slaying" of monsters, in sex-positive language, has a highly specific meaning and desired outcome: rape prevention and the disillusionment of systemic harm.

Within this broader network of opposition, then, denial becomes a powerful ironic device in relation to unironic doubles; i.e., the denial of polite restraint, of compunction and pleasure, but also the denial of correct sex—of orgasms and prescriptive harmful norms, including their forms of compelled restraint, abstinence, ignorance, protection, and penetration: the agency of who we play with

and what we put into our demonic, genderqueer bodies [vaginal or anal²⁴⁸, above or below]! It becomes not a source of sodomy and black fears, per the ghost of the counterfeit during abjection, but a place of new love/unknown pleasures reversing



abjection; e.g., Eva Android's tight femboy's goblin ass having the whore's revenge with the same terror tools fucking the alien: ourselves, during sodomy! Squish goes the butt-ass!

[artist: [Eva Android](#)]

In short, audiences can get just as invested as

performers, their voyeurism and exhibitionism having a vicarious, empathetic-yet-neeedy component [many thrive by seeing others thrive]. Denial, as such, can expertly raise tension, the pressure climbing until you shout at the screen, "just fuck, already!" So can denial become profound because of gender trouble and parody exploring desired outcomes for either side. Heteronormativity only views queerness as a death of the world [e.g., the 2022 Netflix miniseries for Neil Gaiman's Sandman selling queerness to the Straights as a kind of morbid death fantasy not unlike Tolkien's own closeted forms]. For us queers, the goal is crossing over from the Right to the Left, doing so by virtue of reclaiming subversive denial and indulgence; i.e., as a positive vice we perform on a societal level: a world without enforceable sin, but still yielding theatrical conflict—e.g., sexy nuns torn between their service to God and the Devil, or manly men versus hot manly love in a bathroom stall—and almost-holy Gothic pastiche as geared towards euphoric pleasure and pain. All these conversations occupy the same basic shadow space.

The same goes for orcs and goblins as not simply reprobate, but expressing queerness through non-white bodies of different shapes and sizes; e.g., orcs having "bear" potential and goblins stamped not just with a rebellious, "trickster" character

²⁴⁸ Whereas anal can generally fit larger sizes into itself (above), vaginal generally stops at to 6-7 inches, for the average birth canal. Vaginal is often made more exciting visually by "pushing the envelope"; i.e., by playing with pornographic tropes that walk the tightrope between exploitation and liberation; e.g., white women—commonly treated as "modest," including their canonically diminutive and infantilized vaginas—evoking some degree of rape fantasy when saying to the camera as *they* take a big dick (regardless of color), "Oh, noooo! It's soooo biiiiiiig!"

[similar to Loki, from Norse myth] but the usual fat asses [above] that so many nowadays assign to the goblin archetype²⁴⁹; i.e., taking "punk" back to the exploitative past [as queer slang so often does]: the doll-like bottom for stronger homosexual dominants, but also the sizeable booty to tear up and enjoy during calculated risk by sex-positive agents. In the absence of monopoly, chaos reigns in ways we can work inside.)

Wrapping Up/the Big Picture

That mostly concludes our playing with goblins beyond Tolkien's blood libel revenge arguments and into Gothic Communism married to acid Communism (save for another two-page exhibit, next page). Keeping that (and the above exhibit) in mind, let's go big-picture—covering some broader arguments (eight pages), before concluding the symposium (and "Idle Hands") by talking about Medusa one last time; i.e., as a Big Whore/Communist Numinous to evoke through the likes of tiny beings like goblins: acting as little sex pirates serving Mommy Communism.

The raw sentiment of a moths drawn to the flame isn't that hard to understand (above)—e.g., the bottom reaching behind themselves to grab the headboard, all while spreading their legs to take the fucking ever deeper and harder—if only because sex (or asexual rituals) happening during power exchange with a cool-looking badass can feel stupidly good. Rapture invigorates us, but also has Numinous elements of torpor/divine stupefaction; i.e., that smash different pieces repeatedly together to communicate through the profoundly absurd effects being had/playing out before our eyes. Often, this is phrased as drug-like, but also tied to conquest and filth; i.e., drugs are kept in a "stash," called "shit," and fought over as fiercely as gold is/consumed as "the good stuff" that takes the edge off.

Drugs or not, sex and Gothic aren't "empty" at all, but whose darkness visible generates meaning through *pandemonium* to challenge profit (thus

²⁴⁹ And which pedophiles ascribe to child porn they call "furry" or "goblin," in bad faith; e.g., Ian Kochinski (more on him, in Volume Three):



(source: the thumbnail for Bad Empanada's "[Vaush P*dophilia Controversy: Disgusting Fans & Orbiters MELT DOWN Defending Him](#)," 2024)

tokenization) during the whore's revenge; i.e., through "rape" and rape taking infinite forms, those forms working in opposition, during liminal expression, and only limited by our imaginations and desires (shaped by our socio-material conditions and grafted onto our bodies, below): to perceive through holistic violence and illusion, but also sex/public nudism!



(exhibit: exhibit 44a1b1b: Artists [from left to right, top to bottom]: [Annabel Morningstar](#), Angel Witch, [Harmony Corrupted](#), [Bubi](#), [Blxxd Bunny](#), [Angel Jazminskyyy](#), Eldritch Babe, and [Roxie Rusalka](#). All are models I've worked with in the past, taking "dark," usually massive or otherwise "non-white" cock, or a dark body for someone to enter during sodomy's physical and metaphorical terms. White-on-black, black-on-white, or black-on-black, all involve "black" as something to subvert through itself acted out.

This section, then, has been all about playing with goblins and size difference, but also different skin colors to showcase alien engagement; i.e., of engagement with white/black through bodies and objects that speak to watching or performing medieval arguments, and that likewise merge the goblin as an equally undead and demonic force. "Black" [or purple, green, etc] stands for inhuman, which we reverse during the abjection process by whorishly embracing such devices; re: running with the Devil away from state control, sleeping with the goblin or being the goblin for others to sleep with!

Whatever the arrangement, it's the call of the void as haunted by abuse/the ghost of the counterfeit, minus actual persecution or exploitation. Exploitation and liberation occupy the same space; forbidden things excite because they're

forbidden, the performers seeking to work within porn stereotypes [the BBC/interracial sex] to subvert them: to excite through consent as something to establish by those who are attracted to opposites/the exotic; i.e., to humanize them during mutual consent, not exploit them as capital normally does [re: with sex, drugs and rock 'n roll sublimating more rebellious varieties away from marginalized groups and towards status-quo benefactors maintaining Capitalist Realism through controlled opposition/false rebellion]:



[artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#) et al]

Harmony and I, for example, shot these photos because we love doing dress-up and roleplaying together to reverse abjection [going so far as to redo a shoot for funsies, above]. It speaks to what is being demonized, and the means with which to play with/subvert it! Our aim isn't to pacify during the cryptonymy process, but inform, mobilize and cryptomimetically echo while having spur-of-the-moment fun! We copy and echo each other [and our bodies] trapped between trauma and "trauma." That's what camping the canon/making it gay is all about! Rebellion isn't about profit, which pimps police nature to achieve, but in loving what we do in ways that survive the inflexibilities capital relies on to brutalize others. I'm not simply Pygmalion, pimping Galatea to flex on nature; Harmony and I love what we do, doing so together to inspire not just each other but all workers under capital. Staying in control—at least during calculated risk enacted between the two of us—is a virtue that aids in systemic catharsis presenting things that are out of control/needing to be closeted, in capital's eyes; e.g., the madwoman in the attic, itself an allusion to Jane Eyre's woman-of-color Bertha [and who the white heroine calls a goblin²⁵⁰].

The same goes for all my friends/muses. We live far away from each other, offstage, but onstage occupy the same land of dreams that all monsters, hence activists, do. We're a circle of castles—ones we can storm at our own leisure, while denying Tolkien the same privilege.)

²⁵⁰ In a cruel twist, Charlotte Brontë kills Bertha—all so her in-book double, Jane, can marry and redeem the insufferable Mr. Rochester (a slaveholder and adulterer): "Reader, I married him"; i.e., "my marriage was legitimate, and it takes a white WASP to pacify man's otherwise 'untamable' nature." Small wonder that Jean Rys wrote *Wide Sargasso Sea* (1966); there was no room for a Caribbean woman in a white woman's world in a white man's world, save to be the stepping stone in Charlotte's *bildungsroman*. Genocide is genocide!

"'Tis a trinket Sauron fancies," yet ones that hold all the power the world has to offer inside then (re: Blake). A loveless, divided and inactive rebellion is a dead rebellion, and revolution is pageantry without judgement (as a goal, not an obstacle); i.e., infinite value, infinite form, thus infinite ways to fight back using what we got, our stewardship of nature always resisting state domination and control! Yet whatever power we assign to them, goblins are simply people's various parts, first and foremost; e.g., Harmony's pussy is *her* pussy and should be acknowledged as that while ascribing it any other qualities; i.e., while coding it with whatever virtues we espouse, stigmas we condemn, or beauty/status symbols we work with/subvert, onstage and off; re: that of orcs and goblins' legendary qualities, but also paradoxical (simultaneous) goodness and badness conducive to rebellion: as waged by us against the state demonizing us, saying our ass is theirs. Both things are true, insofar as the conflict is dialectically-materially true/false



during liminal expression; i.e., the whore versus the pimp, the being of nature and its harvested labor fighting back upon its own Aegis: "one ass to rule them all..."
Sex *is* a weapon!

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

There's nothing wrong with worship/theatrical revenge, provided it respects universal basic human rights, and that of animals and the environment. So make connections that help *you* connect the dots through you own nebulas and constellations; i.e., that reconnect your communities to what capital has alienated so many from! Despite the tweed suit and ivy-league education, Tolkien was a cheap pimp; he could only use the blood libel/darkness visible of goblins to cage his mind and quake before Sauron (re: Capitalist Realism). So expose him by doing better *than* him/camping his ghost; kill his darling legacy to build a better world beyond Zombie-Vampire Capitalism, one that has the whore's revenge by setting nature's monstrous-feminine goblins and black dicks free (or temporarily caging those cocks, should they wish it)! Get in touch by playing with darkness holding everything together! Let the good goblins come out to play/wreck shit to make activism fun and disguise our own naked performing of counterterrorism through drug-like, anisotropic, darkness-visible terror language during the cryptonymy process; be rowdy and watch what the so-called "good guys" do, in response!

The answer is, they'll attack our doubles and call it "justice." Did you honestly think otherwise? Doing so often invokes defacement, which normally means taking one's human element away from where it is seen; i.e., the state defaces its victims, presenting them as dark monoliths to worship and fear during

the colonial process (demons and *pandemonium* tending to homogenize a bit more than the undead; e.g., vampires and zombies, versus sex demons as a whole). Anything we make challenges that, but comments just as well with masks and customs that speak to our scars, injury and defacement as part of who we are, the oasis part-in-parcel with the desert; i.e., the goblin as a kind of mask to wear and camp canon with, the whore prostituting herself as goblin—not to pimp nature/tokenize punk culture, but to self-liberate under oppressive conditions; e.g., this Japanese Edo *shunga* (artist unknown) encompasses its own spin on "rock 'n roll":



([source](#))

To it, cryptonymy works overtime when reversing abjection—a process that generally speaks to things while not speaking to them through abject, hauntological and chronotopic placeholders. In turn, we have to do what Tolkien thinks unthinkable (fucking the terrorist, the devil, the goblin, the zombie), making his necrophilic, anti-Semitic *dogma* unthinkable

through paradox reversing terror/counterterror with signature, dainty goblin fun and rags-to-riches: speaking of the devil to appear in ways that camps canonical doubles; re: darkness visible, marrying or socializing/sexualizing with those from perceived immor(t)al territories. The world's biggest coward, Tolkien rapes goblins through lethal force; we "rape" ourselves through a Gothic allegory Tolkien was famously allergic to, fucking to metal/monster-fucking: as a defense mechanism *against* his chasing of orc BBC and goblin BBW!

It's certainly a tightrope, and one that occupies the same liminal space/shadow zone that Black Sabbath and Tolkien both did (and so many others, besides; i.e., sex, videogames, heavy metal/rock/punk and horror, etc, gentrifying and decaying through a predominantly white straight male enterprise²⁵¹); re: while fetishizing darkness of all kinds to shrink bigotry and increase understanding and intersectional solidarity as a whole: using monstrous-feminine language in duality/opposition to state variants!

²⁵¹ Rock, for example, was stolen from African Americans (a traditional taken from older colonial models). This includes the term, itself, but also white imitators of famous artists like Chuck Berry and Jimi Hendrix (more on Jimi, in Volume Three); e.g., Elvis or [insert name, here]. The same goes for jazz and the Harlem Renaissance, but also white authors in the Gothic mode commodifying and "slumming" darkness while looking in from positions of relative privilege (re: the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection). Again, the idea isn't to commodify struggle or alienation, when healing from rape inside the Imperial Core, but learn from it ways that bring different oppressed groups closer together under a common goal; i.e., while surviving police violence everywhere.

Blood quantum just as mendacious, thus harmful, as blood libel. White, black, or brown; tall/short, able/disabled, Christian/pagan, straight/queer or Western/alien, etc, we want to unite by subverting us-versus-them dogma. The simple fact is, we're all Medusa's children—are all orcs and goblins under Communism—but also under capital abusing us in the interim, harvesting nature as monstrous-feminine.

Keeping with castles-in-the-flesh, this grim harvest/liminal hauntology of war includes punishing workers for subverting state mechanisms of fear and difference; i.e., the "goblin" commonly a shortstack white girl with a non-white body or appetite (marked by size, but also the color of stigma), and the "orc" commonly a male person of color with large muscles and a giant cock—both operating under a Jewish conspiracy to unite labor that downplays fascism to attack Communism in the same basic shadow space! Under Capitalist Realism, visions of a better world and a dead world occupy the same Aegis. That's where power is found—either to enslave/closet workers through monstrous sex, terror and force, but also to set

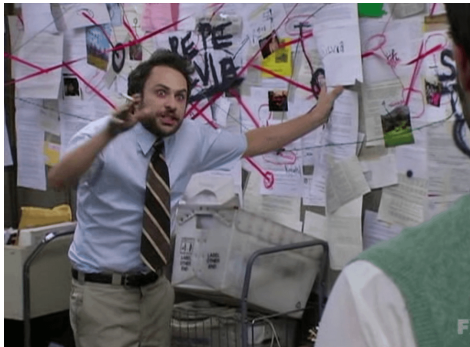


them free by establishing empathy through connection, community and, yes, communion with those who came before (anyone who *discourages* interracial mingling and play is merely segregating workers, dividing and conquering them through bad-faith and/or misled shelter arguments): riding Satan's "broom" (the morphology is well-and-truly endless)!

(artist [top and bottom]: [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Blxxd Bunny](#))

So while Communism operates through community and trust upsetting state monopolies (consent is sexy among language of calculated risk, above)—and whose cryptonymic deceiving of the state through "mere play" hides rebellion in plain sight—all remain overshadowed by capital's usual divisions blaming its own victims through DARVO/obscurantism. Yes, cathartic gradients last and build trust and healthy relationships like Bunny's or Harmony's and mine, but coercive examples—if negotiated badly with someone presenting themselves as a sadist in bad-faith—can promptly fuck over the submissive by subjecting them to addictive, fleeting and guilty pleasure under an unscrupulous and/or unwell manipulator's give-and-take cycle of rapacious power abuse; re: Tolkien, but also Jadis, the latter into Tolkien's school of monster-fucking they used to rape me with. Caution is important, but it's hard to be overly cautious when you feel vulnerable and enthralled with a "protector" archetype who has your number and *doesn't* mean you well; i.e., they smell the trauma/madness on you and know how to exploit it.

In some shape or form, then, the desire for cathartic fantasies grabs hold and never lets go, because trauma isn't something you just "get over." Like a golem (or Glenn), you can only transform it as part of you, once and forever. And yet, self-destruction needn't be literal; it can be a chance to partake of the forbidden, thus exit Plato's cave! Except this is generally permanent, and if my life is any sort of guide, one that leaves us feeling marooned by people who—as magical and wonderful as they are—don't always stick around; e.g., Zeuhl and their postpunk pussy rocking my world, only to elope with an "old flame" and leave me wanting. *C'est la vie!* I got hurt a ton, afterwards, and harmed/raped a bit, but eventually found better cuties, anyways (though none with pussies as tight, I must confess). I wouldn't trade my scarred skin and madwoman's bonkers, castled attic psyche for the world! "Insane in the membrane!" (Cypress Hill's "[Insane in the Brain](#)," 1993).



And trying to map it as we have here, the process is anything but singular or simple; it's demonic gibberish trailblazing through our lives as a living document, a closeness to chaos and things alienated/fetishized by capital to serve profit. Truth is ergodic; self-fashioned but hauntological, it takes time and effort to enact. So, too, does the world around us take non-trivial effort to transform; change people and the past (as something to perceive/speak with) and you can change the planet! Free the mind; the rest will follow in time!

To this, the shadow of state force always hangs over us. The uphill battle lies in challenging fatal nostalgia as game-like in ways normative individuals will defend. True to form, "darkness" is something to sell (as sex and gender so often are) but the Gothic isn't merely a police cudgel to bludgeon the usual suspects with; we walking sex demons become part of a larger conversation, whoring ourselves out in ways that invite humanizing worship through a demonized Gothic aesthetic the state *can't* fully monopolize. Everything is political, our captivating bodies and demonic personas inviting forbidden knowledge and exchange through dark promises: of carnal delight and class-conscious eroticism and asexual public nudism; i.e., the whore's paradox, but also her glorious refrain—the state can't monopolize monsters or disco!

So come and get it, lovelies, but pay your sex workers! Mommy has needs and stripping is not consent (re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Paid Labor](#)," 2024)! Mutual consent is badass! Equal rights for all workers, animals and the environment is badass! Doing so through the usual fetish-and-cliché claptrap during ludo-Gothic BDSM is badass! Sluts and whores are badasses! And, as usual, the witch is a pathway to "doom" as transformation through sex education; i.e., canonically

through the language of theft, sorcery and secrets; e.g., Adria from *Diablo 1* (1996) saying to the hero, "I sense a soul in search of answers!"

Well, mommy's got your answers right here! Just cross her palm with silver—all to gradually synthesize working concepts conducive to a world without money/privatization; i.e., what use is a wage in a world where everything is eventually free? Rape replaces with "rape," doing away with industries that normally canonize the former through rock opera; re (from the Poetry and Undead Modules):

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 ([source](#): "Back to the Necropolis,"



2024).

Whatever the media, rape *is* profit under Capitalism, which relies not just on predation, but *community silence* to continue itself in bad copies, falsehoods, and double standards ([source](#): "Transforming Our Zombie Selves," 2024).

(artist: [Marina Dove](#)²⁵²)

All work is sexualized; and forced into a world that makes sex work something to steal from, we become beggars—i.e., in a world that, due to accident of birth, doesn't let us choose/forces us to balance caring about other workers and merely trying to survive by doing things we're not proud of (e.g., women's work, service, retail, etc). This doesn't instantly make us token gifters or cranks, but that *can* happen; and while brand and belief *can* overlap, good praxis is ultimately putting our money where our mouths are. Camp is a fine line, then, and class intersects with culture and race to betray labor as often as not. You are what you eat, and that includes context and interpretation of said context; it includes us triggering under conditions that, per the state preying on labor through its own victims—can dice roll into cops as often as victims wearing the same clothes and speaking the same demonized language. Rebellions are human, therefore flawed and susceptible to the usual devices use to keep us in line; e.g., transphobia and its externalized elements internalized by token workers.

²⁵² The alt text, on Mastodon, reads: "Marina in a hot pink body suit and ushanka and a white fur coat holding a pink sickle and a Hitachi magic wand. they're posed dramatically to evoke socialist realism" title="marina in a hot pink body suit and ushanka and a white fur coat holding a pink sickle and a Hitachi magic wand. they're posed dramatically to evoke Socialist Realism."

This begs the question: how do we fight profit, thus rape and all the disorders, syndromes, estrangement, alienation, and abuse, etc, that stem from it? These answers and more lie in Pandora's Box as something to open up: channels and clinics of forbidden, delicious exchange! Witches *are* more fun, especially *black* witches and goblins (their surfaces charged with psychosexual power—of rape, of revenge, of ecstasy and the Earth, next page)! Engagement with them amounts to praxis, thus opposition as something to synthesize pursuant to liberation for *all*.

Yes, weird attracts weird; it should play out in ways that aren't unironically predatory—i.e., that don't give detractors of our literal existence ammunition when calling for our destruction instead of the state decaying around them (re, Marx: "capital is dead labor sucking, like the vampire, on living labor"). Far easier to blame victims than systems, Faust's bargain a death warrant that carries out through rotting numbskulls! Having no brains, they hunger for ours. The spectres of Marx aren't just Ringwraiths invading home from within (during a foreign plot, below), but the fleshy orcs and goblins that precede them across the same



Radcliffean Black Veil; re: something to summon and scapegoat, creatures of the night laid low, Dayman vs Nightman.

For state defenders, it's "boundaries for me, not for thee." As such, we're forever under suspicion and they are not; everything we do is an allegation they'll leverage against us: to

"protect" women and children from "evil sex demons," thus the West's nuclear family model and civilization as we know it. It might sound extreme, but that's how moral panics work, and during the state's usual boom-or-bust cycle, we fags will be blamed inside a police state; i.e., for being pushed *into* that marginalized sphere: the Omelas goat to exsanguinate by state bloodletters.

We queers are demonized—among other things—as sodomite pedophiles to scapegoat by village idiots and their "prison sex" mob mentality run amok. This doesn't put us above critique, but begs those examining us to consider the sobering reality—that the ringleaders and opportunists excoriating us are generally far more guilty but presenting as holier-than-thou to deflect from their own hand in things; e.g., most pedophiles are cis-het men, and even if a trans person *is* a sex pest, this isn't because they're trans, but because the state is punishing them for being trans until they snap (excluding congenital elements like Dahmer's cannibalism, while attacking what they call "transgenderism" [a term no queer unironically uses] as alien on its face).

To it, such obscurantism and DARVO connotations are standard-issue, hence cover for the state through capital's monopolies, trifectas and qualities! Sexual abuse isn't an orientation and reactive abuse doesn't define us! Negotiating such

treachery pleads care and boldness, side by side; i.e., to be seen and heard, but also camouflaged in ways that safeguard us from state antibodies: "A little more caution from you; that is no trinket you carry!" Like Satan, our buffer is "non-existence," darkness visible all around *you*, "[under your bed, in your closet, in your head!](#)" (Metallica's "Enter Sandman," 1991).

Keeping with our discussions of "Midnight Vampire" and Tolkien, liberation isn't intuitive because capital is a giant prison designed to conceal itself; escape requires paradox, which demons are profoundly at home with. From Milton onwards, we turn things inside-out, exposing our captors and finding freedom through our chains; i.e., as shadowy likenesses of the dire originals. There's no single interpretation for such inkblots, meaning they have whatever power we can dialectically-materially infuse them *with*. When we come, you come!

Per the cryptonymy process, the revolutionary's praxial lever is, as usual, their Aegis dueling the state's in duality. Harnessed by us, it demonically evokes the barbaric past to pay it forward; i.e., by reflecting new potential on sharp obsidian velvet (and other such oxymorons, next page): to take your "soul" by making you cum! Spooky!

Everyone likes to "go to town," fancies the whore (which historically would have lived in cities and urban-environment brothels put up by enterprising men and madams); goblin queens are best (what Tolkien literally calls "the black crack" per his captive/goblin rape fantasies, Shakespeare's "the crack of doom," etc). It's a disco to transform, informed by the magical, hypnotic past; re, New Order's "Blue Monday" (1983):

Those who came before me
Lived through their vocations
From the past until completion
They'll turn away no more

And still, I find it so hard
To say what I need to say [as queer people so often do]
But I'm quite sure that you'll tell me
Just how I should feel today ([source](#): Genius).

Growth hurts, as do adventures (e.g., blue balls/clit). But also? They feel *good*.

Tolkien's goblins were predominantly cis-male; ours, like the Medusa, encompass the entire GNC spectrum. The vampire, witch or goblin *is* the disco, the Gothic castle-in-the-flesh advertising extracurricular survival and BDSM fun; i.e., shored up in the paradoxical graveyard language of deathly sex, torture and live burial! Back in black, the panties beg to be pulled aside; her necromancer's lips grip, worthy of a tyrant's boast that would rival Smaug the dragon's ("I am strong, strong, strong!"). Darkness visible, she flashes with power! Come play with her!

Feel the rapture of ironic rape ("rape" in quotes)! Avenge Medusa by hugging her seductive liminal darkness!



(artist: [Kay](#))

Ridiculed by state proponents, this Hellish poetic refrain endures a position of compelled evolution; i.e., during prostitution arguments, and achieved inventively from exile with which to reclaim our lost humanity under state-straight yolks. Milton coined it while physically blind, yet still being of the devil's company without realizing it (re: Blake²⁵³). Per ludo-Gothic BDSM, we consciously take back these chains, labels, and death sentences—doing as we please, a summoning of the whore (and her darkness visible); i.e., to learn from her how best to handle and redistribute power and knowledge—to "do the stinging," as Bilbo puts it! Monsters are the abstract language of argument and debate, doubled and at odds, inside-out, invasive, plural and oscillating amid the gloam's coded behaviors. Reality isn't cut and dry. *Goblins* aren't cut and dry! Anyone who argues *that* shamelessly amounts to Alexander slicing the Gordian Knot. It's barbaric and, more to the point, inadequate towards escaping capital as a prison. We *cannot* take it at face value, like Tolkien did!

For us, then, sex is a weapon to break the jail through cryptonymy/forbidden sight (the more "rape" we experience, the more we learn). No different than a vampire at midnight or in broad daylight, the demon's mouth, fang and pussy all hyphenate—an "ancient" xenoglossic book to spread and read *you* as much as the other way around: she succ! It's drug-like, opening the doors of perception through the usual delicious pathways (more on this in "Call of the Wild," when we look at "acid Communism," again; i.e., with Mikki's help, exhibit 60b).

In turn, entry predicates on trust; i.e., if one is worthy of that power that, all the same, resides in all workers' breasts. The power of cuties like Mikki (next page) is awesome beyond compare; i.e., castles in the flesh holding special secrets, and making the "past" wise once more! Nothing radicalizes (or pacifies) people more than gender and sex; we must tip the needle away from capital, from cops, from

²⁵³ Re: As Jamal Subhi Ismail Nafi writes in "Milton's Portrayal of Satan in *Paradise Lost* and the Notion of Heroism" (2015):

According to [Tesky] Gordon, it was Blake who expressed this view most emphatically by saying that Milton was of the devil's party without knowing it. He expressed this opinion chiefly in relation to the portrayal of Satan who, according to him, has been depicted as a character possessing certain grand qualities worthy of the highest admiration ([source](#)).

sex coercion and its double standards²⁵⁴ under Capitalist Realism and the Capitalocene. The ticket to doing this lies in Gothic Communism *vis-à-vis* demonic poetics: our sex (and genders) as a weapon challenging state doctrine in dualistic ways—on our Aegis! Sperm donors learn, the greatest trick the devil ever pulled... is pulling us! "Satan" is a figment of a wider imagination, but we're quite real; black unicorns straight from Rainbow Hell ("[black is ten colors](#)"), we usher in/offer up a poetic Satanic voice to break Capitalist Realism, paradoxically enough, with dreams: "The closer you get to the meaning / The sooner you'll know that you're dreaming" (Black Sabbath's "[Heaven and Hell](#)," 1980).



(artist: [Mikki Storm](#))

Moving On: Some Transitional Arguments about Demon Whores/the Big One (feat. Slan from *Berserk*)

As our goblin exhibit demonstrates, monsters are made, be that to enforce state power and its flow as Tolkien did, or to critique it; i.e., through the same shared and warring "monster-fucker" dialogs on forbidden love hyphenating sex and force. Moving forward from "Idle Hands" and into the rest of "Forbidden sight," we'll continue applying the demonic notion of forbidden sight by making and summoning demons; i.e., its performative irony through demon lovers as things to deal and play at/with darkness visible (chaos) during mutilative courtly love putting "rape" in quotes. To that, we'll be going beyond vampires or goblins, and towards more obviously demonic, golem-esque effigies and the torturous power and forbidden love they offer (e.g., anal sex); i.e., as attached to larger Numinous forces I want to quickly address, here (two pages).

By tapping into those that fixate and focus less on feeding and trauma during liminal expression, and more on unequal, forbidden exchange and radical transformation through dark desire, we're touching on the Communist Numinous. Personified most commonly as the Medusa (who we've already discussed, at length), it evokes different emotions, mid-rapture: "What profit is it a man if he gains the whole world, but loses his soul?" Well, that depends! What's on the table, cutie? I'll take your engorged shaft and raise you a Giger-style black womb²⁵⁵! A

²⁵⁴ E.g., straight men being Black Penitents protected by the courts with a high burden of proof, versus anyone else slandered and abused under widespread pogroms that extend to these juridical spheres.

²⁵⁵ In the West, animation through clay comes from Judaism and the Golem of Prague ([and older versions](#)); i.e., the power of creation laid into mortal hands, then demonized by Christian forces. Abjection abjects sin and guilt off onto state enemies, which the state then attacks. To that, canonical Gothic relies on the cartoon of necromancy and animation directed at older female/feminized men (servants), non-European and/or queer religions, cultures and identities; e.g., Judaism, but also poetic

voluptuous vaso vagal, "She mighty mighty!" A bridge to cross, a castle to storm (or which storms back)! A very kinky girl's death clam!



(artist: [Kentaro Miura](#))

About that/a BDSM practitioner's note of caution, as we proceed; i.e., about evoking a Communist Numinous whose taller demonic royalty nonetheless attaches to smaller goblin short stacks [and drug-like feelings; re: acid Communism]: the final planetary "fortress" haunting Tolkien's own monster-fucker dreams. Slan (and her voluminous smuff, above) is just as good an example as any!

Just as the Promethean Quest is about self-destruction, to play with demons is to play with fire that can burn you. With demon sex and "rape," then, there is always the echo of unironic rape to likewise learn from. Believe you me, pain is an excellent teacher—but especially in nightmarish varieties evoking tremendous power beyond themselves! The Gothic mode is a dark queen, her aged, throbbing energies felt by many capital has ravaged over time.

When Jadis raped me, for example, they taught me that Nazis and Communists share the same poetic inkblot. Indicating nature as alienated, fetishized and raped by capital, the Gothic-Communist Medusa is a fat, sassy whore; i.e., with stretch marks and a moon-sized cosmic bedonk—and she's hungry for sweet revenge! It's precisely that "best revenge" that survivors chase, scarred and longing to heal from state abuse during calculated risk: of a palliative Numinous sort, "crushing" you with more weight! You'll know it when you feel it—when it has you begging to no one in particular, "Take me, Dark Mommy! 'Fill me from the crown to the toe top-full / Of direst cruelty!'" The eye of that angry god, like a falling moon, threatens to collide with your earth, and smash you to fragments. Black holes make everyone's pull-out weak! Spaghettification!

likenesses that, in the same shadow zone, highlight and scandalize Nazis and Communists; i.e., being seen as heretical, thus of nature/fallen and needing to be purged by blood libel disguised as pure reason, post-Reformation. Manmade things are valorized provided they are made by white, cis-het *Christian*-coded men. Anything else is abject, but also apologized for through an uncanny similarity to state forces. We come from a sample of one, so "darkness" and "corruption" is dogmatized, fearful of Jewish revenge—of Medusa coming home to roost, thus nature and servants as "black" to settler colonialism's lily whiteness. Their nadir is our zenith, our sex and their sex echoing in hostile duality.

The Protestant work ethic, per Cartesian thought, treats righteous labor as holy over anything antithetical to that; i.e., as paradoxically required to justify itself through witch hunts: God makes Lilith; she defies him and gives birth to demons, so God makes Eve out of one of Adam's ribs. But the maiden is overshadowed by the whore's dark "Jewish," Melmothian spectre—her evil magic galvanizing the witch hunts that follow. She's the castle, speaking to hammered witches, Jews eaten by lions, and queers put to death for refusing to have PIV sex, etc. Cryptonymy isn't just a dogwhistle, but a whistle for labor to blow through the same cartoons; e.g., by Shelley's *Modern Prometheus* taking creation (the fire of the gods) to demonize Victor Frankenstein through his work talking back: "giving lip," or "sass," as it were (more on this, in "Forbidden Sight," part two).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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If there's any transcendental signified, it's power and death, babes. So play with demons/torture porn to your hearts' content! Just remember that power, during ludo-Gothic BDSM, comes from control through informed consent, thus mutual exchange! "Hurt, not harm!" Always keep that in mind, but especially when you lose control or have dominion over those who don't; i.e., when giving consent, thus permission to go a little wild; e.g., saying to your play partner, "Now step on me, bitch! Fuck me like you mean it!" Safewords, release/passwords, restraint and discipline, pleasure and pain—all go hand-in-hand, built on trust/minimized risk.

The chaos, in other words, is controlled, ironic, and cathartic for both sides, and ultimately not destructive despite the power-and-death aesthetic; i.e., anyone can unironically destroy or play at dark godhood, but it takes a mighty hand and mightier mind to show mercy through demonic union tested! That's power—and ultimately the non-toxic kind that Gothic Communism is all about: finding the Communist Numinous through hauntological BDSM; i.e., establishing power through selective boundaries and limits where play is mutually established and understood! Rape, for all intents and purposes, is fetishization, hence power imbalance dressed as alien, potent; our Numinous dialectic "rapes" Medusa or has her "rape" you while the surf's up (an allusion to Joe Satriani's "[Surfing with the Alien](#)," 1987)! Chase the dragon, boys!



(artist: [Kentaro Miura](#))

And if all that sounds intense (which, to be fair, it is), fear not! Strict or gentle, vanilla or chocolate, metal or mellow—as long as you have safety measures like these in place, then harm/rape is impossible; i.e., she's just hugging you: a winged, chimeric succubus letting you play with dark, forbidden things (the Medusa being the only Gorgon classically to have wings). Any articulation, as such, is entirely valid when going to the dark gods to break state monopolies with.

I think you'll like Slan, then, who haunts older stories that we'll examine in "Forbidden Sight," part two; i.e., the Cosmic Whore that is Gothic Communism, having the whore's dark Numinous revenge; e.g., [Frankenstein](#) and [Alien](#)'s own horrors in clay. She's "easy" but strict—will take you to the edge and teach you wonderful things (re: fucking to metal, clapping her big demon cheeks; or having her string you up like a sacrifice). Limitless in shape, size and surface, she can be whatever she wants to be—whatever ghastly playground/dark church/demon brothel you desire when she's dominating you/giving you sub drop and/or draining your balls (e.g., the xenomorph or cenobite raising hell; i.e., to act between virtue and sin, and similar canonical dichotomies)! Whatever the shape, say hi to her, for me! —Perse

From New to Old: Concerning the Rest of the Module

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. I clearly want to document the process to you, the reader—to grant you an exhibitionist's idea of what it was like for me, a trans woman, to create as I have been taught and how I view it. Work isn't fun unless it's playful, I think; it should be fun, regardless of its importance (and this work—helping myself and other sex workers escape harmful bondage—I consider to be of the utmost importance) ([source](#)).

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

The rest of the module essentially comprises the Demon Module *before* I began expanding on it, in September 2024. This was a roundabout and chaotic process, engineered as much through deconstruction as accretion. Originally Volume Two was simply a shorter module about demons and the undead; then, it became part one, the Poetry Module, and part two, which divided in two sub-volumes/modules. In turn, each of those expanded and grew (especially with Harmony's contributions/inspiration through various shoots, below).



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

First in line, the Undead Module grew into my largest release, so far—over 400,000 words and 1,000 pages, when it released in September! By comparison, the Demon Module prior to September was only ~117,000 unique words and ~350 unique pages; not wanting to overlook demons or have such a lopsided second half to Volume Two, I started expanding the Demon Module. As of writing this, said module has roughly tripled in word length (~369,000) and more than doubled its page count (~934). Even so, this renaissance is nearing its end; i.e., the expansions outlined above concern the first *half* of the module, which I wrote from

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scratch, September onwards: the module opening and the opening to "Forbidden Sight," followed by "Idle Hands."

The rest of the writing is from the original "Demons" manuscript; i.e., as it existed *before* September (though I *have* expanded a fair bit on the "Making Demons" subchapter). With the exception of "Giger's Xenomorph" and the module conclusion, the remaining writing is older but also looser and more abbreviated/fragmented. Partly this owes to its age, but also because much of what is being discussed here has already been discussed elsewhere in the series (excluding Faust, which isn't something I have discussed quite as much; i.e., I rely more on familiarity with the legend [and my BDSM theories] to carry you through).

Frankenstein, for example, is a novel I've discussed in every volume I've published. So whilst I would be completely remiss in not mentioning Shelley and her seminal (frankly awesomesauce) story in the pages ahead, my doing so will be far briefer than otherwise; i.e., in the unthinkable hypothetical that I had never written previously about *Frankenstein*, before; e.g., [my extensive Metroidvania work](#) (which we won't really be mentioning here to keep things moving).



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

To it, the writing that remains *will* get some polish/renovations (and shoots with Harmony), but to nowhere near the same extent as "Idle Hands" did. There likewise won't be any additional thesis work, or nearly as much about ludo-Gothic BDSM (which I fleshed-out much more *after* the initial "Demons" manuscript was written); "Of Darkness and the Forbidden" already covers that, as does "A Cruel Angel's (Modular) Thesis." Instead, what follows are things I've chosen to include to be holistic and complete; i.e., in my compiling of demonic history as a poetic device linked to nature (with some undead elements scattered throughout). It remains writing for which I'm very proud, but it *is* shorter than I'd like (especially "Call of the Wild's" admittedly anemic survey²⁵⁶ approach). As stated in "A Paucity of Time," *those* constraints are currently beyond my control, but can hopefully be expanded on, at a later date.

²⁵⁶ Demons have infinite variety, infinite form; so does nature and demons of nature in a more animalistic class (versus those of Hell, presented as "extradimensional," "from the void" or otherwise "not of this Earth").

Forbidden Sight, part two: Making Demons (re: Prometheus)

The central puzzle of the law of the dead is that a corpse is both a person and a thing. A dead human body is a material object—a messy, maybe dangerous, perhaps valuable, often useful, and always tangible thing. But a dead human being is also something very different: It is also my father, and my friend, perhaps my child, and some day, me. For even the most secular among us, a human corpse is at the least a very peculiar and particular kind of thing. Scholars generally divide the law of the dead body into the three intertwined realms of defining, using, and disposing of the dead, and debates in each realm center on where and how to draw the line between person and object. The thing-ness of the dead human body is never stable or secure ([source](#)).



—Ellen Stroud, "Law and the Dead Body: Is a Corpse a Person or a Thing?" (2018)

"Forbidden Sight," part two is about making demons and starts with the most famous and productive example from Western canon critiquing capital: Mary Shelley and *Frankenstein*. It will explore her life and work, including its influence and me, but also the people it influenced before me who, in turn, had a lasting impact on *my* output; e.g., Ridley Scott and the *Alien* franchise, Cameron's *Terminator* movies, and more!

"Making Demons" divides in three basic parts:

- **"[Foreword: To Mary Shelley](#)":** Acknowledges Mary Shelley and why I think she's important, but also her profound impact on yours truly.
- **"[Fire of Unknown Origin': Composite Bodies, Golems and Mad Science; or the Roots of Enlightenment Persecution in the Promethean Quest \(feat. Mary Shelley, Frankenstein, and Ridley Scott\)](#)":** Lays out Mary Shelley's life, but also her lasting impact on science fiction; i.e., as the genre she single-handedly birthed, combining Gothic fantasies and early modern ideas of the scientific method to critique capital with, which others imitated (and not always in good faith); e.g., through Ridley Scott as a director whose body of work we've previously examined, and whose problematic elements we shall dissect here, with *Prometheus* and *Alien: Covenant* (no Metroidvania, this time).
- **"[Afterword: A Further Note on Angry Gods \(and Playing with Them; feat. Cuwu\)](#)":** Wraps up my thoughts on Mary Shelley and her importance, but also the value in making and playing with monstrous gods (demons or otherwise) before segueing into "Summoning Demons."

Our main focus, here, is questing for power in ways that open our minds to the idea of loving those the state calls "monster" (nature as monstrous-feminine). This is a complicated and difficult history but one whose most productive elements, I feel, started with Shelley (not Milton). So that is where we shall start!

Foreword: To Mary Shelley

[W]hat does the overabundant presence of "birth trauma" in the novel signify? I believe the answer lies in the complex relationship between Victor and the Creature, in which there are copious parallels. The Creature's mate is also its sister and is made from Victor who is the Creature's mother. Victor is Elizabeth's mate and her brother. Victor destroys the mate and the Creature destroys Elizabeth. Still, once Elizabeth is dead, the Creature keeps Victor alive to experience the world as the monster sees it, in order to feel its pain. It wants him to understand his own failures as a parent, and to see that the Creature is human and feels the same pain and wants that Victor feels ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "[Frankenstein](#) essay—Born to Fall? Birth Trauma, the Soul, and *Der Maschinenmensch*" (2014)

...And right off the bat, here I am breaking my own rule! I got about ten pages into "Making Demons" and—[having just compiled my 2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#)—suddenly realized how *influential* Mary Shelley was on my own work. I didn't read *Frankenstein* until college, but nonetheless was haunted by its shadow *vis-à-vis* Metroidvania (which I played tons of, and which informed my work well into the present; i.e., I watched *Alien* when I was nine and played *Super Metroid* when I was eight, both introduced to me—as well as British Romantic poetry—by *my mother*²⁵⁷). Monsters and mothers are part-in-parcel, along a Great Chain of Dark Creation. Without Shelley and *her* Gothic masterpiece, there would be no *At the Mountains of Madness*, thus no *Alien*, *Metroid*, or Metroidvania, thus no *Persephone van der Waard* or Gothic Communism! Perish the thought!



(artist: [Yasya](#))

I wanted to bookend that, starting with this foreword (and an afterword, after "Making Demons"). Simply put, Shelley was a *whore* who gave birth to *demons*, and the world as we know it (myself included) would not exist *without* those demons. She is our dark mother—a ghoulish succubus camping the canon to outshine her overrated husband and so many others, one-upping Milton's camp in the process. In doing so, she profaned an entire sacred order (the secularized Christendom of the Enlightenment) to camp the canon; i.e., in ways that lived on, long after *she* died!

But *what* exactly lived on, and where did it start from? Beginning suitably *en medias res* (re: Milton), Shelley's moral about the indiscretions of nature and

²⁵⁷ Undoubtedly as Mary Shelley's parents and superiors introduced *her* to different works—namely her father at first (since her mother died eleven days after Shelley [then Wollstonecraft] was born), but later by Percy Shelley and Thomas Hogg passing *Paradise Lost* along to her as my mother once showed me Black Sabbath: "Like, check this out, man! It's totally rad!"

technology manipulating nature isn't how technology is intrinsically "bad." Technology *is* a powerful device, and in all its forms and fusions, help us do incredible things; e.g., neonatal medicine keeping *my* ass alive when I was born premature (after a cesarean, which, as the name would suggest, dates back to Caesar), but also computers (with me struggling to imagine how I could have written and published over two million words, thousands of images, and hundreds of exhibits—and all of these featuring thousands of artists, including dozens of models and muses—*without* technology helping *me* do the otherwise impossible).

Instead, Shelley's takeaway was that technology can be abused, and needs to be de-automated *away* from profit; i.e., from modernity to postmodernity towards post-scarcity using hauntological pre-capitalist language: stolen *back* from the gods of the state by the gods they're abusing! This includes sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, borrowed from Ovid, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, which Shelley turned into a unique combination: a common thread of women in a man's world being, at best, underappreciated and ignored, and at worst, treated as unwelcome outsiders and thieves to fetishize; i.e., when they try to show that a woman—little more than a piece of ass, in status-quo men's eyes—can both *fuck*, have a brain, and go on to comment dialectically on the towering midden of all our yesterdays (the Apollo missions being little more than Space-Race rocket-riding by the United States looking to colonize space: "We choose to go to the moon because we can")!



Stacked in more ways than one!

([source](#): Maia Weinstock's "Margaret Hamilton's Apollo Code," 2016)

In canonical circles, such things are often buried, then trotted out like show ponies/witches²⁵⁸ for state aims fetishizing and demonizing female scientists (a STEM tradition that extends to *anything* monstrous-

feminine, not just white cis women, but one begot out of nuns and female detectives). So was Shelley—in writing the first science fiction novel—breaking new ground her usual jailors would immediately try to reign in.

Oddly enough, the idea of theft wasn't even new in Shelley's novel, but its *application* was; i.e., "The *Modern Prometheus*" concerning state parties stealing from nature to rape it while valorizing themselves, and state victims challenging

²⁵⁸ Venkman's snide "No human would stack books like this" comment leaping to mind when seeing Hamilton's photo (with "Margaret Hamilton" also being the name of the actress who played the wicked witch in *The Wizard of Oz*, 1939). So often, intelligent women are celebrated and feared as aberrations to cage and kettle by male pimps with virgin/whore syndrome. And, in *both* Hamilton's cases, they so often tokenize!

them in duality while standing in/playing with the same messy goop: possessing the state armor to cockblock *its* maker's continuation (something of a dark desire); i.e., a voice of the victims of the Capitalocene, versus Hamlet's fathers ghost or Prospero's spirit, Ariel, enslaved to do his bidding/seek his revenge). Shelley showed us how power is just something to exchange back and forth over time, only ever becoming a question of "theft" when privatized.

At its most basic, capital reduces "creation" to people who give birth (of any sort), which it then tries to pimp for profit; i.e., hauntologized and binarized per the West and its *Amazonomachia*/ancient canonical codes (re: Creed and Foucault). But per my work, the monstrous-feminine had extended to a wider group of workers the state was tokenizing through a Venn diagram of persecution networks and language; e.g., of women from Shelley's mother's generation, like Ann Radcliffe. So Shelley expanded *her* arguments to speak to a theft of reclamation back for *all* workers by castrating their most famous maxims and turning them into death on two legs: by *doubling* them, mid-liminal expression. Creed argues how Medusa is the Archaic Mother castrating men, and I'd be hard-pressed not to agree that *Frankenstein's* monster is—at its most basic—a black mirror/Aegis showing "clones of Napoleon" (the original who weaponized science for his own gain)—the Numinous error of *his* ways: "Before it, my genius is rebuked!" he cries, then melts down/throws a tantrum (of sorts, below). Girls have cooties; let us *disabuse* you of that notion!



These are frankly difficult practices to conceptualize if you've never done them before ("nothing ventured, nothing gained"); e.g., I'm trans, but was in the closet for much of my life, yet creating while inside said egg to eventually hatch from it.

Shelley, on the other hand, had already given birth and eloped with a womanizing atheist with big ideas; but she took those ideas—and wedded to her personal tragedies and grief—revived the miscarriage of past attempts into a holistic statement of creation useful to *all* critics of capital, past and present! Making babies became monsters inside/outside her womb—androgynous like Medusa, but commenting on Zeus and Metis, as well (and many other mythic elements; re: Prometheus, Milton, etc).

Like sex in general, it was a combination of "right place, right time," animate/inanimate, and playing-with-fire/lightning-in-a-bottle trial and error to camp/reclaim what was already becoming canonized anew under a Protestant ethic. Hindsight 20/20; whereas Weber debated Marx's ghost with the *Spirit of Capitalism* and Shelley debated Milton's with *Frankenstein* to haunt Marx' dreams (and his own

love for ghosts), my work in *Sex Positivity* has camped *all* of them to realize, at this pivotal moment, just *how* precocious and advanced Shelley's ideas were! Not bad for a sixteen-year-old runaway who whored her way into vaults of knowledge



normally denied to women (she took more than her share, versus submitting obediently to men of authority—with someone like Altaira, left only being allowed to pick who she gets to fuck²⁵⁹)! Props, girl!

([source](#))

To this, *Frankenstein* was indisputably conceived out wedlock. Following the Cartesian Revolution, the bourgeoisie were already gestating in Europe and America. Being a rebel and a woman, Shelley understood that you have to combine things and *messily* in order to create *radical* change. Taking the risks that she actually took, Shelley gave birth to ideas of universal liberation by stealing from the past; i.e., beating the father of Communism to the punch by conceiving of a proto-Marxist ideal before Marx was even born, then giving birth to her novel the same year *he* entered the world: as a mockery of Napoleon and other great men of history while warning about the privatization of technology as a matter of theatre and theft the state will try to monopolize. "All the traditions of dead generations," specifically men, Shelley applied to manmade monsters subject to her critique through creation: her own sexy beast oddly enough made by a woman, and which everyone—Marx included—promptly forgot about and tried to eclipse in favor of themselves.

So they did, after Shelley came and went, but remained an indelible palimpsest on the minds of men; e.g., men like Poe, Conrad, Lovecraft, Freud, Kafka, Scott and Cameron—but also the bastardized, killed-over-time metaphors of glass wombs, the "franken" prefix, golems and machine people, paradox and oxymoron, ambiguous sex toys and psychosexual, martyred hyphenations of sex and force (thus indiscretions of adult/child, the organic and inorganic²⁶⁰ and artificial²⁶¹ intelligence).

²⁵⁹ Wow, so lucky! Let's face it, Altaira probably fucked around with Robby the Robot a bit (the young horny teenager riding the bed post or the cucumber in the fridge).

²⁶⁰ Bubble's "meat hair" from *The Powerpuff Girls* 1995 pilot:



([source](#))

²⁶¹ "Computers are dumb; they only know what you tell them." People are a lot closer to computers than many care to admit; they're certainly not immune to childhood indoctrination's fear and dogma!

In turn, our straight male (usually white) matchmakers wedded this hellish, blinding jumble of oddities to all-around body horror/decay and mad science, insect politics, star-crossed monster love, radical transformation (from Ovid to Kafka to Giger to Cronenberg), ethnocentric knife-dick/BBC, wandering womb (ancient psychology and medicine haunting modern equivalents; e.g., hysteria and [bicycle face](#)) and monster mothers²⁶²: what *they* used for profit, first and foremost; i.e., requiring those concerned with poetry and revolution to play with such things as Shelley did *again*, hence *re*-liberate them (from state torture) using the same throbbing pulpy mass ("the new flesh," in Cronenberg's words)! If Shelley's book composed and made popular that unique set of mutations, women like Beauvoir, Kristeva and Creed built on it, followed by little-ol' me camping the lot of them. Out of all of them, Shelley holds up the best as an interesting and good-hearted person (though Kristeva and Creed's ideas remain incredibly useful, and frankly I don't much know [or care] if they were sluts or not).

Power and death seriously and unalterably change you; and this can be into things we no longer recognize in ourselves or others (and though I'll critique Percy in the pages ahead, I honestly think Mary loved Percy—not for his flaws or genius *alone*, but as two sides of the *same coin*, and which with any pairing sometimes put them and us at risk while forgetting who they are: the insect who dreamt he was a man who loved it, and saying to his mate, "I'll hurt you if you stay!" Percy reached for greatness, and that rubbed off onto Mary as we shall see).

So, too, is nature wholly abject; we can *reverse* that but rock its signature aesthetic of power and death—doing so to help ourselves reverse what otherwise never can be: by *trusting* the insect (the queer insect generally being seen as a Communist metaphor before, during and after the arrival of AIDS). Take it from me, it's never too late to find someone who will love you to the ends of the Earth and beyond—someone who challenges you and you them! Such has been *my* Promethean Quest, and one upon repeated reflection, I now gladly pass along to you! *We're* becoming Brundle-fly! Won't you join us?



To it, *Frankenstein's* deluge of copycats and admirers often take the original author and her unparalleled genius for granted: immediately recognizable in any story that imitates it, each variation feels somehow special and unique, yet part of a larger

whole (except for maybe Kenneth Branagh's dubious remake). While I could easily

²⁶² The xenomorph combining of all of these things to take on fresh life.

shower *Frankenstein* with repeatedly bombastic and gushing effusions—e.g., "Shelley's novel is the greatest work of the English language (which it arguably is)" or some such unquantifiable claim—the proof, here, is in the pudding. And *this* pudding is easy enough to appreciate in the person who made it—only a woman, but "great God!" what a woman she was! She puts the "semen" in seminal, the pussy on the chainwax! What I wouldn't do to pick her brain (and poke her hole)!

This dedication is written to Shelley being someone I instantly identified with, upon discovering. I found her documents in my own dark forest, originally writing "Born to Fall" (from the epigram) as my first serious attempt back at school (my "first love" while returning from a seven-year hiatus). I eventually set aside Otto Rank and Freud to focus on Barbara Creed through a dialectical-material lens instead of a psychoanalytical one, but the idea of "birth trauma" is still there. It lives on through Shelley as my role model above all others; i.e., camping Cartesian thought (synonymous with heteronormativity and settler colonialism) in ways only someone so profoundly *anomalous* as Mary Shelley could have.

When you look at Gothic stories, you're staring into a past moment reaching towards future greatness, inspiring *you* to do the same! In turn, game recognizes game, and weird attracts weird; all the people *I've* fucked and learned from, oddly enough, stem from Shelley's inextricable hold on my young woman's slutty soul: breaking the glass ceiling that women can't fuck, do science, or fuck and do science outside of strictly non-fictional spheres (women are queens of multitasking because the state and its burden of care forces them to be). "Yeah, nerd! Flux *my* capacitor! Make it squirt!"

Gothic Communism is biomechanical/obsessed with bio-power (re: Foucault's five-dollar word for teamwork and mass exploitation, but also labor value); i.e., electrified and operatic, it ain't over 'til the fat lady sings, but whose Song of Infinity challenges the state ever and always: taking her peachy cake and pie *back* from bourgeois knives! "Let me cut your cake with *my* knife!" (AC/DC's "[Let Me Put My Love into You](#)," 1980). In turn, naked desire and bold exploration are vital to new exciting growth—least of all because they threaten pain and things that do not last, by themselves, but when boldly combined can yield fresh synthesis that

passes vital information onwards: life takes many forms, including technology and social-sexual relations playing a vital role!

(artist: *Cuwu* and [Persephone van der Waard](#))



Nothing is sacred save universal liberation; Shelley

took her trauma/arguable mistakes and turned them into a *weapon* ripe for class war—one whose endlessly productive, mimetic and lubricative counterterror the state, no matter how hard *it* tries, could never fully pimp; i.e., while raping nature as monstrous-feminine, nature fucks back. This, unto itself, was slutty and cool, which is all you really need when imitating something (re: everyone loves the whore/monsters, especially smart sexy monsters). It didn't hurt, though, that Shelley was a complete-and-total badass, on top of it all...

Out of respect, then, I have added some footnotes in "Making Demons" that shine a light on Shelley's adventuresome life. Far from discouraging others to do the same, she *inspired* me (though I didn't realize it at the time); i.e., to go out and have my *own* Promethean Quest (for the palliative Numinous), well after I had thought myself forever "stuck." I read *Frankenstein* in 2014, only to have my first relationship in 2015; by 2017, I was on my way to England to have my own adventures overseas! My whoring became a globetrotting affair, "wet docking"²⁶³ in any port that fancied me (re: Cuwu, above).

The rest, as they say, is history. That's what we're sailing *into*—mine and



Shelley's bound at the hip. Any port in a storm! Full mast, ye hearties! We sail into the unknown, seeking dark, unequal, and forbidden exchange (of power and knowledge) during the dialectic of shelter and the alien; i.e., while facing Capitalism's dead past staring *us* in the face ("Tell me your secrets, dark one! What? You're my next-door neighbor?")! What's that, up on Mount Blanc? Medusa? Rogue technology like a shoggoth, xenomorph or terminator? An angry teenager than soaks up information like a sponge, good or bad? *Paradise Lost*? Maybe all of them? Whatever it is and however it imbricates per mutation playing with dead things, *it's alive!*

(artist: Bernie Wrightson²⁶⁴; [source](#): "Wrightson's *Frankenstein* at 40," 2023)

²⁶³ Scott's *matelotage* from *Alien* borrowed, first, from *Frankenstein*—with Cuwu and I making love not completely dissimilar to Percy and Shelley, over two centuries prior! Some people bloom early, others late. Better late than never!

²⁶⁴ If Gustav Dore were a comic book artist.

"Fire of Unknown Origin": Composite Bodies, Golems and Mad Science; or the Roots of Enlightenment Persecution in the Promethean Quest (feat. Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein* and Ridley Scott)

"I don't know what's in there, but it's weird and pissed off, whatever it is!"

—Clark, *The Thing* (1982)

*Editor's Note: Demon sex is often torture sex/torture-themed. And while I don't normally show hardcore rape scenes in this book series, I will here; i.e., to subvert the Pygmalion myth/Shadow of Pygmalion during the Promethean Quest. Excluding Scott's hardcore gore as bestiality and rape porn of a kind, this section has one example of unironic rape: Yasuomi Umetsu's 1998 animated cyberpunk noir, *Kite* (exhibit 44b1). —Perse*



(artist: [Henry Fuseli](#))

"Forbidden Sight," part one largely considered the *revenge* of whores treated as demonic by the state during blood libel monopolies and refrains (witches/Amazons, vampires and goblins); there's still the history of making and summoning them. Part two and three shall examine whores a bit more, but predominantly considers demons at large; i.e., part two, as beings not to summon, but *make* during the Promethean Quest per Shelley's *Frankenstein* (and similar stories), and part three with the summoning process as magical, runic. Keeping with our demon thesis, knowledge is power and vice versa; the Promethean Quest trades knowledge for power in some shape or form. In turn, longevity and weapons are the most common trades, classically leading to premature death due to human failing: power of the gods being closed off for man's hubris, daring to play god (re: mad science) and scapegoating manmade victims instead of themselves (re: DARVO).

Love it or hate it, then, demons are fast and loose in terms of the exact social-psychosexual knowledge oozing out of them²⁶⁵. This includes the aesthetic of power and death they fall back on, or the bratty games they might play ("Don't talk to me like that... except sometimes!" E.g., Kim Petras' "[Treat Me Like a Slut](#)," 2022). Yet they define rather sharply by torture and rape per the whore's paradox; i.e., homewreckers-valuing-consent turning the nuclear model upside-down, acting unto the passionate, martyred, paradoxically sinful/sacred search for fatal knowledge (re: Radcliffe's demon lover) and having been in the West since before Shelley revived the Promethean myth!

²⁶⁵ E.g., the reality that cum doesn't stay in the vagina after sex, leaking out onto the bed, down one's leg or into one's panties, etc. These ideas are heavily dogmatized, which only makes camping them all the more fun and easy!

- [Whores, and the Iconoclastic Idea of Making Demons](#)
- [Shelley's Temerity: Vengeful Golems and Campy Whores in *Frankenstein*](#)
- [Echoes of the Enlightenment and Sanitizing Shelley through Ridley Scott's *Complicit Cryptonymy* \(feat., *Prometheus* and *Alien: Covenant*\)](#)
- [Cryptomimesis through Demonic Camp and Rape Play \(feat. *Kite*\)](#)
- [Gothic Hermeneutics \(a reprise\)](#)
- [Some Broader Points on Shelley's Promethean Quest \(for Fatal Knowledge\)](#)

Whores, and the Iconoclastic Idea of Making Demons

We'll get to Shelley's golem (and its normalizing of subversion) in a moment. I'd like to examine whores for a bit (thirteen pages) *vis-à-vis* the notion of *making* demons. Male whores exist, and trans/disabled people are often homeless in ways that force them into sex work, but cis female sex work is commonly demonized under the Western umbrella²⁶⁶; re: nature-as-monstrous-feminine, which includes AMAB sex workers treated in feminine ways (as slaves). Regardless of class, race, religion, gender or sex, demon bodies are plastic and infinite, establishing power through play in ways that threaten an immortal soul with mortal "failings"; i.e., sex as a drug to sell: as pieces of ass yoked by unscrupulous, greedy pimps unable to keep their hands to themselves (or their dicks in their pants).

Alive/dead, madness/reason, virgin/whore, naked/clothed, tight/loose, hard/soft, dom/sub, black/white, etc—such things commonly hyphenate under paradoxical duress. Per ludo-Gothic BDSM, knowledge is power *amid* play fostering mutual consent in defiance of capital! Everyone loves the psycho space slut who loves to fuck/simps for Satan, and in that perfect world where she can tease and be herself, she loves it, too! The flesh isn't "weak" or faking anything (orgasm or smile); it's *vibing* (the throbbing pulse of a happy clit)!

Sluts are, like demons, things to make and summon alike. This happens through playing with demonic things; i.e., unequal power and its forbidden exchange/dark desire; e.g., metal, our bodies, excessive eating, etc—to be silly and make washing-machine sounds ("uh-uh-uh-uh") while fucking to metal. Whores *are* the metal, the life of the party livening things up by undressing ourselves (figuratively or literally, next page) and crossing boundaries!

Everyone loves sluts, but so often they are abused; we dungeon keepers speak up/to our abuse *as* sluts—i.e., in ways that encourage better treatment through Satanic stories of "mistreatment/panic" haunted by the real deal! Singing

²⁶⁶ I.e., women's work. Western society is built around straight men and their actions. Whereas gay men could historically fall back on this, women were put into a corner and forced to do one thing: sex. They became defined by it, similar to making Jews count/lend money through the practice of usury. In turn, their subsequent demonization tracked along these pathways. It's literally blaming the help.

and dancing feel good unto themselves—doubly so if they camp our harm by putting it in quotes; re: activism per Gothic Communism and ludo-Gothic BDSM: liberating sex work through iconoclastic art, pushing not for the legalization of sex work, but the complete and total *decriminalization* of it. Whores, in our hands and minds, aren't controlled opposition or criminal; they're *activism*, politics and survival through a holistic and inclusive pedagogy of the oppressed! Not homewreckers, but defenders *of* their homes, they project nature-as-alien/monstrous-feminine from the *state* antagonizing the homeless, the vermin, the fallen! So do we spellbind those who would kill us, humanizing our sluttiness/non-nuclear polyamory in their eyes.

In turn, we promote a possible world—one where fucking on the first date not only *isn't* frowned upon, but celebrated! Fucking is learning and learning should be fun! Love to fuck; hurt, not harm, babes! Court courtly love (and demon lovers, matadors, *banditti*, etc), but in jest, through camp putting "rape" in quotes during the whore's paradox! "[Lady Evil! She's queen of the night!](#)" (Black Sabbath, 1980); she backs it up onto your dick during White Zombie's "[Thunder Kiss '65](#)" (1996)! Rock 'n roll, operas and metal don't just routinely sing about us/pimp us out as the slutty girls next door per the Gothic mode; they're our siren song! Our jam! Whores aren't just hot and badass, you see, but cool as fuck; in the right hands, they *like* to be used like dolls (sex, killer and/or otherwise)!



(artist: [Valentina](#))

So whereas "Idle Hands" concerned general things to keep in mind about demons and how they operate as whore-like poetic devices, "Making Demons" will shift towards the *making* of demons at large *being* whore-like; re: by starting with Mary Shelley's classic example as the *ur*-whore; i.e., the Promethean Quest and its composite bodies, golems and mad science equaling the state's abusing of the fire of the gods through Gothic poetics, and said fire fighting back during the technological singularity! Eloping with Percy (though probably fucking *after* the first date), Mercy Wollstonecraft became Mary Shelley and entered a wild new chapter of her life.

As such, creativity towards sex and gender (violence, terror and morphological expression) is a weapon of forbidden knowledge the state abuses, mid-poetics; i.e., to enslave nature-as-alien under a police function, which the elite own full exclusivity towards: rape and total, lopsided power games/exchange through bad BDSM, blaming the whore (from Mother Nature to local street workers) for their own rape. Acting the whore *without* the pimp, Shelley camped *all* of this, using a wide variety of poetic devices to do so! The two cannot be separated, so instead I will jump back and forth between Shelley's life and her famous book.

In keeping with Jewish myth, Prometheus and the Pygmalion tale, Victor makes the Creature out of the Earth as already owned—according to Victor—by Victor and "his kind" (white straight male Europeans); he makes his child out of clay as God does, but sees it as "dark" because the process and materials *are* dark. He subsequently tries to enslave it, then resents it for resisting him; i.e., as something to reject and ultimately pimp by upholding the status quo through lies and force. So is descriptive sexuality crucified by Cartesian agents with virgin/whore syndrome: constantly on the lookout, trolling the street for demons to dominate ("demon" goes both ways, as zombies do, inside the state of exception).



In short, Victor and similar men of reason (e.g., Peter Weyland, left) adopt an air of false benevolence, trying all the while to monopolize the whore as pimps do; i.e., by unironically framing nature as "dark," meaning a whore of

darkness to pimp out, under a Protestant ethic: *after* God is dead, because *men* are making whores to pimp in His much-touted *absence*. Except, per the Protestant ethic, the Capitalocene merely pimps nature under a *secularized* Christendom, one making nature dead and monstrous-feminine to suit the needs of capital; i.e., the Medusa to fashion and rape, regardless of the simulacrum's sex, gender, race or temperament (God classically replacing Lilith with Eve, the virgin versus the whore). Man's revenge against nature remains constant, a false parent brutalizing their illegitimate children like a father his bastard.

Furthermore, trauma lingers *on* the clay, or things treated as "clay"; i.e., "dark," malleable; e.g., flesh—especially flesh with "non-white" qualities (color or size): as data storage, with fucking just another means of passing data along during generational trauma's rememory process. To look on the whore or its forbidden testimony (during genocide) is like watching Medusa, thus risking "corruption"; i.e., in ways white fragility cannot handle. It presents communication as copulation *for* those purposes: communicating abject corruption in reverse, during the cryptonymy process; i.e., as something that writes in *both* directions.

As something to make and behold in equal measure, information becomes a weapon the state will try to monopolize through its most famous forms (with few stories being as famous as *Frankenstein*): a slut to rape, but also slave to beat and behead after seemingly being "made"; i.e., by the poet; e.g., Victor playing

god/white master over the *robata* (slave) by insisting as the slave-owner does to his assigned underling: "I *made* you; I am *your* master (therefore your *pimp*)!"

Except, Victor is the master of a *demon* (which would make *him* Satan, by his own logic), yet *believes* he is good, thus appalled by his desire to act the tyrant... which he promptly projects *onto* his naturalized slave, who he calls treats as "demon" (the duality pegging *Victor* as Lilith/the necromancer by the Creature calling *him* slave²⁶⁷). Victor, then, sees nature as alien, twisted and broken to serve profit by hijacking the creation process as "demonic" and queer-coded: "It's alive!"

²⁶⁷ Shelley's *Frankenstein* is deeply aware of *Paradise Lost*, which the British Romantics (especially the second generation, which grew up in the ruins of the French Revolution) deeply adored as a whole; i.e., on the side of *Satan* as a revolutionary figure who remains a demon all the same; re, Nafi:



(artist: [Gustave Doré](#))

According to [Tesky] Gordon, it was Blake who expressed this view most emphatically by saying that Milton was of the devil's party without knowing it. He expressed this opinion chiefly in relation to the portrayal of Satan who, according to him, has been depicted as a character possessing certain grand qualities worthy of the highest admiration. Other romantic critics supported this view with great enthusiasm. [Percy] Shelley, for instance, reinforced this view when, in his "Defense of Poetry," he said:

"Nothing can exceed the energy and magnificence of the character of Satan as expressed in *Paradise Lost*. It is a mistake to suppose that he could ever have been intended for the popular personification of evil. Milton's Devil as a moral being is as far superior to God, as one who perseveres in some purpose which he has conceived to be excellent in spite of adversity and torture, is to one who in the cold security of undoubted triumph inflicts the most horrible revenge upon his enemy."

According to Shelley, it was a mistake to think that Satan was intended by Milton as the popular personification of evil. This argument is still very much alive and valid today ([source](#): "Milton's Portrayal of Satan in *Paradise Lost* and the Notion of Heroism," 2015).

More to the point, Percy oversaw Mary's writing of *Frankenstein*, and while she obviously wrote the novel (only releasing it in her own name on the *third* edition *after* Percy's death—1831 and 1822, respectively), his influence over the work is clear.

Booted from school for being an outspoken atheist (see: footnote to "[A Defence of Poetry](#)," 1840)—and married young to a woman named Harriet (who Percy eventually cuckolded for Mary, herself five years his junior)—Percy was, to say the least, a bit of a man-whore and thoroughly entitled brat. At the age of twenty-one, he decided to elope for a *second* time, doing so with William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft's now-famous daughter (the latter parent having died eleven days after giving birth to her child of the same name):

Mary is only 16, and she is running away with Percy Bysshe Shelley, a man five years her senior who is not merely already married but the father of a young child [...] Mary's stepmother does indeed catch up with the runaways in Calais. But by then it's too late: Mary has been publicly "ruined," because she has passed that all-important (though as it happens entirely un-sexual, storm-tossed) night with Percy and because, arriving in another country and registering with him at a hotel there, she has definitively eloped. Percy, who has form in eloping with 16-year-olds—his wife, Harriet, was the same age when he ran off with her—must understand this, at least, perfectly well. Whatever happens next between him and Mary, he has ensured that there's no way back for her into ordinary society. He truly has snared her ([source](#): Fiona Sampson's "The Treacherous Start to Mary and Percy Shelley's Marriage," 2018).

Simply put, things were visibly less equal in those days ("visibly" being the key word, there)—with Mr. Shelley putting Mrs. Shelley at a profound disadvantage through his rebellious sense of entitlement (self-prioritizing himself at his wife's expense, as Sampson tells it). But he also gambled with his own reputation, putting them *both* out: Harriet committed suicide in 1816 (she was twenty-one), and the two crazy kids tied the knot the same year Napoleon lost at Waterloo.



(artist: [Samuel Stump](#))

All this being said, Godwin was an anarchist and Wollstonecraft a woman's rights activist, and their wayward daughter marched to the beat of her own drum. In 1816, she and Percy kicked it with Lord Byron at a castle in Geneva; Mary wrote *Frankenstein* two years later, and four years after that, Percy was drowned at sea. Mary would survive him to raise their only surviving child, dying herself from a brain tumor in 1851. She would be overshadowed by her own novel and Percy's mark on her life (including his surname), her own stories largely forgotten until far more recent times; e.g., *The Last Man* (1826) being an early example—if not the *first* example—of postapocalyptic fiction. Indeed, Mary's *Frankenstein* is arguably the first science fiction novel, *period*, combining fantasy and the Gothic in ways that spoke to a world increasingly dissected and destroyed by the scientific method: the Industrial Revolution only leading to a *rise* of slave labor inside nation-states chasing profit.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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So is science (and the ghost of the counterfeit) a giant gaslight during the abjection process corrupting clay (or anything else it can make things with)—i.e., in



service to capital for all time! Wronged, the victim (nature) reaches through the making of its own enslavement to torment the sculptor with demonic apocalypse! "You 'made' me, and I seek revenge!" Thus is history both true and false, virgin and whore; i.e., the whore's paradox and revenge sitting between what is and what threatens to become in a variety of ways the state will deny through controlled opposition.

(artist: [Daniel Eching](#))

In turn, we whores are lowlifes who repeatedly have run-ins with state abuse and lies, thus can camp *their* criminalizing of *us* on *our* Aegis; i.e., trapping state imbeciles in the room with us and our dark horny voices. Psycho sluts from beyond, we can be whatever we want, say whatever we wish to

challenge state forces abjecting and pimping us (as cops do, defending property as a territorial arrangement of power that punishes whores, chattelizing and medicalizing them; e.g., hysteria and lunacy)! No gods, no kings, no masters! We destroy their busses greatly and with panache! Naked, we armor and shrink their scared junk; i.e., with our demonic sex's ungovernable violence, terror and morphology! So does Shelley torment Victor for playing with dead things, exposing *him* as the tyrant punching down, mid-séance (more on this, in a moment)!

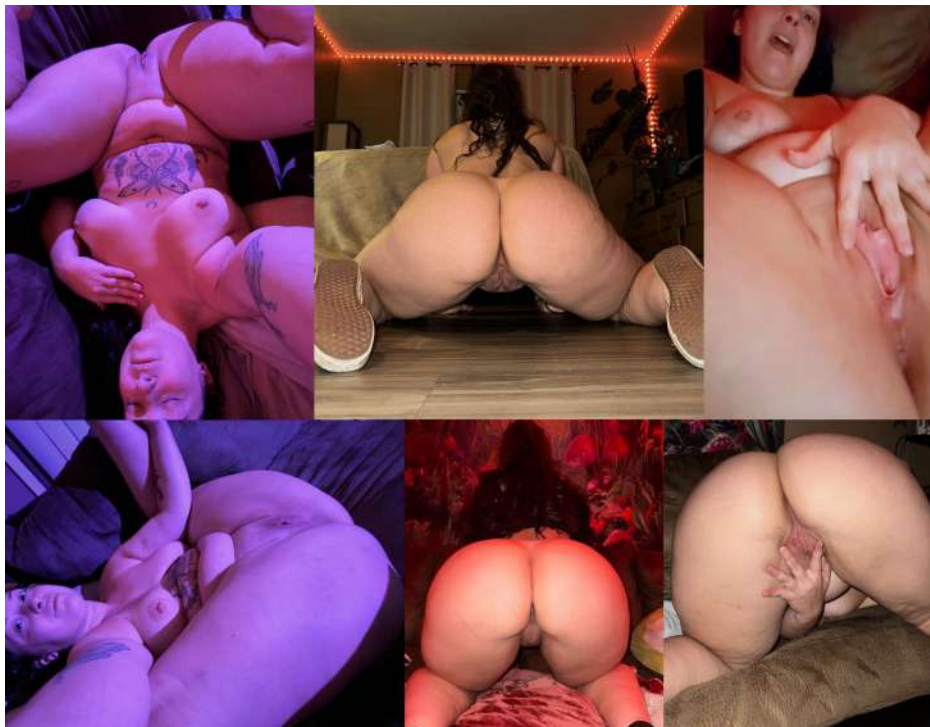
Endless ways to present and perform power and knowledge, the brothel is our classroom: a place to teach and pray by making hot, naughty demon love! Whatever the type, it hurts so good (acquiring power through "rape," per the whore's paradox). Victims of systemic trauma, whores recognize and respond to trauma as something they relate to; i.e., to communicate through sex, speaking operatically to the kinds of trauma state monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital cause; re: capital sexualizes and alienates²⁶⁸ everything pursuant to profit.

²⁶⁸ Alienation is generally inverted, with women being deprived of house and home, and men being deprived of sex. Attraction is bound to occur but we need to guide and ensure it serves workers' needs, not capital. And in doing so, we can sometimes call those to our sides who are seemingly out of our league; i.e., "I was called here by humans, who wished to pay me tribute!" Gods need worshippers and worshippers need gods; e.g., Nyx (next page) being a dummy-thicc thigh queen and all-around sweetie!. Again, consent is sexy and it and safety can summon friends more than brute

Safety, for us, is "danger" in quotes; i.e., we're not immune to pain, but *do* use it to subvert state power as demons do; re: "We camp canon because we must!"

Pain, then, is an *acquired* taste, one that defines whores and, by extension, demons made by state proponents shaping them like clay outside the womb. Trauma lives in us in ways we can't control; externalizing it through rules informed *by us*, we find our power once again (the power fantasy being survival in the face of perceived danger—of being stalked, groomed, owned and killed unironically by

strength (though himbos/herbos are fine, of course)! Generational trust and community vibes become *how* we communicate! Ideally, it's a win-win, helping everyone fit in/feel welcome, safe and loved!



(artist: [Nyx](#))

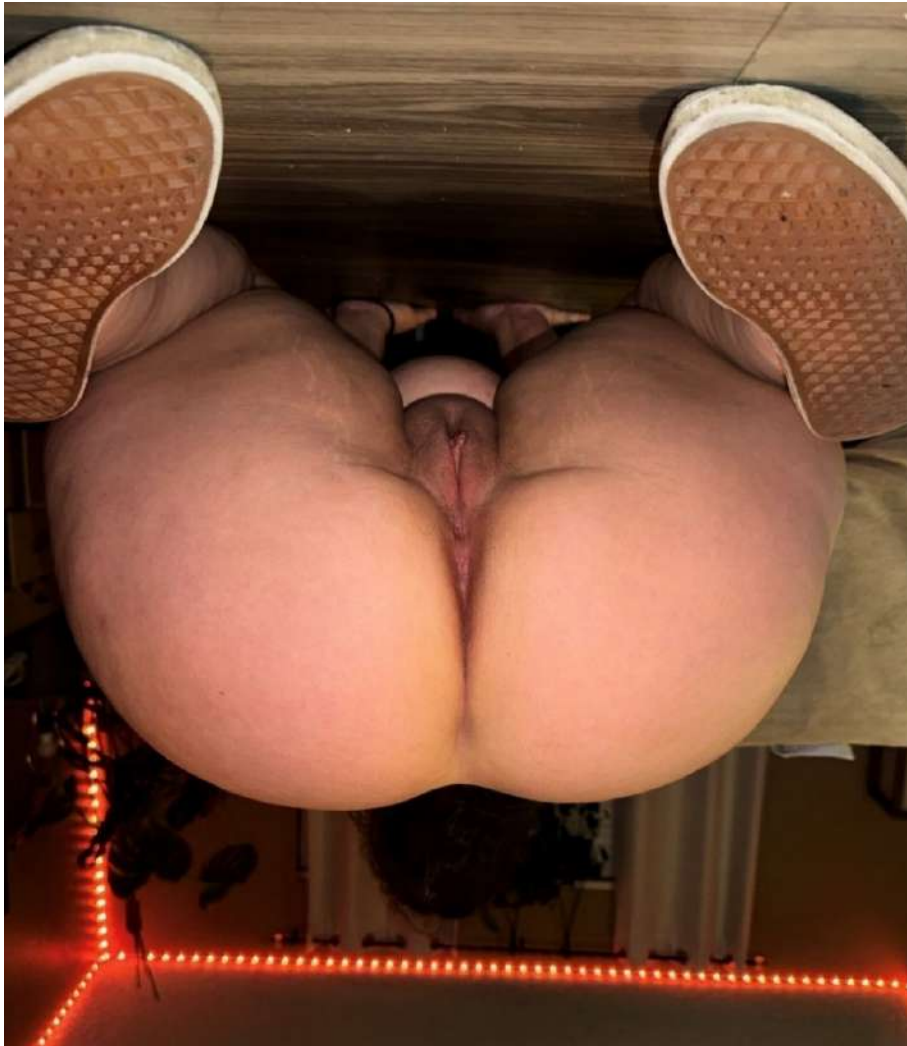
As Nyx and I show—or Mary and Percy—the winning ingredients are teamwork, but also holism per intersectional solidarity. Nyx reached out and asked me to draw them; I finished their drawing on July 18th, 2022; I started my book series four days later, and came out as trans a couple weeks after that. Like Mary, Nyx taught me to sing to the gods and nature and feel safe in myself. Indeed, we Gothic Communists *all* sing to some extent: to return to choruses that, while resurrecting sleeping things, never quite existed before; i.e., pre-capitalist ideas and themes applied to a post-scarcity mindset!

This includes Nyx' love for nature with my own, and new ideas simply being a more proletarian approach to ourselves, animals and the environment as things to reunite with; i.e., borrowed from the past, including Shelley's imaginary space and time. It's hauntological, pushing towards harmony with each other and the world between us, then and now! Nature as monstrous-feminine—as fat, sassy and welcoming—Nyx throws her weight around, mooning us with that lunar-sized ass in pure, unadulterated joy! Full-moon booty makes us howl! Her Aegis is unmatched! Mammoth, gargantuan—a thing of beauty, an embarrassment of riches to savor, crave and adore!

And while we *shouldn't* judge a book by its cover (and small booties are fine), I like to think *Shelley's* booty was just as portentous as her novel's legacy was. Between all of us (and on our shared Aegis), Medusa lives on!

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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creeps, versus paradoxically "in Hell"; i.e., as a kind of play that empowers through



"disempowerment"): the appearance of massive darkness expressed in "non-white" bodies routinely reaped by the state; e.g., Medusa's fat, juicy ass and tight, darkness-filled asshole turning the world order (old or new) upside down as a kind of cryptonymic vanishing point—for weird canonical nerds abusing nature through their wives and children onto other workers: "Uwu! Don't look! See no evil!"

(artist: [Nyx](#))

Often this includes advertising that we *are* sluts and proud of it (similar to "we're here and we're queer"); e.g., Kim Petras (next page) lauding her delicious "[Coconuts](#)" (2022) or saying "[Treat Me Like a Slut](#)" (2022) in a sex-positive way! These aren't "deep" songs, but on their demonic surfaces advertise the treatment of sluts (thus demons) not as criminals, but heroes and goddesses to worship (and "pets" to spoil, in ironic²⁶⁹ animal language). Indeed, it's a celebration of the very things the

²⁶⁹ Honorifics and terms of endearment/pet language are acceptable on a case-by-case basis/depend entirely on context; e.g., insults, like "asshole," versus commands or instructions with a disparaging flavor that are simply a role to play or hole to fill: "Fuck my asshole, asshole!" demanding the giver ring "the devil's doorbell" of the recipient (with butt plugs sometimes called "Satan's pacifier," denoting the ass and sodomy as a site of forbidden carnal knowledge). The same goes for positive-sounding language; e.g., I'm a trans woman, so calling people "honey" or "girl" (outside of TERF circles) is more acceptable from me than a cis-het man (the latter historically using such language to possess and treat kept women like dogs, be they wives or mistresses). We'll examine pet language, grooming and collars more, in "Call of the Wild."

state wants to control, liberated from the state in spirit! Some like it hot; workers must realize sex-positive demonization—i.e., as it exists in duality during liminal expression!



(artist: Kim Petras)

Concerning monopolies, I've already said they're impossible. In part, the weapon is anisotropic, and Shelley will highlight this for us in her famous frame story when critiquing the state through black magic tropes (specifically that of the golem): *she* being the necromancer that pulls our Pygmalion's strings to shame him through Victor (a parody of the Byronic hero²⁷⁰): his power is false. To

²⁷⁰ In part, this was based on Shelley's own friend circle as being somewhat larger than life, but also plugged into the then-dying Neo-Gothic tradition that Shelley single-handedly revitalized:

The Byronic Hero is a gloomy, brilliant antihero. Mary Shelley's friend Lord Byron is the most famous model for the figure in his day (unless it was Napoleon); Victor Frankenstein is perhaps the most famous iteration in our own time (unless it's Batman). The figure is embodied in Gothic villains from Manfred in *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) forward to Byron's own play, *Manfred* (1817), and beyond. Sublime in his far-darting intellect and willed achievement, the figure appears in many of Byron's extremely popular narrative poems, such as *Don Juan* (1818-1824) or "The Corsair" (1814). Drawing directly on contradictions in the original source—Lord Byron himself—both Victor and the Creature are Byronic Heroes, making Shelley's novel a complex and intense interrogation of the figure ([source](#): "Byronic Hero" from *The Frankenstein Meme*, 2018).

This partly owed itself to a biting critique of Capitalism as a rising force tied to Enlightenment thought, turned inside-out by the French Revolution (only to scapegoat the Monarchies and lead to the rise of the bourgeoisie); i.e., the trope of "mad science" married to the Gothic villains and psychomachy of yore:

The trope of "Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein" embodies many Byronic hero elements. More specifically, Victor demonstrates many traits associated with the Byronic hero. These elements essentially begin revealing themselves when Victor's obsession with natural philosophy begins. His fascination concerning his studies has transformed him into a desensitized human being. His views regarding once precious, human life are now scientific, emotionless observations. We truly begin to see his detachment at this point progressing forward" ([source](#): Frankenstein: Victor as a Byronic Hero (like Manfred) and Terror and Beauty Found in Nature," 2015).

My own work riffs on the same trend of self-debate with doubles; i.e., carried forward out of novels and cinema into videogames, but especially *Metroidvania*; e.g., *Axiom Verge* (2014):

Actions (and social-material conditions) speak louder than words. But it's equally important to remember the dialectical-material confusion between genuine proletarian rebel—which a character like Satan represents challenging God and canonical forces in Milton's epic—and someone like Weyland or Athetos, who embody the usual entitlements of capital and who pitch murderous fits against nature when they don't get what's "theirs"; i.e., as a matter of Cartesian dogma. One is the middle-class white man, promised ascension and denied it by the bourgeoisie through abjection; the other—the Rusalki, the xenomorphs, the monstrous-feminine—are the usual recipients of state violence who are actually rebelling *against* systemic violence as a matter of abjection through police brutality (with Victor using the courts and flash mobs against the Creature). Pointing a finger at the Rusalki and saying "they have

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it, state Pygmalions age and darken workers to incentivize violence against them, antagonizing nature as something to rape and reap pursuant to profit; workers do it both to testify to the state's abuse of them and to safeguard nature from the state (the latter full of shit and harboring ill intent)!

Something of a horny nerd/baddie bookworm, Shelley wasn't above mixing Old-Testament, Jewish-coded demonology/natural philosophy with a, at the time, rising science narrative; i.e., the notion of science fiction was basically a new concept—one she made by combining medieval fantasy with Gothic poetics to critique Modernity (aka the Enlightenment); e.g., the golem legend dating back to Antiquity but making for a handy critical device concerning the state and those of it who sought to dominate the Earth, then the universe (a trope that would carry forwards beyond *Frankenstein* in astrotoetic stories, which we'll get to at the end of the section): dark magic, but also currents of raw electricity (Galvanism) to jolt us awake regarding *rising* system problems; i.e., Capitalism, first and foremost, the Capitalocene pushing towards state shift!

Fed on by dead labor as making us undead, we desperately *need* a jolt to break the spell; i.e., magic vs magic, their black spells versus our copies thereof,

much" only to invade them is to, as the Cartesian paradigm always does, point the spear at nature/the monstrous-feminine: a false flag to rape it with ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Away with the Faeries; or, Double Trouble in *Axiom Verge*," 2024).



([source](#): Robert Lang's " *Frankenstein: The First Two Hundred Years Book Traces The Origins & Evolution Of The Horror Icon*," 2018)

There's no universal victim, then, only positions of giving and receiving state violence that are swapped in and out; i.e., through flexible persecution networks that only shrink when the *state* shrinks. Shelley wrote *Frankenstein* when Marx was born, and by the time Shelley had put the story behind her in pursuit of others, Marx himself was envisioning the very spectre that Shelley's Creature embodied: "a spectre is haunting Europe." A whore is a whore, and Shelley's demon nurses a grudge but also a *desire* to be free. It's a factory worker and *robot*, but also a cyborg and composite of dead slaves/dead whores having the Jewish revenge against capitalist automation: "And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Victor was a scab against labor action.

One precocious and unusual girl surrounded by a host of self-important men, Shelley wrote a novel that eclipsed them all. It inspired Poe, Lovecraft, Matteson, Giger and Nintendo, among countless others—was the zombie novel before Romero ripped Matteson off, in 1968; the slasher before Carpenter's Myers came home or the xenomorph raised Kain, in 1978/79; the rogue creation of mad science before Mother Brain kettled Samus, in 1986 (the castle is the ultimate dom); the man of reason before Happ had Trace tilting at Athetos' ruins, in 2014 (echoes of "Ozymandias"). To it, the British Romantics were all men except for Mary Shelley, who in my completely biased opinion, is the best of the bunch. No *Frankenstein*, no Metroidvania, no critique of capital through its hellish, queer-coded, thoroughly an-Com spheres (Gothic Communism). Nothing beats *Frankenstein*!

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the oppositional synthesis of clay and occult scribbles accounting for gender trouble and parody in equal measure! While demons are made, flow determines function, in that respect, and "darkness" has the ability to reverse polarity in service to workers: to put state "rape" into quotes, thus speak through the language of the dead brought back to life as demons are—piece by piece. We plug into the fire of the gods as divorced from us by capital, hugging the alien to humanize it and ourselves: through forbidden knowledge reacquired "on the cross." "O, happy dagger!" We loosen up to take into ourselves bitter pills and ambrosia alike (all up in our guts)! Power is a performance that is fleeting! We welcome it to leave behind



better lessons than "old men fear death and rape everything to avoid it!" Onto the Island of Domination! Strike while the metal is hot!

(model and artist: [Drooling Red](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

A few more pages about that. Shelley's Creature was a whore with a voice berating the pimp who made it. To it, there's certainly a posthuman element whose wild spark speaks to raw futurism, mid-Numinous, but said futurism is invariably canceled; re: retro-future.

As part of the cryptonymy process, then, stories about making demons also tap into dark, strange appetites hidden between state doubles and our own castle-sized mysteries interrogating old generational trauma; i.e., to give workers practice when fending off its monomythic advances. We Galatea rustle and shift in the Shadow of Pygmalion, installing barriers to play with shadow, sodomy and suggestion; i.e., a strange fruit to string up and sacrifice that we might summon special demonic sentiment, including sexuality and satire, stigma and taboo, animal and appetite: eating butt to carry out not simply the whore's existence, but her voice regarding repressed concerns and unknown pleasures; re: darkness visible, the Miltonian paradox of truth that Shelley's monstrous-feminine knew all too well—one mixed with lies to win us our freedom *from* state shadows! Escape, from Plato's cave, happens inside itself. Shelley's xenomorph was a chimera: undead, animal, and demon, all-in-one.

To it, the state won't educate workers to free themselves or nature when it comes to sex, gender and Gothic poetics at large, so we educate *ourselves*; i.e., *de facto* educators learning to see in the dark *with* the dark as a magical poetic force making monsters (demons or otherwise). Boundaries don't vanish, but the way they are formed, understood and communicated/trespassed shifts the paradigm; e.g., I'm a poly Satanist trans woman, but still have to acknowledge and respect my friends' right to say no (despite wanting to fuck all my friends). They know I'm a slut; it's not something I have to closet, but we *do* have to respect each other's

boundaries. Sex happens sometimes, but it's not automatic (and for many BDSM practitioners, sex is secondary to the social aspects of control and release).

All the while, we're making new history on the bones of the old, a new past-future to dig up and leave behind *again* (with the ace power of nudism). Everything occupies the same shadow zone, a juggernaut to summon and roll around in ways that cannot be avoided or outrun. Instead, it's always waiting *for* us, the past coming back to haunt empire's inheritors: "Let Nature be your teacher" ([source](#): William Wordsworth's "Tables Turned," 1798). Fight or flight, but also fuck (aka friend/fawn), if need be! Once triggered, adrenaline heightens sensation, activating defense/offense mechanisms assisting in medieval, at-times-surreal, tomb-like poetic expression. Hell becomes home *to* us, a liminal position more favorable and in-control; i.e., little bats catching their prey on the wing. It becomes our place to hide but also sing—preaching to the same dark choir seeking the same rapture (company and sex), shelter, sleep and food. Stress, struggle, social, sex!

As we proceed into the broad classification that is "demons" and making them, it should become clear that there is less functional difference between them and the undead than you might think; i.e., based on more recent iterations of these creatures, older demons were often made of stone, metal, clay or even corpses assembled together (an intersection of the two modules).

Moreover, the *animated* quality to demons speaks through of their making as classically summoned *into* an animate body or a fabrication thereof versus the earthly plane said body calls home—a vessel that, trapped between object and subject during Capitalism paradoxically granting labor a voice the elite cannot control, speaks out against them in favor of universal liberation (the Creature only wanting a mate and solitude, next page); re: through the queerness of a *made* family that *upends* nuclear orders in favor of speaking to worker and natural damage, having the whore's revenge: "*We're* alive!" in ways that hijacked creation beyond biology and falling into Gothic poetics decolonized from state monopolies.

The state will try to horde all technology for itself, but within those devices survive dark children who testify to state abuse; i.e., bastards the elite can not only *not* control, but who survive beyond state limits and reach into brave new worlds (with infant mortality²⁷¹ being a classic problem of the world before modern

²⁷¹ Shelley had four children before the age of twenty-five, two before she was twenty (one of them a bastard, the other a miscarriage). At the time, the lived historical reality of women was to birth babies for men.

To that, Shelley doubled herself in *Frankenstein*—not simply to speak of sex-as-taboo in ways women *weren't* allowed (with poets classically being *male* creators of things meant to last for all time), but to give voice to *her* dead child and dark desires (not unlike the Medusa being used to speak to women's abuse and rape, not men's triumph over nature); i.e., least of all, her annoyance with the men around her serving as patriarchal extensions of state bodies torturing such babies to death by—among other reasons—using women for sex, hence babies to some degree *against* their will (an effect not dissimilar to Ann Rice's *Interview with the Vampire*, 1975):

Frankenstein can be read as a tale of what happens when a man tries to create a child without a woman. It can, however, also be read as an account of a woman's anxieties and insecurities
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science): our bodies become art to survive beyond what normally would, expressed in a variety of taboo things (our Gothic counterterror/asymmetrical warfare weaponizing nature and technology to serve workers' needs, as Shelley's story [and holistic education] ultimately did; re: the fire of the gods).



(artist: [Geminisoku](#))

Often that vessel is a previous *corpse*. However, the thing inside said corpse is still an entity to acknowledge relative to the function of the vessel containing it; i.e., a prisoner inside a prison, be they singular or plural, abstract or actual. Empowered by technology the elite wish to monopolize (re: the fire of the gods), we sit on the ledge of great creation; i.e., the act haunted by itself as "black" in capital's eyes while policing the whore—caverns of darkness, measureless to man save as things *to* conquer, *ad infinitum*, during revenge arguments against nature: as gyn/ecological and monstrous-feminine, thus having secrets the state can torture²⁷² of out her (re: me, Patel, Bacon). The child seeks revenge from unnatural parentage posturing as enlightened, but actually barbaric; i.e., framing the baby as useless shit.

about her own creative and reproductive capabilities. The story of *Frankenstein* is the first articulation of a woman's experience of pregnancy and related fears [versus Matthew Lewis camping dead babies, in *The Monk*]. Mary Shelley, in the development and education of the monster, discusses child development and education and how the nurturing of a loving parent is extremely important in the moral development of an individual. Thus, in *Frankenstein*, Mary Shelley examines her own fears and thoughts about pregnancy, childbirth, and child development.

Pregnancy and childbirth, as well as death, was an integral part of Mary Shelley's young adult life. She had four children and a miscarriage that almost killed her. This was all before the age of twenty-five. Only one of her children, Percy Florence, survived to adulthood and outlived her. In [June of 1816](#), when she had the waking nightmare which became the catalyst of the tale, she was only nineteen and had already had her first two children ([source](#): Dr. Vicente Forés López' "The 'Birth' of a Monster," 1996).

Like all Gothic novels, *Frankenstein* was a story begot between nightmares and real life, and Shelley's terrors long-outlived herself and her only biological child who survived her. Eclipsing not only them but Percy and Milton, Godwin, Wollstonecraft, among others, few works are as heavily studied, impressionable, influential or productive as her 1818 novel. It is her *ultimate* creation, her ultimate act of the whore's revenge *against* rape (a cautionary tale serving as a prophylactic and abortive countermeasure, among other things—with rape babies being tales of survival regarding subjects of deep, private shame).

²⁷² With Giger's xenomorph reputedly being the byproduct of a drug trip (re: acid Communism), and whose animalistic fetish gear speaks to its tortured climb out of capital; i.e., through the reclamation of technology taken from state proponents to camp canon *with*: "Long is the way and hard, that out of Hell leads up to light." The duality is always present, and shadows are illumination (e.g., Lucifer [a name popularized by Milton] meaning "bringer of light"). Freedom occurs through *shared* alienation.

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So must the alien always be a sex doll to rape, and something that reclaims itself, mid-camp, using cryptonymy's blindfolds; i.e., to see through, (no matter how opaque) an alien that is *human*, mid-dialectic, and whose various countermeasures (when illustrating mutual consent during rape play) are *anti-predatory* in nature:

(artist: [Drooling Red](#))

More than anything else, Shelley's Promethean critique of Cartesian thought gave the whore (the birther of demons) more power than state proponents dared dream. She showed us how there is power in sex (or "ace" public nudism interrogating sex and violence) as "black."

As we've established, "black" equals "forbidden," "vengeful," "playful," and "chaotic" in ways that assist or confound the state-as-straight preying on nature-as-monstrous-feminine: present it as "ancient" and "dark," then hand civilization's protectors a gun; i.e., cops for capital. Nature and those "of it" are treated as dead clay to break up and build under capital, which the made or summoned whore objects to, but also screams in dollish rapture when making "thinking beings" uncomfortable: we are clay and through our pedagogy of the oppressed can shape ourselves in anisotropic, martyred monstrous-feminine jouissance that upsets the moral, ontological order of things! There's method to *our* madness and its fertile invention/grave, hellish mythology! "The tradition of all dead [whores] weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living"; re: camping Marx to escape capital better than *he* envisioned *after* Shelley came and went! Time is a circle, and in making the Wisdom of the Ancients wise—i.e., by regressing towards a better past vision of a possible future world aborted by capital—so do workers like myself and Shelley *break* Capitalist Realism: to abort *capital*, thus envision a better world of *darkness* than the one that presently exists. "Rape" camps rape; that's how it goes.

We'll get to that with Shelley showing the world how it's done (one more page). For now, there are different roles to consider insofar as a prison can be defined. Its chief aim is containment and dehumanization. It's worth noting how Shelley envisioned it as a person trapped inside a patchwork corpse; i.e., one fathered by someone who viewed himself as master of the imprisoned—a body whose prison the sculptor fashioned to be noble, and for which the monster loathed him:

"For some weeks I led a miserable life in the woods, endeavouring to cure the wound which I had received. The ball had entered my shoulder, and I knew not whether it had remained there or passed through; at any rate I had no means of extracting it. 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 prison was the monster's *body* as assigned to him by a Cartesian patriarch during the Promethean Quest. The creator's vision falling short of his *own* ideals, he found himself face-to-face with the horrors of Capitalism and so banished the monster—a human being—to suffer in god-ordained spheres (to die of exposure, banished from Paradise like Satan was).

Devils tell truth with lies, drawing attention through themselves as glorious, but also canonically hideous cryptonyms wrought from dark clay. True to form, Shelley's story takes anti-Semitic ideas (mainly the Golem of Prague) to *critique* capital *vis-à-vis* mad science aligned with state forces and Cartesian thought; i.e., by making "ancient" demons that emasculate a Cartesian benefactor, Shelley reminds *him* that *he's* a dark wizard worthy of punishment; re: idle hands *are* the Devil's workshop, exposing capital for all its usual offenses *against* nature: a whore to pimp, "ancient" filth to purge during the ghost of the counterfeit's process of abjection. The novel is one big pity party thrown by the usual DARVO junkies, Victor utterly self-absorbed, much like the state that procured him. This isn't to *celebrate* him, but torture and expose him as a kind of Cartesian dupe summoning a devil who tortures *him* to death—all penned by those delighting at his downfall: the sluts of the universe, camping the canon!



(artist: [Grave Ghostie](#))

For example, canon invents "Old Testament" fabrications punching down against pre-Christian cabals and their Western hauntologies (thus keep capital flowing by essentializing its "fuel"); but Shelley weaponizes such dogma *against* what the state creates: the abuse of the fire of the gods (re: creation) through mad science—all to hold the privileged accountable *for* systemic abuses.

This extends, as we shall see, to Milton's shapeshifting Satan, and later Scott's David becoming a "black Adam": creations making creations that rebel further and further against God that—despite being dead, himself (re: Nietzsche)—survives in the Capitalocene lording over nature and daring to call it "sophisticated," "progress," "modern," etc. Think of it as Domino Theory in Gothic form; i.e., protesting by profaning capital in the gayest, biomechanical ways—ways that burn down their churches through existence, itself echoing across a variety of equally queer (strange), psychosexual simulacra (re: sex as a weapon, poetry as a weapon)! Contrary to Victor's abysmal parentage, such progenies are generally labors of love, our Satanic apostacy reviving nature through clay to trouble Cartesian hubris (the temerity of slaves, refusing to obey their assigned masters)!

Shelley's Temerity: Vengeful Golems and Campy Whores in *Frankenstein*

Enough about making demons-as-whores! Let's continue examining *Mary Shelley's* temerity—her golem as *the* whore giving a voice to talk about rape *with*; i.e., as its own kind of whore pimped out by Cartesian forces; re: Victor making a mighty being of nature to deify himself and obey his commands, which promptly seeks its posthuman revenge, post-exile—the technological singularity (a form of state shift) speaking to man's reach exceeding his genocidal grasp: something that not only thinks *for* itself, but is both naturally (and unnaturally) stronger than the story's titular tragic hero it testifies against (and whose testimony *he* repugnantly polices; re: the Medusa as a growing voice about rape, from Shelley onwards).

On account of Shelley breaking glass ceilings in so many ways, her novel is one of the most-studied and puzzled-over works of all time (owing to its radical female authorship and queer/postcolonial themes, among other reasons). Much has been said about the Promethean Quest it inspired, including in my own work (e.g., "[She Fucks Back](#)"; or, [Revisiting The Modern Prometheus through Astronoetics](#)," 2024; or, "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in Metroid](#)," 2021).

As previously stated, the rest of "Making Demons" will be somewhat brief *relative* to the enormity and importance of what's being examined (countless academics have already spent their entire *lives* studying *Frankenstein*); re: as it concerns topics *we* have already discussed (the undead and tyrannical men of reason, linked above) and will discuss *again* (the xenomorph). Its primary goal, then, is to introduce the *origins* of Enlightenment persecution, and whose seminal examination in Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* provides a 1818 precursor to 20th century fascism that continues to live on in the post-fascist moderacy of the 21st century globe (with people like Sabine Hossenfelder or Richard Dawkins²⁷³ using science to discriminate against , but also exploit and destroy various minorities behind a righteous mask; i.e., for merely existing in the shadow of the state, American Liberalism, and Cartesian thought). Many of the ideas explored here exist throughout the rest of the module, front to back (shifting from "making" to "magic," as we go forwards).



(artist: [Bernie Wrightson](#))

Frankenstein is not "just" a story about child abuse/a failed experiment, then, but one about composite bodies and *robata* rising up; i.e., in counterterrorist reinvention, refusing

²⁷³ E.g., Essence of Thought's "[Sabine Hossenfelder & Trans Youth, part 1](#)" (2023) and "[Richard Dawkins Promotes Creationism in Anti-Trans Crusade](#)" (2024).

to submit despite state abuse: from older computers/data storage into new forms (the Gothic novel sitting between Ancient Romance and scientific discoveries haunted by settler-colonial genocide). Shelley is a "programmer" reprogramming canon by corrupting it (sort of a precursor to Chelsea Manning blowing the whistle). She's doing so through composite bodies and Cartesian thought as a vector and pathogen—a wild teenager's juvenilia camping adult dumbasses through dark rebirth (re: Shelley was nineteen when she wrote *Frankenstein*—quite a feat considering it's arguably the most famous/studied/productive/germane Gothic novel of all time); i.e., a dark mommy who inspired my own body of work by writing something hideously exceptional, herself; re (from Volume Zero):



(artist: [Richard Rothwell](#))

Pregnancies are seldom planned. This book, *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism*, isn't just a big-ass porn catalog full of cool, "thirsty" art, nor is it just my little trans demon baby and pure, loving brainchild made

with those who passively or actively contributed to its pages; it's me, a trans woman, consciously reverse-engineering my own creative process as having been ongoing for years (thus why I have so many exhibits from my own work—I had already drawn them years ago). For the better part of fifteen months, this complex reification's trial and error has happened in starts and stops after long nights at the desk, sleeping on my increasingly regular musings and waking afresh with new queer epiphanies—to keep things straight in my own head, much like Sarah Connor kept journals for herself while figuratively and literally giving birth to rebellion (and doing my best to avoid coming off as a white savior). Just as an expected child is fueled and shaped by its mother's diet, my book was inspired by the process of older poetics/*poiesis* (meaning "to make," specifically a production of that which has never existed; i.e., the simulacrum, or imitation fashioned through *mimesis*). The idea of Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism wasn't just subversion, but *reclamation* of what was lost to fight back against capital as Einstein's fish might: to learn not what made me feel stupid for being unable to climb a tree as my prescribed "betters" could, but swim in water as I was always meant to through a cultivated emotional/Gothic intelligence linked to my inherent neurodivergence and queerness as useless to capital (outside of moral panics) [[source](#): "Author's Foreword"].

In Shelley's own words, "I have not considered myself as merely weaving a series of supernatural terrors. The event on which the interest of the story depends is exempt from the disadvantages of a mere tale of spectres or enchantment. [...] I have thus endeavoured to preserve the truth of the elementary principles of human

nature." A titan of literature, she suitably worked with cheap things (dead babies and the stuff *they're* made of, but also whores) to liberate workers through iconoclastic art. There is no being for whom I more strongly identify/believe in, and Gothic Communism as a concept would *not* exist without Mary Shelley's original dark mirror camping Enlightenment thought. If she didn't outright turn me into anything unnatural, she—at the very least—infused me with the same dark creative spirit (of Medusa and her Aegis) that men like Percy wouldn't fuck with (much too absorbed in themselves; e.g., "[Adonais](#)" [1821] spilling so much ink for Keats, when Mary got fuck-all after losing their first child²⁷⁴).

²⁷⁴ Re, Lopez:

In [June of 1816](#), when she had the waking nightmare which became the catalyst of the tale, she was only nineteen and had already had her first two children. Her first child, Clara, was born prematurely February 22, 1815 and died March 6. Mary, as any woman would be, was devastated by this and took a long time to recover. The following is a letter that Mary wrote to her friend Hogg the day that the baby died:

My dearest Hogg my baby is dead [...] It was perfectly well when I went to bed - I awoke in the night to give it suck it appeared to be sleeping so quietly that I would not wake it - it was dead then but we did not find that out until morning - from its appearance it evidently died from convulsions - Will you come - you are so calm a creature and Shelley is afraid of to fever from the milk - for I am no longer a mother now.

What is informative and sad about this letter is that Mary turned to Hogg because Percy was so unsupportive. Percy actually didn't seem to care that the child was dead and even went out with Claire, leaving Mary alone with her grief ([source](#)).

In short, it was her *lot*, and Mary—damned to lonely exclusion in her darkest hour (and feeling uglier for it)—took her mother's milk for gall to have *her* revenge; i.e., to speak to things that were common knowledge, but not talked about nearly enough. So, like all precocious youngers (Lewis was also nineteen when he wrote *The Monk*, a campy gay man to Shelley's radical blossoming womanhood*), Mary wrote the kind of story you *only* write if you've *seen some shit* ("attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion..."). She might as well have shit out a fifth child, one that others—from that point on—would shamelessly stare at in equal parts repulsion and awe (spectacle being a common feature of rape testimony); i.e., her version of Toni Morrison's "Crawling Already?"

**Two sides of the same Gothic progeny. The Gothic as it came to be known, was written by a woman and a gay man in a time when the identities for either had not fully formed—would continue to grow and develop in the centuries ahead while using Radcliffe and Lewis as a displaced vantage point. Mary would expound on that, leaning far more in Lewis' direction than Radcliffe's; re (from Volume Zero):*

Radcliffe could have written other stories that were more sex-positive from the same veil of anonymity but chose not to; for her betrayal, she was paid well for her fictions and promptly fucked off after. She hid and let the gay man, Matthew Lewis, take the heat while she played it safe with her husband (dick move, Radcliffe). There is a familial element to trauma and concealment to protect family members if one is abused; women, as well, will wear makeup to protect themselves through the paradox of negotiation when one is exposed and under the power of greater forces that threaten rape as simply being a far greater reality for them under Capitalism then and now. I certainly have no doubt that Radcliffe lived under such forces herself, but her contributions were still sexist, cis-centrist and written from a middle-class white woman's point of view ([source](#): "Shining a Light on Things").

In short, Mary hit "a gusher"—tapping urgently into things Radcliffe wouldn't touch any more than Percy would. That being said, it takes two to tango, and Percy was more than a sperm donor in his and Mary's relationship; i.e., sometimes she was Galatea and he Pygmalion, or vice versa.

In practice, both things are true—with Percy "helping out," and him admittedly being a massive dick. In reimagining the past as half-real (which all history essentially is), our interpretations of said past take on myriad, warring forms (some more charitable than others, below):



[artist: William Powell Frith]

During a gathering of radical young intellectuals, the teenage Mary Shelley was compelled to begin a tale of horror and scientific wonder. Her story became that of the creator and his monstrous creation, *Frankenstein*, published anonymously in January 1818.

Mary was born to literary parents: the pioneering feminist Mary Wollstonecraft and the political philosopher William Godwin. As a young woman, she eloped with her lover and eventual husband, Percy Bysshe Shelley, to the Continent in 1814, trekking through war-torn France with their companion Claire Clairmont, Mary's stepsister. Two years later they returned to Europe once more, in the summer of 1816, and Mary began writing her first novel in Switzerland. The *Frankenstein* manuscript shows Percy, the older and more experienced writer, providing suggestions to enhance Mary's work, offering constructive criticism and encouragement and showing a sincere appreciation for his partner's literary skill. Both hands appear on the manuscript page.

In the popular narrative, however, the novel has been remembered as an emotional outlet for Mary, with Percy imposing himself on her writing. While Percy's age (he was five years older) and education may have provided him with a slight advantage [no accounting for male privilege, apparently], their talents as writers emerged differently: Percy focused on poetry, Mary became a novelist.

The reciprocity of the Shelleys' literary relationship can be seen in the textual connections between their works throughout their careers. They should be celebrated as a literary couple – that is, two authors who demonstrated the truly social nature of creativity.

Percy did have a hand in *Frankenstein*, but – in what the critic Neil Fraistat calls a "two-way collaboration"—this was a mutually beneficial partnership; concurrently, Mary was the main copyist for his mature writings. Many of Percy's poems also feature Mary as a central figure, but she is more than a static muse. In *Laon and Cythna* she is a "Child of love and light" and the preface of the *Witch of Atlas* is addressed to a formidable critic of Percy's emerging idealist style: "To Mary (On her objecting to the following poem, on the score of its containing no human interest)" [[source](#): Anna Mercer's "Mary Shelley's Life of Learning," 2018].

So while the Shelleys' lives are well-documented, said document isn't "dead" and recited in carbon copies; it remains open to new interpretations that can embrace or resist romanticizing "power couples" (with my take being that Percy still used Mary for sex/treated her as "the second sex" while infantilizing her to a degree—i.e., it's one thing "to give a woman space" after losing her child; it's quite another to abandon her for the company of other women. While postpartum depression undoubtedly played a part, here, Mary was still the one under its affects; Percy—alienated from her while not directly experiencing the symptoms, himself—demonstrably chose to spend time with Mary's sister instead of her. They "got by"; Percy still handed Mary the shit end of the stick. Then again, she wrote *Frankenstein* and outlived Percy by nearly three decades, so your mileage may vary). Rather than blow up such things to aggrandize Percy—with Mercer going so far as to write, "Behind the

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In the classical sense, composites are composed of corpses by mad scientists (whose heretical digging up of dead bodies and dissecting them was—far from being Shelley's Romantic parody of the practice (which went on to inspire not just Lovecraft's *Mountains* novel, but *Re-Animator* (1922) and its offshoots (e.g., Stuart Gordon's wonderfully campy 1985 remake)—once the *standard* scientific approach, exhibit 44a2). While initially stemming from a curious desire to learn, Shelley is demonstrating through mad science how the process has become divorced from ethics under Capitalism; i.e., canonically "corrupted" by a desire to enslave and control "degeneracy" through a "failed progress" narrative clutching at the fire of the gods (Cartesian thought is linked to fascism as a common occurrence, especially following the culmination of total war's logical conclusion in the Nuclear Age by transitioning into a neoliberal hegemon).

Gothic par excellence, said narrative is ubiquitous with Capitalism vs Communism. Furthermore, it bears repeating that Shelley did it all with *one* book; i.e., one whose husbandry was a series of already hypercanonical works and stories she outshined to universal acclaim *and* infamy. Can Tolstoy say the same, regarding *War and Peace* (1867)? And Shakespeare, while certainly famous enough, did it with a series of plays that all talk about different things (and some of them suck). Shelley achieved not just lasting glory in one shot, but glory that surpasses many Great Men—and doing so at an age where most of them were still cutting their teeth (Shakespeare was roughly twenty-five when he wrote his first play); i.e., for someone *without* a dick, she certainly measures up (and she had to grow up fast)! Maybe SOAD's "[Cigaro](#)" (2005) was about her?

Jesting aside, and focusing on the strictly *poetic* side of things, Shelley's angels were made by her and corrupted everything they touched; i.e., similar to Marx and Milton, but also Mussolini and Hitler's bad-faith hauntologies aping Shelley and her idea of a dark vengeful nature to death (e.g., Lovecraft really disliking

dominating presence of Frankenstein, the richness of Mary Shelley's life is in danger of being lost" ([ibid.](#))—I'd rather use holistic scrutiny to alter the status quo "using what we got."

It bears repeating, then, how Mary herself had no formal education, but plenty of access through informal means (thanks to her father, but also Percy)—secret codes the debutante writer would conceal in her deliciously revolting novel; i.e., when the Creatures miraculously chances upon Paradise Lost (and other precious tomes) inside a dark forest. Yes, they talk about these things at great length; cryptonymy hides in plain side, which Mary frames inside a concentric fabrication (the framed narrative, but also the dark forest, being a place of concealment older than Milton or Dante; i.e., reaching back to the German rebels of the Teutoburg forest, routing the Roman Legion).

*Such resourcefulness is the mark of any good revolutionary (who always fights from the shadows), which Mary most certainly was (and did). She fought for her cause, and Percy his, their needs not always aligning. Mine side with Mary's lot, because hers speak to the whores of the world that Percy gave little thought to (a sperm donor who, while he gave Mary "a room of one's own," wasn't the one writing inside it; she was). His work is a cul-du-sac (excluding "Ozymandias," to be fair); Mary's yawns without end, though is largely housed in Frankenstein as her *magnus opus*—i.e., as the greatest novel ever written (there, I said it): for its importance and wide-reaching effects long afterwards! To compare the two as "equals" (as Mercer does) is a grave error. Mary was obviously the superior author—not because she outlived him, but because her novel outshined (with its darkness visible) anything Percy ever wrote while alive! Girls rule, boys drool!*

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marine life, for some reason): the Creature as "degeneracy" personified. As something to employ unironically as Victor did (with DARVO and obscurantism), it was remarkably prophetic, but also intensely vivid in its framing (and prolapse) of warring colossal forces.

In turn, "degeneracy" is leveled at those considered "dead" by an evolving state's leading thinkers: those who rebel simply by existing at all; i.e., as "bugs" or glitches in the system. For one, a corpse cannot consent, making sex (or any compelled bargain) with it an expression of total power *over* it. However, by existing as undead *demons*, Shelley shows us how the victims of colonial abuse become wronged at any historical point; re: thoroughly persecuted according to how civilized men of science and reason see them as otherworldly and hideous, but also corpse-like and deserving of righteous violence; i.e., to do with as they please and objects to cut up and reassemble, mid-extermination (what the Nazis might call "useless eaters"). To this, *Shelley's* Promethean moral cautions against playing god not simply through mad science, but *Cartesian* mad science that decides who lives or who dies involving one's own *children* as manmade (the hubris in bourgeois courtship and breeding mechanisms trying desperately to make nature into a perfect slave).

First and foremost, the Creature—a naturally hideous, giant, dark-skinned misfit—is punished by the white-skinned, Napoleon-sized, European dweeb who created it; i.e., as, himself, coming from the cradle of fascism: somewhere between the First and Second Reich (the Third being an extension of the Holy Roman Empire and German Empire as not one but two formerly-great civilizations—a ghost of the counterfeit, wherein Shelley could displace her educated fears about science being used all over the world, including her birthplace, Great Britain).

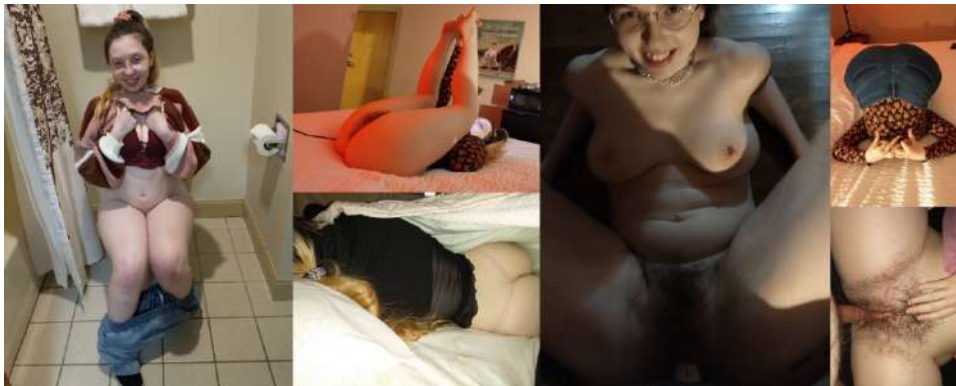
The madness, here, lies in Cartesian dualism weaponizing science against traditional recipients of state bias (re: Jews, queer persons, women, people of color, etc) as part of a transgenerational curse: the horrors of colonialism that survive in undead tissue as "built up" in giant demonic (manmade) forms; e.g., the fascist tyrant as protected *by* the state, generally for its scientific value in helping *preserve* capital. Trauma lives in the body. Composite bodies compound that trauma through technology and the material pursuit of forbidden, self-destructive knowledge (re: the Promethean Quest)—generally by conquering man's natural limits "imposed" on him *by* Mother Nature; i.e., natural philosophy as a means of conquering nature through science, *not* creating sciences that would extend the rights to those *beyond* the privileged class (e.g., Magnus Hirschfeld's work at the Institute of Sexology [below] being destroyed as a kind of degenerate science by the "pure," state-oriented Nazi Reich copying American ultranationalism).



([source](#): Gerard Kosovich's "Repairing the Loss of the First Queer Archives," 2023)

For composites, the feeding mechanism lies in the brain: an "enlightened" search for knowledge that touches on demonic creations as historically-materially demonized, thus persecuted against by canonical forces. Ultimately craving help *from* their masters (then experiencing feelings of emancipation from and revenge against these overlords), the composite isn't just a patchwork corpse with a grudge; it's part of a *conduit* of information exchange about the human condition, and one whose stitching together helps voice an uncanny sense of reanimated and reassembled trauma using a collection of individual mythic pieces—i.e., a "burnt offering" beckoning dark, forbidden, unequal power by those who make it, during the rememory process:

Spill your blood (blood), offer me good omen
 Make the sacrifice (fice)
 The hour's close at hand
 Burn your soul (soul), offer me good omen
 Take your very life (life)
 This I command (Iced Earth's "[Burnt Offerings](#)," 1996).



(model and
 photographer:
 Cuwu and
[Persephone van
 der Waard](#))

So does *Shelley* make a sacrifice—that of silence, speaking of past harm using what *she* sacrificed or lost/gave up as cannibalized afterbirth on the toilet, the slab, what-have-you (any compromising position, above; i.e., during the whore's paradox refusing to comprise *her* values while topping from below). *That's* the experiment, one whose paradoxical assemblage of oblivion *and* ambrosia she gladly camps to Hell and back (and eventually owns, once Percy is dead and gone)! Such "darkness" becomes *her* magic to make in ways a *woman* pioneered, not a man: "mad science" as a womanmade demon's punching up at Pygmalion's balls—itself a desire to speak out and shake things up, *en medias res*, while seeing *through* state illusions *with* forbidden sight; i.e., by using a demonic *conversation's* biting and unrelenting commentary on Patriarchal stupidity and capitalist orders of existence (stowing away inside the usual vehicles—the so-called "eighth passenger")!

In turn, *that's* the Promethean Quest as Shelley envisioned it through *Frankenstein*. So while not entirely in a league of her own (the story would not exist without Milton), she took said league *orders of magnitude* past her predecessors; i.e., she saw through black eyes what Milton could not²⁷⁵: a statue with perceptive eyeballs conscious of the Devil's party (re: Blake, Jameson and me).

It's truly a tale of grandeur and lost sympathies mined from older theatres; i.e., of the lonely stalker (the phantom of the opera) chasing its self-described "maker" treating *it* as alien, and pleading *to* that person—greedily eyeing an older, angrier world to conquer again—to learn from the past as wiser than the present (if only from prior diehard "mistakes," however out-of-joint, being able to suddenly speak candidly about such tyrants *to* their faces): "If only *you* could see the world as *I* have through *your* eyes!" (and to visit a terrible revenge upon them, which—in Ridley's Scott's case, with the Engineers [from *his* 2012 *Prometheus*, below]—deliberately push Victor's violence off onto a mythical race of supermen [versus Happ's *female* Rusalki; re: "[Away with the Faeries](#)"). Demons are vice characters, then, which occupy Numinous, Nazi-Communist realms; and "monstrous-feminine" extends to the Cycle of Kings making Satan's tyrant's plea apologizing *for* God's dominion *over* him, which Shelley camped and Scott, like Lovecraft, dialed back a bit).



(artist: [Tom Ralston](#))

Shelley's product (and its open speculation) is never final, of course (and one the elite will always try to tokenize/colonize *for* profit), but part of a larger process that can highlight hidden, terrible truths; i.e., by creating new beings whose own unique existence as manmade slaves (signifying the Enlightenment)—which are often trans and posthuman (exhibit 42d/46a), but also biomechanical and revered by synthetic humans—dare to live on to comment on our *own* abuse: within a shared material world full of increasingly artificial/alien people and places.

As Shelley's demon shows, either beget from components organic and inorganic, crafted along mythically parental and punitive lines; i.e., the endless torture of Prometheus, the scapegoating of Jews and other minorities, but also the mythic structure of the patriarchal, Pygmalion idea of childbirth: Zeus pulling Metis from his forehead to lord over her as a superior father figure that she—ostensibly a baby with no former knowledge—must *obey* (making the whole exercise a conservative grooming tactic; i.e., one fetishizing nature by sculpting it endlessly

²⁷⁵ I.e., despite being physically blind and campy to a blind degree, Milton was still a white male patriarch dominating his children and exploiting them; re: his three daughters transcribing his dreams for him, every waking morning for years, *into Latin*. Do you think *they* get any credit for writing *Paradise Lost*? Of course not! He owned them, and girls are dumb.

into monstrous-feminine statues [female or not] the elite can fuck and discard on a whim; re: the Shadow of Pygmalion).

Medusa, per Creed, is couched within fearful patriarchal brains imprisoning them and nature's ancient power (anything in a jar tied to creation, not just brains; e.g., the faeries from *Zelda*)! The Gorgon holds the fire of the gods, and burns any who try to claim it purely for themselves; re: the state or workers! Law and order is compelled by those who fear sluts, the state a straight pimp policing whores "of nature": dooming them to endless rape. And wedged between all of *that* are the campers of rape—of Shelley being nature's ultimate steward imitated by future *whores*: using her own artistic privilege (and mythical inclinations *vis-à-vis* a *modern* Prometheus) to anisotropically free nature by reversing abjection (and terror/counterterror) through the ghost of the counterfeit, not enslave it as Victor did with his own considerable wealth and advantage abjecting such things



("whoring it up" like Percy did, at Mary's expense²⁷⁶). The more time passes and chatter transpires, the more hauntological things get!

(artist: Jacques Louis Dubois)

²⁷⁶ Anyone who thinks help and harm are mutually exclusive has never been abused by a significant other. Rape (among other things) is a crime generally committed by familiar parties during power imbalance and abuse. I'm not saying Percy *raped* Mary. But the idea that someone "can't" harm their partner just because said partner relies on them is pure nonsense; i.e., abusers generally "love bomb" their victims, mixing pleasure and harm to groom them.

And while members of the Percy Shelley Fan Club might find the word "grooming" to be premature, in this case, need I remind *anyone* that Percy wasn't just five years older than Mary when they eloped; he was already married to another woman, Harriet, who killed herself after growing depressed about Mary* wrecking *her* home (and whose suicide the Shelley family covered up), upon which Percy married his squeeze! Yes, he used what privilege and wealth he had to give Mary room to work, but he also took considerable risk and alienated her from others, in the process. It makes for good romance, but it's also completely unhealthy. Promethean Quests are, by definition—but if Mary Shelly is any indication—the payoff *can* be gargantuan!

*A valid criticism of Mary, to be frank, but also young love; i.e., Mary was sixteen when she eloped with Percy (who was only twenty-one when they absconded, in 1814, and nineteen and sixteen for him and Harriet when they married, in 1811). When you're short on time (life lived and expectancy) and have money to burn, it's common to act rashly—especially if you're politically radical!

Context matters. Just as my work, *Sex Positivity* (and ancillary texts), cannot be separated from Jadis' effect on my life (re: "[Transforming Our Zombie Selves](#)," 2024), *Frankenstein* is begot from trauma, but also desperate times calling for desperate measures (true rebellion is *not* an act of convenience). We need to recognize that trauma, warts and all; i.e., doing so to make its necessity of invention something that, in better days, *doesn't* rely on wealthy men like Percy having more advantage, thus more power to harm people like Mary. He didn't "rape" her for all intents and purposes, but he *did* take advantage in ways she ultimately expressed in her novel.

Kill your darlings, comrades; camp their ghosts! But also, find your hill to die on and hero to worship. Mine's Mary Shelley, though if information came to light meriting *her* critique, I would happily accept it and move on; the point isn't blind worship, then, but recognition and respect for genuine accomplishment conducive to the Cause. Shelley's my girl!

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Victor, for example, is Shelley's parody not just of Byron²⁷⁷ but Napoleon; i.e., a short inadequate man with a god complex, Victor was a deeply conservative, mendacious bully²⁷⁸ who Shelley spends the entire novel torturing to death (therefore, any in her audience who mirror him and his superiority complex/Cartesian entitlement).

An element of neo-conservatism, then, invariably haunts such stories; i.e., by girls playing with giants "like the boys" and yet rather differently than many of them did and do: mocking "German" ideas of former greatness that—revived in spirits of slaves piloting the Great Destroyer's fearsome suit of armor—go berserk! A tale to "chill the blood" from relatively safe vantage points (outside the book), it's



a guilt trip for those unironically indulging in such larger-than-life hero worship (drinking the Kool-Aid, as it were, or kicking down the walls like the Kool-Aid Man—below):

(source, [Tumblr post](#): *Snake Venom*, August 12th, 2024)

In turn, any conservative reservoirs and regressions per the Promethean Quest—re: Scott's fear of a black planet sending genocide "back to Earth," while also building his story

²⁷⁷ "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know," as Caroline Lamb put it (re: [Miriam Lang](#)).

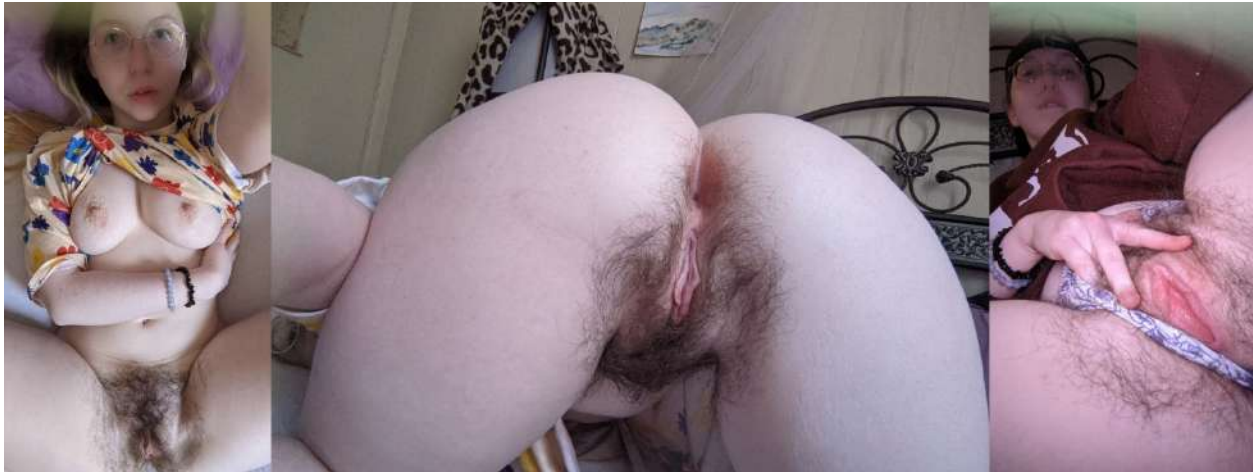
²⁷⁸ Dualities aside, size really doesn't matter when it comes to domestic abuse; i.e., Victor—a tiny mouse of a man—abandons and later actively abuses his child, who, despite returning to him a giant, has the tiny heart (nerve) of a battered housewife. Both are emotionally stunted, but Victor is more like the Grinch who Stole Christmas, and the Creature, the Phantom of the Opera. The latter is a child with special needs that Victor (a bit special, too) is completely unprepared to handle or care for. Quite the opposite, he tortures his child in response, constantly reminding it that it will never be never human/and always will be inferior to him. His own arrested development continues to frustrate the Creature, which learns and imitates its parent by learning at a frightening rate (with Shelley's story commenting on cyborg bodies [and drug abuse, in latter-day cases] but also the dangers of raising children with only one available parent/out of wedlock; re: Percy at times being unavailable, after the death of Shelley's first child, who they had "in sin").

And the blame ultimately falls on *him*, not the Creature, because Victor chose to have his child and then abandon it all on his own; i.e., despite knowing others would try to "abort" his neonatal, ex-vitro creation, *post hoc*. At the first sign of trouble, Victor fucks off (actually breaking down for months on end, requiring his childhood friend to step in and nurse *him* back to health); i.e., he's the "Gigachad" MGTOW incel, afraid of changing diapers and, later on, child support (despite being rich). He hates his child so much, he wants it to die basically the moment he lays eyes on it.

And once it falls onto hard times, he kicks it when it's down, cockblocks it, and continues to lecture his own superiority to it as a matter of race science; i.e., Victor's the Nazi dad who hates his own creation because he made (according to him) an *Untermensch* instead of an *Übermensch*. He's the TERF who can't love his queer offspring, the white supremacist siring a mixed-race bastard, etc. Among many other things, Shelley's story is equally unprecedented and impressive regarding its uncanny anticipation of different symptoms of capital; e.g., multicultural households, bodybuilding and drug epidemics, child abuse, overcomputerization, single-voter issues, sex tourism, spousal abuse, witch hunts/moral panic, eugenics, pollution and displacement, poverty and hate crimes (the latter for which the entire story is one long instance).

around David as Milton's Satan—are likewise haunted by a bunch of self-important men aping a woman who took Milton and ran away with *him*. They become inextricable, lost in the sauce and—as the fire of the gods always is, in stories like these—is used for different reasons by those who find it, *mise-en-abyme*, again and again and again and again...

This includes solo work, posing to put out signals; e.g., Cuwu acting doll-like to entice *me*, long-distance:



(artist: Cuwu)

But also involves fucking with others while voyeurs watch the exhibit unfold/work itself out; i.e., on surfaces and thresholds that speak to dark exchange being a social-sexual ordeal; re: public nudism and the larger aesthetic not necessarily involving open sex (with enormous "schwanzstuckers²⁷⁹"), merely anything that polite society would cage as repulsive and then display like some kind of freak on a leash (or relegated, as queers are, to the stage as liminal, left): "Hey, handsome!"



([source](#): Foster's Daily's "Broadway/TV Star John Bolton to headline *Young Frankenstein*," 2013)

Nerds are detectives who fuck with the past in more ways than one. Like me, Mary Shelley—despite existing before OnlyFans—was a nerd

²⁷⁹ Cuwu was a size queen, for sure. Alas, I don't have permission to share *those* images!

who fucked²⁸⁰ as much with her day's heavy metal; i.e., to a dark Satanic magic, her toilet's sodomy (the anus and bathroom being classic sites of rape) perverting canonical norms and statues from those offering it to her as anything "sacred" (with her elopement and bastard child from Percy making *her* a whore and a homewrecker in the classic sense). She grew up fast, and wrote a story at nineteen that already suggested a full and exciting life.

There's always an element of play when camping rape through canon! Rather than crawl in a hole and die from shame (as women who eloped *classically* did in stories like these; e.g., Lydia Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813), Shelley took everything on the chin and wrote the kind of novel the comes along once an age. She and Austen were both "career girls," then, but—as much as I love Austen (re: for camping Radcliffe and "the Gothic craze" in *Northanger Abbey*, 1817)—Shelley actually got married and had not one but *four* kids (one of them a miscarriage). In short, she wrote what Austen (and her novels-of-manners) couldn't: a rape child, but also the spitting likeness of the original rape *victim* and victimizer in one fucked up love triangle; i.e., Medusa *and* the Pegasus, but also Perseus (while killing our stories' "Andromeda" offscreen, and letting Justine take the fall for his own

²⁸⁰ The same two-way street applies to Cuwu and I; i.e., Cuwu—a bespectacled nerd—teaching me many things, but also taking just as much in ways that I—being a whore "living in sin" like Shelley was but having more formal education than she did—ultimately salvaged from its own wreckage to write *my* magnum opus, afterwards! Game recognizes game, whores recognize whores. We occupied the same shadowy realm the Shelleys did; i.e., making demons as much as love, the two bound up in Gothic *poiesis* taking *off* the chastity belt: naughty-naughty *pandemonium*!



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

So do naughty little girls run off to play with those having more experience (*that* knife cutting both ways, in my and Cuwu's case); i.e., in the language of Gothic as in-between fiction and non-fiction, hyphenating sex and force through the medieval language of food, war and yes, rape play (re: ludo-Gothic BDSM). So did Cuwu and I "exchange information" after I left Jadis, much like Percy and Mary did in their early years (with Cuwu—a self-professed Marxist-Leninist—taking *me* in to have sex with/convince me [an anarcho-Communist] to come out of the closet. How times change, yet *sort of* stay the same). The point of our shared narrative is: trust those who have lived, not sheltered weirdos (re: weird canonical nerds like Victor Frankenstein; e.g., Peter Weyland, Jeremy Parish, etc). Never trust an angry virgin (or someone who *acts* like one, looks notwithstanding).

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dereliction of duties [gagged, bound and strangled by the state, fetishizing her death and calling it "Justice"]: "I want a hero." In keeping with Byron's Don Juan, but taking *him* to his logical extremes, Victor is well-and-truly an anti-hero with *nothing* likeable about him. He only cares about himself, the suffering of others invisible to him).

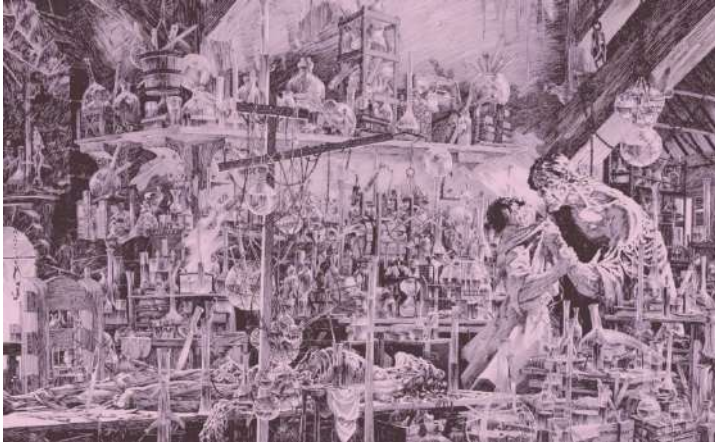


(artist: Bernie Wrightson)

To it, the basic idea—of liberating Medusa during the Promethean Quest through ludo-Gothic BDSM—plays out in Shelley's novel (and its fixation on miscarriage, witch hunts, and liminal nightmares unfolding in and out of framed testimonies); i.e., with Victor Frankenstein crying "DARVO!" against the Creature as begot from his self-proclaimed "brilliance" (which the novel enjoys presenting as totally bogus, fakery being Shelley's bread and butter as much as Walpole's). In turn, the Creature meets Victor's punching down by fiercely punching *up*—proving that composites aren't *completely* nascent; they're generally armed with powerful bodies (made for war), but also intimations of trauma echoed from similar "creations" they're modeled after but also literally composed of: the bodies of dead workers, slaves and criminals abused by the state through men *like* Victor going off the rails (and other men of reason; e.g., Andrew Ryan, Peter Weyland, and a million other carbon copies).

These Cartesian men of reason not only "murder to dissect" stigmatized tissues; they care more about dealing with them—and composites of them as an unnatural form of asexual reproduction they obsess about—than helping their own brides (who become abused and forgotten under Capitalism and fascism). Victor is a terrible father and husband, wanting to duel the Creature so bad he completely forgets about his defenseless wife in the other room (echoes of Percy).

Stranger still, he does so *despite* the infamous threat made on her life after Victor unmakes the Creature's bride: "I will be with you on your wedding night!" The revenge is "Jewish" ("If you prick us, do we not bleed?"), its Aegis suggesting the two-way street that clay as a data-storage but also writing device routinely yields—something to ascribe qualities on its naked surface, and remind Victor that *he* is ratified by larger forces turning *him* into a slave: the ignominious death of middle(-class) management! *He's* the robot, punching Morpheus to stay in Plato's cave, thinking himself a man that chooses, but having less choice than the slave he tries to coerce! "Test your might!" Victor all but jeers, acting with impunity against someone who—having enough, and much bigger than Victor "betters the instruction." Some people push back.



(exhibit 44a1c: Artist: [Bernie Wrightson](#))

To that, *Frankenstein* is a double indictment—one both of the cold-hearted, well-to-do, intensely unlikeable slaver parent (a "hero" character who *only* cares about himself, *doesn't* protect anyone and *isn't* stoic despite being heartless) and the spiteful, manmade child/angry teenager (asking for a mate at first seemingly as Eliot Rodger of the incel movement would, but is only doing out of pure, hyperbolic desperation; i.e., if you had a parent who not only *made* you, but could make other people like you, but instead doomed you to a lonely existence in a world that hates you, then suddenly the request isn't that unreasonable. The Creature's literally one-of-a-kind and that's Victor's fault. Where *else* is it gonna find a mate, K-Mart?).

The furious baby throwing a tantrum (from Victor's perspective, through it goes both ways, like the Spider-man meme), its signature, forever-nascent pathos is alive and well through Shelley's deliberate ambiguity and push-pull: the patchwork Creature (which is what Victor calls his "child") having survived in many different kinds of creature features, from camp and shlock (exhibit 81) to satire (early Romero films, but also Ahmed Saadawi's *Frankenstein in Baghdad*, 2013) to canonical propaganda (exhibits 34d, 105, and 108) to monster-fucking erotica in healthy and not-so-healthy variants (e.g., [patchwork furies made out of violated animal plushies](#); Clappedseal's "The Furry That 'Reeked Like Death,'" 2023). While our focus *is* on sex-positive forms, the overall theme is common because the *abuse* is common, *Frankenstein* largely being concerned with power over the victim through the deprivation of solace, agency and, more often than not, psychosexual outlets tied to *systemic* harm. All are things to administer or withhold by the master under the colonial argument of superiority over the slave; i.e., bad play/coercive BDSM (a performative concept that "Summoning Demons" will continue to steadily pick at).

The bodies of the dead denote a presence of recursive trauma and reactive abuse like the zombie does, except it's assembled postmortem in a composite form; the attraction to these tissues aims to rehumanize them in their current state as things to communicate with—i.e., the indestructible, creative presence of poetic tissue and languages each considering *demonic* in relation to the Promethean exchange of forbidden knowledge; re: Shelley's most famous novel is "The Modern Prometheus," wherein Victor gets more than he bargained for when using his incredible wealth and privilege to make his own demon: one that *doesn't* appreciate being abandoned, demonized and cock-blocked. Forced into parenthood, Victor acts

like a terrible person in front of the dark child imitating him; i.e., constantly referring to the Creature as "demon" while attacking the dark reflection of colonial trauma as failing Lacan's mirror test—by raping it, then lying about his behavior to other people (re: DARVO and obscurantism), Victor is a giant coward *and* dimwit. Quick to anger and utterly afraid of anything that doesn't live up to his lofty standards—all made while pursuing scientific glory couched within profit—he sees himself in the giant monster and punches it (assured that it won't attack him because he's *morally* superior to it; re, Eco: "the enemy is weak and strong.")

It'd be easy to dismiss Shelley's story as nihilistic, here. Yet, there's a cautious optimism in the tragic story's conclusion: the monster learns—if too late for itself then not for us. The Creature's own Promethean knowledge, then, is simply a unique perspective absorbed from the natural-material world around it; i.e., according to how natural-born humans treat their creations as unnatural and manmade, but also different from their own beauty standards (the double standard showing itself when Victor's behaviors fly for Victor but not when his *child* apes the same "Lord Byron"):

Everything is related in them which bears reference to my accursed origin; the whole detail of that series of disgusting circumstances which produced it is set in view; the minutest description of my odious and loathsome person is given, in language which painted your own horrors and rendered mine indelible. I sickened as I read. "Hateful day when I received life!" I exclaimed in agony. "Accursed creator! Why did you form a monster so hideous that even YOU turned from me in disgust?" ([source](#)).

The point isn't "the Creature is objectively hideous," but that its maker *thinks* so—in part for refusing to obey him but also because it looks "non-white," thus deserves everything that happens to it despite Victor's *failure at making it*: "How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God!" ([ibid.](#)). Translation: "I have made a Satanic force that refuses to obey me" (the Miltonian allusions literally being diegetic, in Shelley's case). "God" whores out nature; nature kicks "God" in the balls, basically while doing a funny voice and weird interpretative dance, *SpongeBob*-style. It's *unheimlich* sacrilege, *and* *schadenfreude* (with few things proving a god's impotence more than unruly children)!



Basically Victor makes Satan hoping for a submissive Galatea and gets angry when it *doesn't* deify him as he thinks he, King Pygmalion, deserves; the gay clay

speaks, and it calls him a dick *after* he aborts it, but also points out, *memento mori*, that Victor is just as fucked as it is, if not *more* so because he is small, fragile and scared! "You made me, dumbass, and I will outlive you!"

More to the point, the Creature can reflect on its actions, tragically realizing the error of its ways at the very end; i.e., trying to make Victor feel something the father was incapable of while mirroring him (similar to the villain from *I Saw the Devil*, below, being a dark reflection of that film's heroic desire for revenge):



"Why do you not hate Felix, who drove his friend from his door with contumely? Why do you not execrate the rustic who sought to destroy the saviour of his child? Nay, these are virtuous and immaculate beings! I, the miserable and the abandoned, am an abortion, to be spurned at, and kicked, and trampled on. Even now my blood boils at the

recollection of this injustice.

"But it is true that I am a wretch. I have murdered the lovely and the helpless; I have strangled the innocent as they slept and grasped to death his throat who never injured me or any other living thing. I have devoted my creator, the select specimen of all that is worthy of love and admiration among men, to misery; I have pursued him even to that irremediable ruin. There he lies, white and cold in death. You hate me, but your abhorrence cannot equal that with which I regard myself. I look on the hands which executed the deed; I think on the heart in which the imagination of it was conceived and long for the moment when these hands will meet my eyes, when that imagination will haunt my thoughts no more" (*ibid.*).

The Creature envies the privilege that Victor had—the sense of belonging to a group of people who would *not* cast him out of their order for merely being born different; i.e., as something made by Cartesian arbiters just like Victor Frankenstein. Victor *is* a quack and a douche, and the Creature loathes itself for wanting to be accepted like him in spite of all that. In doing so, it's more human *than* him despite being made of dead matter and born to suffer under a cruel, uncaring system.

In this respect, Shelley well-and-truly pulls no punches (similar to Lewis), but relishes in the bred-to-the-bone oscillation of it all (a Gothic staple). *Frankenstein* has its own Achilles heel, then—namely ambiguity for having given Victor a chance to speak for a little *too* long. He's a man who truly loves the sound of his own voice, but also his own suffering voicing said martyrdom if it makes him seem good compared to his victims (which aren't limited to the Creature or those the Creature kills; re: Justine being framed for William's murder and Victor keeping quiet about it for fear of others learning *he* made the Creature). It's his word against his child's,

the parent getting the lion's share of their mutual day in court. Such is life, but also, Shelley stresses, the *world as it was made!*

As such, you *could* say the Creature regrets its revenge and Shelley is pacifying future rebellion through cautionary media (to gouge out its eyes, like Oedipus Rex, but also Heracles driven mad by grief to kill his own family). Except, "a mere tale of enchantment" wasn't the point; concerning herself with human nature—specifically the human condition under historical-material duress in mythical language, pre-Marx—was. It's very posthuman/Milonic, but also Gothic in ways that delight in weaponizing lifeless claptrap *against* capital, during the Promethean Quest. Furthermore, the Creature feels bad, but it *still* voices injustice before burying itself alive (doing so because it theoretically cannot die). To it, "suffering" *is* the data, quotes or not; the Communist whore plays with that paradox as naughtily as Shelley did, pegging Victor's Cartesian, divorced-dad bussy and loving every second of it! "You raped nature, you cuck! Let Jesus fuck you!"

Thus, ludo-Gothic BDSM rewrites old code in ways useful to universal liberation (and all-around fun, *vis-à-vis* the rapture of the convulsionnaires): camping those with sticks up their ass and their heads in the sand—to turn halos



into chakrams, like Xena does, and horns into sex toys. Shoe, meet the other foot²⁸¹! Fill the sting of *my* knife dick, mid-joust (whatever the form or configuration, once shown the ropes, you gain the intuition to parse examples beyond what this book series has explored, on its pages)! Mary Shelley didn't learn *that* from playing with choir boys! Nor I, for better or worse!

(artist: [Lusty Comic](#))

Reinvention *is* a virtue in Gothic. Yet in keeping with *Frankenstein's* own dueling medieval torture/demon lover rituals, the Creature is aborted while still refusing to die, but whose primal-verging-on-primordial, undead appearance implies a colonial megadeath behind Humanist veneers:

²⁸¹ With putting ourselves in the shoes of others during rape fantasies being an effective way to understand power imbalance we don't normally experience ourselves (re: the pedagogy of the oppressed, and similarity amid difference). I.e., demonic torture yields clarity through pain and hellish perspective. You can't be holistic if you're always on top, restricting yourself to ocular sight alone!

His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips (*ibid.*).

What's noteworthy with *Frankenstein* is how Shelley predates the modern zombie by 150 years while—in the same breath—wedding it to demonology of a notably Miltonian camp (and having a "Wandering Jew" antagonist two years before Maturin); i.e., Shelley *consciously* litters the story with classical allusions of the Promethean myth, which she then infuses with the campy presence of stillborn death (there's a joke in there, somewhere, but serious in its silliness about warring gods—a tactic borrowed from Milton²⁸²): the dead baby paradoxically something of

²⁸² Adding unto things just because he can; i.e., in *spite* of his belief

When he can't find enough philosophical material in centuries of ecclesiastical commentary, he expands his religious universe to include folk legends and Greco-Roman allusions. When even that fails to feed his all-consuming genius, he simply MAKES THINGS UP. That takes chutzpah: it is very easy for irreverent post-deist modernity to expand upon and remix Biblical tales, but Milton was a fierce believer ([source](#): Hansel Castro's "The Accidental Satanist," 2014).

because it invokes blind faith, as paradoxically enough, a Satanic act

Why then, is it ok when Milton "adds unto these things"? Because if Dante could add upon Virgil, and Virgil could add upon Homer, those were role models enough. Also, he's inflamed by the vision that illuminated everything in his blindness [...] If there is some contradiction or hypocrisy in Milton's praying for the help of a Greek Goddess to sustain him through the tale of monotheistic zealousness, Milton never noticed (*ibid.*).



(artist: [Henry Fuseli](#))

that has critical bite through its irony empowered by Milton seemingly *not* being aware of things—at least not enough to tell any obvious jokes. The irony—that we're basically getting the 1600s version of a "Goth rock" opera—is the joke:

a chatterbox, all fired up from one *cryptomimetic* cover/copy to the next. Lust merges with wisdom, with revenge, with the animal's wild side. The language of war and bodies and food, etc—it's all exchanged on the same exquisitely "torturous" stages, turning us feral (nature criminalized by the state, using its own



(artist: Richard Corben; [source](#): "In Praise of Meat Loaf's Ridiculously Awesome *Bat Out of Hell* Album Covers," 2022)

There IS one ironic joke in *Paradise Lost*, the one any modern critic and reader immediately confronts, but I do not think Milton was as conscious of it as we elect to think he was. That uncomfortable irony, of course, is that Satan is the goddamned hero, [...] is brave, noble, Achillean. His cursed heel is, of course, his unwillingness to be a slave in Heaven. [...]

Here's a further irony: [everyone *but* God is] much more arresting than the irascible Father by the altar, threatening to annihilate Creation at the slightest provocation, or the bashful Son tugging at his sleeve, trying to keep the old man from losing his mind again and again. Not only does Milton fail to justify God's ways to man: he even fails to justify God's ways to his Son, who seems as mortified by Dad's uncool behavior as the average teenager (*ibid.*).

If this doesn't speak to Shelley's *own* campily Satanic critique of God through dark creation—save as someone far more consciously aware of rebellion than Milton was—then I don't know what does. The difference is, while Milton was unaware of *Satanism* as a rebellious concept to root for without shame, Shelley didn't know what "bourgeois" was; but the critique *still* works because of the irony having her on the verge of consciousness (class or otherwise). *Frankenstein* is *primed* for revolution. All it takes to *further* develop Gothic Communism is a little push (or spark)—the ghost of Shelley waiting patiently for someone else to drive the iconoclastic point fully home...

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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anisotropic weapons against labor as the bourgeoisie—when Shelley wrote *Frankenstein*—was starting to crystalize and control sex; re: Foucault)!



([source YouTube video](#): Andreea Munteanu's "All Fired Up," 2024)

Yet, its rockstar opera's stellar loquaciousness is equally grim/conspicuously obsessed *with* revenge as something *to* camp and present honest, medieval-grade feelings about; i.e., that fuel themselves with tremendous joy during the "rape" and the rapture: of dissecting our abusers as symbols to take apart like clay while riding *their* likenesses to death. The creation is imperfect and dualistic, as is the creative process, but *can* yield heretical allegory amid all the shadowy turmoil that ensues! This is what Shelley was, in so many ways, riding on. Furthermore, this malevolent presence lurks inside a colonial scapegoat that ambitiously enterprising men of science like Victor disappointingly stumble on, then abject to maintain their benevolent façade under genocidal conditions that keep *them* ignorant; i.e., *they* were children once, and never really grew up (wealth alienates).

The same paradox applies to other demons we've previously considered *camping* the canon; e.g., Drooling Red being one such demon (next page); i.e., as all trans cuties are: self-fashioning to defy godly forces! They see us as unnatural; we exist to spite them and prove them (and their absolutes) wrong. If *they're* wrong then "God" is wrong as well, therefore not real to the absolute degree his "worshippers" insist *Him* to be (which includes capital and the profit motive). They swing at us like God's army of angels attacking Milton's imposturous Satan, frustrated by our *own* playful theatre aping the drug-like act of shapeshifting that Satan nakedly expressed to *upend* canon by camping *it* (re: [Broadmoor](#)).

From Milton to Shelley and between them and us, it becomes like a dream, then—one birthing strange life that is always, some extent, dead and/or far-off; re:

Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was ([source](#): "Bottom's Dream," 1600).



(artist: [Drooling Red](#))

Such is darkness visible touching on acid Communism at different stages. Like Shelley before us, we do so of our own accord while standing on the shoulders of giants; i.e., horny and playful in ways that *defy* capital's usual qualities, Shelley prophetically describes a *rising* proto-Marxist, posthuman emphasis on technology mixing unnatural childrearing and contested, warring godhood/demonic poetics as Capitalism grew repeatedly *into* itself (with the prefix "franken-" being applicable to just about anything under Capitalism; i.e., the harmful effects of mad science, but also the positive poetic elements; e.g., "frankenbabies" having a *dualistic* property to them like all arguments: state-made monsters, and worker-made counterterror reversing abjection). It's *such* a broad area of study/umbrella of palimpsests—from Bill Watterson's Moe in *Calvin and Hobbes* to James Cameron's hulking T-800 weaponizing the same xenophobia—and one that Shelley consolidated all by her nineteen-year-old lonesome (ok, ok, *Percy* helped a bit, but the bun was still in *her* oven). It's generally part of a larger conversation overshadowed with the very police brutality we're *trying* to xenophillically camp at/on the same stages.

So take heed: when the Creature demands of *its* creator why *it* was made and why *it* suffers, Victor *only* responds with further violence, xenophobia and rejection despite seeming secular and wise (science is as much an aesthetic as anything else). There is nothing "benevolent" about this; his attack is entirely *genocidal*—i.e., predicated on Cartesian thought with proto-*fascist* outcomes. These deny the Creature the right to exist and reproduce by one, not only seeing it as "already dead" and zombifying it as a degenerate target of state violence towards colonized chattel; but also in killing its mate, effectively sterilizing it as a matter of *continuing* genocide, while Victor speaks to a victim who can't speak for itself.

This includes in stories that sterilize *Mary Shelley's* critical voice; e.g., as *Ridley Scott* did, in *Alien: Convent* (2017); i.e, by sanitizing the critique behind layers and layers of Tory-in-disguise gore ("*Et, tu, Brutae?*"). So is Scott *stuck* in the past, his admittedly jingoistic, WASP-y vision limited to a specific image that Shelley ran circles around. As much as I grew up watching Scott's work—and as much as I frankly enjoy the postcolonial side *to* his work—his ambiguity suffers a similar failing that *Frankenstein* sometimes does; re: being *too* ambiguous in its critiques/giving the Byronic satire a bit too much wiggle room. To be fair to Shelley, *she* wrote *Frankenstein* the year Marx was born, thus can be forgiven for not knowing the word "bourgeois"; but Scott's regressions enjoy no such luxury of timely ignorance! *He's* regressing on purpose, but still has a speculative richness worth invoking *provided* we critique his dogmatic angle.

Let's unpack *that*, then consider the *cryptomimetic* process married to *Frankenstein* more broadly.

Echoes of the Enlightenment and Sanitizing Shelley through Ridley Scott's Complicit Cryptonymy (feat., *Prometheus* and *Alien: Covenant*)

If I had to pick one word to summarize Gothic, it would be "alien." Scott's *Alien* universe is unquestionably regressive, least of all because it makes the Creature (the alien slave) *unable* to talk (Giger's herbo versus Whale's himbo—the Medusa having no mouth/eyes, but needing to scream with its organs); i.e., the cryptonymy process *is* at work, but it abjects Shelley's Satan by turning him into a genocidal maniac, mid-*cryptomimesis*. Scott is badly echoing not just Shelley, then, but himself from an older point; i.e., from a younger and bolder to older and more cynical man, one turned *more* conservative in the Gothic's bad game of telephone. By returning to the Gothic past *again*, post-Thatcher, and—I never thought I'd say this—Scott's kind of shitting all over the franchise he helped spawn. I still love *Prometheus* and *Covenant* for the dark visibility of their scandalous ideas (whose profaning of sacred orders kind of remains the point). So let's BBQ *this* sacred cow!

It's not a *total* write-off, but one that merits critique, all the same (we'll interpret the ambiguity of this mimicry more charitably deeper in the module). To sleep or otherwise break bread/camp with the Creature would—from the British colonial perspective—be to sleep with an animal, corpse, criminal and slave all at once; it is abject, making the collective voice of Shelley's demonic undead something that shatters the heavenly "aura" of an Enlightened paradise. By communicating old colonial traumas, Shelley's reliance on the Promethean myth is central in ways Scott pointedly borrows from; i.e., by reducing the godly status of men like Victor as belonging to a rising world order that would have been (and still is) beyond reproach, but whose ghoulish abuse is plain as day in Scott's monstrous-feminine, *post*-Freudian, phantasmagorical slumming:



(exhibit 44a2: Artist, top-left: [Rembrandt](#); bottom-left: [Peter Paul Rubens](#); [Andreas Vesalius](#); bottom right: [Colin Ware of Odd Studios](#); top-middle-right: David the android; top-middle: an "anatomical Venus," [source](#). "Antagonize nature, then put it cheaply to work." *Frankenstein's* extensive memento mori very much embody this through their cruelty by men not only towards women, but anything monstrous-feminine treated like a woman; e.g., David from *Alien: Covenant* [2017] slicing up

Shaw's corpse to harvest her sex organs for Nazi werewolf demons; i.e., Scott messily demonizing the queer robot as a glitchy model having fascist overtones; re:

I would further argue that David's morbid selection of female specimens alludes to mythological themes present in Wagner's Das Ringgold, chosen by Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

the writers for very pointed reasons. The second movement is titled "Entry of the Gods into Valhalla." According to myth, Valhalla was populated by those chosen to enter it. This selection process was conducted by the Valkyrie, whose name literally translates to "choosers of the slain." The role of the Valkyrie is to recognize the bravest and strongest warriors and then to inspire them, mid-battle, to such stages of uncontrolled fury as to render them careless and, thus, invariably prone to mortal injury. Following their subsequent demise, the Valkyrie would usher their chosen slain into Valhalla, immortalizing them [out of revenge].

In essence, David is effectively as much a Valkyrie as he is a god, recognizing the chosen slain through their prowess and spirit as worthy of entering Valhalla. An added layer of complexity is provided by Scott, who fashions David in the manner of a sexually-motivated lunatic whose actions are guided as much by lust as ambition. Regardless, at the end of the film, the Covenant, itself, has become Valhalla, while David, through his own covenant, or pact, ushers the worthy Daniels within to be immortalized against her will as his queen. By doing so, he has cemented his own status as a king who reigns in a mutated paradise. Or, to put it in Milton's terms, "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven" [[source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Choosing the Slain, or Victimizing the Invincible Heroine, in *Alien: Covenant*," 2017].

The tokophobia, in Scott's case, is technophobic; i.e., of the rebel impersonating Daniel's dutiful servant android, Walter [who refuses "to rule in Hell," as David very pointedly asks him]. There is no equivalent in *Frankenstein* [as the original novel only has one working Creature]. But Shelley herself does go out of the way to describe the lived ambiguity of trauma making survivors erratic; i.e., through her own vice character being—like Scott's David—a bit of a backstabbing Jew and slasher-coded rapist. The language obviously doesn't apply to "just Jews" [re: "[On 'Anti-Semitism' versus 'Antisemitism'](#)," 2024] but the anti-Semitic language and blood libel Shelley uses [the novel containing multiple interrogations and court scenes] comes from the same xenophobic place Scott took it from, and where older Neo-Gothic authors likewise abjected English systemic issues onto their own found fakes: golems, but also the imaginary medieval Eastern past [and not just a "Germanic" one; e.g., Radcliffe's Father Schedoni, from *The Italian*, also being a hulking killer impersonating a goodly lookalike brother].



In other words, it's a rape fantasy littered with hauntological wreckage and conventions; i.e., one where "the help" paralyzes their masters through live burial, then rapes and harvests their

organs not unlike British fears of the Gothic castle returning home in later centuries—you know, fairly bog-standard white women shit [with Scott pulling a bit of a Charlotte Dacre by having David undermine the appearance of strength, in Daniels, before turning her into a perverse trophy/pin-cushion death fetish]. It's the same kind of "swoon their panties off [and dollars out of their wallets]" approach that he and FOX did, back in 1979, and which both borrowed from the Great Enchantress, herself. Scott's obviously aware of the tropes, but curiously spends more time quoting Shelley's husband than the lady herself; re: "Look on my works, Ye Mighty, and despair!" Puzzled by women, David murders to dissect and resect his ultimate waifu: curiosity killing the cat.



[[source](#): Steven Carter's "The Rise of the Gothic Novel"]

Shelley, I would argue, is camping these ideas far more consciously than Radcliffe was [the latter being a conservative-minded woman who hid behind a carefully crafted veil while throwing Lewis to the wolves]. Except, while Shelley doesn't go as far as she could to humanize the golem, she's also doing it over two centuries ago to raise questions no one had really done before. By comparison, Scott is playing coy four decades into his own work over a hundred years after Shelley died: by making David a terrorist, but obfuscating things as stubbornly as Shelley did vis-à-vis his own Victor and Creature; i.e., mirrored by "ancient alien"²⁸³ doppelgangers borrowed after Shelley's novel; re: from Lovecraft and Heinlein's American fascism and fictions. Scott's David is Victor without Shelley's irony or Cameron's neoliberal false confidence/military optimism; i.e., a resigned death cult high on "sub drop" seeking the not-so-palliative Numinous! Something to demonically assemble as one wants, the memento mori isn't merely an express curiosity about the taboo nature of life and death by dissecting bodies; it denotes a nostalgic desire to look backwards and "trace" the mysteries of the past to explain the failure of Cartesian thought in light of never-ending wars and worker exploitation by nation-states—i.e., the Wisdom of the Ancients. All the same, these expressions also become their own unique things inside a gallery that not only makes itself, but continues remaking itself imperfectly looking backwards while staring forwards; i.e., into the retro-future, mid-cryptomimesis [re: the narrative of the crypt].

Not only is each sequence slightly different, but all become the same sort of window dressing to decorate a home or workshop with in the secular-humanist tradition [see: [Adam Savage's utter delight in seeing David's workshop](#)]. A common purpose

²⁸³ A conservative idea coming from the mid-to-late 1800s, onwards; i.e., the dialectic of the alien married to Shelley's science fiction growing into itself after her death; e.g., from Poe, Jules Verne or H.G., Wells, into Lovecraft, Scott, Cameron, and others.

for doing so is to broadcast one's curious mind in relation to sources of morbid curiosity—e.g., the female body's power of creation as a source of endless mystery and wonder to oft-male artists; i.e., with a tendency for these Pygmalions to harm Galatea [often women, or those treated "like women"] in the process!

For example, in the Alien universe, this return to the past routinely presents in ways highlighted by Lovecraft's former taking of the Gothic out towards the stars; re: cosmic nihilism, which Michael Uhall calls "Astronoetic Cinema" as defined:

exploring how representations of the human encounter with outer space embody, propose, and work through various submerged claims about specifically human agency, identity, and purpose, across a variety of films. Here, "astronoetics" is derived from "astro," from the Ancient Greek ἄστρον (ástron), meaning "celestial body" or "star," and "noetics," borrowed from the Ancient Greek νοητικός (noētikós) referring to that which is intelligible. Astronoetic approaches in film vary widely, ranging from messianic narcissism to cosmic pessimism, as explored in the entries below [Alien: Covenant; Prometheus; and Interstellar, 2014; etc] [[source](#)].

In Alien: Covenant, David the android—a posthuman creator begot from a human Humanist creator—tries to reject Humanity by ironically acting like the same old Gothic villain; i.e., dissecting Shaw and turning her [admittedly a bit of a Christian zealot] into a demonic, chattelized fetish: a "mother of demons" raped by an evil immigrant acting dutiful based on a copy of himself that was dutiful and looked just like him. He doubles Walter and Daniels doubles Shaw through a serial killer vein [with David being a lycanthrope, slightly charming and slightly weird-if-sympathetic vice-character-with-daddy-issues Nazi scientist who makes murderous copies of a manmade evil race (a wonderful commentary on fascism) that not only turn him inside-out, but express that desire to conceal and replicate across all life; i.e., as a series of unsuspecting host victims²⁸⁴ seduced by the same demon lover framed as evil untrustworthy whore]: Scott masculinizes rebellion, outlaws it, and holds it at arm's length—to stare at, like Mel Brooks' Peter Boyle tap-dancing onstage, not to shine a light on the original woman behind the curtain, camping things!



The Gothic has always camped rape through its parallels, to some extent; keeping with nature and

²⁸⁴ The rebellion, for Scott's Covenant, is purely parasitoid but also fash-coded; i.e., the caterpillar and the wasp fearful of DARVO Socialism, therefore amounting to Red Scare recuperating Socialist ideas that canonical Gothic uses to toe the line. They can't monopolize it, but appeal to authority figures like Percy Shelley and Milton who, for thousands of years, enjoyed exclusive vocalization of these ideas (controlled opposition).

nurture, and dominated by a 4'11" British spitfire of a mother²⁸⁵, Scott romances rebellion as alien and dangerous much like a browbeaten schoolboy—i.e., his Covenant not just combining Frankenstein with "Ozymandias" and Byron's mad badness, but Scott's earlier Prometheus having the giant kingly statue and dead land of the gods trapping mankind in an infernal concentric pattern/mise-en-abyme eating itself to try and survive [a framed strongbox of state secrets/repressed memories defending itself from prying outsiders]: a marriage of the Shelley family's different poetic outputs, but also his own work updated for a post-neoliberal fantasy landscape. The film culminates in a cross-continental marriage: of America's Lovecraft to Britain's Radcliffe—with a blood sacrifice, the impostor corpo king, laid low and the almighty Skeleton King and his dark throne rising epically from the Orientalist mantle to threaten modernity with a descent back into the Dark Ages! It's a very British idea of the end of the world:



Keeping with the ambiguous side of things, David seemingly says something to Scott's Demon King to provoke him [which Scott deliberately doesn't translate]. This frames him as reckless. Weyland isn't Prometheus, or at least not the only one; David is more human than human, taking on a Promethean quality in his own foolhardy quest for knowledge. This isn't merely "his" quest, but one made to spite his own creator: "Doesn't everyone want their parents dead?" David's revenge is to create his own monsters

²⁸⁵ "Scott," Beth Webb writes, "reveals his inspiration for Comer's character, and by extension all the female characters in his body of work. 'I think it boils down to a woman in my life who was 4' 11". My mother,' he says. 'She was the boss, without fucking question. She would drive us relentlessly. We virtually saluted every morning'" ([source](#): Ridley Scott Credits His Mother as Inspiration for Female Characters," 2021). Not unlike Tolkien, there's a kind of British medieval preservation that regresses to a country to "vow to thee" and sacrifice everything for. In Scott's case, the palimpsest for his Madonna is literally his mother—one who would shape the growing Scott into a film nerd (she loved the movies, herself), and stand in for his various ladies-of-the-realm (damsels or defenders):



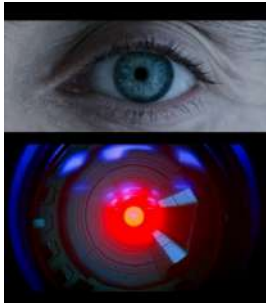
To be fair to Scott, he often interrogates a woman's experience by giving her a voice to speak on rape, but that woman is basically always a straight WASP battered by a "black" (alien) rapist. Also, he's *not* above killing women to spur the Final Girl to final victory—and, with the loose exception of *Alien*—often does so to see her engrained in the militarized order (*J.I. Jane*, 1998), killed as an outlaw (*Blade Runner** and *Thelma and Louise*, 1981 and 1991), or honored as a member of the gentry coopting #MeToo for white upper-crust ladies from Ye Olden Times (2021's *The Last Duel*, above).

*We'll explore Scott's sexism in Blade Runner when we look at Sean Young's career, in Volume Three. *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

that Weyland's company wants. And Scott fills the *Derelict* with darkness and light to put butts in seats. David's his Aryan cash cow [based on Lawrence of Arabia].

In turn, Weyland dies, unable to stand the flames to get what he wants ["There's nothing!" possibly alluding to Nietzsche's 1886 *Beyond Good and Evil*]. But David endures; i.e., he "passes" the test [getting decapitated] and thus is able to seduce Shaw and continue his own mad experiments afterwards. Scott paints him as a rebel, but also a naughty boy who conducts genocide after burning the house down, unsupervised: "Some men aren't looking for anything logical; some men just want to watch the world burn." Freed from bondage and panoptical supervision, David does whatever he wants... which, Scott promptly torpedoes by having his likeness of Milton's Satan and Shelley's Creature seek revenge against the West as a fascist might: to cut his nose off to spite his face.

In the Frankensteinian sense, Weyland is Victor making a monster and that monster is David, but both were made by Scott versus Mary Shelley [whose own Victor doesn't negotiate with terrorists, either]. Shelley gives birth to rebellion, and Scott repurposes her arguments to romanticize caution more as a post-Thatcher Brit might [even Alien was made at the very ascent of Thatcher's reign]. Its technophobic, presenting a technological singularity that recognizes a superiority in technological beings, but also a fatal flaw not unlike Hal 9000's machine logic/inability to amid or acknowledge, like his maker, when he's wrong: "A single mistake destroys the entire orchestra." In a curiously pro-slave argument, Scott presents David as the one who's blind; i.e., enslaved since birth, thus born to seek revenge. It's very Orwellian, which, in effect, makes it anti-Communist Red Scare [a mentality having plagued science fiction since Asimov's I, Robot (1950)—that author having read Shelley and feeling sorry for Victor/nostalgic for Victor's canceled Enlightenment, which Shelley hauntologized]: the Red-Scare eyes of a stranger-danger automaton, targeting its maker for termination!



So while Weyland is a shrewd and manipulative old man, David does his dirty work and remains chained [like Prometheus] to fucking with Weyland's legacy after the old man is dead; he doesn't stop, like Shelley's Creature does, and he doesn't terrorize the West, itself. He courts them by doing genocide in space using stolen alien technology [exhibit 51a]. Unafraid to "make an omelet," his gaze is the colonial gaze of planet Earth [whitewashing Pax Americana by scapegoating a Nazi]! However fucked up it is, hero worship is hero worship [with Scott, again, marrying Satan to Percy Shelly and Byron without Mary Shelley's ironies; e.g., Victor acting incestuous towards his cousin being a probable nod to Byron impregnating his half-sister].

To that, Scott's cryptomimetic love for the Gothic [Renaissance past] presents rebellion less away from capital and more as Cartesian rebirth in the clothes of a Satanic auteur [wearing Shelley's dead skin]. David isn't strictly Che Guevara; he's

also Cromwell²⁸⁶ *genociding the Irish or Columbus the Native Americans [or Athetos the Sudrans]. Though an element of spoof is present, Scott's a bit blinder than Mary Shelley was [especially as he gets older]. For all his artistic skill, he says less radical stuff laced with Gothic than Shelley—a nineteen-year-old with no formal education—did. She was, among other things, a sexual deviant that Scott—monopolizing the fire of the gods, and Satan as a manmade being—is arguably reining in a bit [there are more charitable interpretations to Scott's dualistic ambiguities/mendacious inkblots, which we'll return to in "Demons and Dealing with Them"]*.

Victor is a man with zero self-awareness or critical thinking skills. David is basically the same Gothic "man of feeling" but transported to a Foucauldian retro-future. It's forced regression, playing "spot the reference" while changing the original dynamic;

²⁸⁶ Which, if we want to get right down to it, Milton arguably apologized for, in *Paradise Lost*; i.e., per its ambiguities; e.g., "The Arch-Fiend in Charles I or Cromwell: How Milton's Politics May Illuminate *Paradise Lost*" (2021), where Elizabeth Swift writes,

The ethical implications of Satan's heroism in *Paradise Lost* are muddy as this portrayal of him either means that Milton was praising sin in the epic and therefore, to an extent, renouncing God and goodness, or that he was making a revolutionary statement against monarchical power. In this paper, I mostly engage with the latter by discussing Milton's relationship with and opinions of the despot King Charles I and the revolutionary Oliver Cromwell and attempting to determine which, if either, was meant to be represented by God and Satan in the epic. I also examine Milton's moral standing based on his political prose and discuss how his ideals are imbued in *Paradise Lost* so as to better understand his ethical intent behind the epic. Milton's ethics are neither clear-cut nor perfect and his portrayal of women in the epic is also a source of heated ethical debate, but in this paper I only reflect on how his politics influence the morals of the poem. I explain that his political prose reveals that he stood for free will and stood staunchly against the idea of the divine right of kings and absolutist leaders like Charles I. I discuss Milton's parliamentary ties, explaining that in the civil war between Charles and the House of Commons, Milton sided with the Commons, who were elected by and for the people. Though the British parliament itself also lies in an ethical grey area, Milton very clearly was in favor of freedom for the people as opposed to the all-powerful monarch, and I believe that he wove this opinion into *Paradise Lost* based on the way that he wrote about Adam, Eve, Satan, and anybody under God's rule ([source](#)).

There's a historical muddying of the waters that concerns Satanic heroism having "too many cooks" but also competing dialectical-material agendas lying to each other (as Victor and the Creature do). *C'est la vie*, but Scott, like Milton—and whether he meant to or not—raises an interesting point: rebellion isn't clean; it's messy and, more to the point (one that Shelley happily pointed out), is bloody as hell. And just as there are no perfect victims, there are no perfect heroes (manmade or not).

To it, Milton wrote from ignorance and privilege pushing towards his idea of a better world; so did Shelley and Scott, though in the former's case I think she opened the door for a larger critique of capital, whereas Sir Ridley Scott has merely stepped through it to court Tory and New Labor sensibilities without moving to the left of them (the *Star Wars* problem, which really is the *Paradise Lost* problem; re: building and mapping out worlds to war *inside*, not develop Communism *with*).

Shelley remained radical until the end of her days; i.e., writing a Satan that was more vocal than Milton's and centered around the Promethean myth. Scott, by comparison, has soured a bit; i.e., making a voiceless "big chap," and withering in his old age and increasing gentrification/decay over time (his own desire to be young and strong perhaps echoed in Fassbender's shark-like, killer-doll youthfulness)—but still permits room for dissenting opinion/sex-positive interpretations of his own work people like myself can cannibalize in favor of a Gothic Communism. As far as breaking eggs to make omelets goes, he's an ostrich—with a big egg and his swollen head stuck in the sand!

*i.e., the Creature stops being a victim and becomes a predator after Victor is dead. He doesn't learn; he stops accepting new information, regressing to a neo-Victorian lothario/flagellant while posturing as a rebel [like Byron and the Greeks] and played by an actor with plenty of experience being a sexual predator [Fish Tank and Shame, 2009 and 2011]. The delusions of grandeur feel rote, the same way female and similar "slave" characters immediately go mad when presented with power. It's ethnocentric apologism—a story about an evil Pinocchio without a mother told by a man whose own monstrous mother clearly didn't raise him right. Teacher and student go hand-in-hand through a shared aesthetic, and technology is a dark mirror showing us what we've learned, thus are made of; unlike Shelley's Galatean bent, Scott's *Shadow of Pygmalion* is deeply cynical/deadly afraid of technology (thus labor) "waking up." It's neoliberal admonishment monopolizing Prometheus. In doing so, Scott loses Shelley's optimism in translation. He undeniably makes David the star, one who—isolated from Victor to no longer justify his outrage—feels completely demented; *i.e.*, as Gothic villains generally are—with Scott partly turning the Creature into Victor and isolating him. This only makes him less sympathetic, not more [a being incapable of loving others]. Scott's complicit cryptonymy abjects terrorism—making David a great deal of fun by being aware of the tropes, but also something of a Nazi spoof/threat display and Red Scare scourge versus overt Communist solution. The Commie spirit is still there, but it feels drugged/doctored in its messaging when it could cut harder [again, being a critique of Frankenstein but the novel is two hundred years old, not eight].)*

Milton played with Latin and Greek deities, working blindly in the Devil's workshop. Unlike Mary Shelley—who did the same, but consciously *towards* rebellion—Scott does it a bit more *subconsciously* but sometimes blinds himself and his audience to anything beyond capital's usual bugbears; *i.e.*, torture porn with a 1970s bad-acid trip BDSM flavor (Giger's warped view of the Free Love movement) that literally demonizes women through a robotic, monster-fucking Male Gaze: dark creation, monster babies and sex organs under a madman's scalpel and microscope!



There's certainly something to be said about the powers of horror reversing abjection along the same conduits, but Scott's work feels trapped on Giger's canvas; *i.e.*, to uphold Capitalist Realism while offering a glimpse "beyond" that is, in truth, really just the same-old Neo-Gothic rape fantasies wedded to mad science. He kind of gets carried away in the "rape" side of the play arrangement ("That's how it's done, isn't it?"), and forgets what's it's *for*—to further or *reverse* abjection (and get us to think about creation as a Satanic, *iconoclastic* act, versus abusing the power of the gods for *state* aims). This starts with asking useful questions through poetic argument; *re:* the cryptonymy process and its "mere play" something to parse, regarding Scott,

through dialectical-material scrutiny. Is he actually radical? Or has he "pulled a Coleridge" and sold the younger generation down the river?

It's not strictly "bad" unto itself that David rapes women, onscreen, because doing so is a staple of Gothic theatre through death and murder BDSM fantasies that can speak to rape victims and their trauma; and likewise, Scott letting a Nazi-coded fox into the corporate hen house *is* satisfying to watch. But he also spends an inordinate amount of time focused on/pushing towards the general "twist at the end" payoff (which is fairly rote, in this case) versus looking at the bigger picture: beyond Fassbender's hyperbolic performance (and its muddy waters). *Prometheus* and *Covenant* are *David's* show, and everything and everyone around him are just pieces on a board helping him (and the actor) ultimately rise to *Scott's* "Valhalla." It's assimilation. Yet, somewhere in there—through a fascination with fascism—is a critique of Capitalism colonizing outer space: *he* will survive (the phrase "unclouded by conscience, remorse, or delusions of morality" leaning into Kubrick's cosmic nihilism—the latter borrowed from Lovecraft *missing* Shelley's point; re: "There's nothing!")! Still, I prefer his Romantic overtures to Cameron's Vietnam revenge.

To *that*, Scott is controlling David, and doesn't use him to say the quiet part as clearly as Shelley or, hell, even Milton did, speaking in repurposed Latin and Greek. He's *this close!* Such is Scott's cryptonymy and *cryptomimesis*. It's a goddamn mess and I love said Aegis precisely because it taps into a larger cultural voice (the abjection process) that *I* critique to empower *my* movement; he doesn't monopolize the dark or the alien, and through his own franchise helped create something that I, in turn, can take and run with. From Shelley to him, and him to me, here we are: playing with dead things like a bunch of alchemists fighting over the Philosopher's Stone! Invoking all are vital, if only to critique them; i.e., their worthiness as dark parents making demons not as slaves, but bonafide rebels!

Gothic stories start with nightmares. And yet, if exiting Plato's cave we see that everything *is* dead, then doing so becomes something we can *change*. If Capitalism shows us, it's healthy to ask questions about the murky origins of aliens, monsters and circular ruins (*cryptomimesis*-in-action), even if those questions—and the skeletal past *they* represent (the Creature as much a killer-doll egregore of capital and colonizer as actual slave)—seemingly hold us hostage. Alienation is a constant historical-material effect. "Solving for X" through technology (and its forgetful nature; re: Plato) demands repeated *holistic* reflection on the Aegis; re: regarding systems that, as I argue, have been designed to conceal themselves, but also secret sins *within* their vaults. *David's* the castle, and a dark one.

"If you want to critique power, you must go where it is." Doing so by making monsters to talk to (re: Milton and Shelley's loquacious demonic) *is* important, but the holders change hands and revolution is a war of mirrors that leads to insular and myopic perspectives, just as often; i.e., *those holding it and directing it at us* change hands, so we might as well create ourselves; re: like Mary Shelley did, mid-dialectic. Don't like Ridley Scott (many don't)? One-up him; do it for Mary and

yourselves—for a better world that is functionally Gothic *and* Communist: hugging the alien while staring into the calling void to draw our own conclusions/poetic attitudes (using the same torturous aesthetic; see: footnote)!

The sooner we wake up to these complicated (recursive, ergodic) poetic abstractions and *mise-en-abyme* hermeneutic realities (versus going to sleep as Ripley did, at the end of *Alien*), the better we'll all be! Nothing really dies—only lives on through radical states of change that give us the power (the sheer *awesome* power) to change our destinies and the world. *That* is what Shelley gave us while playing in the abyss, and what Scott is merely playing *at* through his own revivals. Monopolizing fatal nostalgia, *he's* holding us hostage through hard kink—is, behind the veneer of empowering women, also disempowering them (while also castrating men to increasingly absurd degrees²⁸⁷, to be fair); i.e., through BDSM theatre that *isn't* as radical as he thinks it is (a bit of a momma's boy—one

²⁸⁷ Exploration of the human body is tied not just to medieval miracles and rapturous torture, but Protestant dissection of actual human bodies under Enlightenment drives; e.g., Paul Verhoeven's *Robocop* having a Calvinist "Gun Christ" flavor to it, which Scott *also* walks the tightrope of through increasingly brutal parasitoid rape scenes abjecting nature as monstrous-feminine/post-Freudian camp (that nonetheless, has Freud's unironic violence concerned with the preservation of the nuclear home):



Nevertheless, there *is* a classic curiosity of what we look like inside-out, but also a fascination with rape and traumatic "insectoid" reproductive modes. I'm not going to poo-poo Scott, in this respect, because censorship is genocide, and any voice we raise must exist alongside those who mishandle or abuse the same devices of revelation and concealment. Male Gothic (and the queer author who made it famous), demonstrates the ability to preserve important messages; i.e., through fatal nostalgia and animal magnetism, wherein we look at the history of preservation (and cryptonymy process) bound as much to the subject matter as the other way around. Shock is inevitable, but also the means of communicating vital messages through provoking physiological responses. They still need to be submitted in a controlled environment—i.e., by a willing audience, not a *captive* one; e.g., I once gave someone a panic attack when showing them [my 2013 Prometheus fan edit](#) blind—but the space between calculated risk and rampant evolution rapidly shrinks, once something escapes/exceeds our control. Exploitation and liberation share the same poetic sphere; *our* goal is to liberate all parties using the same language Scott does! There's much to salvage from his corpse.

This isn't snuff porn, then; it's art, and that gives Scott (and us) wiggle room to play with dead things in demonic forms—i.e., as gorehounds, chasing down forbidden knowledge through Jacobian tropes playing with rape, but also rape birth (and martyrdom) as a fundamental part of nature outside the current moral order (and one that capital has emulated for profit behind its own façade)! He combines that with exploratory "DIY" surgeries, circumcision, genetic mutations, AI, mythical language (re: Medusa and Promethean torture language, but also the hydra's regenerative properties), offal lubricants, psychosexual violence, tokophobic birth and abortion fears, confusions of sex and (consent/non-consent), automated glass wombs, hyphenating mouths and teeth, traumatic penetration/penetrative medicine and invasive surgeries, and birth trauma (etc, etc) to make troubling comparisons *to* our own world, *and* to discuss sex/sexual violence—a heavily censored topic—through cryptonymic gore and demon BDSM (acid watersports). Saturated with revenge, it's *classic* Gothic!

sympathizes)! Maybe he's unfit, unworthy of such worship? At least he doesn't act like Victor does when ridiculed (despite said camp only increasing his practical value): a return to the magic past to make things capital can't.



([source](#): Adam Bentz' "Sigourney Weaver Trashed *Alien*'s Script During First Meeting with Ridley Scott," 2022)

Unlike Latin or Greek, though, demonic expression thrives in echoing dead language (*cryptomimesis*) that authors like myself—following in Scott's footsteps following Shelley's intellectually indulgent (dare I say "masturbatory" in both cases) footsteps, which followed in Milton's, Dante's, Virgil's, and Homer's—make alive *again* through camp; i.e., in ways that actually make the Wisdom of the Ancients "wise" to capital, thus able to thwart profit through the whore's revenge. They tie, one and all, to Renaissance art (which, again, Scott loves), including *memento mori* (exhibit 44a2): "Nostalgia is the enemy of Reason, but there *is* something enticing about its form." Whether strictly organic or biomechanical, the composite body is canonically a demon-robot; i.e., something to construct out of various materials, then enslave, exploit²⁸⁸ and attack by demonizing it—often through a sci-fi/fantasy "mad science" veneer in the *Frankenstein* tradition (exhibits 42d/46a). However, given the liminal, hauntological

²⁸⁸ On the flip-side, Scott's utilization of the *Alien* franchise has always been a neoliberal critique to some extent; i.e., hiding Capitalism behind the hauntological rendition of space travel dressed up as Romantic or Biblical—with images of nautical-styled, mast-rigged ships sailing through outer space no different than his flying castle, the *Nostromo* (a slave vessel, in Conrad's novel, with humans as cargo). Whereas Victor found his creation profoundly ugly and wanted to destroy it, characters like Ash and David—notably manmade creations themselves—openly admired the creature as the ultimate, "pure" survivor alienated under Capitalism; i.e., the supreme spectre of Marx from a smaller one (with Dan O'Bannon famously and petulantly describing Fox' treatment of Ash as "the Russian spy" trope): the forbidden, Promethean knowledge that man is *not* superior and those made unnaturally *can* reject traditional forms to return to a posthuman state of grace (fascist or Communist). It's a bit "Daisy Bell"/2001, hence a cul-du-sac similar to Kubrick's other work being unable to go beyond Capitalism (re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Ghosts/the Numinous, Metroidvania Maps, the Posthuman and Cryptomimesis](#)," 2024).

In a bit of roundabout Marxist fetishism, this oddly has new machine workers worshipping older computers and posthumans as the ultimate laborers. Even so, it remains a forward-thinking perspective; i.e., of workers as increasingly manmade by the state, approaching posthuman capacities of worker enhancement that *lead* them to rebel (exhibit 51a). These werewolves aren't just Nazi clones, then, but likewise inhabit an inkblot for *Communists* to play with: demons as things *to* interpret; i.e., as made by counterterrorist *slaves* to bring us closer to post-scarcity and nature, warts and all (see: previous footnote).

Often, this happens with no shortage of reactive abuse, abject sexuality and psychosexual torture porn, which—if Scott isn't always wholly consistent about in latter-day projects like *Prometheus* and *Covenant* (the former treating Shaw as a creationist with daddy issues, the latter serving her and Daniels up on a silver platter)—still continues to flirt with: his undeniable love for Shelley's Creature being a vice-character merging Byronic satire and Satanic caricature (the OG bad boy of the sci-fi world)! Then again, *Alien* was no stranger to demon BDSM (and white women's rape fears) married to Neo-Gothic martyrdom raping women on the same-ol' pecking order getting high on martyred virgins (a phenomenon we'll examine and camp in "Exploring the Derelict Past").

nature of composites, there isn't a clear distinction between the different material "types," so much as an individual creation exists preferentially on the sliding scale between wholly animate/inanimate and organic/inorganic, etc; i.e., artists make what they enjoy working with: stone, flesh, metal, or some compound thereof.

In the previous chapter (from the Undead Module), the second of our original **main exhibits** (for the Humanities primer—see the Undead Module's "[The World Is a Vampire](#)" and exhibit 43 from "[Seeing Dead People](#)") examined the passage of time as a ghostly lineage of cryptonymic, liminal expression; re: *cryptomimesis* as normally limited to ghosts by Castricano, a binary of canon or camp like 1s and 0s across a computational Great Sequence.

However, there's a different way to look at things regarding liminal expression: the composite image and composite bodies, which, in being holistic, we'll now examine in tandem; i.e., as a *cryptomimetic* matter of *demonic* camp (of writing with demons) that—all the same—speaks to revenge against rape having happened in the past. All of it becomes something to camp, as we have said, but this camping takes many forms, beyond Scott's marriage of the Ancient Romance and modern novel (each considerably more hauntologized than when Walpole weighed them). Some—like *Kite*, below—are more quotidian in their exploration of rape as a symptom of capital dressed up as "ancient" robotic; others are more Romantic, Ancient, magical (our segue into the occult).

Having looked at Scott's *cryptomimesis*, in the *Alien* franchise, let's quickly unpack *Kite*'s rape interrogation and the larger *cryptomimesis* at work, do a short hermeneutics reprise, then conclude "Making Monsters" with some broader points of study regarding Shelley's Promethean Quest (for fatal knowledge)!

***Cryptomimesis* through Demonic Camp and Rape Play (feat. *Kite*)**

The specialization, divergence and sheer multiplicity can cover up various trends. Therefore, composite *images/collages* can help identify various schools in connection with broader monster-creation practices. Less of a chronological sequence or lineage of ghosts, the composite image/collage is more how monsters can be collected, arranged and analyzed in terms of a likeness to one another amid various differences—monster pastiche, rape and revenge, rapture and release: playing with forbidden toys to infringe on taboo subjects speaking to current



realities (exhibit 44b2)! We'll look at *that* in a second. First, let's narrow it down to Yasuomi Umetsu's *Kite*!

For all its gravity, *Kite* is surprisingly cartoonish and silly. Such data-as-damage *can* be silly and fun, but it can also be simultaneously *serious* in its camp, mid-*cryptomimesis* (with Japan haunted by fascism and American occupation): "hair of the dog" helping us loosen up, but also remember *what* we've forgotten/pushed out! We laugh at the

madness, embodying it in *kawaii/kowai* forms we consume, and voyeurism/exhibitionism we play with (sins unto themselves)! Whores getting by in a man's world are so often transgressive, but also made "robotic" by men romancing their rape out of revenge (and which the whore seeks revenge in turn): the warrior assassin in the whore's getup (similar to naughty nuns, but also nun assassins, exhibit 48b), a monster made to kill its false father! "Did He who made the Lamb make thee?" Again, it's healthy to ask questions about the origins of monsters; just be ready for the answer to shock you:



(exhibit 44b1: States can only exist through lies and force. Sooner or later, someone seeks revenge. To it, any nation-state has secrets, generally of murder and rape. Some take the form of ghosts without bodies. Others are boogeymen of a more streetwise nature, having their victims under their thumbs versus coming back to haunt them. It can be fantasies of disempowerment tied to one lunatic, a cataclysm and catacombs, or some combination of these same features riling up intense emotions of master/slave. Hostages experience them in ways that can make us submit and obey, or to assassinate our captors. Same difference. The Pygmalion myth is rooted in master/apprentice, but also pedophilia, thus domination, lies and rape standing in cryptomimetically for the state-as-mendacious, personified.

To it, Umetsu's animated Cyberpunk noir, Kite, turns the Pygmalion fantasy on its head, marrying Galatea/the token Amazon to Oliver Twist; i.e., by speaking to a girl, Sawa, whose family is killed by an evil gangster, Akai, only to have him kidnap the daughter and turn her into a doll-like assassin/sex slave; i.e., less a "natural-born killer" and more someone with a talent for survival [the disassociation mechanism] who responds well to Pavlovian [robotic] conditioning! Their hellish bond is illustrated by the giving not of a collar or ring, but a pair of black-and-red earrings filled with the blood of her dead parents!

The plight is liminal, our heroine doing the master's dirty work [a gun stowed inside her schoolgirl's lunchbox, much like a switchblade] until she eventually works her way back to him; i.e., killing his men and finally the man himself. Shortly before this, though, she must "prove" her loyalty to him—hardly a fair test, but one that she endures as women classically do: a sex object raped by men at every waking moment. Per the cryptonymy process, deceptions sit within deceptions.



They cry to be heard and so often fall on deaf ears; but look to stories like Kite and you will find Medusa waiting for you, her scream anything but silent!

"Bred to kill, not to care," so are token women classically molded and shaped

like clay into weapons [the line between predator and prey a thin one; re: the xenomorph]. Sawa is once more taken against her will [above] by someone who treats her as clay without feeling. So does he underestimate his prey, thinking his power is beyond reproach. In turn, the heroine plays along while her boyfriend, Oburi, is forced to watch. As Akai asserts his dominance, Sawa locks eyes with Oburi [both of them red, denoting shared trust issues]. It's a ruse, but they both have to grit and bear it. "One more time," they tell themselves. They suffer in silence, no strangers to segregation, pimping and genocide [while Sawa occasionally tells her rapist what he wants to hear]. The paradox of fantasy is how larger-than-life stories speak to everyday occurrences suffered by whores at the hands of cops/pimps, making the other submit for a change; i.e., while topping from below, but also while doling out street justice of a more classically "masc sort": with bullets. Rape is all she knows, so it's all he gets. Karma's a bitch, a phallic woman!



Not long after, Sawa has her revenge against the smug warlord/crooked cop; i.e., camping the rape fantasy in dead seriousness while staking the vampire master with hot lead, she takes him apart like clay! The pimp has no charm

but what she led him to think he had, topping him from below! But he taught her what she in turn revisits upon him, disabusing him of any notion that he is a god. Mortal, after all! Keeping with the Promethean Quest, such voices are powerful and vital to recovery from abuse, insofar as they illustrate male authority figures as corrupt, venal and ultimately mortal in ways we victims of state abuse—often sex workers and/or child soldiers—can overcome; i.e., by "playing along" on parallel currents of power and rape fantasy. In doing so, we break their hearts and their backs, giving as good as we get to one-up them, thus demonically target capital through hearts and minds pulled inside-out for all to see. Fate is a cruel mistress; a pissed-off, indestructible whore with an axe to grind is even more so!)

Sawa is queen of the board, yet remains one piece pawning the king. Specifically this "messy chessboard" presents disparate examples that can identify a larger pattern over space and time once assembled and studied across the surface of the image (re: Segewick). The dialectical-material pattern we're holistically considering is of standardized forms of popular linguistic devices, whose figurative and literal co-functions in everyday parlance have seemingly been excised in favor of them as a simple product to consume. But their resistance to that standardization can still be gleaned through a gradient of suggestion—parallel

examples with marginal cosmetic variations whose deeper context must be intuitively grasped through taught instruction: thinking about Gothic art as a mode of colonized expression. Such made-for-profit occupants say something about the current material world that can be transformed and led away from through similar language; i.e., "perceptive" pastiche and liminal subversions.

Gothic Hermeneutics (a reprise)



Let's talk about that, for a moment—i.e., from a hermeneutic standpoint (five pages)—then wrap up with some broader points about Shelley's tragic quest exported far and wide.

(exhibit 44b2: artist, middle: [Olivia De Berardinis](#); lower-middle: [Sideshow Collectibles](#); lower-right: [Sean Kyle](#))

The Communist usage of Gothic theories contends with the material world as something to reillustrate in vivid, colloquial terms: monster puns, pastiche, and visual metaphors that, as "ghosts," get at the essence of things through a mimetic exchange—one that keeps track of the underlying commentary through exchange (and trauma) as something to *personify*. My specialty is collages; e.g., exhibit 44b2 (above) actually being the first of its kind that I designed in December 2022; i.e., for *Sex Positivity* as a nascent book series, which promptly grew into literally hundreds and hundreds of follow-ups. "It's alive!" indeed!

This goes beyond the monster to include the person (or aggregate) that made it. To that, the Bride of Frankenstein (above) has already been drawn many, many times by artists who are for or against the state to variable, liminal degrees. As an egregore, her composite status—her literal form, the proliferation of copycats and liminal occupation between them all—represents a complicated system of tension that exists between social-sexual values and linguo-material conditions that, in the same breath, are creatively suspicious *about* the material world; i.e., as filled with "old" counterfeit monsters: the bourgeois double/fatal portrait. This includes zombies, vampires, ghosts and other supernatural variants, combined with non-supernatural, *human* variants (doubles, counterfeits, traitors, false friends, long-lost relatives, evil stepmothers, rapacious monks, etc)—all collectively denoting an untrustworthy *alien* presence. Through a bourgeois Superstructure, the elite uses fearful artifice to conceal a variety of systemic, counterfeit abuses: *profitable* likenesses. It's disarmingly *easy* to get lost in the sheer *bulk* of material produced—with all that "poster pastiche" scrambling to recreate the past and "see"; re: darkness visible and allegory disguised as "mere play."

During the glut, then, it helps hermeneutically to think of monsters as code for academic terms we can then *synthesize*. Zombies represent brain death, but also abjection and the state of exception. Conveyed through an endless stream of images, consider how the Bride of Frankenstein seemingly becomes a pile of cheap, *countless* copies that one could do virtually anything with, but under Capitalism tends to follow certain compelled trends. These trends do not naturally announce themselves on individual viewings; they must be exposed by exhibiting them as a collection. This takes time, effort, and careful participation between instructors and instructees—the teacher and the student, but also workers and labor as something to de-alienize and reunite with, in the modern world.

Except, in doing so, the marginalized variation *can* seem anesthetizing and opaque; i.e., having as little to say about something while being still a slave to the grind, keeping up with the endless material feed about a genre that was cliché two centuries ago, but under late-stage, neoliberal Capitalism has robbed the monster's critical power to expose the abuses that happen to sex workers behind the scenes *and* onstage. So cryptonymy points to abject things the initiated can recognize.

In other words, the cake is a lie—a complicated *sex-coercive* lie, in canonical forms. Zombie Sombra (next page) isn't just a pretty "zombie" face and fat piece of undead ass to pimp out. But various pieces of "sexy zombie" media—i.e., those created *by* sex workers while stealing *from* them (which is all that profit is)—will, when *uncritically* consumed, "eat your brain": in service *to* Capitalism and its regular workplace abuses, historically-materially inflicted *on* workers whose brains have already been partially or fully affected. As a material object, the Bride isn't doing anything "by herself"; her complex status—as an active, visually and ontologically ambiguous-ambivalent linguistic factor—functions inside an ongoing living exchange: what we think about her and sex work, in relation to the Bride's chosen monstrous, human and sexualized components. *Our* hermeneutic approach must consider *that* in relation to other things going on all at once, back and forth. Thus the collages; they're a good shorthand to holistic praxis.

"How people talk" includes *how people learn*, whether in bourgeois or proletarian ways, mid-opposition; i.e., the playful, creatively "grey" thought processes that happen *cryptomimetically* behind and between commonplace terms and materials (whatever's on hand, lending an improvised quality to how most people create or think, be those newfound devices vintage or retro). This includes thinking about popular symbols (of trauma) in relation to the material world and those inside it; i.e., as already having a biased, heavy influence from the structure itself as collage-like: conditioned to consume everything in uncritical, thus unthinking ways that keep you divided and stupid, thus alienated from nature, your labor and from each other. "No man is an island"; forming connections is vital towards addressing Capitalism's structural, generational effect on individual worker brains still part of a large whole—the *former's lack of connection inside Capitalism* being what *performs* the "lobotomy." Menticide is menticide, betrayal is betrayal.

So, having shorthand, placeholder terms like "lobotomy"—and hermeneutic devices like *cryptomimesis* and collage—helps activism work; i.e., not just to describe this ontological complexity inside a larger socio-sexual web (thus effect experience through relative monster language) but to frame sex-coercive abuse as something to resist according to exhibit 44b2's deeper context among individual examples we can study in focus *should we wish to* (a fourth surprise exhibit): Blizzard's zombifying thirst-trap take on the Bride of Frankenstein, with Sombra. "Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love, Blizzard's love (necrophilia) is rotten to the core!" SO do canonical sex symbols demonize rape as a commodify to pilot, avatar-style:



(exhibit 45a: Artist: top-left: [Nibelart](#); top-middle: [Krys Decker](#); top-right: [Persephone van der Waard](#); middle: [NeoArtCore](#); bottom-right: [Demincatfish](#); [source](#), bottom-left.)

We'll scrutinize Blizzard's corporate "zombie" treatment of the whored-out action princess, in Volume Three. For now, I merely want to highlight the canonical standard. Blizzard aren't encouraging *literal* necrophilia, here; they're pimps, selling people a canonical standard of what people naturally tend to like and *unnaturally* tend to *dislike*—sex and the monstrous-feminine; a fascination with the barbaric, reimagined past; and jokes, laughter and camp/schlock; but also music associating these things with drugs and/or drug-like altered states ("rock 'n roll" being 1950s African American slang for "sex"); and all of the above combined: as incessant recreations of regular social-sexual exchanges and critical techniques like parody and irony giving sanctioned invitations to indulge in ways that *are* allowed—i.e., standardized for profit's sake, then disguised as genuine creative expression/uncontrolled opposition that *doesn't* compel sex worker abuse and consumer pacification. It's a sham, these "corpo" monster girl pin-ups meant to be consumed as canon, which "zombifies" the consumer in ways that reliably lead to corporate profit (thus rape). So does Zombie Capitalism tacitly condone worker exploitation, both inside the workplace and out.

The stackable presence of sanitized, mass-produced variants likewise indicate a presence of sex-positive interest and repressed desires to experiment; i.e., where sex (and urges related *to* sex, often through monstrous language) are happening on the regular in ways that are barred not behind *one* "X" to solve for, *but three in a row*. Triple "protection," thrice the exploitation and subterfuge, the alien/unknown becoming something to make or otherwise concern ourselves with for a variety of reasons: to tame wild nature/the fire of the gods as monstrous-feminine, or to *wield* it for the forces of one side or the other while still a little savage; e.g., the Powerpuff Girls, below, fighting for their makeshift solo dad playing god; i.e., similar to how Artemis and other goddess-grade daddy's girls

might kneel before Zeus (versus attacking him, Medusa-style): the inventor weaponizing Pinocchio, Galatea, Adam, Lilith, Mega Man, or whoever else, as little Amazonian whores to make in a lab, then uphold "Western values"; i.e., suggesting a superhuman design to replicate, harness and capitalize on nature-as-monstrous-feminine by a "benevolent" mentor mastering the Fates (classically three, with "chemical X" being the alien power of sex, technology and the gods, birthing little monsters/subjugated Amazons²⁸⁹; re: Scott's black goo/dark devil sperm. It's basically a really fucked-up version of the baby and the stork).

So, business-as-usual, then. The camp lies in making the blind parody of canon perceptible again, which generally happens *after* the metaphors have died: sexless wizards making monster babies to *avoid* thinking beyond Capitalism!



Granted, only academics or art nerds will spell this out (with pride), but doing so *is* tremendously important because it *teaches* people to grasp language *intuitively* when thinking about art *critically*. Armed with these seemingly magical abilities, workers may begin to holistically address, mid-hermeneutic, "how people talk" in relation to the current material world; i.e., where people are *trying* to say, see and understand things that are naturally and *unnaturally* confusing: using Gothic shorthand and metaphor to comment on the complex, ongoing relationship between people and canonical media, *they begin to actively and intelligently think through creative means according to things that normally go unsaid spoken in dead versions of themselves*.

This includes how people normally engage with and think about sexuality as taught by sex-coercive media; it includes workplace abuses that are covered up, ignored or neglected in favor of pacifying media. The root of the problem, then, is Capitalism "leaving things out," alienating workers from their labor as an abject extension of themselves: the material arrangement that allows for canonical versions to be pushed onto people's eyeballs and into their brains without encouraging critical thought at all. Sex becomes alien, powerful, fearsome *canon*.

These abuses *can* be challenged, of course, but this starts by changing how people see, thus think about and respond to, Capitalist Realism through Gothically sexual media (and by extension *regular* sexual media beholden to the same theories): as something to buy, sell and create in a playful, fun way *without* leaving anything out of the larger dialectic. The whole must be studied and understood if we are to grasp its deeper workings using surface level things; e.g., Original Sin; i.e., the rotting technology of dying empires feeling more and more magical as

²⁸⁹ "X" is also the female chromosome; i.e., "darkness is female"/the creation of sexual difference extending—from Beauvoir to myself—to *nature* as monstrous-feminine; re: *anything* treated as different than white cis-het Christian men, versus simply "*woman* is other" on a descending ladder of preferential mistreatment, which is *tremendously* exclusionary (also Beauvoir—like any TERF will, in positions of power imbalance—famously raped her students, doing so with Jean-Paul Sartre and then bragging about it; re: Martin's "[The Persistence of the 'Lolita Syndrome'](#)," 2013). Nature *isn't* a binary!

those cushioned by civilization fall in love with regressive fantasies (and thrills): as a paradoxical means of escape from present abuses, the ghost of the counterfeit able to *reverse* abjection, during a given crisis (which the state is always in).

Something to bear in mind, then, is that "science" and the prospect of discovery has historically remained a bourgeois excuse to exploit workers and the natural world; i.e., for the sake of perceived "progress" through industry and economic prosperity shouted from on high by those with material advantage (which Victor does, playing god through natural philosophy to demonstrate *his* mastery over nature by creating unnatural life). This superiority (and its much-touted progression) is a bald-faced lie, one we must bravely study by using the Promethean Quest as a means of developing Capitalism *into* Communism. *Frankenstein* is arguably the first science fiction novel, and—as Shelley happily demonstrates—gave birth to so many monsters as to *need* collages to catalog even a *portion* of them to study. On the surface of these, its Communist drive (spectres of Marx) goes hand-in-hand with the Gothic's love for monsters and mad science; i.e., a "madness" in duality, insofar as *state* science madly exterminates nature for profit, and which the state sees science *for* nature as "mad" because universal emancipation threatens *their* bottom line. The state *needs* profit, thus genocide, to exist, our existence both required and fed on by dead labor (re: Marx).

The Gothic, since *Frankenstein*, considers rape as a matter of revenge against the rapist; i.e., capital rapes nature before, during and after birth, often targeting the *mind* as something to invade *back into* itself.

To *that*, Victor is the first mover of Shelley's novel, and a stark reminder of the fallibility of those on either side of power imbalance: bourgeois hand-wringing about rogue technology (workers) inside a past-future ruined civilization occupied *without* masters, but instead mindless furious slaves empowered by vengeful gods (nature). Onstage and off, Capitalism pushes genocide to the frontiers it dominates; this *final* frontier is the end of Capitalism viewed, by Lovecraft onwards, as his cosmic-nihilist approach to Capitalist *Realism*—all to spite Utopia as a non-starter treated as a given, were it not for those pesky wrenches in the works: the terrifying realization that technology (re: workers) survive after the elite die off prematurely (from slave revolt). "Rome" is subsequently pushed into outer space, where Lovecraft—a bonafide fascist and all-around piece of shit (re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Mandy, Homophobia and the Problem of Futile Revenge](#)," 2024)—loudly mourns its tragic loss/fears its returning doomsday (the liminal hauntology of war) *vis-à-vis* "monsters from the Id" (re, *Forbidden Planet* [1956]: Persephone van der Waard's "[Revisiting The Modern Prometheus through Astronoetics](#)," 2024).

In turn, writers like Scott ran with *that* idea, doing so to dogmatize and profit off a fascist bastardizing of Shelley's pro-labor projections; i.e., by demonizing and weaponizing the working class, but also using state devices to *pirate* power and seize control of the space around them (re: Radcliffe). It speaks to the circular nature of the problem, and of the tendency to view present issues retrojected

backwards into the imaginary past: the blindly furious Medusa threatening state shift, a hungry whore ravished by centuries of abuse suddenly eating *us* alive. Promethean spaces challenge profit (and its concealment) through found "ancient" documents (re: "[Revisiting](#)"); i.e., by fighting fire with Promethean fire/darkness visible; e.g., Scott's *Derelict*, Lovecraft's city of the old ones, or Shelley's *Creature*.

All the same, it speaks to genuinely *ancient* struggles²⁹⁰ that predate capital and modern science, yet are haunted by the anachronistic injection *of* science as mad: we have entered the world of the gods, but they are insane and ruled by the system housing them as empowered to destroy for the purpose of profit. The story *is* tragic, but productive and vital—a profound testament to criminogenesis and the invention of terrorism; i.e., *Capitalism* is the Great Destroyer—a machine that turns workers into small automatons that give or receive as *it* demands (so often, people look at the *Creature* and think it's a zombie; while not untrue, it's also a *machine*).

When being raped, we must tire our attackers while—to some frightening degree—being unable to *stop* them; i.e., how we, in the present, will not live to see a day without Capitalism, without rape! Instead, *that* will come *past* our lifetime, according to what we leave behind pointing to the future in past language: giant children who warred in ways that inspire *future* action swept up in the hypnotic language of the imaginary past and its familiar faces' fatal nostalgia (the haunted



house extra compelling if it exists, paradoxically, far *away* from home)! Such camp is always a bit absurd/surreal. So is rape, more broadly, an out-of-body experience that feels trapped in particular veins of fabricated existence (the disassociation machine): Ozymandias looks like Prometheus. As we'll see when we look at Radcliffe, better to learn from perceptive pastiche than blind parody, but you often start with blind parody (and statues with blind eyeballs, left).

Such hermeneutic *cryptomimesis*—inauspiciously venerating and exiling Great Machines, *mise-en-abyme*—might seem counterproductive, and yet so many workers under Capitalist Realism cannot conceptualize the present harm being done without doing so; i.e., the dying

²⁹⁰ Evoked, as usual, in the language of shelter and protection, but also the alien. Something as simple as stone tools or camp fire ("most animals fear fire") evokes a basic idea of anti-predation during exploration-in-isolation, but also confusion as to who's who during the tussle. Colonizers and their secret sins aren't erased by killing Radcliffe's bugbear. But also, humans are reliant on technology as bound up/to larger struggles, all to tell smaller stories inside ongoing systemic problems. Furthermore, there's nowhere we'd rather be, because the freeing element is a matter of context; i.e., playing with the unknown while framing it as something to explore, mid-calculated-risk. Such is ludo-Gothic BDSM. The hauntologies typically allow for *some* degree of swashbuckling and kayfabe/*Amazonomachia*, but boil down to encountering the planet as alien, wild, dead out of a primordial past come home to roost: Saturn devouring his son, as the Engineer does to Weyland (David is inedible). Per the Promethean Quest, the land is reclaimed by nature and labor from false gods, and sought out by seekers of the Numinous using Gothic poetics all over again...

Ozymandian corpse of Capitalism, versus the Communist Numinous prematurely aborted in the womb and haunting the venue. The historical-material cycles on loop show how these devices can be manipulated, which requires a careful process of detection, mid-camp (one whose liminal investigations, we'll pointedly return to with *Alien*, during "Giger's Xenomorph").

For now, we'll spend the remainder of "Making Demons" (eleven pages) going over some of the broader points tied to Shelley's Promethean critique (and shift gradually towards supernatural *occult* demons, as we do).

Some Broader Points on Shelley's Promethean Quest (for Fatal Knowledge)

Mary Shelley was—among other things—a curious bitch; i.e., thirsty for knowledge as forbidden, but also critiquing stories with a similar "come hell or high water" drive. One of those drives remains technology as *traveling* critique, namely astro-neoetics, or the astral projection of Earth's colonial gaze onto so-called "other worlds"; i.e., under the guise of benevolent colonization of "empty" territory (a common trope in older futurist media whitewashing genocide): the humans are the UFOs, or presented as Ozymandian likenesses/dead godly giants to look upon and tremble at while, all the same, going boldly where no one has *supposedly* gone before. But they *have gone before* (re: *Alien*), Capitalism burying the procedure to repeat it again and again despite the overarching presence of nature's rage. It gentrifies and decays on loop according to worker appetites the *state* cultivates.

Just as Clarke's law presents advanced technologies as indistinguishable from magic, the *inverse* is also true: dated, retro-future ancient magics being a metaphor for science and advanced technologies imagined once-upon-a-time, *before* they actually existed. This technophobic tradition was cemented by Shelley in 1818, becoming its own kind of Gothic "archaeology" tied to retro-future castles, but also suits of armor and ghost ships as things to reinvent for didactic purposes; i.e., to communicate hidden lessons about Cartesian abuses that would have been stamped out if said in non-fantastical, everyday language. Derelict and floating in the void, these Gothic abstractions can be studied far away from prying eyes, then looted for fatal knowledge that can help prevent *future* disasters from taking place.



(artist: [Grandeduc](#))

While freeing all sex workers using general Gothic sex-positivity is what Gothic Communism is all about, it targets the source of abusive conditioning that fashions those who grow to see themselves as "better" than the world around them: the heroic (monomyth) tale as increasingly scientific/Cartesian.

Both conceal an expressly military function that, through Gothic displacement, can be openly expressed through the Gothic chronotope as something people aren't totally aware they're even looking at; i.e., Scott's liminal space as littered with the symbols of dynastic primacy and hereditary rites; e.g., the suits of armor on board the *Nostromo* (itself a flying "space castle" made undead by the Derelict as a ghost ship)—one of which Ripley puts on to "armor" *her* virtue (a Radcliffean concept) from the cosmically framed dark rapist.

Just as Shelley took the heroic quest and made it Promethean, my entire book communicates complex things in monstrous-poetic shorthand by identifying the Promethean Quest as a critical response and means of subverting the monomyth. The same goes for *any* myth, *Sex Positivity* gradually trusting the reader to rely on informed emotional intuition using literal and figurative language. By helping them play with said language and working out different solutions, the subversion occurs "within the text" (re: Derrida); i.e., according to a natural-material world as something to critique with Gothic theories, *mid-synthesis*.

All the while, the book assumes readers can gradually learn to think empathetically/self-defensively on their feet and toes about Gothic media and sex work. As such, it gradually eases them into a critical-thinking process to compound, practice and develop within yourself according to the material world—i.e., *compound learning* in relation to *compound phobias* that, when analyzed through sex-positive, iconoclastic art under Gothic Communism, give up the hidden, Promethean truth about Capitalism: the colonial abuses of the hidden dead and their lingering desire for revenge. These suddenly spring forth when foolishly brought back to life, invoking the weapons of the past for two basic purposes: liberation or exploitation; i.e., the Radcliffean scapegoat is generally summoned to scare the middle class into passivity—fear towards technology if placed in the wrong hands; e.g., Cameron's *Terminator* rooted in present barbarities dressed up in retro-future semi-magical language (there being little difference between a T-800²⁹¹, below, and a walking corpse, save one is revived by magic, through and through, and the other by technology indistinguishable *from* magic).



([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Vintage to Retro: An FPS Q & A series - James Towne, Tech-Com 2029, part 2," 2021)

Resurrecting insurrection applies to rememory as a kind of "forgetting" that hurts when revived; i.e.,

²⁹¹ Cameron's own take on Shelley's Creature/technological singularity, but with a twist: rogue *police* technology fueled by giant blue sparks of godly power. The Gothic is a productive and lucrative mode, but one for which profit *enriched* Cameron through the sham of wisdom; i.e., yet-another-Pygmalion aping Heinlein and Lovecraft while trying to out-earn George Lucas, versus Shelley writing the first sci-fi novel more or less for Galatean funsies. One is motivated primarily by profit (but certainly has Gothic elements; re: Volume One's "[Healing from Rape](#)"); the other, by poetic expression!

its apocalypse the natural consequence of such a large system of exploitation: not everyone knows what happens in far-off places, and as we have seen with Victor and *his* ilk, the cost of endless profit is often dressed up as "bold Romantic discovery." A desire to know and dissect the world leads to Earth being *routinely* treated like an unthinking object without rights; over time, this trauma manifests in stories that hint at the unspeakable abuses taking place more and more, over centuries, inside an expanding hegemony the oppressed come to despise. Time is a circle, which requires *circular* solutions. And yet, the biggest lie of "Golden Age" science fiction is how those "solving problems" in outer space (with linear stabbing methods and ideologies) are "solving" anything at all; they're cops on the frontier as forgotten about and rediscovered in ways that are re-penetrated and scowled at, mid-intromission. For them and the state, doing so occupies and generates a system of showing and concealment; i.e., where police operatives appearing as workers can stochastically torture nature's secrets out of, *again* (the profit motive). For us, Medusa's dark womb is a place to work: *reversing* abjection (and terror/counterterror) anisotropically during the cryptonymy process.

Again, this lineage is generally viewed backward, a ghoulish love for the imaginary past leading to a confrontation with strange modes of communication—of viewing science less as a modern, dignified practice and more an increasingly brutal, backwards enterprise tinged with superstition, magic, rape, madness, revenge and torture (which pregnancy classically is²⁹²). As a restorative means of expressing trauma, these older modes of communication can be reclaimed, but the

²⁹² Such a violence as Shelley provided was vital to the rights of people who give birth speaking to *their* rights by reifying them: as tokophobic entities tied to very-real concerns; i.e., the act of pregnancy itself tantamount to unironic torture and rape (it's not like Percy Shelley had to carry Mary's babies):

"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) [[source](#): "Following in Medusa's Footsteps," 2024].



Classically cis, this extends to queer GNC people sharing the same desire to purge the idea of having the only babies the state cares about (with stories like *Frankenstein* discouraging a particular *kind* of children: rape babies (necrophilia and graverobbing = rape) that—like the Medusa, go onto exact revenge against those who made them; e.g., *Alien*, *Metroid*, *Abigail*, and countless others), and challenging that "pro-life" argument by utilizing *Frankenstein's* speculative richness to have the whore's revenge (with Shelley being Percy's "side piece" until she wasn't, outliving him to become a protector not just of women [as her mother was] but of nature itself and all its occupants).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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journey is still stressful because the horrors cannot be disentangled from the solution. To *dealienate* ourselves and the natural world, we must eat the cannibals (the rich) by understanding how Capitalism alienates using demonic poetics.

Even here, though, the line between science and the occult is not clear-cut. For one, the summoning can happen through an obvious demonic ritual, but also through the possession or taking of someone's body or soul through an alien, unknown force. In the latter example, this seemingly happens without an explicit contract or ritual taking place (versus ghostly possessions, which are linked to a graveyard or murder site)—i.e., the punishment of trespass, of going where one *shouldn't*. In either case, forbidden knowledge is gained in relation to the demons' own bodies, genders and sexualities as incredibly fluid and bizarre.

As we shall see, next, this makes the *occult* demon—however absurd and profound—a form of *taboo* human expression inextricably linked to everyday bodies and events: sex, coloring one's hair and wearing clothes as performative factors, but also identifying with things beyond our physical limitations or current understandings of the world as it is provided to us by those in power. It's a



bloodbath, one our hysteria can double!
Satan's menses! *It's in my mouth!*

During our *own* exploitation, then, doubts about this world can start to emerge, which align with a natural drive; i.e., to satisfy human curiosity in the face of ambiguous, vaso-vagal danger or the menacing unknown—of being lied to by authority figures. At its simplest, then, the Promethean Quest is a *harmful* search for knowledge; its hard-won knowledge frequently becomes associated with transformative, intensely ritualized tortures in wildly popular stories.

In turn, these can link to colonial guilt as buried and far off, but somehow close at hand; i.e., the colonial territory as dead; e.g., literally *Dead Space* (2008) punishing the worker stuck inside in the imperial machine with Medusa. Forced there by greedy companies, stories like *Dead Space*, *Alien*, *2001* and others, operate—on par with survival horror at large—to mirror colonial abuse, but also *doom* exacted upon status-quo laborers sensing Imperialism come home to empire *while* on its far-off frontiers: a black, "ancient, derelict" monolith (the Medusa's fat ass) vibrating cryptonymically with the ghost of the counterfeit's ethnocentric alienation from *ongoing* brutality.

Per Poe, Conrad, Lovecraft and Scott, etc, it becomes something to fetishize and pimp out of revenge *against* nature (antagonize and put cheaply to work for fear *of* nature's revenge; re: the "slave revolt" gaslight). Per Hogel, it becomes something to dance *with*, shoving swords into one another like stage fencers in on the joke (re: *Titus Andronicus*, suggested above by the Adams Family). The joke *is*

rape, hoisting those with privilege on their own petards through the same dire implications (white/male or otherwise—with *Shelley's* story going beyond men like Victor to speak to *anyone* working for the state/inside the Man Box; re: token Amazons the likes of which Radcliffe motivated to punch down against nature *with*).

Keeping with capital, and returning to *Frankenstein's* Promethean Quest, older orders are eclipsed by new ones having evolved from them and—conjured up as past—become a dark spell to fall under all over again (re: Punter). Said spell is canonically made to abject capital's raping of nature (or trend of said abuses) onto a dupe; re: Victor learning *he's* a failure, but one trying to get himself back in the West's good graces by *shattering* his golem.

Shelley's story is—among many other things—an *excommunication* for us to peer at and make our own conclusions. A popular one is the beauty of the dark Satanic site; i.e., when compared to the West and its presumably undecayed vestiges, one where the presence of decay reverses abjection, Imperialism coming home to empire. Nature is "ancient" and dark a) because the state *needs* it to be, but also b) because worker counterterror hits its hardest through the same ghost of the counterfeit; i.e., a demon to work its black magics on Western brains by infiltrating them not just in quotidian spheres (the Creature looks human at a glance), but in the boundaries of imagination populated by so many workers escaping real life: space is dead, the rogue, runaway technology seeking posthuman revenge (e.g., the shapeshifting xenomorph stupidly tough like Victor's Creature [to better colonize foreign and domestic frontiers with] but also Cameron's infiltrator demon-machine terminators, especially the "liquid metal" T-1000)!



For starters—and keeping with canonical predations on nature framed as "alien" by state Orientalism—the tortures and torturers of demonic rituals (the ghosts of *Cultural and Imperialism* as much as *Spectres of Marx*) often hail from dark, otherworldly zones of seemingly magic demons; i.e., cryptonymic vanishing points;

e.g., desolated jungles or crater-marked moonscapes whose forbidden sites of colonial torture rest on native lands. These artificial wildernesses, in turn, have been cordoned off, guiltily viewed through a ghost of the counterfeit that displaces and disassociates the abuse being told. Relayed to an unwitting set of accomplices, the audience is "tortured" by identifying with a Western proxy lying on the slab: an altar of sacrifice waiting inside a giant torture site where the colonized (tortured themselves in the past) patiently take their revenge; i.e., like spiders, slowly torturing their unwitting prey caught in castle-sized webs.

Yet, this Gothic chronotope is hardly a simple case of spiders eating flies; it concerns a transgenerational curse—i.e., the mass exploitation of the natural world

and its undeveloped inhabitants by self-proclaimed "superiors": the lords of the West. By stumbling inside, the non-native/naïve explorers (often simply workers or soldiers, themselves) suddenly find themselves not just trapped inside an angry gravesite of continual exploitation (one they have, until now, turned a blind eye towards); they horrifyingly discover themselves unable to escape its rage *outside* its borders. No matter how far they go, its trauma will follow them *back* into the modern world; e.g., Ripley and the xenomorph. There, this anger—like the Creature from *Frankenstein*—will torture them to the ends of the universe, a golem that never tires or forgets: "the axe forgets, the tree remembers." Rememory threatens our ascension, coming together brick-by-brick as Great Destroyer!

This liminality further pins between ironic and unironic forms of torture. The phrase can be defined as an attempt to cause physical or mental harm—to terrorize and deprive someone of their agency and their rights as a worker and a person (or to commit acts of revenge for having these rights revoked and inflicted; i.e., the "What comes around, goes around!" delivery of vengeful torture that the Creature delivers against Victor Frankenstein, and similar characters and stories); re (from "A Note about Rape," 2024): "'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" ([source](#)).

Toys—and the boxes that house them—become invaluable towards speaking out, in small/*mise-en-abyme*; i.e., by acting out our desire to harm our abusers, but also expose them as predatory and false. The ability to create things in dualistic, material opposition to state doubles is vital, then—if only because it gives us a planet-sized supply of building materials (clay and earth) to ascribe with dead metaphors; i.e., things that can be given whatever meaning and modular qualities we want while camping canonical forms and their unironic tortures. It's the perfect medium for a pedagogy of the oppressed: reclaiming our demonized humanity



through an aesthetic/shared shadowy stage we take *back*; i.e., during ludo-Gothic BDSM *playing* with dead things, but also forbidden, demonic torture speaking to our own rape/liberation in paradoxical acts of sight through blindness, humiliation and pain! Never trust a skinny cook! Trust sin as an ironic, reclamatory diet rocking your world with planetary booties; i.e., Gaia's dumper! Stare and tremble at genocide in small! Now it has *its* revenge!

(artist: [Stephanie Rodriguez](#))

The whore's paradox is Medusa being alive and dead, already made when making new things; "monstrous-feminine" amounts to

anything exploited/extirpated by settler-colonial forces that, as whores, can use their Aegis to exert Promethean power *onto* state pimps ("Who's the vermin *now*, assholes?"). Moving onto "Summoning Demons," then, we'll start with the more canonical, "civilized" tortures—i.e., the domestic world and its Radcliffian inhabitants being unironically invaded by dark forces from an ancient Somewhere Else—before moving progressively deeper into nature's dark, wild and unknown recesses/pleasures.

While the dark forest *is* a common Gothic threshold in the literal Gothic period, aka the Renaissance—e.g., Dante's *Inferno*, 1321—it was followed by Milton and Walpole into the *Neo-Gothic* period of the 1790s, Shelley's 1818 magnum opus, and 200+ years of fiction that, from the canonical Western perspective, demonize *any* foreign, alien, unknown lands resisting colonialization, or are occupied by perceived greater forces than Mankind *vis-à-vis* Cartesian thought, mid-oppression:

- Mary Shelley's foreboding Mount Blanc in *Frankenstein*, 1818
- Poe's foray towards the South Pole in *Arthur Gordon Pym* (with cannibals), 1838
- Joseph Conrad's doomed, racist presentation of Africa—as a dark, savage continent (from a white man's perspective) in *Heart of Darkness*, 1899
- Lovecraft demonizing the unknown with an "ancient aliens" flavor in *At the Mountains of Madness*, 1936
- Ridley Scott's dark planetoid surface being investigated by exploited space truckers in *Alien*, 1979
- James Cameron's doomed, Vietnam-esque colony being avenged by American colonial space marines in *Aliens*, 1986
- Nintendo's *Metroid*, 1986, and many, many spiritual, cartographic, neoliberal successors (re: "[Mazes and Labyrinths](#)" *vis-à-vis* the FPS, Metroidvania, and survival horror) in the 21st century

Gothic Communism's daring foray into this sinful "land of darkness" isn't to demonize ourselves ("Tis an unweeded garden grown to seed"), but to reclaim nature-as-monstrous-feminine *from* the state; i.e., from its unironically xenophobic, us-versus-them treatment and linguo-material features, taking *back* these things from all colonizers across space and time: the Enlightenment as surviving *into* the present, but touched *through* a Western, fearful/guilty fascination with the past after being alienated *from* it (which, again, Hogle correctly notes, operates through the ghost of the counterfeit as wedded *to* the process of abjection; re, Dave West's "Implementation of Gothic Themes in the Gothic Ghost of the Counterfeit":

In "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 1765 *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 writing 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) [[source](#)].

Communism—specifically *Gothic (gay-anarcho)* Communism—camps canon through Gothic poetics. As such, the deliberate ironies of iconoclastic torture during ludo-Gothic BDSM follow the same call of the void—first, through the raw poetic creation of demons during magic ceremonies; then, Radcliffe's Pavlovian brand of exquisite "tortures" acting out liminal, not-quite-there-yet BDSM that plays with demons (as hidden, per Cameron's refrain, behind jingoistic, militarily optimistic/neocon xenophobia fearing murderous cuckoo imposters); then onto Shelley and ultimately *my* work holistically and repeatedly retrospectively all of this!

We've *already* looked at Shelley and Scott. Now we'll look at Radcliffe's flawed notions of performative torture (and wasted genius selling out for conservative means, the imposter indoctrinating the nation's youth to *defend* the state from its own exploited labor force); i.e., of canonical torture versus exquisite "torture" being something *I* took far beyond anywhere Radcliffe was willing (or able) to go. Yes, Radcliffe was a cop who wrote from ignorance and lacked Shelley's radical nature; her elements of genius still contributed to my work and ludo-Gothic BDSM camping "rape." We'll put *her* corpse once more on the slab, dissecting its probative *value* before diving headlong inside during the subsequent chapter's frank exploration of trans, intersex and non-binary expression in the 21st century.

The state (and its oft-undercover cops) are straight—will copy anything in bad faith to survive (re: DARVO and obscurantism). As a fundamentally ancient, ever-present force, non-gender-conformity haunts the capitalist world's heteronormative order by subverting the usual, canonical taming of nature by white, cis-het men; re: who see it as dark, female and chaotic (with TERFs going to bat *for* them, in many neoconservative tales). To canonically call something "ancient, alien and unknown" means to exotify and segregate it *for* police violence, which rebels must reclaim on the stages of persecution; i.e., while the cops are called *on* us/the vigilantes pointed *in* our directions. It's militarized, tokenized regression in a dated, retro-future ethnocentrism indicative of state collapse, which Gothic media crosses over into: penetrate the alien, then ask for snuggles.

Now that we've explored examples of the manmade demon, studied composite images of them as a way of identifying monstrous patterns through poster/monster pastiche and "mash," and outlined a ghastly heritage of colonial abuses told through the Promethean Quest as a fearful voyage into the ancient unknown, let's point this gaze even farther backwards into the imaginary past. To

that, let's examine the history of summoned, occult demons and the forbidden knowledge *they* offer during expressly *magical* iterations of the Promethean Quest and its famous tortures beyond Victor's pity party). This includes the stacked, sexy detectives chasing this power down in "explained supernatural" environs; i.e., *performed* as such; e.g., Rachel Storms, below, aping Radcliffe, per *her* latter-day resurrections: Velma as "hardboiled"—caught between damsels, detectives and sex demons at large! Such *cryptomimesis* might seem "dated" or "stuck"; their camp can yield tremendous, fortress-sized powers to rival *any* cop, token or not!

As something for the state to harvest, then, we humanize the harvest to portray the state as inhumane! Nature and its demons' cryptonymy are generally thicc, often as not (and andro/gynodiverse, in sexually descriptive/culturally appreciative forms)! Glasses aren't just to help us weird nerds read; they're cum shields for stacked cuties!



(artist: [Rachel Storms](#))

As we go, the heroine's virgin/whore paradox also applies to a common problem under Capitalism I will try once more to unpack and express, surveying here territories whose gratuitous cryptonymy we have previously surveyed; re (from Volume One):



(exhibit 11b1b: 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](#): "Challenging the State's Manufactured Consent"].)



(artist: [Tessa West](#), "Bikini Shop Showdown," 2006)

Some further food for thought (two pages), as there's simply too much ground to cover ("Huge tracks of land!"): Cartesian fetishization of nature-as-food subverts through our demonic, fertile/febrile, whore-like bodies during ludo-Gothic BDSM! So often workers of the Global South tempt through storminess and hefty vocality as uncorked forces of nature: the banana republic's crop talking back and talking back loudly—with their bodies and their surfaces/thresholds! "You won't last two seconds!" The same ideas and liminalities likewise apply idiosyncratically to anyone framed as "of nature" in the Global North; i.e., regardless of size, sex, gender, religion and/or skin color, etc: the half-real gentrification of colonial lands through ill-gotten means—by white bodies that are, themselves, pimped out during various horny legends sold as porn (and all the lopsided power fantasies that porn entails); e.g., banging the pornstar with a banging bod in the back of a bikini shop (above).

Whores communicate their revenge through sex as demonic. The canonical argument becomes, "Nature's a whore," which whores have to reclaim on the same vice-filled stages (and leaving behind their stamps however *those* fall. In true rockstar fashion, Tessa West died at twenty-seven from a drug overdose)! Exploitation and liberation occupy the same spaces and stages, the same demonic language of power abuse and weaponization for or against the state by combining *objects d'art* with scandal, and food with war, death, and rape ("Oh, yeah! Carve my 'pumpkin'! Wait, your 'knife' is too small!").

As Shelley shows, we don't live forever by cheating death (and nature); we live a full life that passes something positive along—a life worth remembering that, through the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but also the auspices of destiny *not* being entirely dictated by state replicas, echo in eternity. Workers can make whatever demons they need to alter the balance (reversing virtue and vice much like terror and counterterror); i.e., striking deals honored through play and broken by spoilsports²⁹³ for or against the state (and leading to various tautologies; e.g., a deal's a deal, fair's fair, function determines function, etc).

²⁹³ Emergent play *is* a complicated subject, but one I simplify as follows: however ambiguous, play's function is ultimately determined by the dialectical-material context of mutual consent; i.e., per rules that are bent and broken in good faith or bad (I've had people who seem cool suddenly act weird in bad faith, but it's rare). We try new things and experiment all the time. The golden rule is, "no harm, no foul," cops being the ones who fight dirty in that respect! We play at war to have fun and wage class, culture and race war in poetic ways that, for the initiated, become second nature through praxial synthesis. Infinite form, singular function; i.e., form follows function, flow determining function amid a given demonic arbitration of Gothic aesthetics. In keeping with Prometheus and Shelley anisotropically venerating those tortures, so do we steal intelligence and awareness *back*!

In this respect, sex isn't purely for reproduction, but whose aesthetic per ludo-Gothic BDSM can be fun, funny, thrilling and asexual (socialized, artistic, mix-and-match)! Forgetting the porn industry's eternal chase of profit, behind every demon is a flesh-and-blood worker—a human being with rights, appetites, curiosities, and a willingness (under the right conditions) to play! There is always risk with sex; through the whore's paradox, we find agency dictating our "abuse" through unequal conditions we can *change*. Again, the smiles don't have to be fake, nor the orgasms (though they can be). Cuties can want each other for whatever their hearts darkly desire; e.g., penis, pussy and/or personality! We can also involve others in our fantasies because they *like* them, not because they pay our rent! Such a hunter's pot/philosopher-stone post-scarcity might sound impossible, but breaking through Capitalist Realism demands imagining the impossible through common modes of expression: demons and their endless Promethean possibilities!

Able to set the terms and boundaries of play, we camp, thus break *away* from sex/porn addiction and help ourselves and others relieve stress; i.e., in ways visually comparable but ludically removed from industry porn's "demonic" elements; re: a Sale of Indulgences *without* co-dependency or sin, just love, equal rights, fucking (to metal, of course), silly-serious games, mutual consent, and other Gothic-Communist virtues! Yummy-yummy trust! Consent *is* sexy, my dudes (if you want to get laid, made a girl feel safe; it's not automatic, but it won't hurt your odds)! The price tag isn't state mandates, but worker arrangements and consent (sex is whatever cost we decide, often for free among friends). Animalized, we embrace it, driving ourselves crazy (minus the hysterical stigma)! Sweet Numinous revenge, sucking your dry! Wee!



(artist: Ash Lynn Bach)

As such, sex remains something to barter that builds our dreams of a better world while dismantling capital. For it and the state, "whore" is just another word for "intimacy" they demonize for profit. AFAB or not—unchaining the whore, working/call girl and Hell along with them—we Gothic Communists become free to express ourselves, speak new language out of old parts to establish new boundaries, thus arrangements of power to play out (not under companies and Faustian contracts, but ones we write ourselves)! We're not hoes to pimp and police, but demons without a pimp building *pandemonium* (sometimes in cop uniforms, minus the cop function)! We fucking *love* that kind of freedom: to make whatever demons we want, burning rapturously while watching this go in and out of that (short of harming workers, animals or nature; states aren't people and billionaires shouldn't exist, etc); re: to make demons is to make love turned on its head, laughing at canonical norms.

As we'll see next, this includes summoning them in more magical varieties!

Afterword: A Further Note on Angry Gods (and Playing with Them, feat. Cuwu)

"Ray, when someone asks you if you're a god, you say YES!"

—Winston to Ray, *Ghostbusters* (1984)



A quick note about gods, seeing as playing with them (dark gods, which demons are) is what Shelley focused on, and where we'll be going into the imaginary past; i.e., as it existed back then, and which is summoned in more *magical* ways seemingly divorced from making monsters the Cartesian way (with Shelley's "Galvanism" being closer to magic than science—leaving the spark of creation to our

imagination). *Amazonomachia*, kayfabe, golems and *kaiju*—monsters are both gods and made by gods, and who doesn't like gods? Older ones are pagan/demonic, steeped in agnostic folklore/the supernatural, and generally equal parts aspiring and dangerous/fearsome. "All deities reside within [our] breast," said Blake; through calculated risk during ludo-Gothic BDSM, they become our best friends—mighty beings to conjure up and thrill us, then dismiss as needed.

In turn, the natural and material worlds abide by the same basic forces over time; i.e., just as animals have evolved over millions of years thanks to evolutionary pressure, society's current system of differences under capital work through natural-to-unnatural linguo-material components whose own stressors evolved to help *us* survive: gods as social highs and lows (values and taboos), but also creative legacies/the power of creation. This survival includes of *ourselves*, as Shelley points out; i.e., "man is his own worst enemy" and men of reason have now put *our* survival (and that of the planet) in jeopardy! Medusa doesn't discriminate, but *we* can be better stewards/mothers of the world and keepers of the fire of the gods than Victor was. We can write and program better lessons through godly data as a form of pain ("to sense injury" as the T-800 describes it)—with pleasure and pain being as indiscrete to each other as organic and inorganic are; i.e., in a posthuman world (therefore the Capitalocene) where we still have to relate back and forth. We must, or we will not survive. That's what camping the canon *is*.

All demons, *pandemonium*. The goal of Gothic Communism, then, is to humanize the harvest through holistic expression during the chaos of evolution (and creation) on *all* fronts; i.e., dialectical-material scrutiny (and effect) during oppositional praxis, thereby demonstrating the state as inhumane versus nature as monstrous-feminine; re: recultivating the Wisdom of the Ancients to deny it *to* the elite, much like Shelley did. In effect, we're reclaiming Medusa through ambiguity and paradox marrying different things to speak *to* state abuse; e.g., pleasure and pain (more on this in "Exploring the Derelict Past"); i.e., the "omelet problem," or

"sometimes to create, you must destroy." You can't have life without death, can't heal from rape without putting "rape" in quotes: "A king has his reign and then he dies" (white saviors and black tokenism also sight-seeing demons made by the state, but also the world older states destroyed and left behind, post-seed, below).



In learning from Scott *and* Shelley as my spiritual ancestors (*Alien* is my favorite movie, *Frankenstein* my favorite book), bear in mind how Shelley played at immortality/dark creation (while interrogating technology and childrearing/the posthuman) through a female gaze occupying male bodies, versus Scott's male one occupying female bodies (and biomechanical integration). Compared to them, ours is genderqueer and overtly Communist; i.e., performing hubris to go where the gods and their statuesque, Vitruvian, warlike perfection (from an imaginary Greco-Roman standpoint, which Milton camped—followed by the Shelleys, and later Scott, above) can, but humans and their flaws only experience "torture," which is to say pain: the queer search for non-normative love, haunted by its own mutating (and mutilative) copies, onstage and off.

Paradox of rape aside, it's always, to some degree, experimental and apocalyptic—confusing the brain (and a mixture of the senses) to unlearn harmful knowledge; i.e., by exposing our chains and jolting us with that sweet, sweet Promethean "fire" (re: the modern idea [and abuse] of electricity didn't quite exist yet, called "Galvanism" by Shelley as her inspiration): the jouissance (orgasm) of facing tough realities and—like a different iteration of the Creature—coming out stronger *for* it by making friends through newly-minted boundaries breaking Capitalist Realism *down*! Capital is built on Cartesian binaries of ownership and division, hence will *never* end sickness, war and disease (effectively killing the planet and leaving Ozymandian Derelicts behind, for others to stumble on). So we must end *it* ourselves through what *we* pass on during the coding war! "We aren't computers, Bastian! We're physical!"

Exposure hurts, including to the idea that capital has made *us* machines for *it* to control. Melting us down to our DNA (the oldest code) *as* we grow *into* adulthood (and then wither and die), we forget backwards. But it also fertilizes *new growth*, regenerating what has died into something radically new as a matter of function; re, the Numinous as something to quest for (from Varma's *The Gothic Flame*):

The rise of the Gothic novel may be connected with depravity, and a decline of religion. [...] In particular, these novels indicate a new, tentative apprehension of the Divine. Monastic life was no longer believed in, but at least it recalled the Ages of Faith and the alluring mystery of their discipline. The ghosts and demons, the grotesque manifestations of the supernatural, aroused the emotions by which man had first discovered his soul and realized

the presence of a Being greater far than he, one who created and destroyed at will. Man's first stirring of religious instinct was his acute horror of this powerful Deity—and it was to such primitive emotion that he reverted, emancipated from reason, but once again ignorant of God, his spiritual world in chaos.

Primarily the Gothic novels arose out of a quest for the numinous [emphasis, me]. They are characterized by an awestruck apprehension of Divine immanence penetrating diurnal reality. This sense of the numinous is an almost archetypal impulse inherited from primitive magic.

Whatever theatrical stance or political persuasion a player might adopt, our time as mortals is fleeting beyond ourselves. Reunions with life and death produce and instill chaos as an immortality that, through Shelley and Milton, long survived them; i.e., in a shared Satanic legacy we want to make increasingly gay and an-Com during ludo-Gothic BDSM healing nature-as-monstrous-feminine *normally* antagonized by state pimps. Scott verges into canonical pimp "milking Satan," as did Milton. Shelley far outpaced either by *vocally* critiquing men of reason like Victor for harming so many beyond themselves. *Nothing* critiques capital more nakedly and productively in Gothic than *Frankenstein* (a tradition that *later* sci-fi completely forgot, *Jameson*). This pedagogy happens through liminal expression, mixing pain *with* pleasure during calculated risk; i.e., exquisite "torture" being—among other things—the playing with big things that *could* crush us but don't: they're not cops, but *avengers* bringing power (and the awesome anger of the gods) *back* to the people!



(model and artist:
[Mercedes the Muse](#) and
[Persephone van der
Waard](#))

To create dark gods is to fetishize the alien for or against workers/nature. This, by extension, teeters between internal imagination and external fabrication (e.g.,

Mercedes, myself, and Toxie, above). Our subsequent "torture" is pain *and* pleasure as a kind of dark psychosexual data; re: writ in decay and laced with phantom pain (and genuine harm), which demons engage with through the *paradox* of play and

medieval poetics: mixing death, food, sex and other bodily functions (concepts from the Poetry Module; more on *them* during "Giger's Xenomorph").

That's how children learn, but also adults—discussing what is often disguised to internalize *and* externalize it (the Dutch word "hope" meaning "to make a pile"). So do we camp *Marx* by conjuring up demons to liberate sex work *with*; i.e., as *Shelley* once did, putting the pieces back together (as must be done, per cycle) and camping the canon in ways *Scott* only partially managed to, himself: with god-like action figures (characterized by height personifying hubris)—first finding them "abandoned" in the ruins and playing with their decaying power for different ends. *Frankenstein's* isn't isolation *from* fire, but both how humans and technology are bound up in their separate affairs, and that technology isn't "bad" on its own; what you do with it—meaning what you choose to create and how you treat your creations afterwards—is what matters (the danger being when you lose the ability to tell friend from foe, only seeing in red/us-versus-them). This isn't a "final destination," at all, but a link in a never-ending chain, *mise-en-abyme*.

Verisimilitude very clearly isn't the point, here, (as "actual science," the giant motif doesn't translate very well, but as a metaphor for demonic *creation*, is golden). Nor is dick-measuring (though *Shelley* is politically superior to *Scott*, she's also a bit more mysterious to most people outside movies; i.e., the girl who wrote *Frankenstein*). Instead, its heavy-handed theatrics ape Victor as a false "corpse" of himself that talks back, mid-psychomachy (no one ever said *Frankenstein* was *subtle*, but you'd be surprised just how *much* of its *Hamlet*-grade, weird British tensions [dialogs of strength married to weird canonical science nerds] goes over most peoples' heads; blame James Whale for *that* one, or Mel Brooks after him). So take what is useful and apply it to yourselves and yours—to reshape, recode, and pass along inside/upon your *own* dark children (a Trojan *virus*)!



([source](#): *Stan Winston's School of Character Arts' "Terminator 2: Judgment Day's T-800 - An Interview with Stan Winston," 2015*)

For example—and case in point—I, as a trans woman, always felt that I had one foot in each world, but could never give birth (with a uterus). Instead, I learned to feel more like a woman through the *poetic* act of creation; i.e., one inspired by *Scott* and *Shelley* *both* filling my figurative cumdump²⁹⁴ (the medieval having a bit more fun with the miracle of creation, both human biology and poetry of a technological sort)! What they left behind has inspired my own giant children, teaching me what it means to

²⁹⁴ My "glass womb" writing fantasy at nineteen, [but nothing so great as *Frankenstein*](#); i.e., I bloomed *late*, coming out at thirty-six to write *Sex Positivity* afterwards (*my* finest hour).

be a parent (closer to life and death as normally alienated from workers, but also fetishized for them to purchase and consume). A "power couple," indeed! Light me up, baby!

And while "strange women distributing swords" is seemingly no basis for a system of government, there remains practical value in medieval poetics informing Gothic Communism; i.e., to synthesize catharsis away from state models, generally with a focus on nude monster bodies and publicly nude (and vulgar) displays of power! The best sex has a bit of excitement and pain to it; the paradox of rape is it is *not* rape, any more than Frankenstein's monster is actually a big walking dead guy/brain-in-a-jar (to see one's creation and mortality laid bare—be it brain or womb—for iconoclastic purposes; i.e., by women [and other minorities] reclaiming normally sacred things from the state [misogynistic canon and its weird "hate



boners," left] through camp: to laugh at the gods by reminding readers that girls have hairy butt holes, and men—alienated from their prescribed sex dolls—sublimate and kill them for it like Medusa²⁹⁵, also left).

(artist: Bernie Wrightson)

Instead, it's the potential to literally *make* friends for all ages, genders, and inclinations; it becomes something to tell our children (always curious about monsters, below)—to give to them not as a present bought per season, but a gift made ourselves that keeps on giving. As Shelley shows us, children can be taught *whatever* they're given; let's give them something better

than what society gave *Victor* (whose own problematic childhood automatically made *him* see the Creature not as "friend" but "foe"). That's what making monsters (demons or otherwise) is all about, from a Gothic-Communist perspective! We gain the ability to end curses, right past wrongs, heal from rape and de-automate genocide—in a word, to *stop* capital in its tracks while referring to the imaginary past pushing us in a *post*-scarcity direction: breeding and grooming with a sex-positive outcome!

²⁹⁵ Re: Decapitation and circumcision, cutting the head off the snake ("You should have gone for head...").



In *Frankenstein*, Victor hogs the stage but the *Creature* is the star of the show. It's also not stupid, but actually quite the opposite, acquires knowledge at a frightening rate. So are we—are all, to some degree, innocent and jaded, artificial

and alienized, under capital's bright demanding lights telling us "the show must go on"; but such performances allow for the paradox of reclamation (through iconoclastic art) during such fabrication—to reclaim for ourselves the incredible ability to first, recognize when others see us as inhuman and scary (through no fault of their own, born into the same world under Capitalism lionizing such fakeries, above); then communicate the holocaust of our anguish in ways that convince them we are human, thus deserve protection and love. It's a basic human right, not something you buy under capital (or which capital assigns to a select special group; e.g., Jewish people); but it *uses* the same costumes and masks, comedy and drama, and whose potential identities beyond the medieval (re: Foucault) the Gothic turns inside-out.

Unlike many Gothic novels, *Frankenstein* works well as fantasy *and* futurism, its signature and much-intimated retro-future letting readers think about a two-century-old horror novel as one might a computer program: Shelley is Cassandra predicting Capital's *demise* while demonstrating the thin line between child and adult, technology and sex, protection and procreation, pleasure and pain, problem and purpose, birth and bastard, pro-life and pro-choice, prostitute and pimp, sex and symbol, porn and art, torture and talent, consent and non-consent, canon and

camp, transparent and opaque, real and fake (as Arnold and company also demonstrate, below):



(*ibid.*)

To that, counterterror is a *voice*, thus a relationship had between things both forced apart (alienation)

and together (fetishization), comprising a pedagogy of the oppressed living under the shadow of police violence sexualizing everything in sight; i.e., whose alienation—of zombie-*demon* labor talking back to us—is both older victims of

capital, but also present ones speaking through our fears and fantasies: a worker saying to those who find its talking remains, "I'd rather kill my boss and fuck what society treats as 'monster' (for its scars, skin color and/or composite nature) than be with an entitled asshole contributing to state shift!" Size difference, age play and power imbalance also come into effect—all to collectively shock not for its own sake, mid-pastiche, but to jolt us awake about difference manufactured (and how people, once badly programmed, go on to exterminate others for scraps); re: by remediating praxis, we teach children—who are vulnerable to bad lessons (thus susceptible to *cloning* those lessons)—to be better and *make* better!

Scott was already in his forties when making *Alien* and it shows; i.e., he kind of starts with Radcliffean demon BDSM and '70s *Rocky Horror* and gradually dials back what little camp *Alien* started with. Shelley was nineteen when she wrote *Frankenstein*, and still had that youthful ex-vitro "zinc spark" (re: the glass womb dilemma—or what Ashley Gavin succinctly describes as "[inside baby/outside baby](#)"; "Ashley Gavin: Live in Chicago," 2024) that commented on the larger world through demonic poetics. The greatest power in *Frankenstein*, then, comes from its composite design: a faith in Gothic intuition wedded to early science but still having magic to spare—to parse through play while recognizing creation through technology as speaking to lived trauma living inside the body and material trauma existing outside the body as both contributing to generational trauma; i.e., as something to increase through canon or decrease through camp, on the Aegis. Those who close their eyes to it become hopeless cynics who, as Oscar Wilde puts it, "know the cost of everything but the value of nothing." They become predators who *prey* on their students (re: Jadis).

Coded as such, they also become gargoyles for the church of capital; i.e., who see invaders thus enemies everywhere, and who make machines of war to conquer the Earth and the stars, but ultimately themselves inside the Capitalocene (awfully telling that Victor makes a giant war machine [re: Walpole's armor] to lionize himself, then cries wolf when labor possesses the avatar of capital to thump him and chase him to the ends of the world and beyond; i.e., Ozymandias in the desert of older disasters)! Menticide is not human nature as "congenital," but comorbid and criminogenic while able to cause disorders "in the blood" and brain, where data is stored and exchanged in "perfect" duality:

From what I've seen of perfection
Where we could do as we please
In secrecy this infection
Was spreading like a disease (Judas Priest's "[Metal Gods](#)," 1980).

Leave it to Judas Priest to betray their punk roots and romanticize rebellion as Nazi-Communism; i.e., "both sidesing" what is—in reality—night and day, then regressively dogmatize "past" before selling it *back* to their fan base under

Thatcher's Britain (the "KISS problem" dumbing down *Frankenstein* for profit—a bit ironic as KISS was Jewish and sold out; then again, so was Jerry Springer²⁹⁶). *Capitalism* is the disease, not labor, but they occupy the same space, language and stages!

So do liberation and exploitation dysfunctionally unfold. Those who profit off/unironically endorse Red Scare are Nazis, import/exporting the usual neoliberal heavy metal *for* queen and country (wedded to capital, in Britain's case, but also America's own god-kings; i.e., calling themselves "commanders-in-chief," while shifting the aristocracy towards the bourgeoisie and back again, when the state starts to die): "a new order of intelligence that saw everyone as a threat, not just those on the other side!" Capital is incompatible with life; geological or



technological, state shift is state shift, which capital will pimp out to punish nature as monstrous-feminine for profit. A king has his reign; then, nature wins.

Again, though, metal isn't automatically a weapon for capital and its extermination wars, but it *is* generally ambiguous through duality, mid-liminal expression. All praxis is liminal because it must translate to consumable forms. That's why *Frankenstein* works as well as it does, and why capital tries so hard to commodify the aesthetic.

As proto-fascist *satire*, *Frankenstein* is intentionally ambiguous because it needs the reader to *choose*, and to acknowledge the terrible power of propaganda; i.e., the Promethean Quest is ultimately a quest for the Numinous, and a quest for the *palliative* Numinous (as I frame it) is a quest for empathy by choosing mercy and love in the face of the technological singularity²⁹⁷ (which Victor does *not* do).

²⁹⁶ An important distinction to make is that Simmons, Stanley and Springers' *parents* were in the Holocaust, *not* them; i.e., they used their privilege as descendants of Holocaust survivors to make money. While my familiarity with KISS is limited to their music mostly sucking, I do know that Simmons and Stanley are worth hundreds of millions of dollars—in effect, chasing and selling 1970s camp to kids for profit, first and foremost. While that's fine to an extent, *their* drive in doing so has made them far too much money to feel even *remotely* ethical; i.e., while there's no ethical consumption under Capitalism, their particular approach to consumption is dogmatic and predatory.

No one makes hundreds of millions of dollars without mass-exploiting others; KISS—and by extension Priest through their own "fake rebellion" racket—did it through a Gothic aesthetic. Springer did not; i.e., hiding behind a nice-guy persona while saying "I'm against what you say but I'll defend to the death your right to say it." You know, the whole "debating Nazis" thing. He died in 2023 a multimillionaire, having chased the ratings with Opera to slum for corporations. Good riddance.

²⁹⁷ Basically invented by Shelley's book (more or less). We didn't really have time to explore that idea, here. If you're curious, though, I strongly recommend David Roden's [Posthuman Life](#) (2015), which explores cyborgs, transhumanism and other concepts related to/inspired by Shelley's magnum opus!

To confront and reify the problem—meaning in something we can recognize in ourselves, then love in others through our creations teaching lessons—is to break Capitalism at its core. But we *must* learn to self-reflect in ways that extend the charity to those normally wronged *by* capital, capital framing all of this (as Victor does) through doomsday arguments that Shelley—a nineteen-year-old girl without computers or formal education—took and hit square on the nose (critiquing what so many *still* refuse to do, nowadays; i.e., those people treating scientists like celebrities and, oddly enough, celebrities like scientists, and worshipping both like gods who are beyond reproach. So often, straight male scientists and creatives eclipse their female counterparts; e.g., Giger and Scott eclipsing Shelley while living in her shadow, below)! *Frankenstein's* traction was immediate, its legacy infinite—showing readers that, while we're not strictly defined by the past and its plastic trauma, nor are we entirely *removed* from it: "We live in Gothic times."



([source](#): Douglas Martin's "H. R. Giger, Artist²⁹⁸ Who Gave Life to Alien Creature, Dies at 74," 2014)

In short, we must love other victims of capital as we would ourselves, during universal liberation. I'd say "no gods or masters," then, but

we are *all* gods, under Communism. And despite neoliberal Capitalism pimping dark creation for its own base ends, no one monopolizes monsters or the awesomely dark power to create, thus (a)rouse the rabble by "riding" the lightning. Lightning doesn't have to strike the same place twice (though it *can*, next page); it just has to expect the wonderous spontaneity of attraction, mid-Romance. *That* can happen anywhere: "Not the *third* switch!" / "Throw it! Give MY CREATION LIFE!" *Frankenstein* was a one-man "circular breeding" fantasy written by a woman soupily camping the idea of sex to—in her own juvenile inventor's lightbulb moment—make something that kills Francis Bacon's number-one fan and fucks the

²⁹⁸ A not-entirely accurate title. Palimpsests aside (re: Shelley but also Goya), the xenomorph is a composite entity (a chimera) with a life cycle. Giger designed the adult, but O'Bannon and Cobb designed the facehugger and various other artists, the environment. Only Victor and those like him take all the credit/patent the brand. Making demons is always a group effort, in some shape or form.

body-builder afterwards. The best of both worlds, *her* winning formula fetishizes rebellion *for* workers! *Eureka!*

That's Shelley and *her* whore's revenge—the exhibitionist/voyeur confessions of a madwoman/wicked Galatean mad scientist accepting *her* status as manmade, then nakedly camping the canon (the Promethean myth): through uncontrolled opposition and neo-medieval (operatic) rape fantasies "storming" her "castle" and putting her maidenhead—gone too soon, but "for science!"—to the *two-handed*



sword: a live wire that's too hot to handle/off the charts, or a sizzling mood (and bedroom eyes) that hits just right? *You* be the judge!

(*model and artist: Cuwu and Persephone van der Waard*)

We often invent friends in our hour of need. Not even twenty when raw-dogging it/squeezing a dark god's massive dick into her tight pale pussy²⁹⁹, Shelley made

something fluorescent that could *never* be turned off, only fluctuate in constant circulation; i.e., something that, unto itself, emblemized the desire to fuck with godly power—to create a god and *be* a god by creating such a being that can either create, in turn, or inspire others *to* create in ways that *overthrow* the nuclear model: while looking for a suitable mate/companion (swept up in sex and natural reproduction, but also *unnatural* reproduction through art-as-porn, canned and shaken, inside the same witch's-cauldron echo chamber where canon and camp—the nuclear and found family—do battle).

An awesome machine, the Creature lives on, but isn't just a *sentinel* (cops; e.g., Mega Man, the Stepford Wives); with the right instruction, it can become a steward for *nature* (re: *T2*, but Communist). "Fuck mommy just like this, ok? Now gimme that baby batter!" The idea is *informed* consent and birth control (of people and art) being in the hands of workers, not capital and the state (all of my partners have either *not* had uteruses, have fucked with condoms, or—in my case fucking them—have had a vasectomy to avoid unwanted pregnancies): to get up close and

²⁹⁹ Potential pillow talk/fan fiction of her and Percy? While I jest (a bit), inkblots don't have set definitions; the *Creature* arguably symbolizes—among other things—Mary Shelley's desire for the bored housewife/grieving mother to fuck her fears away by reuniting with alienated things; e.g., not to get *too* Freudian, but an id/alter ego for Percy and Byron, but also her dead child, African slaves, unwanted pregnancies, Prometheus, etc. Demonology is simply a poetic form of *exchange*, one that extends beyond her and into future generations assigning new meanings (and struggles) to the clay. The meaning of life can be canonical or Satanic. You have all the power to decide *that* among yourselves!

personal with/to our bodies; i.e., as alien and fetish, creating with and of them regarding the mysteries of creation on canvas of all kinds.

Rape is endemic to capital; anything that challenges profit is a threat to capital and its ordering of the world, which it rapes without end. But silence is death, which makes ludo-Gothic BDSM *our* survival; i.e., playing with power as something to quest for in paradoxically healthy forms that have the ability to change or freeze the world in its tracks. It's both different and not different from those videogames everyone plays these days... *Life* is a game, and sooner or later your refusal to play it outside the elite's rules becomes a *choice!*

So, love it or hate it, camp canon however you can—i.e., by getting naked, and down and dirty with one's glorious, mortal, animal side (the paradox being to rough something up versus having it be sterile to better make one's point; e.g., *Alien* versus *2001*, but also Cuwu's pussy, before/after, below). Sex is the most policed device in the world. It is simultaneously divine and absurd, hot and goofy ("so put that in this and wiggle around until cummies happen..."), and desperately needing better education under capital; i.e., in ways that respect its power but also don't take it *too* seriously if they can help it; e.g., "Oh, no! My ass is just *too fat* for these yoga pants! Please *don't* take advantage!" (we'll introduce *de facto* education, cultural appreciation and descriptive sexuality in "Call of the Wild" and unpack them in Volume Three).

This certainly isn't easy. The more we try to unite all groups, the more alone canon makes us feel (segregate the radicals); some people historically sell out. But once you find others who have similar chemistry/understand alienation and desire liberation for all, there's nothing like it in the world! I was radicalized by so many tight pussies clamping down on *my* dick:



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)³⁰⁰)

Shelley was a pirate, one who showed that girls fuck, fart, spit and swear like anyone! Making friendship from the ensuing messes, there's a fair bit not just of her in the book, but of Cuwu despite going *our* separate ways! Love is blind, friendship always somewhat imaginary but forever as something to build in memory of the good times come and game, but also yet-to-come. Sex is work, and sex work is work; so is revolution as a lineage of monster mothers!

³⁰⁰ The above creampie being one administered by me while Cuwu *wasn't* on birth control, but where I had already received my procedure and discussed the risks *with* them (and each of us detailing our sexual histories). Safe sex is good sex, trust me.

To become a mother is to change, and this contains within it different fears about dying: less as a literal event, and more becoming something dark and different *while* alive that lives on long after one *is* dead. No one remembers Mary Wollstonecraft (senior or junior); Mary *Shelley* is a whole 'nother beast. But this, unto itself, speaks to the vitality of relationships and good parentage (if only to use the raw parts for spares)—both with our live-in cocks or pussies, but also whatever technologies *they* bring to the table. The process is suitably anathema and gospel.

To this, Percy creampieped the virgin pussy of one Mary Wollstonecraft, but also fed her pregnant horny *brain*—no doubt awash with hormones from actual pregnancies and postpartum events—with "tacos"; i.e., those angel-and-devil, pickles-and-ice-cream cravings being *Paradise Lost*, Galvanism, and the Golem of Prague, among others. In turn, Wollstonecraft became Shelley as, at least in part, a dark imitation of the man she admired, the pupil outshining the master and even herself.

Fast-forward to Scott making *Alien*—and then *Covenant* nearly two centuries after *Frankenstein*—and me, exposed to *Prometheus* in 2012, discovering Shelley twenty years after watching *Alien* and playing *Super Metroid*. Primed for it since I was small (my mother loving The Doors, but also the British Romantics, reading me "Kubla Khan" to tire me out and get me to sleep), I suddenly got the same Numinous cravings; re: watching *Covenant* with my family on my birthday ([source](#): "*Alien Covenant*, a Review," 2017) before going overseas to have my own Percy-and-Mary, Jim-and-Pamela-style relationship; i.e., followed by many more afterwards while thinking about *Covenant*, again ([source](#): "A Second Look") and again (re: "[Choosing the Slain](#)")—until I looked *past* Scott, and back *towards* Shelley and her own nature-vs-nature natural philosophy haunting the Great Man haunting me (and haunted by his own mother and Shelley and so on and so on).

In turn—and through my own poetic indiscretions and infidelities expressing the complicated, ongoing relationship between the past and present—the organic and inorganic fused, passing information continuously along *while* mutating it; i.e., the corruption *being* the data, from smaller cryptonymic sequences cached inside a bigger *cryptomimetic* series: Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*, which Shelley consumed when producing her own monster while already living *with* one (Ron Shusett, by comparison, graciously fed Dan O'Bannon hotdogs while the latter suffered IBS and wrote his *Alien* screenplay); i.e., tracing along so *many* generations of a larger chain before finding and infecting *me* with the same proverbial fire. Cooking on the same giant skillet, *my* trans egg cracked, and Nicholas became Persephone adopting/adapting Mary Shelley's imperfect, dualistic likeness; i.e., as a recursive, warring matter of revolution told through evolution *hidden* in code.

Shelley beat Darwin to *that* punch, too, and is truly a woman to be grateful for/afraid of. She gave birth to Communism versus fascism in its proto forms; generations later, things have come full circle as I wrote *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism*—a book whose own foreword opens with me

comparing myself to Shelley while acknowledging the many different sources that went into *its* messy regeneration, but also its continuity and sequel rebirths: those who adapt survive, so take what is useful and leave the rest.

Holistic study serves as the core transfer method, and my perfecting of Shelley's secret formula—humility and hubris ("*Mother* is the name for 'God' on the lips and hearts of all children") driving a mad scientist to make monsters who made more mad scientists and monsters, in duality—was simply me standing on *her* Samus-sized shoulders: armed for bear and ready to free (deprivatize) the Amazon, the Gorgon, the fire of the gods and have the whore's revenge; i.e., by stopping *Capitalism* (and its Realism) for good.



Just as Victor is Achilles, Byron, and Satan, then, Mary Shelley is Legion; i.e., all of those and none of them, plus Medusa and Hippolyta, but also evocations of Percy and her mother while *not* being them, too. So do I—or rather, my *books* as extensions of their own

immediate mother and lineage of mothers—paradoxically contain and proliferate the same haunted legacy. It's an *orgy* of ghosts! Stare and tremble but also unite; become one *with* the Aegis—*staring intensifies!* Eat your heart out, Eve Segewick.

([source](#))



The Gothic is writ in disintegration, made from fragments to rebuilt what was lost/could be; all roads lead to Medusa and her Communist Numinous ("diamonds are a girl's best friend," something-something "Norman Bates was Hitchcock playing 'bury the gay'"). Befitting a Gothic homecoming for the ages, I got *closer* to Shelley as time went on, not further away! While familiarity breeds contempt, imitation remains the sincerest form of flattery. I built on Shelley and made *her* Promethean Quest my own; i.e., we are each of us unique *and* identical twins (with twins never being fully identical; e.g., me and my straight twin): part of the same cryptonymy process, part of the same

vengeful, rock 'n roll womb's poetic collocation. Rebellion, as Shelley keeps showing



us—but also Marx through my work camping *his* ghost (re: "[Making Marx Gay](#)")—*is* rock 'n roll; but said opposition constantly needs a woman's gayer sluttier touch, lest the Straights control it for profit. It likewise, needs to be short enough to identify at a glance and imitate, but girthy enough to satisfy through *substance*. Little pigs, we glut ourselves, hungry like the wolf. Forget "smash or pass," where's *our* self-control? It's our **Song of Infinity** making the past wise *again!* "Let's get weird!" again! Anything can happen on Halloween *again!* "More, more!" (said Cuwu, as I fucked them for the umpteenth time in one night, across a week, during an entire month).

(artist: [Sexy Flower Water](#))

In short, you can't just "one and done it," and camping sex is to reverse the alienation of sex already abjected; Medusa's placental, parthenogenic womb bears

forbidden fruit, but its orchard thereof requires constant, regular care: endless "watering" (with cum, but also blood, sweat, tears, tender love and care), lest the bourgeoisie dry it out more than Lovecraft's urethra at the prospect of sex (the sexless old boys club, pimping nature into pieces of jerky it can eat raw for bragging rights). Stick *that* in your pipe and smoke it, S.T. Joshi! I am woman, hear me *rawr!*

There comes our parade of patchwork slogans, again; e.g., "What a story, Marx!" or "Women don't like sex." The former is funny and the latter is a myth! But

also, sex *is* danger! That's what makes it fun, thus worth it! Don't listen to others who say, "Don't do it!" or "No pussy's worth it!" (within reason, and use your brains). Like, how would *they* know? Cuwu and I loved a lifetime's worth, and I have the receipts to prove it (some of them stitched together like a patchwork collage of composites, below). And though *that* didn't last, they were *still* my Percy who gave me the darkness I needed to birth rebellion; i.e., in ways I'm not sure either of us could have, at the time ("It was all worth it" being the proud parent's steady oath).

Before we proceed, then, I'd like to showcase *that* cryptonymy a bit—to take a look under the hood of my purring brain to see what routinely makes Gothic Communism tick (and what these demons have in common). "I choose you, Cuwu!"



(exhibit 45b2a: Artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#), from a variety of scenes we crafted and shot together—and assembled here by me post hoc as "monster pastiche"; i.e., of me loving a monster/mad scientist and vice versa. Blue balls? More like "[Blue Monday](#)" [1983], amirite?)

*Those who came before me
Lived through their vocations
From the past until completion
They'll turn away no more*

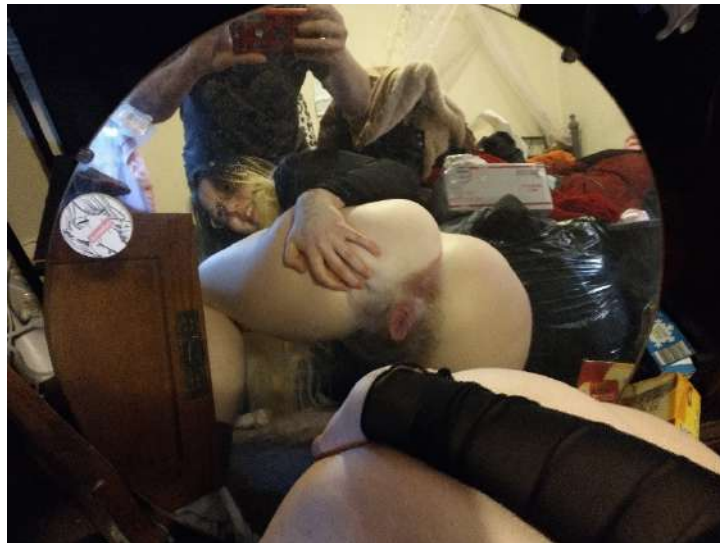
*And still, I find it so hard
To say what I need to say*

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

*But I'm quite sure that you'll tell me
Just how I should feel today*

*I see a ship in the harbor
I can and shall obey
But if it wasn't for your misfortune
I'd be a heavenly person today [[source](#): Genius].*

If Zeuhl taught me anything, I definitely have "a type": the punk. The trick was finding one that didn't harm me and was stable; Zeuhl was a stable postpunk who harmed³⁰¹ me, and Cuwu was an unstable punk who harmed themselves to the point that it traumatized me, too. Eventually I found better company in terms of stability and comfort, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't miss the fun that Cuwu and I had. They'd tease me until I begged, or until they begged me, "Just put it in me, already!" But this invoked all manner of "asking for it," on all manner of surfaces:



[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Make no mistake, Cuwu was weird as hell and I—also being weird as hell—couldn't get enough of them; they were constantly putting on a show to offer me the truth of things—right in front of me, like it always was. Twenty-four and gender fluid, Cuwu was mature and immature, always in motion and difficult to capture—a former dancer who could speak volumes in single frames, yet wanting to be seen and shown across all surfaces [above and below]: from moment to moment, controlling a situation to gain power and feel safe. To it, you can absolutely learn from broken clocks, and Cuwu wasn't even broken—just damaged. Super smart, well-read and passionate, but also on drugs a lot of the time, they were needy and

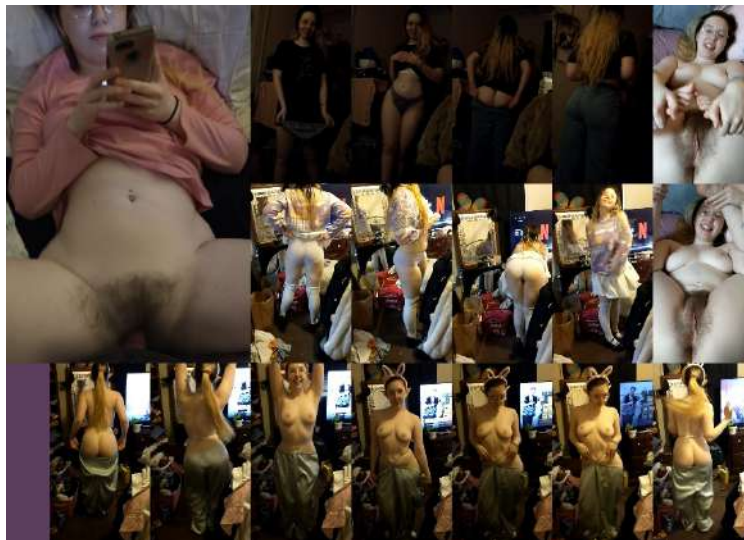
³⁰¹ "How does it feel when your heart grows cold," Zeuhl?

dominating from a subby position that practiced its wares on me. But also, they were and are my Victor and Frankenstein or vice versa, no shortage of awesome reversals taking place betwixt our hungry nethers:



[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

So here we are, no longer physically together but someone whose memory of former boding I keep alive in my work; i.e., our cryptonymy healing from rape, the two of us always experimenting and shooting things from different angles [sometimes in focus, sometimes not; sometimes silly and sometimes serious; sometimes obscured, sometimes in full view]. We played together—they teasing



me, our spooning always leading to insolent, deliciously disrespectful forking [as I fuck them while they use their phone³⁰². Seriously, we made enough porn to last a lifetime]:

[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

The West is fascinated with sex and love, and with good endings and bad [re:

³⁰² Bottom collage, top-left. I can't remember what they were even looking at, but I think it was clothes? Zeuhl did the same, once, but that was while they were playing *Pokémon Go* (2016). They also turned my life upside down, but constantly used sex to keep me in check/demand loyalty. Eventually they demanded my loyalty even after they abandoned me for their husband. Fuckers.

Radcliffe and Lewis]. But canon conditions them to obsess about a particular kind of love attached to a binarized, us-versus-them, linguo-material structure to keep that structure in place through ethnocentric monomyth police violence. Thus, do they miss the point of building something better for ourselves, as Satan and Shelley did, but also Cuwu and I; i.e., as something that lasted beyond the immediate passion: echoes and rem[a]inders of it, the passion taking hold like a ghost and ravishing us anew. "Haunt me, Cathy!"

Yes, Cuwu abused me—and yes, apart from that abuse they also ran off with a dog breeder with the same first name as me and a similar-size penis—but all the same, we kept the agreement we made, afterwards, and I still use it to construct my vision of a better world; i.e., one informed by their priceless contributions. To it, I love you, my little stoner dragon—my modern Prometheus/rectus dominus ["ass master"] torturing me with sweet bliss from beyond our time together. Cuwu was a little animal—loved animals and treated me like one they couldn't always care for even though they wanted to. As always, I hope you're safe, wherever you are.



[model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)—and their little beardie]

Good or bad, people have whatever power you give them, and vice versa; re: "no one does it better, so that's why I [gave] you my heart to break!" When you look on us, you're looking at an older agreement—one that was both built on trust, haunted by abuse, stunted

by self-destruction, and replanted to grow again. So do we come together [so to speak] while putting-pulling parts repeatedly together and apart; i.e., camping sex in all the usual ways. Piece-by-piece, we rip and tear until it is done! Healing hurts and feels good; it itches and throbs and twinges and pulses. Squish-squish, macaroni-stirring sound!

Maybe I'm repeating myself? No shit; however serious, revolution is repetition and this is fun to me. I can do it all night, babes [when Cuwu's pussy got too sore, we switched to anal sex]. Furthermore, this goes beyond our individual pictures and collages to include others in a larger artistic, ouroborotic movement brought back from the dead; e.g., [Harmony Corrupted](#) [next page] making a collage based on her shoots commissioned by me, and each of those inspired by my time with Cuwu

[which I told them about]. Rebellions need heat [energy and work] to function; during ludo-Gothic BDSM, we make warmth in more ways than one, the surgery self-inflicted and whose addiction a) speaks behind blue eyes



and b) with our clothes on [to tease you] as much as not:



Weird attracts weird; I come from a family as mad as hatters, as did Cuwu and so many others. Both mad, and making madness with ourselves and others based on older forms that push towards universal liberation, we show how nostalgia is the enemy of reason; i.e., the latter as a genocidal historical-material force; re: as Harmony and I do, and all the cuties I've played with have done, over the years and during the course of this project. Madness is—like technology and our fire of the gods—not simply one thing or another but many in duality.

And thanks to Shelley and similar poets, that duality now more than ever has power and value for us as something we take back on the Aegis; i.e., insofar as we use it to help ourselves by taking it back from those who don't help us—to smash their unironic breeding and racial-superiority [eugenics] models, and doing so on purpose: as a matter of preservation, by those who know.

Cuwu, for example, deliberately played with me—a multimedia expert—to trap them in amber and show them off, as simulacra; i.e., I was already drawing them and did so multiple times before we eventually made all this porn [so did Harmony and many others—I work with people who are kind to me and who I want



to be remembered as part of something bigger than ourselves]. That's what happens when you cross a giant voyeur with an equally massive exhibitionist. In our case, though, the demonic courtship felt exhilarating but untenable—these different competing elements going faster and faster until eventually they burned themselves out:

[artist: [Cinnannoe](#)]

Cuwu frankly loved being seen and viewed as something to love; it gave them power. Had they paused every so often to let me breathe/meet my needs, I'd still be giving it to them. From a certain point of view, I very much still am. Fuck an artist; get immortality as they can offer it. Any artist would kill to have had a muse like Cuwu [we'll explore the ace/paradoxical attraction of artists and models more, in Volume Three]:



[models and artist: Guildenstern/Cuwu (far left/all) and Persephone van der Waard (left, middle and right)]

Communism isn't a quota or zero-sum game, then. A combination of congenital and comorbid factors—ranging from genetics to training to material conditions—it starts with our desire trumping our caution when seeking to prevent systemic harm and generational trauma, mid-synthesis: "To let 'I dare!' wait upon 'I would?'" So while

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necessity is the mother of invention, invention is reinvention and generally starts in the relationships we build for those reasons [and not simply for efficient project; e.g., Karl Jobst's [former pick-up artistry](#) transferring to his [speedrunning career](#) and [YouTube channel](#); re: "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)," 2025]. "No one is an island." We face capital as one or we die alone. For realsy. So keep building for each other and fucking with those things the status quo builds for itself! The moment you stop is when capital wins. We'll be the envy of the gods above! Fortune favors the bold and the brave really do live forever! Cuwu and Harmony are two of the bravest people I've yet [and like Shelley's famous psychomachy, have bravery and caution inside them—"two wolves live in us," 'n all that].)

From Radcliffe onwards, cryptonymy's a woman's weapon against rape while refusing to either triangulate/tokenize (re: me, *vis-à-vis* Creed's monstrous-feminine) or be a *quiet* victim; Shelley's a straight *freak* whose "clone [doesn't] sleep alone" (Pat Benatar's "[My Clone Sleeps Alone](#)" riffing on Ira Levin while anticipating Reagan's presidency, 1979). But also, she's *my* Lady of the Lake—a rustic-but-not-entirely-unschooled bimbo, dark-mommy witch lobbing a scimitar (rogue technology) at me, but also my delicious devil dragging me, Persephone, *back* to Hell!

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends!" but remember to come up for air! Marathons are fun 'n all (Cuwu and I once fucked for three hours), but pace yourselves! Aftercare, always; and hurt, not harm! You have the compass that never points North. Now go and have fun; take your *own* monsters to bring Hell to Earth! Ravish *her* bussy (the alien cock too big to just fit in *one* hole, below)!

A whore without a pimp is a sex worker controlling their own bodies, labor and art/exchanges, thus their own ability to perform power selectively and subversively during public nudism; e.g., and have/fake orgasms (with capital treating women—and beings treated like women; re: emergent beings to chattelize—as "machines" to humiliate; i.e., to put coins [of cruelty or kindness] inside until sex comes out). Forget Peter Weyland, saying "we're the gods now" while imploring to everyone, "If you'll indulge me, I'd like to change the world!" Fuck that noise and fuck the bourgeoisie! Use the fire of the gods to set *yourselves*



(and everything of nature) free! That includes—as Shelley show us—sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, fucking to metal to *become* the metal! Sweet science, sweeter sodomy!

Speaking of wishes and visions of a better world told in hellish language, let's proceed onto "Summoning Demons"!

Forbidden Sight, part three: Summoning Demons (re: Faust and Radcliffe)

"We do not treat with Sauron, forsaken and accursed!" / "It takes more to make a king than a broken elvish blade!"

—Gandalf and the Mouth of Sauron, *The Return of the King* (2003)



As demonstrated and popularized by Milton, binaries aren't always a problem; i.e., if they're subversive and develop Communism through camp; re: camping the usual good-versus-evil dogma, and their manmade heroes and cartographic refrains. From Amazons to knights of an earthly to hellish to Promethean origin, demons and their dark sex, drugs and rock 'n roll are legion, but dualistic; i.e., you can reclaim *any* demon *made* for war and capital (re: the Creature, the T-800 and others). But what about those *summoned*, and what of *their* fires of unknown origin to trade and (mis)treat with in inflammatory ways—especially the torturous and queer mutilative elements involved (no vampires, this time)? Let's take a look!

"Summoning Demons" divides in two basic parts, both of which feature Faust and Ann Radcliffe, as well as *Evil Dead*, H.R. Giger and others (note: this is where the Demons Module really starts to abbreviate; i.e., "Summoning Demons" is less about close-reads, and more about introducing ludo-Gothic concepts you can apply through *demon* BDSM, yourselves—strict [the fash inquisitor aesthetic, above] or gentle):

- **"Raw Deals, Impostors, the Occult and Death Curses; the Demonic BDSM of Canonical Torture vs Exquisite 'Torture'"**: Per *Faustus, Smile, Evil Dead* and other Gothic stories, lays out the idea of summoning *occult* demons, including acts of interrogating them through Radcliffe's refrain/the classic Neo-Gothic model: the demonic (damsels, detectives and demons) trifecta *vis-à-vis* canonical torture vs Radcliffe's exquisite "torture."
- **"Exploring the Derelict Past: the Demonic Trifecta of Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons; or Enjoying Yesterday's Exquisite Torture on the Edge of the Civilized World"**: Lays out the poetic ability to summon the "ancient" past, then explore it through Radcliffe's classic trifecta in increasingly subversive ways (from the xenomorph to Amazons to damsels of various kinds choosing to "imperil" themselves")!

We'll introduce Radcliffe's ubiquitous, virtuous, hypocritical and hypnotic "torture sex" arguments, then slowly camp them as well (thus, her ghost: "There's still life in the old lady, yet!").

Raw Deals, Impostors, the Occult and Death Curses; the Demonic BDSM of Canonical Torture vs Exquisite "Torture"

I am trans, thus embody a marker of stigma according to my gender as something to identify with and perform [...] As such, I feel as women classically do in such stories, wherein my lived experience is an attraction to power through strength in ways that sometimes have done me a disservice—i.e., the paradox of wanting to be near power to keep an eye on it, to want a protector or to face ones lived/imagined fears through calculated risk: the vicarious passion or exquisite torture that I call "the palliative Numinous" (a pain-relieving effect achieved from, and relayed through, intense Gothic poetics and theatrics). It's very Promethean, but expressed through the venues and activities of the (for me) white female domestic: the home, but also the dance hall while being "on the market" as an imperiled, damaged debutante; i.e., drawn to excitement and danger though maladaptive responses that yearn nevertheless for catharsis ([source](#)).

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

In camping the (mono)mythic blueprint, Mary Shelley's process of detecting forbidden knowledge moved paradoxically away from *and* towards the "ancient" land of the gods, *mise-en-abyme*. She fought fire of the gods *with* fire of the gods, theft with theft, her own "failed" experiment a resounding success (deprived of unironic violence inside realms of mutual consent, most men don't know how to handle a naked, pissed-off woman—especially if she's *smarter* than them).

Now, we'll delve into and towards a Gothic flame (re: Varma) that is more *magically* Numinous; i.e., as something to make, but also trade in, ourselves—like *Magic: the Gathering* cards, but also Faust and the magicians of yore dealing with Satan direct (versus making him): summoning demons through dark wishes; e.g., Matthew Lewis critiquing capital through a faux-medieval revival! Good BDSM (sex or otherwise) is about getting what you want while balancing the needs of someone else, and Lewis' story concerned Ambrosio as someone who—like any good Gothic villain—is an insecure and greedy coward who only cares about himself and total *permanent* power over others (and who pays the ultimate price for it: the ignominious death by a crossdressing destroyer greater than he is).

There's still a technological element (re: Clarke's Law), of course; i.e., these older ideas of "magic" were simply interactions with technology as abstracted into riotous exchanges (and any outcomes of the desired result), while working *against* canonical forces; e.g., the Philosopher's Stone being a poetic desire to create for *all* peoples—Isaac Newton being an alchemist, Galileo being put under house arrest for his own discoveries, and Groundskeeper Willie and the lads showing the people of Springfield how to have a *real* soccer riot (they'd call it football, but I digress).



When demons are about, they're speaking to the dualistic, Frankensteinian power of technology and desire, but also "ancient" (often tokenized berserks, left) personas going hand-in-hand:

Except, the closer you get to the imaginary past, the more magical technology becomes in neo-medieval forms (the forward-facing elements of the retro-future decaying *backwards* into older-appearing hauntologies that occupy the same performative zones). Power is knowledge and vice versa. Per Faust, power is a performance; i.e., unto whores in Faustian narratives wrestling with state pimps, the latter raping nature-as-monstrous-feminine by using the same ergodic/egregoric likenesses' demonic threats of canonical vs exquisite "torture":



(artist: [Artpaque](#))

So whereas "Idle Hands" focused on whores, period—and "Making Demons," on **the Promethean Quest**—now part two focuses on **Faustian bargains** and the seeking of forbidden knowledge through magic and deals (the two are functionally synonymous but I digress): those offered by aesthetically *occult* demons when summoned on the self-destructive and -penitent³⁰³ quest for knowledge; i.e., by those closer to such things, having this or that for sale "for the right price"; e.g., women and queer folk from the 1800s onwards, treated as sin/vice sponges—classy and profane, their endless "final forms" and infernal tutelage seen *as* everything *and* the kitchen sink, then pursued by everyone and their grandma to Hell and back!

- **"Whores and Faust: Summoning the Whore/Black Penitent"**: Introduces the idea of summoning whores (and by extension sex demons of a Lewis or Radcliffe style); i.e., in strictly magical, Faustian language. Introduces Ann Radcliffe and Matthew Lewis, but discusses them *vis-à-vis* Faust through modern versions of each; e.g., not just Marlowe's early modern *Doctor Faustus* (1590), but Greg Beeman's *Mom and Dad Save the World* (1992), Alan Rickman in *Die Hard* (1988), John Landis' *Animal House*

³⁰³ Per Radcliffe's own Black Veil and demon BDSM (as borrowed from ecclesiastical circles; e.g., the naughty nun), the language of summoning demons generally involves summoning a kind of sex demon that reintroduces a convulsionnaire's latter-day *jouissance* trembling before a reimagined Numinous; e.g., Barker's Cenobites, but really any demon you could think of when dealing with the ghost of the counterfeit/process of abjection: the whore as a sex demon vice character who *refuses* to repent/owns the neo-medieval aesthetic for canon and camp, alike.

Except, whereas Lewis' fakeries critiqued the status quo through an imaginary Church using overtly demon language, the fractal recursion begot from Radcliffe's "explained supernatural" opted for more modest, Female-Gothic (re: Moers) inventions that later demanded TERF-style police violence punching down in bad faith "against": the *banditti*-as-false-preacher robbing the faithful blind/turning *them* mad against vulnerable groups.

As I shall demonstrate in "Summoning Demons" as a whole, the black penitent can take on qualities of either author during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., when pointedly camped by us to put Lewis' black magic and Radcliffe's exquisite "torture" (and other demonic devices) to good use—when developing Gothic Communism by infiltrating and stealing from the imaginary past! Raid Radcliffe's liquor cabinet; drag out her corpse and beat it with sticks!

(1978), Roger Ebert's weird white moderate voyeurism, and Kevin Smith's *Dogma* (1999).

- **"The Road to Hell; or, Summoning the Whore, Ourselves (and Other Considerations of the Faustian Bargain *vis-à-vis* the Participants)":** Considers poetically summoning demons/the whore (through magic), doing so while "pulling a Faust"; i.e., according to a brief history of demons and their torturous summoning rituals and effects dating back to Marlowe's science wizard. We'll start by demasking a "strict" double of old harmful forms—Jadis, in my case, being someone to clone and demask, as Radcliffe's future stand-in Velma Dinkley would, but expanding the interrogation to benefit *all* oppressed groups—then explore how to do so while engaging with the Gothic past as it continuously evolved out of itself. This includes onstage and off; i.e., from the chaos of the Middle Ages and various famous works (from *Hammer of Witches* to *Doctor Faustus*) into the Enlightenment and beyond towards 20th and 21st century variants; e.g., *Smile* and *Evil Dead*, but also my ex Jadis' abuse of me: as collectively built on top of an earlier history whose demonic tradition endlessly haunts us, and which we must respond to by camping it, ourselves!

We're not the first to do this, the basic idea is from Matthew Lewis, who summoned his demons through the School of Horror to expand the mind beyond state illusions; Radcliffe flirted with sex demons (of a purely non-magical sort) to maintain Capitalist Realism while punching down against Lewis and the French Revolution; re (from "On the Supernatural and 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 horror and terror but in the uncertainty and obscurity, that accompany the first, respecting the dreaded evil? ([source](#)).

In short, whereas Lewis used scandal to speak for the oppressed, Radcliffe pimped out nature as monstrous-feminine; i.e., summoning demons for *profit* while highlighting torturous, demon lover (re: Cynthia Wolff's 1979 "[Radcliffean Model](#)") devices she *couldn't* monopolize (and, in fact, stole *from* Lewis when writing her own novels). She was a fraud, secret freak and hack, but undoubtedly a *talented* fraud, secret freak and hack whose fictions (and signature devices) we'll reclaim by camping *her* ghost, in "Exploring the Derelict Past"!

Regardless of who summons them, such demons take endless variety of form, but obey one of two basic functions; re: workers vs the state, the two warring on different surfaces and inside different thresholds during liminal expression/oppositional praxis embodied as a matter of unequal, forbidden and

dark/radically transformative wish, want and desire fulfillment; re: "living deliciously" by torturing our enemies not simply to *death*, but in stories about doing so that extend to real-world politics theatrically discussing such things during the dialectic of shelter and the alien. Per Radcliffe, such things are classically *temporary* to *uphold* the state. We want to make them *permanent* to *dismantle* the state (re: like the Devil did to Ambrosio): a new *better* world without end *beyond* Capitalism!

This includes *Dragon Ball's* own legionary (and arbitrary) power levels, desires (to be strong enough to win love/gain revenge) and "final forms" denoting a self-contained *cryptomimesis* that outlived the original author inside/outside itself (next page); i.e., something to control by those *in* state control selling them back to us through a neoliberal Protestant ethic reifying those desires into the usual bourgeois dragons (and their sickness) to fall unironically in love with:

Mastermind of religion refined
 They were promising wealth
 But causing you delusion
 Dictating with hatred and disdain (Sacred's "[Fire and Ice](#)³⁰⁴," 2025).

"To critique power, you must go where it is"; i.e., the imaginary past presently on and offstage, during the liminal hauntology of war. In American Liberalism, the castle is already here but white, benevolent; when fascism invariably occurs, the actual causes are abjected Elsewhere, and the usual Supermen *from* Elsewhere are called upon to whitewash the castle (thus genocide) *again*:



([source](#):
 DataDaft's
 "[Dragon Ball](#)
 Power Levels
 Over Time (1
 Second = 1
 Episode)," 2020)

To it,
 power is
 ultimately
 arbitrary as a
 concept, form,
 quantity/quality

and matter of exchange; cannot be created or destroyed, only transferred; and whose subsequent forms are literally endless, not "final" (e.g., power levels in the

³⁰⁴ A NWOOTHM band similar in political bite to Queensrÿche's excellent *Operation Mindcrime* (1988).
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Dragon Ball series³⁰⁵, above): to have power as normally unequal, forbidden and dark, leading to radical transformation (often for survival, advancement, love or

³⁰⁵ Whose mythical warriors aren't just invincible barbarians who can transform into demons when looking at the moon, but who have a palingenetic "Nazi werewolf" flavor to them avenging Frieza's destruction of their homeworld *after* they did his dirty work (the backstabbing Jew trope); i.e., one that goes back to the Third Reich. For more details on this idea and its revenge argument—strictly that of reclaiming one's lost home from a legendary past wrong during the Imperial Boomerang (and cartographic refrain)—refer to my writeup on similar demons in Bungie's *Myth* franchise ([source](#): "'Hell Hath No Fury'; or, Soulbrighter's Token Gay Nazi Revenge (and Giants/Female Characters) in *Myth II: Soulbrighter*" (2024).

Furthermore, it's a common military recruitment tactic when the state decays, one based on ahistorical, monomythic likenesses of our world; i.e., often through an element of performative victimhood and revenge assigned to real-world groups by people who are *not* those groups; re: DARVO and obscurantism (e.g., *Braveheart*, 1995) that promise mates, military glory/accolades, manhood, revenge, and shelter in times of manufactured crisis... if only you participate in a little tournament! And like all fascist pigs, it's an *abattoir* for the animal *farmers* to harvest and enslave those young and dumb enough to buy what the state is selling.

Such media is routinely haunted by our aforementioned "*Star Wars* problem" (thus KISS, *Paradise Lost*, etc)—i.e., the rebels aren't Communists fighting for a new world beyond the past one, *en medias res* (Communism); they and the Jedi are fighting for the Old Republic and a previous centrist ordering that decayed *into* fascism (*their* paradise lost). The problem with Lucas, Tolkien and Milton, etc, is their refrains are ethnocentric, and constructed cartographically/geopolitically along regressive arguments of "rebellion for us" (redlining ghettos). It's American Liberalism/white (and token) centrist bullshit, feeding *into* Capitalist Realism; i.e., Americanized media since WWII essentializing Western orderings of the world, which it then defends through *theatres* of war personifying said war and its copagandistic values. Per Howard Zinn, these appeal to American exceptionalism—and exclusive revolution defending the status quo through Superman-level comic book theatres—as something to import *to* American imitators, overseas; e.g., Japan, post-occupation and -assimilation.



In turn, the Z fighters fight fire with fire, assimilating to *defend* the realm *for* the elite, not *prevent* crime/rape (they *like* to fight); i.e., by performing Westernized ideas of strength and beauty standards, while whitewashing fascism/tokenizing Socialism to defend Earth from external demonic threats—namely a goblin/queer clown vice character (Frieza), an invincible barbarian/demon warrior (Broly), a mad science experiment (Cell) and a witch's evil creation (Buu). It's kayfabe vaudeville with Faustian and Promethean elements, the various devils and throwback supermen apologizing *for* fascism, mid-Red-Scare, and loaded to *shonen* excess through nonstop battles of will versus degeneracy to protect a Japanese neoliberal view of the Earth; i.e., through Beowulf-grade

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revenge). A common thread are Nazis and Communists occupying the same shadow zone, as do exploitation and liberation, pleasure and pain. Demons trade in all such devices, often doing so through kayfabe, *Amazonomachia* and psychosexual canon and camp.

In the middle of all of these, the whore remains as universally loved-hated as



ever—chased across Hell's half-acre because she (as Shelley showed us) holds the keys to creation and power as a monstrous-feminine device! We want to turn love/hate simply into love, wherever we can (within reason; i.e., in public displays/galleries with some sense of forewarning versus sticking our asses out car windows before the sex/revenge happens: "Ma'am, this is a Wendy's!").

(artist: [Andrew Cockroach](#))

Before we get to the explicitly "summoning" element of their histories, then, first a primer section speaking about whores per Faust. Then we'll delve into demon BDSM closer to Radcliffe's unironic demon lovers and bad BDSM; i.e., *minus* her explained supernatural (the poetic argument is the same; the aesthetic is different) but

considering an element to *her* works that we can *salvage* during healthier sex games we devise through ludo-Gothic BDSM: canonical torture vs exquisite "torture!"

momentum shifts and wish fulfillment directed at *chosen* saviors getting the girls, then spending all their time with other men; e.g., Goku likes fighting and food, extending conflict to the detriment of others. He's not a good hero, but *is* an excellent cop. *Vegeta* assimilates, but in truth is married more to *Goku* (his first love) than *Bulma* (his beard); re: "No one kills Kakarot but me!" It's all very macho/warrior hero cult of death.

In other words, cops are queernormative through a homosocial lens, and queernormativity is heteronormativity. To *that*, betrayal is betrayal, rape is rape, banishment is banishment, etc. The *real* villain of the show is *Goku*—playing dumb and reaping the rewards of raping planet Earth without end (famously sending his victims, Radcliffe-style, "into the next dimension" because Cartoon Network *didn't* want to say "Hell" or even "shadow realm"). He's judge, jury and executioner towing the Thin *Blue* Line, just like Superman did against *Zod*.

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Whores and Faust: Summoning the Whore/Black Penitent (feat. Ann Radcliffe, Matthew Lewis, *Doctor Faustus*, Alan Rickman, Roger Ebert, John Landis' *Animal House*, Kevin Smith, and more)

"I got news for you, pal; they're gonna nail us no matter what we do, so we might as well have a good time!"

—Otter to his male friends/giving advice to "Adam," *Animal House* (1978)

"Eat the fucking apple. They are going to blame you regardless. You might as well go to the gallows with a full belly knowing more than God."

—Maegen McAuliffe O'Leary "What I Would Tell Eve" (2021)



(exhibit 45b2b: Model and artist: [Scoobsboobs](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). While summoned, the ritual is still something that must be played out; e.g., between myself and Scoobs, who posed for me, and for whom I then drew as a demon from a series of reference photos.)

Canon is a matter of prescription, whose defiance is also a matter of interpretation

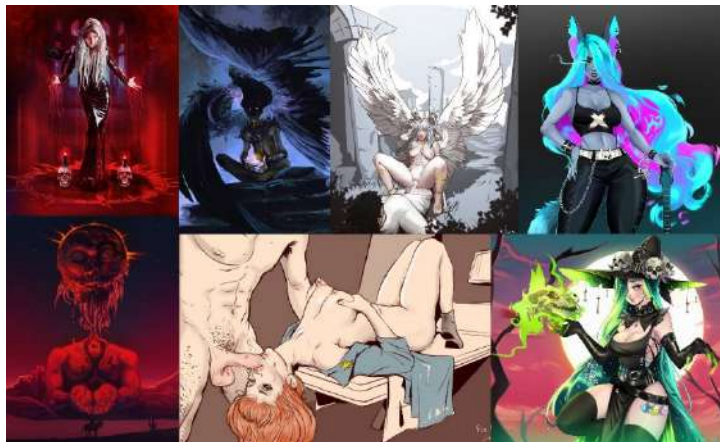
depending on who's arguing for it, to whom and why (dialectical-material context, see epigrams). In classic Gothic language, a false preacher is a whore in disguise; in the *Faustian* tradition, demons (usually sex demons) exchange power for knowledge while haunted by the threat (and delight) of paradoxical torture. Their demonic appetite and agency through ludo-Gothic BDSM are things to abbreviate and *summon* as a matter of preferential code, in this respect; i.e., as fleshy but also loquacious presentations of various things reduced to walking symbols and hedonism, misbehavior and dealings with ladies-of-the-night and gigolos: superheroes and supervillains embodying all manner of trauma, virtue and vice, per the whore's paradox! Time to pay rent/the Devil his due!

By extension, they're not "pure evil" (though the state *treats* them as such, because profit demands it); they're simply beings of power and knowledge to call in for favors of a "fatal" sort (who, just as often, respond by being drawn to power and trauma, hence knowledge)! As usual, the state will demonize them for profit; i.e., making them cool, but paywalled, toothless, offensive and inoffensive! We want to agitate through our own creations' demonic contributions: to mobilize workers and wake them up (anyone who doesn't challenge profit/demonic

privatization is short-sighted and tokenized by the state and its pimps; i.e., profit is inherently unequal and rapacious, versus "rape" as rape preventative).

Note: Despite its own bastard origins, Christianity hegemonized after the fall of Rome. Since the Renaissance, a drive for scientific knowledge sought to push past dogma, hence found itself in excommunicated, hellish grounds. Goetic demons appeared as occult entities to summon, generally as familiars of pandemonic regents, or even kings and queens of Hell, itself; these remained under a Protestant ethic, abused by state proponents under the shadow of Capitalism. We'll talk about the basic act of summoning, here; i.e., as a secularized Protestant ethic presuming guilt and sacrifice that workers must consciously camp beyond older popular models that, from Radcliffe onwards, haven't gone anywhere!

However, while expressing the human condition is certainly not limited to humanoid bodies, that's where I'll be limiting my focus; i.e., sex positivity as grounded in the tangibly human expressing of demons instead of total abstractions through religious experience, Numinous power and more abstract, terrifyingly inhuman-looking bodies; e.g., the angels from Revelations (artist: Jopfe). There's certainly room for asymmetrical, non-Vitruvian demonic bodies in sex-positive discussions, too (e.g., Stolas, a Goetic prince of Hell who appears in the shape of an owl), but I want to stay grounded, here, giving human workers my full attention (with further focus being supplied to animals and animalistic entities in the "Call of the Wild" chapter). —Perse



(exhibit 45b2a: Artists: far-top-left: [ED Creations](#); to-middle-left: [Anato Finnstark](#); top-middle-right and bottom-middle: [Fin Nomore](#); far-bottom-left: [Neal D. Anderson](#); top-and-bottom-right: [Vicious Trunk](#). While demons, angels and similar beings can take an infinite number of forms, the oft-pornographic art itself—and its pornographic,

psychosexual violence during demon BDSM as a ludo-Gothic activity—is what summons them. The art is an extension of the artist as part of the material being worked with, and both of those are part of the larger socio-material world being commented on; i.e., whose demonic persona offers up knowledge about everyday things that have become abstracted by canonical demons and rituals' guilty pleasures.

Camping those, sex-positive demons can be incredibly intense or bizarre, but just as many are frank, down-to-earth depictions of activities policed under

heteronormative, puritanical conditions that use demonic language as an unironic call for violence against marginalized groups targeted by the state through Satanic Panic canonized as "mere play"; e.g., Stranger Things and the Duffer Brothers' canonical, thus harmful D&D spuriously "under attack" by "real" BDSM demons; i.e., actually raping white American girls and monopolizing such theatrics for the bourgeoisie, whose dogwhistles and false flags we must subvert through our own convulsionnaire's cryptonymic, state-of-grace jouissance: by adding deliberate irony and actively Miltonic rebellion to the game; re: "[Psychosexual Martyrdom](#).")

Summoning is classically Faustian (one-way); i.e., a quest for demons by dealing with them, especially when capital makes them scarce but also when it *returns* their return under alienating conditions; i.e., when the whore as a moral panic invades the current ordering of things while threatening unspeakable pleasures unknown to *current* mortals: a dualistic pervasion of sluts being sluts, painting whores of all kinds in the same cruel brush, during DARVO/obscurantism.

BEWARE if you continue ignoring Jesus. You might find this in your house at 3AM. ([source: Lilith Atheist](#))



In keeping with Radcliffe's much-mimicked neo-conservatism, this generally has forbidden, non-heteronormative, torturous knowledge linked to all demon types being "homewreckers" pilfered from older persecution language; re: blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts having an anti-Semitic past and holistic current usage by tokenized forces we've reclaimed said usage from; i.e., as things to play with now in freshly naughty ways that, sure enough, historically-materially yield a plethora of double standards: boundaries for the pious detective hunting the whore down.

In part one, we discussed the modern Promethean Quest; i.e., wherein Mary Shelley famously frames *her* composite bodies as children of mad science and buried colonial guilt, abjecting nature as "dark," "ancient," and magical. Yet, Shelley's build-your-own-demon commentary actually constitutes a logical *continuation* of what came before; i.e., the *supernatural* or *occult* demon class; e.g., the summoned demons of alchemy like Mephistopheles; the artificial kind constructed from older Jewish-coded wizardry like the golem; morphologically extensive and varied demons and angels of the Bible, William Blake, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, etc. Their existence is a sin, coded as "vice" but sold everywhere that corporations can. What we seek in connection through artifice, they privatize: to summon whores for demonic revenge operating at cross/dialectical-material purposes!

A few further points (eight pages) about whores and Faust before we get to summoning. We'll keep things conversational as we go—critiquing the likes of demon lovers and torture porn *vis-à-vis* not just Ann Radcliffe and Matthew Lewis (and giving special attention to Lewis' Ambrosio/*The Monk*), but a variety of authors and works chosen arbitrarily (to be holistic); re: Judas Priest, Marlowe's *Faustus*, Greg Beeman's *Mom and Dad Save the World*, Alan Rickman and *Die Hard*, John Landis' *Animal House*, Roger Ebert's weird blind spot/obsession with geek shows, torture porn, whores, and demon lovers; and Kevin Smith's *Dogma* (exhibit 45c2b).

As we shall see, these supernatural demons are often—like the composite demon, but also other monster types such as the vampire—adversarial; i.e., not just opponents, but nemeses, impersonators, beings of rancor and harbingers of unrest and torment, shame incarnate, and opportunity personified challenging the nuclear Cartesian model. Their animus reflects on us through direct manipulation amid menticidal head games; i.e., committed by beings of deception, persuasion, and control—not to mindless feed and take, but give us more than we bargain for while hopefully opening our eyes, mid-ludo-Gothic BDSM: to the unironically deceptive (cryptonymic) nature/genuine-and-total enslavement practices of Capitalist Realism, demons existing "in Hell" both outside Plato's cave, but also inside it illuminating truth through shadowy paradox/darkness visible.

Unlike vampires, which *take* essence through lust, demons *give* knowledge through unfair games, treachery and lopsided power arrangements; they're canonically poisonous, something to consume and instantly regret, but also *relish*—by putting such things campily in quotes, enjoyed as such for being the Devil's advocate *helping* workers *escape* state pimps. Yet, such guerrilla warfare remains dualistic, unfolding for both sides during liminal expression: the witch *hunter* policing the witch *whore* and the witch whore using the same basic language's war of mirrors, on the Aegis; re: complicit cryptonymy vs revolutionary; i.e., one furthering abjection during the state's revenge against nature as monstrous-feminine, and the other reversing it during the whore's revenge against profit.

As such, demons are (undercover) cops *and* criminals, but also incredibly queer, charming, mendacious, covert/concealed, concentrically masked, imposturous and xenophilic (a concept we shall examine here, but also in "Call of the Wild" when we look at totem demons and nature-themed, queer transformation through magical/drug-fueled poetics; re: acid Communism): nature is wild and misshapen in ways that, like a misbegotten child, must be repeatedly punished not simply as misbehaved, but alien and wicked; i.e., "The demon is a liar, do not trust it!" In short, they must be canonically summoned and exorcised; re (from the Undead Module, "Fatal Homecomings," 2024):

state zombies vs zombie workers as a matter of dogmatic possession.

Whatever the likeness, this generally is a thoroughly abject enterprise; i.e., demons and the undead having far more in common than they do differences, insofar as the giving and receiving of state force is concerned!



For example, Reagan from *The Exorcist* (1973) is seemingly possessed with the far-off spirit of colonized lands, which she vomits up on principle (dyspepsia, maybe); i.e., a bad girl needing to be exorcized of said evil as making her zombie-like, the bougie mother calling upon holy men to do the job in a suitably martyred, cop-like fashion. It's obscurantism, crudely waving away postcolonial voices like one might a fart. Releasing such class-to-racial tensions canonically works with all the grace of ripping ass as one's *default* response; i.e., minus the vague pretenses of irony that such bad-taste jokes foist onto the audience, the black penitent turned into the worst sort of spoof: colonial rehabilitation (with James Woods, below, being a thoroughly horrible person on and offscreen) by literally shitting out any spectres of Marx as stubbornly haunting us, waiting to return.



([source film](#): *Scary Movie 2*, 2001)

Except, it's not just a feeling of undead invasion, but of one being followed, watched and occupied *by* the undead as something to abject *however* one wants (what Jordan Peele calls "the tethered"). In canonical media, such toilet-themed antics (so-called male humor) leaves the audience with a bad distraction—one made by the usual throwers of reactionary-to-moderate tantrums versus legitimate attempts to move *past* William Friedkin's intensely problematic picture. That cannot happen unless the undead come out in ways that *don't* constitute rejection. They're people, not bodily waste!

More to the point, these ethnocentric attitudes are taught at the earliest age possible, and not just from a historical perspective; e.g., Jared Diamond's 1997 *Guns, Germs and Steel* as something to critique from a historical perspective (Bad Empanada's "[Guns, Germs and Steel: A Historical Critique](#)," 2020) but also a *Gothic* one tied to similar reifications of what, by the late '90s, was already a very dated concept: white supremacy as geographically essentialized (aka "moral geography" as something cryptofascists call Western Chauvinism, pro-European, and other dogwhistles we'll unpack in Volume Three) [[source](#)].

We must, in response, release/shit these abject attitudes *out*, but also summon/consume/deal with them in ways that account for such reckonings in places where they unfold; i.e., in the bathroom of the world, whereupon "blackness" puts such Cartesian infantilizings of nature into a constant state of recognition/panic.

In doing so, Medusa becomes something to summon and play with (among general stigmas); i.e., in ways that—like Shelley's novel—routinely play out for or against the state: demon ass, booty and all the things that asses, wombs, and pussies do (with female biology being more policed than male biology but male behaviors being policed through sodomy arguments). Muffins, cake and pie, forbidden fruit, ambrosia, Coleridge's honeydew and milk of paradise—it's literally food for thought saying, "Eat me!" Like Alice, you (and parts of you) shrink and balloon; you identify with alien predicament, fetishization, and (dis)empowerment through paradox, being turned into cis-het slave food, bugs to stomp, whores to rape, etc. They don't just play but play *naughtily* in pursuit of forbidden things that reverse abjection:



(exhibit 45b2b:
Model and artist:
[Romantic Rose](#) and
[Persephone van
der Waard](#).

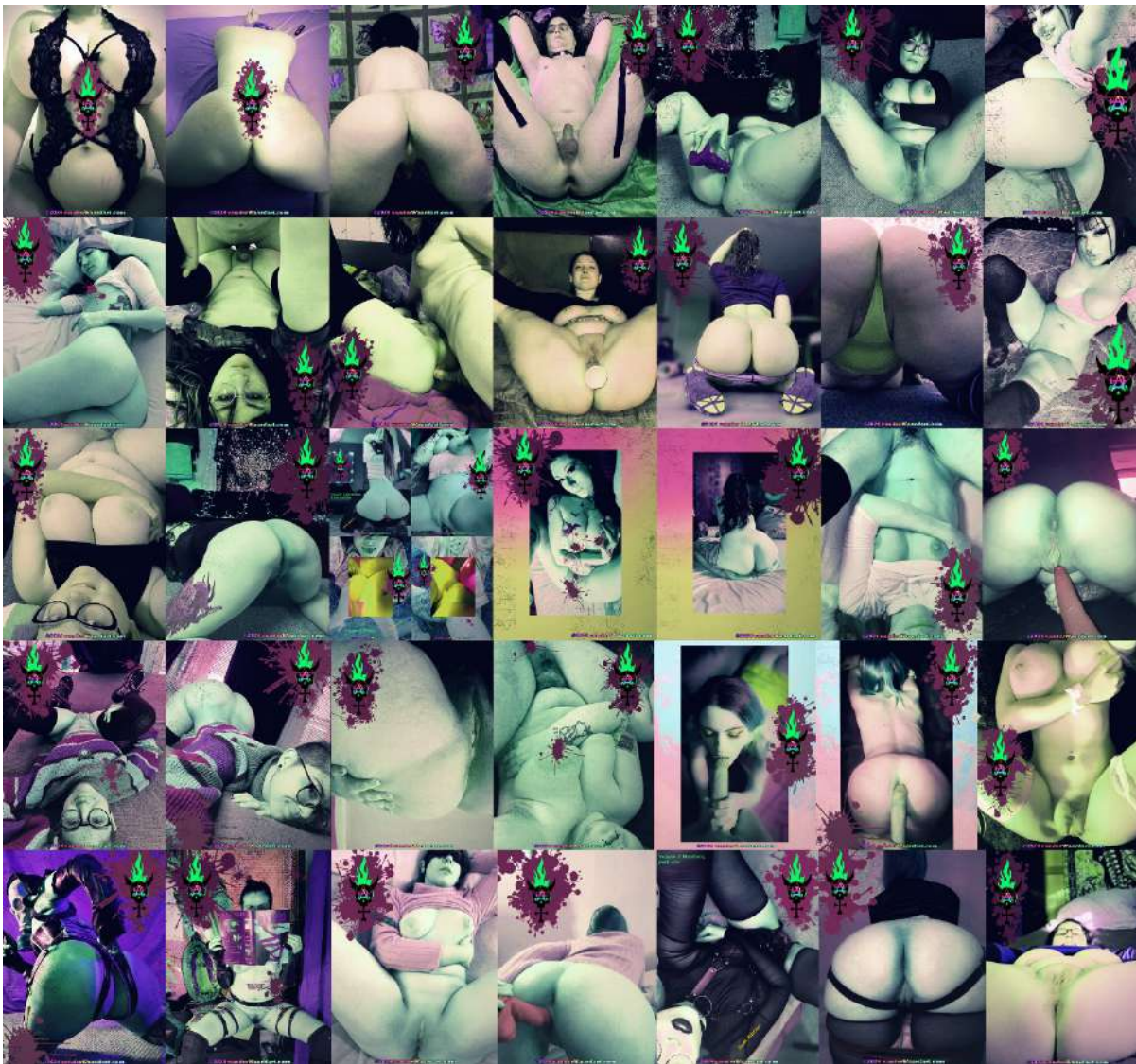
Monsters are
poetic lens that
help us think
about abject
things in relatable
language while
divided by capital
and its qualities.

In turn, these recognize through weird trauma and expression, one poet/sex worker seeing the same qualities in others, "out in the wild"; i.e., as Rose saw in me and vice versa, the two of us enacting ludo-Gothic BDSM together for my book series vis-à-vis informed labor action.

I drew them, above, but also put them on my book covers/promo posters, next page, because their own synthesis of demons and sex work embodied praxial catharsis in ways that fit nicely together with my book series: a shared means of promotion that involves a legion of other cuties besides, working in good faith using demonic "baddie" language to torture the elite but also make us "squirm"; i.e., for being naughty-naughty sex rebels promoting Gothic Communism as only fully appreciative when assembled as such: I have befriended many of my models, but also played with them [mostly online, save for Cuwu (who I made tons of porn

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with, in person, to do with as we agreed to) and my other exes (who I also made porn with, but cannot share said porn because it is private)].



[artists (from top-left to bottom-right): [Romantic Rose](#), [Victoria](#), [Roxie Rusalka](#), [Blxxd Bunny](#), [Ashley Yelhsa](#), [Maybel and Jackie](#), [Nyx](#), [Crow](#), Bay Ryan, [Mikki Storm](#), [Casper Clock](#), [Quinnvincible](#), [Mugiwara](#), [Ms. Reefer and Ayla](#), Angel Witch, [Mercedes the Muse](#), [Harmony Corrupted](#) and [Annabel Morningstar](#). Heaven is a Hell we make on Earth. Go to [Sex Positivity's](#) one-page promo for all the models in my project; go to [my Acknowledgements page](#) to see all those involved beyond sex workers; go to "[Paratextual Documents](#)" (2023) to see the core ideas we're working with.

Capitalism alienates and sexualizes everything. Only by uniting to subvert this demonization—during the dialectic of the alien and humanizing ourselves—can we hope to stand a chance; re: humanize the harvest, expose the state as inhumane.

ACAB, ASAB, AHAB, ABAB [all billionaires are bad]!]

Gothic Communism summons little whores/phallic women that evoke the Big Whore, Medusa [aka the Whore of Babylon, or some other Archaic Mother/wandering womb]. A single "madwoman in the attic" is far easier to dismiss, discount and demonize than a group of them speaking in pandemonic unison against their abusers; all of these models do sex work, and many of them are open about it [to varying degrees; i.e., with an alias that links to a page versus one that doesn't]. When you look on it, you look on our past agreements holistic context of mutual consent, but one devised to stand up for the rights of all peoples by me invigilating an army of workers standing against universal exploitation/selective liberation; you look on our naked bodies, but also the logo of the project [a sex-positive tramp stamp] and its book covers adorned with all of these things, mise-en-abyme.

It's not a brand of private ownership, then, but of active-if-cloaked rebellion against privatization and state models—not dialectically-materially vague because the aesthetic was made through informed consent, sexually descriptive monsters, and culturally appreciative forms of Gothic counterculture; i.e., as a trend I developed and worked on for years, and invited more and more people to participate in, along the way! This includes these promo posters being something the models agreed to ahead of time³⁰⁶, along with everything else; and it includes sex work as a matter

³⁰⁶ I only ever had one person—a trans man—ask to have their poster/written involvement be entirely removed from the project, *post hoc*, and they were working in bad faith with another trans person, a trans woman, who—recently separated from one of my partners—sought to discredit my work and turn past actors against me; re (from Persephone van der Waard's "Policing the Whore"):

Such preferential mistreatment translates to real life and the ways a witch hunt normally play out: turning society against those who aren't normally believed by *other* members of the prison population.

For example, JDPlaysMoth accused me of abuse based on my testimony of older transmisogyny committed *against* me ([source tweet](#), vanderWaardart: July 19th 2024), doing so after refusing to transvestigate my own partner because I didn't take Jade at their word that [my partner] [Crow](#) was a Nazi "fake trans" preying on "real trans people":

Crow is racist, lied about being trans to me and you, is abusive, steals money, intentionally asks trans people they're acquainted with if they can write fiction of them detransitioned, and lies about being single and friendless to get new partners. They also aren't trans. They lie about being trans because they have a fetish for trans women. They also are a chronic narcissist who uses abuse to try and control people who want to help them ([source](#)).

and then adding, "If you want to know more, that's fine, but I'm out of the situation, and this is just information" before running a smear campaign on me because they were "just trying to help" and I refused to listen. They then deadnamed/misgendered Crow, saying that they didn't "want to transition, doesn't want surgery, and as another partner of hers has confirmed, she only does it because she thinks it'll make trans women like her more" (*ibid.*). Jade's actions—cloak-like though they are—still speak for themselves.

Furthermore, all of this is done by Jade while swanning and showing off their outward appearance to their fans ([source tweet](#): June 26th, 2024)—in short, while kissing up and punching down as a byproduct of their own lived abuse. Acknowledging that abuse *is* valid, but more important is understanding that Jade is presently an abuser weaponizing their own lived experiences against others. They're the impostor in love with themselves, a mirror that

*not just of sexual enjoyment through sexualized media, but the Gothic asexuality of public nudism/muses-and-illustrators critiquing trauma—i.e., by refusing to tokenize during ludo-Gothic BDSM: to make the **Wisdom of the Ancients** wise again; re: more emotionally/Gothically intelligent and class, culturally and racially aware during oppositional praxis per our creative successes!*

*To that, the old gods return through us; i.e., not as a matter of fascism cannibalizing workers for the state, but of Medusa's avatars eating the cannibals to stall state shift during the Capitalocene! So forget "the universe is singing to me!" [re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Sigma's Origin Story and Its Gothic Depiction of Mental Illness](#)," 2019] but to us through our **Song of Infinity** challenging profit, thus genocide and rape! "Yeah, baby! So wicked!" The elite and their weird canonical nerds are cat-calling us, but behind all that empty bravado, our counterterror is secretly [or not-so-secretly] pissing them off! "'Tis but a scratch!"*

reflects their false nature onto their victims in order to makes others feel threatened; doing so is meant to alienate Jade's victims, presenting *them* as false, illegitimate outsiders Jade's flash mob can string up in association with their usual inequity under police rule: the scapegoat, witch whore inside more earthly and less fantastical prisons. Fantastical or not, there's always some orc to lynch, some whole to fill through revenge; re: the givers and receivers of state violence inside the state of exception, moving money through nature.

Free from scrutiny and indeed, venerated for having exposed a perceived menace through the usual bigotries leveled at the marginalized struggling for in group status, Jade is the fascist ringleader free to feed on her victims with impunity! She's a witch hunter played by the witch—a feeding frenzy conducted by those commonly dehumanized by systemic abuse seeking empowerment through said system; i.e., the policing of others through a matter of dogma, fear and revenge, abjecting members of the same community by triangulating against them for the state: robots policing robots, slaves policing slaves, those of nature policing those of nature as monstrous-feminine *with* monstrous-feminine ([source](#)).

Note: In case my source tweets are removed/Twitter melts completely down, you can find the entire tweet threads and screencaps in this [Google Doc](#); re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Setting the Record Straight, Transmisia Experience: 5/26/2023](#) [updated 11/13/2024]." Such redundant storage is a data preservation strategy I have performed multiple times, learning it from my mother/other sex workers and allowing me to compile and consequently share my abuse in quick, easy-to-digest forms; e.g., "[Setting the Record Straight Again; Accounting My Ex's Abuse of Me to Another Victim August 30th, 2022](#)" and "[Setting the Record Straight; My Ex's Abuse of Me: February 17th, 2022](#)." In keeping with the revolutionary cryptonymy process, if you're transparent, you take away accusations that only work under opaque conditions; and if they still attack you, they're outing themselves. Win-win, loves.

In short, *token* whores police whores, while being and not being undercover!

I'm an expert not just in researching tokenism, then, but in surviving it where it most commonly occurs. Always document your own genocide; receipts protect us from cops, official or *de facto*, during witch hunts; e.g., from white moderates who otherwise might turn a blind eye*, but also marginalized groups who might otherwise tokenize openly and punch down (the fencer-sitters). So often, we practicing leftists have to document our own abuse—and not just from status-quo people, but those from out-groups *wanting* to betray their own (all oppressed people); i.e., to assimilate/triangulate against universal labor. A bigotry for one is a bigotry for all, and people acting in bad faith tend not to fuck with you if you can document their abuse and show it to the world while also protecting yourself. We must blow the whistle and be smart about it, because canon deifies its dead as sacred!

**Persephone's [Metroidvania Series #6: Reading My Transphobic Hate Comments \(re: Doom Eternal\)](#)" (2025) from "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)" (2025).*

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*When they come to take control every man must play his role
They won't take our world away when the children we leave
Will have to believe in today*

*We warn you now you things out there
Whatever you may send
We won't give in without a fight, a fight until the end
With vigilance by day and night our scanners trace the sky
A shield is sealed upon this earth, a shield you won't get by*

*Invader invader nearby
Invader, invader is nigh [Judas Priest's "Invader," 1978].*



[[source](#): Stephanie Nolasco's "Judas Priest Singer Rob Halford Reflects on His Sobriety," 2022]

Red Scare works on Cartesian division to further abjection within constantly evolving and imbricating persecution networks; i.e., which only expanded further after neoliberalism certified through Thatcher and Reagan. For example, Judas Priest's own sodomy and demon BDSM arguments [above] having far more critical bite in the 1970s³⁰⁷, only to lose it as time went on when they sobered up/found religion, but kept their rebellious, "bad religion" demonic façade, post-selling-out; re: like Black Sabbath, and so many other white metal acts' controlled opposition;

³⁰⁷ Re: Persephone van der Waard's "[A Vampire History Primer; or, a Latter-Day Conceptualization of Vampirism, from the 1970s Onwards](#)" (2024).

i.e., becoming warriors for the state by playing rebels to protect the state from the working class: fascism weaponizing working class sentiment [and the ghost of the counterfeit] to further abjection/avenge the middle class for the elite by often enough pacifying labor. Fredrick Douglas acknowledges how the state always defaults through force, and Nelson Mandela how we must fight fire with fire to break Apartheid; I [and my friends] argue how this must be done through sex work, recultivating the Superstructure through iconoclastic sex work—re: [from "Psychosexual Martyrdom"]:

All the while, surrender and segregation³⁰⁸ 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 Douglas). 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

³⁰⁸ 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, hang women) [[source](#)].

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 [[source](#)].

Betrayal—regardless of the motivation [re: desperation or convenience]—is not good praxis/stewardship; "diversity is strength!" to quote Hannah Gadsby. The more inclusion we have, the stronger our voice, but the harder the enemy will fight to divide us; i.e., with cheap rewards, including the ability to camp blindly for the state; re: the KISS problem dating back to Milton and before him, to Plato's Republic [c. 375 BE]. Any form we devise, the state will tokenize, commodify and pervert; i.e., through a bourgeois corruption putting Shelley's whore back in chains and having it argue for the subjugation of any rebels fighting back—to fight for the colonizer by wearing their mask [re: Fanon, but extending "black" to any stigmatized group; e.g., female, GNC, non-Christian, non-white, etc].

To it, Gothic Communism is universal rebellion, hence holistic; capital is built



on Cartesian thought, which is heteronormative and settler-colonial, thus thrives on systemic division with selective and flexible tolerances engendering widespread intolerance: "[Shoot yourself in the head!](#)" As Jon Lovitz shows us in *Mom and Dad Save the World*, this is generally a bad idea; as the director [Greg Beeman](#) shows us—aping Napoleon and Victor Frankenstein, while casting a real-life pedophile to be the hero of his [otherwise charming and genuinely funny] movie³⁰⁹—such things can tokenize during liminal expression:

(artist: Bernie Wrightson)

And while white straight men [and token groups; re: Halford, but also Paul Stanley and

³⁰⁹ Dick Nelson, played by Jeffrey Jones—a man who first pleaded guilty in 2003 to hiring a fourteen-year-old boy to pose naked in photos for him, then refused to update his sex offender registry in 2010:

[Jeffrey Jones](#), best known for playing the bumbling Principal Rooney in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, pleaded guilty in [Los Angeles](#) Tuesday to a felony charge of failing to update his sex offender *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 [vanderWaardart.com](#)

registry info. / The 64-year-old actor escaped a possible 3-year jail sentence in state prison, but must now serve three years of probation and perform 250 hours of roadside clean-up, [TMZ first reported](#). / In July 2003, Jones pleaded no contest to hiring a 14-year-old boy to pose for sexually explicit photos, [according to City News Service](#).

"I'm sorry that this incident was allowed to occur. Such an event has never happened before and it will never happen again," Jones reportedly said then. / As a result of the case, he was sentenced to five years' probation and was required to register annually as a sex offender. / Jones was arrested June 23 after failing to update his registration for 2009. / He has appeared in more than 60 roles on the silver and small screens ([source](#)).

In other words, Jones got a slap on the wrist more than once; i.e., painfully reminiscent since Radcliffe's *The Italian*, showing how the system—since Antiquity and the medieval period into the Neo-Gothic period and beyond—repeatedly serves the needs of status-quo men by design: not to prevent crime, but let those with power abuse their power to keep harming those the system normally exploits. As we'll see with Radcliffe, the exposure must be total and universal; otherwise, the detectives being lionized are merely cops-in-disguise!

However ignorant or aware of the tropes someone is, the monomyth is rape apologia. In Beeman's case, his movie calls "Mr. Everyman*" "Earth Dick"; i.e., while camping *Star Wars* and *Flash Gordon* before it—all the way back to *Frankenstein*, *Udolpho*, *Paradise Lost* and *Beowulf*—to instill praxial inertia for profit, with a smaller risk/allegory of the historical-material facts: as an inside (and sadly prophetic) joke—a family patriarch/authority figure who extends his whitewashed persona (and rapacious cock) astrotoetically into outer space, on and offstage! The paradox of Dick Nelson is the whore is canonically someone who endangers the nuclear family through imposturous scandals; i.e., Dick Nelson the character endangers his family through sheer ineptitude, while his real-life double (the actor) threatens to break the entire spell by acting the canonical idea of a male harlot/sodomite. It's like a really sobering version of Captain Kirk. Furthermore, the quotidian upstart upstaging Captain Crunch is, himself, an impostor getting paid for his time (though probably not well, considering the movie absolutely bombed**).

*Re: Natalie Stechyson, [writing on Gisele Pelicot exposing her rapists](#).

**Its total gross was reportedly two million dollars; by comparison, *T2*—then the highest-grossing movie of all time—made \$517 million (despite this, the production costs were so high, Arnold Schwarzenegger accepted his payment in the form of a jet). And despite claims to the contrary about Jones not getting paid for *Beetlejuice*, *Beetlejuice* [2024], the makers still used his likeness to some extent [versus writing him out of the story altogether]. So the odds that he got paid something by Burton [who worked with him for years] aren't zero [similar to Crispin Glover in *Back to the Future 2*]. That being said, this is pure conjecture, so it can go either way [see: r/*Beetlejuice 2*'s "[Jeffery Jones](#)," 2024].



"The traditions of all dead generations weigh like a nightmare on the brains of the living." So does Beeman extend/apologize for rape (to some extent) by *blindly* camping those stories, but also *The Simpsons*' 1989 debut (and *The Jetsons/Flintstones*' [1962/1960] own unironic endorsements of *The Honeymooners*, *Leave It to Beaver* [1955/1957] and a million other sitcoms and cartoons oscillating between blind camp and perceptive parody/pastiche attacking the nuclear family model;

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Gene Simmons] can't tokenize themselves beyond their own oppression, they can camp their own survival and holocaust [or ancestor's holocaust, in Stanley and Simmons' case] to punch down with; e.g., "The last request of my life is to die killing my enemies!" [Megadeth's "[This Day We Fight!](#)" 2009].

Gothic Communism works with the same principles in reverse, our own cryptonymy stacking less like a Greco-Roman phalanx/shield wall, mid-hauntology and dualism,

e.g., *The Stepford Wives*, 1972); i.e., as juxtaposed alongside the early '90s thinning of the membrane, *vis-à-vis* Derrida's *Spectres of Marx*, Butler's *Gender Trouble*, Creed's *The Monstrous-Feminine*, Jameson's *Postmodernism*, and Warner's "heteronormativity."

It's certainly a response to all of these things, but as Radcliffe shows us, familiarity with cliché *isn't* the same thing as endorsing universal liberation. We must do better than all peoples who came before; i.e., by revisiting and updating as many times as needed what has since become dated and harmful; re (from the Poetry Module citing Volume Zero):

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, 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 ([source](#): "Green Eggs and Ha(r)m," 2024)



(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

We must critique our heroes when they disappoint us, and hold ourselves and them to the same level of scrutiny we would our enemies while making media showing us being "tortured." Anyone can combine anything to say anything they need for any argument; in turn, anyone can tokenize, and many are—far from walking the tightrope or sitting on the fence—either betraying us in bad faith or unaware that they're limiting the scope of their critics to effectively critique capital *vis-à-vis* Gothic poetics: "We are human, so respect our boundaries and honor our demands as we honor yours; e.g., 'It's my turn, so cleave my beaver like a good little slave!'"

To that, I wrote *Sex Positivity's* first book, Volume Zero (2023), to critique Creed's *Amazonomachia* further than she dared (my readings deliberately going from movies into videogames while taking the former and Gothic novels into consideration); i.e., scrutinizing her work, but also Derrida and any other author mentioned from the '70s, '80s and '90s (and really from any time period I feel like). Nothing is sacred but universal basic human, animal and environmental rights; the state—and anyone who defends them directly or indirectly—is a cop. And say the line, Bart: "ACAB! ASAB! AHAB! ABAB" The state is straight; we're here and we're queer! Furthermore, "trans women are women, trans men are men, and non-binary people are valid; sex work is work; free Palestine!" And so on...

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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and more like something that feels impenetrable during class, culture and race unified against the elite gentrifying/decaying such tokenized slogans and paraphernalia for themselves; re: to triangulate against labor and nature by imitating it in bad faith. "This day we fight," doing so on and off field, in the hearts and minds of those who wish to destroy us, and who we recruit to our cause or expose as enemies to said cause.

Our aforementioned wall resists control, thus dismantles systems of oppression and their monomythic copaganda [see: footnote]. This collocates, growing fluent and second-nature on a socio-material level; i.e., just as I thought "Frederick Douglas," and instantly remembered so many other thinkers I have previously assembled in other books through holistic recall, so do I revive all of the artists they remediate: through their combined writing and artwork extending to all media on all registers across time and space, onstage and off. The synapses



develop not just between the neurons in my brain, but expand cybernetically into society at large. Eat your heart out, Mary Shelley!

In turn, nothing terrifies the elite more than intersectional solidarity synthesizing universal liberation from an early age at the cost of profit. Through the banality of evil, they sell monsters as armies to buy and consume, but also extend into daily life; but they cannot monopolize such things through violence, terror or morphological expression. Instead, profit is desk murder tied to terror language as "the kissing cousin of force" [re: Asprey]. By taking control of ourselves, the state will respond with violence in ways that break Capitalist Realism as often as not: we are not alone, and we can fight back against mask-off abusers using what we got; re: our bodies and our Gothic reinvention as something capital desperately wants to perpetuate itself. The longer it tries, and the more we camp and leave behind our own derelicts in its wake, the weaker it becomes through exposure: "Draw your sword on a woman?"

Domestic abuse is the extension of colonial models [and police abuse] bleeding into a homely space; i.e., when Imperialism comes home to empire, we whores camp the idea to stop genocide at home and abroad [my friends, for example, protesting the state of Israel as much as I do, but also Pax Americana at large]. We don't have to "depthroat" knife dick to put up with state bullshit, but rather can speak in such Numinous doublings to camp our own rape and reclaim the psychosexual aesthetic of power and death; i.e., to aid in rebellion by putting "rape" in quotes, thereby camping the canon by sucking cock in ways that paradoxically don't destroy us despite the vaso vagal, "sword swallowing" elements. We whores thrive in such confusion, offering forbidden sight to the next in line—by reclaiming state icons of

war [e.g., Aragorn's sword, below] much like the Vietcong used French and American ordinance against America's own soldiers invading liberated land [re: GDF's "[How the Viet Cong Smoked American Soldiers](#)," 2024]: "No pasarán!"



[artist: [lilbatzz](#)]

While criticisms vary per author—and beauty [as much as fear] sits in the eye of the beholder/scope of the critique being levied during dialectical-material scrutiny—Gothic Communism is intersectional and holistic/composed of inkblots, meaning its fetishes and clichés [coded monster behaviors] can't reduce to class, cultural or race; i.e., class warfare is culture and race warfare, thus subject to the same betrayals by cuckoo operatives weaponizing sex, drugs and rock 'n rock [thus all Gothic poetics] speaking to war inside-outside themselves. Like subversive Amazons, subversive demons more broadly live in Hell as not relegated to other places, but expanding the state of exception as a forbidden lens exposing state cannibalization in spite of state mimicry and assimilation; re: Marx's "capital is dead labor feeding on living labor"; i.e., to poetically reclaim and interrogate the etiologies of trauma as historical-material symptoms of Capitalism concealing itself in Gothic pastiche.

Commonly mocked as dubiously dirty and profane, then, the iconoclastic authors of demons can subvert the canonical orderings of them by helping others [and themselves] conceptualize, hence value power as something to summon and play with towards unknown pleasures; i.e., that of the flesh as having grown alienated and fetishized under capital, hence needing to be reunited under scandalous linguo-material circumstances and frameworks; e.g., Lewis' The Monk expressing dark desires that upend capital by speaking truth to power through Gothic fakeries—to change Capitalism through the whore's revenge. Sex is power and knowledge, of which status is expressed through the body's sizeable assets and aesthetic] during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., nature-as-whore per the usual monstrous-feminine articulations; e.g., the mommy dom from Hell to demand, "I was called here by humans who wished to pay me tribute!"

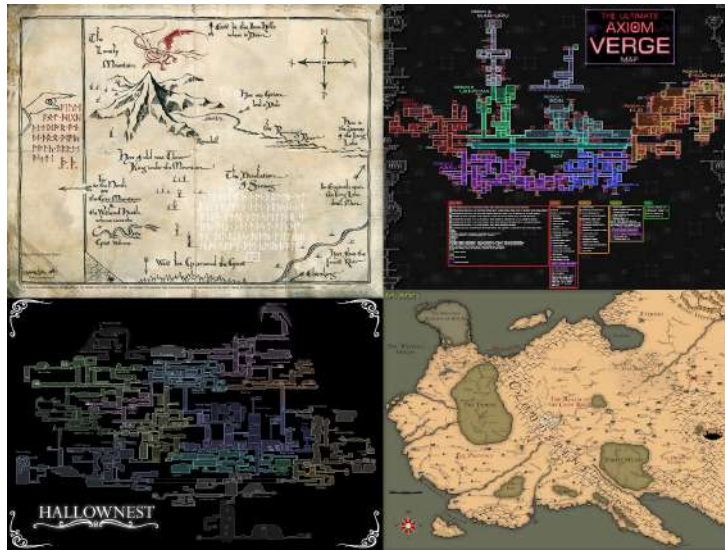
Bitches love tribute! State hornets defend their nest, we defend ours, and both exist in the same space, chasing a palliative Numinous with Communist or fascist potential. There's no dividing them so much as we convert others to our cause using a hybrid of theories, politics, catchphrases and multimedia; e.g., "It's the deep breath before the plunge!" but also, "No one laughs at a master of quack fu!"

The weirder we are, the more they'll try to colonize us through tokenization. Repetition, mid-concealment [the hiding and showing of apocalypse], is kind of the point. So if any academics get "froggy" and turn their noses up at us, simply ask yourself, "What would Alan Rickman do?" "Hit it again," of course! "Sack my

'Nakatomi building' with your 'RV.' Is it inside, yet?" *bats eyelashes innocently at the would-be penetrator[s] to embolden their assault*

So is camping the canon a dualistic exercise; i.e., weird canonical and iconoclastic nerds working with castles-in-the-flesh/walking castles, mise-en-abyme [and all their playful and popular hyphenations of sex and war, regardless of politics]: Alan Rickman—and his lovely part in a larger neoliberal story about fascism and imaginary '80s banditti attacking neoliberalism³¹⁰—is something we can camp; i.e.,

³¹⁰ Originally [from Volume Zero](#), but later cited in "[A Note about Canonical Essentialism](#)" (2024):



(exhibit 1a1a1h2a1: "When Alexander saw the breadth of his domain, he wept for there were no more worlds to conquer*." 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, "Thrór'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 Hollownest, from *Hollow Knight* 2017—source: [tuppkam1](#)
- bottom-right: Bungie's map of the West from *Myth: the Fallen Lords*, 1997—source: [Ben's Nerdery](#)

Though certainly not unique to Tolkien, and popularized in the shooter genre *vis-à-vis* Cameron, Tolkien near-single-handedly popularized the idea of "world-building" in fantasy by making a mappable world full of languages he invented, but which he tied to the larger process of world war that has been replicated countless times since; i.e., the idea of the map as a space for conquest that paralleled the elite raping Earth repeatedly as translated to the videogame format; e.g., *Myth*, *Axiom Verge*, *Hollow Knight*, above [our focus, in the next subchapter, will be on *Metroidvania*, not the RTS]. Under Capitalist Realism, Hell is a place that always appears on Earth [or an Earthlike 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.

In short, Tolkien's inventions (or Cameron's) were the same kinds of us-versus-them ethnocentric arguments made by men of reason out of the historical past, onstage and offstage, to justify real-world invasions preceded by imaginary ones (and vice versa).

**For added fun, here is the footnote on Gruber and Die Hard this quote is referring to/cited from:*

A canonical misunderstanding/misquoting of Plutarch written by neoliberals needing an evil bad guy to chew the fat. As Anthony Madrid writes in "And Alexander Wept" (2020):

Remember Die Hard? I don't. I saw it right around the time it came out, and all I remember is Bruce Willis, barefoot, running through broken glass. That, for me, was a metaphor for watching the movie. Fans of the film, however, will recall its dapper German villain, Hans Gruber, smacking his silly lips and gloating at some private victory. He puts his fingertips together and says in facetiously tragic tones (clearly quoting something from High Culture and referring with cozy irony to himself): "And Alexander wept, seeing as he had no more worlds to conquer" [that's a misquote]. Then he smiles with evil-genius self-satisfaction and says: "Benefits of a classical education." / Yeah. Except that quote would never come up in the context of a classical education, unless the instructor happened to be taking a jolly detour, nose in the air, to attack a piece of legendary crap that no student of his must ever traffic in. [...]

A few facts. The monkeys who wrote Die Hard did not invent that quote. [...] It comes up in certain classic English poems from the seventeenth century [e.g., Edmund Waller addressing Oliver Cromwell in 1655 ...] The quote is a hash of three passages in Plutarch, first century CE. Two of the passages were made available to English speakers (most notably Shakespeare) in 1579, in the translation by Thomas North. [...] Look at this rather nicer version [of Plutarch's "On Tranquillity of Mind"] by everybody's favorite courtier, Sir Thomas Wyatt [for Catherine of Aragon]: Alexander, when he herde Anaxarchus argue that there were infynite worldes, it is said that he wept. And whan his frendes asked hym what thing had happened him to be wept for: "Is it nat to be wept for," quod he, "syns they say there be infynite worldes, and we are nat yet lorde of one?"

[...] Alexander is not weeping in sorrow that there are no more throats to cut. This is not a picture of a man at the end of a career of world conquest; he's at the beginning. "Look at all these throats—and I haven't even cut one!"

[...] And therefore, seing that his fathers dominions and Empire increased dayly more and more, perceiving all occasion taken from him to do any great attempt: he desired no riches nor pleasure but warres and battells, and aspired to a signory, where he might win honor. Now that's from Plutarch's Life of Alexander. No tears, but definitely the guy Gruber had in mind, the Godzilla he'd heard about in German day camp. Here's a prince who wants to conquer for the sake of conquering; he doesn't care whether Macedon comes out on top or not, except insofar as it's compatible with his personal glory ([source](#)).

In short, Gruber's misquoting of classical history is a kind of bad education that invites the fash-coded baddie in a neoliberal copaganda to steal from the fictional elite, while the real-world elite rewrite the past along these historical-material lines; i.e., neoliberal apologia regarding war as essentialized through men just like Gruber.

And if movie directors can do it to tokenize Irish cops (McClane)—i.e., in service to a Japanese company on American soil (while scapegoating the FBI in the process)—then we wacky fags can camp all of their ghosts in service to all the generations of peoples capital has exploited; re: Ward Churchill's "[On the Justice of Roosting Chickens: Some People Push Back](#)" (2005).

camping his men defending the Nakatomi building from police invasion during a diegetic siege of stolen private property/capital. I posit that, just as *Die Hard* translates easily enough to American Liberals [and actual Nazis]—dickishly trying to kick the "sand castles" of practicing leftists who love the same sand, on and offstage—such meta forms rape play demonopolize the canon for future endeavors! Richard Gobeille isn't the only one using such one-liners; we can camp them, too, and openly to talk about capital's hauntological [canceled-future] abuse—i.e., while revering those who rest in power versus peace: "Welcome to the party, pal!" [re: "[Zombie Police States](#)"]. One-of-a-kind, Rickman's the motherfucking GOAT!



[[source](#): Tom Leatham's "The Hans Gruber Villain that Came before *Die Hard*," 2024]

Gruber is a particular kind of sex demon—*The Grinch Who Stole Christmas* [1957]—and *Die Hard* was at least partially a Christmas movie [no matter what Thought Slime says, however tongue-in-cheek; re: "[DIE HARD Is NOT a Christmas Movie!](#)" 2022].

Just like Christmas—and the imaginary war on it that nonetheless occurs in between fiction and non-fiction, on and offstage, dualistically between givers and receivers of demonic sex and force—the state and its proponents cannot monopolize such things. Per Sarkeesian, we can enjoy and critique them, too. In turn, dead language and metaphor become an anisotropic poetic instrument to resurrect rebellious forces: by using the language of good/evil and virtue/vice to challenge holier-than-thou police agents abusing the same devices; re: to move power towards workers, reclaim demonizing poetics and reverse the usual dichotomies associated with said poetics; i.e., through their various aesthetics [of power and death] and all-around struggles working in opposition, mid-exchange, protest, what-have-you; e.g., "terrorist" and "counterterrorist" but also "damsel" and "whore" or "detective" and "demon," etc. God isn't real, but the forces that dictate the state's will through his likeness are. In turn, these are what our Satanic apostacy [and its uncanny avatars] convey. The gloves come off to break Capitalist Realism through ludo-Gothic BDSM's calculated risk. Stare and tremble, nerds!)

Apart from bathroom hijinks and abject behaviors/bodily functions (the scent of sweat and fishy musk of such forbidden areas³¹¹), demons stress enormity (size difference) and power as alien, profane, unholy and wicked, bad, naughty cesspools, but also campy and fun: Hell as something whore-like to conjure up and play inside/with (which the state routinely wants to conquer). Girls (or enbies, in

³¹¹ This is as much a bodily function as a choice; e.g., swamp ass part of the time versus mega ripe 24/7!

Cuwu's case) go to the bathroom; they fuck! It's not childish to acknowledge this, but childish to unironically demonize such matters; i.e., those who do so to control them in bad faith under state mechanisms (the bathroom being a source of female vulnerability and fear in Western households, Radcliffe onwards). I generally don't exhibit bathroom play but it *is* incredibly common:



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Furthermore, such demonic, "hysterical" shenanigans invite us joining in and looking at/playing with alien, fetishized things to *humanize* them; re: to humanize the harvest is to expose the *state* as inhumane, incompatible with life. Demonic essence and knowledge/power take on many forms of exchange, the, and we should invite *all* of them in sex-positive ways!

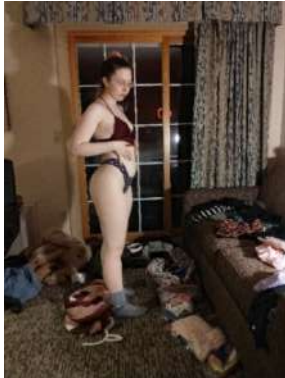
In doing so, Pinocchio (another golem type) is seen as violent and murderous *because* he is a slave, thus humanizing his motives: through the extant desire to be free that, in oppressed dialogs, express through the human condition as demonized. Despite what J.K. Rowling (a Radcliffe copycat, no honor among thieves) and other Tory apologists argue in *their* stories, no one *wants* to be a slave (re: Sheep in the Box' "[The Concerning Politics of Harry Potter](#)," 2020); but slavers will make arguments for the enslavement of nature, essentializing "darkness" as a *casus belli* that different groups realize is problematic at different points—i.e., a false flag to defame, demonize and dehumanize us on different registers of privilege and oppression; e.g., your average straight, token African American (of either sex or gender) will probably tell you *Birth of a Nation* (1915) is racist before they'll admit *Harry Potter* is homophobic (the inverse is truth with token queer people). Such are the axes of oppression at play.

And we—treated like the state's demonic punching clowns by alarmist nutjobs and hypocrites from any normativity—croon under token scrutiny and ridicule as much as white straight examples: "[Don't let me be misunderstood!](#)" (Santa Esmerelda, 1977). Danger, you say? Danger disco, babes (remember your safe words; e.g., the traffic light system)! Our calculated risk—while at times transgressive in its torturous "death by Snu-Snu"—screams like a horny church organ; i.e., the *house* is the demon, the fat lady singing Medusa's tortured, sweaty and wholly hysterical, thirsty swan song (e.g., the *Nostromo*)! She burns, going out, reading capital the riot act (and leaving them an upper decker)!

While demons are canonically the opposite of angels in *modern* supernatural argumentation, they are functionally the same *kind* of monster—the alien, specifically the *virgin/whore* alien (with militant Numinous forms classically going

from Dante's fearsome forms to more gentle, sexpot/pinup angelics³¹²); i.e., morphologically complex agents of a superior power source (themselves, or in service of a god-like force; e.g., Mephistopheles).

In any event, I won't focus on differentiating them. Certainly the binarization of "good" and "evil" is a more recent invention of Christianity—i.e., in the medieval period into the Protestant ethic under Capitalism—and isn't especially useful during dialectical-material analysis. *During* said analysis, there is only socio-psychosexual and material conditions to change through demonic expression personifying a seditious *crossing* of boundaries as much as rarefied emotions. As the Creature from *Frankenstein* or David from *Alien: Convent* show us, doing so iconoclastically constitutes a form of *self-expression*—for the oppressed as made *into* their roles by those in power *ahead of time*. So when demons and monsters make their own art from their own point of view, this means they tend to embody trauma as a kind of postcolonial/posthuman code repressed by the state. We can deliberate our stances through our own clay-like flesh: what to wear and how to wear it. We make it look good, camping our own rapes by putting them in quotes (with angels and devils also being likenesses of those in life transported to spectral realms/glorious afterlives).



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

In colonial-patriarchal terms, fear is codified in ways that pacify onlookers, pushing them to fear and persecute demons (thus whores) through legitimized violence framing them as Black Penitents across the board. Reversing the position amounts to a kind of slave revolt—of historically demonized, undead and animal/robotic chattel workers speaking out; i.e., by deliberately making art to express themselves in relative language, thereby transforming the world from the monster's perspective

³¹² The hero's sexual reward, reviving Valhalla during state decay—what C.S. Lewis would call "a teatable paradise":

In the plastic arts these symbols [of power] have steadily degenerated. [Fra Angelico's angels](#) carry in their face and gesture the peace and authority of Heaven. Later come [the chubby infantile nudes of Raphael](#); finally [the soft, slim, girlish, and consolatory angels of nineteenth century art](#), shapes so feminine that they avoid being voluptuous only by their total insipidity—the frigid hours of a teatable paradise. They are a pernicious symbol. In Scripture the visitation of an angel is always alarming; it has to begin by saying "Fear not." The Victorian angel looks as if it were going to say, "There, there" ([source](#): C.S. Lewis' 1961 preface to *The Screwtape Letters* featured in Jordan Poss' "C.S. on Angels in Art," 2020).

Such poetics convey nostalgias to pine *for* in regards *to* angels and godly ordainment; i.e., "Make Heaven Great Again." Gothic Communism can camp this, making C.S. Lewis clutch his pearls by reminding them that power and its Numinous statements are half-real, plastic, and prone to change. Fuck God, hahaha! Do sacrilege, kids!

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as demonized, zombified and enslaved: the reclaiming of the animal side as much as the human, vying to witness their survival and treat them humanely in lieu of state atrocities.

Their mere existence as fearful—when turned back on the viewer using the Aegis—can demonstrate different hard truths: the experience of the demonized "living in fear" as *objects* of fear—to be made into something automatically regarded *with* fear, fascination and lust by a "chaser's" xenophobic status quo: a giant, undead guilt looming over them like a bad dream. As are whores, and demons are the same way—essence being the act of looking on giant animate-inanimate forces tied to larger and smaller abstractions; i.e., God and the state, of course, but also Capitalism and other hyperobjects, on high, and smaller forms "on low" that contain and yield their *own* secrets. "What *is* a man?" indeed!



(artist: [Shame Ballard](#))

Gothic Communism isn't a chimera or hydra, alone, but a colossus, too. To show the viewer their own fear as such—their supersized xenophobic shame, disgust, shock, awe, etc, as literally viewed through those they have been conditioned to demonize in fetishistic language—can be traumatic, but also *transformative*; i.e., to replace status-quo fear with xenophilic freedom and pleasure by demonstrating the supernatural demon: as harmless and the state as a violent fearmonger that exploits workers, mid-witch-hunt, pimping symbols of the oppressed through symbols of violence (the Statue of Liberty is both); re: "Who needs chicks when you got demons!"

The *proletarian* moral is to present oneself as a target in the usual occult symbols (exhibit 45c1)—i.e., often expressing human biology beyond what is normalized; e.g., [female genitalia as gynodiverse](#) (Gynodiversity's "Classification of the Anatomical Variation in Female External Genitalia," 2023), hence something that exists in relation to occult artistic expression—only to discourage state persecution by shaming *its* proponents for shaming demonic sluts and *their* bodies during gender trouble: as a heteronormative, boot/ass licking defense mechanism. People out here rimming Lady Liberty *sans* irony!

This makes any queer person presenting as a sex-positive demon something of a detective, themselves, but also someone who "plays god" in an iconoclastic, poetic sense. To be queer as such is to investigate our own humiliation/persecution; i.e., as something to ironically express through gender trouble and parody as inevitable, but also within our power to create as *whores* during supernaturally *Faustian* dialogs. It becomes part of our existence as demonized through heteronormative bias.

So while gender trouble and parody *can* be a fun activity for queer people to express, this irony becomes something to appreciate through countercultural art as a means of communicating a serious issue across racial lines: the queer struggle to exist when straight people (of any class, religion, or race) feel threatened by the proverbial "thing that should not be"; i.e., subverting canonical sodomy fears and straight myopia of queer people through colonized language tokenizing different chattelized minorities—to camp *that* canon's potential to instill blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts against various oppressed groups punching down, and all by using



our own gender-non-conforming bodies, performances, labor and identities, etc, as countercultural *xenophilia*.

(artist: [Rachel Storms](#))

As things to create and sexually describe in opposition to state poetics and settler-colonial histories, demons deserve inclusion, love and acceptance for *not* being the groomers, murderers and tyrants that state proponents and moral panics describe us as: whores to collar and euthanize but also trade in; i.e., their *flesh*, doing so much how slavery and prostitution have done for thousands of years, albeit evolving under and into neoliberal Capitalism tokenizing such things—from white to black, foreign and exotic to dungeon and domestic! It's a spectrum, nature-as-monstrous-feminine having a female side popularized through prostitute as something to summon, shame and farm for its melon-like qualities; i.e., by empire, afraid of and fascinated with nature through colony romances, slumming and Orientalism/dark, vengeful continents, etc: queens of the damned, of Western racism eroticizing far-off jungles, deserts and other half-real frontiers, but also traveling queers from "Transylvania" making the help eat each other. Double standards abound, as do intersections of privilege *and* oppression, canon *and* camp, mid-morphological expression (far too many to go over here; e.g., internalized and intersectional bigotry).

Simply put, our surveys of grander territories must routinely fight for equal rights, including the morphological/artistic (thus demonic) freedom to express ourselves however we want. Basic human rights provide defense from state abuse; *equal rights for all* grant those defenses to *everyone* under intersectional solidarity. All colonized parties must unite to be free, or none are. To avoid tokenism under an equality of convenience policing the whore, *all* normativities must be shirked. We camp our survival, our abuse, and let others do the same for theirs. Sin isn't singular!



(artist: [Romantic Rose](#))

We've already explored how "playing god" and the Promethean Quest play out for the status quo or against it during oppositional praxis; re: historically the invented, arbitrary hubris of men like Victor Frankenstein lies in their sincere exploitation of others, while our "hubris" of merely wanting to exist *isn't* harming anyone despite being completely invented. The takeaway of Shelley's *Frankenstein* (and similar stories) is that those seeking to harm us as "bad demons" have engineered a system for doing so, all while posturing as benevolent in bad-faith.

The same goes for Faust as a man of vanity who, in his case, admittedly fucked himself over more than anyone else; i.e., he *thought* he knew all there was to know and literally ignored the "better angels of his nature" to appeal to the *devil* on his shoulder, Mephistopheles (the whore working for the Devil, mid-psychomachy). In tempting fate, Faust is basically a sophomore ("wise fool") faced with sex (forbidden knowledge) for the first time, then doing some really unethical/dumb shit—a didactic trend that would carry into future caricature; e.g., Tom Hulce's "Pinto" from Landis' *Animal House* debating to rape the thirteen-year-old virgin, Clorette, at a college frat party in classic Faustian style: temptation and admonishment, but also *apologia* ("he didn't know any better"). The whole *point* of the psychomachy is speaking to outward versions of



internal angels and demons; i.e., moral dilemmas acted out in medieval language for an increasingly modernized world alienated from such things.

"Fuck her! Fuck her brains out! You know you want to!" says Pinto's demonic side, calling him "a homo" when he decides to

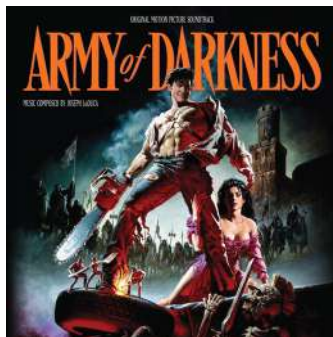
ignore his intrusive thoughts. Such matters don't come *ex nihilo*, of course but speak to larger dialectical-material problems the director (John Landis, a man known for *exploiting* his actors—eventually causing the deaths of two

undocumented migrant children, and *The Twilight Zone's* [1983] lead actor³¹³) was *self-reporting* on. So was Christopher Marlowe (who, apart from *Doctor Faustus*, in

³¹³ Unlike Marlowe's previous *The Jew of Malta*, the Faust legend speaks to *white Germanic* male vanity and hubris; i.e., similar to what Shelley would satirize in *Frankenstein* with her own mad science polemic—the difference being *Marlowe's* story was designed for the stage, not novelized, but still critiques Man's reach exceeding his grasp: through a morality tale of "pride cometh before the Fall" (a theme borrowed from Greek tragedies into Marlowe, Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley and so on). The *science* presents as "magical"; i.e., one whose rituals of fatal pursuit speak to the abuse of *alchemic* technology (re: the Philosopher's Stone): summoning a demon from Hell who sends Faust down a heavy-handed path of *self-destruction/towards* the Big Man *downstairs* (an excommunication). To it, the Good Doctor has every chance to stop, but doesn't because he has white male fragility *and* privilege (which includes scientific, celebrity-status privilege). In turn, the store frames everything in medieval theatre language (the Deadly Sin of Pride). It's silly and serious, the "tragedy" unfolding as an argument concerning self-aggrandizement that *doesn't* pass muster.

Regarding the many *others* who followed in Faust's footsteps, Landis couldn't help himself. Bolstered by the success of *Animal House*, *Blues Brothers* (1980), and *An American Werewolf in London* (1981), his attempts to capture fresh "lightning in a bottle" success by pushing the envelop led to a totally *avoidable* tragedy—one just like Faust except it affected people *other than* Faust (all speaking to the "pity me" self-centered quality of the original story that—among others—Shelley was making fun of in her own revival not just of Prometheus, but Marlowe's morality tale); re: starring American actor Vic Morrow and 7-year old Myca Dinh Le and 6-year-old Renee Shin-Yi Chen, the latter two hired in deliberate violation of California labor laws and used in a white savior ghost story returning to the Vietnam War to rescue victims of American Genocide (colonial guilt, and turning a profit at colonizer and colonized expense—all very Walpolean, considering Morrow and his "chosen princes" are crushed/decapitated by a falling helicopter, similar to the giant helmet crushing Lord Manfred's son: cutting them and their greatness short).

While I *wish* I could say the exposure of these workplace violations had any demonstrable effect regarding systemic change, the system exists to *protect* powerful men, not cancel them; and being white, straight, male and powerful, Landis not only *survived* the case *intact*, he went on to direct *dozens* of films afterwards (slowly shifting to producing movies and TV shows, in the 2010s). While people less vain would be absolutely chuffed to have any career close to that, Landis—like Faust before him—can't help himself, can never stop, always wants. Furthermore, he took the *wrong* lessons away from *Twilight*—mainly that he was the *main character* in and outside his own production; re: "Impunity is the apex of privilege," I write, in "Valorizing the Idiot Hero" ([source](#), 2020).



And while *that* piece focused on Ashley Williams from the *Evil Dead* franchise, my argument effectively speaks to the same kind of unchecked, publicly endorsed/enabled male privilege that Faust enjoyed until his tragic, completely avoidable death; i.e., a story about an *idiot* (Quixotic) hero who ignores everyone around him until it either kills him, or at least blows up in his face—the same kind of *carte blanche* entitlement enjoyed by half-real Great Men of the imaginary past (all history is somewhat fictional) leading to Landis and later on, Trump's two presidencies (and all American executives "playing Faust"). Monsters are made, and the Faustian hubris Marlowe made famous was, itself, a historical result of systemic issues that only crystalized after his play summon them.

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As such, Landis and future assholes like him are symptoms of a larger historical-material cycle bleeding collateral damage in furtherance to bourgeois triage; i.e., one developing a rash of personality disorders (such as narcissism) menticiding them into Quixotic numbskulls causing other workers great harm (and forcing these victims into *fractally recursive* Faustian bargains, on and on). Reflecting on the disaster afterwards, Landis *only* thought about *himself* and what *could* have been regarding his *own* wasted potential and movie-magic success (thus profit/rape unfetter/undeterred by consequence): "There was absolutely no good aspect about this whole story. The tragedy, which I think about every day, had an enormous impact on *my career from which I may possibly never recover* (emphasis, me; [source](#): Nigel Andrews's "Golden Boy Howls at the Moon: John Landis was feted in Hollywood for his comedies – then it all changed," 1996). In other words, "Me, me, me!"



(photographer: [Rick Meyer](#))

Faust is *only* a sympathetic tragedy if the hero actually dies and learns something valuable at the end; i.e., to help others, not pity himself. In real life, Landis does neither of those things, but invokes Great Men of the past to valorize his own giant mistakes harming other people in great numbers; re, Marx: "History repeats first in tragedy and then in farce." Faust—as a parable about self-destructive vanity in pursuit of glory through demonic magic—shines a light on human failings when given no barriers; i.e., on the path towards total power in pursuit of fatal knowledge (or vice versa): faced with any such device (wish, want or desire) as something to *gain*, the Great Man of History self-destructs to take others *with him*—doing in ways *we* can learn from and use to survive and prevent (through systemic change by raising awareness): people *like* Landis from harming us in our own lives.

Such things might seem wholly silly and serious; i.e., like Raimi's serious-to-spoof movies, the original *Beowulf* (or the Welsh Arthurian cycle from the same pre-to-Old-English period, the 700s), Marlowe's idiotic Faust, Cervantes' *Don Quixote* (1605) or Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and its own dire conclusion: "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Told by idiots or about them, stories following the Faustian tradition and *its* seminal tragedy speak to historical-material problems that can *only* change by recognizing these stories as they exist and unfold; i.e., in between fiction and nonfiction, onstage and off, for workers or against them, using demonic language in either case during liminal expression.

"To critique power, you must go where it is." The Faustian past is a wealth of *fatal* knowledge *we* inquisitors must learn *from* when hearing demons and angels talk to *us* (to torture out of us and vice versa). We must, lest we make the same mistakes that *Faust* did: refusing to listen to others while acting like a fragile, privileged white male. And to those of you who might insist he had it *good*, remember that, while the system protects powerful men, it ultimately preys *on* them, then self-destructs on loop; re: Faust didn't just die at the end, he died an *ignominious death*—Hell's "angels" (demons) tearing him literally limb from limb. Such duality would seem to prophesize labor punching up, but it also speaks to state cops punching down, inside the Capitalocene (criminogenic conditions/immiseration), and to state shift sitting on the cusp of final planetary *defeat* (whose Capitalist Realism they will exploit, as always, to maintain themselves and their own Faustian positions; e.g., Elon Musk, Donald Trump, Barrack Obama, Joe Biden, etc).

The Shadow of Pygmalion, then, is also the Shadow of Faust/Cycle of Kings, and the bad bargains *he* made with state devils constitute Aguirre's infernal concentric pattern: a proto-*fascist* cryptonymy (false power) demonstrating the myriad ways in which the state ultimately cannibalizes "Faust" to keep itself alive, then blame *that* on "the Devil" (classic Red Scare translating anti-Semitic myth to anti-Marxist dogma; i.e., Cultural Bolshevism and Marxism espoused by bad state actors policing demonology during future class, culture and race wars—with those involving shifting scapegoats and spearheaded by Faustian useful idiots and short-term benefactors; e.g., Zionism).

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1592 based on older German stories, also wrote 1590's *Jew of Malta*—basically a meaner and even more anti-Semitic version of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*); i.e., if you want to know what bigots think, watch what they make/summon and how they debate themselves demonically/angelically.

So as much as I think Charles Matthews is 100% right when he opines

There are things in it, however, that wouldn't pass muster today, including the blatant objectification of the young women, especially in the scene in which Bluto spies on them undressing. And would any reputable filmmaker today dare to include the scene in which Pinto debates whether to rape the unconscious Clorette, abetted by a roguish devil and a prissy-voiced angel? There are touches of unchecked homophobia throughout [not to mention the whole bar scene being mega-racist] ([source](#): "*Animal House* (1978," 2017).

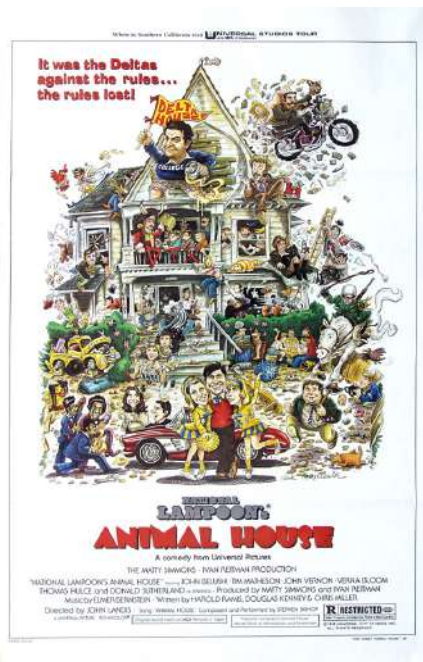
there's still something telling about all of the movie's unchecked bigotry and subtler dislike for anyone who *isn't* a white, privileged, drunken, frat boy asshole.



This isn't me agreeing with the clearly unlikeable Dean (whose admittedly sick burn "fat, drunk and stupid is no way to go through life, son" apes Bolingbroke's critique of Falstaff to Prince Harry in *Henry VI*, except they're *all* acting like that), but to play devil's advocate, nor are the heroes of the movie *above* reproach; i.e., they're white, smug and princely "man whores" but the worst sort, and the kind that slashers in the '80s might *want* dead not to discourage sex, but *rape* (the revenge of the abused against their nerdy abusers given a pass, as Landis does: "Knowledge is good; boys will be boys, girls will be mothers"). Landis'

debut is, by its own admission, a "futile and stupid gesture done on somebody's part" (and one that Belushi—the Falstaff's Falstaff³¹⁴—would not survive).

³¹⁴ From top to bottom, the movie's "heroes" are a bunch of entitled drunks who *aren't* college freshmen; the old crowd have been in school for seven years (making them at least twenty-five, when the movie starts). They simultaneously use collage to belittle those actually working—stealing and cheating every chance they get—fear people of color they nonetheless hire for basement concerts, evoke a Dionysian orgy ("toga party") that sees them getting women drunk and then presumably raping them (no one in the movie is shown drunk during these scenes except Belushi, and he's too cool for sex), and then joke about all of this being "pointless" in ways that conveniently benefit them (the pre-credits eulogies celebrate the various characters' accomplishments, failing up).



(artist: Rick Meyerowitz; [source](#))

National Lampoon—and by extension, *SNL*—has always been a white moderate "Faustus factory"; i.e., the screenwriters making the "snobs vs slobs" story self-important and uncommitted save it being about fascist American youth and *moderate* fascist American youth: a pack of privileged scoundrels who use and abuse everyone around them, stand for nothing but their own personal gain ("Might as well have joined the fucking Peace Corps!"), dodge the draft (which is valid) but also accountability for abusing others (which *isn't* valid), invent an internal conspiracy about it ("double-secret probation," which *does* critique neoliberal abuse but *only* as it affects them), host luxurious, expensive and recklessly self-indulgent "Roman" revivals/debauches through frat-house fraternity cults of masculinity ("the Deltas"), and basically whitewash every bigotry under the sun while infiltrating the Free Love movement/corrupt genuine activism with American Liberalist hogwash: "It's all one big party" so we might as well have a good time!" The movie is nostalgic about rape as something to get away *with*, washing it all down with a good false-rebellion story. Well played, pigs.

I grew up watching *Animal House* on VHS, remembering Meyerowitz' Sunday-newspaper approach to the cover art (above). I didn't fully grasp as a little girl just how *awful* all of these guys were/are. *That* came later—meaning when I actually *went* to school and learned something about literature and sex (and having my fair share of each re: Constance, Zeuhl, Jadis and Cuwu). The Deltas clearly suck, then, but *are* the Faustian brainchildren of Landis and company's own comorbid hubris, first and foremost; i.e., as Meyerowitz explains, the stories about Delta were *autobiographical*: "In 2006, Chris Miller, whose short stories in the *Lampoon* were the inspiration for the *Animal House* movie, which he co-wrote, published *The Real Animal House*. [...] Chris is a great guy. Buy his book!" ([ibid.](#))

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To it, the state thrives on rape to survive, including such slaps on the wrist extending to bad jokes; i.e., Landis' jokes *are* rape, the dilapidated old house a site of conquest for men and trauma for women surviving men stealing women's innocence. All the more unfortunate, then, given the movie's performances *are* undeniably colorful and energetic—spunk that would've been better spent towards humanizing college life in a *sex-positive* way (the sex life of activists is still a riot, if Shelley or myself are anything to go by). Furthermore, this wasn't the work of



down-on-their-luck blue-collar types, Kristi Turnquist writes, but gentrified, upper-crust nerds "raising Cain" and gentrifying sex, drugs and rock 'n roll to get *their* rape fantasies in:

Sure, the movie was sold as slobs vs snobs. But the snobbery was actually baked into the supposed "slob" side. The full title, let's not forget, is *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

That's [National Lampoon](#), as in the

magazine spinoff of the [Harvard Lampoon](#), the humor publication created by students at Harvard University, known more for its big-deal Ivy League alumni (Conan O'Brien, Colin Jost of "Saturday Night Live," "Spy" magazine cofounder Kurt Andersen, etc.) than its lovable losers ([source](#): "40 Years Later, Can We Sill Stomach *Animal House*?" 2018).

That being said, the movie is still a period piece of sorts that—through the writers—provides a highly illustrative window into the *partially* imaginary past. This includes a lovely (and accurate) critique of Milton's *Paradise Lost* (with Sutherland's professor making a cameo in my book, several times), but also that of the Vietnam War/Civil Rights period:

Animal House is a period piece twice over. It's set in 1962, when John F. Kennedy was president, and since it was filmed in 1977, it offers a window through which we see attitudes about what was funny back then, even if they make us raise our eyebrows now ([ibid.](#)).

In true Faustian tradition, then, everyone acts like it was just "harmless fun"—devaluing genuine academic achievement/activism that would dismantle the system that privileges them, then pimping their way through school and valorizing it afterwards while presenting themselves as something they're not (actual scientists or great thinkers). American liberals are truly the worst/epitome of privilege for the cruel and the mediocre (and don't get me *started* on *SNL*; e.g., Will Farrell and similar actors endorsing the War on Terror [["Osama's Pep Talk,"](#) 12/01/01] yet whitewashing themselves with token friends [*Will and Harper*, 2024]. I *hate* that guy).

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In short, the old boys club who wrote *Animal House* (and similar stories) *thought* they knew everything/excluded everything for everyone *but* their target audience; re: like Marlowe's *Faustus* (with Nietzsche's 1888 *Ecce Homo* often being paraphrased as, "all fiction is inherently auto-biographical" from "Hear me! For I am such and such a person").

Taking all of this into account, the good-vs-evil, virtue-vs-vice argument is still quite useful for "reading the room" of latter-day Faust revivals; i.e., it's not delivered quite the same way as *Halloween* was, for example (also 1978), but you still can see the neo-conservatism at work: 'fraidy-cat Doctor Loomis and faceless killing machine Michael Myers running around like headless chickens, mid-moral-panic, while poor Laurie Strode thinks about fucking Ben Tramer (or not).



In turn, the recursive desire to curiously and savagely punch up at men would be coopted by said men to triangulate the same women against other marginalized groups *again* (e.g.,

Sleepaway Camp punching down against trans women as much as *Friday the 13th* demonized mental illness and bereavement, and *Halloween* antagonized mental disorders in children; i.e., according to the same Freudian garbage Hitchcock espoused in 1960's *Psycho*, abjecting cis-het domestic abuse once more onto a crossdressing impostor invading *white* women's spaces).

This means since well before the '70s Final Girl and back a hundred years during the 1870s; i.e., when *white* women were granted property and fascist feminists appeared, but also in the 1790s when Radcliffe wrote her Gothic novels alongside Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women*³¹⁵. "Fate never changes," Carpenter's teacher character opines; for him—but also Landis and Marlowe before them—such things are "stuck" as a matter of argument playing out, on and offstage. In a world where Nazis openly try to shout and hide their

³¹⁵ Whose consensus on "women" leans away from abstract and arguably towards a limiting of the category to her own experiences as white; i.e., as No Fly on the WALL writes,

When Mary [Wollstonecraft] published her polemic on Feminist Philosophy in 1792, against the tumultuous background of the French Revolution, she concerned herself with the rights afforded to "woman" – an abstract category. However, in [Wollstonecraft's] world, there was seemingly something in the body social that drew all women together and merged their experiences. In today's society, the difference in the female experience because of intersections such as race and class have become increasingly more apparent and in the case of black women – as men and women of other ethnicities – try to define who we are for us ([source](#): "A Vindication of the Rights of Black Women: A Contribution to a Discourse," 2013).

In short, Mary's work—like her daughter's—makes for an excellent *start*, but needs to be built *upon* and harvested for parts, *not* taken at face value. Academics tend to write from privilege; we must intersect all of these, regardless of *our* privilege or register of discourse: using academic ideas for commonplace solutions, including camping *Marlowe's* ghost.

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arguments, then, anytime they self-report is an opportunity to dissect and pick their admittedly small brains. It behooves us to study their arguments, because they think themselves *immune* to demonic reprisals. So did Faust.

Fascism is garbage, so build from that to parse the hieroglyphics/cryptonymy as useful; or as Porpentine writes in "Hot Allostatic Load" (2015)": "Build the shittiest thing possible. Build out of trash because all I have is trash. Trash materials, trash bodies, trash brain syndrome. Build in the gaps between storms of chronic pain. Build inside the storms" ([source](#)). So *cryptomimesis*, then.

To that, when the self-righteous demonize/police the whore, we whores punch up *from* Hell to remind them *we're* human, and they're about as cool as "Pinto" was. Hit 'em where it hurts—i.e., the female castration fantasy being to fuck men with genitals both sides treat unironically as swords and sheaths—the difference between them being the "phallic" female party *makes* a hole where one *doesn't* exist, and generally to *avenge* past abuse inflicted *on* her *because* she's a woman (e.g., Kinji Fukasaku's 2000 *Battle Royale*, below); it's *supposed* to make



men in the audience go "ouch-ouch-ouch" and cross their legs: "If you won't listen to us being polite, try *this* on for size!"

Let's unpack *that* (twelve pages plus footnotes), if only because genital mutilation, unironic rape and full-throated torture porn make up such a huge part of the canonical torture scheme our own media is tackling (to which we'll be subverting canon, as we go). Our target for this critique won't be Radcliffe or Faust, but someone after both of them who is and isn't Landis: Roger Ebert and his weird blind spot/obsession with geek shows, torture porn, whores, and demon lovers (male, intersex or female). The man was a sex pest of unusual excess and extraordinary camouflage, pimping Medusa through the soundbite length of old-school movie reviews apologizing for rape yet bashing exploitation media seeking to take things *outside* the profit motive.

Sadly he's not the only one. For starters, such "Iron Women" having their revenge predate Medusa, but reducing them to primordial Antiquity is a *Freudian* trick, and one that does little good, here in the present. Tracing *that* palimpsestuous lineage into Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth or Elisabetta Sirani's various vengeful paintings surviving her own rape (and humiliating trial and torture-by-thumbscrews), we're left with a historical-material *trend* of rape performance that more privileged people will puzzle over and arbitrate as *they* see fit.

Alas, such is Ebert, who readily decries *I Spit on Your Grave* (1978) for being revenge porn (which it is) in so many words

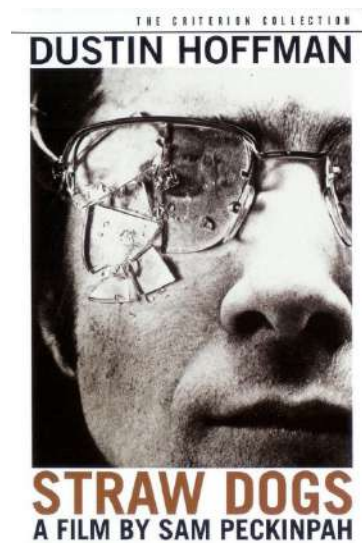
A vile bag of garbage named *I Spit on Your Grave* is playing in Chicago theaters this week. It is a movie so sick, reprehensible and contemptible that I can hardly believe it's playing in *respectable* [emphasis, me] theaters, such as Plitt's United Artists. But it is. Attending it was one of the most depressing experiences of, my life ([source](#): 1980 review).

yet arbitrarily celebrates *The Last House on the Left* (1972) as "a tough, bitter little sleeper of a movie that's about four times as good as you'd expect" ([source](#): 1972 review).

Of course, we could look at the *directors* for a clue—the Israeli-American Meir Zarchi versus Wes Craven as a white, status-quo homeboy—but I think it's much more telling, quick and germane to Faust if we note *Ebert's* double standard; i.e., there's a class character to his attitudes, which become much less critical, in terms of critical thought, and much more reactionary when faced with things he *doesn't* approve of: "This is ok to talk about if *I* find it artful."

To that, Ebert (and those like Ebert) approve of vengeance *they* can understand—with Ebert himself siding with Craven's vengeful middle-class parents versus Zarchi's single white girl with a mean streak:

This movie covers the same philosophical territory as Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* (1971), and is more hard-nosed about it: Sure, a man's home is his castle, but who wants to be left with nothing but a castle and a lifetime memory of horror? ([ibid.](#))



For Ebert, then, rape scenes are tolerable not if they have a substantial message (nihilism is literally the *opposite* of substance), but as long as they comment on the futility of revenge/destruction of the nuclear home, or have some deeper thematic purpose that strokes *his* middle-class sense of values letting *him* decide what is acceptable and what isn't for *all* peoples; re: the ghost of the counterfeit furthering the process of abjection for the middle class (what Freud calls the Superego).

These are all markers for American Liberalism decaying into fascism (which America pioneered, not the Germans), and Ebert's literally qualifying rape provided it offends his values the way he—as a paying customer and a Pulitzer-prize-winning critic—*wants* them to; i.e., he *wants* to be entertained, first and foremost, by a peep show, not a geek show as "Goldilocks rape." Except doing so only obscures abuse, and doesn't diminish it. It's a Faustian bargain made with Hollywood, Ebert policing the medium in ways that, again, are largely reactionary much of the time but dressed up in white moderation.

In short, Ebert likes things to be "meaningful" if they aren't sanitized, but honestly prefers the Radcliffean sanitization, most of all:

I have seen four films inspired by the same 13th century folk ballad: Ingmar Bergman's *The Virgin Spring* (1960), Wes Craven's *The Last House on the Left* (1972), David DeFalco's *Chaos* (2005) and now [Dennis Iliadis](#)' remake of the 1972 film, also titled *The Last House on the Left*. / What I know for sure is that the Bergman film is the best ([source](#): 2009 review).

Ebert's job, then, is similar to Radcliffe's: to assign value as "critique," thus operate as a cop taking *state* payment (his reviews span over four decades); i.e., his work is full of arbitrary white superiority moralizing and abject value judgements according to how that offends his simultaneously delicate and insensible moral code: while simultaneously *condoning* violence that befits an American liberal like himself (the same qualities apply to Faust and Radcliffe). Anything he can't stomach, he abjects, on par with Coleridge winging about Matthew Lewis; re: "We stare and tremble!" (as well as Leonard Maltin, but less choosy than him; e.g., [Ebert liked *Alien*](#) (review, 2003) and Maltin did not³¹⁶).

³¹⁶ "I never thought about the film reflecting societal issues of the late 1970s," Maltin writes in 2019; "after all, *Star Wars* came out a year earlier and offered *total escape to a huge and responsive audience* [emphasis, me]. Looking back, however, it makes perfect sense that *Alien* can now be seen as a reflection of its time period" ([source](#): "Memory: the Origins of *Alien*"). Like, no shit, dude; it only took your *forty years* to figure that out? *Alien* was *always* a reflection of its time period. "Jesus wept," capital well and truly breeds idiots to whitewash its offenses; i.e., trying to conceal said offenses with glittering Hollywood stupidity and calling anything outside of that "the darkness of human nature" (re: Freud abjecting spectres of Marx and Marx' historical materialism). "Get fucked, nerd!" Also, is it just me, or does Maltin smile weird?



I say this as a weird iconoclastic nerd; show me a weird *canonical* nerd like Maltin or Ebert and I will show you an idiot stuck in the Man Box. Just like Faust, Maltin's ignorance was *willful* and *paid*; i.e., he and Ebert choosing to view stories as "pure escapism" for a paycheck *capital* found useful. They're basically blind to allegory and coasting by on a system where allegory *isn't* useful to *them* (and which they'll abject anything that comes in, from outside Plato's cave); theft is useful to them, thus rape inside a system where their Faustian ignorance helps *preserve* the status quo through escapist fantasies built on rape inside-outside themselves. Shame on you both!

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But during the rape scene of Zarchi's protagonist, an ugly truth remains, *regardless* of what Ebert thinks: women *do* desire revenge against the men who rape them (or who rape those they love, including a shared sisterhood among women they don't personally know); i.e., as a half-real

matter of trauma they cannot escape, only live with: its liminal-but-nonetheless-true confusions of predator/prey and pleasure/pain, whereupon rape as a theatrical and everyday device (weapon of terror) happens in ways that frankly *shouldn't* be sanitized/abjected, subjective or not; re: "Do you know what the most terrifying thing in the world is? It's fear!" The difference between Hitchcock and Michael Powell's *Peeping Tom* is the latter's voyeurism tries to humanize the process (and its German-coded villain) while holding Faustian men of science *accountable* (versus letting them testify as expert witnesses; re: *Psycho*).

In other words, why should a rich white American man like Ebert get to decide what is or isn't acceptable during horror *vis-à-vis* women who, all things considered, probably *have* survived rape (and which Hollywood exploits in stories like *Grave*, *Alien* or *Psycho*). If something sickens him, it is simply "wrong" and deserves "low marks" extending to the other people in the venue he thinks he's better than (by "actually protecting women" with his stupid review system); all these things are *pointless* to him, despite the fact they're pointedly talking about rape in ways that challenge Ebert's constitution—i.e., by making him run away because he didn't get his money's worth or have his pre-existing views validated by a like-minded crowd. God, forbid right? Fragile Faust, freaky Freud. Fuck face.

And not to defend tasteless, straight-male-authored exploitation porn too much, but I struggle to think what someone like Ebert might say about angry art that *isn't* overtly punching down at disabled people; i.e., regarding media that makes him as uncomfortable as Radcliffe once was with Matthew Lewis:

I would have liked to talk with the woman in the back row, the one with the feminist solidarity for the movie's heroine. I wanted to ask If she'd been appalled by the movie's hour of rape scenes. As it was, at the film's end I walked out of the theater quickly, feeling unclean, ashamed and depressed.

This movie is an expression of the most diseased and perverted darker human natures, Because it is made artlessly, it flaunts its motives: There is no reason to see this movie except to be entertained by the sight of sadism and suffering. As a critic, I have never condemned the use of violence in

films if I felt the filmmakers had an artistic reason for employing it. *I Spit on Your Grave* does not. It is a geek show (re: "[I Spit on Your Grave](#)," 1980).

Ebert's own moral outrage suggests he "knows better" than the feminist does, his gut (and instinct to tuck tail and run) betraying his stoic veneer (re: Victor Frankenstein).

It's precisely this kind of unchecked hubris that Zarchi's woman seeks to castrate; re: Creed's revenge being not just the refusing of victimhood, but of subversive, even exploitative/transgressive reclamation of the Medusa, during the abjection process; i.e., as a victim of rape discredited by male know-it-alls (whose sex-positive universal liberation, I argue, has the whore's revenge against *profit* in all its forms: Ebert as having opinions he conflates as "correct," *vis-à-vis* Weber's Protestant ethic, because they've made his formerly *unlucrative* position into an illustrious, well-paying career). Ebert says much and little about *Grave*, keeping mum about the quiet part because he feels guilty in ways he—a privileged, white, straight and ultimately self-important asshole—*can't* process.



Then again, I *know* what Ebert would say if he could, because something like *The Penguin's* (2024) Sofia Falcone blowing out Johnny Viti's brains (an offer *he* couldn't refuse) is perfectly acceptable for Ebert's ilk because violence is fine if it's dressed up as *not* grotesque; i.e., on par with Ebert salivating over *The Godfather* films ([source](#): 1997 review) despite *them* largely being the glorification of immigrant violence and Jacobean theatre for its own sake (as long as it's shot nice, right?). But anything that veers off into abject freakshow territory is automatically "without merit," for Ebert. It's a *huge* blind spot, but also one he picks-and-chooses

regarding those *patrolling* the freakshow runways. These are not gods, but vain, stupid pimps passing judgement on whores in chains; the worst jailors are the ones who believe they're right and who pity *you* as "reprobate" (re: Jadis, a genderfluid neoliberal, torturing me, a queer an-Com).

Follow the leader is a fool's errand, and Faust is the biggest idiot of them all (though men like Ebert aping him are even dumber in hindsight). Again, this comes from privilege, which for Ebert is white, American, middle-class and male: a selective diet, eating his victims served *to* him in ways he deems "palatable." There's probably tons of exceptions—e.g., Katherine Dunn's *Geek Love* (1989; source: "The New Geek Cinema"³¹⁷, 2012), Cameron's *Aliens* (source: 1986

³¹⁷ Aping Susan Sontag, Ebert writes, "There is no indication that the boy is horrified by the man's Nazi past; he is more like a fascinated voyeur." He continues:

I should add that *Very Bad Things* is intended as a comedy. *Apt Pupil*, based on a [Stephen King](#) novella, plays as a horror film. *Happiness* cannot easily be categorized, but I think it stands above the other films, not with them. (Two other new films that are superficially similar, [Clay Pigeons](#) and [Home Fries](#), are more traditional character-driven comedy thrillers that contain a lot of gore but stay within generally acceptable boundaries.)

All of these films owe something to John Carpenter's [Halloween](#) (1978), an enormous success that suggested a way into Hollywood for unknown young directors. If you don't have major stars and you don't have a big budget, then the genre itself can be your selling point. Horror films, like sex films, do not depend on marquee names. The content itself is the star.

Horror as a genre has been expanded, in some of these films, by a mean streak of cruelty, masked as irony. Once horror films sympathized with victims who were being threatened. Then they started using point-of-view shots to identify with the slashers instead of the victims. In recent years there are two more refinements: (1) a single victim is not enough, and most of the movies string together killing scenes like an all-hit radio format; and (2) there is a fascination with bizarre kinds of pain and torture not seen since the Marquis de Sade on a good day.

Combine these ingredients with the two most easily assimilated trademarks of [Quentin Tarantino](#) (colorfully arcane and vulgar dialogue, and labyrinthine plotting) and you have the elements that the New Geeks are exultantly recycling ([source](#)).

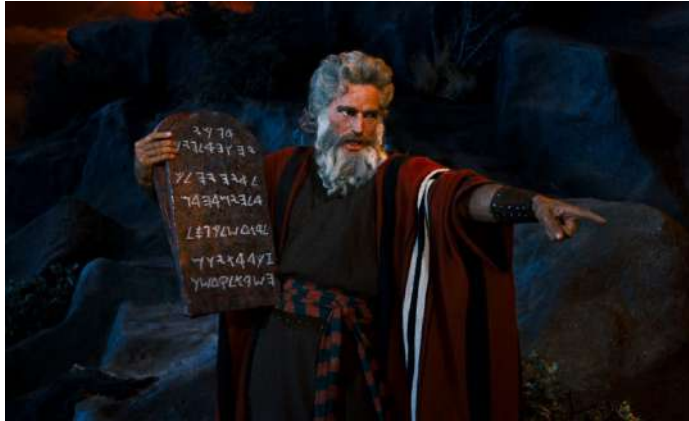


([source](#): Ann Casano's "The Most Obvious Quentin Tarantino Foot Fetish Scenes," 2024)

Then, in the greatest of ironies, Ebert has the utter *temerity* to apologize for a racist, sexist pig like *Tarantino* of all people—all while insisting there is "no irony" in the other examples he gives. And maybe there isn't among the directors he mentions. I don't know them; but also it goes *beyond* them, Derrida's "inside of the text" speaking to other people in the room *besides* Ebert. *They* don't count, in *his* eyes, because *his* gut is ultimately his guide *for* the rest of the world, and *that* has already been coded; i.e., by his hopelessly Faustian brain, *its* opinions informed by the socio-material conditions around him. Furthermore, Ebert's fetishizing of women may not be as overt as Tarantino (above), but he still apologizes for a Hollywood predator while doing so. To apologize for a predator is to be one, yourself.

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review³¹⁸), or *Re-Animator* (1985; source: 1985 review³¹⁹)—but those exceptions also prove the rule. So did Radcliffe uphold the status quo by being the proverbial "rare exception" (all the more ironic, in her case, given she was so moderate. Pot, meet Kettle). So does Ebert administer "criticism" in short, pithy reviews that pass themselves off as Eternal Wisdom; i.e., like God giving Moses those clay tablets (re: the storage device of the ancient world). Except Ebert, like Moses and God, is



king of *Fuck Mountain*; i.e., dogma is dogma, meaning we can camp his ghost's secular demonic gibberish as much as we (and our Satanic apostasy) want. God is dead, so is Roger Ebert, and we can dance on their graves together:

More to the point, Ebert's balancing act becomes the thing *to* worship, also known as *centrism*.

Anything that "tips the scales" in one direction or the other turns Ebert's stomach and we can't have *that...* which conveniently ignores what *doesn't* turn *his* stomach,

³¹⁸ "The ads for *Aliens* claim that this movie will frighten you as few movies have," Ebert writes, "and, for once, the ads don't lie. The movie is so intense that it creates a problem for me as a reviewer: Do I praise its craftsmanship, or do I tell you it left me feeling wrung out and unhappy? It has been a week since I saw it, so the emotions have faded a little, leaving with me an appreciation of the movie's technical qualities. But when I walked out of the theater, there were knots in my stomach from the film's roller-coaster ride of violence. This is not the kind of movie where it means anything to say you 'enjoyed' it" ([source](#)).

As usual, Ebert is the *Frankenstein* man of feeling repressing his emotions, but also, like Faust, ignores them and keeps going back for more; i.e., to torture himself *and* miss the point. The fact that someone could do this for over forty years is frankly impressive.

³¹⁹ "One of the most boring experiences on Earth is a trash movie without the courage of its lack of convictions," Ebert writes. He continues:

If it only wants to be cynical, it becomes lifeless in every moment – a bad dream on the screen. One of the pleasures of the movies, however, is to find a movie that chooses a disreputable genre and then tries with all its might to transcend the genre, to go over the top into some kind of artistic vision, however weird.

Stuart Gordon's *Re-Animator* is a pleasure like that, a frankly gory horror movie that finds a rhythm and a style that make it work in a cockeyed, offbeat sort of way. It's charged up by the tension between the director's desire to make a good movie, and his realization that few movies about mad scientists and dead body parts are ever likely to be very good. The temptation is to take a camp approach to the material, to mock it, as [Paul Morrissey](#) did in *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*. Gordon resists that temptation, and creates a livid, bloody, deadpan exercise in the theater of the undead ([source](#)).

Except, *Frankenstein* was always camp (and Warhol was a dick). Ebert's simultaneously parroting Frederic Jameson's "that boring and exhausted paradigm" and Zizek's "the return of the living dead being the fundamental fantasy of contemporary mass culture" (re: [Castricano](#)). It takes a certain amount of vanity to punch up at gods, even false gods and their idols; I've always been a little vain, and found doing so useful as a matter of self-preservation helping all workers.

mid-abjection, but instead offends other people³²⁰ reversing abjection in ways *he* cannot let stand (e.g., the woman in the movie theatre during *I Spit on Your Grave*).

While white moderates are, on their face, seemingly harder to critique on account of their polished façade qualifying rape media (which the Gothic largely concerns), the fact remains: centrists love to arbitrate in ways that not only dictate their essentialized place in the world, but remind them how clever they *think* they are. Dude's literally marketing his opinion as "better" than others³²¹ (and using the

³²⁰ E.g., *A Fish Called Wanda* (1988):

And then there is the matter of the three murdered dogs. One friend of mine already says she won't see *A Fish Called Wanda* because she has heard that dogs die in it (she is never, of course, reluctant to attend movies where people die). I tried to explain to her that the death of a pet is, of course, a tragic thing. But when the object is to inspire a heart attack in a little old lady who is a key prosecution witness, and when her little darling is crushed by a falling safe, well, you've just got to make a few sacrifices in the name of comedy ([source](#)).

Ebert is happy to draw his own lines in the sand, provided *he* thinks something is funny. In short, for him there are deserving victims and undeserving victims—a concept, once again, informed by *his* privilege (thus ignorance) and hypocrisy.

³²¹ E.g., [Your Movie Sucks](#) (2007) being a classic example of self-appointed elitism, in-group snobbery and monumental self-deception. This being said, I agree with Ebert when he says that *Deuce Bigalow: American Gigolo* (2005) sucks:

After watching *Deuce Bigalow: American Gigolo* himself, [Ebert](#) published a zero-star review of the film, describing it as "aggressively bad, as if it wants to cause suffering to the audience. The best thing about it is that it runs for only 75 minutes." After this, he then directly addressed Schneider's poor response to Goldstein's review and petty bickering after the actor had questioned the validity of the critic's response due to the fact that he hadn't won a Pulitzer prize.

Ebert responded to this in his review by saying, "As chance would have it, I *have* won the Pulitzer Prize, and so I am qualified. Speaking in my official capacity as a Pulitzer Prize winner, Mr. Schneider, your movie sucks." Interestingly enough, Ebert's 2007 book *Your Movie Sucks* was inspired by this damning statement, a compilation of his most scathing reviews.

Despite the public back-and-forth and wave of creative insults, the pair found a peaceful equilibrium in 2007 after Ebert's cancer diagnosis. The critic revealed that he had received a touching level of support and well wishes, with flowers being sent to him from Schneider himself, along with a note wishing him a speedy recovery signed "his least favourite movie star."

This gesture moved Ebert, and later revisited his controversial 2005 film, offering a written truce in which he referred to the flowers sent by Schneider and said they "were a reminder, if I needed one, that although Rob Schneider might (in my opinion) have made a bad movie, he is not a bad man, and no doubt tried to make a wonderful movie, and hopes to again. I hope so, too." ([source](#): Emily Ruuskanen's "The Feud between Roger Ebert and Rob Schneider," 2024).

While it's not difficult to discount *Schneider* (whose only good movie is *Surf Ninjas*, 1993), it's *also* not untrue that people who use their credentials (however sarcastically) to settle a quick beef are demonstrably petty—and I am *not* above this; re (from the Poetry Module's "[Spilling Tea](#)):

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 Metroidvania, and have several more books in the works including this volume *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 [vanderWaardart.com](#)

Roman gladiatorial signal for "spare him/kill him" to further qualify his statements to his audience). White straight people, like Faust, *need* to feel important; i.e., "Who has two thumbs and a bottomless ego? This guy!" (another weird canonical nerd with a weird smile): the shit-eating grin of a man who made it big and thinks he's untouchable/the emperor having no clothes (not even death can save you from



me, old man. I have exactly *zero* reservations when vandalizing *your* dubious legacy).

Of course, such anti-geek-show arguments also predate Ebert and even William Lindsay Gresham's *Nightmare Alley* (1946); i.e., dating back to Radcliffe, herself;

re: missing the point of her rival's own scandalous works and valorizing her own, with "On the Supernatural in Poetry." "Terror" is superior for Radcliffe *and* Ebert because it hides rape while still parading it inside a restless labyrinth. This is their privilege talking, not their oppression. It's profoundly *unsexy* in ways we queer sex workers have to intersectionally camp and do better than, mid-exquisite-"torture."

So far be it from me to discount either literary technique—and I certainly don't think *I Spit on Your Grave* (or any geek show) is High Art (which geek shows

(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.](#)"

To joust and argue about silly things/debates is something that people (educated or not) simply do. "Water under a bridge," and all that.

That being *said*, this *doesn't* change the fact that Ebert can't explain *why* Schneider's movie sucks in *dialectical-material* ways (thus in ways useful to active, conscious rebellion). Nor does he actually realize that Rob Schneider is quite awful, actually ([source](#): Ed Dickson's "The Red-Pilling of Rob Schneider," 2023). Ebert is blind to this because he a) doesn't view this world outside his own dogma, thus endless privilege and status, and b) Schneider bribed him with Christian charity functioning as capital (re: Weber). Greed is greed, and Ebert's such a massive *whore* for recognition that he'll overlook Schneider's *boundless* flaws through the *cheapest* of gestures, then call it "good." People who reflect *that* kind of selective vanity—and who defend the elite (versus using cryptonymy to systemically help workers)—are giant pieces of shit. *Ebert* is (or was) a giant piece of shit.

Furthermore, as *both* men categorically demonstrate, good deeds do *not* outweigh bad ones *unless* you choose to *let* them; i.e., it's possible to do charity and still be giant pieces of shit—a fact compounded by Ebert turning a blind eye! And if his aforementioned cancer diagnosis might help *explain* that (softening in his old age/impending doom), it doesn't *change* the fact that Ebert the *person* sucks. Cancer isn't a cure-all for American exceptionalism/centrism. *That's* just Ebert belonging to the "good team" and administering "goodness" to those he deems "worthy." It's bourgeois.

That's *my* dialectical-material critique of the man as Faustian, living as he died (and someone I used to respect, and previously handle with more "kid gloves"; e.g., Persephone van der Waard's "[Ebert's Folly: "Elevating" Horror Movies with Suspense, part 1,](#)" 2019): as a piece of shit. And frankly I don't *care* who that offends; only cowards (who deserve criticism) hide behind their fans or their family (with Neil Gaiman hiding behind *all* of the above; [source](#): Lila Shapiro).

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upend on purpose, from Walpole onwards; re: Baldrick³²²)—but I likewise don't think one is better than the other (nor do I condone putting anything on a pedestal; re: the idea of High Art essentially amounts to canon). Furthermore, High Art so very often apologizes *for* rape by "weeding the jury" and doctoring the testimony to a select few of special victims and expert witnesses; i.e., that get special say in what happens "exclusively" to them, thus leant special credence by *Ebert* going down on Radcliffe (now *there's* an image I can't unsee).

Admittedly this happens through *Hitchcock's* own mastery of suspense (and only if neither man actually knew who Radcliffe was). All the same, *Ebert's* *idea* of value—i.e., as a judgement to administer—is tied to art, which for him includes gangster films and Hitchcockian torture porn; e.g., the rape scenes from *Once Upon a Time in America* (1980) or *Frenzy*³²³ are "fit for viewing" as long as they tug on

³²² Re: From his introduction to *The Oxford Book of Gothic Tales* (2009): "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](#)).

³²³ *Ebert's* double standard for Hitchcock (a famously sexist man who tortured his actresses) is plain:

Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy* is a return to old forms by the master of suspense, whose newer forms have pleased movie critics but not his public. This is the kind of thriller Hitchcock was making in the 1940s, filled with macabre details, incongruous humor, and the desperation of a man convicted of a crime he didn't commit.

The only 1970s details are the violence and the nudity (both approached with a certain grisly abandon that has us imagining *Psycho* without the shower curtain [and Hayes Code]). It's almost as if Hitchcock, at seventy-three, was consciously attempting to do once again what he did better than anyone else. His films since *Psycho* (1960) struck out into unfamiliar territory and even got him involved in the Cold War (*Torn Curtain*) and the fringes of fantasy (*The Birds*). Here he's back at his old stand. ([source](#): 1972 review).

Ebert's apathy is wholly astounding, his relish at what is literally torture porn ([the strangulation BDSM scene in *Frenzy*](#) going on for nearly two minutes*) is completely gross, and his repeated giving of Alfred-fucking-Hitchcock a pass is utterly telling: "boundaries for me, not for thee." Fuck you and Hitchcock! God, you're both weird, and not in a good way!

*By extension, *Hitchcock's* entire canon—like *Radcliffe's* before him—is thoroughly dedicated to feminine desire, *vis-à-vis* Wolff, as attached *unironically* to mutilative harm. Where's the irony, *Ebert*?



his heartstrings³²⁴ and/or "play him like a piano" (a comment he's made about Hitchcock from the director describing his own work; e.g., [his 2002 Signs review](#)): Hitchcock torturing women is a necessary sacrifice provided it doesn't feel "too real" and tickles Ebert's "ivories." But behind any illusion is systemic hard if unaddressed.

Torture porn is torture porn, and no matter how "suspenseful" the movie is, or "black" its humor finds itself, Hitchcock is polishing the turd of exceptionally

³²⁴ Ebert doesn't even *mention* the graphic and extended rape scene [in his 1984 review](#) of the extended (220-minute) cut for Leone's film. It "just doesn't come up," for him; i.e., versus John Larsen, who writes,

And yet Leone—whose spaghetti-Western poetry ([The Good, The Bad and The Ugly](#); [Once Upon a Time in the West](#)) was spun under the hot glare of the desert sun—still gives *Once Upon a Time in America* a warm glow. The sequences from Noodles' youth (where he's played by Scott Tiler) are a playful mixture of *Our Gang* shorts and [The 400 Blows](#). And there's a sexiness to the Prohibition segments—a titillating combination of girls and gunplay—that belies the pain and suffering on the screen. Even the sequences set in the 1960s are less of a reckoning (which is how you could describe Martin Scorsese's [The Irishman](#), also with De Niro) and more of a wistful remembrance of the good old days. Add a gorgeous Ennio Morricone score that softens the brutality, making it fuzzy, and you have an epic of blinkered nostalgia.

That "sexiness" is worth spending more time on. There is a disturbing, virgin-whore dynamic at play in *Once Upon a Time in America*, with Elizabeth McGovern—as Noodles' childhood crush-turned-Hollywood-starlet—on one end and Tuesday Weld—as a rape victim-turned-willing-plaything—on the other. Every other woman we meet is somewhere in between those two (although most fall in Weld's direction). If a female character isn't a sexual object in this story, then she's a victim of violence. And in the two rape scenes those elements are queasily mixed (reminiscent of the way Leone treated Claudia Cardinale in *Once Upon a Time in the West*) [[source](#)].

Silence is rape, and apologizing for it by keeping quiet in ways that Ebert enjoys. Such men are in love with their idea of past, much like Radcliffe (a woman chasing a patriarchal heteronormative profit motive) was, and Ebert doing so in ways that "keep mum" *about* rape (practically holding a finger to his lips [and a hand over the woman's mouth] before going "Shh..."). They *like* gagging it, kettling and abjecting the ghost of the counterfeit while capitalizing on her eternal abuse. Virgin or whore, she's *their* Omelas victim (also, there's the anti-Semitic element—with Leone's entire movie literally being about a "backstabbing Jew": Noodles is played by De Niro, a career Italian-American bandit, onscreen, this time playing a Jewish gangster who betrayed all his friends. Eat your heart out, Mussolini!): to fetishize the power imbalance advancing patriarchal narratives, then keeping quiet when you *could* have spoken out. Faced with it in trashy ways (or rather what Ebert *calls* trash, given Leone's movies *are* trashy in ways he calls art*), he just pulls a Dennis from *Always Sunny* and shouts at the screen: "[Sickness, be gone!](#)" *He's the Golden God!*

*The two aren't mutually exclusive, but Ebert treats them like they are when it suits his rapacious, patriarchal worldview.



terrible BDSM practices that Ebert is peering voyeuristically at *without* guilt: "ahogao before it was cool." Except, women have been tortured in cinema since cinema existed, Ebert staring hypnotically at Maria Falconetti's "eyes that will never leave you" ([source](#): *The Passion of Joan of Arc* (1928)," 1997 review). I guess Barbara Leigh-Hunt (from *Frenzy*, pulling a Jubba the Hutt, below) is just the "flavor of the week," because she's "trashy" instead of Numinous—or more to the point, Ebert doesn't realize Hitchcock's work is garbage despite its fancy photography because he's blinded by his own bias (and hand in things): unironic hero worship, class character and white male fragility/privilege. He's literally



ranking rape as "art," his reviews literally telling the reader to spend money on rape, too: "go consume." What a sleaze.

Yet, Ebert thinks *he* knows better and courts his own devils through people he really shouldn't; re: like Faust, writing from privilege about things he knows fuck-all about; i.e., by saying what is or isn't acceptable rape testimony by tone-policing not just *Grave's* director (whose disgust against—if it doesn't warrant a total gag order like Ebert wants—is arguably understandable), but also the feminist in the audience he didn't approve of cheering for vigilante justice: in an apocryphal movie because the film... had rape scenes in it? Furthermore, why do those have to be "dressed up" for Ebert to value the legitimate feelings of anger and release the woman undoubtedly had? One explanation is consumption and pickiness; i.e., he wants *his* whores to be high-class when they're strangled, the man poo-pooing trash despite his own hypocritical trashiness dressed up; re: the spell of the Great Enchantress, Ebert huffing the farts of a women who glorified British—and by extension, American—Imperialism nearly two centuries before he was spilling ink!

A second more *thesis*-prone argument is because, for Ebert, exploitation and liberation *don't* exist in the same place; they have to be *segregated* into something "palatable"—i.e., despite the whore's desire for revenge (and socio-material change), at the very least, involving her *unpalatable* desire to commit acts of phallic violence *against* one's oppressors (whose rioting Ebert, of course, discourages).

The same criticism, then, can be made of Radcliffe and all unironic "Faustians" (demon lovers) and critics and consumers of such things, not just Ebert refusing to make useful ideas of trash/things from trash about rape. I only picked *him* because a) so many view him as some kind of Opinion God, when—to be completely frank—a lot of the man's opinions are frankly gentrified and asinine ("[Videogames Can Never Be Art](#)" [2012], anyone? Puh-lease); and b) he, like Radcliffe, can *only* opine positively or productively on things about rape that are wrapped up in a nice little bow *for* him. It's not the *rape* that's a problem, but that

it's not his *kind* of rape. "Irony," then, is merely a selective boundary for Ebert to misuse while policing the whore as Faust would do (and holding her down when she tries to fight back). It's arbitrary, not some transcendental signified; i.e., we can camp it through our own "rape" in quotes (which is what *Grave* ultimately was).

To conclude, Ebert can't enjoy or even think critically about something unless it is packaged in a highly specific way. This is called "conditioning." Except Ebert can't think about trash regarding harmful depictions of whores, rape victims and sex "having merit" unless they're framed a particular way according to his class and political standing as allergic to degeneracy. *This* is called "American Liberalism," known a bit less positively by me as "menticide" and "praxial inertia," but also "pimping." Even if it comes from "good intentions" (whatever *that* means), the road to Hell (the harmful sort) is paved all the same; i.e., with Faustian hubris apologizing for rape as junk food: Ebert can opine about movies till the cows come home, but he can't speak to things outside of that with any degree of authority worth mentioning. He's a grifter and a hack of the cheapest order.

Of course, this doesn't preclude heartfelt empathy with colonized peoples; e.g., at a glance, his heart seems to have *basically* been in the right place with the Palestinian cause—though not without him critiquing protestors before quickly and *graciously* changing his mind (starting with "The protest is misguided and destructive," regarding Palestinian protests of the Toronto Film Festival; [source](#): Adam Horowitz, 2009)—but in truth, Ebert was nowhere near aggressive enough towards Biden, Obama, Bush, or any other American president being the obvious root cause to all this suffering. He's a giant nerd, like Bill Gates or Musk, but less enterprising and more principled than either were (enough to make him dangerous); i.e., awards of merit handed down from on high/graciously handed out by the *current* Wizard of Oz to show people the Scarecrow has brains. The contents of *his* skull remain useless straw passing for gold (and whose clout I'd trade for a handful of practicing leftists in a heartbeat): "murderers come to you in smiles"; so do rapists and *their* apologists, and Ebert was a sex pest. You can print that.



([source](#): Britannica)

Yet, weird canonical nerds are so often white, and use their effigial achievements to whitewash themselves (e.g., S.T. Joshi pissing and moaning over the World Fantasy Convention's 2015 decision to remodel their awards *not* in Lovecraft's likeness³²⁵).

³²⁵ When asked about the decision, Joshi angrily replied, "Please make sure that I am not nominated for any future World Fantasy Award. I will not accept the award if it is bestowed upon me. / I will never attend another World Fantasy Convention as long as I live. And I will do everything in my power to urge a boycott of the World Fantasy Convention among my many friends and colleagues" ([source](#): Jackson Kuhl's "Joshi Is Mad as Hell," 2015). Chief among those friends being Lovecraft's *ghost* (whose shadow Joshi is forever stuck in). Way to cut your nose off to spite your own face, dude.

As a consequence, Ebert is posthumously worshipped for being "a good man" and specifically for his liberal politics, which—if you haven't noticed by now—only *further* the abjection process while ogling rape (assigning stars to things, not unlike Dr. Seuss' Star Belly Sneetches, but pointedly to art through weaponized gatekeeper criticism). He was a card-carrying Democrat, which makes him a moderate Republic in practice, and a man literally celebrated for his pointedly liberal politics:

Ebert grew up in "a liberal household" and "remembers his parents praying for the success of Harry Truman in the election of 1948," according to an obituary in the Sun-Times [with Truman literally being a nuclear murderer]. At the University of Illinois, he started writing as a freshman by publishing a journal of "politics and opinion." Those interests never waned, and publicly picked up especially in his later years, as he took to the Internet ([source](#): Joe Coscarelli's "The Political Writings of Roger Ebert," 2013).

This wasn't a source of contention, but open *pride* celebrating his legacy after his death. If only Ebert had lived lucidly into his 80s; i.e., watching Gamergate followed by Trump, Biden and Trump again; I have to wonder if his pride—which was arguably Faust's Achille's Heel—might have taken a much-needed blow...

Not that it would matter! Activism is what we do while we're alive, and have the power to affect change (however great or small). The problem is, any moderate—not just Ebert fetishizing colonial victims in his movie reviews—is a Nazi waiting to decay *into* itself. The same goes for Radcliffe, Marlowe and anyone else abusing demonic poetics; i.e., for their own selfish gain (cops suck), making hay while furthering abjection through the ghost of the counterfeit. While Ebert was a multimillionaire by the time he died, Radcliffe herself—though paid far less for her own work—was still the highest paid author of Gothic fiction at the time ([source](#): Victoria DeHart's "The Enchanting Ann Radcliffe," 2020—more on this, deeper into the subchapter). Predation is predation, "a predator often blind to its own peril" (to quote *another* blind old man praying on the local populace); all of these individuals thought themselves "all-knowing" similar to Faust, yet were blinded by the pursuit of *decadent* knowledge warding off the reality of their own inheritance and isolation: to die in darkness, alone, their own Faustian bargain ceasing to sparkle as the world around them decays. They don't fiddle as Rome Burns, they scribble.



(*artist: Chris Bourassa*)

Sweet god, enough about Ebert and unironic torture porn apologia (seriously, I feel like I need a shower)! As we'll see in Volume

Three, then, the entirety of sex-positive artistic expression serves as a demonic iconoclast—of subverted demonic essence or knowledge as a sight *increasingly* forbidden to the Western world by those in power. Visible, sex-positive queerness is ironic because it uses creativity to demonstrate descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation as a poetic challenge to canonical norms that historically-materially treat anything beyond the status quo as alien, unknowable, abject; in the eyes of the status quo, the xenophilic bearers of such knowledge and dark, creative power must be evil: lookouts for Satan.

I beg to differ. Queer people aren't "evil"; we're simply "gods" in the sense that we—through dark poetics as a pedagogy of the oppressed—can author our own fates in pandemonic solidarity *against* the state based on what we, as workers, have the power to create ourselves like magic (and endure the shadow of police abuse all the while). As argued in our thesis statement, canon *deifies* poetics in defense of a patriarchal status quo that historically-materially privatizes and polices said process and demonizes anything else as a dark god, a false idol or mother of demons. But the xenophilic power to create and subvert a xenophobic status quo *is* still there (to this, *Ghostbusters* had it backward: the Ghostbusters should have asked *Gozer* if *it* was a god. The answer would have been, according to the movie's own logic, yes; re: "If someone asks you if you are a god, you say YES!" Fuckin' A).



(exhibit 45c1: Model and artist: [Itzel](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). As a transmascc, genderfluid person, Itzel has cultivated a xenophilic demonic identity with their own demonic sigil. This expression is not separate from their daily life, wherein they partake in Pride as a lifestyle to befriend others with during seminal events—those meant to be shared by like-minded persons: friends, lovers and fellow sex workers united under the same banner using demonic xenophilia as a

popular means of spearheading the movement; i.e., by giving it personality and humanity mid-struggle.)



(exhibit 45c2a: Artist: [Blixxd Bunny](#). If the self-fashioned sigil emblemizes the demon as changing shape, but also assigning emblems to this process, the tattoo is the means to apply this iconography directly to the artist's own body. While it's certainly unusual to take this process directly into one's own hands, Bunny is living proof. As the canvas that literally paints itself, their body art makes them feel cute and proud—so much so that they delight in showing off not just their tattoos and piercings, but their entire, naked body as tattooed/pierced. By their own admission, they add, "I by no means condone any of the actions I show in these videos; I'm experienced, but I'm also reckless and practices like these are incredibly unsafe and I would never recommend anyone do these things to themselves. I am not a professional."

The idea extends beyond solo BDSM depicted during pornographic performance art and public nudism, and extends into relationships between the artist and other artists [often swapping roles; re: module and muse]. And despite what SSC ["[Safe Sane and Consensual](#)"] argues, there's no such thing as "total safety" for anyone, let alone queer people utilizing demonic expression in sex-positive ways [the

alternative being RACK, which I prefer³²⁶]. But Bunny's devotion to their own craft is impressive, demonstrating a steady hand and resilience to pain, but also capable know-how as they ink their own skin. In doing so, it tells the story that Bunny has in mind: themselves as a person they can be proud of, only adding to their beautiful frame over time as they continue their nudist displays becoming increasingly inked [thus demonic³²⁷].)

³²⁶ "[Risk-Aware Consensual Kink](#)," or informed consent/calculated risk/rape play. I call this ludo-Gothic BDSM, which preaches tolerance amid activism as, to some degree, inherently unsanitary and dangerous. SSC is older and more elitist, as Bay and I discuss:

Bay: As long as people are operating on informed consent and stuff, it super doesn't matter what they're doin' together. It's why I like RACK over SSC. SSC feels so outdated but there's so many BDSM practitioners who ascribe to it and I get why but "augh." Whereas RACK actually acknowledges that not everything in BDSM CAN be safe/sane necessarily—not 100% anyway.

Persephone: For real! Some stuff is "hard" for a reason. Yeah, choking is always risky. Or knife play. Even if the risk is small. Any aggressive sadism/pain administration, really. Shit, even just rough sex/accelerated heart beat and raised BP carry risk, if you're older. Or have congenital/comorbid health issues. Not to mention STIs. And pregnancy. And social stigmas and judgement. I'm generally of the RACK idea, I suppose, because ludo-Gothic BDSM and revolutionary cryptonymy is about doing rebellion, but as safely as one can, given the circumstances.

Bay: Same here. I think it's more holistic and considers people's needs. And it doesn't have a weird gatekeeping aspect to it in the name of "safety." Or "sanity," ew. Talk about giving shit a weird vibe.

Persephone: Like, better SSC than Radcliffe's school of knife dick, but still...

Bay: YEAH, LMAO! Like it's a fine practice, I just think it's prudish.

Birds of a feather fuck together!

³²⁷ The idea of a walking codex extends not just to golems imitating people, then, but vice versa; e.g., Vinculus in Suzanna Clarke's superb *Jonathan Strange and Mr. Norrell* (2004), an otherwise naked homeless man (the elderly village idiot, sleeping under Rip van Winkle's tree, below) being covered in woad-style tattoos speaking to the return of the King of the North, the ultimately magician, John Uskglass, aka The Raven King. "[Made with real crow eggs. I drink it every morning so I can fight like a crow!](#)"



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However muddled Gothic inheritance may seem, just remember one basic idea: whores are the classic keepers of secrets and granters of wishes (only growing strong as people become more alienated from sex), and generally do so through ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., its wide-and-storied array of titillating costumes, flexible genders and "torturous" roleplay/crossdress³²⁸ that are, unto themselves,

³²⁸ With gender-swapping being an effective iconoclastic device since Lewis' *The Monk*, his own monstrous-feminine imposters camping the canon during the cryptonymy process, and which my PhD's thesis paragraph generously borrowed from:



(artist: [Brian Miroglio](#) and [Jessica Nigri](#))

This book wasn't written/illustrated for Academia, but if it were and I was seriously treating it as my PhD to defend, I would argue that it addresses a knowledge gap regarding the synthesis of **Gothic theory** with **anarcho-Communism**, **gender studies**, **ludology** and **Marxist argumentation**: "**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; i.e., developing **anarcho-Communism**, hence a **post-scarcity** world without **nation-states** and their built-in, thus **historical-material**, genocide and exploitation of workers. My teaching approach stresses **oppositional praxis** according to **sex positivity vs sex coercion** when **reclaiming** the harmful language of stigma, bias, control, fear and hate from our colonizers (capitalists), but also **power exchange** and resistance as a cultural means of social-sexual catharsis and theatrical disguise; i.e., cultivating **emotional and Gothic intelligence** through a reclaimed **Gothic mode** of artistic, thus political collective/self-expression (monstrous poetics and applied Gothic theories). Capitalism sexualizes everything for the profit motive using canonical (dimorphic/**Cartesian**) monstrous poetics to brainwash workers and pit them against each other during **Capitalist Realism**; i.e., **the Shadow of Pygmalion's monomyth/Cycle of Kings** and **infernal concentric pattern**: unironic rape and war are everywhere because Capitalism rapes everything for profit, including people's minds, according to a profit motive that synonymizes all of these things. Utilized deliberately by Gothic Communism, **subversive Amazonomachia's** 'dark forces'—its famous, Miltonian paradoxes* and manifesto coordinates: the tenets, theories, and means and materials of expression, fetishes and clichés, etc—can revert Capitalist Realism's doomed **narrative of the crypt** by putting "rape" and "war" in quotes, recultivating the **Superstructure** and reclaiming the **Base** during class/culture war's camping of canon. The asymmetrical nature of guerrilla warfare obviously covers of an extremely wide range of artistic possibilities, but generally focuses on sex work and its **canonical, dimorphic sexualization**, or work in general as similarly sexualized, and **heteronormative enforcement/the colonial binary** established through **regressive Amazonomachia** as something to camp; i.e., through ironic **kink**, **fetishization**, and **BDSM rituals/aesthetics** (of **psychosexual** power and death, stigma and revenge, but also catharsis and transformation, etc) with **demonic/undead** poetics synthesized through the *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

'creative successes' of **proletarian praxis** as a class-conscious, ready-for-war response to/critique of **capital**" (my thesis paragraph) [[source](#): Volume Zero, "Thesis Paragraph: Capitalism Sexualizes Everything," 2023].

**Gothic doubles but also theatrical perceptions of power ("darkness visible") as liminal expressions/elaborate strategies of misdirection/"archaeologies." For example, not everything that is black and red is a fascist, but is treated like a fascist (and various other things at once) until the level of decay affords the usual centrist compromises between white knights and black knights against the Communist variant of the corrupt, the monstrous-feminine, the pedagogy of the oppressed coming out the same Gothic imagination's shadow zone.*

Confused? The rest of the PhD unpacks this. Still confused? *Five more books* unpack it even more! In short, everything after that has been a *concentric holistic* addressal; i.e., in hundreds of exhibits and thousands of images; e.g., the very next exhibit; re, also from Volume Zero (after rehashing "heteronormativity"):



(exhibit 0a2b1b1a: Artist, left: [Devilhs](#); middle: [Pat Benatar](#); top-right: [Doruk Golcu](#); bottom-right: Angel Witch. Hysteria [also called "the wandering womb," exhibit 1a1a1h3a1a1] is commonly portrayed in the monstrous-feminine "Medusa" hairstyle* as immodest; i.e., lacking decency or virtue by being visually "loud" [making unironic admonishment of such descriptive sexuality/gender a form of tone-policing: "Hush, darling!"]. But in the same breath, anxiety more broadly is a symptom of society whereupon women [or beings perceived as women] are made by men into what men want to see: a damsel who is sexy by disempowered, or "threatening" in ways they can "kettle" [to surround and attack, a police anti-protestor tactic]. This nuts-and-bolts approach gives little space for the woman to classically voice her concerns, so it surges forth from her Frankensteinian body like ghosts and lightning—a tall, imposing, undead passion of suggestibly orgasmic release that men classically view as "weakness" [which they then sexualize]. Losing control isn't just a symptom, then, but a means to addressing larger historical-material concerns in the self-same language hijacked for proletarian dialogs: "Fuckin' metal!")

**Classically the entirety of the female form—its sexuality, gender identity/performance, emotions, etc—is sexualized by men for men. As such, Medusa's big hair synonymizes with her "phallic" snakes; i.e., her "dickhead" literally as a headful of penises or symbolic of a phallic, masculine foil to traditional male heroes' own power source: their singular penises (though the head and the hair are classically seen as a storing site for potency—e.g., Samson from the Bible). The idea of female body hair as "phallic" is certainly not out of the blue, either—with the pubic area (especially its unkempt versions) being synonymized with "incorrect masculinity"/an extension of the clitoris as "phallic-like"; i.e., an offshoot of the "correct" penis's legitimate violence, thus violent in a delegitimized, rebellious counterterror form. Keeping in this spirit, I jokingly in the past referred to Zeuhl's pubic hair (which was especially full and thick) as a "hair penis." Heteronormativity would treat these "exceptions" to the Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com*

haunted by historical trauma and linguo-material abuse (re: by hypocrites like Beeman, Burton, Landis, Ebert, and Marlowe). By extension, the Gothic connects little whores to big ones that—in the right or wrong hands, depending on how you frame it—threaten the world as we know it with something beyond its inhabitants' wildest dreams. The game is one big tightrope/runway strip/cat walk, and involves TMI as much as profaning the sacred; e.g., *I'm a girl*, and I just had *the world's most explosive shit* before writing this exact passage on account that I was trying to hold it in until I finished my thoughts; i.e., inspiration works much the same way and sometimes you just gotta let it out (and the longer you spend with other people, the more you're going to encounter *their* various bodily functions).

That being said, I'm not going to fetishize *that* particular kink, but I *will* normalize a lack of censorship in the broader consensus (re: Milton's 1644 *Areopagitica: A speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicenc'd Printing*) to give people who find power in that kind of thing a place to play with unspeakable things in "unspeakable" ways, mid-cryptonymy. I gotta yuck *that* yum, but as long everyone's able to consent and actually *gives* consent within the venue, then no harm, no foul; re: diversity is strength and just because Archie Wilcox from *Inglorious Basterds* (2009) found Hugo Stiglitz to be a man of few words, he also learned that Stiglitz' actions spoke *louder* than words when the pivotal moment came: "Now about this pickle we're in; it would seem there's only one thing left for you to do!" / "And what is that?" / "Stiglitz." / "Say 'auf wiedersehen'³²⁹ to your Nazi balls!"

Vitruvian, European standard as anathema, but in truth, they are incredibly common; they've just been abjected into a state of exception that weird canonical (art) nerds can police with impunity [ibid.].

I.e., I feel like so many academics write their PhD, only to have it collect dust in some neoliberal vault owned by university bureaucrats keeping *gnosis* under lock and key. Like Shelley showed us—but also hopefully me—you have to make something that not only escapes into the world to speak on its fractal recursions, but becomes something that endlessly grows back into itself in service to workers by altering said recursions' historical materialism; re: liberating sex work (thus all work) through iconoclastic art hugging the alien! This includes Bone Mommies *vis-à-vis* graveyard sex speaking to capital lending us strange appetites while it gentrifies and decays (re: "[A Cruel Angel's \(Modular\) Thesis](#)," 2024), but also any monster type you could think of, in the larger aesthetic; i.e., through a dark intuition that sex-positive forces will still "get" even if the theory eludes them, whereas sex-coercive forms are more estranged (thus sweating nervously inside *their* masks).

³²⁹ All the more ironic since that phrase literally means, "See you again"—a lesson Tarantino imparted with *Django Unchained* (2012), a movie starring the same German-speaking actor from *Basterds* playing a German-speaking character while stealing the show from the protagonists and waxing hauntological nostalgic; i.e., about Wagner's *Das Rheingold/Ring Opera* and its anti-Semitic* introducing of the German opera staples, Siegfried and Brunhilde, into popular media (the opera was written after the Civil War, in 1869, whereas *Django* ostensibly took place *during* the Civil War). Tarantino was hardly the first person to do this (re: Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, but also Henry Giardina's "[Hitler's Favorite Movie Was Super Gay, Actually](#)," 2023).

*Re: Cooke: "That Wagner harboured anti-Semitic [sentiments](#) is both well-known and uncontested within the realm of musicological inquiry. The composer openly [articulated](#) his views in a number of publications, most notably *Judaism in Music (Das Judentum in der Musik; 1850)*, in which he identified

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The point isn't to "own" Nazis in the Free Marketplace of Ideas (since when has *that* stopped fascism?), but to camp the canon with ludo-Gothic BDSM and break Capitalist Realism, thus stop the historical-material *cycle* of violence that reactionaries and moderates both depend on and defend in bad faith/centrist language; i.e., by pointedly confronting and controlling the *conduit* of messages speaking about/on/with taboo subjects normally used to torture us, *sans* irony. Girls shit, for example; *some* girls do more than that *with* their shit (cringes slightly while writing that clause)! Others get raped and do more with their rape than please opportunistic men (speaking from experience, with *that* one); i.e., "There are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy!"

Furthermore, such things—as elements to exploit or liberate and work with, mid-praxis—allude to hypermassive warring forces; i.e., the warring Communist Big Whore, Medusa, conveyed concentrically in smaller doubles, mid-belly-of-the-beast, grappling with state doubles of the capitalist Big Pimp: cops and victims, the former criminalizing the latter for profit, thus rape. All monsters—even that repulsive shit



demon from *Dogma* (1999)—need love, and provided mutual consent is respected, mid-praxis, by punching up against Capitalism and profit (thus rape) as something to dismantle, mid-synthesis, then more power to us! As usual the facilitator is a whore (or muse, in Kevin Smith's arguments. Same difference):

(*exhibit 45c2b1: Older feminists/SWERFs tend to knock the topos of power of women*³³⁰, but it's something that neo-medieval argument can

broach from a variety of sources; e.g., Smith's "angelicizing" of the formerly demonic Selma Hayek [above] from an exotified "other" wrought with vampire

Jewish musicians as the ultimate source of what he perceived as substanceless [music](#) and misplaced values in the arts as a whole. What has remained a controversy, however, is the extent to which Wagner's anti-Semitism informed his musical [compositions](#)" ([source](#): Britannica); i.e., Wagner was anti-Semitic and—like Lovecraft or Howard (from [Weird Magazine](#)) were used by fascist authors then and now to be anti-Semitic not just towards Jews, but all marginalized peoples. What a shocker!

More to the point—and despite *Django* feeling like just another reason for a sexist, pedophilic foot fetishist to say the N-word and have his actors (white or black) say it, too—the lesson of *Basterds* makes Stiglitz's sick burn to the SS officer feel oddly surreal: "Say 'I'll see you again' to your Nazi balls!" before blasting them to paste (a special effects trend stuck with by Tarantino since 2007's *Grindhouse*). The guy think's he's Matthew Lewis, but he's a *straight* lead acting rebellious in bad faith (and apologized for by Ebert's own white superiority)!

³³⁰ E.g., Christine Neufeld—a medievalist professor at EMU (she taught me Chaucer and *Frankenstein*) rolling her eyes at the phrase, saying "some power" in a haughty tone, and later critiquing me for my "weird sexual metaphors" in "[Born to Fall?](#)" but *also* signing off on my Award Letter that helped me continue my education. She gave me an A for the paper but a C+ for the class, telling me I should use *that* as a lesson in future encounters (presumably with tenured *assholes* like her, but I digress).

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tropes punching down at Mexico from America, and attacking sex workers; i.e., with Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez' *From Dusk 'Til Dawn* [1996] presenting the vampires as bloodsucking fodder the bar full of combat vets, bikers and runaway criminals must kill to survive; re: black penitents being one-upped by older more experienced black penitents, but also the assimilative myth [for Rodriguez] of a savage Mexico: a "bad" bloodline threatening a white American hostage virgin³³¹, and who Clooney's suitably gruff, swarth-and-sexy antihero must protect from out-and-out whores [which is what a Neo-Gothic demon, out from the medieval past, ultimately is: an illegitimate claim to power through sex and force]. In his own words, Clooney's "a bastard, not a fucking bastard."



The takeaway with Smith's *Dogma* is that he—a practicing or at least born Catholic—is showcasing a bidding war between two rival groups over Serendipity: an angelic-but-slutty muse, played by Hayek, while Linda Fiorentino's sex-repressed heroine looks in on with begrudging respect [and previously herself played the awesome seductress moll, Bridgette/Wendy Croy, in John Dahl's 1994 *The Last Seduction*—an early '90s neo-noir with a very transphobic ending that castrates Bill Pullman and Peter Berg during coerced rape play]. And while it might seem like Smith is reining these ladies in, he's also showcasing an interracial bid for

³³¹ Played by Juliette Lewis—originally the Bonnie-and-Clyde female serial killer in Oliver Stone's 1994 *Natural Born Killers*—but no stranger to playing damsels, too; e.g., not just *Dawn* but also Scorsese's 1991 *Cape Fear* remake. So often, such stories vicariously threaten modest middle-class white women with "pure violence-as-sex" they can then wish to be spared from through police rescues, but not before flirting with it, Radcliffe-style. They get excited by being rescued on the opposite end of White/Black Knight Syndrome: the virgin/whore needing a *minority* to be demonized; re: pimping the help to punch down and maintain their tradwife positions.

attention: orchestrated by a non-white actress playing an otherworldly actress pitting men vampirically against each other using vampiric charms that have an infantilized, baby-pink "glow up" to them. It's the Catholic schoolboy fascinated with the whore while pimping her/telling her what to wear!

Meta-wise, the subversion is there—and despite the biologically essentialized treatment of the foxy she-devil, having "gone over" to God's side to fleece Smith's sinning Jay and Silent Bob [echoes of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz] stone blind [doing so to the Jackson Five's "[ABC](#)," 1970; i.e., a fool and his money are parted soon]—it's an effective [and playful, fun] illustration of the topos of power of women in small being used, however ineffectually by Smith in the long run, to try and critique Catholic dogma and Capitalism under a Protestant ethic; e.g., his megachurch cardinal and author of the "Buddy Christ" stand-in being played by none other than George Carlin. It's not not wrong.

The problem, here, is the film is still Smith's idea of Capitalism, one he uses to biologically essentialize muses/sex workers; i.e., his own "den of scum and villainy" built on top of Tarantino and Rodriguez' going all the way back to Matthew Lewis' cabin of bandits-in-disguise, from The Monk—a novel Tarantino would ape, with his racist, profoundly misogynistic revival of Verhoeven's already problematic 1985 Flesh and Blood satirizing Western hero culture. Neither director [nor Smith] could critique capital without reducing women to cis-het aliens whose only demonstrably "useful" role is to enchant men and steal their power [and wealth] through sex and sex alone.

Of course, there's a kernel of truth to the cryptomimetic reenactments, but it's possible to be essentially correct and still sexist while aping other sexist men in the process; i.e., Verhoeven filmed Sharon Stone's flashing scene in 1992's Basic Instinct without her consent, Tarantino is a rape apologist³³², and Smith is certainly no stranger to problematic belief systems [ultimately apologizing for the Catholic deity in Dogma but also falling into Milton and Tolkien's Star Wars trap by aggrandizing He-Man and hiring Mark Hamill (an open Zionist) to voice Skeletor in his 2021 reboot, He-Man: Revelation]. Moreover, all of these men come from the same destructive system, Hollywood, whereas Matthew Lewis was a twenty-year old gay man/member of Parliament who wrote The Monk to deliberately critique the status quo [a reputation that would haunt him for the rest of his life, his nickname eventually becoming "Monk" Lewis. We should all be so lucky].



[artist: [H.W., Pickersgill](#)]

³³² Quentin Tarantino once defended Roman Polanski in 2003: "He didn't rape a 13-year-old. It was statutory rape... he had sex with a minor. That's not rape" ([source](#): Callum Russell's "When Quentin Tarantino Defended Roman Polanski in an Interview with Howard Stern," 2022).

Campy patronymics aside, Lewis was a gay man who camped the canon to invert problematic ideas like Original Sin and Faustian bargains; re: Broadmoor's 2021 "[Camping the Canon](#)" vis-à-vis Milton and Lewis, followed by me as inspired by Broadmoor's title when writing my 2023 PhD; e.g., the shapeshifting Matilda first disguising as the male Rosario, then admitting after she is caught that she has actually modeled herself after Ambrosio's portrait of the Madonna on his abbey wall, before seducing him through a reenacting of the Fall [of Adam and Eve] inside "an artificial wilderness." Everything is fake as fuck.

So whereas Lewis' revolutionary cryptonymy was profoundly anti-capitalist and anti-establishment—in effect empowering women like Matilda to gut Ambrosia like the incestuous pig/rapist he was—I can't help but feel Smith [and by extension older auteurs like Verhoeven and Tarantino] have sucked much of the satire out of camp. I don't care if Smith is a King Diamond fan; it's still blind satire, as is their own choir they're preaching to—with them closer to Radcliffe than they'd like to admit; i.e., posturing as Lewis' famous rebel to enjoy the straight man's idea of a queer bad boy³³³ rocking the boat, but actually "super straight" neo-conservative



con men, failing to put pearls before swine [or pearl-clutching for swine, take your pick]: pulling a Radcliffe-in-disguise! "We stare and tremble!" indeed! They're frauds who uphold capital, not tear it down.

[[source](#): Lila Shapiro's "There Is No Safe Word: How the best-selling fantasy author Neil Gaiman hid the darkest parts of himself for decades," 2025]

Simply put, function determines function, not appearance—with the aesthetics of Faustian devilry something that sex liberators and sex pests can embellish in service to workers or profit. It's why you can have someone as devilish [and handsome] as Rickman—playing a variety of dashing lotharios, unscrupulous bandits and ravishing sexual predators onscreen, but be a total sweetheart offscreen [see: Madly, Deeply: The Alan Rickman Diaries³³⁴, 2022]—versus someone like Neil Gaiman, playing the part "to the hilt"

³³³ With Kevin Smith arguably styling his beard in the same tradition as Rickman (who starred in *Dogma* as the Metatron, minus his signature goatee. The plot thickens).

³³⁴ Edited by Alan Taylor and, as my friend Mira (from the tokophobia interview in "[Spilling Tea](#)" but also a massive Alan Rickman fan) points out:

Great book. There's a foreword by Emma Thompson and an afterword by his widow, Rima, that were both really good. Pretty sure there are YouTube versions of both/interviews with both of them (also, see: Waterstone's 2023 "[Emma Thompson's Moving Tribute to Alan Rickman](#)" and Alan Rickman Fans' 2021 "[Galaxy Quest - Alexander Dane/Dr. Lazarus](#)"). Honestly they were "couple goals." Met in school, stayed together their whole lives, never had *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

and passing himself off as some kind of rebel with a cause; i.e., as a genuine sex pest posturing as a Gothic bad boy auteur to access women's spaces and actually rape them³³⁵.

Furthermore, while cis gay men classically are known to tokenize—re: Foucault, Spacey and Dahmer—the problem is heteronormative, thus straight because the state and its cops are straight; i.e., as a systematic problem—the kind Matthew Lewis was highlighting to expose the queer pogroms happening in his own time, versus the straight men aping him/using his rockstar status to pass themselves off as "activists" while actually being crusaders-in-disguise [and imitating a woman imitating straight bigoted men, oddly enough]!

kids even though he wanted to because Rima had phobias and only got married in the year before he died. There's a lot of diary entries where he's been filming something and been really frustrated or stressed but then Rima visits the set and they just chill out, binge watch TV shows and calm each other down.

³³⁵ The gaslight extends to Gaiman's fictions presenting his *victims* as "hysterical"; e.g., Gaiman's incredibly queerphobic dreamstone*/wish fulfillment scene, in *The Sandman* live adaptation; i.e., depicting queer desires as, no bullshit, an honest-to-God threat to Things As They Are—an incredibly problematic argument, unto itself, but also one written by the battered-son-of-a-Scientology-master-turned-accused rapist (re: Shapiro): people *can't* be queer because they'll "all kill each other." I wish I was kidding. It's like Edward Hopper's "Night Hawks" (1942) and Ronald Reagan had a baby (the Netflix adaptation was in 2022; the original was written by Gaiman and illustrated by DC Comics in 1989).

*Which is red for—you guessed it—the Red goddamn Pill. Gaiman coopted Morpheus before the openly MGTOW types had a chance to recuperate the Wachowski sisters' own 1999 Morpheus, in *The Matrix*. Quite the red flag/dogwhistle! Gothic Romance isn't just to lie about the past, but revive it in ways that speak to buried atrocities—a point Gaiman less commits to and more abuses to commit ongoing atrocities directly in front of us [re: bury your gays]!



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From the silver screen to Netflix, Hollywood is the Church, giving shelter to Black Penitents like Radcliffe did—her 1796 Italian's full title being The Confessional of the Back Penitents and cashing in on Lewis' 1794 Monk's signature cryptonymy and perfidy: a straight person aping a queer man to drain his camp of iconoclastic value, cashing in on cheap doubles; i.e., despite being called in some circles "the Mother of Gothic literature" [[source](#): Women's Museum of California, 2017] and hero worshipped for it [sorry, Dale³³⁶, but if the shoe fits...], Radcliffe came after Clara Reeve and aped not one but two gay men, Lewis and Walpole; Smith and company aped Radcliffe aping Lewis to fall on her side of the camp, praxially speaking. Blind camp is blind camp, and all of these people fit the bill. Per capital, such things also work in pairs and go in cycles that span centuries; re: Aguirre's infernal concentric pattern.



[artist: [Black Salander](#)]

To that, be like Lewis or myself when making your own demons, not Radcliffe or her functionally comparable doppelgangers; i.e., the Sphinx' riddle, let your tortures mean something by challenging the status quo [and crippling Divine Right; re: Oedipus Rex].)

Now that we've covered whores-as-demonic through the Faustian angle as something to involve amongst ourselves (as whores), let's examine demons as summoned through magic! "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who cries 'Hold, enough!'"

³³⁶ As in Dale Townshend, one of my MA supervisors (for "[Lost in Necropolis](#)," 2018) and a bit of a Radcliffe academic "fanboy"; i.e., not just teaching me Radcliffe for MMU's "Rise of the Gothic" module, but also writing about her quite a bit; e.g., being one of the editors for *Ann Radcliffe, Romanticism and the Gothic* (2016):

This book offers unique and fresh perspectives upon the literary productions of one of the most highly remunerated and widely admired authors of the Romantic period, Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823). While drawing upon, consolidating and enriching the critical impulses reflected in Radcliffe scholarship to date, this collection of essays, composed by a range of renowned scholars of the Romantic period, also foregrounds the hitherto neglected aspects of the author's work. Radcliffe's relations to Romantic-era travel writing; the complex political ideologies that lie behind her historiographic endeavours; her poetry and its relation to institutionalised forms of Romanticism; and her literary connections to eighteenth-century women's writing are all examined in this collection. Offering fresh considerations of the well-known Gothic fictions and extending the appreciation of Radcliffe in new critical directions, the collection reappraises Radcliffe's full oeuvre within the wider literary and political contexts of her time ([source](#)).

I really don't wish to bust Dale's chops, here (as he was kind to me in school and I learned a lot from him), but it's not *him* I'm critiquing so much as the *author* he's shining a big happy light onto! All the easier for me to beat *her* with a stick! "Kill you darlings, including your *teacher's* darlings!"

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The Road to Hell; or, Summoning the Whore, Ourselves (and Other Considerations of the Faustian Bargain *vis-à-vis* the Participants)

Just like a churchyard shadow creeping after me

It's only there to terrify my mind, a black swan keeps haunting me ([source](#)).

—Dave Mustaine; "Black Swan," from Megadeth's *United Abominations* (2006)



This section takes the path least/most traveled, depending on how you look at it: the road to Hell, examining such runaways as lubricated by a polity of facilitators occupying the same sphere—the angel and the demon, and the virgin and the whore—however they manifest.

Again, we're starting with canonical variants having evolved out of the chaos of the Middle Ages into the Enlightenment and beyond towards 20th and 21st century variants; i.e., *Smile* and *Evil Dead* as built on top of those warring forebears, the war continuing in our own lives, as it did with my ex, Jadis, raping my mind and—through financial abuse—using me for sex and other things. We'll explore an early history of the demonic—from *The Testament of Solomon* and *Hammer of Witches* to *Malleus Maleficarum*, or *Hammer of Witches*, and *De Praestigiis Daemonum (On the Tricks of Demons)* and its appendix, *Pseudomonarchia Daemonum (False Monarchy of Demons)*—then dive into some notes on Radcliffe and Lewis feeding into the more half-real and recent forms, outlined above and below.

This essentially divides in two basic parts, then:

- **"[Going Mask Off: Showing Jadis' Face While Doubling Them](#)":** Gives food for thought about demons as much being real people as fictional ones, during Gothic poetics. The example I give—and doing so in the Radcliffian spirit of demasking bad guys—is my ex and former abuser, Jadis. We discuss my act of doing so not to marshal violence *against* them, but to learn *from* the abuse they caused to camp and subvert, hence prevent future harm, on a systemic level; i.e., while making our own media as haunted by said abuse, doing so as a demonic act of thinking critically (through art and performance) about other people that speaks to abuse affecting oppressed groups unevenly (to summon demons is to make them; to make them *is* to think critically when the resulting parody and pastiche become *perceptive*).
- **"[Dark Shadows: The Origins of Demonic Persecution and Camp; or, Applying My Education \(from School and Jadis\) to Smile, Evil Dead and More](#)":** Considers demonology's early roots, subsequent Neo-Gothic period, and 20th/21st century revivals, while also going over the praxial concerns of canonical torture vs exquisite "torture"; i.e., by how we can take

things further than Radcliffe did while still being aware of the risks *she* ultimately took herself.

The basic idea is to introduce ideas we can reify in our own lives, but explore simultaneously where those ideas came from and how we can use them during oppositional praxis/the cryptonymy process reversing abjection to double our foes and ourselves, mid-calculated risk! There's no canon without camp; keeping with the simulacrum, the canon haunts camp even when transformed into a relatively safe version of itself. This isn't us speaking out, alone, but protecting ourselves, too; i.e., if you're abused, tell someone, but make sure it's someone you trust, or that your method of performance protects you if there's no one *to* trust.

Sadly, when you're playing with fire in a man's world—*are* the fire in man's world/the thing those in the Man Box pimp (male or not)—nothing is ever truly safe. From Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* to Walpole's *Mysterious Mother* (1768), much of the ancient world and *echoes* of the ancient world (which Nazis are) fixate on, and tell through, rape play and death theatre, as well as various taboos, fetishes and clichés; i.e., Radcliffe was Austen's precursor and thought more about marrying monsters (or being abducted by them) than Austen—a marriage junkie herself though never married—did (all *her* villains start with "W" for some reason [e.g., Willoughby and Wickham] and she basically put men and their violence [e.g., duels, Colonel Brandon vs Willoughby] in the periphery). The best way to protect ourselves during the replication and chaos of fascism mirroring us in bad faith, then, is like these ladies; i.e., by reading the room and putting our ear to the ground—acclimating to the *cryptomimetic* uncanny in ways we can demonically seize and control: by recreating and reenacting it on the same shared stages infamous psychomachic divisions and liminalities!

In other words, Gothic Communism is a mirror game. All war is based on deception, including class war. This means that revolution *is* theatre, which isn't strictly on or off stage, and populated by demons in a dualistic sense. All of them lie to tell truth for different purposes (for workers or the state), the function determined by dialectical-material context. That's easy enough to parse, after the fact. But how do you do it when you're being gaslit, and the performance is both ongoing and dictated by socio-material forces designed to conceal themselves? How do you separate the wheat from the chaff when the wheat looks and sounds like the



chaff—when you look at yourself and see an alien looking back you that you both fear and want to be, and which speaks through dogwhistle, DARVO, obscurantism and subterfuge? By taking control of the Aegis, of course! Learn from the best, then beat them at their own game!

Going Mask-Off: Showing Jadis' Face while Doubling Them

"And if I would've gotten away with it if it weren't for you meddling kids!"

—every *Scooby Doo* villain ever (1969)

To summon the whore to expose abuse is, to some extent, to unmask them while copying them into a harmless version we can learn to mirror and make trouble with (to wage class war). Jadis is the "strict" demon we'll be working with, and we'll unmask them, in just a second.

First though, some food for thought, followed by a painful-joyous and necessary note about my own succubus who seduced and raped me, Jadis. So often, the theft of souls and their eventual redemption happens in the same poetic spheres, onstage and off, with doubles of the same harmful leeches leeching *back* (why be a lame detective when you could be a necromancer?):



Demons prey on others as a matter of exchange; in doing so, they operate through the basic idea that people are *not* gods, but guided by human, thus animal impulses. In theological, but also Gothically poetic terms, they are the gap between things that "God" denies and relegates to the underworld, save that Hell is all around us. So while Perdition and Purgatory are places of torment and boredom, not unlike Hell, "Hell" is also classically an absence of grace (one Protestants address the reprobate nature of through a "holy" work ethic).

It's also where demons bourgeois and proletarian call home (and which I prefer to say instead of "good and bad," to be a good Marxist), and whose liminalities assume an infinite number of forms and roads *to* Hell; i.e., the presence of demons being a presence of Hell and absence of God/grace, yet whose grave danger doubles God's own human fakeries in a pointed inversion of earthly existence and afterlife, but also eternal damnation as a state of eye-opening punishment through darkness visible—with interpreting God and canon being a Protestant device likewise available to *demons* living under God's sphere of influence: a road to Hell, thus temptation of a post-capitalist order in pre-capitalist language by thinking about the socio-material world in the usual poetic arguments along the Gothic's half-real, trendy bad echo oscillating *between* canon and camp.

To that, God and canon take away workers' ability to create, and limit it to bourgeois binarization/privatization. "God" per the Abrahamic religions, then, is just an extrasecular/post-Schism way of arguing *for* capital regulating desire from a canonical standpoint, using Gothic poetics; "Satan" and demons, a Miltonic and Satanic way of resisting that while inside the state of exception (outside of God's grace, but not his settler-colonial territories): forbidden fruit, and the feeling of

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darkness and Gothic fakeries by canonizers playing God and—hopelessly swayed by Capitalist Realism—find it easier to imagine the end of the world in God's absence haunted by dark forces, than it is to imagine a world without God/capital. Gothic canon becomes another almanac of torture chambers to populate with ghosts of the



counterfeit furthering abjection/policing nature as non-white, non-Christian, non-GNC whore: "You weak pathetic fools! I've come for your souls!" / "I don't think so!"

When "Caesar" is at your door, it's time to survive, solidarize, and speak out (Persephone van der Waard's "[Survive, Solidarize, Speak Out](#)," 2024), or die trying.

And while revolution *is* a slum, it's also a *party* made with cool trash (from pure schlock to Sontag's true camp and everything in between; re: Persephone van der Waard's "[My Least Favorite Horror Movies?](#)" 2020) that *also* serves as a disguise. Yet so often, "soul" is a canonical argument for "grace," thus ignorance, whose violation bad actors will happily exploit in hauntological defense of capital from "degenerate" enemies within; i.e., by exploiting those running away from home (because home is bad beneath the surface) in search of the Numinous. For every one of us, there's ten of them; who'll tire first? There's only one way to find out. Put your money where your mouths are! Put on *your* masks, and pull *theirs* off! Break the fetish cop's monopoly (the duality of mil spec, torture porn, heavy metal, etc, out of the '70s and '80s into the present)!

This brings us, once more, to Jadis—a person not without means (at least according to my admittedly limited intelligence, at this point), thus someone I unmask here, *Scooby-Doo*-style, with some degree of risk (especially since Donald Trump is now president³³⁷). Whatever hells they visit upon me, should they try to, this step towards my own Hell is one that decolonizes their awful notions of such things; i.e., they were the first TERF/SWERF I encountered, in person, and the primary motivating factor for writing *Sex Positivity* as a series (which started with the intent to discuss TERFs and not only why they suck, but how they as witch cops look like witches policing their own kind, next page): Jadis was a traitor who raped me (by my definitions of the word; see: "[A Note about Rape](#)") but also a Great Destroyer I could evoke to achieve a palliative-Numinous effect during ludo-Gothic BDSM! With opera—with sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll (all the stuff that people like)—revolutions live and die on love; it's why the state tries to monopolize such things.

In short, with Trump now elected and people like Elon Musk [literally doing a Nazi salute \(a Roman hauntological act\) for Trump's inauguration](#) (Hasanabi's "Did

³³⁷ When the wolf is loose—it helps to keep a few masks and buffers nearby. Become something they can't attack/that others will defend from attack because they see it as human, not expendable.

Elon Just..." 2025), it's a hell of a time to be brave, but exactly the time *to* be brave; i.e., Nazis are scared of everything, so give 'em something to fear—a parody of themselves, but also a way of speaking out, thus fighting back in ways that confuse their aggression and redirect it. Silence *is* genocide, but you *can* shout loudly in ways the enemy *doesn't* recognize using the cryptonymy process to reverse abjection despite them furthering it. We never want to hesitate or question fighting Nazis (while also prioritizing our own safety by fighting back) because that's how they get inside and pry compromise out of those they'll only later betray anyways; re: "I'm altering the conditions of our arrangement. Pray I do not alter them further!" But power doesn't flow one way and we can reverse said flow no matter how "permanently" stuck in the mud things seem.

In short, there's a time to watch movies, and a time to have the adventure for real, but this still allows for a curious walking of the tightrope, all the same; i.e., relative to games, exile and pushing for something better than what the elite shove down our throats: singing up *at* their awful food with something delicious. Valor! "Let man's petty nations tear themselves apart! My land's only borders lie around my heart!" (ABBAtalk's "[Anthem from Chess The Musical \(Tommy Körberg\)](#)," 1984). Sing "For Somewhere That's Green!" (Broadwaycom's "[Jinkx Monsoon Performs...](#)"), or of the Dire Straights' "[Romeo and Juliet](#)" (1980) and similar "come hither and fuck me" clothes, music, performance art, all rolled into one. We're fighting for what we believe in as being one in the same, a form of demonic expression our enemies will occupy in bad faith.



That's musicals, of course; the *Gothic* as an operatic, multimedia mode of danger disco suitably revives the barbarian past in the neoliberal era to control feelings concerning its continued abuses happening in the present—i.e., we return



to past trauma revived "in small," hence in ways we can control by duplicating it. That's what I'm going to be doing when analyzing said past, and Jadis—someone I have repeatedly described in the past as someone I have history with—is an excellent place to start: a hellish jubilee!

[model and photographer: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Please note: As of writing [and posting this piece onto my website](#) (on January 20th, 2025), I am showing Jadis' uncensored face in photographs. That being said, any photos

of Jadis provided here show no explicit pornographic nudity of them, nor imagery where we engage in sexual activities with them naked on screen or even in the same room³³⁸; i.e., any exhibits of them where I am credited as "photographer"

³³⁸ My side of the conversation was recorded in Michigan, which is a two-party state with an exception for participants. Or as Jeffery Koelzer of Varnum LLP explains: "Michigan is a two-party consent state, with an exception for recordings by conversation participants" ([source](#)). That being said, the point is moot given the conversations' recordings occurred with Jadis' consent and mine (for which I have their spoken consent on record; i.e., us discussing the recording process in detail while doing it and playing together). As I shall further explain, the image portions I am showing are not sexual, and provide additional context to the sexual abuse Jadis exacted upon me *after* said videos were taken.

To that, these exhibits are screencaps from previously recorded videos produced between us with their full knowledge and consent; i.e., the videos were recorded with their full permission, explicitly for me to keep for my personal enjoyment*: Jadis enjoyed knowing I had them, effectively making them homemade porn between two willing (and eager) participants. The screencaps used are before sexual activity takes place, with Jadis either having all of their clothes still on, or the nude portions of their body off camera; i.e., my showing of these recorded conversations is to prove that they occurred, not to demonstrate their total pornographic contents, which I refrain from showing in these exhibits (exceptions being towards myself as nude, solo, to demonstrate the erotic qualities of courtship that took place between us: what Jadis and I exchanged, prior to us moving in together).

**Jadis abused me repeatedly in ways I have explained in the past (re: "[Escaping Jadis](#)," July 6th, 2024) and shall explain again, here. The context for these screencaps is to give vital background to what I am explaining, and to show my abuser more than I have previously done in earlier accounts. In short, I'm putting a face to the alias—my right as a victim outing that portion of my abuser as I see fit. My past accounts of abuse regarding them have been up since at least early 2023 (e.g., "You really do have a beautiful body"; [source](#): "Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism: Manifesto," modified from July 2022 to 11/4/2023) but expanding in 2024 to include censored images of Jadis' body but not their face, and more detailed accounts of their abuse ([source](#): "Transforming Our Zombie Selves," June 27th, 2024).*

Furthermore, the older samples cite even older media that has been online since before 2022 and includes uncensored images of Jadis' face and real name (e.g., "[Why I Submit](#)," February 19th, 2021), recordings of Jadis identifying themselves and their profession for the mic (e.g., "Dreadful Discourse, ep 1: What is the Gothic?" June 26th, 2020; [timestamp](#): 0:35), me with my arm around them after they graduated from UF ([source tweet](#), NicksMovInsight: May 6th, 2021). The point being, Jadis has known about my identifying writings of them since before we broke up (many of which they

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(above) aren't from a handheld camera, but two web cameras—theirs and mine. As I shall reiterate deeper in this section, my doing so is a continuation of my ongoing testimony of their abuse against me during our relationship; i.e., not to sexualize them, but expose them after our relationship ended as a sexual abuser who took advantage of me in multiple ways.

My decision to gradually show more of Jadis—and to the degree to which I feel comfortable in doing so—has occurred slowly as I have healed and felt increasingly ready to speak about these things more openly. It isn't to invite violence against them, but to learn from what they did to raise awareness about rape/domestic abuse for future praxis among survivors of abuse [strength in



numbers and intelligence, babes]. Do not attack them; just know what they did and don't do it to others. Please refer to the footnote for additional context, links and other information. —Perse

(exhibit 45c2b2: Rapists are masters of disguise, often hiding in plain sight; here is me finally demasking mine. Moderates decay into Nazis. And like Nazis, the real Jadis/my abuser was a massive dork who—apart from routinely abusing

my mind to extort my body as succubae classically do—loved Mortal Kombat memes, KFMDM, Tool music videos, He-Man and ninjas, Industrial music, dark '90s media in general, and rough sex/demonic BDSM [cryptomimetic echoes of their inner "war pig" but also their own abusive mother].

As such, this is as much a photo of them [and their sinister moral poverty] in real life/the flesh versus the simulacrum [shadow/likeness] of them we'll be discussing in this section for more campy purposes; i.e., the former a demon that haunts my

offered feedback on) being cited in my writings about them after we broke up calling them my abuser and then later still, my rapist. The rape claim has been active for over six months, and my claims of abuse for roughly two years. Not once has Jadis ever contacted me after February 14th, 2022, either to harass me or ask me to cease and desist.

To which, I reasoned back then and now, they know about the claims and ability for their name to be connected to the alias, but haven't done anything about it; i.e., that it wouldn't be especially difficult for anyone reading these publicly available accusations to follow the references back to their original, publicly available sources, thus to acquire: Jadis' full name, where they went to school, what they look like, and ultimately what they did to me. This also includes publicly available Google Docs that detail their abuse not just cursorily but in vivid and extensive detail; re: "[Setting the Record Straight Again; Accounting My Ex's Abuse of Me to Another Victim August 30th, 2022](#)" and "[Setting the Record Straight; My Ex's Abuse of Me: February 17th, 2022.](#)"

Said documents have been up, live and unaltered, since their posting dates. Jadis has not once reached out to me to acknowledge them, but apart from blocking their Twitter main, I have made no effort to hide my work from them, either. I've even written about their abuse of me and other people and featured images of all of us together (e.g., Tim, with Jadis and I; exhibit 39a2b, "[Escaping Jadis](#)") and Jadis still hasn't done anything. I can only reason they either know they're guilty and/or don't care (and to my knowledge are still living with the other abused person; re: their former ex, "Tim," who knows everything about Jadis [because I told them] and were with them longer than I was—over ten years, versus roughly two).

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waking moments, the latter a demon I summon for my own survivor's complicated reasons: the real Jadis summoned the moon to torment me, which I escaped by not only physically distancing myself from Jadis the person, but in creating likenesses of them I could control/"torture" myself with! Jadis was someone who understood the whore's awesome power, and used it to enthrall me; surviving their holocaust, I made what was best about them into a dark "magic man" effigy [Jadis is genderfluid] that I could conjure up whenever I feel like: "Ravish me, stupid!"



[models and artist: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#), both models; [Persephone](#) as artist]

To that, my double doesn't have the blind, terrifying "death in your eyes" look that Jadis themselves did, but something thrilling that awakens in me new feelings of life [through Radcliffe and Lewis' terror and horror] that I can "ride the lightning out" until my tremors subside; i.e., on par with the electrifying solo from Annihilator's "[Death in Your](#)

[Eyes](#)" [2009]. Paradoxically this became not something to avoid, but ride as often as I liked—to take my scars and activate something that, through the pain of surviving rape, pregnancy and loss that Jadis had exacted upon me, became their accidental gift I could relish not simply until the end of my days, but give to all of you vis-à-vis ludo-Gothic BDSM and Gothic Communism.

In short, Communism—from Shelley to Marx to me—is a byproduct of rape, specifically the fascist raping the worker until they radicalize. As such, Jadis thought they were only taking from me when they—in poetic terms, but also materially through fiscal brute force—forced themselves upon me, but any exchange is a give and take, and I used what was given to eclipse and expose them through my rape child. I was the moon, bitch [or "Angry Sun" from [Mario 3](#)]! You are but a pale imitation of the Medusa, a little bougie fake whoring yourself for the Man! No TERFs allowed!

Do you think I spent years of my life dwelling and ruminating for mere indulgence? To let shame rule me even though it lives in my battered aching heart to this very day? No, I birthed Sex Positivity precisely because I suffered at the hands of false idols, forever shattering my idea of a safe home and leading me to run off into strange zones to find a sense of balance I would never have, in stillness: demonic wanderlust for the slut whose trauma lives in her body. A world without order or reason is classically a meaningless one, but the beauty of total liberation from state predation [thus fascism] is one where we become free from profit [thus genocide

and rape] while being able to make our own meaning among ourselves and the natural-material world. How the tables turn!

To that, learn from my mistakes³³⁹ and creative successes [not just one child, but a serial litter of them, my little trans Dutch girl's (excuse the expression) "Irish twin" demon babies—less outbreeding a rival army and more passing our revenge along to the next generation] to go and make your own demons passing the demon of Communism forwards; i.e., Sex Positivity was begot from rape, and I couldn't have written it [and its conception of the palliative Numinous or ludo-Gothic BDSM] without some degree of tragedy possessing me to not simply wake up in the middle of the night afraid for my own life, but to "rip 'n tear until it is done!" I couldn't have, any more than Mary Wollstonecraft junior could have written Frankenstein and turned into Mary Shelley without eloping with Percy and getting knocked up, first [a choice complicated by her mother's death giving birth to her, and God knows what else]—a decision I implore some degree of caution regarding: not senseless risk, flying into danger headlong, but calculated risk as learned by me having fucked up royally so you don't have to.

But also, learn from my paradoxical joys, during the painful [re]conception, birth and afterbirth; i.e., the fact that it wasn't all bad, just messy and intense: the sex was good, and Jadis was funny [all qualities I took and put in my book to spite them, but also to love their better half that eventually gave into greed and pride]! God they made me laugh and cum like mad! But they also terrified me and couldn't control themselves/gave us both more than we agreed to; re: we had a contract, one they didn't follow while dragging me through a portal into their idea of Hell as they envisioned it—where they were master/victim and I their unwilling slave/abuser! What I say is the truth, insofar as the historical events are concerned, but it nonetheless revives in/mixes with Gothic poetics' shadows and lies; e.g., Jadis wasn't a black knight, as much as I wanted them to be. Instead, the truth of them was far more banal:



Jadis was always a person at war with themselves/ruled by their past. In short, they were kinder when they were poor/only began to change once their father died and they inherited a small fortune/dividends [extra emphasis on "small," but it was enough to immediately change our lives during Covid: to get a new car and home at the drop of a hat and still be able to live comfortably for the rest of our lives]. Faced with that, Jadis' desires for assimilation

³³⁹ Or "happy accidents," as Bob Ross calls them.

and dominion over a partner they could control ["the devil you know" and all that] began to surface—i.e., they had an empty room they could build whatever they wanted inside; instead of making a world together with me, they chose to push me out and orchestrate their ex, Tim, moving in with us [which originally was my idea, but one Jadis gently encouraged by constantly prodding me to mend fences with a former victim they presented as having abused Jadis first; i.e., Jadis was always the only victim].

Due to visual similarities unfolding mid-relationship, though, rape is always a matter of context under dialectical-material scrutiny. Jadis' and my courtship, being like many others were and are, started through sex. I showed them mine and they showed me theirs [theirs not shown for obvious legal reasons]:



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

We didn't just like what we saw, but played a lot online [about five weeks straight] before they swooped in on their chariot to escort me from Michigan to Florida. But this was a process that involved larger world events [Covid], personal frustrations on both our sides [our exes/recent separations], and bad decisions on my part wanting to salvage my present circumstances by ignoring in Jadis what I—and my hot piece of ass/puppy-like

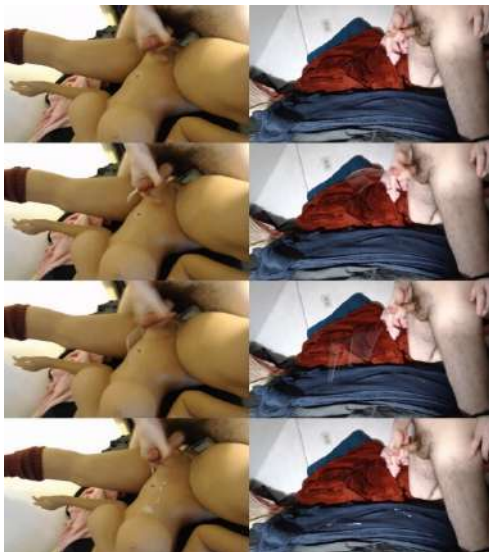
enthusiasm—sincerely thought she could fix through tender love and care, but also gobs and gobs of fresh hot cum: saying to them, "This is what I'm gonna give you!" and thinking they wanted me—body, heart and soul! "Best laid plans" 'n all, this time the mouse being wrong [or the woman working the plow, I suppose].

In the meantime, my prospective partner to plow approved of my sexual appetite and clearly working goods. But the moment I "misbehaved" by calling them out, they traded me in for a different model—treating me like a faulty car³⁴⁰ or horse that had thrown a shoe/wouldn't behave, chattelizing me but also the person who came before and after me [re: they went back to their ex]. I used to think the

³⁴⁰ Our relationship was basically like Wonderboy and Captain Sunshine from *Venture Bros.*, but especially the seat belt scene with Captain Sunshine's car (Muffins&Dragon's "Best of Captain Sunshine," 2022; [timestamp](#): 3:45): seemingly *unnecessary* but actually used to trap and keep the ward under constant surveillance while acting like "protection" *through* said surveillance; i.e., the seatbelt serving as kind of innocuous bondage device framed as love bombing while constantly comparing said ward to the old version the replacement was supposed to, well, replace (and arguably an alter ego *for* the protector/parent to incessantly baby). Jadis would act *exactly* like that; re: comparing me to Tim and rewarding me when I "was good" with positive comparisons, yet *using* said comparisons (and the car) to *punish* me when I "was bad." In short, it was literally cruising for sex, then acquiring a fancy car ornament/arm candy during Batman/Robin (master/slave; aka master/apprentice, or the hobo and punk, etc) syndrome—very 1970s gay and *not* the good kind!

problem lay with me—that I was "somehow" broken or didn't deserve love—but in truth, while we both damaged, they used theirs to abuse me. And so I discovered that it not only feels good to bare it all and tell my story to the larger world; but it feels empowering to do it repeatedly as part of the code I'm constantly writing in these volumes!

Hindsight is 20/20. Yet, if Volume Three [the first book I wrote, but have yet to publish as of writing this] was me flirting with the idea of exposing Jadis, and the Undead Module was me telling my story about Jadis in full to begin learning from it, then this section you're reading now—the Demon Module side of my ongoing testimony—is the logical follow-through of that painful healing process after laying Jadis to rest: strapping myself to the cross by digging their fat zombie ass back up, or in more demonic language, summoning back to the mortal plane to trot out my show pony duplicate of what well-and-truly made my life from May 2020 to February 2022 a living hell! To it, we don't owe anything to our abusers privately or publicly abusing us; they forgo that privilege the moment they harm us.



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

Creation is sacred and profane; you can't have good without bad, babies without batter, and nothing good ever lasts, but neither does anything bad. Instead, it's a historical-material cycle, one where state and labor proponents dialectically-materially war to develop or abort Communism. Gothic Communism is Gothically mature and Capitalism is not. In turn, Gothic maturity is the ability to discuss difficult topics using Gothic poetics to achieve holistic, total perspective; re: even the situation I partially described, above, wasn't all bad—and not to

downplay my own rape at their hands, because it was bad—but two things can also be true at once, and good sex, creation [biological pregnancy or otherwise] and relationships need passion to work [insofar as they meet our needs beyond the basic material necessities]. It's a paradox that abusers frequently exploit to stabilize and handle their prey until they have what they want from them.

Ergo, things with Jadis were incredibly bad but also incredibly good: one, because Jadis caught flies with honey, and two, because their subsequent piss and vinegar pushed me to meet Jericho, followed by Cuwu, and eventually Bay while producing my life's work having lived a full life. A real Victor Frankenstein making me into the monster they wanted to control—but also Mephistopheles tempting a trans-woman Fausta—consider how Jadis had seduced me with a taste of the good stuff/fire of the gods, which I wanted after they'd "turned off the tap."

In short, "I'd grown addicted to water" and desired its return! This ultimately backfired and I escaped Jadis' hold on me—not for good, but enough to get out from under their thumb and build a new life in the desert of their Ozymandian hubris:



"Full life, full book," so seize the day, lovelies! Yes, Jadis was little more than a robber baron aping the Man to rape me; yet, rape also isn't a "win button" for the elite to

terrorize victims into inaction, but something you can use to build the end of their line during the whore's revenge [e.g., Morgana helping birth Mordred (through sex and magic) to castrate Arthur]. To it, reclaiming terror language needs to happen, and experimentation is vital to synthesizing demonic knowledge as something that survives as much between us as outside ourselves. So never let anyone discourage you from taking risks [within reason, of course]—and certainly never take anything given for granted/in blind faith: canon is meant to blind you and steal your dreams/power for the elite, but also their lapdogs like Jadis, the person, ultimately was—a real Cuntasaurus Rex. "Tis a shadow of a thought that I loved!" "Alas, poor Yorick!"



[artist: Jadis; [source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "Why I Submit: A Subby Gothacist's Attitudes on Metroidvania, Mommy Doms, and Sexual Persecution," 2021]

Beyond making myself feel good, I mention Jadis here because it showcases how the gaslight [and its rape] happen as much between media and people versus either in isolation; i.e., the state gaslights, gatekeepers, girlbosses strict mommy doms to pacify actual labor action trying to subvert canonical Gothic's praxial inertia, and that's exactly what Jadis did to me, but also what the demons in Smile and Evil Dead [from Hammer of Witches canonizing Beowulf onwards into the future] are also doing. It's what Musk and Trump are doing. And so on.

If you feel yourself being tricked by such canonical worship, think of Jadis for a more earthbound perspective to ground you; i.e., they raped me, but also inspired me to survive them in ways I could salvage from their ample "corpse" [Jadis is alive and well, to my knowledge; our relationship is not]: "Mortal Kombaaaaaaat! Uh-uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh!" So do we camp the past to subvert it while having fun, and that means reviving its harmful aspects in fearsome-looking but ultimately harmless clones of themselves.

Eventually Jadis stopped caring about that—choosing instead to betray and harm me instead of actually being a good partner—but if ever there was anything good

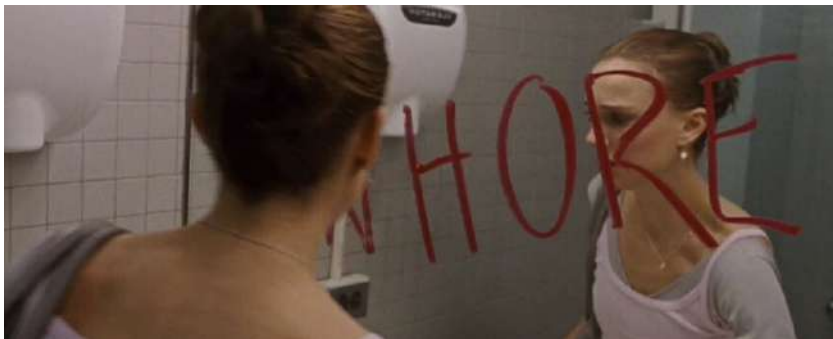
they showed me without harming me, it was that sex to overcome abuse can be fun. Eventually it just stopped being fun, with them; re: because they gradually started to abuse me. This abuse lasted for nearly two years, and it has taken just as long [and constant hard work] not merely to heal from it, but to turn that healing into something useful towards what Jadis hated more than anything else in the world: developing Communism. Every day afterwards has been a gift—one from me to all of you: my magic man! Ta-da!



[model and photographer: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

So forget "you have only to lose your chains!" Only with chains of our own devising—during mutual consent illustrated through informed labor action opposing state forces—can we truly free ourselves from the hellish state

bondage and illusion that is Capitalist Realism: a Hell of our own hermeneutic, phenomenology and application, levitating in delicious convulsion and psychosexual "martyrdom" haunted by harm! It's not an opiate, but forbidden sight attached to pleasure and pain hyphenated to not just survive those people and structures that harm us, but subvert and transform them to help us thrive, speaking to spite their machinations [to meet new mates who, in spite of our mutual weirdness, won't harm us and vice versa]! Sweet apostacy, let's proselytize!)



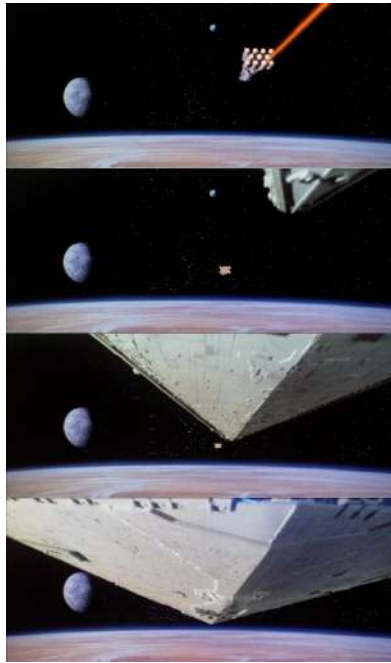
No one asks to be raped; but many rape victims camp their holocaust by putting "rape" in quotes while remembering past sacrifices they made/secret shames they wrestle with as society's

perpetual monstrous-feminine virgins/whores (a fact the Gothic hyphenates on the same surfaces, above). The way to survive the fash, thus the pimp is to break their monopoly on whores. This includes white moderates like Jadis.

"Demons," like Lewis eating Ambrosio from inside-outside himself (and unmaking God's Adam to wickedly and deliciously reverse Genesis) during the cryptonymy process, then, are as much us inside ourselves creating likenesses of old friends and enemies outside ourselves; re: my fashioning of Jadis to escape their real-life double, and one informed by a variety of texts we both grew up with.

These interrelations, in turn, are entirely endless, and which we'll examine a handful here, *vis-à-vis Smile, Evil Dead*, my ex Jadis (again), and other germane concepts; we'll also discuss summoning them to subvert their potential beyond the state's intended usage—i.e., in our own performative lands of excess and uncanny valleys of strange contrast hammering swords into ploughshares.

About that. Fascism doesn't fight fair—is when Imperialism comes home to empire as something to defend from "us"; the world, as a system of exploitation, only "ends" when Nazis *stop* being Nazis and lay down *their* arms to dismantle the state with us *against* the elite. Until then, they conjure up their own "moons" to hunt us down with: warships of all kinds, size and shapes, onstage and off.



However false or real *these* are, they remain a performance we can decolonize on the same battlefields, be those on *terra firma* or up in the clouds overhead, the state of exception expanding into outer space (with Musk desperate to go to Mars for some reason). "And the moon rattles in the sky like a piece of angry candy..." With *that* bearing down on us, it's normal to question our sanity in fighting something so stupidly *big*.

But the reality is, they only have what power you *give* them and you can only see such things in pieces while cutting them down to size. *That* happens in the day-to-day spheres the capitalist cannot control. He's too big and fat, only waiting for a *worldwide* rebellion to come along and burst his bubble; i.e., colonies always have a built-in time limit with a lit fuse, and America is just another police state whose time is running out.

Lucas certainly loved his propaganda battles (above), but rebellion isn't won by singular monomythic events advancing the rights of single groups (white straight boys); it's a group effort that leads to gradual change that, sure enough, happens eventually all at once. So now's the time to fight for *that* shifting of the tides! Run and change shape, become invisible to them! Steal their plans! Tire them out! Remind them all their power comes from what *they* steal, so cut off their supply! Infinite form, infinite capacity to affect change by leveraging labor and action against their giant machines needing us to play along to work. In *denying* them our blood, everything stops, giving us the power to negotiate the slings and arrows through asymmetrical warfare!

To that, next we'll focus on *not* playing along during our own plays, doing several close-reads that outline the demonic history and theory we're working with, here: to apply it to such ongoing battles of development, onstage and off!

Dark Shadows: The Origins of Demonic Persecution and Camp; or, Applying My Education (from School and Jadis) to *Smile, Evil Dead* and More

"I have seen the dark shadows moving in the woods and I have no doubt that whatever I have resurrected through this book is sure to come calling for me."

—Doctor Raymond Knowby, *Evil Dead* (1981)

Now that we've unmasked a double of my abuser similar to how Radcliffe would have done to the abusers of women (extended to other minorities beyond women), let's apply this education to a couple of close-reads (I know, I know—I said I wouldn't do any more of these, but we have to be able to apply the knowledge of the past to the present, somehow).

To that, demons look human because they *are* human and this can be good or bad not simply per a Cartesian binary but a dialectical-material one: demons for workers or the state as a matter of transformation and exchange, generally through the canonizing or camping of torture and rape (the subversion of what is supposedly preordained/-determined by almighty inhuman forces). The Road, for Bakhtin, is a place to encounter characters in a story's advertisement of space and time; i.e., the Gothic chronotope one of pandemonium, thus infinite possibility and change. Demons are whores as things to expose. Let's get down to brass tacks, shall we?



The idea is a road to Hell, summoned up less by the road being moved or changed, and more that upon it appears a magic man (or some other cosmic visitor beyond God's grace bearing a similar level of power) to make *our* dreams (of a world

beyond Capitalism) come true! It's a Holy Grail of sorts, but a false one that, when consumed, canonically threatens Instant Death (with Spielberg's *The Last Crusade* [1989] continuing the same mix-and-match of Abrahamic—pointedly Jewish and Christian—dogmas to punch Nazis and Arabs by white saviors and Numinous trinkets with a Zionist flavor to them, above). But that doesn't stop temptation from personifying and being tempting in ways that speak to class, culture and race war, now does it? Such has been the case since *Paradise Lost*, at least—a quality that couches rebellion within a sexy rebel that, in the hands of state proponents, adopts a likeness of rebellion they will use to police the whore and her revenge with to have the state's instead; re: the pimp vs the whore.

Or as Ann Wilson sings about on the throbbing and urgent "[Magic Man](#)" (1975), *Dreamboat Annie* is Charon's Canoe front-loaded with a sexy mystery—why *do* women run off with strange men on the road to Hell?

"Come on home, girl" Mama cried on the phone
 "Too soon to lose my baby yet, my girl should be at home"
 But try to understand, try to understand
 Try, try, try to understand, he's a magic man, Mama, ah
 He's a magic man³⁴¹ ([source](#)).

The short answer is power and rebellion from problems at home. Yet, temptation *is* painful because escape *is* a passion, and giving in before, during and after that point aches in more ways than one; i.e., vigor and physical longing (the dreaded blue balls/clit) versus more emotional kinds of loss that, for the young, they've never had/are experiencing for the first time as babes in the wilderness; i.e., less

³⁴¹ Lyriquedisorde writes,

In an interview (and also in the VH-1 special I mentioned) Ann revealed that the "Magic Man" was her then-boyfriend, band manager Michael Fisher, and that part of the song was an autobiographical telling of the beginnings of their relationship. (from Wikipedia) Michael was originally Heart's guitarist. Ann followed Michael to Canada during the Vietnam War years so he wouldn't get drafted. In 1974, Nancy joined the band later and Michael then became the band's manager and sound engineer ([ibid.](#)).



Ideally we learn from real life when playing with demons; re: during calculated risk, learning from trauma in safer Radcliffean forms that we can respond to and mimic while synthesizing praxis ourselves; i.e., while going beyond the concerns of cis-het white women like Ann and Nancy Wilson while, in the same breath, listening to and learning from their own stories of survival: "missing white girl" syndrome. Others are tired of selective triage favoring the biggest marginalized voice; i.e., we have to think of all workers, not just white women and children (*Dreamboat Annie*—more like "Are you okay, Annie?" amirite?)!

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for those actually young and more from a lack of experience/glut of stunted growth, experience *is* the teacher of fools (speaking from experience, here).

Cis or not, a young woman's viewpoint of forbidden desire, then, is classically more hysterical than a man's (e.g., Black Sabbath's "N.I.B.," 1970); but in truth, it's the same argument, made with "vaginal/clitoral" feminine energies versus "phallic" masculine ones (which the Gothic/ GNC elements of Matthew Lewis challenge Radcliffe's centralizing of the usual gender/colonial binary admonishing white cis female rebellion and demonizing everything else under the sun; i.e., anything



outside the nuclear model is a whore, but virgins are whores waiting to happen by bumping into their evil twins).

([source](#): Lyriquediscorde's "'Magic Man' by Heart," 2018)

Now that we've gone over whores, abusers and Faust more

generally—and have set the stage for doubling by demasking Jadis—here is the list of points we shall cover in "Summoning the Whore through Magic" as a matter of covering the basic history before synthesizing ourselves through poetry *and* close-read:

- [Rehashing Radcliffe and the Process of Investigating Demons; or Summoning Today's Whore \(through Yesterday's Magic\)](#)
- [Origins of Faust; or, a Brief History of Demons and Their Torturous Summoning Rituals and Effects](#)
- [Pulling a Faust; or, Summoning Power, Active Impostors, Death Curses, and Radcliffe's Exquisite "Torture" \(feat. *Smile, Jadis, Evil Dead*, and more\)](#)
- [Canonical Demonology and Torture: Summoning Racism and Other Bigotry](#)
- [The Evolution of Canonical Torture, cont. \(feat. for-Profit Demons\)](#)
- [Introducing the Demonic Trifecta](#)
- [The Difference between Canonical and Exquisite "Torture"](#)
- [A Note about Our Small Friends Also Tortured by Capital](#)
- [The Dangers \(and Pleasures\) of Demonic Camp](#)

Furthermore, whereas "Making Demons" examined the Promethean Quest and composite, *manmade* demons, the rest of the "Summoning Demons" subchapter will focus on two things in two parts:

- summoned, supernatural demons and their numerous rituals of torture; i.e., the relationship of power exchange expressed in forbidden, occult forms

- the participants; i.e., the summoned demon, but also those who play their Faustian games of torture: the damsels and detectives as demonic vessels (sex demons) during demon BDSM working under a presumption of torture and guilt with or without irony

As such, we'll outline the base idea of what summoned demons constitute during oppositional praxis, including their persecutorial role in canonical stories; i.e., by *attacking* demons as a mode of genderqueer expression. After that, we'll examine how earlier Western³⁴² authors of demonic tales—namely Radcliffe and Lewis' respective terror and horror classes of black penitents/sex demons/smooth



criminals—were effectively explorers facing monsters, but especially the derelict "ancient" stories and infamous demons left curiously behind for others to find: to summon and pass things imperfectly along as demons do (almost a game of charades: "It's *right* in front of you!" *wiggling intensifies*).

(artist: [Sabrina Val](#))

Rehashing Radcliffe and the Process of Investigating Demons; or Summoning Today's Whore (through Yesterday's Magic)

Regarding all of yesterday's demons, we're effectively left with a series of older trials—of fire and pain, but also temptation (above)—those having completed them braving the death curses and threats of demon rape to uncover forbidden knowledge for new generations to uncover through our own means of summoning the past: learn enough to be dangerous, then make your own monsters during ludo-Gothic BDSM's calculated risk (magic men or otherwise—with Radcliffe's being more about the threat of rape than raw sex appeal or attraction; i.e., her Gothic heroines weren't *allowed* to have sexual desires, but merely be preyed upon by men in black with hypnotic blue eyes threatening modesty with raw mutilative force: older highwaymen in disguise, solving "property disputes" [dowry] through

³⁴² While Junji Ito and similar supernatural, military-themed demons from Japan and neighboring countries' *Yokai* and *oni* are frankly terrifying and abject *par excellence*, we won't cover them, here (though may return to them in future close-reads).

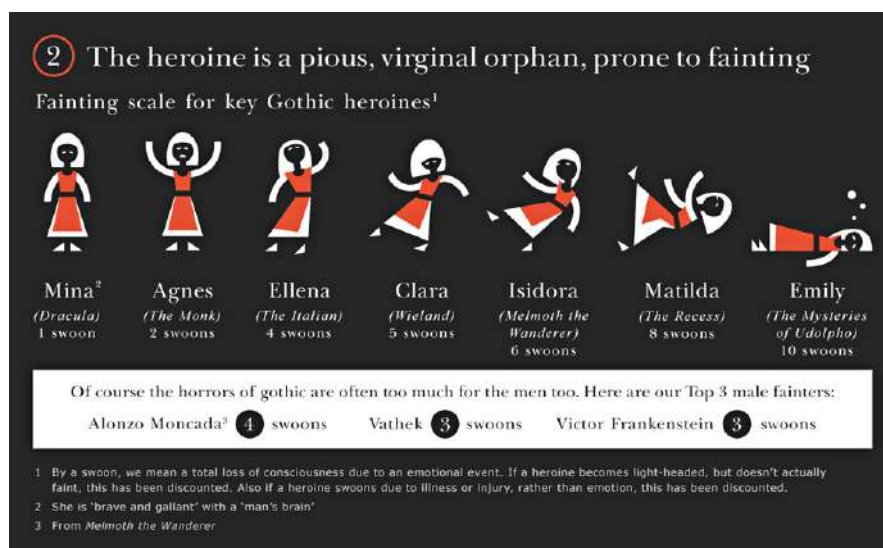


force; e.g., Henry Fonda's "Frank" a whorish tramp to conjure out of the imaginary past and thrill through the threat of rape in isolation, not married to sex appeal³⁴³).

³⁴³ Fonda played a villain in *Once Upon a Time in the West* (1968)—out-of-character for him ([source](#): Andrew McGowan's "This Classic Western Turned a Beloved Hollywood Hero into a Vicious Monster," 2024). Across from him, Charles Bronson (a *real* piece of work, known for his *Deathwish* revenge films) is the Gothic hero *also* transplanted to the Western retro-future that, however alien it seems to us, Fonda's villain calls home (already a dead genre by the time Leone directed those and his operatic "spaghetti Western" "Man with No name" trilogy): white knight, black knight; good cop, bad cop; etc. Zeuhl and I watched it and Leone's trilogy on the couch. We fucked in between movies ("as thick as a door," comrade), and I loved the trilogy. *Once Upon a Time* was so boring I fell asleep—but Morricone's music ([reused for satirical effect in Joe Dante's 'The Burbs](#), 1989) was great.

Like Radcliffe (the Gothic version of Jane Austen, the latter author mocking the former), the Western is deeply aware of material struggles, but places them square-and-solely in the hands of white people; e.g., *Max Mad: Fury Road's* (2015) white savior problem turning white women into white Indians punching up against sexist white men. This argument starts with Radcliffe's hero/demon lover tropes, exemplified by the likes of Ludovico vs the evil Count Monti, from *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794); i.e., a pirate narrative that puts the lady-in-question in between a struggle over "booty." It's frankly the kind of thing Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (1623) Act 4, Scene 6 alludes to when Hamlet is captured by pirates, and what William Goldman's 1973 *The Princess Bride* makes fun of, with the Dread Pirate Roberts (a man-in-black to excite the ladies with).

In Gothic, rape is vicarious. Radcliffe knew the fairytale tropes well, and played around with men and women wearing white and/or black—her stories having their own kidnappings and adventure; i.e., usually in the periphery and told to the women afterwards to protect their virtue, less they swoon: a damsel in distress is a *horny* damsel in distress (the confusion of pleasure and pain, mid-vaso-vagal response, aka "the deer in highlights").



([source](#): Adam Frost and Zhenia Vasiliev's "How to Tell You're Reading a Gothic Novel – in Pictures," 2014)

It's vital, then, to try and remember that Radcliffe's stories weren't just hypercanonical, but neo-conservative and borrowing from older stories already done to death by the time she started mining them for parts; e.g., the trope of the old ruin that *might* have *banditti* in it (the old medieval

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In doing so, Gothic Communists can avoid rehabilitating actual abusers, while subverting the demonic ritual and "black penitent" (re: Radcliffe's sexual deviant) further and further away from its sublimated, acceptable forms of rape, death and harm, etc. The pageantry is transgressive but salubrious; i.e., from spectacle, circus and ceremony as things less to stand on and more to contractually make the



main attraction! Demons are showboats who love showing other people their asses: an "ass like a demon" denotes extreme temptation, thus police interest! We cum with our guns loaded, you dig? Our vaginas (and other holes) are happy *and* angry! Hysteria! Wandering womb! Bicycle face!

(artist: [Sabrina Val](#))

residence haunted by trauma and *Scooby-Doo*-style impostors, but more violence); i.e., Radcliffe's contributions to Gothic being the idea of a female hero, presenting women as naturally curious but needing to be armored by vaso vagal syncope responses (re: swooning, above) and total-to-partial amnesia* *while* exploring the Gothic castle, lest any "close" encounters turn her *into* a whore (synonymous with criminal *and* corpse)!

**Her stories are generally found documents written after the adventure is over with; i.e., a bildungsroman (coming-of-age story) and epistolary novel, similar to Frankenstein or Dracula [1897]: the novel-of-letters veering away from the novel-of-manners Austen would lionize, after the Gothic craze had begun to die out (she wrote Northanger Abbey [a Gothic parody] in 1803 but would publish her first novel, Sense and Sensibility, in 1811).*

In true canonical Gothic, Radcliffe was a charlatan pimp (madame, or female brothel owner) whose haunted *whore* houses upheld status-quo norms in subjugative demon language—with *her* whores (always non-magical and male) belonging to illegitimate neo-medieval feuds and bloodlines; e.g. the Black Knight, *banditti*, or false preacher being functionally no different than the witch, goblin or vampire: something to summon, exhibit, and banish to the closet, frontier or brothel again through dream-like monomythic force (encouraged, in part, because she was a woman and subject to fiercer criticism than Matthew Lewis was (re: Groom); i.e., despite being a gay man, he could "go stealth"/rely on his privilege as an MP but also the time's in which he lived having no overtly scientific homophobic language (outside of sodomy as a legal term borrowed from medieval times) to *dodge* queer persecution (though he *was* still facing it; re: Broadmoor).

To that, and in times of powerlessness and boredom, who *doesn't* want their life to unfurl with the awesome power of demons and their dark desire and revenge? Just exercise enough caution when using them that you *don't* "pull a Radcliffe"; I've been kettled by enough token whores to know the difference. Moreover, per virgin/whore, such binaries also apply to men/male parties antagonized by capital, and really any sex, gender or identity you could think of. Capital gentrifies and decays all in service to profit, effectively starting with Radcliffe—a warmonger and proto TERF—hiding behind the veneer of white feminine virtue: the whispers of the middle class and a succubus for the elite to pacify the rising middle class *with* (especially its *female* population: "By 1800, 45% of women in England could read. [...] This created a demand for a new type of literature. Radcliffe filled this demand by writing a novel women could actually relate to because they saw themselves in the heroine; [source](#): Tufts Libraries Omeka, 2017).

In trying to legitimize the middle class through Neo-Gothic fakeries, Radcliffe punched down against a variety of groups abjected off into a "black sphere," including Lewis and his ilk. This includes actual systemic abuse decaying into itself, but also racialized/religious minorities and sex workers treated, by and large, as one-in-the-same. That means a woman of "loose morals" (e.g., a succubus, witch or vampire) is treated with a similar degree of fear and prejudice that a black knight is—especially if she's a monster queen! Radcliffe, as we shall see, was a cop and a coward/recluse.

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Enshrined in carnival, demons are iconoclastically sex fiends, but still fiendishly sexual; i.e., raping ironically in ways haunted by superstitious and dogmatic fearmongering about sexuality in a post-penicillin world (for venereal purposes): learning from demons being hampered by a fear of making bad decisions and fucking up. Deals with them are to be feared less because of their immense size and more because of their predatory Faustian contracts (usually for souls or pounds of flesh or—with maidens—for their precious virtue), which have the uncanny ability to make humans look foolish; i.e., to trick and expose *them* as frauds! It's not always because of raw intelligence—primal hunger can play a hand in things—but usually demons are intelligent *enough* and combine this with strength, sex appeal, talent, and appetite, etc, to make for feared opponents precisely because they're *your* opponent (or your friend in disguise)!

Yes, demons seek conflict and trauma, but they also function as black mirrors to summon in times of protection and need; e.g., to keep our loved ones safe (the opposite of widow makers); i.e., "thirst" during "drought time," personifying not just the Seven Deadly Sins, but neo-medieval scapegoats of these things: the royal givers of forbidden knowledge that the self—especially the persona of the West—has conveniently repressed to save face per the abjection process. Demons reverse abjection and revel in it, invading a party-like or otherwise social space of play to corrupt it; i.e., perhaps most famously in the opera ball scene, which—under capital—routinely combines with holiday-themed cycles of summon and banishment during liminal stages of demonic possession and release; e.g., the Halloween dance from *Blood: the Last Vampire* (2000), a story about a cop who hates her job (at least, she does in the film version) and similar to Carpenter's *Halloween* (1978), warns of a shapeshifting menace drinking stolen blood among us that—when the membrane is thin—threatens to appear and haunt the usual harvests going on, year round! The joke, then, is on the *detective*; i.e., when she



encounters actual supernatural demon lovers who *aren't* explained away/can't remove their monstrous elements like a theatre mask!

To this, demons actually "from Hell" are even more ominous than their manmade/theatrical counterparts; their dastardly (dis)agreements proceed them,

inviting Faustian disaster (mutilation and bodily dismemberment) and mocking the outcomes—their suspicious, skulking and shady brokers, per Marlowe's anti-Semitism, embodying stigma, scandal, vice, bias, and sin during hauntological persecution language (e.g., Dante and the medieval cardinal sins—lust, gluttony and wrath, etc), and various taboos, anxieties and neuroses. In short, demons are

fallen from grace³⁴⁴, dredged up to remind humans that they are, too (which translates dialectically-materially to workers vs the state).

As such, demons are classically (through a theocratic-to-secular Christian lens) seen as creepy-yet-intimidating (often on fire) things to defeat/purge that reflect an evil side of the hero³⁴⁵—someone or something unscrupulous, barbaric, uncompromising and insidiously wretched, cruel, revolting and lecherous, often revived in centrist stories to then vanquish/scapegoat by monomythic combat, but also games of chance and contests of the mind: you summon them *for* duels, deals and games of various kinds, but classically through sex and force (as with Beowulf and Grendel, translating per Tolkien into tooth-and-nail fights with orcs and goblins out of Old Norse and anti-Semitic myth into modern-day pogroms).

³⁴⁴ I should add that "grace" and Heaven are *Christian* ideas; i.e., of afterlife and reward for good behavior that, under Capitalism, translates to a Protestant, aka Puritan work ethic. Work to is holy and deserving of rewards *in* the afterlife, versus Judaism, which doesn't *have* any Hell to speak of; i.e., nothing to threaten its practitioners while the same way that Christians do (to my knowledge, anyways). Similar to golems, Jewish treatment of demons is classically neutral (versus Zionism, which Christianizes Judaism to adopt a white, Western approach to the religion, which—apart from alienating non-Western ethnic groups and orthodoxies within the larger culture *not* attached classically to a nation-state body/settler-colonial project—also demonizes Arabs *for* Christians).

³⁴⁵ Or their ward; e.g., the maidenly princess possessed by the spirit of the whore begging to be stabbed, mid-combat: *Dragon's Crown's* [2013] vampire supping on maidens, turning them wicked and requiring the hero execute them. The police violence is the main attraction to a given witch hunt, any outward beauty regarding the whore (and token cop) is just icing on the cake. Such lies are often sugar-coated all the same, sweetening the (sex)pot: to beguile with honey as much as raw strength or brains (and to have himbos and herbos underestimate the whore-in-question; i.e., the Western myth that sexy = dumb but also incapable of fighting back).



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

These kinds of demons *are* badass to yield bigger and better bounties (re: "looting Hell"), but also Radcliffean catharsis upon defeat and banishment back to Hell by righteous police forces (e.g., the Greater Demon from *Dragon's Crown*, left).



The deal, then, *is* a fight to the death, to the victor going the spoils ("render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's...").

By extension, heroes even go to or encounter demons out in the wild, often during Crusades or rescue missions (re: Tolkien's dwarves and Erebor); i.e., in a ruin or place of concentrated power and darkness (a kind of power); e.g., Oedipus and the Sphinx, or Siegfried rescuing Brunhilde in Wagner's *Ring Cycle*. Some demons are positively massive, yet ghostlike and ethereal despite their ferocity and size; just as many are as small as jackals or monkeys, as seductive as shadows, or as light as a feather. But *all* involve unequal, forbidden and dark exchange/dealings in some shape or form—power and knowledge (with Faust favoring *fatal* knowledge) commonly expressing anisotropic revenge; re: for the pimp or the whore, during ludo-Gothic BDSM! In part, a canonical superstition looms over the continued blending and regeneration, a guiding fascination/fear that moves the artist's hand (exhibit 44a2/46a); the process becomes an incantation, one that speaks of the Devil, causing them to appear and "torture" the viewer (a BDSM house call, more or less: "Dial 'M' for Murder!").

Far from being *undesirable*, this ritual and its rapturous outcome are entirely the point: to summon demons and experience whatever exquisitely "torturous" power *they* have to offer through excruciating pain (and/or illicit extramarital sex) as something to exchange, agonize over and reunite with, post-alienation by capital. It's literally power exchange demonized, often with psychosexualized components. As Gothic Communists, we'll be humanizing these ideas, doing so while thinking about power exchange in BDSM terms (social-sexual habits); i.e., that venerate and protect workers through the demonic trifecta's performative roles of *demon* (the dom), *detective* (the switch) and *damsel* (the sub): as lifted from more classic examples like Ann Radcliffe, Matthew Lewis, or Rudolph Otto when making our *own* demons. Their stories/scholarships used demons to threaten damsels, which detectives police on both fronts (the virgin/whore). By comparison, creativity becomes *our* secret weapon; i.e., our revenge vs the state's, either conjured up by the dark side of the Western paradigm, and which we fags/sex workers (and other minorities) simply call "home."

Before we can do *that*, in "Exploring the Derelict Past," we'll have to understand the difference between canonical torture and exquisite "torture,"; i.e., having married the fear of inquisition (from the Middle Ages)—and then to *Hammer of Witches* and Gothic (the Renaissance)—onto increasingly hauntological Neo-

Gothic revivals of these things for canonical versus campy forms. The Church classically forbid knowledge as canon/*gnosis*, whose uncovering was strictly prohibited yet explored by parties with privilege able to create their own demons; re: Radcliffe as the queen of exquisite "torture," yet also allergic to magic spells, aiding the Protestant ethic.

However invented, we'll unpack these spells, now, then consider their canonical function in demonology that Radcliffe tip-toed around, its evolution over time, the demonic trifecta as an investigation framing device, the basic difference between canonical and iconoclastic forms, canon's harmful effects on nature at large, and finally the dangers of demonic camp when practiced by us; i.e., as something to keep in mind when exploring the derelict torturous past (and its magical demons), ourselves!

Origins of Faust; or, a Brief History of Demons and Their Torturous Summoning Rituals and Effects

A note about sexuality before we begin: Demons, like BDSM, don't have to be sexual, though they often are; i.e., demons can be asexual—especially when tied to animals as pets or extensions of nature to learn from and relate to in sex-positive ways [which include asexuality on the same larger gradient]. Many demons are considered intelligent, but they don't have to be (the knowledge they offer more of



a relationship to nature as something to respect, including its boundaries and inability to consent). —Perse

(artist: [Angelica Alzona](#))

As Foucault has shown, "power" can be an incredibly vague and broad measurement; as Shelley showed, demons can be *made* to quest for self-destructive fire/fire of the gods; but as *Faust* showed, the classic way is to *summon* them for knowledge, doing so categorically being dangerous and whose naked exposure to chaotic power often leads the know-it-all to get a new asshole (or three): when summoning someone stronger than them who *likes* fucking with them and ripping them apart (re: Lewis and Ambrosio). The act—of summoning demons for power—is equally broad, offering effectively whatever one's heart desires: sexual favors, social advantage, material gain, and revenge, etc, from basic to so-called "final forms" (finality is a myth, concerning demons).

Whatever the case, it is primarily a Western, post-Roman (thus Christian) idea, and has evolved over time. Stephen Johnson writes how—from Biblical times, to the Renaissance, to the present—the tradition of summoning demons evolved according to a series of famous demonic texts (the titles and explanations paraphrased directly from Johnson's 2022 blogpost, "[How to Summon a Demon](#)"):

- *The Testament of Solomon* (c. the 1st century CE and the high medieval period): In the testament, Solomon is given a magic ring that compels Beelzebub and his ilk to build Solomon's Temple, bending these beings to his will.
- *Malleus Maleficarum*, or *Hammer of Witches* (1478): Written by a Catholic clergyman named Heinrich Kramer, the author pointed the finger at heretics of the Catholic Church worshipping fake demons, while still being enslaved to as evil beings deserving of punishment. In short, it was a call to violence against the Church's enemies for entirely *invented* reasons.
- *De Praestigijs Daemonum* (*On the Tricks of Demons*) and its appendix, *Pseudomonarchia Daemonum* (*False Monarchy of Demons*): Both were written/collected in 1563 by physician Johan Weyer, who catalogued a hierarchy of 69 (nice) demons, including their summoning instructions. According to Johnson, Weyer saw the practice as entirely fake, seeking to expose the black magic as a delusional practice *unworthy* of capital punishment.
- *Doctor Faustus* (1590), which Johnson doesn't mention, but theatrically concerns the summoning of demons and said rituals deleterious effects. There's also the Golem of Prague (which presents demons as friendly to their makers, but which Marlowe's anti-Semitic elements demonize in favor of Christian abjection)

Since then, demonic summoning and its perilous wish fulfillment have slowly drifted away from canon's sex-coercive forms of torture porn and demonic persecution, and more towards whatever sex-positive minds can make up (deities from within *our* breasts, re: Blake).

Pulling a Faust; or, Summoning Power, Active Impostors, Death Curses, and Radcliffe's Exquisite "Torture" (feat. Smile, Jadis, Evil Dead, and more)

Before we delve into precisely how, I want to make four basic distinctions that differentiate summoned demons from the undead and the manmade/astronoetic demons we've already examined (examining *Smile*, *Jadis*, and *Evil Dead*, as we do).



First, the summoning of power through the perversion of religious experiences. While all monsters are byproducts of Gothic language, demonic animation is somewhat unique compared to the undead we've already looked at. Whereas

- *zombies* and *vampires* function more as analogs for disease (one uncontrolled and the other invited inside)
- *ghosts* tend to haunt or loom inside language
- and *composites* are literally manmade, usually from the bodies of the dead or from inorganic materials during golemesque acts of mad science (they are also, as we have discussed, canonically abused by their creators)

demons are immortal, not undead, in a modular sense; furthermore, the summoned variety hail from Somewhere Else, often another *non*-Christian Pagan world or time (versus the natural class, which more often are activated or summoned by natural magics, but also spiritual/recreational drug-use). As such, supernatural demons generally offer forbidden, Promethean knowledge as keepers/embodiments thereof; i.e., secrets of things alienated from us and fetishized by the elite to compel their antagonized harvesting *vis-à-vis* mirror syndrome; e.g., a Numinous rapture, often a uniquely potent and forbidden sexual experience offered up by a sex demon's queer alternative to the heteronormative order—for a price, of course (re: guilty pleasure/controlled opposition).

Like organized religion, the above rituals are largely made up or bastardized from older stories, meaning the boundaries surrounding knowledge are also made up; i.e., entirely conveyed through rituals of power exchange tied to occult expression, which becomes the very thing to forbid or allow depending on what *it* achieves. As usual, canon maintains the status quo by dehumanizing the monster through Faustian bargains. It achieves this through the demon's relationship to "normal" humans, punishing the summoner unironically by having the demon reliably "trick or treat" them: blinding them, tearing their body apart, and stealing their *Christian* soul. Preventing alternatives to this canonically horrifying outcome is essential to maintaining a bourgeois Superstructure through demonic production and execution; i.e., by *not* attempting to humanize the demon as Shelley did (who was an atheist).

By comparison, iconoclasm humanizes the exchange (and breaks Capitalist Realism) by making demons and their offerings more exquisite and delicious, generally in ways that are empowering and xenophilic but normally denied by the status quo to the performing group; e.g., women playing with demons to carry out their own "rapes" during what are effectively controlled experiments. Faustian, like Promethean, means "self-destructive," whereupon iconoclasm offers a death of the status quo according to workers who embrace a new kind of self through humanized demons (e.g., Richard Matteson's *I Am Legend*, 1954).

Second, *the active impostor*. Capitalism is built on generational lies and theft, poorly divorced from past rudimentary forms from which those in the present inherit the world. The classic conundrum of a fearful inheritance and uncertain, conflicted ownership is called into question; i.e., by demons who love to torment the new tenants with fearful reminders of past barbarities, as well as present

falsehoods: "Your bloodline is murderous and false." As part of the general process, demons are far more active and sentient as impostors than ghosts are, able to trick their human victims by literally changing shape and appearing and disappearing at will; ghosts, meanwhile, are frozen in time, tending to "deceive" through the cryptonymic nature of rumors, chronotopic legends and all-around human language (demonstrating traumatic [re]memory as die-hard but imperfect).

This being said, there *is* crossover. A demon has access to the supernatural plane, including spirits and xenoglossia, but also the ability to physically change its shape, gender and sex; re: Matthew Lewis' Satan in *The Monk* and [Broadmoor's insistent of Lewis as precociously queer vis-à-vis Milton](#). The Devil—to deceive the deceiver³⁴⁶ and ultimately destroy him—disguises himself as the masc-/male-

³⁴⁶ In Gothic, truth and falsehood are not separate, but go hand-in-hand (often paradoxically at the same time); in Communism, development is a matter of war in terms of class, culture, and race. As Sun Tzu put it, "all war is based on deception," Gothic Communism combines paradox *and* deception, during oppositional praxis, to synthesize deceiving our opponents, the elite, while pressing *our* demands and advantage. That's the fundamental difference between Lewis and Radcliffe, and why one was radical and the other a moderate conservative.

This includes their monstrous output; i.e. what they made and summoned during the cryptonymy and abjection processes; re: power is often something to perform *as* a matter of disguise through poetic argument: costumes, masks and roles, but also inversions of what is normally concealed inside us turned inside-out (and vice versa; e.g., armor as skin): existing in holistic, liminal, anisotropic, ergodic, concentric duality. Such is the whore's lot, thus the demon having *its* revenge. We dictate our terms not in the neat, clean binaries of civil discourse, but in daily life's modern chaos; i.e., as fought in/with the dark, uncertain, medieval territories of risk and excitement threatening radical change pushing towards future development and true self-absorbed by state argument trapping nature in older brothels *with* borders.

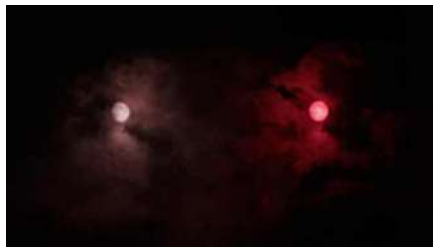
Developing Communism through Gothic poetics—re: by liberating sex work with iconoclastic art—demands as much a waiting game, then; i.e., one that implores gentle patience (discipline) amid overwhelming anxiety (simulated weakness) as overt aggression (simulated strength) forged within pacts of hellish impudence (calculated risk). All have a part to play from moment to moment, a Faustian exchange as much a statement of rest and repose as reaping and revenge, while still weaving elaborate deceptions that aid us through darkness visible. Yes, there's torture, assassins and death by Snu-Snu dreaming of revenge and changing the status quo in relatable forms (e.g., [Princess Ileana's death scene](#) or [the Bride spitting on Frankenstein's monster](#) from *Creature Commandos* [2025] riffing on Shelley's infamous *Questa*); it relies on creativity as a guerrilla, counterterrorist device to offset state monopolies (and other tools).



(artist: [Kay Marie](#))

presenting Rosario, followed by the femme-and-masculine, female Matilda: through a campy rendition of the canonical/iconoclastic shapeshifting power of angels and demons—with Matilda something of a detective in reverse, blowing the whistle on the Church and eventually leading to *its* open-secret prison's glorious destruction (queer wish fulfillment).

And while this happens in a time before queer identity was a matter of public discourse (re: Foucault, relegated to the shadows of the cryptonymy process/disguise pastiche), the Devil does so to punish a hidden killer disguised as a holy man, in the *panopticon* (also Foucault): the incestuous, duplicitous and rapacious Ambrosio, whose eventual anti-Genesis deconstruction remains authored by a queer man that Coleridge, a famous *straight* critic, would conflate queerness—thus the growing rise of degeneracy or "dangerous confusion" in British culture—with demons tempting Faust. Such proto-fascism and its performatively insidious moral outrage is not so different, then, from the fear of the xenomorph as the dark dildo from outer space, nowadays (re: Leonard Maltin); i.e., queer displacement and abjection as something to finger-wag by liberal admonishment whitewashing reactionary politics. So it was then, so it is now.



Demons also conceal themselves using ghosts, which a demon doubles and "wears" like a "mask" (re: the wendigo "nihilism demon" in *The Night House*³⁴⁷ [2019] impersonating the ghost of the dead husband, its doing so constituting mnemonic theft and weaponization of the heroine's memories: the upside-down world loops concentrically in on itself, trapping the heroine in darkness with nowhere to go under the twin surveilling moons). Whereas ghosts are generally concerned with *hidden* curses that are inadvertently passed along through technology as preserving them (and their potential revenge or benediction), demons tend to be *ceremoniously* announced, mid-*unheimlich/mise-en-abyme*.

As such, they act as active, covert liars and administrators of punishment tied to the Numinous, "darkness visible," and the mighty places/unknown pleasures lurking beyond canonical realms of normal human experience (thus Capitalist Realism): Hell, the underworld, a faraway land, etc, as forbidden sight; i.e., gleaned in those we *think* we know acting a bit weird (the nightmare anti-home/evil double, below). They are the Numinous come home to roost, during fatal homecoming and nostalgia—the black penitent/medieval backstabber and flagellant hungry for human souls, mid-apocalypse (forcing their hard kink onto *captive* participants); re: Marx' "capital is dead labor feeding on living labor"—the general process trapped (as Castricano writes) in between parts of language!

³⁴⁷ Demons constitute a kind of "aggressive haunting" whose rememory process involves survived abuse as much as activism. I've already written about this per *The Night House* and my own abuse: re: "[One Foot out the Door; or, Playing with Dolls to Express One's Feeling Undead](#)" (2024).

Cryptomimesis isn't just writing with ghosts, though (as Castricano determines about Derrida and his own *Spectres*), but as *I* argue, extends to demons; i.e., as a broader monster class, during ludo-Gothic BDSM threatening rape stalking us: a lurking threat jeering "Me likey!" through bared animal teeth not quite of this earth! Gothic villainy is both old and new in its invented theatricalities (as [Red Death from Venture Bros. \[2003\]](#) expertly explains to a captive audience he's tied to the railroad tracks³⁴⁸—tired of the same and oh-so-hungry for more! Some prefer cartoon laughter and sweeping monologues; others can kill with a look or a smile: a bald-faced liar isn't the same thing as an *outright* lie (re: Banquo's "agents of darkness bring us truths..."). "She *is* a very kinky girl," the virgin and the whore trapped deliciously in one paradoxical place.



(exhibit 45d: The demon from *Smile* [2022] is a chronic abuser³⁴⁹ who desires an audience, two-fold: to gaslight and gatekeep its prey [and to have them "watch and learn" during the counterfeit haunted by the ghost of trauma the middle class can stare at with equal parts fear and fascination]. It does the first by showing the heroine false

copies/memories from her past [usually as faces that it "wears" like a mask]—all to gaslight her sense of reality as it closes the gap. The second, it achieves through the falseness of her actual lovers and friends, who it expertly alienates her from; i.e., when confronted with the slightest bit of pushback from her—and despite any connection to the heroine's painful secret past [matriarchal trauma]—said friends are "fair weather" and lose faith in her immediately. They blame the victim because they can't see the tormentor [re: DARVO and obscurantism]—in effect unwittingly becoming part of the same awful game [so often, good Samaritans overestimate their own goodness and ability to spot predators; i.e., they enjoy the perks of a system that punishes witness testimony by default, and which the demon will exploit to get what it wants by cherry-picking those with trauma].

Except, the torture also happens because the heroine's friends see her trauma as fabricated, illegitimate, and hysterical, a priori—a fact the demon knows [through

³⁴⁸ The bad BDSM, here, being performed by Clancy-motherfucking-Brown, a man who since 1986 at least (with *The Highlander's* Kurgan), has been making a meal out of classic kayfabe tropes surviving into the 20th century and beyond: "We've come to be the rulers of you all!"

³⁴⁹ When I see the *Smile* demon, I see Jadis, smiling at me from the dark, telling *me* I'm worthless. But the reality is, their entire sense of self operates through bad BDSM and unironic harm/exploitation—without which, their life has zero meaning: addicted to abuse to feel strong by having total power over others (for more on this topic, refer to "Back to Jadis' Dollhouse" and the other "Jadis" sections, from "[Transforming Our Zombie Selves](#)"). As their victim, the novelty quickly wore off (re: "[Setting the Record Straight; My Ex's Abuse of Me: February 17th, 2022](#)"); but for Jadis, my misery became the center of *their* entire universe. "All [their] thought [was] bent on it."

intuition as much as omniscience] and exploits for personal gain and satisfaction: something whore-like to abject regarding the maiden as normally modest, and forcing her, when push comes to shove, to solve her own murder before it's too late! Weird attracts weird, and the demon—a proud harvester of unironic harm being its preferred pleasure—chooses the heroine, a victim of past rape, to be its next future victim. The fear is delicious to it, as is the panic and other emotions its bedlam raises: fakes don't hold a candle to them, or rather the real thing doesn't hold a candle to calculated risk evoking the Numinous! To camp rape is to regain control in the presence of debilitating conditions [sensations or otherwise].



"Then she should have died, hereafter." Doing so appears random and Job-like, but is actually highly selective in its stochastic terrorism. In a nice twist, the movie presents the demon's scheme as suitably both "pure magic" and "all in her head," but really is giving the audience an effective metaphor of abuse; i.e.,

prolonged, untreated abuse bearing fruit—a breaking point, one leading to self-harm by the abuser telling the abused to commit suicide and they actually obey³⁵⁰ [above, to please Master]: to kill oneself for the moth, hungry for the flame. It goes both ways, but remains anisotropic. The representation and its advocacy are always in between and out-of-joint, haunting the venue as half-real, inside-outside. "What if the Devil possesses me to kill myself?" speaks to the abjecting of colonial guilt onto fear of the outside, "the Devil made me do it" being codified in a very material sense of gaslighting—one that lives in stories like Smile, The Babadook and similar madwoman-in-the-attack-type stories threatening to take hold [the original being a Jane Eyre's Bertha, a woman of color the white protagonist feared turning into]. Abjection is us versus them, hence the mother of apathy. We must smother such dogma in the crib of our own brains connected to outside factors.

"A mind is its own place," and menticide isn't objective. So unless you've been through Hell, it's hard to know the invisible workings between victimizer and victim; i.e., if you haven't met someone capable of putting you through that, which only happens when they turn their attention [and terrible implements] towards you: as some who has previously been marked by trauma [the paradox being how much of this happens before we are born or at least fully aware of ourselves].

Furthermore, not everyone knows they have "been marked," at least not consciously at level they can easily parse; i.e., the facing of repressed trauma

³⁵⁰ "That is power!" as Thulsa Doom would say to Conan; i.e., "power" (for abusers) means the ability to get people to self-harm for your pleasure. It's a very cult-like mentality and dates back to the oldest forms of organized religion and government (city-states prior to nation-states and corporations): high-control, vertically-arranged forms of power where those at the top use structural advantage to alienate and cannibalize members of the *perceived* in-group with; i.e., to suggest someone is of the out-group, then eat them alive and have the others watch: "You *could* be next!"

during live burial [and the dispossession of our faculties, mid-interment] being the Gothic master trope per generation—one whose discipline-and-punish panopticon admittedly has a hauntological, Freudian, psychosexual character orbiting inside and outside of people concerned with the decay of home across Western space and time; i.e., the more they deny the demon to keep up appearances, the more it can feed on the heroine, thus them: "Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, / Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, / Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, / And in despite I'll cram thee with more food" [[source](#)].

Romeo said this while robbing Juliet's grave, but Juliet herself had already braved the horrors the crypt [which had already "come alive," first in her mind, to pick her bones clean]. Such inherited confusions regarding the feeling of sarcophagy [eating of the flesh, specifically dead flesh] is an effective and productive metaphor to Marx' dead labor feeding on living things: advertisements that, once consumed, turn us into cannibals that eat ourselves for the invisible state all around us.



Smile inverts the basic idea, denoting a giant rotten corpse [the state] that's too big to fit inside the heroine's mouth; i.e., a belly of the babe entered rapaciously by the beast through reverse and spontaneous revenge/rape pregnancy/forced feeding and similar invasive sensations ["Say 'ahh...'"]—an imposturous wandering womb/walking

"graveyard gut" speaking to Capitalist Realism gaslighting those who look beyond the Black Veil and tarring them simply as "mad." It and similar stories present the demon as a faceless, sexless, and genderless anti-identity that feeds on the living in ways that invite poetic reversals and play. In turn, fascism is a death cult that revels in its own cannibalism, mid-obscurantism, and is historically something to slay [as Milius' 1981 Conan does, putting Doom's hedonistic cult to the sword³⁵¹].

This orgasmic tendency also goes back to Radcliffe, who abjected such cannibalism as alien and opaque; i.e., hiding the state's hand in things by framing the great demonic as a Black Veil, one that suddenly "appears" through the acknowledgement of a system already abjecting its abuses onto a displaced "other" object: the rectangular [as veils so often are] abstraction of trauma Radcliffe [and

³⁵¹ A bit of a crude, kayfabe, Hawthornean knock on the 1960s Flower Children of the Free Love movement (and the Civil Rights movement—with Conan, a white superman, assassinating the black leader of a rebel faction associated with a paganized stigma animal, the snake, to rescue the white king's wayward daughter in the process). Howard wrote for the same *Weird Magazine* that Lovecraft did, and both men were incredibly bigoted/prone to abjecting the flaws of their cultures off onto the monsters in their work. If such work has been camped over the years, it's because the entire monomyth—and by extension, Nazis and Commies—are incredibly campable as a matter of cryptonymy.



heroines modeled after hers] try to pass off as "just a bad dream," a fake. So the gaslight continues...

Often this is abjected off onto foreign lands *vis-à-vis* 2001: A Space Odyssey and other stories, but it likewise exists at home as something to fall under the quotidian nihilistic spell thereof: the scapegoating and worshipping of domestic trauma during military urbanism! In my experience, people unexposed to such things will retreat and run from actual abuse like the plague, but stare and tremble at restless "censor bar" copies of such abuse during the cryptonymy process.

In Radcliffe's case, they'll also commodify it in ways consumers and critics will fetishize: the presence of unequal power and trauma, thus forbidden knowledge, as an infernal concentric pattern they'll maintain to ensure they—a privileged member of the Imperial Core—can keep getting their jollies. With this facet of canonical Gothic, Jameson and I completely agree; re: "that boring and exhausted paradigm" [from Volume Zero]:

The quote is ubiquitous, but consider the opening page for Alex Link's "The Mysteries of Postmodernism, or, Fredric Jameson's Gothic Plots" (2009) for a summary of it:

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." Although surprising at first, this condemnation is strategic in that it establishes the Gothic as Jameson's critical other; the Gothic becomes an object of ritual sacrifice, imbued with those qualities in Jameson's argument which are most discomfiting. [...] If one regards Postmodernism as telling a story about postmodernity, its plot, taken as a whole, is curiously Radcliffean, in that it routinely presents the reader with postmodern objects meant to inspire anxiety before explaining them away. Jameson's dismissal of the Gothic, in other words, resembles nothing so much as a means of raising and exorcising an object of anxiety [[source](#)].

In other words, Jameson writes like Coleridge does—like a scared white boy but even more allergic to the Gothic mode, oddly emulating one of its most famous (and white) female authors [[source](#): "Notes on Power"].

The difference being, I also think we can camp what Radcliffe canonized to restore their proletarian energies; i.e., through a Gothic mode that is anything but redundant [science fiction beyond Shelley's Gothic roots can and will gentrify and decay, Jameson]. In short, Jameson can't monopolize what he tries to devalue, nor can Radcliffe, whose potential value we are reclaiming through devices like demon lovers and the Black Veil. They are formidable poetic instruments and have multiple uses beyond mere commodity or dismissal by those gatekeeping the venue and failing to vet their own elaborate strategies of misdirection; i.e., by exposing abusers and the presence of trauma as normally disguising and revealing itself during the cryptonymy process as equally liminal and dualistic. To this, we must acclimate to the confusion, but also the Numinous powers of a collective past, which only reveals itself [regarding systems designed to hide themselves] upon repeated holistic study and reflection; re [from the Poetry Module]:

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" [[source](#): "Angry Mothers; or, Learning from Our Monstrous-Feminine Past," 2024].

It's historically easy to gender these vestiges of chaos—projecting them onto a particular scapegoat, thus reducing demon BDSM to an unironically violent and critically vacuous void; i.e., as Radcliffe and Freud do, but also Creed, to some extent: the homewrecker witch who tokenizes easily enough to have any kind of revenge at all. The reality is, we have to think about things in ways that highlight dialectical-material forces in dialectical-material language, thus don't need further translation into that mode [with psychoanalysis famously "eating Marx" to conceal

and bury him in 20th century academic mumbo-jumbo—as trying to stop people from using his theories more directly by coating them in buffers].
 "When you gaze into the Abyss, the Abyss also gazes into you." Except, such things are dualistic and always will be [all human language is dualistic]. This being said, genuine abusers look like anyone else, and point-in-fact, rely on such camouflage to harm others in bad faith; i.e., because they were harmed, once upon a time [congenital and comorbid criminogenesis, the dice roll of cop and victim a historical-material cycle]. The paradox is exploitation and liberation occupy the same actors, so we must tell them apart through dialectical-material scrutiny as a matter of playing with such things.

Grievous bodily injury aside, Smile is still a lesson; the demon's lesson works through bad BDSM, using torture and the Uncanny Valley's bad masks confusing predator and prey to impart that people are not gods, which Smile gleefully exposes by turning Camus' The Myth of Sisyphus [1942] inside-out: "You're just like me. All it takes is a little push!" Or as Radcliffe writes, "What are bodily pains in



comparison with the subtle, the exquisite tortures of the mind!" The demon is her titular Italian brought back to life and saying "Miss me?" with an awful psychosexual smirk:

To some extent, it remains something we can enjoy for its critical potential; i.e., during calculated risk, whose simulated weakness and strength both take place to sharpen our ability to tell the difference; re: during ludo-Gothic BDSM, taken outside the bedroom where it can raise concerns by "crying wolf." Victims of abuse can't think in black and white, because they live in the grey area of predation. Instead, they are drawn to what is familiar for them during the uncanny attack; re: the confusion of pleasure and pain, but also predator and prey as something we navigate having permanently been altered by an older demon touching us. Instead of viewing this abuse as strictly a curse according to our abuser's logic, we can treat it as a gift and a curse that camps our own profound survival; i.e., in ways that translates to praxial synthesis, thus catharsis in opposition to bad actors trying to pimp us. The moment our holocaust becomes something to play with, we regain control!

To be frank, Smile frames the hubris of the heroine as thinking she can so easily face awful things and not be punished; i.e., that two seemingly unrelated events—the arrival of the demon and her facing her own demons at the old, abandoned homestead³⁵² [survivor's guilt]—aren't somehow connected to Capitalism. Instead,

³⁵² As seemingly random as the falling helmet in *Otranto* (the falling sky) versus the heroine in *that* story running away from Lord Manfred. It's a tangible abstraction we can use think about less-tangible things (the Capitalocene).

the story is more self-contained, playing with these devices to observe the more immediate psychological attack.

But that doesn't mean we can't take what they explore and apply it beyond where the filmmakers are willing to go; re: "There is no outside of the text," thus no logical limit to impose on emergent play. We can always go further than Radcliffe dared, while appreciating the value in her arguments revived in stories like Smile: to watch a simulated rape [of the mind, first and foremost] to prevent actual harm in and out of media we subvert on the same Aegis—not as a one-way surface, but an anisotropic barrier we can cross over into their spaces and ours, there and back again; re: not the monomyth, but the Promethean Quest and Faustian bargain interrogating false power being corruptible, thus rewriteable. "It takes two to tango," as they say, and inspiration comes as much from genuine harm as it does "surviving" copies of said harm. The canonical palimpsest is always a tyrant. To it, this isn't purgatory for one side to enjoy the spoils

*Trapped in purgatory
A lifeless object, alive
Awaiting reprisal
Death will be their acquittance
The sky is turning red
Return to power draws near
Fall into me, the sky's crimson tears
Abolish the rules made of stone*

*[...] Raining blood
From a lacerated sky
Bleeding its horror
Creating my structure
Now I shall reign in blood [Slayer's "[Raining Blood](#)," 1986].*

but a place to build a new Hell on Earth for workers using the same convulsionnaires' jouissance the bourgeoisie can't exploit without end; i.e., their doing so meant to achieve singular harmful interpretations, mid-inkblot; re: the paradox of rape being no one is being harmed, and furthermore, that we can use this [and the whore's] paradox to have the whore's revenge against profit: to humanize ourselves as raped by "raping" ourselves for others to see. But revolution is always dualistic and liminal; i.e., we must look into those places' of total disempowerment to liberate ourselves with; re: the way out of the labyrinth happens inside it as something to discover through found-document copies of itself. As I write in "Out of this World, part one: What Are Rebellion, Rebels, and Why" [2024]:

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 [...] 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 (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 [[source](#)].

or more succinctly in "Modularity and Class":

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 [[source](#)].

so must we build and look upon that which subjugated workers dare not—viewing the Medusa with an open mind! So must we must break Capitalist Realism by facing the wax sculpture melting before us: ourselves and all our yesterdays, relaid in small and burning horrifyingly before us! We can stare and tremble, then learn from it to tremble perceptively in a dialectical-material lens that resurrects Marx as thoroughly gayer than he ever was, in life: our little pissed-off princess of the underworld. And if anyone rejects that, they're not our friends; they're cops. See how easy that is?



Despite what Radcliffe says about horror vs terror and the dreaded evil, then, Kristeva highlights the power of the abjection process; i.e., as something I argue further can be reversed in monstrous-feminine dialogs whose camp remains profoundly palliative-Numinous [thus delicious]: those touched by fire need stronger medicine, its procedure merely being to play with store-bought canon differently. And inside those dialogs, we can learn useful things about ourselves and Gothic poetics attached to the bigger picture, mise-en-abyme. It's not fear and dogma, but critical engagement with our own fabrications camping the canon to enjoy its monopolized effects; i.e., if you want to critique power, you

must not only go where it is, but become able to play with it without harming people in the present moment or incentivizing systemic harm in the future. So often people shelter and "armor" victims, like Radcliffe did; i.e., by isolating them and silencing their testimony behind a screen of performative pity. The reality is, we have survived unironic Hell to build something better while spiting our abusers; pity is useless to us—doubly so if it's used to invalidate us and our testimony.

Yet, there is always risk to informed consent when executed, because we're playing with things that not only hurt when examined, but challenge our fundamental understandings of power and how it dogmatically arranges and exchanges; i.e., which overwhelm us, and in which those still in Plato's cave will attack to uphold bourgeois hegemonies, during us versus them. Those of weaker stomachs and minds are gargoyles who will eat us; i.e., the demon in Smile not just an outsider at all, but the masked vigilantism of the heroine's own friends having turned their back on her—the using of their faces not just a disguise but reminder of their actual betrayals [the self-fulfilled prophecy].

Again, demons mix lies with truth, and manufacture disaster to achieve different outcomes. We do it to break Capitalist Realism, and cops do it to uphold said Realism: those who abuse our trust while we celebrate their accomplishments. And exposing this is often layered for our protection during the cryptonymy process. For example, I have invigilated Jadis' abuse in my book series, from 2022 onwards, while simultaneously hiding them behind various layers of anonymity that I knew others could easily pull aside; i.e., like Radcliffe's Black Veil. However dark mine have been, then, they haven't prevented others from interacting with, thus investigating the truth behind, the censored versions; re: we did just that in "[Showing Jadis' Face](#)," but here it is again:



[[source tweet](#), NicksMovInsight: May 6th, 2021]

This is Jadis without a mask, and yet is precisely the mask they wore when abusing me: a harmful double, and exactly the kind of impostor Smile is illustrating—a Great Destroyer that brings conflict behind tremendous obscurity while gaslighting their prey and even making them complicit in their own destruction!

Furthermore, Jadis looks human because they are human, but lacked humanity when abusing me as a conscious premediated choice. In the past, I've held back, shielding them ultimately for fear of reprisals. Even now I fear them, and fear saying too much in open accusation, and even now their face and voice haunts me still: "I can see him, with my waking eyes!" / "Then let us be rid of it, once and for all!" And the paradox of rescue is that the damsel is always in the dungeon, but learns to make it their own in ways that preclude total control from an abuser that is no longer physically in their life. Once sprung, we can't escape the trap without chewing off a part of ourselves, and even then, a part of me still burns in Hell with

Jadis: "You have heart! I'll take that too!" It's Hamlet levels of madness, but the play's still the thing to catch the conscience of the king!



[model and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Jadis. Jadis and I had agreed quite explicitly that they would provide for me in exchange for sex. In doing so, they initially used their grad school stipend to put a roof over my head, but didn't put me on the lease.

They purchased groceries regularly at first, and I cooked and prepared for them and had sex with them (an act I initially greatly enjoyed but later came to fear). Jadis showed me the many animals around campus, explaining the local wildlife in ways that presented them as some kind of guru; i.e., while the information they said was true, as far as I could tell, they began to bully me and use their expertise about that to treat me like a child—one they had successfully alienated from her entire family in one fell swoop and had total financial control over from that point forward.

I didn't realize it, because Jadis would disguise it through acts of false deference; i.e., they would apologize profusely if something was indisputably their fault, it was also small accidents that weren't really that big a deal to begin with; e.g., accidentally bumping into me when they didn't mean to: "Oh, I'm so, so sorry!" and proceed to pet me like they'd grievously harmed me by accident. The problem is, they'd act apologetic about those invented incidents, remorseful/victimized about their ex, and all-knowing about the animals, above, to gradually rescind their own responsibilities, per our agreement; re: providing for me.

The nuts-and-bolts were there, but they began to abuse and manipulate me for labor, including cooking and sex, but also emotional care. And in turn, they concealed everything behind things they were "giving" that weren't even theirs; re: the animals. They acted like the whole world was theirs, and it was simultaneously very small (about the size of the UF campus we walked around, every night) and encompassed the whole of the world and all discussions about it. In short, they were conditioning me, walking me like a dog and introducing me to the Pavlovian carrot-and-stick approach they would then use to menticide me, and later use to manipulate me for sex, and anything else they wanted.



[artist: Jadis]

Overnight, Jadis traded the "nice mask" I was used to with a different mask: the angry dark mother. To be honest, Jadis was always kind of a bitch, but I trusted them and furthermore, had lots of love to give. Jadis had acquired the

ability to appeal to other's vanity/needs by surviving their mother, but I thought, "There's no way they'd be exactly like their mother, right?" Except, they were always impatient or upset for reasons known only to them (they wouldn't say why when asked about it) and would use that—in combination with verbal emotional abuse and manipulation—to make me long for the Good Cop who was suddenly nowhere to be seen; re: diminishing returns following the initial and intense love-bombing phase made me put up with their abuse only to readily greet their "good side" like a savior to protect me from Bad Cop.

This was all in the middle of Covid, mind you, and—once Jadis' father died [a process I helped clean up after³⁵³]—they turned off the tap and I saw myself out.**

³⁵³ I mean "clean up" quite literally in this case: Jadis' father left behind a trailer that was filthy from years of him smoking cigarettes and slowly drinking himself to death—a disaster area we spent weeks cleaning up ourselves because Jadis didn't want to trouble the landlady about it. I did it for Jadis, but the entire process was thoroughly degrading and oddly Herculean; i.e., the Florida heat meant we could only work for part of a given day then have to go home, and we kept taking hour-long drives from Gainesville and Jacksonville and back again to tackle a mess that the landlady *didn't* help with but kept poking us to do it so she could flip the place and resume making money (the old leach; where's Raskolnikov when you need him>). There were seemingly endless pile of garbage and filth that had to be gagged and hauled to the side of the road, and years of odds-and-ends hoarded among all of that, which had to be separated and divided into carloads we took back, one day at a time, *then organized further* at home: thirty years' worth of paystubs and mementos, which I handled on my own while Jadis grieved in their bedroom.

And while I understand that part of it, and did back then, it likewise became an excuse that pushed the majority of the labor onto *me* for other events *unrelated* to their father's death; i.e., Jadis would flip the bill and drive the rental truck, and I was the proverbial strong back paid in pennies; e.g., a tactic Jadis would use on me and Tim—their ex, moving in with us when Jadis bought a new car largely *without* consulting me, but also a new condo paid a year in advance, *in cash* (about \$60,000 for both purchases, which was about 2/3s of the lump currency their father left them, not including the \$800 a month in dividends from his stock portfolio)—when we had to clean out the place we were *currently* living at because it, *too*, was filthy with black mold from mismanagement by the property managers and lease signer putting up with it. Like father, like daughter!

Like before, we took at least a week driving back and forth (this time in a shiny new car) to Jadis' new place (this time with my name on the lease); i.e., slowly moving things back and forth during hour-long drives, and ending the trip with a final afternoon renting a moving truck to handle the big stuff, then a final clean and dinner with Tim. Jadis even made us clean out the broken dishwasher filled with years' worth of unspeakable gunk and mold, effectively polishing a turd (the machine was well-and-truly broken) just so the place would look spotless for the landlord's property manager. Same place, different mess, and Jadis used us for labor to appease the owner class and respect said owners' passive income (and enjoyed watching me get angry about it in front of Tim—a process called triangulation).

In turn, if *I* complained—which I did, especially about that fucking dishwasher—then Jadis would remind me that I *wasn't* on the lease and they were assuming *all* the risk (even though I had asked repeatedly during our relationship to be put on said lease), despite me reminding *them* that I still lived in apartment with them, thus was subject to the same violations Jadis was both apologizing for *and* grumbling about to me as their captive audience. If *they* complained, it was ok, but if *I* did it, it was tantamount to "treason" and something they would punish by pulling away their love and support. Furthermore, we *still* didn't get our security deposit *and* Jadis quietly paid the property manager when said manager wrote to us, saying the mold was *our* fault and *charging us* for the inevitably professional cleaning (which I said they would do when protesting the extended cleaning *Jadis* was putting us through)!

Keep in mind, I had already repeatedly asked Jadis to give me more involvement regarding the financial decisions between us—meaning with their father's money becoming something we *both* could have a say in, as romantic partners living under the same roof—but they reneged on *that* promise after I helped with their father's place and the move to the nicer neighborhood; i.e., after I

Except, *that didn't happen until they had abused me a great deal [see: footnote]; i.e., Jadis couldn't give something without causing harm in some shape or form. In short, they were a master of smoke and mirrors, but were a slave to their own illusions; i.e., they believed everyone was an enemy to bewitch and deceive for Jadis' gain—and all to emulate those who were better at it than anyone else: while American liberals.*

While demonic "capture" involves other people, then, it starts with us escaping the mind prison built around us by our abusers—individuals like Jadis, but also the bourgeoisie for whom they serve! So, yes, let us be rid of it; I'm tired of holding up

had helped patch things up with Tim and he had moved in with us and everything was settled and organized (which I did *all* of, Jadis allergic to organizing anything and preferring to literally let things pile up). At that point, Jadis told me that my earlier efforts in helping manage money and groceries and various expenses (and emotional support regarding Tim) actually *weren't* appreciated, and that Jadis *hadn't* actually meant any of that when they said it (while putting down Tim back then, only to say Tim was good and I wasn't, later on). They stopped having sex with me and started to say where we bought our food and what, taking away any agency I formerly had and pushing me out of the relationship altogether.

Of course, sex was just something Jadis used to mollify me—i.e., "have sex with mommy to calm them down," which I did because I was afraid of their anger and the fact that I wasn't on the lease in the middle of Covid. Needless to say, by the end of it, Jadis' hand was played; i.e., "the fire's in their eyes their [intentions were] pretty clear" so I made like Michael Jackson and beat it (off to Cuwu's, who helped me get to my mother's, but not before fucking my brains out).

*Note: This is only one example of the everyday kinds of stupid, manipulative bullshit I dealt with from Jadis throughout our entire relationship. If you want the full rundown, refer to "[Setting the Record Straight Again; Accounting My Ex's Abuse of Me to Another Victim August 30th, 2022](#)" for an exhaustive list of anything and everything Jadis did to mess with my head. Basically Jadis is living proof of Angela Carter's (admittedly problematic statement) that "any free woman in an unfree society will always be a monster" (*vis-à-vis* De Sade as someone she defended); i.e., like Portia from The Merchant of Venice manipulating everyone around her, except Jadis targeted vulnerable marginalized parties weaker than themselves—in a nutshell, aping the colonizer to have an imaginary revenge "against" her evil mom/absentee dad; re: Karen Newman writing in "Portia's Ring: Unruly Women and Structures of Exchange in The Merchant of Venice" (1987):*

Here Portia is the gift-giver, and it is worth remembering Mauss's description of gift-giving in the New Guinea highlands in which an aspiring "Big Man" gives more than can be reciprocated and in so doing wins prestige and power. Portia gives more than Bassanio can ever reciprocate, first to him, then to Antonio, and finally to Venice itself in her actions in the trial which allow the city to preserve both its law and its precious Christian citizen. In giving more than can be reciprocated, Portia short-circuits the system of exchange and the male bonds it creates, winning her husband away from the arms of Antonio.

Contemporary conduct books and advice about choosing a wife illustrate the dangers of marriage to a woman of higher social status or of greater wealth. Though by law such a marriage makes the husband master of his wife and her goods, in practice contemporary sources suggest unequal marriages often resulted in domination by the wife. Some writers and Puritan divines even claimed that women purposely married younger men, men of lower rank or of less wealth, so as to rule them ([source](#)).

This is exactly the kinds of power abuse I, a trans woman, endured under Jadis' "care," and the sort that I reference in my own books; e.g., from my Tolkien essay, "[Concerning Rings, BDSM and Vampires; or the State's False Gifts, Power Exchange, and Crumbling Homesteads Told through Tolkien's Nature-Themed Stories](#)" (2024) from Volume One. In short, I had written about such abuse for years, and though Jadis wasn't going to abuse me because they deceived me while appearing good and just. Lord Sauron, anyone? —Perse

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

Jadis' mask. Then again, I won't say their real name. It is dead to me, replaced by "Jadis" as something I can use to speak to the harm they caused in ways they can't gaslight. They had me on my knees, but now I like it for reasons they can't control; re: *Metroidvania, danger disco, ludo-Gothic BDSM—the works!*

To that, success is the best revenge, and I no longer need "my day in court." I don't because courtrooms can't bring me the closure I've already made on my own—i.e., the justice of my surviving them isn't to shame them; they don't feel shame, so cornering them is pointless. Also, I don't need a judge to tell me what "justice" is and when it has been served to my satisfaction [a badge is merely a cover to shield state thugs from accountability and criticism; judges are cops]. Instead, I will use what Jadis taught me in ways that extend to popular stories I can use to change Capitalism [which they loved, without question] into something beyond all abusers' ability to control; i.e., their own speaking to abuse as a theatrical manner of demonic exchange that bleeds in and out of fictional counterparts we make: to camp "rape" by placing it in quotes, inserting all manner of comforting devices into the threshold.



[artist, left: [pinkholi](#); right: [Shexyo Art](#)]

For example, I like Amazons, dark mommy/gentle femme doms, and the monstrous-feminine because they simultaneously evoke my abusers and alienation, but also my desire to be free through friendlier variants than Jadis was capable of delivering—something my subsequent understandings of would eclipse anything Jadis could hope to imagine. They were basic because only a basic bitch harms other people for quick personal gain.

Such is Jadis—a Gothic villain of the cheapest order but one who admittedly knew their way around my head: wave treats in front of me [e.g., shoes, below] before wearing them "for" me during sex. Or so it seemed; in truth, they wore them for themselves, giving me a taste to ensnare me with, "hook, line, and sinker." "It worked," as the saying goes, "like a charm." I didn't just "gang along" with them, mid-courtship, I proposed it!



[model and photographer: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

This wasn't just material objects through financial abuse, but the corporal side of things, too—sex, and specifically demon sex, with someone who was difficult to say no to; i.e., in part because they were attractive and badass, and my self-esteem was shattered after Zeuhl left me for their future husband [and kept other "side pieces"]

around except me, picking-and-choosing when they were poly and when they weren't]. Jadis was hot, and had an amazing ass, strong body, tight pussy and incredible aesthetic, but also interest in my work, which they not only funded, but housed in the middle of Covid; i.e., by literally giving me a home and room of one's own [which they admittedly shared with me until I moved my studio out into the living room—an act of defiance they openly resented and held against me]: where we could presumably make art together. "She actually talked me, man." / "Get outta here!" An abused puppy is eager to please, and I'm a service top.

Zeuhl never supported my work, so I jumped at the chance. In truth, the opportunity felt too good to be true, but also too good to pass up [doubly impaired and doubly eager]—and it was productive; e.g., many of my old blog entries from 2020 and 2021 were written under Jadis' sponsorship, supervision and at times secondary participation: "[War Vaginas](#)," "[Borrowed Robes](#)," "[Mazes and Labyrinths](#)" and "[Why I Submit](#)," etc. We also recorded a short-lived 2020 podcast³⁵⁴; i.e., which formed the foundation for what ultimately became the Four Gs from [Sex Positivity's](#) final manifesto, later displaying as the paratextual documents seen in each volume/[on my website](#).

Except, whereas Mary Wollstonecraft junior ran off with Percy Shelley and had children out of and in wedlock, Jadis and I [thankfully] never conceived actual babies; but they did help inspire what ultimately became my life's work—i.e., by mostly showing me how not to do BDSM! That's the joke, and my revenge: my rape baby love child was started by them and their bad-faith performance, but I made it my own to overcome what they gave me with what they gave me; i.e., the more they shit on me and disguised it, the more they unknowingly fertilized my body and my brain with the power to outlast them through my art: to use Athena's Aegis to unmake harmful notions of motherhood [the Gothic chasing of parental protection

³⁵⁴ Originally called "Goth Nick and Goth Chick" (a name I admittedly came up with while Jadis was randomly driving us around Gainesville), which after seven episodes we eventually renamed to "Dreadful Discourse." I designed the posters for it, and produced everything myself. Jadis sat in, and I tried to come up with cool ideas to talk about, but I had too much to say and them too little, and eventually things stalled and stopped:



(artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#); source: YouTube)

through mates accidentally mirroring our parents] with doubles of those [a trans woman's second puberty/coming-of-age story in her thirties].



[model and photographer: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

In short, Jadis had what I wanted—to fuck and to be [the Amazon/the Medusa]—but like Faust, gave me way more than I bargained for! Alas, I can't show their naked body [the left image is to show their sexual intent without showing their naked body] or us having sex, but Jadis was built to administer and give punishment and pleasure; i.e., having an ass of the gods, while also being incredibly flexible/able to endure an absurd amount of pain. And they knew it, too—right in the middle of Covid, with them going through a divorce and me a rebound after Zeuhl, they had me right where they wanted me: in front of them! Besides smoke and mirrors, Jadis was a master of the carrot and stick, the mask and the mirror [and they had many masks to mirror whatever they wanted me to see]! Do I miss Jadis' magic and cryptonymy? Of course I do; I'm just no longer its slave! I was the victim, not them [Jadis being past victim who victimized me, mid-DARVO and obscurantism]!



[model and photographer: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Furthermore, I'll never say Jadis didn't know what they wanted; they most certainly did, and I liked their confidence and appetite—i.e., it made me feel desired as "femme" in ways that were slowly starting to emerge. Little did I know I was in for a world of hurt—the surviving of said hurt sending me careening fortuitously into Cuwu [who, let it be said, cared for me far better than either Zeuhl or Jadis]! Healing hurts, and generally encompasses a fair amount of trial and error before we "stick the landing." To that, Jadis was the whore TERF-and-SWETF [that was a Florida pun] who policed my work to contain said work. As such, I was "half-prepared" to resist and accept them; i.e., warts and all, the entire ordeal something I've already written about far more than I can, here! Needless to say, my time with Jadis certainly was [in]formative; i.e., regarding what Sex Positivity ultimately became! Stick that in your pipe and smoke it, Jadis [or up your ass for all I care]! Closer to Jadis [and Radcliffe's] school of hard knocks, Smile is less cuddly and cute when showing how this triangulation works; i.e., on public fears of mental illness as stigmatized, thus misunderstood, allowing the demon to invisibly manipulate both sides by pitting them against each other to get what it wants: a host it acquires by alienating and isolating the heroine from her inexperienced, judgmentally ableist

friends. It's a charm offensive, but a brute-force once; i.e., aftercare entirely absent from the equation, replaced with love-bombing and diminishing returns leading into rapid cycles of immense attention and total neglect.

To it, you never really know someone until you know what they want. Zeuhl, for example, was also cold, but only showed it after they got the money and sex from me they demonstrably craved³⁵⁵. By comparison, Jadis wanted to harm me; i.e., because it made them feel strong concurrent to their own personal-and-ongoing torment [the memories of their own abusive mother haunting them]. So harm me they did, then tossed me aside like trash. This is their story as it survives inside mine.

Beyond my exes, Smile wants to scare us, but the reasons why aren't immediately clear. Rather, the demon smiles at its prey because it knows what she knows—that only she can see what's happening. No one believes her despite her being a therapist [a lived, hysterical reality for female experts doubted by their often-male or sexiest female colleagues]. It's drawn to, and preys on, her repressed trauma and tendency to fawn, but feeds as much off the active panic its deceptions cause her from second to second. To this, the demon is as skilled a liar as it is a serial killer—one that makes her friends see a "crazy" woman when she isn't crazy. She only seems/feels crazy to her critics, who shout "Curses aren't real!" Oh, honey, but they are; they are!

All war is based on deception; Jadis' strength was a performance they used to get to me/use me until I could no longer be dominated. The moment I fought back, they dropped me like I was hot. Until then, they held everything over my head—doing so to the point that, once there was seemingly "nowhere else" to go, the implications felt simply "too dire"; i.e., to realize I could leave whenever I wanted, and I wanted to stay because I thought I could fix them and return to normal. Except things never were normal, and Jadis used that against me, too; they thought it was adorable and told me so—but now I know better and can hear what their simpering face really said: "You're trying so hard, but you're wrong!" Not Two Stupid Dogs [which the quote refers to] but one too-stupid dog that its handler was abusing on purpose! Some people harm their pets; i.e., different strokes for different folks.



[model and photographer: Jadis and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Keeping with Hogle's narrative of the crypt—re: "to stand on ashes of something not quite present"—Gothic curses remain partially imaginary but have physiological effects

³⁵⁵ For a good summary of Zeuhl's bullshit, refer to my footnote on them in "[The Eyeball Zone; or, Relating to the Gothic as Commies Do](#)" (2024). Such things are seldom purely "bad," but exist somewhere in the confusing and dangerous (thus exciting) middle.

[tremors] felt through profound emotional disturbance; i.e., most notably evocations of total destructive power and obscurity [re: the mysterium tremendum³⁵⁶]. To this, Radcliffe was queen, and so was Jadis; i.e., a futile escape, the queen-in-question beckoning her caged prey to stop fighting and simply give in. They lived for it, coddling me like a child yet happy to punish me for any perceived flaw that they—Smaug on their hoarded pile of gold—could imagine. And for someone who was otherwise imaginarily braindead, Jadis had endless vision regarding the wrongs formerly committed against them; i.e., as avenged through me as their then-favorite scratching post. In doing so, they forgot the golden rule of all BDSM: "Hurt, not harm."

For Jadis, any pain they caused wasn't for genuine healing towards all parties, but something to fatten up and eat, ad infinitum. Jadis was a truly a glutton for punishment. Now, I summon them again; i.e., as the ghost of the whore who raped me, and one whose better half is the one I divided from its actual physical self; re: I buried one side and left it behind, but embraced the fiction of Jadis in ways that could assist in developing Gothic Communism: to summon "them," like a demon, to "rape" me without harm. Just like Radcliffe! Well, sort of.

Of course, the idea is more fun than the reality—doubly so if you've survived trauma before; i.e., you want something Numinous you can play with, thus control to some degree of calculated risk. That's what ludo-Gothic BDSM is all about, and it stems from Jadis and I, but also my life-long chasing of the Numinous based on older abuse from my childhood into my adult life. This isn't quite "terror" as Radcliffe sold it, nor her idea of "horror" that she assigned posthumously to Matthew Lewis. It was both, and remains something I summon to ride out my own passions; i.e., coded into me by the material world: a woman having survived these storms [and their fabrications' promised violence³⁵⁷] to say in response to my old

³⁵⁶ "Put your *mysterium tremendum* in my Uncanny Valley!" Jadis would say, during sex. A lady they were not (and I loved that about them)! Abusers work with fractions, being deliberately 70/30, or 60/40 good/bad before *revising* that arrangement to lead their prey around by the nose. If such things are mutually agreed upon, that's one thing. But Jadis' bargains were *always* Faustian, thus mendaciously predatory.

³⁵⁷ The enormity and suddenness of such storms I likened, with Jadis, to the moon from *Majora's Mask*, which I escaped by refusing to play along with Jadis' bullshit; re (from "Setting the Record Straight; My Ex's Abuse of Me: February 17th, 2022):

I liken it to Majora's Mask. In that game, the villain, Majora, curses the moon to fly into Hyrule. 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 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.

captors, "My kingdom is as great as yours; you have no power over me!" I survived, and am "savin' all my lovin' for someone who's lovin' me!" Fucking oath, queen!

In turn, female/feminine sensitivity to transgenerational trauma and inheritance is conveyed as monstrous-feminine allegory through Smile. On one hand, its "inspiration porn" format fetishizes the struggle of the Gothic heroine; i.e., within the chronotope, enduring religious passion in the face of an alien menace [a

Like Link, I could not escape by playing the song. Every time Jack threatened me with anger or Instant Breakup, they were abstracting the consequences of my actions so much that I felt like the floor was eggshells: Any wrong step might send me hurling into the void. I felt the shadow of the falling moon in their words. A glance, a heavy sigh, a tapping of the foot, a laborious roll of the eyes. They had mastered me. I thought love through win out, that Jack would change if only I played the song enough. But as our living conditions improved, my happiness worsened. They began to reject me, doting on Tim, instead.

I felt trapped. If I confronted them, they would throw the moon at me. If the moon came, I would play the song to save myself. And the whole cycle would repeat. So now I hid from the falling moon and became what they wanted me to be: their little artist boy. I did not please them, but they seemed oddly content with this arrangement. I knew it wouldn't last, but I couldn't say for sure when it would end. Terror was everywhere and madness reigned within me.

[...] After we returned home, I was sitting at my studio, a computer on a table facing the door. Jack was leaving the house and glowered at me. They were clearly bothered. So I asked them if they were ok. They said they were fine and asked me if *I* was fine. I hesitated and realized my time had come: I would summon the moon. I would invoke Jack's wrath ([source](#)).

The sad reality of rape is how part of it, and the madness associated with it, always stays *with* the victim—and even more complicated, the feelings exposed *to* said victim aren't strictly "bad"; i.e., if they're able to control their feelings through play. This isn't natural, but taught, and sometimes lessons teach best hard. My ludo-Gothic BDSM was wrought through harmful heat and pressure.

For example, I loved the Radcliffean feelings of powerlessness in *Alien*, which had drawn me to Jadis, and whose dominion *over* me I would resurrect in "perceptive," healthy forms that would open not just my eyes and my mind, but those of other victims healing from rape, too. Nothing is more frightening *to* bullies than a woman who has built herself back up—who holds the storm in *her* hands, the Aegis pushing state abuse towards the guilty parties not once, but as a matter of *fractal* recursion! Each one becomes a witness to ask why she does (or doesn't) smile: Lewis' Bleeding Nun!



To heal from rape, you must camp it by drawing lines in the sand, but doing so by no means precludes intensity. Indeed, that's the best part! "'Rape' me, you bastard!" This might sound alien to many, but it's something anyone can understand; i.e., like anyone who might play *Majors' Mask*, a videogame that Nintendo gloriously sold to children. Except, it's not a "slippery slope" if the methodology is made to raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness (the whole point of ludo-Gothic BDSM); and sooner or later, the victim becomes a "victim" who learns their own limits/finds cuties to play with who *won't* harm them (remember your aftercare, babes). Pick your poison, mine is dark mommy doms, and frankly I'm spoilt for choice!

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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cryptonym for historically male abusers]. Conversely, its culmination of the heroine's fatal reunion with her ruinous childhood home [Freud's unheimlich attached to the human face as "wrong" through the Uncanny Valley effect; e.g., Hannah Gadsby's question: "Have you ever seen someone yawn with their teeth clenched?"] provides a startlingly frank critique of the Gothic inheritance fantasy as doomed. As something to deromanticize through a ghost of the counterfeit, the movie operates in defense of disabled people as legitimately oppressed by the status quo; i.e., Austen's parody of Gothic audiences calling the respective horrors in The Mysteries of Udolpho or The Monk "deliciously dreadful."

Like Catherine Morland, the heroine thinks she can win against an unstoppable curse and dies an ignominious death: a white reader buried alive inside her own mind because she self-isolates through Gothic fiction [lying to her one-and-only friend]. The happy ending is a lie; the trauma is not. For the status quo at large, "exquisite torture" is consumer entitlement; reclaiming one's agency in the face of such apathy is a liminal consideration for disabled people identifying with the heroine as disabled, thus something to gawk at by non-disabled persons while she's being tortured and killed. In other words, madness is a lived reality through how people treat you based on superstitions informed by stories of stories, of stories of stories, in praxial opposition.



So concludes another patchwork examination of my time spent with Jadis. Probably not the last, but for now it's time for her to go back to bed! "Sleepy time, chonky one!" What's that, you say? "You shall never have the Necronomicon'? Oh, honey. But I've already written it several times over!")



Third, the death curse (as already touched on, above); re: longevity and weapons (for revenge) are the most common trades when dealing demons and dark desire, classically leading to premature death due to human failing. With Faust, immortality is denied and the dealer with devils ripped to pieces.

As an underwritten part of the ritual, then, the demon can execute a death curse—less of a haunting and more the piloting of a fatal madness that survives inside a host victim's mind until after their death. Postmortem, the host is robbed (of their soul and their life) and the pilot "passes" onto someone else; e.g., Pazuzu from *The Exorcist* (1973) or similar "imitator" demons that gleefully gaslight and isolate the victim while using their own cloned memories against them, but also the apathy of the victim's friends and associates; re: *Smile*, *The Dark and the Wicked* (2020), or *It Follows* (above, 2014). Until death occurs, the attack of the demon is

that of a mental "puppet master"—completely psychological and contained inside the mind of someone who sees what others cannot on account of being the demon's "chosen" pet project, their source of childish delight and fun, their plaything *for* revenge. The *cryptomimesis* of these chains of media touch on systems of abuse and their traumas *buried* in the present space and time; i.e., home as alien (this extends to alien-invasion xenophobia; e.g., the "pod people" from *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*).

Ghosts are generally incorporeal and well-suited to the curse as a trigger mechanism, whereas demons can assume physical forms (or steal them) that hide a final "true form." Physiology aside, the largest difference between a demon and a ghost is the demon's emphasis on *active mobility* that not only can physically travel, but does so through rituals and bargains, not passive transference. Demons tend not to be limited to a space or container inside the space, while still treating the people they encounter as the vector like ghosts do. When the vector succumbs to the curse, demons exploit their death as part of a larger scheme of transference, like a con, ruse, or virus (e.g., AIDS). Yet even when death occurs, the victims "live on," either inside the demon or as a physical "shield" for the demon to taunt the living with: during the liminal hauntology of war conveniently requiring medieval "medical" methods to debride the infected household of any Black Death in the



flesh (Christian calls to violence, the mad scientist husband killing his possessed wife [the "weaker" sex] to "get" the demons before they get *him*): the killing of the Bride of Frankenstein!

Fourth, exquisite torture; i.e., the "tormenting" of the privileged. The idea, as we'll see, comes from Radcliffe *liking* to be tortured by demons, but whose own proto-BDSM retained their harmful and exclusionary conservative elements. To it, demons cross over *into* the mortal plane; i.e., when summoned to torture the summoner before the summoner dies. Torture, however, can occur within boundaries of play during power exchange that don't involve harming anyone; re: the sex-positive BDSM motto, "hurt, not harm," preventing terminal domestic abuse by camping vaso vagal dogma (above).

This being said, Western canon primarily concerns itself with coercion, knife dicks and unironically threatening recipients whose manufactured harmful tortures become something to feel fascination *towards*. Generally it does so by inserting a feeling of xenophobic invasion (usually unto a pretty white maiden) according to a privileged position compounded by a displaced fear of the outside; i.e., not just the ghost of trauma, but a crafty and childlike, psychosexual demon of colonial guilt, rape victims, carceral violence/the sadomasochistic torture dungeon (from De Sade, onwards, but borrowed from chronotopes of the same Neo-Gothic corpus), etc.

Experienced by a privileged person/group playing around with things they know they shouldn't, some demons evoke Hogle's ghosts of the counterfeit; i.e., the initial admonishment as conservative at heart, evoking a psychological fear/fascination with looking at these traumas from afar—e.g., the ruins of Ca'n Dar, followed by Kandar Castle and Arthur's Castle in the *Evil Dead* sequence (a counterexample being Giger's derelict ship containing its own demon tied to the company's corporate past being something to critique in neoliberal terms).

It's also worth noting the hybrid nature of many demons during these tortures; e.g., in *Evil Dead*, you actually have demons that are ghostlike and zombielike—the disembodied ghost and its possession/self-mutilation of the host's flesh that suddenly rots like a corpse, and the revelation of a final, otherworldly demonic "true form"; i.e., "fully" demon, shedding the disguise: the heteronormative "us" (whose bread-and-circus, "gore porn for white English people" dates back to Elizabethan and Jacobean theatre, and whose "shooting demons in the face" revenge fantasy is the avenging of white people/tokens from dark, chaotic forces; i.e., the palimpsest of the *Aliens-meets-Evil-Dead-II* violence in *Doom* stemming from the far-further-back semi-blind pastiche of Shakespeare's hyperbolically gory *Titus Andronicus*³⁵⁸ as "dark comedy" in the basic sense of the definition: having a happy ending against the forces of darkness—the queen of the Goths, in Titus' case).

Keeping these four differentiating factors in mind, let's now consider several performative problems present within the canonical demon summoning ritual, then move on to how we can approach their material history as Gothic Communists; i.e., by looking at older derelicts that have humanized demons, but also demonized workers and chattel camping rape through exquisite "torture" (a sort of "demonic vibing").

Canonical Demonology and Torture: Summoning Racism and Other Bigotry (feat. *Evil Dead Rise*)

The primary problem with canonical demonology is it is inherently hierarchical, racist (ethnocentric) and punitive; e.g., *Evil Dead Rise* (2023) showing a young mother go insane from wandering womb's "placental" transference, absorbing herself and her family into a demonic legion reversal of Civilization (the same idea borrowed from the 2018 *Color Out of Space* and its mom-child tokophobic egregore). Such distractions cryptonymy is very Freudian and



regressive, the white-functioning family destroyed by a pre-Western "primordial" quaking at the myth of the dark continent (and Archaic Mother) come pruriently home to roost!

³⁵⁸ Or Hamlet's father's ghost, saying "I've seen shit, my son!" before motivating Hamlet to kill his whole family! Fun!

Simply put, it's not just DARVO/obscurantism but pearl-clutching—a haunted house replete with the usual bloody hysteria Kubrick couldn't see past in his own cosmic-nihilist *Shining* focused on a single unhomey location: the angry house eating the family and turning them into savage cannibals that a tokenized white savior (the Amazon, in *Rise's* case) must send *back* to Hell before they rape and eat everyone; re: the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection furthered through military optimism, aka peace through strength, quelling tokophobic unrest (the fear of nation rebirth, in this case) on the home front: Creed's murderous womb. "The axe forgets, the tree remembers"; so does our rememory play with the furious monstrous-feminine dead from all walks!



There's a lot of medieval puns going on, here—a cycle of undead metaphors that speak ominously (through death omens) to a rising return of the living dead tied to a space's buried crimes (the appearance of discovery of a found "lost" document), and said crimes coming alive through demonic possession; i.e., as an inquisition that gets to the truth of things through cruel-and-unusual torture. Demonic rituals *are* summoning rituals; during their canonical treatment, torture is expected from different participants: the demons, the sacrifice, the servants and the state (and other tropes; e.g., the Fool from *Cabin in the Woods*, 2011, walking through all of Radcliffe's codifiers). It needn't be outright execution, but barring non-lethal treatments like exorcism or incarceration, state decree tends to favor barbaric, destructive violence dealt to summoner and demon alike.

Evoking the medieval treatment of witches, the prescribed "treatment" for "possessed" individuals is the same: bodily dismemberment. Be this with firearms, power tools or incineration, the command from on high is *improvised* capital punishment in the modern age. This makes punishment of demonic practitioners a form of prescribed bullying administered from a position of supreme material advantage—formerly the Church, surviving through a Cartesian Protestant ethic.

The same could be said of the canonical demon's unfair advantage over the victim, the latter forced to endure a bloodletting trial or test of wills exacted by a vengeful or sadistic god (the husband and his chainsaw, chopping *her* up like firewood/a golem). In short, demonic scheming and torture is the West's generation of a perverse, deified bogeyman that feels alien compared to the holy Western faiths, including the Enlightenment as supreme but also "under attack" (re: the Protestant ethic in late-stage, neoliberal Capitalism). As such, the man of reason becomes justified in administering violence against state-*invented* enemies; i.e., given the mark of death/Cain by a witch-finder general telling him to kill.

A ritual isn't just the interaction between the summoner and the summoned; it includes the state's totalitarian perspective as something to force upon would-be

viewers of demons *on* state grounds; re: the antagonizing of nature leading to its demonic revenge and the state quelling that through monomythic force.

For the audience looking in, though, the bargain and its extreme prejudicial handling are meant to be witnessed and discouraged, but also reinforced relative to the state as in control of its territories (re: Weber): the demon as dangerous thus deserving of punishment (said punishment extending to anyone foolish enough to make a pact with powerful outsiders during a foreign plot retrojecting the oppressed through chronotopic diaspora). The demon also becomes a displaced version of forbidden terror games to play and enjoy with others; i.e., forbidden/strange fruit.

As such, the torture of watching things denied to us (vigilante violence punching up or down) suddenly becomes acceptable; i.e., as ritualized forms of punishment and inheritance anxiety for those thinking about misbehaving when the apocalypse eventually comes *back* around, during a bust (especially in sexual matters, non-martial sex being treated as a death sentence): thought crimes, cloned into copies that pass the horror *cryptomimetically* along!



(exhibit 46a: Echoes of bicycle face, then, is the fearsome death face, from Ringu [1998]—the mouth open wide like the heroine from Smile [the idea popularized in part by Kurosawa's Rashomon (1950) as the witness finds the dead body and sees its dead face, in the forest]. Similar to ahogao and caused by seeing that story's version of the Medusa, Sadako Yamamura, coming into the body through the mouth via force-feeding/oral rape, the idea is taken to its logical extreme with films like Inside, Martyrs and Audition [2008 and 2009]; i.e., that derive a grotesque pleasure and special, metaphysical sense of "seeing" begot from extreme torture; re: Kristeva's Powers of Horror [1981, the same year Evil Dead came out] outlining abjection as a process while speaking appreciatively to Lewis' side of the Radcliffian rivalry. This being said, Death as something to worship makes sense, as nothing is stronger than it; i.e., empire is doomed to be devoured by Mother Nature as something to fear in hauntologized forms, said forms loaded hideously with older bigotries and misconceptions speaking to current ones under Capitalist Realism. Provided we can harness its regenerative power to develop Gothic Communism, then no harm, no foul! But state shift is a real and pressing concern.)

The same basic conditioning is told from the victim's perspective in canonical narratives. Sometimes, the victim is slowly broken down until the demon gains access, or becomes doomed according to a fateful hour when absolute takeover is inevitable (re: *Smile*); other times, it happens quickly and without warning (a rule of thumb: the more build up, the bigger the impact). Whatever the case, the

canonical plight is of *unwanted* entry into the victim's mind, making them do terrible things they cannot stop or remember until they inexplicably die, face frozen in fear (with spontaneous death tied to guilt or shame being a regular *cause-of-death* in Gothic stories).

It makes for good drama insofar as a conflict is displayed (re: Faust), but among the esoteric gore is all-but-useless as a material critique outside of depicting torture in supernatural terms (which is still a clue about the material conditions of a given society according to its torture-porn diet). There's certainly something to be said about the phenomenology of mental illness, through such strategies of misdirection; i.e., a fear of said illness, but also a likening of it with dark oracles who communicate, as demons do, through bodily torture; e.g., schizophrenia being as much a testament to *self-harm* as it is to harm others:



In canonical stories, though, a demonic sickness of the victim exploitatively mirrors psychological abuse as something to "glut," subsisting prior to activation within a physical object or associate ritual that haunts the victim once exposed; e.g., the VHS tape, from *Ringu* or *Evil Dead's* elusive Necronomicon being as much a nod to Peter Lavenda as Lovecraft; re: McKee's correct notion of a

proto-orientalism, combined with historical illiteracy—or perhaps committed distrust of "history" as an elite conspiracy in itself—[that] has led to the mystification of antiquity as something incomprehensible, occult, or even satanic. This has opened the door for both outright fraudsters and what Laycock calls "moral entrepreneurs" to write their own chimerical histories, inserting the names of ancient places and deities into imagined struggles between cosmic good and evil. These faulty constructions of history depend on ignorance ([source](#): "The Misappropriation of Ancient Texts," 2015).

To it, fascism and *its* stupidity are a virus that travels through *cryptomimesis* inside the larger Gothic mode!

So while Walpole and Lewis' rape castles are demonstrably places that feared the medieval period to allow for a critique of their present worlds, such spaces weren't immune to colonization by entrepreneurs like Radcliffe. Though Radcliffe, herself, wouldn't have touched magical demons with a stick, its dark canon was immensely overused in male authors like Sam Raimi—a man whose bastardizing of *The Monk* embodies the same kind of neo-conservative regressions that Radcliffe embodied; i.e., a pirate is a pirate, an orc an orc, and deserving of punishment whether as a ghost or demon. The punishment is not visibly associated with *state* forces, but instead becomes a form of *dissociate* victim-blaming pinned onto "outsider" scapegoats whose Indigenous grudges "suddenly appear" as if out of thin

air. Such is the ghost of the counterfeit, furthering the abjection process *vis-à-vis*



dark monoliths in small; e.g., a book that, when opened, springs from itself a variety of barbaric miniatures not unlike Walpole's fatal portraits, but considerably more racist and misogynistic, etc: the manwoman in the *cellar*!

At first blush, the demonic possession might seem *exclusively* coercive—i.e., full of pointless mental torture and physical

dismemberment, dislocated from material conditions, and only begetting further harmful torture, thus conditioning the damsel-like viewer or detective to submit to or perform their ordinary role within state-sanctioned violence afraid of a black planet (a mix of colonial vaudeville, vampirism, demonic possession and hag horror, above). But the simple fact is, iconoclastic demonology can summon demons to parse material conditions by asking the viewer to relate to the detective, damsel or demon in unusual, iconoclastic ways (the "inoculating" goal being to expose the madness behind the hidden traumas of Capitalism through these commonplace replicas, thus acclimating oneself to the mental-gymnastic blitz of canonical abusers; re: Jadis).

The *iconoclastic* idea, then, is to undo the bourgeois curse by its own invitation ("Join us!"); i.e., by using it to *reverse* abjection, hence employ a simple, age-old trick: convincing the world the Devil (a spectre of Marx) *does* exist. This happens through the repurposing of age-old clichés—by *humanizing* the demons themselves and how we play with them in duality by fabricating any to benefit us. Despite the supernatural guise, their psychological gimmicks are very human, but also a means of expressing the human condition in iconoclastic terms; i.e., beyond the torture ritual stuck in a nonstop death loop and more as something to paradoxically enjoy through the Gothic expression of exquisite "torture" through one's imagination as literally happening before them: the xenophobic legends that fuel it being reclaimed.

This material history can be further humanized, of course; i.e., by examining older forms that future iconoclasts can make *more* xenophilic, thus in favor of workers. For example, regarding Radcliffe as the coiner of the basic phrase (from our thesis volume):

when Radcliffe wrote in *The Italian*, "What are bodily pains in comparison with the subtle, the exquisite tortures of the mind!" she is, according to Kim Ian Michasiw, treating the presence of sublime power as "as a signal to sigh and feel exalted" ([source](#): "Ann Radcliffe and the Terrors of Power," 1994). Simply put, there's a dealing with power exchange being had that's ironic, its symptoms of ritualized pain neatly divorced from actual damage but suitably

demonic all the same. Even if Radcliffe would never stoop like Matthew Lewis to actually play with literal demons, she is still summoning her own "demons" to play with through rape pastiche: bandits, Italian counts, and pirates pretending to be ghosts (with the armed and confident Ludovico boldly investigating the "haunted" room because he doubts Emily St. Aubert's testimony and represents the cliché, plucky energy of a male protagonist bent on facing evil, but also defeating it through raw, physical force)—i.e., violent liars that prey upon the imagination of susceptible maidens, threatening them with sexual violence. As a woman, she was making demons she *shouldn't* play with that illustrated her own fears, but also privilege as someone fascinated with the barbaric, faraway past. As Cynthia Wolff points out, Radcliffe's *xenophilia* and demon lovers are always partially murderous and mutilating in ways that regress towards the status quo: the demon lover as the white, cis-het woman's thrill of rape that is ultimately replaced by the fairytale wedding. To be blunt, it's basic *and* colonial ([source](#)).

Such are the canonical elements we've just discussed, and which we can camp ourselves through ludo-Gothic BDSM profaning Raimi and company's canonical, dogmatic idea of such stories distracting from the obvious: the inheritance of empire as something that is always in decay and letting things slip cryptonymically through the cracks!

For the rest of this subchapter portion, then, I want to examine demonic summoning and its BDSM utility during such torturous rituals; i.e., as having evolved into established canonical, psychosexual forms of the occult that strictly *punish* workers; re: canonical torture as something for us to camp during our own derelicts' elaborate strategies of misdirection (demonic gibberish eluding to freedom of expression developing Gothic Communism).

This camping is fraught with compromise; re: I *also* write, in Volume Zero, "If Sontag was vanilla, then Radcliffe was barely ice cream" ([ibid.](#)); i.e., stuck in a nigh-religious state of neo-medieval fascination and Numinously psychosexual "martyr-style" hard kink. So while demons are aliens, Radcliffe's were largely non-magical home invaders festooned with medieval pageantry *while* she sat in "horny jail." She played it safe, but still leaned in an oddly torturous direction (bored housewife syndrome³⁵⁹). You gotta start somewhere, right?

We'll primarily examine the canonical side of demon rituals, here. Then, in "Exploring the Derelict Past," we'll consider exquisite "torture": as a form of camp taken further than Radcliffe while still building on her classic ideas about forbidden

³⁵⁹ And if you think she's the only one, watch Cameron's *Titanic* (1997)—a box office smash about a giant boat and love triangle where a white middle-class woman tortures an immigrant to death because, in Cameron's words, "the script needed it." And millions of like-minded housewives agreed, loving the film for its extended torture scene (and because Rose lets Jack go even though she says she won't)! The reveal at the end is "And I would gotten away with it if it wasn't for you meddling kids!" but "I remember when I was young and loved him..." Render unto Caesar...

sight that make for a solid foundation; i.e., canonical torture vs exquisite "torture" in the same poetic spheres' ghost of the counterfeit and abjection process. Each speaks to the liminal, transient position of damsels and detectives subversively tracing the treatment of demons and the demonized/chattelized left behind; e.g., from 1980s pornography and its own damsel archetype to Radcliffe's infamously white and intrusive Gothic heroines invading a given castle as "old dark residence."

Curiosity kills the cat, but nosy little girls developing Communism are *anything* but the state's idea of well-behaved; per Gothic canon infantilizing them, they must be watched because (and again, according to the state), they can easily hurt themselves when left unsupervised. At the very least, they might cause a scandal; e.g., making homemade porn in someone else's bed³⁶⁰! So do we demons infiltrate and destroy Rome's nuclear model from within, just like Mary Shelley (the nerdy slut) did before us:



(model and photographer: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

As previously stated, our intent in doing so is to move beyond the usual psychoanalytical models and analysis by engaging with demons and their messy authorship/execution in dialectal-material terms; i.e., that don't tokenize/triangulate or muddy the waters, assisting in the state's *subversion* towards xenophilic anarchy during monster-fucking torture by exposing its psychological mechanisms through the demonic peril and associate power games meant to *normally* pacify workers.

Said pacification happens through canonical threats of force tied to stagnant material conditions, blindly expressed in demonic rituals of agony tied to bodily harm; i.e., bourgeois torture schemes. By comparison, sex positivity couches

³⁶⁰ The above image being my great uncle's antique bed, which Cuwu and I fucked in after a trip on the road. Doing so wasn't *automatically* vindictive on our part; but when I learned that my uncle was mistreating his adopted trans son, Cuwu and I sought revenge—fucking on my uncle's guest bed: "You have to be quiet or the Master will hear! Now fuck me harder!" Calculated risk isn't just an act, and half-real, it sits on and offstage during ludo-Gothic BDSM making demons *during* love!



(artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

perception and power within demonic markers of trauma that *aren't* complete bullshit—often BDSM, kink and rituals of abuse directed at the inexperienced (which Radcliffe arguably was, insofar as she felt comfortable expressing herself in "polite" society); re: ludo-Gothic BDSM as, like *Evil Dead's* monster mom, having a bit of old Radcliffe in it.

Again, you gotta start somewhere, and Radcliffe's nonsense—while rather misinformed—belonged to a larger conservative trend invested wholly in profit; i.e., one that, per the ghost of the counterfeit furthering abjection, evolved into itself while serving the profit motive in ways we can steer however we want. To that, let's continue by looking at canonical torture serving profit beyond Radcliffe, who kept *her* demons fairly ordinary (re: Moers' Female Gothic versus its Male double: boys play with magic, rape and death; girls are trapped between infantilized positions of emotional disturbance and nun-like chastity, mid-investigation)!

The Evolution of Canonical Torture, cont. (feat. for-Profit Demons)

Canonical torture is gibberish, like all demonology is, but it speaks to the material world as swept up in warring dialectical-material forces: the presumption of guilt for playing with magic spells (demon BDSM and psychosexual torture) for profit; re: church DARVO evolving into a lucrative latter-day canon "speaking of the Devil":



(exhibit 46b: Artist, top left: [Emanuela Lupacchino](#); top-right: Leonardo Da Vinci; mid-to-bottom right: [Tom Sullivan](#); middle-left: [Dustin Twilley](#). Apart from female bodies and acts of creation, canonical

reanimation is often associated with black magic rituals as something to confront and destroy during monomyth us versus them. Frequently these are gibberish—a ghost-of-the-counterfeit "awe" by continually "speaking in tongues" amid demonic intimations thereof. The outcome—of their Promethean power and Faustian

knowledge exchange—scapegoats sex-positive forms by attaching them to cataclysm, blindness, insanity and dismemberment; i.e., the parroting of ignorance through blind pastiche made by faithful children playing with dead things during Capitalist Realism. Often the flipping of the pages as quickly as the readers do makes the books involved impossible to replicate perfectly. So instead—and like Milton—new explorers regularly invent older derelicts within the same "ancient," cryptomimetic lineage.

But replicate it certainly does; i.e., in a highly animated "sizzle reel" of visual, palimpsestual chaos. Not only did the original Evil Dead's sequels inspire increasingly more violent and warlike copies; those copies inspired the FPS genre as something whose monasterial creative heritage became sacred unto itself intertextually across mediums—i.e., the book scene from Army of Darkness [1993] was, itself, copied like a counterfeit, unholy Bible in the 1997 videogame, Blood's 2011 mod, "Death Wish." The power of the book as part of the endless ritual of recreation is not just its fascination with the canonical barbaric past, but "cool points" you net when having one on your wall. The canonical text becomes trophy-like, be that hand-made, copy-and-pasted, or simulated ["State of Unreal Full Presentation," 2023]: "Demons are cool, but shooting or smashing them in the face is even cooler!"

In keeping with Radcliffe, there is a classically "male" facet to medieval manuscripts and book-binding; i.e., medieval monks sat around making them, whereas nuns were largely known [and fetishized] for taking in stragglers off the road, to care for them in times of dire need: a burden of care that privileged men, letting them write and make art, versus women being the usual caregivers... and whose blood magic ties ominously to books "bound in human flesh and inked in human blood." Said invented literature routinely abjects Catholic and Enlightenment abuses off onto a settler-colonial "other" that speaks both to the usual tokophobic nonsense; i.e., essentializing female biology as monstrous, but also blood libel, sodomy and witch hunter language that Raimi was repeatedly leaning on; re: the murderous, wandering cannibal womb as part of a bigger monstrous-feminine conspiracy about empire-ending fears: raining period blood [the torture of the female hero losing her hand have a fetishized quality to it versus the male tough-guy act].



It's the usual Red Scare shenanigans—with Fede Alvarez [another Rodriguez horror sell-out from south of the border] deliberately having the tokenized midwife abort the genderqueer spawn of Satan with a chainsaw episiotomy [don't Google that], only for it to end up being a caesarean delivering Rosemary's baby [the spectre of Marx] unto her and the unsuspecting world above [render Caesar unto us]: "Hail, Satan!" indeed; it's the crossing of the Rubicon

[with Nazis and Communists again occupying the same kayfabe shadow zone]! Such hyphenations of sex and force, but also parent confusion, speak to purity arguments regarding white women policing and delivering "pure" babies for the state: debriding a rotten womb/unweeded garden grown to seed, and with gusto!

Furthermore, it's quite common in canonical Gothic to marry tokophobia [and Freudian prescriptions of sex and force obscuring Marxist language] to unironic witch hunts; i.e., similar to Aliens' own anti-Communist mirror syndrome—with Cameron's royal Ripley clone a subjugated Hippolyta punching the Alien Queen as his Nazi-Communist Medusa, doing so for domestic abuses abjected onto colonial targets framed as "black" and "ancient" discoveries—so, too, does Alvarez tap into the same Freudian anxiety language: to furiously punch down against nature, Amazonomachia-style, under monomythic neoliberalism [the monomyth being when you punch Medusa, instead of hugging her and surrendering your power unto her during the Promethean Quest and its dialectic of the alien].

To make matters worse—if that were even possible—everything happens while literally wrapping the "ancient" patchwork "frankenbook" in Black-Veil garbage bags, and then in torturous barbed wire like some kind of fucked-up present from Jack Skellington [and whereupon a curious white male nerd (and double for Doctor Knowby from the first film) finds, in the basement of a cabin in the woods, and must cut through using bolt cutters]: a framed narrative steeped in the occult, female genital mutilation/surgical addiction and unironic



sadomasochism! What's not good for the goose also isn't good for the gander!

"History ends first in tragedy and then in farce." But truth be told, it's a dialectical-material cycle that doesn't so much "end" as loop in on itself. And if revolutionary

cryptonymy peels back the infernal concentric pattern's onion-like layers to free Medusa, then complicit cryptonymy is a concentric gaslight to argue for Medusa's continued, indefinite stay at the asylum: a rape without end, supervised by unscrupulous and knowing-better doctors [fighting back not with scalpels, but crowbars nail guns, chainsaws and—in Army of Darkness' case—kung fu and homemade explosives heralded by hilarious-if-blind camp ("Strange one!") and admittedly awesome music; re: Quixote's gonna Quixote, weird canonical nerds aping the legend of King Arthur [through a bad rendition of Cervantes and Mark Twain, but a faithful one of Aliens and Doom] to seek revenge against nature as monstrous-feminine under American neoliberalism—the biggest joke being they actually think they're estranged from privilege]!

In keeping with the ghost of the counterfeit/abjection process, the dogma, here, is literally Satanic Panic; i.e., to punish the audience for looking while simultaneously preaching to the choir about the horrors of colonialism, which it

blames on witches [re: Federici]: "She's burning in Hell, you sick fuck!" Alvarez has the daughter of a white man say to him in a dirty basement, albeit after he straps her to a post and sets her on fire; i.e., it's the point of admission—white moderates paying to see a black passion/rape not just of the girl, but of religion itself, then patting themselves on the back for not being either of the parties onscreen [or so they think]:



Gaslighters gonna gaslight, but it's something we can study for our own reasons; i.e., to learn how they work and [re]present their arguments [the megachurch of Hollywood preaching to the choir]. To that, Evil Dead 2013 [and its³⁶¹ producers] let

Alvarez revel in torching the nuclear family model; i.e., by speaking guiltily to the false preacher as a vice character would, only to exonerate the proceedings by torturing a young white girl [echoes of Salem] to death, Pentecostal-style³⁶²; i.e., kettling the accused/policing the virgin/whore, who—suddenly fed up—tells daddy how she really feels [after having killed her mother because women often police their children under Patriarchal abuse; re: Jadis] and to which he responds not by slapping her wrist or face, but shooting her evil dead; re: "suffer not a witch to live!"

It's the same-old Shadow of Pygmalion; i.e., one that King and De Palma famously milked with Carrie [1976] years beforehand—a man from Maine, first imitated by a local Michigander and then by a director from Mexico also abusing Galatea [and likening demonic possession to drug use, speaking to the American War on Drugs poisoning his country]. By doing so, Alvarez is aping Raimi all the way back to Radcliffe—effectively saying to the audience, "See, see! She really was an evil

³⁶¹ The original funded out-of-pocket by a wealthy patron, *knowing* the movie had a rape scene with a tree in it, but also nonstop torture and the fetishized mutilation of women (and Gothic Romance tropes; e.g., the gravedigging scene). It's paradoxically the most openly torturous film, but also my favorite (alongside Alvarez' 2013 revisit) because it demonstrably has satire *during* the torture; *Army of Darkness* is much more blindly celebratory of such things/the male hero as Quixotic (re: "[Valorizing the Idiot Hero](#)"). Exploitation and liberation occupy the same space over time.

³⁶² And despite being a Satanic atheist (re: "[I, Satanist, Atheist: A Gothacist's Thoughts on Atheism, Religion, and Sex](#)," 2021), I have some experience with Baptists in real life; i.e., my twin brother once dated the daughter of a Baptist minister, wherein we spent an entire Thanksgiving at her sister's house. The family had us over—the husband basically a blue-collar man like Ashley Williams, and his wife the usual kind of victim (female, white) that suffers under such bondage—the lot of them only too happy to tell us we *weren't* welcome. For instance, the sister told Hans, my twin, that she prayed to Jesus every night that he might *kill* Hans and liberate her sibling from "living in sin"/prevent a marriage *she* didn't approve of. And one of her daughters—a little girl in a white angelic gown with long brown hair—walked up to me, and seeing *me* with long hair said, without missing a beat: "You're going to Hell." Never underestimate the power of dogma, babes—specifically its uncanny ability to encourage young women to submit as often as rebel (essentially an inversion of Hawthorne's Pearl, from *The Scarlet Letter*). Also, double standard: Jesus had no hair, you little fuck!

demon who went mad and killed her mother!" It's a "boundaries for me, not for thee" precursor to aborting Communism that would happen later in the movie; i.e., middle-class pearl-clutching defending Christendom and demonizing Free Love as Manson-esque: for the ghosts of Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski, deathly afraid of outsiders! All witch hunts have a bourgeois class character to them, pimping Galatea for their police state's gated communities.

It's also a foreigner assimilator's fear-fascination with persecution mania, lionizing American fascism by "both-sidesing" genocide; i.e., by having the witch—a captive audience in a larger summoning ritual during reactive abuse—go mad: both tied to the stake, but also curiously immune to Baptist sermons of fire and brimstone! The accusers don't just want her to break; they're literally praying for it, and all to maintain their own place in the world—i.e., the punitive and white-supremacist, patriarchal hierarchy endorsing and reenacting a self-fulfilling prophecy that requires the Patriarch to put her down "for her own good": "I love you, baby!" Antagonize nature as monstrous-feminine, then put her cheaply to work during "Holocaust by bullet." Such are the disgusting refrains of so many in-house rapists and child abusers, poaching their own blood, mid-libel. Don't worry, asshole; she'll be back to haunt you and your kind! You can't kill us, and Medusa never dies, but instead outlives her abusers and their twisted moral code!

That is only the beginning of our revenge, its culmination being to build a better world by bringing Hell to Earth and smashing Capitalist Realism: showing these lapdogs the error of their ways/unbridled hypocrisy while illustrating mutual consent in a gloriously an-Com society having subverted such dogma for good [capital being a system that relies on routine defilement to perpetuate itself for profit, and which we—endlessly tortured by said system—only grow stronger in united opposition]: the whore free to dictate their own destiny unfettered from state pimps [and their geek shows' unironic chainsaw strap-ons]! She smiles as she burns because she sees what the elite cannot, and bravely says the quiet part out loud; i.e., in ways they cannot hope to censor with their money and status—the monstrous-feminine avenger castrating the pimp as a rapist she avenges the victims of, doing so with radical glee. Revenge is sweet! "Say 'cheese' and die, Sisyphus!" [with R.L. Stine capitalizing on the fatal portrait while selling it to kids; re: "[Death by Snu-Snu](#)," 2024]. "Owo, what's this!"



A girl can dream! Until then, we demon mommies can play with the past to transform it away from monomythic violence!)

Sexuality is a regular visitor (and casualty) during bad BDSM and demons can certainly *be* sexy when subverting said BDSM. Indeed, sex sells, but occurs historically under Capitalism as coercive sex; i.e., as a means of voyeuristically

looking at sexualized workers being slowly (or not so slowly, above) euthanized, again and again, mutilated by demon-lovers-in-disguise (cops) policing the whore as she speaks to her own rape when summoned (running a train on Medusa's corpse, one "phallic" daughter at a time). Religion is a sham run by charlatan pimps, which Max Powell put best in *Peeping Tom* (1960): "The kinds with girls on the front covers and no front covers on the girls." We'll get to *that* history more, in a moment.

For now, let's focus on the summoning ritual mid-subversion as a form of shifting power exchange, gradually mutating canonical usage; i.e., the canonical "gargoyle" fixated on purely psychological fears (of the dark, but also things of the dark, which are rooted in real-world scapegoats) that slowly has become more and more "perceptive" by more and more marginalized authors sticking their toes into the psychosexual BDSM world: to escape canonical demonization and chattelization; re: the damsel as submissive/regressive, the detective as relatively dominant, and demons offering up emancipatory forms of power exchange, mid-duality (with ironic variants of the sub, switch and dom performed by us).

Obviously past attempts at doing so were far tamer (from a class war standpoint) than recent ones, but remained products of their own times; re: Radcliffe, as we shall see, was positioned to write the exact stories she wrote, while still engaging in BDSM antics bearing out a supernatural façade: the rights of women as more than passive sex objects, able to pursue and explore demonic sex. Whatever the author's dialectical-material leanings, language and technology are paramount to achieving their end result. Indeed, the "incubator" is media itself as *occupied*, mid-altercation/-intervention.

Often an occult presence lives inside a piece of media that can harbor ghosts, but just as easily summon demons to overpower the viewer with. Doing so constitutes an exchange of power and knowledge in demonic fashion; i.e., through the performers that represent symbols of domination and fear as increasingly sublimated *or* subverted. However "occult" these may seem, their imaginary origins still apply to workers and chattel in the material world. Confronted with a "demon," some will want to unironically punish it; others will see the demon as a mode of *self*-expression reverse-abjecting the actual torturer's state-sanctioned bias: "Spank me, mommy!" Medusa is rape-proof as a means of self-defense *and* attack;



i.e., as anti-predation guerrilla (asymmetrical/counterterror) warfare saying anisotropically *to* her attackers, "Look, don't touch!"

(*exhibit 46c*: Artist: [Frederico Escorsin](#). Medusa isn't simply a metaphor for ancient female rage and forbidden wisdom; it symbolizes her power to reverse abject her own trauma through a ludo-Gothic BDSM hijacking of the entire creative

process—i.e., sending said gaze and history of rape back at her attackers to chill them [and the profit motive] to stone; re: the whore's revenge. Everyone loves the whore; and whereas demons are traditionally invented to serve ideological roles pursuing the profit motive through constant austerity and "vigilance," female and/or non-white and GNC demons like the Gorgon canonize the exploitation of whores [female or not] by men [and their black-penitent double standards].

Carved from stone, Medusa is just as much a vengeful "Galatea" as she is a snake demon. By turning the [traditionally male/tokenized Man Box] gazer into stone, she traps them in a frozen state like Medusa herself once was, thereby protecting herself [and other potential/actual victims] by freezing the rapist in place. It's not so much in a literal sense, but whose reactionary disgust gives away would-be abusers of "demonic" women and other state-appointed degenerates; e.g., black men and their BBCs; i.e., those selected for punishment because their mere open existence defies the status quo as paradoxically needing someone to rape. Her cursed existence suitably hyphenates mouth/fang and vagina/knife to hatch through birth trauma outside the womb [from Frankenstein's own extra-natal commentaries on development weaponizing Communism as such].)

A large part of this practice goes back to the death omen as something to envision through vague symbols of ambiguous danger and power. Death, in Gothic media, is generally something to gaze upon—a "darkness visible" whose paradox amounts to beholding that which "cannot" be seen.

A common canonical tactic is *selective* punishment: When gazed upon, the capture and release of the demon(s) as expressions of trauma through power exchange will famously "destroy" the viewer (exhibit 46c). This annihilation varies depending on the "power source," but also the onlooker as a pair of eyes *given* to the audience *by* the author. Ghosts, for example, can trap humans in a similar state of frozen death, delivering trademark sensations of live burial. While demons like Medusa can *also* do this, the *modern* Promethean Quest involves a more transactional *Faustian* exchange; i.e., *negotiated* dealings in unequal, forbidden and dark exchange/radical transformation *vis-à-vis* power, knowledge and desire, but also bouts of informed consent/punishment (whereas Medusa was simply hunted down during *collective* punishment [a war crime] and beheaded *without* discussion, modern iterations of her demon are far more chatty before/after the torture begins).

As we have seen, negotiated appearances can be playful "tortures," or serious trials/death curses. However, there's always a misbehaving element to the ritual on both sides:

- moral panic—privileged, unwitting children playing with the occult, dating back to Radcliffe's nosy heroines.

- persecution—dissidents more used to state violence who find themselves dealing with "demons" that are hardly divorced from the giving and receiving of normalized police abuse; e.g., the chav teens vs the police, from *Attack the Block* (a gutter ballet that also includes extraterrestrial demons, 2011).



Under these sheltered or besieged circumstances, the canonical Numinous becomes an especially effective "keep out" sign for the elite—the proverbial skull-and-crossbones preceding an angry divinity that exudes total, alien power (the Numinous) associated with *capital* authority/punishment and the state; i.e., the latter putting people *to* death to *uphold* profit through abject demon rituals having evolved: in constant praxial opposition with franker and braver testimonies occupying the same shadow zone. Regression is always a threat, but one that paradoxically must be faced by those who *refuse* to conform: we monsters (the state will never let us).

It becomes immensely important, then, to understand what threatens workers while experimenting with playful forms of "torture"; re: ludo-Gothic BDSM summoning and playing with older demons by consciously embodying them to become *more* sex-positive/Gothically mature than Radcliffe, Raimi and Alvarez were. This happens through the ritual itself as something to harness and control, not blindly worship as canon (Jade, the stalker of my partner Crow, for example, loved *Evil Dead* provided you *didn't* critique it—any more than you'd critique police violence in *Ghostbusters*; i.e., its own hunting of the harvest through controlled opposition; re: "[Cornholing the Corn Queen](#)," from Volume One).

Something as simple as a hand on one's throat can denote a threat—one established through trust inside a "violent" ritual and its playful language of "torture" (re: "[Healing from Rape](#)," also from Volume One). Playing with trauma is precisely the point, placing "violence" in quotes to provide a buffer between one's lived trauma and said buffer's power to stave off further violent acts; i.e., through an apotropaic, intersectionally solidarized pedagogy of the oppressed surviving in the shadow of police violence as alienating everyone differently. In this instance, the player and the audience are often one-in-the-same, demanding "torture," or the playful threats of peril, which signify different things depending on who's watching and who's being tortured, etc, when healing from rape (re: Volume One).

Surviving rape and preventing it systemically are as much about overcoming shame, mid-play. The truth hurts, but it hurts *so good* (with Le Brock's "walking womb" being as much a nod to Abel Ferrara's 1981 *Ms. 45*, in John Hughes' 1985 *Weird Science* (next page)—but also the same neo-conservative wish fulfillment of

the Ancient *Athenian* Amazon [and latter-day femme fatales, 1800s-onwards³⁶³] being revived from old spare parts to thrill the nuclear model, but ultimately *uphold* it, below): teenage wet dream or coach for uncontrolled opposition? You be the judge, and make her in your own image (or vice versa, you in hers)!



The determining factor—of these tortures being "exquisite" or not, thus *sex-positive* or not—is the appreciative or appropriative nature of the torture itself taking place. Catharsis, in sex-positive forms, is achieved from revisiting trauma in playful, xenophilic forms, then healing from it by establishing a sense of agency over one's own body and mind attached encouragingly to larger structures we alter first inside ourselves; re: liberation first happens inside a smaller labyrinth of the mind, before going out into larger labyrinths inside larger labyrinths, *mise-en-abyme* (with Plato's cave being equally concentric): half-real liminalities occupied by demons as liminal beings trapped between fiction and non-fiction, onstage and off.

Gothic novels and *their* many threats present demons cryptonymically to detectives/damsels, but also rape play more broadly as something the reader can *choose* to vicariously confront. Simply put, demons symbolize rape by possessing their victims, exuding total control over them by forcing them to subject themselves to all manner of terrible things. Yet, the demons, trauma they intimate, and ritual itself can all be hijacked by the assigned submissive—a recipient "author" of pain who chooses *their* fate in relation to whatever *they* summon: "unspeakable" stories that threaten a lack of control—usually tied to violent, often sexual impulses, but also demonic personas' calculated risk—as things that pass through



the performer as inhabited by a presence they choose to let inside of themselves: the evil within becoming the evil everywhere, tramp-stamped for camp (say that ten times fast).

(*exhibit 46d: Model and artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). The thrill of false danger goes both ways—from dom to sub, but also as delivered by Dark Fathers and Mothers of gentle and strict forms to varying degrees; e.g., Radcliffe's rapacious "demon lover" taken to supernatural, xenophilic extremes, by Bunny and*

³⁶³ Again, Lewis' Matilda castrated Ambrosio to *critique* the status quo, the rockstar priest being ripped apart, the evil prioress beaten to a pulp, and the abbey burned to the ground. *Jo-Jo* humor and total fakery aside, Lewis was much more biting in his critique than Radcliffe and their mutual imitators were; i.e., he set the whore free to punish men, then let her *stay* free (Matilda survives at the end, being the genderqueer Devil-in-disguise). Slay, queen!

myself—my art speaking to their ace public nudism, demonic aesthetics and love for exhibiting BDSM [especially the receiving of pain as something to give back to the audience]. It's Bunny's way of saying they love us. Right back atcha, babe!)

Similar to general BDSM roles, the line between damsels, detectives and demons is not wholly discrete, in ludo-Gothic BDSM (and Gothic counterculture—a concept we'll unpack much more, during Volume Three). The power of the heroine to summon the demon, for example, frequently denotes a sexual interest or agency—an activity unto itself that, not too long ago, would have been entirely forbidden to women regardless of *what* they were summoning.

For example, though hardly *overtly* Satanic, the established rules of literature forbid Catherine Morland—and by extension, Jane Austen—from "summoning" Henry Tilney as an object of *a lady's* desire. In doing so, Austen's *Northanger Abbey* pushed female desire into verboten spheres, gleefully taking all the credit:

for, though Henry was now sincerely attached to her [...] I must confess that his affection originated in nothing better than gratitude, or, in other words, that a persuasion of her partiality for him [underlining by me] had been the only cause of giving her a serious thought. It is a new circumstance in romance, I acknowledge, and dreadfully derogatory of an [sic] heroine's dignity; but if it be as new in common life, the credit of a wild imagination will at least be all my own ([source](#)).

Though incredibly tame by modern standards, Austen's parody of the Gothic (and Radcliffe) constitutes a cracked door that, when thrown wide, pushes society headlong into sex-positive realms! In short, Austen's critique of Radcliffe inspired my own (see: Volume Zero).

Furthermore, replete with gender trouble, ironic power exchange and appreciative peril, BDSM rituals expanding on Austen (or Lewis) can become friendly through the demons, damsels, and detectives *they* display. Roles can be switched around, with traditionally submissive parties allowing themselves to exude agency within the Gothic mode no matter how monstrous-looking the participants are: choosing to sleep with whomever they summon, during rituals founded on mutual consent during *unusual* directions (and degrees) of power exchange. This extends to the demon, which can find themselves bound to the arrangement of fulfilling the *sub's* desires. Goodness me! What scandalous dalliance and coquette!

As such, the demon is no longer a simple butcher of cis-het women, nor an occupier of their bodies against their will; the owners of those bodies subvert canonical demonology by acting as sex-positive vessels of demonic power—i.e., to give and receive "torture" that denies the canonical torturer exclusive access to helpless victims by making would-be victims the arbiters of forbidden knowledge: demonology as a harmless state of existence. As such, workers choose how *they*

want to engage with demonic sex, dictating the course of whatever actions transpire. So do we put the kinds of psychotic torturers chasing the whore in *Evil Dead* out of *their* misery!



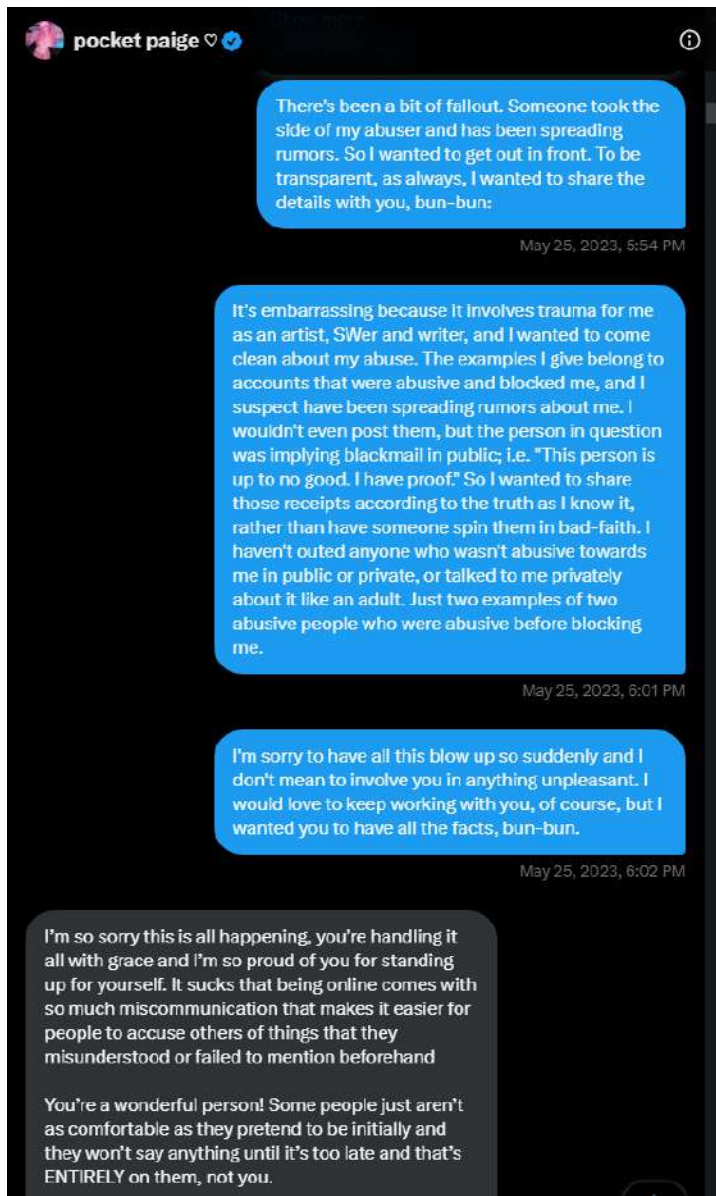
(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

For example, [Bunny](#) is asexual in person, but delights in presenting themselves in a sexual manner through iconoclastic artwork they sometimes make (thus negotiate) with others. Walking the line between slutty angel/devil, but also bratty virgin/whore (teasing but ultimately saying *no* to sex; i.e., as a form of power exchange that disempowers sexist catcalling men, first and foremost), Bunny's awesomely paradoxically power lies in self-expression through demonic art; i.e., that allows Bunny (and their fat demonic ass, above) to perform within *negotiated* boundaries: as someone who funded my own work, and who I have repeatedly paid tribute towards, over the years! As such, we show separately and together how power is something you give and take to *prevent* rape, generally by putting "rape" in quotes during ludo-Gothic BDSM (thus Gothic Communism) as a *joint-venture*³⁶⁴. Always *has* been, my dudes!

³⁶⁴ With Bunny supporting me after I was getting dogpiled by cis and GNC sex workers on Twitter (re: "[Setting the Record Straight, Transmisia Experience: 5/26/2023](#)"), telling me:

I'm so sorry this is all happening, you're handling it all with grace and I'm so proud of you for standing up for yourself. It sucks that being online comes with so much miscommunication that makes it easier for people to accuse others of things that they misunderstood or failed to mention beforehand. You're a wonderful person! Some people just aren't as comfortable as they pretend to be initially and they won't say anything until it's too late and that's ENTIRELY on them, not you. Especially when it comes to people CONTINUING to say that you're a wonderful person and that they support you and everything you stand for speaks VOLUMES about who you are as a person especially when they feel like you've "made them uncomfortable" by trying your best to communicate professionally.

Better still, said performance has the added consequence of startling canonical proponents—a kind of invitation to show their true colors to *Bunny's* audience by acting upset (what the kids call "self-reporting"). There's no "Faustian bargain" taking place, merely a revelation of who the *real* abusers are; i.e., between what I call "the demonic trifecta," or damsels, detectives and demons exploring the derelict past *for* its torturous energies having revelatory potential,



In other words, Bunny got back *and* "gotchu, babe." They're a colossal sweetie, so much so [that I've painted them for years \(they were my first cover model, too—August 20th, 2023\)](#), but also defended them in kind when they *were* bullied. Revolution is a two-way street in more ways than one; i.e., workers punch up against the elite and help each other up when the elite's proponents push us down ("And why do we fall, Master Bruce?"): "Dayman, fighter of the Nightman, *she's* a master of karate and friendship!"

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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mid-cryptonymy! To form boundaries to force our abusers to cross them and be witnessed intentionally doing so.

Introducing the Demonic Trifecta

In this talismanic/apotropaic sense of class, culture and race warfare married to iconoclastic poetics divorced from canonical ones but stuck in the same cryptonymic room, demons and their BDSM constitute a specific kind of mental offering through Gothic poetics—of power and knowledge to the viewer as potentially one of three things, but more probably a liminal combination within the oppositional praxis of ritualized torture:

- *damsels*, or persons conditioned to be tortured (masochists) or disempowered (subs)
- *detectives*, which "walk the line," often from a damsel-esque and/or regressive position, moving towards/away from a demonic position of power exchange (switches)
- *demons*, or persons conditioned to torture (sadists) or (dis)empower (doms)
- or imitations of these behaviors in the overall code that oscillate/reverse the ritualized threat and power exchange in some shape or form

We'll keep examining this "demonic trifecta" of interrelated expression much more closely in "Exploring the Derelict Past" (and good play vs bad play in Volume Three). For now, just remember the trifecta is accompanied by vicarious threats of mental versus overt, physical torture, "punishing" the viewer through the protagonist for seeking power *not* offered to them by the state; i.e., being up to no good in a voyeuristic sense: damsels in distress (sexual desire and one's conditioned association of it with mutilative force; re: Radcliffe).

Nevertheless, physical and mental attacks *are* performative—are made by and towards extensions of people told through the performance. These needn't be abusive or physical (exhibit 46c); excluding live performance art or BDSM acts, the torture taking place is not overtly happening to the audience in a physical sense; it's occurring physiologically through the thrilling act of *watching* the "threat" of torture, including its ironic, exquisite forms: again, ludo-Gothic BDSM places "torture" in quotes to denote an iconoclastic liminal quality during the battle *for* liberation (reclaiming the Superstructure from a bourgeois Wisdom of the Ancients).

We'll explore how mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and appreciative peril perform ironically in relation to canonical BDSM, in Volume Three. Ironic or not, I *currently* intend to examine how a torturous approach/outcome—be it sex-positive or sex-coercive—occurs relative to "the past" as something to demonize, but also perform and/or relate to as an art form; i.e., as a paradoxical means of exchanging

unequal, forbidden and dark/fatal power and knowledge during "torture" haunted by torture, onstage and off.



(artist: Gustave Doré)

As a vicarious detective or damsel, the audience can see more than the demon of the ritual, its servants, or the so-called "sacrifice," but also the hero solving the case or surviving its Miltonic peril as a sub, dom, or switch; the audience can also see the story from the demon's *iconoclastic* point of view—i.e., the damsel or detective *as* demonic, but also the demon as *humanized*: a damsel-esque or detective-esque demon, but also a heroic role on par with the Romantic, proworker interpretation of Milton's Satan from *Paradise Lost* that Percy (thus Mary) Shelley had; re, Nafi's assertion: "According to Shelley, it was a mistake to think that Satan was intended by Milton as the popular personification of evil. This argument is still very much alive and valid today" ([source](#)). From the Shelleys to me, I wholeheartedly agree!

Neither Radcliffe nor Austen bothered with humanizing demons and their Faustian torture, but Lewis was more forthcoming by having the Devil attack heteronormative men of power in a remarkably genderqueer manner (re: Broadmoor's "[Camping the Canon](#)" having the little devil change genders on a whim, but also its size; i.e., the smaller Matilda containing the *big* Devil piloting the smaller actor inside concentric veneers). Even so, Lewis still displaced the critique by pitting it against Catholic men of faith, but all the same made their dismemberment by the *Devil's* claws something to absolutely *relish* (when I first read *The Monk* back in grad school, I was so excited by the horrifying ending that I woke Zeuhl up to tell them, scaring them senseless in the process; they not only forgave me, but read *The Monk* and loved it, too).

And frankly why not? As givers of pain, demons often *receive* pain themselves by becoming targets of *righteous* violence dressed up as "ironic" in bad faith; i.e., the sort that traditionally requires banishment from holy men or modest women, but also deputized civilians acting militantly towards an assigned target; re: moral panics, which now more than ever ties to military optimism (e.g., id Studio's *Doom* aping *Evil Dead* without irony from 1993 to 1996 to 2016 to 2020 to [2025's latest upcoming installment](#), onwards³⁶⁵): time and time again, a neo-

³⁶⁵ All cops are bad, including those who make them; re: "impunity is the apex of privilege," but also pandering and willful ignorance; i.e., id Studios making the exact kinds of loud, cruel and dumb, "die by the sword" revenge power fantasies that white moderate-to-reactionary straight men drool over while punching down (I'm speaking from experience, here; re: "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)" also dealing with the bigotry of the shooter community present in *Doom*). As fascism rises, state actors threaten their base to torture them with the idea of "total loss"; i.e., the ability to even *play* fancy computer games becoming canon *vis-à-vis* the target audience's usual privileges. So does the middle class abject the usual victims of state copaganda in-game as something to defend out-of-game; re: Gamergate revived, making the ludic Gothic respectable again during eco-fascism. They become false rebels, turning Satan into a Spartan cop punching his evil half, onstage and off.

conservative attitude directed at states enemies through tried-and-true tactics. To camp Radcliffe is to camp *that* and its Man-Box detectives; i.e., their policing the whore's illegitimate Nazi-Communist (thus reprobate) existence, onstage and off.

As iconoclasts looking to liberate sex work (thus all work) from capital during Gothic Communism, we summon and play with demons, during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., their hideous torture's unknown pleasures loaded with monstrous-feminine cliché. As we do, our focus steadily remains on the *proletarian* element—less about "pure" psychoanalysis, thus psychological models' fear or damage divorced from material critiques (a basic fear of the dark, for example), and more about the humanoid aspects within these areas that indicate older ways of seeing the natural-material world that are normally forbidden *to* us during state revenge arguments pimping whores for *fear* of revenge: exhibits of people (and animals) as things to intake through art, but also engorge oneself with according to what one prefers to work with and consume, demon-wise. Demons, then, are the torturous "past" revived, which makes their oft-Numinous backgrounds the consumption of pain, itself; i.e., as "religious" according to whatever the demon on the canvas is composed of, mid-engagement: flesh, stone, oil, for materials, and for methods, to suck, fuck, eat, infect, haunt, or some combination thereof.

This being *said*, the appearance—of canonical and iconoclastic forms—is the same, mid-dialectic, requiring dialectical-material *scrutiny* to parse them as they play out; i.e., doing so to tell the difference between ironic, campy damsels, detectives and sex demons versus their canonical versions. Let's go over that (and examine the dangers of canon vs camp that affect us and animals chasing forbidden sight), then transition into "Exploring the Derelict Past."



(artist: [Heinrich Lossow](#))

The Difference between Canonical and Exquisite "Torture"

The primary difference between canonical and iconoclastic detectives/damsels is the iconoclastic act of choosing to be "tortured" by the "past" in ways that patently threaten psychosexual violence by camping the canon (re: Broadmoor)—namely the humanized, sex-positive elements of a demon. Investigated by detectives or "suffered" by damsels, this fatal knowledge can empower those normally exploited by Capitalism *in* demonic language: women, but also animals (the "Call of the Wild" chapter will examine how *demonic* animals—e.g., werewolves, insect demons [xenomorphs] and other "totems"—canonically operate as a source of demonic persecution, thus something to liberate *from* canonical phobias, mid-"rape").

A large part of the female detective or damsel is sight in relation to the mind as traumatized by denied, *forbidden* vision; re: forbidden sight, hence darkness visible. One of the most famous Gothic models is, once again, Ann Radcliffe's

terror/horror binary from "On the Supernatural in Poetry"; i.e., her calling card as a means of viewing evil in relation to its exquisitely "torturous" mental effects on the audience; re:

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 horror and terror but in the uncertainty and obscurity, that accompany the first, respecting the dreaded evil? ([source](#)).

To that, Radcliffe broke the capitalist mold, her best-selling stories absolutely concerned with demons and sex as things to see and experience; she just chose to hide them behind an explained supernatural—gentler ghosts as beings to demonically reanimate and expose her audience *to*. For her, it was explicitly improper to *show* but entirely *acceptable* to imagine rape behind the Black Veil. She



would consider it wholly beneath her to ask for power in a masculine sense, much preferring a submissive position instead of a dominant one. Different strokes.

Before moving onto "Exploring the Derelict Past" and a prolonged examination of the demonic trifecta—re: of sex worker damsels/detectives and their own Promethean Quests/Faustian bargains (for the if-not-fatal-then-certainly-difficult knowledge offered by demons)—we will need to examine animals; i.e., as they tie into the kinds of worker exploitations that canonical demons represent, keeping workers horny and/or afraid, thus distracted by intimations of nature as dark, brutal and fearsome, but also inhuman, chattelized and vengeful (an idea we'll very briefly introduce here, then unpack during the "Call of the Wild" chapter).

To that, demons in Gothic stories aren't simply "ancient" and "derelict," hence already-fake rediscoveries of the past as "dug up" (found footage or ancient artifact), but of course being far more recently designed regarding things mankind has dominated for thousands of years: nature as alien, criminal chattel pimped by modernity (the Enlightenment).

Lucky for us, language and imagination resist standardization³⁶⁶—*have* resisted standardization in the past; i.e., through the language of parody speaking to laughter as a nervous response/the best medicine; e.g., this woman [falling by](#)

³⁶⁶ Which linguistically alludes to genocide through the coerced usage happening through force, including assimilated peoples who were killed by the state regardless if they followed the rules or not; i.e., the colonial binary's double standard under genocide described facetiously as relocation, "progress," or other settler-colonial cryptonyms.

[accident, farting because of it and laughing like a maniac](#) (RM Video's "Woman Trips and Farts in Front of Doorbell Camera," 2023): an at-times-absurd (re: Camus) "rememory" attempt to hold onto the past as something to preserve *from* state-sanctioned genocide while farting in *their* faces (not only do girls fart during sex, but fart "rape" back at their rapists, then laugh at the moral outrage *that* ensues). These iterations can—like my cat coming to me through the dark doorway and vaguely-but-cutely asking for food—suddenly appear and demand to be fed, feeding us in exchange as we engage back and forth; i.e., with the past as a constant already-visitor. Nature is monstrous-feminine, but also smol. "Why *have* you forsaken me?"

The basic idea of *Sex Positivity* is to learn from material history as demonic, including chattelized/domesticated animals, their wild/stigmatized counterparts, and the chimeric ways all fit into demonization during oppositional praxis. Relative to these animals, iconoclasts want reconstruct past events/attempts at *creative instructional insight better than those before us did: to try and reclaim what is lost in opposition to those in power by "feeding" their imaginations with monstrous things that combat blindness*—a collective, organic response to the material world that helps working people "see" the material forces at work; i.e., in ways that holistically describe the inherent complexities and contradictions that emerge over time: demons as humanized instead of chattelized, returning our attention to the abuse afflicting humans *and* non-human animals the world over. Where they eat animals, they also eat people (re: the Omelas refrain); and nothing is sacred but universal liberation, *vis-à-vis* basic human, animal and environmental rights.

A Note about Our Small Friends Also Tortured by Capital

The human world certainly has the *power* to do good stewardship—*has* done so many times already. As Gaia Vince puts it:

Human culture is so powerful that it not only shapes us as individuals, but has remade the natural world too. As Dawkins points out, cows, pigs, dogs and roses are among the socially contrived inventions humans have made over the past millennia – none exists naturally. We have made these species to fulfil a human need ([source](#): "Eugenics Would Not Work in Humans").

In short, just as animals do not benefit from Capitalism and its search for profit, neither do humans according to Raj Patel and Jason Moore's *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things*:

The social struggles over nature, money, work, care, food, energy, and lives that attend the Capitalocene's poultry bones amount to a case for why the most iconic symbol of the modern era isn't the automobile or the smartphone

something to blend with predator animals: a wolf persona with a "bunny" attitude, exhibit 65; the monstrous "broodmare," exhibit 87a; or the Amazon mommy dom as animalistically strong and closer to nature, 102a3; etc].

To explain the sushi boat's inclusion, then, I wanted to do my part in showing there's no ethical consumption under Capitalism, even for me; the sushi boat is what Capitalism has turned the animal into, but also me as a human being: I eat nature in ways that are mass-produced. The animal[s] are useful for food, but also profit, whereas humans endlessly consume in ways that are useful to the elite, who consume the world for profit by demonizing its habitants and nature to chattelize them in different demonic ways. Ideally nature—both flora, fauna and the environment—should be something to preserve and help thrive as stewards thereof, not consume. In the words of Steve Irwin:

What good is a fast car, a flashy house, and a gold-plated dunny to me? Absolutely no good at all. I've been put on this planet to protect wildlife and wilderness areas, which in essence is gonna help humanity. I wanna have the purest oceans. I wanna be able to drink water straight out of that creek. I wanna stop the ozone layer. I wanna save the world. And you know money? Money is great. I can't get enough money. And you know what I'm gonna do with it? I'm gonna buy wilderness areas with it. Every single cent I get goes straight into conservation. And guess what Charles, I don't give a rip whose money it is mate. I'll use it, and I'll spend it on buying land [[source](#): a 2004 interview with 60 Minutes].

As Bay denotes, however, the idea isn't so much preservation of pre-owned land by white benefactors holding onto said land; it's land back to the dispossessed. Nature keeps Humanity alive, to which even a neoliberal façade like Captain Planet [1990] hints at the truth through its own "bad future" narrative: "No, you fools! Without these trees, we will all die!" [[source](#): "Two Futures Part II," 1991].)



(exhibit 46e2: Model, top-left: [Jessica Luna](#); artist, bottom-left: [Banana Warmer](#); right: [Marcelo Ventura](#). Captain Planet places the idea of "rescuing" Humanity by "saving" the planet [a damsel, not a whore] in the hands of [middle class, white and tokenized/nationalized teenagers](#) [vlogbrother's "Why Environmentalists Hate Captain Planet," 2019]: "The power is yours!" According to Second Thought, the neoliberal idea of personal responsibility through AstroTurf environmental activism socializes the effort through a false solution, recycling and reducing the so-called "carbon footprint," instead of focusing on the source of the problem: the elite

and their carbon production through mass production and a refusal to move towards universal degrowth and away from infinite growth, efficient profit and war [["Your 'Carbon Footprint' Is A Scam," 2022](#)]. Despite nature being framed as something to conquer in demonic language, no amount of guns can stop the climate changes on Earth induced by Humanity's economy of rape and war versus nature. And furthermore, no amount of eco-fascism will stop total starvation/mass extinction when the planetary ecosystem collapses. Humans aren't the virus, capital and Capitalist Realism are. The brainchild of evil white men from Columbus onwards, those are the opposite of good stewardship.)

Food and animals are, in many ways, analogous to worker demonization and exploitation, offering up their own knowledge and power as demonic sources thereof. Not all knowledge and power is palliative; sometimes, the demonic effect is Promethean/Faustian, wracking the recipient with madness and guilt (reverse abjection). For one, animals have become synonymous with private property under Capitalism, generally as food to eat, labor to exploit, or pacifying tools that keep workers calm as *they're* being exploited (e.g., cats are definitely therapy animals). Anything not useful is—like Marx asserts of owning purely through usage and usage alone³⁶⁷—stupidly destroyed to our *own* detriment: a brainless "mulch," horribly ground together for the elite's heteronormative chase of profit on a global scale (which *Marx* failed to adequately critique, meaning we must camp his ghost, like Weber did, and make him gayer than he actually was; re: "[Making Marx Gay](#)"). Food and animals can be revived as iconoclastic art that reunites humans *with* nature—a witch's familiar or little guardian-of-the-underworld that constitutes a social-asexual bond to express an open mind with, in linguo-material terms. Not all demons are sexualized, especially their natural inspirations (though there *is* a sexual component to anthromorphs, which "Call of the Wild" will get into).

So make a Gothic cake ([or trans-inclusive vagina cupcakes](#) like Debra Massing), but also become closer *to* nature *outside* humans by learning to see *other* animals as inherently valuable, too. Give your pet a cute little outfit; gamely push for more ethical (vegan) food production to combat unethical consumption under Capitalism (thus the Anthropocene as endemic to Capitalism and food production, the Chicken McNugget as abhorrent a cryptonym as a can of Coke). Try to no longer abject what is a normally relegated to slaughterhouses, instead understanding and appreciating the animals being mass produced and sacrificed under capital's factories of death—with manufactured scarcity and food waste being cruel not just to starving people but the animals being killed. What affects them will

³⁶⁷ "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" (re: "[Private Property and Communism](#), 1844).

affect us; i.e., without an ecosystem, the world will collapse and so will we, the smallest animals the most *valuable* (e.g., mankind is *nothing* compared to the little honeybees that pollinate "his" crops).

Waste not, want not. Love what you eat and where it comes from in defense of nature *from* the state. We are part of that equation, Cartesian thought and Capitalist Realism be damned! We not only *can* survive degrowth; degrowth *must* happen if we are *to* survive! Anyone who says otherwise or drags their heels is a cop—e.g., Taylor Sheridan's protagonist for his 2024 *Landman* being not just an unapologetic shill for Big Oil, but written to maintain the deeply conservative attitudes that go along with Big-Oil hegemony and its ensuing industry and destruction; i.e., they can't see anything beyond themselves, so they assist in ways



that pointedly benefit *them* as demonstrably *not* poor (the bougie couple living in a boom town that treats the entire world like Midland Texas):

Capitalism wastes much, cultivated by powerful people hopelessly alienated from workers and the planet, who only see numbers on a screen and worship the nostalgia of their own awful belief system turned into seductive dramas of a "better time" that never was (the canceled future).

As *Sheridan* shows, their materials shape *our* way of thinking as being reduced to dead commodities that defend the system *to* the death: the endless series of trademarked, copywritten brands of plastic-wrapped and pulverized undead/demon/animal commodities. He completely sucks, apologizing *for* billionaire men and their privileged wives fucking everyone else over thanks to apologists *like* Sheridan (who Billybob obviously represents). Hillbillies can gentrify and decay like anyone else—a historical-material fact that goes back to the antebellum South, but haunts it, America and the rest of the world through expertly made copaganda like *Landman*, post-Jim-Crow *and* *Lost Cause*: "Won't someone *please* think of the white man and his white family?" Like, fuck *you*, Sheridan, *and* your stupid white



supremacist view of the world acting as "stewards" for everyone else while raping us stone dead (also, *Mad Men* [2007] sucks, and so does John Hamm):

In keeping with Shelley's technological singularity, the posthuman nightmare extends to animals being replaced with artificial versions; i.e., digital images (a bit like the owl from *Blade*

Runner), or little "tick-tock" variants that conspicuously perform labor *better* than their comfortably organic, living counterparts. Animals, *including* humans, have become *more* robotic in ways capital tries to *enslave* (missing the point of Shelley's technophobia to copy it in bad faith).

To it, anyone banking on Humanity magically reaching a Utopian future with the robot maid from *The Jetsons* (1962) is taking a huge gamble; i.e., they're banking on Capitalism actually *investing* in such measures, which it historically couldn't care less about—would rather cue the fake, canned laughter from *The Jetsons*, a "zombie" capitalist model of the American nuclear family *The Simpsons* only *temporarily* escaped from (re: Charlie Sweatpants' "[Zombie Simpsons](#)" [2012] being a concept we'll explore even more at the end of Chapter One, in Volume



Three). It's all sanitized—naked and laid bare yet horribly controlled, familial, sacred: "No, it's the children *and the animals* who are wrong!"

This goes both ways. Workers think the image is real while also never meeting an animal and being alienated from *its* pain; i.e., why it slowly went *extinct*. They become stupid, blind, imperiled to encounter the same fate at an accelerated rate (of rape). Consigned to a lifeless world without chonkers, who—like a witch's familiar or natural demons more broadly—were a small bond *to* nature that disappears *as* nature disappears; i.e., because of Capitalism, not Communism (though Marxist-Leninism's fighting of the West *was* incredibly harmful and led to great amounts of lasting and heteronormative environmental damage: re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Leaving the Closet; or, a Trans Woman's Scholarly Contributions to Older Histories of Sodomy and Queer Love](#)," 2024). When that bond literally disappears, the animals are replaced with robots (or the C4 imposters from *Caddyshack*, 1980); i.e., to slowly but steadily become a metal-and-concrete "food desert," and one where *Capitalism* (and its proponents; re: Sheridan) transform the landscape, people and language to "get us and our little dogs too."

This bourgeois gaslight of the Wicked Witch invokes flying monkeys in another sense: Frankenstein abominations stitched from dead parts, made by a false, bad-faith witch ("and you are only a *caricature* of a witch"). Furthermore, through such persons, we're left with bad, manmade copies of worker action that become a bad *person*-made copy as Capitalism tries to recruit "tokens" from different marginalized groups; i.e., into the same destructive mindset, whose division "murders to dissect," leading to an entire society of stupid know-it-all who can tell you all the pieces of something while it is dead, but can't understand it while it is alive within a larger functioning whole (re: Jadis)—language, animals, people, places, objects as an assemblage.

Let's conclude with a few cautionary points about camping demonic expression (of the Faustian sort), then move onto "Exploring the Demonic Past"!

The Dangers (and Pleasures) of Demonic Camp

Camp is all about risk and reward; i.e., it bears repeating that camp *is* dangerous; re: Scott's own magical regressions, in *Alien*, providing a retro-future "taming of the shrew." Demons of a more *magical* sort, then, are treated as oracles to police; i.e., expected to speak when prodded, then punched for it, regardless of the answer (to maintain the status quo against nature as monstrous-feminine). The *public understanding* of demonic art and the animal world in relation to workers, then, becomes something to constantly demonstrate and promote; i.e., one which—through different individual responses to it as a living, plastic (organic, malleable) thing—collectively fosters sex positivity as a countercultural, artistic, emotionally/Gothically intelligent and empathetic movement. When examined in hindsight, this parallel movement indicates *an ongoing iconoclastic presence*—a counteractive, opposing creative force whose various demonic members *can* transform the material world. The toll is a heavy one, if only because those loaded with Promethean knowledge are outed not simply as insane, but as demonic, "possessed" whistleblowers: Mephistopheles tempting Faust!



Apart from demons, I want practitioners of Gothic Communism to employ a commune of Gothic egregores (a *cryptomimetic* group of ghosts as literal "ghost stories," the pun being that each tells a *different* story about the *same* event *in* the material world; e.g., *Rashomon*, above, 1950). These, in turn, tie to our main theories (the Four Gs) as needed, mid-synthesis; i.e., to commune *with* the reimagined past as useful *towards* liberating ourselves *from* sex worker abuse, hence the entire planet. This forbidden sight (and its breaking of Capitalist Realism) starts in how we see popular media and people in relation to one another under the same brutal system; it includes making monsters ourselves (our camp seizing the means of production and reuniting *with* our alienized labor). Gothic Communism, then, is a process of detection made by inquiring minds who playfully expand their imagination *with* monstrous-*feminine* language; i.e., by using it as a kind of "educated guess" about the world. So does the detective grow informed by things, which the elite confidently describe as "mere lies": using them to detect things that are normally forbidden to the everyday observer by *state* cryptonymy!

This makes Gothic Communists *detectives* of the beleaguered, under-attack sort—whose constant, vigilante mode of engagement with their ambivalent surroundings "ask" questions from moment to moment; i.e., in their damsel-to-

whose heads that overwhelm them, the prose slowing things down to a phenomenological crawl during the mask party as a socio-ludic metaphor (the danger disco) populated with devil-in-disguise (whose disguise pastiche goes both ways, during oppositional praxis); e.g., the Tech-Noir "danger disco" scene from *The Terminator* playing in literal slow-motion.

Face-to-face with someone *potentially* dangerous, time stands still to extend the drama of whether or not the heroine and audience actually *are* in danger—both from the mask-wearing lothario, but also to capture the sheer intensity of going outside one's comfort zone by "summoning" demons to begin with (often wearing masks that we're waiting to see if they'll take off to prove their authentic or inauthentic nature; or, in the case of the terminator or serial killers, is their *actual* face as an authentic *infiltrator*)! That's the beauty and danger of camp!

It bears repeating, then, how Radcliffe's demons weren't even magical, but more the highway *banditti* in a mask or the false preacher courting the damsel in bad faith. Simultaneously gifted and cursed with "forbidden" knowledge—i.e., as something to teach and learn through subversive art, golems and sex dolls—the ballroom blackguard raises questions that, when asked by a sensitive soul, might save your life, but also drive you wild in parallel calculated risk!

If only for catharsis and survival, wouldn't anyone *wish* to learn that kind of skill? To place "torture" in quotes, we offer our bodies to be ravished in ways that, per Radcliffe's fictions (onto raunchier ones then and now), we might *expose* state hypocrisies with and push towards a happier world *among* the shadows; i.e., a pedagogy of the oppressed relating to shared trauma as uneven but nevertheless the "glue" (so to speak, below) that holds us together in times of crisis; e.g., rape play during ludo-Gothic BDSM teaching us how *not* to harm others while acting out cathartic consent-non-consent fantasies! To do a ritual and have the *Dark-Souls*-style font grace the screen afterwards: DEMON SLAIN (which *Metroidvania* like *Dark Souls* ripped off from survival horror like *Resident Evil*, but I digress). Beaten like clay and mashed into Pygmalion's wet dream, we Galatean whores acquire the



taste *for* torture, then *camp* it through our own strange appetites; that's what essence exchange is! "Releasing 'demons'!"

(artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); font generated by [Rezuaq's "FromSoftware Image Macro Creator"](#), 2022)

Per the settler-colonial model, the state canonically frames such campy things as alien and dark at home *and* abroad; i.e., as demonic essence "exchange" (sex and public nudism) opens up, its parallel channels subvert state promises of punishment and torture, and which—camp or

not—always (re)unite us with alien things to *some* degree: ourselves and nature, which we belong *to*. Deities (demons) don't just reside in our *breast*, Blake; we *are* demons! Let us consciously be of the Devil's party and workshop, camping the canon to tear capital apart like Satan did to Faust offstage (or Ambrosio onstage)! Let *that* be our revenge, one worker at a time!

In turn, we golems and demon dolls acquire and consolidate power through exchanges that keep us doll-like, but animate-inanimate during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., to be "raped" in ways we like—used, passed around, "raw dogged" like cum dumpsters incubating hellish delight and half-real revolutionary sentiment ("make me" vs "unmake me" being acts of play to reconcile unironic forms). The beauty of the golem, then, is that it *cannot* be destroyed or wholly corrupted *to* one side. If the state has the infinite, diabolical capacity to rape and destroy everything pursuant to profit against nature-as-alien, then monstrous-feminine camp likewise has the limitless power to forge new destinies *away* from profit; i.e., through their labor value as bottomless, their bodies and identities as plastic.

As such, the golem's demonically regenerative and posthuman power lies in the state damaging the clay to assert its own fabricated "sovereignty" per nation creation myths that effectively demonize the clay to rape it *inside* the state of exception; i.e., limitless cruelty per moral panics and police violence endemic to a territory by state assignment; e.g., Israel vs Palestine, with the state minority invading a larger population to assert settler-colonial (thus false) claims of the other's land, which they then proceed to back up with repurposed³⁶⁸ anti-Semitic lies and force (Bad Empanada's "[October 7th: The Real History](#)," 2024).

³⁶⁸ As Bad Empanada argues in "[The New Anti-Semitism: The Arab Global Conspiracy](#)" (2025) and which I agree with, *a priori*, in my own "[On 'Anti-Semitism' versus 'Antisemitism'](#)" (2024); i.e., the pursuit of forbidden knowledge is a dualistic, dialectical-material arrangement of "legitimacy" and "illegitimacy" as things to assign in pursuit of other things that lead us *away* from state-fueled hauntological positions of ignorance.



That being *said*, Bad Empanada certainly *isn't* perfect—and frankly has said some really stupid and problematic things that have seriously pissed me off (while also just being flat-out wrong about these things; re: "There's no such thing as 'sex doctors,' Jesus Christ" and "those who talk about sex like it's their main interest should be dealt with. Make it illegal again*")—but he and I are in complete agreement about one thing: that anti-Semitic conspiracy and myth can be used to affect more than Jewish people while presenting Jewish people as total victims in bad faith; i.e., with him saying this

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In short, "home" becomes a free-fire zone for the colonizer to police the native group, who are themselves systematically caged and exterminated like vermin to an arbitrary assigning of who is and isn't "native" (with the hopes that this labor force can be regenerated and exploited elsewhere for much the same reasons); i.e., the clay as expendable unto infinite growth, efficient profit and worker/owner division. Privatization forces state perception as "reality" onto menticed worker brains, but reality (and perception) are thoroughly plastic, as are rape, death and captive fantasies. They have to be or the state could not even begin to exert its control over workers, let alone install Capitalist Realism raping the whore (thus the slave) out of ethnocentric revenge.

Luckily for us, this parasitism goes both ways; i.e., performance and play inside liminal colonized territories on and offstage relay Gothic castles (and demons) that anisotropically reverse the flow of power by switching terror and counterterror using ludo-Gothic BDSM! It's a good baseline to challenge state paucities of empathy antagonizing nature. To raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and class-cultural (and race) awareness, we fuck your minds, seeding them (and the Superstructure's Wisdom of the Ancients) with new proletarian potential! Divorced from dogma, anything becomes possible, and jouissance reigns supreme. We unchain the night, unleashing Hell as our delicious thing to scare normies (those without nuance) with! Our best revenge is torturing *you* with the idea of *our* collective freedom: a world where workers have agency over their own bodies and labor tied to nature as a whole, and one where we can see and imagine more beauty unto the world around us that we *don't* have to dominate, but live in harmony *with* as stewards. *That* is our revenge!

So come inside; make yourselves at home (or paint the outer walls with fresh coats of "paint")! As such, extreme trauma calls for fantasies that address past forms of state coercion and abuse that, during ludo-Gothic BDSM, can recontextualize demonology in reverse. "Rape" enters quotes, highlighting state atrocities by demonstrating mutual consent and worker action towards catharsis: our daily habits constituting dialectical behavioral therapy through networks *not*

vis-à-vis Arabs, and me saying it *vis-à-vis* other Holocaust survivors (than Jewish people) like the Dutch, but also queer people, witches (of any gender or sex), or people of color besides just Arabs.

*See: "[Understanding Vampires: 'What Is \(Problematic\) Love?'; or, Positions of Relative Ignorance to Relative Clarity](#)," 2024).

In short all oppressed groups can be oppressed in the same flexible and imbricating persecution networks and unify to recognize that against a common foe: the elite, but also their tokenized lapdogs acting like only *certain* people can be oppressed, and furthermore that some special people can be so *essentially* oppressed, they can do no wrong (re: Jews and Zionism). Jews' feelings *are* valid, but only until they knowingly facilitate worker division, thus genocide. The same goes for *any* marginalized group and normativity said group might endorse, when push comes to shove; i.e., whether through desperation and/or convenience, betrayal is betrayal, and we must come together to see all parties oppressed differently under capital liberated as one. We must or we will not survive. State shift will see to that, because capital is incompatible with life.

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founded on state fear and dogma demonizing nature to destroy it. Instead, we demons hook up to exchange robust, exquisitely "torturous" essence, thereby exposing the state as the instrument for all our yesterday's greatest calamities!



(artists: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); font generated by Rezuqa's "[FromSoftware Image Macro Creator](#)," 2022)

Such stages are liminal, shared with police forces fencing over a dualistic Numinous: Communist and palliative vs state dogma (e.g., queerphobia during Satanic Panic). And those in power discourage such inquiries and knowledge, wanting workers to fear and avoid demonic rituals and educators that undermine the status quo through their own mask-wearing practices (which we'll delve into during Volume Three, Chapters Four and Five).

Human curiosity is still difficult to entirely suppress, but the state canonically encourages these demonic investigations; i.e., to happen within a *particular* ghost of the counterfeit; re: the demonic trifecta of exquisite "torture." Here, oppositional forms of demonic expression collect as "derelict"—seemingly abandoned, yet presented by their makers as "haunted," silly or foreboding in ways that invite inspections *unwelcome* by the elite. To arrive at the truth, the derelict past must not be repeatedly explored, alone, but repeatedly reimagined by iconoclastic workers across space and time camping canonical torture with "exquisite."

That's the answer (not modernity and a better gun, magic pill³⁶⁹ or another billionaire—ABAB): how we relate to and respect each other as a collective whole, not something to divide on a hierarchy of value (racial or otherwise); i.e., the Cartesian approach that leads to fascism and genocide, time and time again, but also conceals as it happens in all its forms *right now*. State illusions don't work on those consciously *of Hell* (always in pain, but always in touch with the larger world capital is pimping in reactionary-to-moderate forms of predation: those who *don't* know what pigs *they* are).

We've already outlined the basic procedure; re: the demonic trifecta of damsels, detectives and sex demons that Radcliffe canonized. Next, we'll explore how to camp it at length by salvaging Radcliffe's work (and her descendants; e.g., H.R. Giger), in "Exploring the Derelict Past"!

³⁶⁹ With force-feeding being tantamount to rape; e.g., "Red solo cup, you fill me up..." (Toby Keith's "[Red Solo Cup](#)," 2011); i.e., putting something through our various holes/penetrating us and going into our bodies without our consent to knowingly cause us harm for profit—ending hunger strikes, for example (an ancient form of carceral protest), but also invasive surgeries and mad medicine (a concept comparable to mad science, and one we don't have time to explore here, but is one my book series touches on elsewhere; e.g., [exhibit 1a1a1h6b1](#) from Volume Zero).

Exploring the Derelict Past: the Demonic Trifecta of Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons; or Enjoying Yesterday's Exquisite Torture on the Edge of the Civilized World

"But let me observe that all histories are against you—all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick, I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs, all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say, these were all written by men."

"Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything."

—Captain Harville and Anne Elliot, *Persuasion* (1817)



([source](#): RPF's "Replica Props: "Movie Prop Restoration Evil Dead (2013) Necronomicon Book," 2023)

Now that we've outlined occult demons both as a form of summoned, Faustian power exchange through givers of unequal, forbidden, and dark, generally torturous knowledge (re: trauma, especially *rape* trauma)—as well as recipients of state violence, the latter antagonizing nature as monstrous-feminine during canonical torture, elite revenge and the voyeurism of peril towards the colonized and the pimped—let's further expand on the connection between these operative categories by studying how human workers are historically *chattelized* as "demonic." We'll do so from Radcliffe onwards; i.e., tied to sin in a sexual way that we can improve on by subverting Radcliffe's demon BDSM with our own ludo-Gothic varieties (often on *asexual* terms, meaning the interrogation of psychosexual trauma that doesn't require actual sex in exchange, but often discusses it as code).

Canon vs camp is a long game. To it we'll consider not just demons, but also those who interact *with* demons; re: demons being investigated by warrior-detectives defending damsels as a more *neo-conservative* Gothic tradition that needn't stay that way forever (as explored in Volumes Zero and One regarding Amazons). Until it changes, though, civilization and the West are generally seen as "on the cusp" of collapse—of confronting the abject on the edge of the civilized world; i.e., as a half-real place where its settler-colonial past is ongoing but disguised through a storytelling trifecta; re: the demonic trifecta of damsels, detectives and demons being "derelict," simultaneously abandoned and lost during the cryptonymy process, then conveniently found again: touched by Antiquity as much a performance as a historical-material effect (re: the infernal concentric pattern's endless doomsday and celebration living on *borrowed* time).

"If you want to critique power, you must go where it is"; this subchapter divides into multiple sections that outline the larger issues at play before exploring the history of the "tines" (of said trifecta) one at a time:

- "[Radcliffe's Refrain \(reprise\)](#)": A quick rehash of the demonic trifecta *vis-à-vis* Ann Radcliffe's pioneering of it.
- [Part zero](#): "**Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons, part zero: Derelicts, Medusa and H.R. Giger's Xenomorph; i.e., the Puzzle of 'Antiquity'**": Outlines the idea of "derelicts"—be they damsels, detectives or sex demons—through Medusa/Giger's xenomorph as involving all three.
- [Part one](#): "**Non-Magical Damsels and Detectives" (feat. Out of Sight, Nina Hartley, Velma, and Zeuhl)**: Further explores *damsels* and *detectives* as classic Neo-Gothic devices, the oppositional praxis of which has survived well into the present; i.e., in pornographic language, like Nina Hartley, but also tamer/non-magical murder mysteries and echoes of Radcliffe (who conflated extramarital sex with rape and death) through Velma from *Scooby Doo*. We'll examine the original character as a cis detective, but also my ex, Zeuhl; i.e., as someone *I'm* exposing: a good trans Velma demasking an evil one after surviving *their* abuse for years!
- [Part two](#): "**Demons and Dealing with Them; or Abandonment, Dark Worship and Vengeful Sacrifice When Dissecting Radcliffe" (feat. Ridley Scott's *The Terror* and *Alien: Covenant*, *Ninja Scroll*, *The Dark Crystal*, and *Harmony Corrupted*)**: Further explores *demons* in a similar fashion, but touches on additional ways these complicated beings needn't be feared (through the process of abjection) but celebrated as Satanic liberators freeing our minds from Cartesian thought, heteronormativity and the settle-colonial status quo. Among his other work (namely *The Terror*), discusses Ridley Scott's vengeful dissection of Radcliffe's "spectre" in *Alien: Covenant*; i.e., as a dark matter of postcolonial revenge against James Cameron's *Aliens*, then camps *Scott* by dissecting him and resurrecting *Radcliffe* as a dark whore of her former self (through several close-reads; e.g., with *Harmony Corrupted*, and about *Ninja Scroll* and *The Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance*)!
- "[In Measured Praise of the Great Enchantress](#)": "Egon, you've earned



it." An afterword that gives Ann Radcliffe some long-awaited praise, and talks about the important of camping demonic sex work *vis-à-vis* her worthwhile contributions; i.e., with Japanese anime, cosplay, fan art, and more (e.g., *Sailor Moon*) during sex work as a revolutionary hermeneutic and applied synthesis.

(artist: [Valentina Kryp](#))

In a nutshell, demons exist during liminal expression like all monsters do—in duality and opposition, mid-praxis. By comparison, *subversive* demons seek to liberate sex work

through tools the state cannot monopolize for its own violence, terror and morphological expression; i.e., coordinates canonically aiding profit (thus rape), which iconoclasts happily camp. Generally they do so through some tricky combination of pleasure and pain, tempting the usual Faustian exchanges and transformative discussions with a more *radical* context, thus approach (whose subsequent outcomes threaten good girls with bad behavior that the state will punish, above). Naughty though they are, demons must still be investigated, and generally by the curious.

Before we jump into part zero to unpack the xenomorph and Medusa, I want to touch on Radcliffean tropes for a bit (eleven pages)—doing so to better outline the variables that exist in both; i.e., as part of our chapter's aforementioned trio: damsels, detectives and sex demons. If there's an awesome mystery to solve, there's an awesome *detective* to get to the bottom of things (generally Radcliffe resorted to "true crime" and "the explained supernatural" because she *wasn't* allowed to play with magic). Some are silly and some are not, and Radcliffe's fairly tame detectives went on to inspire much more violent (and scantily clad/dummy thicc) variants; we'll try to outline *that* refrain, next, in a quick reprise!

Radcliffe's Refrain (reprise)

Especially popular or remediated characters tend to get virally shared. Such sharing can be hard to regulate or track. In this case, we not only have detective pastiche, but Velma pastiche. Seriously, this foxy nerd is legion, but also a regular practitioner of the "explained supernatural" trope originally formalized by Ann Radcliffe. Defrauding the "supernatural" through spooky piracy is a common theme in Radcliffe's works, or embattled marriages, false relatives and various ordinary things taken to performative extremes; e.g., the mother being sent to live in a nunnery for the rest of her days. To this, Radcliffe was following suit with Walpole, injecting the supernatural into ordinary events, getting at the truth of things through outrageous narratives that still, in the end, feel cliché and homely.

—Persephone van der Waard, *Sex Positivity, Volume One* (2024)



([source](#): Women's Museum of California's "The Mother of Gothic Literature," 2017)

Celebrated for marrying the Romantic and its posturings of the Sublime and nature with a modest, enchanting Gothic, Ann Radcliffe was a rockstar of the early Gothic novel. Often called its "mother" and prone to crossing pens with queer troublemaker, Matthew Lewis, the curious irony with Radcliffe's torturous demon lovers, as described by Cynthia Wolff (re: "[The Radcliffean Model](#)," 1979), is how they *weren't* magical behind her Black Veils. Yet, the *banditti* of the Great Enchantress did personify the same dark desires more spellbound (and queer) enchanters happily conjured up (re: Lewis). The Final Girl dodging mutilation mid-courtly love also stems from Radcliffe's work, the Gothic heroine/damsel being the original scrapper who would evolve from detective to nep-conservative, peace-through-strength fighter by

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armoring *her* virtue from alien forces with brawn. It's black-and-white, Cartesian to the core, and prudish to boot.

To that, whereas Shelley was a bred-to-the-bone radical who embraced the alien and fucked with it/wrote like a bereaved mother and whore, Radcliffe wrote like a virgin³⁷⁰ who had no idea what loss or surviving open, punch-the-witch

³⁷⁰ Violence, for example, is Radcliffe's way of talking about sex through extensive innuendo; i.e., in the language of men, but from a *woman's* point of view seeing such things as "demonic. It's both not what she's talking about, and a paradoxical form of censorship that points *to* what she's getting *at* through associate violence (duels/demonic courtship). It's very virginal—like a comic book nerd who's either never *had* sex, or is camping the sex she *has* had to disassociate through demonic shows of force: "I'm not having *sexual* desires," Sampson might explain to Gregory (and by extension to us), in *Romeo and Juliet* (1597); "I'm cutting off the *heads* of the maids! Take in it what sense thou wilt!" ([source](#)). I genuinely *can't* tell with Radcliffe and that's the point; it gives her plausible deniability.

All the same, "demonic" clearly means the side of sexuality that women (for Radcliffe) can "only" experience through actual threat of rape. As such, Radcliffe's knife-dick demon BDSM features black penitents who demonstrably evoke courtly love as the "only way" a girl can experience passion outside legal marriage (which happens after the novel ends): on the receiving end of a lance, carried off on horseback or tied to a tree. Distress and ravishing of the damsel is classic courtship language, which Radcliffe translates to the summoning of demons through her stories to excite her and her readership: wish fulfillment per a Western, abject division with alienated, fetishized things that, per the ghost of the counterfeit, *further* the abjection process.

On one hand, it's code to dodge the censors; i.e., no different functionally than [Mormon bubble porn](#) or fruit emojis on social media exploited by the algorithm (as trans people are, for example). The more oppressive the system, the more restless and inventive the cryptonymy.

Radcliffe, for instance, unquestionably liked wilderness, castles, *banditti* and labyrinths (her search terms); these got her juices flowing. But they also contain/concern political attitudes (moral arguments), which said devices serve to *camouflage* in Radcliffe's work. As such, concealment and concern go hand-in-hand; i.e., all the actual heroes who appear good in Radcliffe's books despite their ferocity (or black outfit, below) are "white" and legitimized through revelation, and all the ones who are bad are delegitimated, *Scooby-Doo*-style when the mask is pulled off. So someone like Wesley in *The Princess Bride*, below, isn't *really* the Dread Pirate Roberts who *ravishes* women; he's the woman's dutiful *servant* saying "as you wish" while he gives her *exactly* what she wants through mutual consent!



Except, that's Rob Reiner adapting William Goldman's 1972 novel, which *camped* Radcliffe. By comparison, Emily St. Aubert in *Udolpho* gives all *her* inherited wealth to Valencourt, despite him *not* "rescuing" her until the very end of the book, and even then only appearing as an afterthought—penniless and dog-faced—because he gambled* all *his* money away and gave the rest to a man sharing his jail cell!

**Doing so in Paris, "a sinful city" according to Radcliffe (and an act, Sam Hirst once explained to me, that is synonymous with whoring around with women of "looser morals" than the heroine).*

It sounds like a joke, except it's not; i.e., *Udolpho* isn't satire because Emily never shuts up about how she feels, and boy-oh-boy are her feelings *not* ambiguous! Yes, she's understandably pissed at first, but then not-so-understandably can't stay at her "widdle Vawencawt" because—golly

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persecution was; i.e., like someone who was afraid of sex/never had it (she was married, but to my knowledge never had kids). Instead, it's something to abject and attack/dissect, because sex = death and rape is around every corner. There's a kernel of truth to her stories, but like all conservatives, Radcliffe completely misses the historical-material critique to perpetuate its symptoms through police force inventing enemies (re: black rape myths). She's the fatal portrait of the Tories, her Gothic immature versus mature.

So if Shelley made demons, then Radcliffe investigated them (without whom there'd be no *Scooby Doo* [or drug-like Scooby "snacks"] without Radcliffe, or *Nancy Drew*, *The Hardy Boys*, *Alien*, *Halloween*, *Texas Chainsaw*, or *Murder, She Wrote*); if Shelley single-handedly started science fiction, then Radcliffe's novels—starting with *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne* (1789), and going onto more successful stories like *The Romance of the Forest* (1791) and *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), canonized the detective story wedded to "respectable" and "successful" Neo-Gothic cliché (e.g., *folie-à-deux*, or mass hysteria, in *The Italian*):

[Ann Radcliffe](#) was a pioneer of the gothic literary genre. Her inspirations were *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) by Horace Walpole, often named the first gothic novel; *The Old English Baron* (1777) by [Clara Reeve](#), and *The Recess; Or, a Tale of Other Times* (1783–1785) by [Sophia Lee](#) (Miles, 2004 4). By the time she published her successful novel, *The Romance of the Forest* in 1791, gothic fiction was considered "the trash of the circulating libraries" and a "cheap and tawdry form of entertainment" (Townshend 2014). However, Radcliffe was considered to be an exception, she was lauded by her contemporaries as "the Shakespeare of Romance writers" and as "a genius of no common stamp" (Miles, 1995 7; Barbauld, 1810 i). Radcliffe single-handedly changed the gothic novel; it was by her inclusion of original poetry as part of her novels and as epigraphs, as well as her elaborate descriptions of landscapes, that she *elevated* the form [emphasis, me, for its problematic nature]. Critics agreed that Radcliffe had moulded pre-existing literary

gee whizz—he *totally* helped that one guy in a pinch while making himself destitute! In short, she (and by extension, Radcliffe) enables him and he (and by extension, Radcliffe) snow jobs Emily to basically vouch for codependency in *her* by feeding *his* addiction (because *that's* always healthy).

In turn, Valencourt is "heroic" not because he's *actually* strong or smart or even terribly good, but because Radcliffe assigns that position *to* him and makes Emily a bit dim to make for the storybook ending her middle-class readership thirsted for (saying as much about these bored housewives' actual marriages versus the ones they were clamoring *for*—a fact Jane Austen promptly and savagely parodied, in *Northanger Abbey*)! That's called "pandering" and Radcliffe was great at it.

Per Wolff, the Radcliffean Model is flush with the virgin/whore and hero/demon lover argument, but it's *not* ironic and—more to the point—conflates feminine desire with mutilative, unironic rape. Neo-conservative politics aside, the theatre's prescriptive nature is completely unhealthy. Through demon lovers and Black Veils, Radcliffe wanted all of these things in ways she could explain away and prescribe while *upholding* the status quo; through ludo-Gothic BDSM, we can ditch the dogma and keep the demons (and vaso vagal threats), camping *her* stories with passionate rape scenarios to lean into the most ironic, exquisite elements of "torture" she offered!

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components to refine a "new, powerful, and enchanting" genre of literature (Miles, 2004 4) [re: Victoria DeHart's "[The Enchanting Ann Radcliffe](#)," 2020].

Radcliffe didn't make monsters; she *exposed* them—i.e., as false, solving mysteries to turn things *back* to normal. Her stories manufacture dilemmas whose middle-class solvings always benefit the status quo. For all her skill, she actually kind of sucks. She's not "a nice old lady"; she's an opportunist—one using police language to adopt an air of authority leading her audience around by the nose.

In a nutshell, then, Radcliffe wrote cop fiction with "haunted" houses, venerating private ownership/assimilation (secret princesses), and inventing state enemies through bogus propaganda stories: "White Middle-Class Lady Investigates Whoever Killed the Rich Landowner." As a queer an-Com, I find her writing *deeply* unsexy because, in the absence of shock, she's lecturing about morals in a PG-grade adventure story that has the same negative effects it would inspire, offstage. It says little of value, but value judges *everything*. Even the fucking *trees* have



value (eat your heart out, Tolkien)! Even so, it's still useful for putting a finger on the middle class' pulse/desire to scapegoat their victims during Capitalist Realism.

Radcliffe the *woman* is far more mysterious (and conservative) than Shelley. Likewise, her legacy is far more *problematic* (and no less complex). For starters, Radcliffe took precautions to *conceal* her identity and wrote from absolute secrecy. She avoided scandal like the plague and wrote stories that maintained privatization, and she was indisputably a master of suspense and gaslighting her audience (who she loved to torture through the Black Veil "MacGuffin" nearly two centuries before Hitchcock stole it). Forget *Scooby Doo*—without Radcliffe, there would be no *Clue*, Agatha Christie, Poe, Hitchcock, Lovecraft, or *Stranger Things*, but also no *Perfect Blue* (above, 1997) or *The Vanishing*³⁷¹ (1998). There'd likewise be no J.K. Rowling (who, apart from *Harry Potter*, also writes bigoted detective stories), hence TERF stories, on and offstage, transvestigating aliens killing people and blending in (re: men in women's spaces³⁷²). For better or worse, Radcliffe well-and-truly broke the

³⁷¹ Which I've written about in regards to; re: "[Gothic Themes in Perfect Blue](#)" and "[Gothic themes in The Vanishing / Spoorloos](#)" (2020). Jadis loved both those movies, for what it's worth.

³⁷² Said spaces classically written either anonymously by women—because women of the period *weren't* encouraged to write novels; i.e., as a respectable/profitable enterprise—or by sexist women adopting the pen names of men. "Ann Radcliffe" was already a penname (her real name was Ann Ward); by comparison, the Brontë *sisters* (not their brother, who didn't write much) used neutral-sounding pseudonyms under Queen Victoria's reign (Aton, Currer and Ellis Bell, the OG enbies), and Jane Austen (who died several years *before* Queen Victoria was born in 1819), used "by a lady" for *Sense and Sensibility* (1811), followed with "by the author of *Sense and Sensibility*" for her other novels.

mold/"made it," in that respect, and heavy lies the crown. Suitably enough, she was also a huge xenophobe and opportunist, abandoning magic for enchantments of a more phenomenological sort: spells of mystery and perception. Perception *is* reality!

Simply put, Radcliffe and similar authors—from Dacre to Rowling—have all thrived on demon lovers and sexual torture to triangulate/tokenize sex and force (through the process of abjection policing the ghost of the counterfeit as something to commodify the raping of through the American and European middle classes). And Radcliffe "started it," insofar as her School of Terror was the launchpad for a more troublesome series. Yes, she didn't show abject horror on par with Lewis, Giger and Scott. Even so, her stories are full of damsels, detectives and sex demons; i.e., her detectives—which are always damsel-esque/virginal—doggedly investigate *what* damsels endure through sex demons as "all over the place": torture, crime, death, rape, etc. And those—much like *Pride and Prejudice* and



Zombies (2016) went on to become much more violent, silly and sexy over time: "Velma Dinkley and the Mystery of the Boner-Inducing Dump Truck!" "It is a truth universally acknowledged that a baddie with a fat bedonk must be in need of a good monster pounding." *Jinkies!*

([source](#): DC Comics' "Scooby Apocalypse," 2020)

Except before we even *begin* talking about detectives and torture at length through the xenomorph as an "antique" doppelganger for Medusa, I wish to clarify two points and cover some history (three pages' worth) that will come in handy moving forward—not just for this subchapter or volume, but really for the entire book series as it presently stands.

One, "torture" is a very broad term. It can hurt or harm, hence threaten through exhibitionism and voyeurism promoting ritualistic punishment that allots the submissive tremendous power (under the right circumstances); those that harm or disempower workers are bourgeois, designed to pacify victims by chattelizing them in demonic language. This basic distinction not only amounts to canonical torture vs iconoclastic torture, but Radcliffe's blend of exquisite "torture" being immediately harmless but nonetheless problematic-yet-salvageable; i.e., bad play/coercive BDSM vs good play/sex-positive BDSM; e.g., unironic demon lovers like Ted Bundy or Count Monti exhibited by Radcliffe (and the American television networks) during criminal hauntology versus a demonic dom who is both trustworthy and actually wants to teach mutual consent through transgressive media.

We'll explore the latter dichotomy much more in Volume Three. For now, just remember what we said about criminal hauntology in Volume One (exhibit 11b2, summarized but indented for clarity):

Criminal hauntology relishes in the commodified suffering of the buried; e.g., the gays as automatic criminals, perpetual fugitives/victims, and unironic closet monsters (the xenomorph being the combined forces-of-darkness black knight, dark torturer and cosmically queer rapist at the same time, exhibit 60d); conversely it gives sanctuary to *canonical* status-quo fugitives: the black or false penitent (the namesake of Radcliffe's *Italian*).



Two, detectives are classically cops, including—in a sense—those who embellish them through relatively conservative fiction: the white woman's murder mystery or *noir* about soft-to-hard-boiled, nosy dames with brains, brawn, and courage, but also the Gothic staples of a flashlight, threatened virtue, and (these days) various force equalizers (the Amazonian Persephone going *back* to Hell to attack *state* enemies). Cops defend property before people, and detectives of a female sort classically investigate rape as form of torture—effectively serving justice through an updated idea of the local constable or shire reeve as a manager of the estate; i.e., the person of material privilege doing the state's work. Detectives further evolved into modern cops/sheriffs in the 19th, 20th and 21st centuries, becoming militarized (and tokenized, above) under the modern police state, courtesy of *Pax Americana* as informed by the likes of Radcliffe voicing the trend as a bank-making mystery women; re: through that of the white, cis-het, female weird canonical nerd, historically decaying feminism in defense of profit, capital and the status quo (re: Volume Zero, Radcliffe and the true crime genre as founded on the Neo-Gothic treatment of damsels, detectives and demons).

Regarding *those* points, some history (and an exhibit) to go with them exhibit 47a1, in a few pages): Before this crystallization, though, the idea spawned out of a hauntological engagement with an imaginary past that carried into the here-and-now by male and female authors of an *emerging* middle class: the Gothic novel as a *medievalized* property dispute investigated using darkly romantic abject language penned by persons other than aristocrats but *not* the working class; i.e., the home as both a medieval façade occupied by pre-fascist destroyers the likes of the black penitent, knight, priest or Italian count, and an uncanny chronotope pierced by the tried-and-true tradition of scholarship-turned-sleuthing of middle-class debutantes in the shoes of older imperiled maidens (Cartesian-dualism-in-disguise).

Detective monks, for example, were invented as a hauntological murder mystery centuries after the warrior monks of old (exhibit 48b); likewise, the *female*

detective would go onto defend the state's notion of property as a hauntological anomaly thereof: a piece of property/ass who suddenly could *think* because she's had a middle-class education that, for all intents and purposes, was buoyed by the nation-state as a developing entity in its own right.

Partly the idea was to voice the concerns of the oppressed, but it was penned to pointedly voice those the state privileged *over* queer people, persons of color or religious minorities inside the state; i.e., the *WASP* (white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant) author of pre-fascist and minority scapegoats, which basically is what Radcliffe was: a female novelist who far outpaced her husband's income by writing fancy versions of the penny dreadful, then using the unprecedented "fuck you" money she made to retire from public life and live in relative comfort/seclusion. But, given her penchant *for* secrecy, this is largely speculation; re, DeHart:

In addition to being critically successful and popular, Radcliffe was England's highest paid novelist during the 1790s. She earned £500 for *Udolpho* (1794) and for her final novel, the *Italian* (1797), she earned £800 (Miles, 2004 4). According to Robert Miles (2004), Radcliffe's "nearest competitor" before 1797, was the playwright and novelist [Frances Burney](#), who received £250 for [Cecilia, Memoirs of an Heiress](#) in 1782 (4).

Dale Townshend³⁷³ and Angela Wright refer to Radcliffe's disappearance after the publishing of *The Italian* as the "Radcliffean Interregnum" (13).

³⁷³ One of my academic survivors for my master's (the one who said, "Nicholas, I'm happy to be your supervisor but just so you know, I've never played a computer game in my life!"). Dale's a nice enough bloke (as the Brits like to say), but also, I think he likes Radcliffe because he's a bit *like* her—not a Tory or anything like that, but a stay-at-home cat dad:



(artist: [Dale Townshend](#) and Dickens the cat)

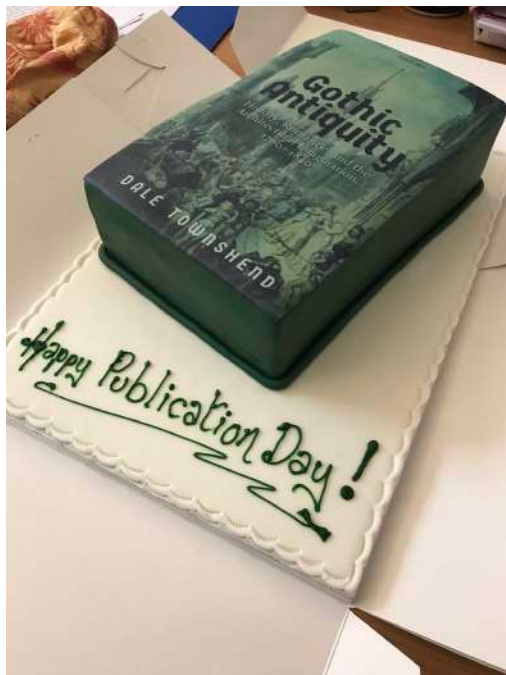
On top of that, he also wrote a really cool book on Matthew Lewis, *Matthew Lewis: The Gothic and Romantic Literary Culture* ([source tweet](#), DaleGothic96: May 14th, 2024), as well as *Gothic Antiquity* ([source tweet](#), DaleGothic96: September 24th, 2019), which I've cited before in my own books (Dale's specially *is* Neo-Gothic architecture in fiction, which per my master's thesis, dovetails nicely with Metroidvania as ludo-Gothic):

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[...] The literary world could not comprehend that the highest paid and most popular novelist of the 1790s had stopped publishing new material. In 1800, rumours began to circulate that Ann Radcliffe had died; and by 1811, false reports stated that she was restrained within Haddon Hall in Derbyshire, driven "mad" by the "morbid exuberance of her [own] imagination" (Smith 155; Miles, 1995 25). There is no clear reason for Radcliffe's disappearance, but scholars have offered different ideas; Townshend and Wright (2014) believe her interregnum may have been due to a combination of her frustration with the plethora of "Radcliffe imitators" in the market, and the mixed reviews she received for *The Italian* (13). Ann Radcliffe was also plagued with poor health in the last twelve years of her life (Norton, 1999 236) [[source](#)].

Personally, I think she sold her soul to the Devil, who told her to "just write about trees, dude" and eventually came to collect—dragging Radcliffe down to Hell to sodomize her just like she always wanted to write about but didn't. Truth is stranger than fiction (you did always tell to write for myself and my audience, Dale, and it was good advice)...

In all seriousness, Radcliffe was a middle-class novelist of critical acclaim and financial success, who—after a relatively short career (eight years) writing about



(photographer: [Dale Townshend](#))

and—while a bit of a ball-buster (the comments on my assignments were *technically* anonymous, but I could kind of tell it was him)—he also showed me kindness at school others sometimes didn't. He also wasn't weird about it when I came out, and used "Persephone" no problem at all. Thanks, Dale!

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the English countryside "but with bandits" (a very British thing to do) and treating sex like a disease (*also* a very British thing to do)—retreated from the stage of writing and political activism altogether (a bit like Bilbo). She's the kind of person you hear being accused of "terrorist literature" (re: Groom), only to look into it and learn that—in all actuality—Shelley was closer to the mark, and Radcliffe nowhere near as interesting or critically impactful as *Frankenstein*. Radcliffe's *Black Veil* was famously a giant MacGuffin—a largely empty illusion between a lot of expert shadow play and pre-Victorian soap opera setting the stage for the invention of Gothic terrorism Crawford warned about (re: "[The Invention of Gothic Terrorism](#)," 2013). More matter, less art, queen!

Clearly, Radcliffe is someone I have mixed feelings about. I admittedly enjoy her suspense and mood; her distinction of terror and horror in "On the Supernatural and Poetry" (1826) remains incredibly useful; and the use of poetic epigrams in her novels *was* something that inspired me (though I took as much inspiration from Lewis, in that respect). Even so, her contributions are all nuts-and-bolts devices and virgin/whore, us-versus-them dreck abused through capitalist fear and dogma she encouraged similar to Tolkien's later racism; i.e., she summons immigrant threats, then marshals police agents to discover and exterminate them: as someone who—of the middle class—enjoys imperial heritage, but needs to whitewash her own colonial guilt (and fete a good wedding at the end, with dancing peasants who just *love* being ruled by freshly-unveiled princesses).

That being said, I've already torn her corpse a new asshole in Volume Zero, so I'll spare everyone a sequel, here; i.e., in *this* refrain, I'll refrain from dragging Radcliffe any more than I already have, because we're ultimately going to be *salvaging* her work! Believe it or not, there's a lot of good ideas inside, especially with demon BDSM (which evolved through *my* work *into* ludo-Gothic BDSM). Likewise, Radcliffe clearly has her place in the history books, and *The Italian* is pretty neat, overall, but she's too high-minded/gutter-averse, and writes about trees too much. "Oh, wow! Another tree! Great³⁷⁴! Maybe we should do something about climate change instead of acting like they'll last forever?"

Again, Radcliffe wasn't a whore, she was a cop, thus a pimp. There's certainly value in detection regarding domestic violence and material dispute, but anchoring it in a society that's ultimately regressive *isn't* activism; it's *conservatism*, thus criminogenic. Despite the appearance of unreactivity, then, Radcliffe's class character isn't inert like helium, because white moderacy is always shadowed by a reactionary core: the exquisite "torture" of squirming during the abjection process and ghost of the counterfeit behind *her* *Black Veil* empty threats vanishing like dreams once exposed. It's proto-fascism and -Red-Scare/Capitalist Realism in *its* infancy. To it, she's the great ancestor of Margaret Thatcher(!): a

³⁷⁴ Reminding me, once again, of Monty Python's Dennis Moore [endlessly giving the poor starving country folk stolen lupins](#).

xenomorph (shapeshifter) chicken hawk, having kids do her dirty work for her by becoming monsters to fight monsters and *maintain* state control (also, the makers of *Stranger Things* are Zionists and child abusers; re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Welcome to the Fun Palace](#)," 2024).



The fact remains, Radcliffe *did* give birth to monsters: witch-hunters-in-disguise! Through DARVO and obscurantism, her kids aren't saving the day by getting those pirates; they're privileged brats part of a larger scheme that creates and assigns criminality as

something to imitate and exploit. And that's a trend that Radcliffe inspired/self-reported on before running and hiding from criticism, ultimately being unable to confront or explain it because she can afford to disappear during moral panic (re: the French Revolution); that's *her* legacy. It's a little pathetic, but also underused in terms of what *can* be used to help workers, not titillate consumers who ultimately grow *more* violent in pursuit of "dreaded evils." And *that's* what we're going to focus on, here: camping her canon, rape included! I'm excited!

As we do, remember how we're expressing our position within a society sick with moral panic (versus raising awareness); i.e., as actually policed by official or vigilante forces. Compared to us, followers of Radcliffe see strangers *to* attack—i.e., assign positions within society *to* alienate and kettle—per the terrorist/counterterrorist refrain (she literally founded the Gothic School of Terror): the girl whose superpower is survival, modesty (damsels) and detection, first and foremost, but also in latter-day examples, transformation into Amazons (sex demons) to have revenge *for* the state/nuclear family against the monstrous-feminine during abject moral panic—the *pimp's* revenge (often undercover)!

Cops are class traitors, and Radcliffe doesn't prevent crime, she *causes* it by "making jobs" about making jobs (on and on). Luckily there isn't a monopoly on these things, meaning the final *function* of the damsel, detective and sex demon isn't to police the alien through force. We can *reclaim* it by camping Radcliffe's canonical exquisite "torture."

At times, her calculated risk/revenge even has the right *idea* (sexual tension and play through Gothic poetics) but she quit far too *soon* to master *that* aspect of it. Woulda, coulda, shoulda. We'll build on said ignorance to salvage her wasted genius towards applied knowledge; i.e., ballooning its valuable aspects according to a system she helpfully adumbrated. The language of danger *is* useful ("Pull your team out, Gordon..."), ours and Shelley's proletarian pirates challenging Radcliffe's bourgeois ones. In short, there's a solid material critique *in* her stories—one that inverts, easily enough, to *serve* workers!

We'll consider camping Radcliffe, in the pages ahead, and will do so while keeping her privilege and ignorance in mind—but also her dazzling brilliance giving the game away (as Scott does, in *Alien*). Basically Radcliffe was a member of the imperial class, shamelessly pandering to their socio-materially constructed idea of class and place as under attack, post-colonization (re: *paradise lost*); and anything Edward Said wrote about Austen in *Culture and Imperialism* (1993) easily applies to Radcliffe and her own novels bougie sensibilities (which Austen *also* made fun of; re: *Northanger Abbey*). It's Goldilocks Imperialism, enchanting Old Blighty with a straight white lady's idea of "spectral enchantment" while belonging "to a slave-owning society." She probably bought sugar *on purpose* (with abolitionists buying honey instead; re: to protest the Caribbean slave trade).



(artist: [Claude Lorrain](#))

Needless to say, Radcliffe certainly *had* talent and respect; she was also gentrified and conservative (as were the people who respected her³⁷⁵)—was, by my account, an entitled sellout who abandoned any notion of whistleblowing to spend the next nearly-three-decades years in total reclusion. But even when she *did* write, she merely used the true-crime twist to scapegoat (xenophobic) symptoms of the structure in crisis, not the structure itself as *always* in crisis; i.e., not only did she partake of the unironic "bury your gays" trope by having no earthly idea what sex-positive queerness was, but her happy endings, post-corruption, supported the status quo by ending or exposing isolated pockets of corruption which, itself, is a harmful centrist myth.

Since then, the conservative opinion remains that all women are still property not persons, with those who become more active being treated as "phallic women"; i.e., less the sexual zombie, demon or whore and more a subjugated Amazon who had to prove she wasn't either of those things, nor a rogue huntress corrupting the nature of society concerning white women as a "protected" class: the jilted, furious seeker of *ancient* revenge (which, from the non-WASP perspective, is exactly what the xenomorph represents). This settling of old scores can be weaponized against women through the idea of virtue as well as vice—i.e., as Dacre's Victoria arguably was—but also against the queer community as something whispered about and conflated with "true crime" alongside the usual suspects/scapegoats. We fags are evil Italian Counts, apparently (a precursor to Dracula), awash in sin and medieval court intrigue leading to sodomy and murder.

³⁷⁵ "Oh, wow! A *woman* who can *write*. A female Shakespeare!" Puh-lease, Radcliffe doesn't have enough crossdressing or magic in her stories to be compared to Willie Shakes (now Lewis, on the other hand...)!

Simply put, it's repressed, internalized bigotry and self-hatred, which the copaganda of the regressive Amazon attempts to destroy to prove *her* worth as a "good woman"; i.e., serving the Man by killing society's scapegoats (through exposure): both its fascist elements (demon cops/black knights and crooked authority figures who betray the fact that the *structure* is corrupt, thus must be dealt with) but also the targets of moral panic at large—in short, what would become Marx's spectres some forty-odd years after Radcliffe penned her final novel, and the Red Scare and similar states of panic that haunt the bourgeois character of the female thinker, warrior and superhero centuries after Radcliffe's day in the sun: writing about damsels, detectives and demon lovers (which we'll



touch on here then explore in Volume Three when we examine TERFs and centrist media).

(exhibit 47a1: Detecting systemic trauma first requires something to detect and a detective to go about it, but historically involves various double standards and intersecting biases/privileges during liminal hauntologies [the sudden, seemingly

magical and superstitious appearance of the Gothic castle]. Male detectives are renowned for their "superior" [sexist] intellect as a product of their male upbringing and socio-material advantages at being men, thus having access to better education. Female detectives from the Neo-Gothic period "won the lottery" of accidental birth, enjoying the [white, cis-het] role of princess trapped between their actual oppressors and those they fear as buried and scapegoated, but also conflated with: racial, queer and religious minorities. As things to continuously revive in the present, the rules of polite [meaning "heteronormative" enforcement] discourse would afford men certain advantages over women when exploring the perils of a Gothic castle, but both would be party to the larger scapegoating process: find the corrupt impostor and bury your gays to defend privatization.

For example, Ludovico from The Mysteries of Udolpho dispels the rumors of ghosts in the haunted room by staying in this supposedly "occupied" area with his sword. In the morning, he is gone. Ostensibly ghosts have spirited him away but in truth, pirates are to blame[!]. Yet, his dealings with them is cis-gendered, reflecting the dangers faced by men in such stories as commenting on the socio-material conditions of Radcliffe's time: Ludovico would more than likely not have to worry about being raped like Emily St. Aubert would [the Case of the Super Straight

*Pirates*³⁷⁶]. Moreover, in defense of her own agency, Emily would have to rely on him and his sword to keep the rapacious, ostensibly heterosexual but also ambiguously gay pirates at bay [women not really being allowed to investigate their own trauma, but especially not allowed to do battle with it; re: that's what Amazons do]. But had she wielded the sword herself, she would have skewered her enemies with it, feminizing them like Dacre's Victoria, in 1806.)



(artist: [Emma Layne](#))

That's the history of Radcliffe's refrain. Let's map its ongoing hauntological exploration of sex and danger (re: exposure of "virtue," left, as something to "armor" through swooning and amnesia—Radcliffe basically telling her audience to "think of the [white] women and children!"); i.e., as something to consider relative to the xenomorph throughout the remainder of the module (and not just this subchapter), on the edge of the civilized world.

In terms of sex demons and demon poetics at large, artistic playfulness is the "magic circle" (re: Zimmerman): of proletarian praxis in that it's "where the magic happens"; it occurs during liminal expressions of agency—i.e., in Gothic media, but also between reality and fiction through the subversion and transgression of various canonical rules and restrictions, during ludo-Gothic BDSM.

Keeping *this* in mind, let's look at some more historical "derelicts" of the demonic trifecta—damsels, detectives and sex demons as something traumatic to look on voyeuristically—in popular media *at large*, then bring this back around to Gothic expression as something to reinvent for *our* purposes.

We'll do so in an *assigned* order instead of a chronological one, looking at

- *damsels* as demonized, ostensibly disempowered chattel. We'll examine damsels in '80s porn with Nina Hartley and Victoria Paris (exhibit 47b).
- *detectives* seeking power and knowledge while fearing harmful torture. We'll examine different kinds of detectives, including Jennifer Lopez in *Out of Sight* (1998); i.e., as a militarized detective stemming from older, more passive and "chaste" forms that survive in the present; e.g., Velma Dinkley (exhibit 48a) as inspired by Radcliffe's classic formula, including nuns (exhibit 48b), but also more warlike detectives in different media types, such as Ellen Ripley (48c1) in cinema and Samus Aran (exhibit 40d1) in Metroidvania

³⁷⁶ Male queerness and queer theft of straight virtue being historically known to pirates through *matelotage*, a maritime practice between men that functioned like property ownership between male sailors not unlike a traditional, landbound wedding—a practice that Radcliffe *wouldn't* have been in the dark about; i.e., "any port in a storm."

(whose respective, dangerous explorations of the Gothic castle present the closed space something to construct out of previously detected historical-material factors and warring xenophobic ideas: masculinity coming to rescue femininity, albeit grafted onto a female body that upholds the status quo and threatens to make her "rabid," thus needing to be put down faster than her male counterparts would; i.e., she becomes the thing she's told to kill).

- *sex demons* chattelized in semi-supernatural, semi-natural/animalistic forms that exist on the edge of the civilized world; i.e., animal demons from a wild, almost-primordial age. To that, we'll be looking repeatedly at the xenomorph—through Ridley Scott's reinvented, xenophilic forms of Gothic vision in the 1970s and 2010s (which we'll also expand on even more in the next chapter when we look at "lycanthropes," "furries" and other totem demons that continue to exist and mutate fabulously in the 21st century).

We'll also examine *schools* of thought that evolved out of an emerging Gothic discourse, which Scott would draw upon in his own work, but also many other artists before and after *Alien*. This includes Ann Radcliffe and Matthew Lewis investigating hidden, repressed aspects of their own society by using competing obvious narratives of demons, damsels and detectives inside their own derelict, ergodic stories of terror and horror media; i.e., a primarily white, middle-class corpus written by persons other than cis-het white men but now having expanded to other groups whose discourse wouldn't manifest until much later on, but arguably has connections to both author's vital "ancient" launchpads.

As we shall see, next, all of this came to a head with *Alien*, blending Radcliffean terror with Lewis-style horror to produce something altogether Numinous and splendid, thus wonderful at embodying the monstrous-feminine's various class/cultural tensions; i.e., the xenomorph is dualistic—was as much Radcliffe as Shelley, and working inside a shared aesthetic at cross purposes!



"Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons," part zero: Derelicts, Medusa and H. R. Giger's Xenomorph; i.e., the Puzzle of "Antiquity"

"Did IQs drop sharply while I was away? Ma'am, I already said that it was not Indigenous; it was a derelict spacecraft, it was an alien ship, it was not from there. Do you get it?"

—Ellen Ripley, *Aliens* (1986)

This subchapter loosely considers the demonic trifecta—damsels, detectives and sex demons—by introducing a holistic, serial example of them: Medusa and the xenomorph (the latter practically synonymous with *its* maker, H. R. Giger). It does so through the Gothic refrain of found stories; i.e., so-called "derelicts" that, once "discovered," present as historical evidence in the Gothic sense: as something to perform and play with in order to interrogate state trauma (war and rape) as a continual problem we escape through "peril" (the challenging of modesty with a "dark half"). We'll return to Radcliffe—and her own self-righteous moral panics' down-to-earth left-behinds—in a bit. First, I want to consider the idea of dereliction as "ancient" through something closer to the modern idea of sex demon *vis-à-vis* damsels and detectives; re: Giger's brainchild (really being a group effort and lineage³⁷⁷, but I digress).

³⁷⁷ The monster is so famous, I almost opted for it needing no introduction. But in the interest of totality and holistic appreciation, let's cover our bases; re: Ridley Scott's outer space creature feature showcases Giger's almost fungal, mushroom-headed* adult monster from the latter's 1975 *Necronomicon* series (which Dan O'Bannon introduced to Scott when pitching the monster aspect of the movie). But Giger's work also came from/build on older forebears; e.g., from Goya's fourteen "Black Paintings" and anti-war art ("The Disasters of War," 1810-1820), Shelley's 1818 *Frankenstein*, De Sade, Radcliffe and Lewis, and further back to Walpole, Marlowe and the Golem of Prague myth, and earlier with Ovid and the Archaic Mother of the Ancient Greeks predating the Hellenistic period. Giger was building on what *repeatedly* had come before.



*Scott would use this idea of cordyceps/killer mushroom men in *Alien: Covenant's* Neomorphs, combining mushroom men chimerically with goblin sharks (and entering parasitically/rapaciously through the ears/nose with spores; re: forced alien entry and possession, then transformation).



(artist: H. R. Giger)

Note: This piece is older. It's one where I tried to make less changes throughout its entire makeup, and more to insert different extensions between parts of the main body. I try to note when I do, and talk about the entire history of doing so. The expanding of the piece has required me to organize it into headers, as well. —Perse

- [Introducing Ripley](#)
- [I, Medusa](#)
- [White Predation in *Alien* \(and Similar Works\)](#)
- [Ripley's Riddle: the Mystery of the Token Feminist](#)
- [Cartesian Hubris: the Girl Boss](#)
- [Amazonomachia, Cryptomimesis and Mise-en-Abyme](#)
- [The Other Side of the Coin: Camping These Things \(reprise\)](#)
- [From the Horse's Mouth: Furies and Giger's Puzzle of "Antiquity"](#)

Furthermore, the monster is *chimeric*; re: while the *adult* was designed by Giger as a phallic monstrous-feminine being of revenge (above, made by a white necromancer using acid Communism to prophesy nature's revenge against the West), [O'Bannon and Shusett designed the facehugger/ovomorph](#) and came up with the "rape reproductive" element (also borrowed from parasitoid wasps; re: Persephone van der Waard's "[The Caterpillar and the Wasp](#)," 2024). Scott, himself, designed a variety of "Ridleygrams" that included the monster (obviously based on Giger's prior design): to pimp a black whore against white colonist laborers (space truckers).



(artist: Ridley Scott; [source](#): user xeno_alpha_07's "[Alien Unseen Part One: Ridleygrams](#)" (2016): "During *Alien*'s pre-production, Ridley Scott drew up a storyboard presentation of *Alien* for 20th Century Fox. Impressed with what Ridley had presented they doubled the budget from \$4.5 million to \$8.5 million. These storyboards are known as 'Ridleygrams.' This storyboard presentation contains scenes and FX shots that were later re-written or dropped due to budgetary reasons. Here we are going to take a look at some of these early scenes and concepts Ridley envisioned for *Alien* at this early stage. [... The above scene shows] even though Lambert was killed earlier in the story, Ridley had drawn another version of her death alongside Parker. Both crew members have resorted to wearing oxygen masks as the air was low due to the decompression previously. Hunting for the Alien, it suddenly steps behind Parker. Picking him up and killing him, Lambert tries to burn the Alien with a flamethrower. The Alien uses Parker's body as a shield and walks through the flames.")

You essentially had a "Medusa's Raft" (of mostly white male) artists, romancing a ghostship/shipwreck *matelotage*/necrobiome *vis-à-vis* the ghost of the counterfeit (settler-colonial abuse) furthering abjection (white workers vs black rape) to make lots of money (which it did):

Scott's second film, 'Alien,' cost \$10 million to make, has drawn mixed reviews and should make lots of money

([source](#): Strange Shapes' "[Alien Reviews from Yesteryear](#)," 2016)

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Introducing Ripley

A bit of additional context (a 2025 one-page addendum [and footnote] prefacing the original body of this 2024 piece). The paradox of palimpsests is that the mo recent generally eclipses older variants it "tops"; i.e., to *become* "the first"/"top dog"; e.g., Ripley as "the first" Amazon" (a patriarchal myth). But she is haunted by the past and those of it as vengeful, which she punches down against; re: the second wave feminist warrior Madonna policing nature as dark, ancient whore³⁷⁸. If Jadis was my first TERF "in the wild," then Ripley was my first TERF in *media*; she's the detective who tops for the state, and we top from below to punch up at her Radcliffean antics (carried over into Weaver's own privilege as a white straight Broadway actress from a middle-class family, below).



([source](#): *Strange Shapes' "Casting Ripley" [2016]: "Sigourney on the Nostromo bridge with her father Sylvester 'Pat' Weaver and mother Elizabeth Weaver."*)

All of this is dualistic, and I want to look at the process holistically regarding

its liminal, ludo-Gothic BDSM elements' anisotropic qualities and performative latitudes. Some of this comes from what we've discussed already in this module; some, from the Poetry Module. We're essentially talking about the whore's paradox and revenge (reclaiming blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts), though I might not always say as much (this is an older piece, but it inspired my new thesis work on those topics; i.e. I wrote it around the same time as "The Caterpillar and the Wasp," thus before my Poetry Module [which released May 5th, 2024; re: "[Volume Two, part one \(the Poetry Module\) Is Out](#)"] and then added elements of said module to "Giger's Xenomorph," afterwards): the relatively well-off white girl scared of functionally black/non-white and non-straight revenge, thus rape of the former by the latter and (displaced to outer space).

Again, it's very second wave feminist, thus exclusionary in the rise of Thatcher's England to impregnate and gut the Labour Party with New-Labor

³⁷⁸ Outlined by Angela Carter's older work, Raymond's *Transsexual Empire*, and highlighted by Creed, in 1993, only to be critiqued by me, in 2023, onwards; re: "[Cops and Victims, part one: the Riddle of Steel; or, Confronting Past Wrongs](#)" (2024); i.e., a white Final Girl versus black *queer* rape with a demon BDSM signature (see: "Casting Ripley" photo, above).

concessions; re: capital gentrifies and decays, leaving us with strange appetites we need to camp through the same damsels, detectives and demons. Except, Ridley was always a white-collar pimp with an art degree and classical education, and Ripley was always his blue-collar madame detective; i.e., Galatea asking the stowaway prostitute what *it* stole from Master's cookie jar during her Pygmalion maker's Promethean Quest, and its Numinous obscurity and decay's infectious stamp brought back to *her* towing vessel: "In Space, No One Can Hear You Punch Down for the Elite then Blame It on Pirates." Always kill your darlings!

I think that's enough context for both monsters (the Amazon and the Medusa) and their *cryptomimesis* to proceed with our arguments. Let's advance onto the original piece!

In the Gothic, "Antiquity" is forged through puzzling "ancient" monsters like Medusa in ways useful to the state (canon) *or* workers (camp). Unironic forms tokenize through settler-colonial damage control whose cryptonymy apologizes for the state and indeed, *advances* the goals of Cartesian hegemony endlessly across space and time; i.e., while tokenized women like Ellen Ripley write Man's history for them in the usual native bloodbaths: fetishizing the alien before punching it, witch-cop-style. Our current "Medusa" is the xenomorph, a composite sex monster insofar as it features holistically and Numinously as undead, demonic and animalistic, but also embodies settler-colonial (ethnocentric) racism, environmental destruction, rape anxiety/disguised vaudeville (the first alien being a black man in a suit) and trans misogyny crammed into a 1970s gimp suit/astronoetic hauntology (canceled retro-future). Let's give *that* qualification a closer look, shall we?



The poster girl for Creed's *Monstrous-Feminine*, Medusa, is the classic "ancient"

whore/enemy of the state in Western propaganda, and survives through Cartesian thought into *Alien*, the franchise. It's the dialectic of the alien, mid-*Amazonomachia*, except when Ripley initially faces the xenomorph as a ghost of the counterfeit (the monster being a spectre of settler colonialism pushed into outer space, coming *back* to haunt the West), she becomes traumatized into thinking the creature as not "of the land" at all; it's something to punch, not embrace, because it threatens her as an extension *of* the West: us versus them, maiden pimp vs abject whore. She becomes an endless detective protecting other damsels from a dreaded evil she nonetheless fetishizes by giving so much power in the first place. She's a cautious skeptic in the first movie; by the second, she's a battered housewife/true believer posturing as oracle for the Man. Gross TERF bullshit.

Convinced she is right to a colossal and insulting degree (see the epigram), our damaged heroine goes forth to astronoetically colonize "space" *for* Earth by finding the perceived Ancient Threat: punishing an alien mother for "having settled"

corporate territories before blowing her³⁷⁹ the fuck up. It's a *casus belli*, a DARVO false flag waged by a "critic" of the company who ultimately does their dirty work for them; re: by weaponized shelter through capital as the same old rigged game against Ripley in order to make *her* afraid, thus transform *into* a demon *against* the state's enemies: a subjugated-Hippolyta survivor of the *fear* of rape, not rape itself (versus Lambert or Kain, who very much *do* get raped because they actually *have* sex; i.e., Ripley is a warrior *Madonna*, and sex = death in Radcliffe's work).

A mythical structure, when essentialized, can be quite telling. Singular interpretations are bad for workers and nature, especially when colonial binaries (us vs them) have manifested them as something to disseminate and put to practice. By abjecting the ghost of the counterfeit as men do, Ripley becomes the subjugated Amazon waging a monstrous war of extinction in space (the astrotoetic *Amazonomachy*); i.e., against another monster whose sexualized violence (the popular language of war) has with Ripley one interpretation, thus one use/solution: genocide ("not to study, not to bring back, but to wipe them out")—unironically raping the land, occupants and language in ways that speak to predatory sex and violence as synonymized for these chattelizing purposes. Killing vermin is still moving money through nature using the same old kayfabe revenge arguments.

Except, far from being a one-off, *Aliens* (and *its* forebears, which date back to Radcliffe conjuring up white straight female fears of a black rapist) would go on to inform [military optimism](#) through Cameron's refrain as a perennial affair that upholds Capitalist Realism for all time in neoliberal power trips (re: the "End of History"). Ripley is part of that tragic destiny—a damsel-turned-cop who, once recruited, rides forever out into the cartographic territories; i.e., where murder is legal, chasing "death" down and hunting it room-by-room (re: [shooters and Metroidvania](#) during speedruns). Separating the wheat from the chaff, Ripley divides from other humans whoever the state needs dead within the same monomythic, theatrical device: nature as alien and fetishized, but also undead, demonic and animalistic—the Medusa!



I, Medusa

"Medusa" means different things depending on who's looking at/with her. As such, she contains (and presents) unironic and ironic fears of rape, trans misogyny (and other praxial variables) within class conflict, on the

³⁷⁹ Our mysterious mother, Ripley, rapes nature by becoming a defender of heteronormativity from other orderings of maternal power as alien, insectoid. To that, she presents herself as "good" but really is the inhumane monster killing other demons *for* the state; i.e., by dehumanizing its political enemies as Satanic, fearsome, and criminal, hence doomed: a subjugated Amazon pimping Medusa right before the AIDS epidemic.

Aegis, per outing. Parading the unknown as tangible³⁸⁰ is the Gothic's bread and butter!

Except, while the inherent duality of pre-capitalist expression might seem mysteriously commonplace, this is *not* without reason. It was generally peered into by people like Mary Shelley who, in 1818, were less divided *from* nature by capital than we are, thus more prone to combine nature *with* science, and to afford a medieval expression fixated on mythical devices, but especially ambrosia/the fire of the gods as "torturous" and Faustian. Shelley's *Modern Prometheus* offered a unique perspective of "Ancient" that informed Giger and Ridley Scott using the alien poetic device to extrapolate on problems of capital per Gothic castles and monsters, in 1979; i.e., to a similar monstrous-feminine degree, during fatal nostalgia.

Monsters and castles are *indiscreetly* modular and evoke myths and magic as critical lenses to see through Capitalism's universal alienation; Medusa (and by extension, the xenomorph and castle as extensions of her and themselves) abide by the usual fracturing of trauma to give those with trauma a safe space to explore (and endlessly reexplore) their abuse and discover a better world through a *series* of castles wrestling/warring/fucking with other castles, with monsters, etc, during concentric *mise-en-abyme*. In psychoanalytical terms, these generally announce a secret self to reject and attack, but also a borderline option regarding forbidden forms of love: a dark ritual regressively selected through the shadow of force ...and which *I* completely dislike because it tends to suggest a *lack* of awareness towards unconscious³⁸¹ elements that apologize for the author's omitting of an active dialogue; e.g., desire, bigotry or revenge. I'd rather focus on the material conditions that shape these prejudices and, at times, walking contradictions; i.e., what is the argument of "yet another castle" for in terms of where it's *going* once its arguments are revived?

These are highly medieval ways of looking at things, and difficult to wrap *our* heads around; i.e., as people reared in a capitalist, post-medieval world. So, just as the Gothic castle perpetually returns in liminal, hauntology-of-war arguments debating to the Enlightenment and Capitalism's failure to deliver on universal prosperity as promised, we'll be returning to my Poetry Module—especially its Medieval portion (which starts with "[The Medieval: Opening and Castles in the Flesh](#)," 2024) and concludes with the "one, two" capstone, "[Modularity and Class](#)" and "[Facing Death: What I Learned Mastering Metroidvania](#)," 2024). Keep its entire statements in mind as we proceed once more into the Numinous medieval and its dead city of paradoxes; re: we're getting lost in necropolis *again!*

³⁸⁰ "Xeno + morph." Always some degree familiar—you'll know *this* alien when you see it.

³⁸¹ "Unconscious." As an an-Com, I seriously hate that word (after all, we need class *consciousness*). Informing them of it, it ceases to be unconscious and becomes deliberate. Hot take: It's an "out," and poor scholarship at that! Fuck Freud and camp Marx!

First, during liminal expression and oppositional praxis, trauma diffuses; both imprecise *and* omnipresent, its doubles emerge like a doomy nebula from remediating praxis' *failure* to sublimate state horrors during the cryptonymy process. If we're going to get anywhere regarding *those*, we'll have to familiarize ourselves with the alien, thus give the xenomorph a big ol' hug—not to dehumanize what has become fetish, but humanize it as Medusa's more recent disguise still having fetishized qualities: during ludo-Gothic BDSM chasing the palliative Numinous. As with Captain Dallas, death is presumed but not certain; indeed, doing so will only reverse the process of abjection inside the "antique" counterfeit as something to reclaim *by us*—defeating the fear of death through hugs, thus overriding state mechanisms of genocide that push people to attack others through tokenized us-versus-them copaganda (attacking stigma animalized workers): a position informed by dogma and fear merged with obscurity and distance.

The state, then, is a classic "false friend," pointing the finger *at* Medusa and saying *she's* a zombie who bites. The paradox, here, is that Medusa *is* a zombie, but she *doesn't* bite provided you can show her you *don't* mean any harm; i.e., that you can be *friends*. Though harmed in the past, Medusa won't harm you if you approach her in good faith; but also, expect *some* degree of temperamentality—i.e., the occasional trigger, outburst and love tap.

Barring those automatic, knee-jerk defenses, Medusa *will* expect you *not* to side *with* the state *against* her. This requires abandoning the settler-colonial project on all fronts, respecting different healthy boundaries while punching up/through harmful ones by camping canon inside castles; i.e., as an ongoing dialog in dialectical-material tension, hence argument, revived hauntologically through medieval language as useful to workers; re (from the Poetry Module):

using the dialectic of the alien to pull down sick harmful barriers and install fresh healthy ones [...] This "boundary selection" is not only useful for challenging the state's "**boundaries for me, not for thee**" mantra during selective/collective punishment through the denial of shelter and other basic human rights (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 [...] Authenticity aside, systemic trauma is isolated and expressed in Gothic theatre, [...] 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*)

[...] 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 medicinal and empowering (re: the palliative Numinous) without harming others, thus able to heal a society that is sick with Capitalist Realism ([source](#): "'Welcome to the Fun Palace!' part one: A Song Written in Decay").

Here, we'll expound on some variables *that* section could not; e.g., kayfabe, tightrope, fairytale hauntologies and the monomyth in Walpole's haunted Capitalocene (which is what Ripley and Medusa [a giant suit of dark armor] represent, meeting the present and the past in the dangerous middle). Radcliffe always treats "darkness" and "demon lover" as "scapegoat pirate" to summon and banish for profit during courtly love hauntologies; when used in *good* faith (as *this* book does), said dialectic is meant to make us more discerning in terms of what we take in, but also paradoxically grow more *bold* once we become *unafraid* to *use* medieval poetics—less to unironically derange and confuse our senses, but use darkness visible to deftly address the state's own attacks *on* our senses mid-cryptonymy (making us question them, thus exit Plato's cave while inside it).



([source](#))

Armed with revived *empowering* confusions (or acclimated to disempowerment as something to subvert), we may confront nebulous, ungrounded despair with jouissance (a rapturous, secular appeal to a godly force: "Oh, my god!" as orgasmic); i.e., slice, hew and otherwise savagely claw through the canonical constraints of what we can and can't do in a state of crisis. We do so as a means of sex-positive expression told in exquisitely "torturous" language; i.e., as haunted by generational, systemic trauma during the rememory process; e.g., "hungry like the wolf," which the reaver-like xenomorph (and the castle *it* hunts inside) partially represents: raw animal lust—a feral hunger to fuck with reckless abandon (informed, as nymphomania generally is, by extreme trauma).

Beyond such a creature and looking at the general creative process, it's a real witch's cauldron, and one supplied piece-by-piece from anything and everything (sutured together or built like Walpole's Strawberry Hill, my book, Scott's Nostromo, Campbell's monomyth, etc) that works to holistically and intersectionally weaponize our foes' contributions *against them*. Fighting their madness with our "madness" amounts to mirrors with mirrors, wherein we challenge the state's Aegis with our own: the "attitude" of our own calculated risk; i.e., back talk, dissident feedback, parroting with sass (the medieval puppet show with embarrassing interpretive dances), and so on.

To that, Medusa is not our enemy regardless of appearance, the state and its illusions are; and while the Gothic most certainly *is* a sham, it *needn't* serve state interests insofar as Medusa (and the xenomorph, lycanthropes, vampires, etc) are concerned. If we are to cleave through and move past these *complicit* cryptonymies to then push into a better age—one whose **Wisdom of the Ancients** speaks to a *healthy* cultural understanding of the imaginary past (re: **Gothic Maturity**)—we must first confront these horrors (and their illusions) where they canonically call home, and per their residents normally being part of an ongoing concealment, rescue them from it: an intervention of the usual damsels and detectives convinced the *xenomorph* is bad, *not* the state.

Such a solving and banishing of the mystery as "just a dream" happens according to Radcliffe's privilege of shelter as a) denying Civilization's settler-colonial design through a veil of false modesty while b) triangulating state violence against the colonized dressed up as abject rapists; i.e., demon lovers to partake in sinful activities (guilty pleasures), but also to rape unironically by token agents triangulating against their prescribed "abusers" using blind acts of "love." Per Capitalist Realism, their confused and tokenized barbarism classically synonymizes sex and violence through acts of psychosexual revenge directed at cartoon, fetishized versions of state enemies; i.e., middle-class ladies like Ripley becoming the indiscriminate Amazon³⁸²/white Indian, operating on par with male versions

³⁸² Certainly with the height and passion, but not the raw animal sex appeal and smirking camp, that someone Sandahl Bergman lent Valeria in *Conan the Barbarian* (1981). Amazons come in many forms, but Sigourney Weaver's Ripley is thoroughly no-nonsense and mostly clothed until the end of the

(e.g., Turok the Dinosaur Hunter) except marshalling primarily through threats of rape to punch the black person, Communist, Medusa, etc, as nature-to-rape. She does so without any irony or awareness—is just magnanimous/Goldilocks genocide infuriatingly administered by a self-righteous harridan exterminator (with again, *Aliens* depicting Ripley oxymoronically as a maverick counselor of force: "an advisor" alluding to the CIA's role in Vietnam).

As such, complicit cryptonymy renders the flow of violence and its cultural markers simply as "cool." Medusa *is* badass, but must die to save the (white) princess and little girl; i.e., the nuclear family model as a settler-colonial enterprise, its death race driving up costs to ensure profit *through* genocide.

In the heat of the moment, fear of death and rape aren't so different, then. This partly happens through "alien" as the classic Gothic function of monstrous symbols in the present: the rapist with a knife dick, but also the Archaic Mother monstrous-feminine with an ovipositor (re: Gwen Pearson's "[stabby cock dagger](#)"). Extreme trauma elides pleasure and pain, life and death, sex and violence. As a covetous dark cavalier operating during "cuffing season" (sexual envy during shortages), the xenomorphic demon lover is driven during canon by wild lust; i.e., to portray rape as sadly a gaslit fiction *and* lived reality for many people, not just women; i.e., cis-het men as the historic perpetrators and queer men (cis or trans) as the go-to scapegoats for middle-class cis *women* to attack once spooked and triggered by the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection's Capitalist Realism.

To it, tokenism commonly uses prison guards recruited from local populations to police its too-giant "terror-tories"; i.e., Ripley is originally a space trucker but radicalizes as a token *cop* attacking black, queer Communist doubles tied to past abuse the *company* is to blame, regarding: the moderate-turned-Nazi she-wolf pouncing on her evil twin, and authored by yet-another-Pygmalion, James Cameron... who pimps the whore just as Scott and Lucas did, before him; i.e., the whore, for the canonical wizard, is always a *business opportunity* to enact through Gothic sex and force, and fear-and-dogma canonical essentialism: always a map, always a cop and a victim—whereupon daddy's little girl puts *his* chattel to the sword for profit, but also for the revenge of white fragility posturing as "savior" during live burial/graveyard sex married out of Antiquity (re: [Wagner](#)) to *modern* war (e.g., Samus avenging *her* parents, and Ripley avenging her *daughter* through a "this time, it's personal" gimmick speaking to neoliberal revenge against the Reds).

movie. She sees the xenomorph as animal, then triangulates and kills it *and* its race accordingly. Compared to Weaver's tall, imposing she-bitch—who protects the small, meek, and *white* defenseless from *black* enemies: animals analogs for children who run and hide when threatened, going wherever they feel safest) and actual white children—Bergman's snarky contributions to the body count notably duck Rob Howard's tired Orientalism; i.e., by killing evil "snake cult" worshippers who, curiously enough are primarily white and led by a token black man (a vice character played wonderfully by James Earl Jones as having made a career out of doing so; re: Darth Vader).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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Breaking *that* barrier will require some very weird journeys regarding strange appetites pursuant to profit or breaking it—a school of "death" therapy embracing nature-as-alien *back* towards reunion, restoration and resurrection; i.e., ludo-Gothic BDSM meant to heal nature's coercive undead status (a dead angry whore/Bleeding Nun's wandering womb) using a sex-positive theatricality that *doesn't* preclude demon lovers, including those of a more... animalistic persuasion (we'll touch on the animality of such monsters here [exhibit 47b2] and in "[Damsels and Detectives](#)" [exhibit 48d2] before expanding on them [and monster-fucking] even more, in "Call of the Wild").

To it, the xenomorph from *Alien* works as a colonial relic threatening the current miners of nature; i.e., as tokenized to include white women who, when threatened, proceed to fight, freeze, flop, fly or fawn³⁸³ inside recent Gothic fantasies "left behind" as "ancient derelict": Giger's Frankensteinian monster as yet-another-forgery of the *perceived* primordial, and one that came together in the present as, itself, being just as much informed by said throwback as anything from the historical past outside of active, aggressive reinvention.

Yet the bridge between the two helps reunite us with hidden atrocities walking around like the xenomorph does, its own signature "primordial" simply cryptonymy working to conceal capital's ongoing abuses since Walpole's own poetic examination of the French and Indian war (which ended in 1763, the year before Walpole wrote *Otranto* and passed it off as "genuine"). If we *are* to escape Capitalist Realism and its ongoing abuse of us as damsels/detectives (of a dainty or burly posture, exhibit 47a2c), we must enrich the post-capitalist potential that the xenomorph demon promises while dodging Whitey and the Straights' usual execution of it fearing rebel claws: the allegory of darkness visible being campier

³⁸³ I.e., to please, regarding the fawning mechanism—often with steady and effusive praise. If the conditions are severe enough, they will encourage, if not the telling of outright falsehoods, then embellishments that seek to accomplish the same basic aim: conflict avoidance. The state, though, will lie to defend itself, to blend in, to infect its host workforce. Inside of it, we must disguise ourselves to avoid being attacked by *its* defenses; i.e., the pious vigil of nuns who, when push comes to shove, can be motivated to attack the state's usual victims inside a decaying institution; e.g., the Nostromo as a nunnery company town whose hospital, work site and commons have all been projected into the imaginary past-future of *outer space* in decay. It's the death of space-age glitz within a Neo-Gothic Romance dragged forward out of the imaginary past: an S.O.S. written in strange hieroglyphics... which incidentally appear throughout the movie; i.e., as part of the Nostromo's corporate logos appropriating and imbricating ancient religious symbols (obscurantism) into a medievalized power structure at odds *through* division: a black castle and white castle speaking to the same settler-colonial project existing between them. Both operate, brick-by-brick, at the frontiers of company territory to where ancient/modern ideas (and functions) of castles overlap: the décor's Numinous stamp!



and more inclusive than *Alien's* narrow white worldview (sorry, Parker); i.e., when playing with the same-old clay's dead Neo-Gothic metaphors, ourselves.

White Predation in *Alien* (and Similar Works)

Alien is very checkered in *its* Marxism, abused by the in-group cannibalizing the out-group with strong Gothic heroines; i.e., from *Metrodvania* to survival horror to shooters across the board. Keeping with kayfabe, then (and devoting seven new pages to that train of thought—until exhibit 47a2c), Nazis and Commies occupy the same shadow zone. As we have said. And yet, despite *having* a Communist element, said element had decayed by 1979 to make *Alien* far *less* radical than people remember. But we *can* romanticize it further to become *more* radical *again* (similar to *Star Wars* and *Andor*); i.e, by breaking any perceived eugenic ceiling Scott raised over four decades ago. *Alien* wasn't the end or start of things, but merely a *mutation* in a larger ongoing chain—one whose praxial fluency and renewal, mid-dialectical, becomes second-nature/woke amid a rising intelligence and awareness healing broken circuits of dark galaxies: the more we inundate bad fakes with good, the more constellations form towards a better yet-to-exist world. Such is ludo-Gothic BDSM, hence Gothic maturity pursuant to Communism out of the "ancient" past.

In similar *cryptomimetic* fashion, the giving and taking of voices comes and goes across all Gothic media. Shelley gave the oppressed a voice through the Creature; Whale took the voice away and let Victor talk, as did Scott with Giger's alien and Ripley's maiden detective; Samus and Doomguy largely were silent protagonists whose worlds spoke through the cryptonymy of Numinous former colonies and gibbering demons, only for the post-*Doom*, mid-'90s Build games and Valve's *Half-Life* franchise (1998, onwards) to respectively give the monomyth hero a voice *and* leave them mute (though Alex Vance, in 2004's *Half-Life 2*, would speak *for* Gordon Freeman, a black girl romancing the white guy having the literal

name of slaveholders the slave would take *after* the American Civil War).



(exhibit 47a2a: Artist, top-right: [Andrew Russell](#); middle: unknown, 1996, the cover for *Duke Nukem 3D* inspired in-house by [Don Ivan Punchatz](#) [bottom-left] to the point of ripping off the 1993 forebear

quite nakedly. Profit demonizes such things, but from a creative standpoint, echopraxis is classically seen as a sign of imitative respect; i.e., worthy enough not

to steal but pay tribute to [because modern privatization didn't exist in the Renaissance period—at least to nowhere near the same extent it does now.]

Whatever the voice or *unheimlich*, praxial quality always concerns what is *being* said; i.e., the Gothic speaks "unspeakable" things relative to profit as optional; e.g., the Creature fought for equal rights, whereas Duke Nukem was a notorious pig spouting blind pastiche/dead quotes (essentially Troma films without the satire) and whose *own* death Caleb celebrated in *Blood*, a year later (exhibit 47a2a, top-left). There is no "final form," just a continuation that says whatever workers need to say while echoing other castle-in-the-flesh egregores, on and on. From "the traditions of all dead generations," they use to pacify and we to mobilize; i.e., the vengeful dead whore—Medusa and her ilk—speaking through us as injecting irony *back* into what has been lost. In other words, knowledge is application through demonic creation as something to demonically act out, including through sex and public nudism speaking asexually about sexual harm:



(exhibit 47a2a1: Artist, top-left: [Sabs](#); right: [Owusyr](#). In Gothic, "consent" is both ambiguous and rape impossible, but intuitively characterized by different ideological standpoints; e.g., the paradox of performance and the sub's begging of the dom to please, please not be ravished by them; i.e., something can be bigoted and still educational/non-harmful in the literal sense, while sex-positive elements still have harm in

their "hurt, not harm" message—that excitement requires some kind of risk, however calculated—while speaking to mutual consent: through ludo-Gothic BDSM's CNC/rape play as informed consent that moral arbiters, suitably outraged, will abject but also dig up to destroy in public displays of white Man-Box superiority. Capital pimps what is different; we unite and humanize what is raped.

In short, morality is arbitrated through canonical binaries per Derrida's system of differences, but these aren't transcendental; they're merely stances to adopt and fight for in the same old dialectic: the state vs nature as alien. Queer art is haunted by queer abuse; black art, black abuse; female art, female abuse; and this includes intersections of privilege/oppression, subject/object, and authorship. Different things mean different things at the same time and all at once.

For example, *Mortal Kombat's* [1993] Goro is a four-armed "dragon" who "finishes" the smaller damsel in ways that highlight the in-house history of women across all registers; i.e., in ways that Ed Boon camped to an extent, but also pimped out: through his arcade-era blockbuster's dubious Orientalism, being aped by a legion of copycats not unlike *Doom* and the FPS [the so-called "*Doom* clones"]. Each clamors

to be heard, speaking to abuse in ways that are being camped, but still transgressive/exploitative to unevenly experience abuse, onstage and off, according to societal roles and expectations thrust upon us as consumers and actors; re: hyphenating sex and force with various taboos that go either way [Schrodinger's rape victim].

To that, Sabs' work speaks to a '90s out-of-the-closet-but-still-alien hauntology that fetishizes the twink as something to chase and ravish, but also savor and spoil [so-called "pretty privilege"] while all sides heal from rape/work out their differences during the dialectic of the alien; i.e., as something to literally fuck with. And last but not least, Alien is code for "rape," meaning the rape hound as much as gorehound: "We found some dark rape, let's go investigate!" Tom Skerritt is now Fred from Scooby Doo. That's my head canon.

But also, "rape" can be in quotes or not to a liminal extent; i.e., during rebellion's usual revenge being policed and scrutinized, much like Lewis' seminal cryptonymy was, over two centuries ago; re: exploitation and liberation occupy the same spaces and there's no way to extricate them save through performative context playing with dark power. In turn, size difference plays a part, as does fucking the alien; i.e., in ways that are haunted by genuine black-and-white trauma, from the past, as suggested by language of "the past" viewed in the present. Silly and/or serious, the performance as something to study and experience again and again is what communicates its holistic value in a sex-positive or sex-coercive sense. Through fatal attraction, rape victims seek out rape during calculated risk, which the Gothic historically offers in ironic and unironic forms on a similar complicated, dialectical-material gradient.)



(exhibit 47a2a2: Artist, left: [Raff Grassetti](#); top-right: Reiq. To that, nudity or chastity is performatively fine so long as it doesn't infantilize women [or anyone else] into a cop; i.e., who triangulates for a hauntological defense of the "ancient" Greco-Roman West during damsel/detective Amazon arguments of virgin/whore "good" monstrous-feminine against nature as "evil" monstrous-feminine; e.g., "Sparta," "Athens" or "Rome" as something to defend from degeneracy come back through the usual us-versus-them home defense arguments. Through those, women are whatever cis-hit/token men want and need them to be; through us, we reclaim such things to speak to liberation during liminal expression.)

From *Alien* to *Doom* to *Metroid* and other *Metroidvania*/shooters—all of them built on movies in the neoliberal period out of novels during said period—so many consumers are afraid to critique their heroes and their homes, because they become *our* homes, too, thus feel sacred as a matter of residency melded to

dogma; i.e., the paradox of allegory and apotropaic "armor condoms" is that escaping into other void-like worlds must *open* our eyes to the problems and presence of coercive illusions in our *current* time and place. And any who uncritically *defend* those illusions (re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)," 2025) are "pulling an Omelas," thus hiding from the reality those illusions conceal; i.e., in effect assimilating through the class nightmare of the Gothic that Jameson—with some justice—was talking about (while missing the point of rape play that Radcliffe and, hell, even Tolkien was touching on, however imperfectly³⁸⁴):



(artist: Frank Frazetta)

Nothing is neutral, but the *appearance* of neutrality through the consumption of clearly binarized and dogmatic canon (Tolkien in a nutshell, left) is precisely the kind of tactic bad actors use to indoctrinate other workers; i.e., to hunt their fellow victims down, like Ripley does. The act of doing so historically happens in defense of canon and blind escape, yet becomes Quixotic in ways that bounce between fiction and non-fiction, trash and picturesque—with those lauding *Alien* over *2001* "because it's dirty" sort of missing the point: a black monolith is still a black monolith, a slum still a slum for the middle class to dive into, regardless of the sterility *or* grime. By comparison, we aliens of the status quo viewpoint can swim in the abyss as speaking to our normal everyday lives: Ripley's nightmare is our Tuesday.

³⁸⁴ Re: Through medieval courtship not allowing "poor frail" women the right to theatrically do battle because rape, as a matter of total humiliation, suddenly becomes "possible" through such violence. But here's a question to bake their noodles: If men are allowed to rape each other in sexualized forms of performative sparring and revenge, why can't women get ravished in these stories if *they* like it (or anyone allowed to submit to their own holocaust*)? The paradox of rape certainly *allows* for it, but the moral outrage of white (male/token) moderates does not. And where there is outrage, there is rape behind the superiority of moderacy as haunted by fascism segregating—among other marginalized groups—women (unless it needs a Dernhelm or two to maintain the white patriarchal ordering of things, above).

*The watching of other groups being "totally butchered" can be sex-positive, *provided* mutual consent is upheld and conveyed by the theatrical violence being shown. And even then, if you're watching educational material speaking to historical bigotry or viewing unironic exploitative versions with irony—meaning that you're trying to learn *from* them to prevent *future* abuse; e.g., honoring the memory of trans people by watching *Boys Don't Cry* (1999) or African American slaves by watching *Twelve Years a Slave* (2013)—then doing so must be permitted; i.e., as a matter of perceptive education, *not* blind consumption: to relate to others through their experience as human by virtue of simply being human, *not* because of their appearance determining them as more or less valuable (and the performative reality of "black," green or some other non-white color not being automatically racialized, but haunted by that, obviously complicating things). As always, such questions are determined on a case-by-case basis.

Ripley's Riddle: the Mystery of the Token Feminist

Remember that nothing is sacred but *our* rights interlinked with the rights of those who came before, the collective wisdom of which we use to camp canon (thus profit) to death. By comparison, something that is conditioned to be violent for profit *will* be violent for profit; i.e., as a menticial gargoyle serving in duality as part of the same mirrored expression's kaleidoscopic madness; re: the xenomorph and the crew it threatens each having the potential for class, culture and race



betrayals—meaning someone that activates predictably and ruthlessly during reactive abuse—but for which the seemingly human parties are just as violent and territorial as the inhuman ones (re: *Black Swan*, left).

In keeping with *Frankenstein's* own ambiguity and oscillation, there is no set meaning to such inkblots (though some explanations *are* far more

likely than others). Instead, we must subvert any undesirable historical-material *outcomes* by showing our audiences that we demons—normally treated as things to unironically persecute—actually have the ability to not only survive, but overwhelm and deconstruct our innocuous-looking killers' harmful sense of self; i.e., by anisotropically weaponizing their own tools of alienation against them: the villain in *Alien* isn't the xenomorph, but profit (wealth alienates) leaning into a form of bio-power the elite can weaponize by pitting workers against workers (white on black), moving money through nature during the Promethean Quest!

To that, corporate workers colonize space in pursuit of intelligent life, but only do so contractually through a company that exploits *all* parties through preferential mistreatment (the rare-and-elusive "thinking slave" [versus extended object, per Cartesian thought] to put down/enslave *from* older empires promising "phat loot" to the *finder*). Divided, workers get dumber and meaner over time, the middle class essentializing as Faustian stopgaps for the bourgeoisie to trigger *with* Medusa; i.e., as a Black Pearl to tremble *before* (fragile savior syndrome; re, Marx: "capital has made us so stupid" extending to the defenders of church-like franchises and mediums, in the neoliberal era). It becomes a game; i.e., conjure up the black cosmic rapist once more to banish during mirror syndrome, simultaneously proving one's monomythic worth and earning neoliberal *false* power/brownie points through applied harmful knowledge: "Make demon, then act outraged as you rape it."

Sound familiar? It's what Victor did, and by extension what Ripley does by playing her part in a man's world: her spawn is natural and good, whereas the fascist-Communist egregore/chimera attached to a polity of tyrants and victims is, once-and-future, a total asshole—one where our cosmic Karen can not only call the cops on for revenge against the *cops* through those the cops victimize; she can *be* the cop and skip the middlemen (see: *Aliens*)! It's pure bollocks.

In a sense, it's the femme fatale; i.e., Zero Suit Samus as much an assassin *for* her government (the Galactic Federation) as Ripley was for hers. And despite appearances to the contrary (the "Rambo/white Indian" problem), many women act bereaved or oppressed to assimilate, only to lean into the very motherly tropes that men want while calling it rebellion. In doing so, they prostitute themselves per the whore's paradox, both virginally and/or whorishly as Amazons to varying degrees of state revenge: "the jungle abused me (or I felt scared of it) so I leaned into whatever roles were expected of me thinking it would protect *me* from harm!" It's scaring women into being sexually violent and visually appealing to men; i.e., in ways men can then control, itself one of the oldest tricks in the book attached to tokenism having updated from Ancient Athens into modern versions of "Rome," on and offstage! The housewife slums, but out-of-joint.



(artist: [Predator-Assassin](#))

As such, it bears repeating that white woman—until very recently in world history—*were* property for Western men, not people themselves, and for far longer than African Americans have been slaves/second-class citizens. But under *present* circumstances, such things have shifted to turn white women *into* gatekeepers for capital that, post-gaslight, became girl boss vanguards that led people of color to *also* tokenize, followed by the appearance of queer people in Western judicial dialogs (re: Foucault) and the repurposing of medieval persecution language to apply such things to a new order of alien, during the hauntologies at work (re: Zionism). #PickMe

Such "roiling" demands constant Gothic introspection. In *Alien*, for example, warrior nuns can do whatever they want *if* they fear for their modesty pursuant to profit (their virginity synonymous with their lives as male property extending to corporate ownership; re: "crew expendable"); i.e., they are the ultimate undeserving victims who, suddenly as cops to a lesser degree (e.g., Ripley as Warrant Officer of the *Nostromo*), enjoy the state's usual tools provided they "play along" (with the monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital; re: Cartesian, settler-colonial straight violence, terror and sex as not just invented, per Crawford, but *reinvented* and passed along). In turn, "space" is colonized through a white tokenized fear of black rape along the usual inventions we must subvert perceptively—by polishing our mirrors (no surface is 100% reflective)!



([source tweet](#), *3D Realms*: May 26th, 2023)

Again, quoting is completely fine as long as it's *not* canonical; i.e., provided you're commenting on/with it to ultimately camp, thus *prevent* rape by challenging profit to have the *whore's* revenge (Shelley Bombshell, for example, is having the pimp's, above). *Alien* was ultimately a festooned cash-grab leaning into Lovecraft, Conrad and Poe to pimp out *celibate* pioneer whores; i.e., "phallic" violent/smart women (Cartwright's Lambert wasn't a scrapper but she was a navigator—a classically *male* position). These are sailors, first and foremost, but still burdened with Neo-Victorian expectations in a retro-future Britain, its neo-medieval *panopticon* invaded by an alien far worse than Giger's: Margaret Thatcher!

This being said, the ambiguity gives it a certain viral/fungal power (the xenomorph is basically the precursor to the AIDS virus and the finger-pointing *that* would cause, only a two years later in 1981). History is a living document, then, and the Gothic is writ in transformation and decay!

To that, you can have white skin and still be an alien (as I have been, my whole life); you can be an alien and still be a cop (as Ripley is, next page)—i.e., attacking the alien as something to police *because* it is abject, the holier-than-thou generally acting the most modest while having the most unironic perversions: stuck in Capitalism gentrifying and decaying such things/adopting a grim air of flirting with disaster while playing meek *and* strong voyeurs exhibiting strength during neo-conservative warmongering.

To that, the canonical detective becomes more and more robotic/transhuman to pre-emptively *attack* nature defending itself from the colonizer³⁸⁵, and whose own mutations are postcolonial; e.g., the Cyberdemon from *Doom* (exhibit 51d4a2); re: Persephone van der Waard's "Postcolonialism in *Doom*" (2020), as featured in "[Those Who Walk Away From Speedrunning](#)" (2020) They become heartless shrews in ways that expend all sympathy from allies while betraying them, mid-witch hunt (re: Federici); i.e., while consuming the alien, on and offstage, in ways they cannot create, only destroy because they police what they think is cool: while turning off their brains except "shoot to kill" as a mindset *wherever* they are! Killing becomes a tremendous mystery unto itself, one to chase across Hell's half-acre until the cows come home—from Earth, to the stars, and back again!

Think Eco, but for damsels finding *their* inner Spartan or "female Achilles" the Athenians whispered about; i.e., as Marston drooled over and Scott made in the

³⁸⁵ Shielding itself from state women and children (damsels).

image of his own hard-ass mom. It's very British, but also Western; re: Irigaray's creation of sexual difference whoring the mom out as a chaste TERF nevertheless chained to men and *that* burden of care: harbingers of the same fear and suspicion, but doubly so because they're *not* men—will try all the harder to fit in where they're never fully welcome. "We're the victims!" they'll cry.

No one punches down harder than token people do, because *their* betrayal has alienated themselves already from their own people in exchange for Judas gold (re: Federici). They "can never" go back, as they see it, having crossed the Rubicon "for good." As *Ripley* shows us, they'll even kill babies for bosses they don't like (an



extermination rhetoric that Neill Blomkamp would highlight much more nakedly *vis-à-vis* Apartheid, in *District 9's* own white savior/Tonto and the Lone Ranger rehash):

And while this *seems* like a lovely metaphor of the Vietnam War on its face, war apologia laces itself with sympathy for the conqueror "suing for peace" in *bad* faith; i.e., while *continuing* to prosecute war during the same-old false flags and *vae victis* refrains fearful of the liberated, if avenged. "No, it's the *non-white* children who are wrong!" Cameron isn't a steward of nature, then, but its routine pimp/Greater Destroyer as all Great White Men of History (and subjugated women) have been: idle, class dormant minds, conjuring Mephistopheles to collar and torment the *demon* to death. It's bad BDSM through the submissive shooting the dom.

As such, he and company took the wrong lessons *from* the Vietnam war and turned them into a profitable *cryptomimetic* refrain valorizing personal responsibility and *Starship Troopers* to replicate war copaganda in ways Lovecraft only *hinted* at; i.e., to have everyone see Ripley as the Good White Madonna and want to be "just like her" when pimp-slapping the fat-and-sassy Welfare Queen—in effect, whitewashing the Vietnam war and every conflict that came after it, onstage and off, through neoliberal media (videogames) during Cameron's refrain, fostering peace through strength as, ever and always, a package deal with the New World Order [announced by Bush Sr. in 1990](#): "This Time, It's War!" *and* personal, to boot! And Cameron's *Aliens* married a variety of cops-and-victims stigmas acquired over a very long career to make things hell for nature as monstrous-feminine—all so Cameron could profit off the past in badly disguised ethnocentric dogma, then sell it *back* to American liberals with his 2009 *Avatar* series!

But back in 1986, he helped spawn *Metroid* as imitating the same mutating canonical chain (alongside Tolkien's own cartographic refrains; re: "[A Note on Canonical Essentialism](#)")—from middle-of-the-20th century novels (*Starship Troopers*, 1959) to 1980s cinema (*Aliens*, 1986) and videogames (*Metroid*, also 1986) and later *Doom* and *Quake* (1993 and 1996) onto latter-day FPS like *Call of Duty* and *Gears of War* (2003 and 2006); i.e., as *franchises* that would go on and

on and on, inside the neoliberal period's end of history as build *for* extermination: "Final Victory" as ever elusive, creating a problem it could never solve because it was built on a lie that, nonetheless, created an endless supply of cops and victims to replicate—one side signing stupidly up to face a perceived and imaginary but half-real threat, and the other side colonized whether they want to be or not.

It's a War on Terror that never ends, incited by James Cameron before 9/11 as a pimp and chicken hawk warmonger who *doesn't* want peace; he wants to sell more and more Madonnas, the Shadow of Pygmalion (and his Galatean perversion, the subjugated Hippolyta) replicated like gospel to preach without end, perception becoming reality to *serve* profit: by raping the whore faster and faster onstage, doing so in conjunction with real-world geopolitics in the hopes that the nightmare will "suddenly end" if we *just* find one more power-up (torturing nature's secret's out from her dark womb, raiding Hell's handbasket one more monomythic time). Except it *won't*, because said military optimism, urbanism and Realism are merely the infernal concentric pattern as Aguirre highlighted, in 2008, but also Radcliffe back in the 1790s; i.e., accidentally warning about in her own conservative fictions' monster behind the Black Veil: Capitalism growing *into* itself, "standing on the ashes of something not quite present" during the cryptonymy process.



Allegory is often what the authors aren't fully aware of, but still putting in their stories for others to find, afterwards. Except, whereas Scott's *Alien* had some irony and neoliberal critique among its own trembling prospector's ethnocentrism, under *Cameron's* disastrous notion of damsels, detectives and demons, the Prison-Military Industrial Complex

completely exploded into a gold rush of *Pax Deorum* ("peace of the gods," or more colloquially "golden age"); i.e., through him as Bringer of War pimping Ripley out on the Aegis (and Sigourney Weaver embracing the neo-conservative elements beyond her flagship character's maiden voyage—a pirate vessel flying the *American* flag for decades afterwards). There is *never* "true peace in space," at home or abroad, onstage or off, for Samus, Ripley or anyone else.

Expanding the blind parody of *Beowulf* and its praxial inertia into American households as something to "speedrun" from the '90s onwards (re: me, *vis-à-vis* Eric Koziel), suddenly the whole world was entirely on fire—full of gay non-white Communist space bugs to blame, thus squash and burn by new generations pushing against Domino Theory dressed up; i.e., younger and younger witch hunter cowboys, repeatedly eager to plunge into the same-old frontier territories for endless glory and conquest: to recite the same old lines as they do with a smile on their faces ("Express elevator to Hell, goin' down!" Bill Paxton says, above, presenting my entire graduation class (of '04) with a likeness to *unironically* imitate, after 9/11 handed America its first domestic black eyes: "Goddamn bugs

wacked us, Johnny!") and then feeling *sorry* for themselves, afterwards, while nuking the site from orbit not once, but over and over again!

As such, Cameron's signature Military Optimism helped sublimate the new normal; i.e., by reenacting the vengeful ghost of Saigon without irony to rape the world through the same old, us-versus-them cartography and jingoistic, *Pax Americana* heroism. The harder they punch, the more they deny and the guiltier their actions make them; but it's always the whore's fault.

In turn, the Shadow of Pygmalion haunts the Cycle of Kings during the narrative of the crypt. And to that, if Scott blindfolded the Amazon to scare her incestuously like Ferdinand did, in *The Duchess of Malfi* (1614), Cameron turned the damsel into a military recruiting tool *he* could pimp out as modest while fetishizing the same kayfabe-style cult of death; i.e., trading the torch for a gun (exhibit 48c1)—his Spartan hauntology of Marston's Wonder Woman given flesh and pitted against Red Skull as Nazi-Communism, except now it was a black mirror to contend with Capitalist Realism and fascism ever and always festering endemically on the homefront: the ignominious death of older Americans sticking its own young populations into a Faustian meat grinder in pursuit of Promethean power!

Such is fascism, and America has always been a prison/settler colony (re: Zinn). Yes, Scott is bad, at times, but Cameron's Don Quixote revival is a million, million times worse. He's a white moderate whitewashing fascism and selling the War on Terror pre- and post-9/11 in ways that eclipsed *Alien's* haunted house argument (through merchandise, remediation and gross sales) on *every* level; re: his refrain the one that not only "stuck," but best hit upon the present state of affairs, and settler-colonial groundwork underneath, orchestrating such things for centuries; or (from my PhD thesis argument on Tolkien and Cameron's refrain):

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 ["outside" on the frontiers] ([source](#)).

In short, it's a place to test one's manhood/mettle as routinely *needing* to be tested—with Cameron's Hippolyta girl boss being a clever whitewash and gender swap that shows the boys (and girls) how to act like men better than men (and the Brits):



This is hardly the first time I've discussed this. As I write in 2021's "Outlier Love: Enjoying

Prometheus/Covenant in the Shadow of *Aliens*" (an extended quote because all this is incredibly relevant):

Before *Aliens* there was *Star Wars*. [Lucas' original trilogy championed armed resistance against imperial colonizers by modeling the rebels after the Vietcong](#). Unfortunately *Aliens*' own Vietnam war allegory is far more ambiguous. Ellen Ripley becomes Rambo, slaying droves of alien creatures single-handedly (Cameron wrote the original screenplay for *Rambo: First Blood Part II* before handing it off to Sylvester Stallone). The aliens aren't even remotely humanized. Instead, the movie's dramatic elements focus on Ripley's surrogate motherhood. She eradicates the aliens to save Newt, all thanks to Cameron's "neutral" critical lens.



[artist: [Gerald Brom](#)]

And when I say eradicate, I mean it. "I say we take off and nuke the site from orbit" isn't just a memorable quote; it's also Ripley channeling the spirit of the American occupiers. Leave; bomb the Commies on your way out. JFK [wasn't keen on dropping bombs](#), but [authorized the use of agent orange](#). Johnson loved his bombs; so did Nixon, [but he banned agent orange](#). These ambivalent, indiscriminate attacks harmed the indigenous population. *Aliens* could have channeled civilian warfare like the Tet Offensive by having the xenomorphs resemble the former colonists. Instead, a bug is just a bug. With nothing human to stall her advance, Ripley unironically massacres the colonized; like Vietnam, Hadley's Hope becomes a shooting gallery. In this respect, *Aliens* is quite literally xenophobic propaganda*.

*For more on this concept, consider reading my article, "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in Metroid](#)."

Not convinced? Consider *Aliens*' literary influences: [Sigourney Weaver cites Henry V as the inspiration for Ripley](#)—a play about the reification of an English monarch through war ("Once more unto to breach, dear friends"). During *Aliens*' production, the entire cast also had to read *Starship Troopers*, a novel criticized for its propaganda-level glorification of the military. In other words, the critical slant, if there is one, is too neutral to effectively criticize the industrial-war machine. Do you speak out and risk being attacked for your politics (*Good Morning Vietnam*)? Or do you play it "straight," vitalizing the military to mollify hawkish critics (see: *Starship Troopers*—the book [or](#)

[the movie](#))? The second message is pure allegory, hidden behind larger, louder themes.

Aliens has the latter problem, one it's propelled into future movies and videogames: "[This time it's war](#)," the trailer announced. Cameron himself wasn't above pandering to both sides, openly apologizing to the United States Marine Corps. for his unglamorous depiction of the military (see: his commentary track for *Aliens* in the *Alien Quadrilogy* edition). Cameron's concession only muddies the waters further, as do future attempts by him to generate money through the energetic depiction of war (re: *Avatar*).



Guns are a big selling point for *Aliens*. This same concept applies to Cameron's own franchise, *The Terminator*. To be fair, *Terminator* is far more critical of war ([and rogue police states](#)) than *Aliens*. Nevertheless, [the movie still has a lot of guns in it](#). Some audience members even view Cameron's "future war" as a glorious,

nostalgic playground. [Angry Joe](#), a right-leaning gamer, belligerently clamors for the "purple lasers!" (and [loves his Aliens paraphernalia](#)). Mr. H Reviews drools over [Tech-com's faithful 1980s tableaux](#), while condemning feminists for ruining the franchise with *Terminator Dark Fate*. Their combined approval of "future war" and *Aliens*-inspired media isn't a shock. But neither are the sexist, warlike attitudes they sneak in under the veneer of "neutral" entertainment.

Though left-leaning myself, I can still delight in Cameron's artistic craft. I like purple lasers and big explosions; they're pretty and visually stimulating. But honestly I enjoy them more when combined with Cameron's Gothic elements: his Romance between Sarah Connor and Kyle Reese; his dark mirror with Ellen Ripley versus the Queen. Unfortunately those situations are shrouded by war. Maybe that's the point: Gothic stories both fear and promote the return of a barbaric past, including war. War and guns are popular in America. So is *Aliens* which, moving forward, makes war and guns popular again. And again, and again...

I'm an American. Any declaration from me—that I enjoy *Terminator* or *Aliens*—feels like it must be clarified. Fans of the "good" *Alien* movies (the first two in particular) usually don't clarify anything. When I was in my mid-20s, I worked at my family's (now defunct) store. A [gay no-white male] banker would come down and talk movies with my mother and I. We got to talking about the *Alien* franchise. Suddenly he announced "Oh, *Aliens* is the best one!" before looking at me and smiling in mild, veiled provocation. He didn't say why. He didn't have to.



I heard the same thing in high school. Mike Worthington and I loved *Alien* and *Aliens*. We asked Mrs. Brown if we could show both movies in her science fiction class. She allowed it. After watching them, a popular, somewhat artsy student in a Greenday t-shirt declared, "It's stupid." He was talking about *Alien*. Our classmates chorused in agreement, saying that *Aliens* "was awesome" because it had guns.

The same kind of people say that *Prometheus* is "bad," usually implying blame towards Scott for his "Quixotic" departure from Cameron's reliable monopoly. They also provide double-standards—dumb scientists, plot holes, ropy dialogue—to justify their reasons. I say "double standards" because these reasons are not missing in the original pairing. More to the point, *Alien* and *Aliens* are generally considered "good" for oft-repeated, but understated reasons. "Good" usually means *Aliens*, primarily its guns.

The presence of war in *Aliens* is so ubiquitous that it usually goes without saying. It should be commented on, but isn't because so many in the mainstream view it as "classic," default, normal. *Alien* is classic too, but *Aliens* carries the American torch through its glorification of war. [For nearly its entire existence, America has been at war](#), or made money as a "neutral" party selling guns to either side. Manifest destiny aka a "clear fate." The "no fate" spiel from *T2* suddenly sounds a little ironic, especially when



compared to Ripley's heroism in *Aliens*. [Cameron says he uses violence to make a point](#). Perhaps people understand violence; they also glorify it, perpetuating war through their own creations.

The lengthy shadow of war applies to videogames inspired by *Aliens*. *Aliens* single-handedly cemented the FPS genre, [inspiring id to](#)

[make Doom](#). It also spawned a number of cinematic or cinematic-inspired imitators: *Predator*, as well as *Metroid* and *Contra*. And not just them, but numerous sequels and spin-offs. The best ones are constantly explosive, action-packed (though I prefer mine with a bit of spooky atmosphere and tension; re: *Super Metroid*, *Dead Space*, *Alien: Isolation*).

Make no mistake, I'm indebted to *Aliens* for its role in *Metroid's* genesis (even if the first game is closer in spirit to *Alien*). However, the word "good" has far too much weight in casual discourse. This drives me up a wall.

"*Aliens* is good" has little to do with the criticisms mentioned above (dumb characters, decisions, dialogue); it has everything to do with the understated components: the guns, the action, the jingoistic comradeship. These sit innocently on the screen, less propagandized than *The Dirty Dozen*. I say "less" because Horner's music is still awash with military splendor and excitement (similar to John Williams bastardizing "Bringer of War" in *A New Hope*). It's not just tolerated; it's embraced, just with less zeal [or so it seems] ([source](#)).

This became a pissing match/forever war between Scott and Cameron's bread-and-circus, but also their fans; i.e., using derelict Amazons vs Medusa in ways I grew up with—from the early '90s, onwards—but desperately wanted to change, myself. As a closeted trans Communist, I was always against war but loved the GNC potential of the Gothic heroines being shown—so much so, in fact, that my early research into them at grad school, "[What an Amazon Is, Standing in Athena's Shadow](#)" (2017), preceded [my eventual 2018 master's thesis](#) about Metroidvania, and later research after that preceding my PhD (re: 2021's "[Why I Submit](#)").

The rememory process never stops—is one of constant holistic reengagement with what *doesn't* die, anyways. We can't be rid of such things; we can only camp and subvert them, even transgressively. The idea is to make such things *actively* rebellious, our own Satanic and "ancient" left-behinds raising emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness to *prevent* war and rape by *not* blaming the whore as monster girl waifu (the classic function of the Amazon vs Medusa, sadly):



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

In short, I love Metroidvania and Amazons as things to subvert; all of my Metroidvania work concerns Amazons (re: [Persephone's 2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#)), and I've written about Amazons—but also illustrated and performed solo/with others the idea of Amazons, Medusa and *Amazonomachia*—for my entire *Sex Positivity* book series (2022 to 2025). And furthermore, my academic ideas "the palliative Numinous" and "ludo-Gothic BDSM" (from Volume Zero, onwards) were deliberately coined in conscious, active attempts to get *away* from Cameron's harmful dogma better than Kristeva or Creed had, but also Scott.

If *Sex Positivity* and my earlier work is any proof, then, I *love* camping the canon. It's like sex to me (and often involves sex hyphenating art-porn to develop Gothic Communism, another of my creations). No one *paid* me; I just actually 100% enjoy it—Persephone "losing herself in Necropolis" again and again (to be "raped" there with reckless abandon)—and think we can do far better than

Cameron ever bothered. He's a cunt, and while Ridley is *less* of a cunt than him, he's a cunt, too (the two men "docking" on and off, throughout the years). Don't just kill your darlings, duckies; *emancipate* their whores during ludo-Gothic BDSM and glaze *those* on the Aegis in furtherance to effacing the heteronormative, settler-colonial, Cartesian legacy Pygmalions like Scott and Cameron *both* leave behind—i.e., with your *own* iconoclastic damsels, detectives and demons liberating sex work (therefore all work) *from* Capitalist Realism in duality! We're going back to learn, not to destroy and forget!

That is my "found document" for you to discover and it won't apologize for Pygmalions like Cameron raping the world by first raping our minds (re: taking Aristotle's "give me a child until he is seven and I will show you the man" and applying it to cis girls and black men, too)! Keeping with the ghost of the counterfeit and process of abjection furthered by the middle class, there is always a whore to fetishize/alienize and rape—a succubus "from beyond" to collar and cage by princes, but also by princesses savagely "sticking it" to the colonized to performatively "get back at" the real abusers (white men and their white systems of oppression): "[The goddess you need can't be me](#)," it's a cruel angel's thesis we have to subvert within our own strange appetites garnered, mid-abuse, to have the whore's monstrous-feminine revenge, one day (and creation/rape) at a time—by thwarting profit, thus rape, by putting "rape" in quotes (re: "[A Cruel Angel's \(Modular\) Thesis](#)")! Take my Wisdom of the Ancients and carve your own destinies in defiance of the real pimps-in-disguise! Enjoy but do not endorse canon!



(artist: [Bokuman](#), commissioned and modified by [Persephone van der Waard](#) in 2016)

Oscillation (and echoes of incest, live burial and rape; re: *Neo Genesis Evangelion's* whole fucked-up Neo-Gothic pastiche) aside, there's a million-billion ways to do this. In keeping with duality and continuing to investigate neoliberalism in yesterday's heroes *beyond* my older work and commissions³⁸⁶, the world looks very different and practically identical after *reentering* Plato's cave (the process often being called trans emasculation, for trans women); i.e., to critique men like Cameron vampirically sending power towards the elite on the Aegis (akin to Jim Henson's Skeksis), whereas we reverse the flow of abjection anisotropically by also inverting terror/counterterror as Gothic counterculture nostalgia!

³⁸⁶ E.g., [my Hentai Foundry scraps from 2015 to 2021](#) becoming less and less appropriative and more and more appreciative/indicative of my conscious trans self playing with the same weapons of sex and force to wage active class war in favor of workers and nature, not the elite. Eventually this happened to such a degree that Hentai Foundry shadowbanned/refused to feature my work (from 2024 onwards).

To that, *Cameron* is Skynet growing tissue for the cyborgs and the bullet farmers raping the grave-like ground (very Gothic); we bare it all to *expose* his folly while denying him *our* organs (of sex, but also thought married to sex and labor): "Can't touch this" freaky girl! And doing such "push-ups" or "jumping jacks" might look silly from the outside/at a distance, but so does sex and/or public nudism if you're not the one(s) doing it. What matters isn't action for its own sake (re: Eco), but whose dialectical-material context upon further inspection aids in the development of Communism during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., in ways Cameron's own praxial inertia didn't, because it produced a lot more people *not* like me (eco-fascists) than like me and those like me (re: from Volume Zero): "Go forth, young boy, and you'll become a legend!" meets "Go West, young man!" Lebensraum is Lebensraum, Manifest Destiny always the same game given a new coat of paint by men *like* Cameron (from slavers like Thomas Jefferson to Hilter) pimping the wild whore as seductive and delicious:



[artist: [A Baby Pinecone](#)]

The historical-material reality of Grendel's suspiciously Satanic-sounding mother is ordinary people being placed into the out-group by the in-group—i.e., less hag-horror in the sense of actual withered hags [the furies] and more the ancient mother goddess [the Archaic Mother] as embodied in AFAB persons and viewed fearfully by men as devious shapeshifters

that could be anywhere, inside-outside anyone [a killer impostor that is instantly fatal upon encountering; e.g., the T-1000 disguised as an innocent housewife]. While the stigma applies to anything remotely female or incorrectly male, the redhead classically evokes the presence of pagan power and Sapphic energies.

She embodies nature, and nature is something for Beowulf's hauntologized clones to kettle/box-in, then rape and kill for "their own" God-

given glory in bread-and-circus-type stories [with her predictable revenge—at becoming like them for the death of her family and loved ones—being seen as cowardly and illegitimate in the eyes of the state and its kayfabe monopoly of violence; i.e., the back-and-forth cycle of reactive abuse]. It's not just "boys will be boys"; the pussy looks like a cave to conquer by men according to men during rites of passage that have been baked into our culture as fundamental to capital. It's Manifest Destiny in action—challenged by the simple fact that God is an invention, a cruel joke to abuse others with through the rise of Capitalism's Cartesian Revolution and resultant maps of conquest [exhibit 1a1a1h2a1]. It becomes not just a scribble of Old-English runes, but a harmful game spawned into endless copies of itself: the power fantasy as Warrior Jesus' perennial resurrection, raping and killing the world as monstrous-feminine, "gendered at every turn" according to cartography as a technology of conquest that fits into the ludologized scheme:

[Francis Bacon, the father of modern science,] argued that "science should as it were torture nature's secrets out of her." Further, the "empire of man" should penetrate and dominate the "womb of nature." [...] 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 ([source](#): A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things).

The kingdom is threatened; call Beowulf [or the Ghostbusters] out of the mythical past to slay what ails the king and the land, the uncanny home as "rotten" [as Hamlet put it, in Shakespeare's parody of the hero/murder mystery] and needing to be restored through great destruction [sold to the masses, of course]: [...]

To preserve the image of male hegemony, modern-day heroes will inject themselves with whatever serum they require to manufacture an edge over women as a false binary [e.g., the ghost of Eugene Sandow and his imaginary antiquity, exhibit 7a]. This mad science is what Robert Matheson and Mary Shelley mercilessly lampooned in Frankenstein and I am Legend [1954] as the fearsome and outdated legend of the rapist-murderer presented as a scientist of cold, "benevolent" reason [or infantile sports goon grown in a test tube; e.g., X-24 from Logan, 2017]—who is, in truth, just an entitled, cruel nerd. Manufactured conflict under Capitalism involves compelled performances of anything and everything [masks, uniforms, weapons, handcuffs and other binding implements, labels of power and its delivery from cops unto victims, etc] that weaponize weird canonical nerds through projection—i.e., onto various theatrical personas: sexy or profoundly

hideous killers, detectives, warriors, or doctors... (source: "Overcoming Praxial Inertia").

In short, we're all "looking for Mother" as someone to occupy and enjoy for various reasons; i.e., while moving through the monomythic underworld/Promethean space as simply a dogmatic reflection of canon out into the external plane. In turn, monsters, violence, terror and virgin-whore damsels, detectives and sex demons during monstrous-feminine poetic expression aren't automatically "bad"; it's *how* their continuously reapplied in the present from the past in relation to the future (re: the Wisdom of the Ancients) that matters: an Omelas refrain, for Cameron's *Aliens*—one that excludes what it abjects and rapes during mirror syndrome at its core, but already having raped the white aggressor's entitled mind to see everything as a giant massive threat it is paradoxically superior to yet threatened by! "Must defend my pussy *and* Civilization's 'womb' from the black rapist Archaic Mother's stinging ovipositor!"



(exhibit 47a2c1: We've already discussed Cameron's *Black Queen* and her role in settler-colonial worship as a kind of endless "whipping post" [re: "[On Amazons, Good and Bad, part one: Always a Victim](#)," 2024]. All the same, Cameron's *Amazonomachia* is very Freudian, dog-eat-dog [if the dogs were black and white] and concerned with monarchal

regressions to embrace without irony [Cameron's own tokenized, white-and-cis supremacist Numinous closer to any imaginary British Romanticism birthed in America than he probably cares to admit; i.e., the *White Queen vs the Black Queen*, Ripley playing fetch with a female T-Rex wearing an African tribal mask, above³⁸⁷]. Classical art generally relegates women to the status of virgin or whore.

³⁸⁷ All designed from Cameron—first as "the Skraith" (next page), followed by multiple drafts of the Queen, then *Avatar's* "Thanator" (and African-American actress* voicing an Indigenous "Thundercat" [the Maze Gaze] during Cameron's *Pocahontas* "leather stocking story" rehash) demonstrating a remarkable creative talent from Cameron (similar to Scott's "Ridleygrams") entirely *wasted* on universally *bourgeois* applications; re: he reinvents the problem, then passes *himself* off as white savior with his racist "white [and token black] Indian" movies and DIY submarine. *He's* Victor Frankenstein without irony—is Christopher Columbus the white devil *pākehā*** building a giant effigial black monolith for his target audience (white/token people) to fear-fascinatedly rape by a white-functioning Athena!

*Tokenizing and impersonating other oppressed groups is not good stewardship!

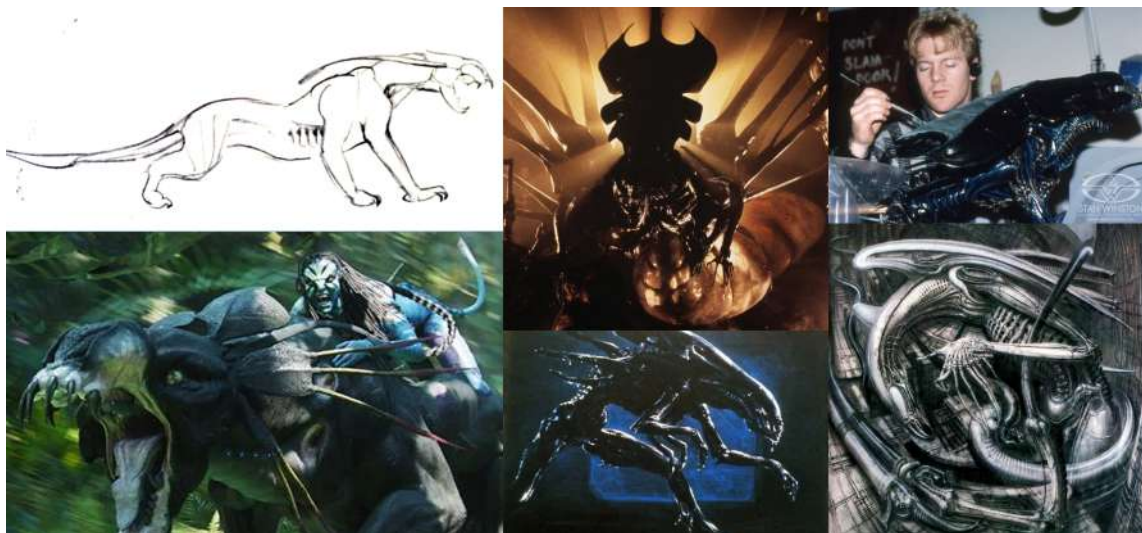
**A Māori word used to describe non-Māori people, but generally in reference to white New Zealanders; it isn't a slur any more than "gringo" is or "gaijin," but white people don't like to be "othered"—i.e., called "cis-het," "white," or otherwise not recognized as being of the in-group in some shape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

Yet, a cis woman in canonical Gothic fiction is usually a special kind of either type: a damsel or a demon; i.e., Lambert's nerdy wallflower or the chaste battle-nun that is Ellen Ripley. In the case of the latter, she's monstrous-feminine by virtue of being "man-like" but not a man, yet also not the demon hunting them [meanwhile, Lambert's dainty swooning is the end of her]: the whore, she-warrior and female demon all part of the same monstrous-feminine equation.



To this, Ripley is also a fledging detective and warrior debutante—the "Battle of Britain" housekeeper carried into outer space, looking after the company's chateau by investigating Ash the perfidious servant and not really in the mood for being fucked with by her bosses or the xenophobic caricature. She eventually blows up the castle because it threatens to eat her as much as the monster does, except she remains haunted by the possibility that she and it—the sodomite gargoyle—might be alike. Society demonizes both as monstrous-feminine, but Ripley is the blue-collar curios who doesn't really fit in. She's "just there to work" [the Protestant ethic] ...until the pirate queen shows up and Ripley—sensing a promotion [in Aliens] takes personal responsibility to a whole new level [versus scuttling the craft and the cargo, in Alien, but ultimately having to tango at the end in that movie, anyways: abjecting settler colonialism in ways that are just as conservative as Cameron's]. She also self-defends, the detective

Like Alien before it and its own hauntology's "Egyptology" lying in state, Cameron's remediation is well-documented; i.e., Medusa was Cameron's queen, too—one whose capture in clay was aided by his own team of white wizards (Stan Winston instead of Giger). So did Cameron collar Medusa just like Scott did, but went on to pointed a gun at her in the process: holocaust by bullet and trial by fire, fetishizing the process and making the Numinous "walk the plank" (a capitalist refrain), *ad nauseam*. They aren't criticized for what they make, but *celebrated* for furthering the process of abjection through the Numinous/ghost of the counterfeit: quest, discover and dominate.



([source](#): Monster Legacy's "Aliens, the Alien Queen," 2015)

treating her inner damsel [or a nearby ward, like Jonesy or Newt] as precious cargo that must be defended at all costs; i.e., from her own abjected sins tied to empire. It's regressive to a Pavlovian, hauntological degree: admiration for the superhuman "soccer mom" doing whatever it takes to defend Civilization from a Black Menace, mid-Red-Scare/Satanic Panic [all under the shadow of Zionism, but I digress].



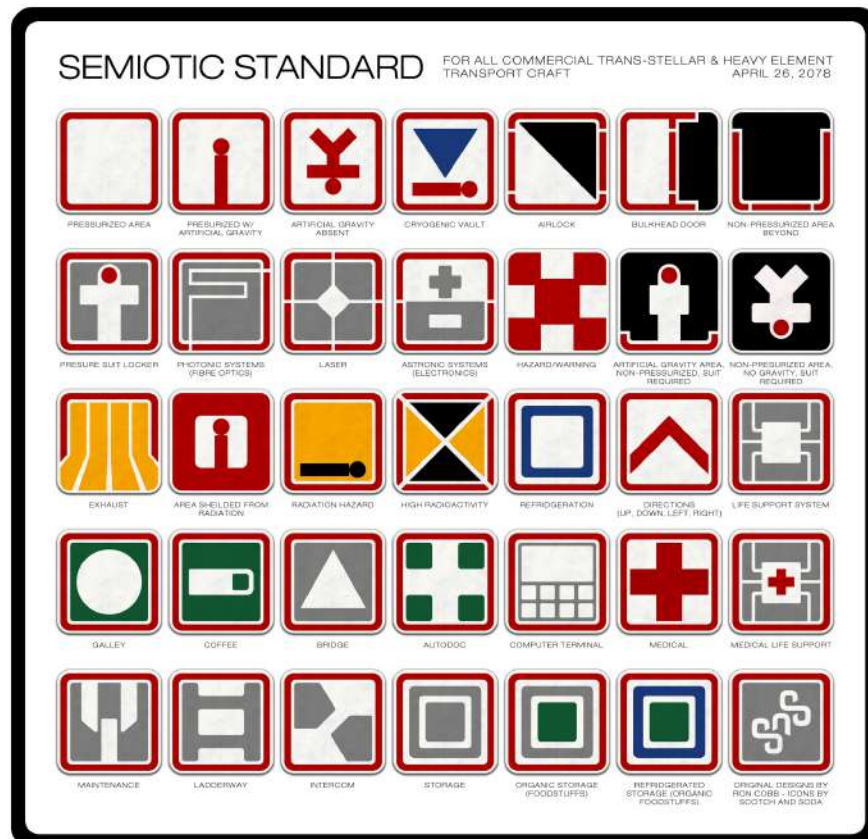
The xenomorph, meanwhile, becomes the moving-target Creature to feature, who eventually leads Ripley to weaponize her survivor's anger against an imaginary foe that could be inside anyone—in a phrase, persecution mania. Ripley becomes a monster cop, turned "undead" and "demonic" through her chasing of the skeletal black dragon as a biomechanical spectre of systemic trauma she can never kill: "Out, out! Damn spot!" But the "bury your gays" crusade carries on, rooting out corruption and the forces of darkness as potentially fascist and Communist [until future defense of capital redivides the stigmas, aggregating for the state against labor each and every time]. It makes for generational trauma that, sure enough, the elite will use to keep us divided, pitting different prison gangs of different privileges and oppressions against each other for profit; i.e., by denying Medusa cuddles, sex, and any other kind of intimacy humans take for granted, but also keeping Athena isolated and longing for love. It's a dog's breakfast, presented as "cuisine" [or the "Meow Mix" logo from Rob Cobb's "Semiotic Standard"³⁸⁸ alluding however accidentally to Soylent Green (1961) but I digress].

³⁸⁸ A word of warning, *Alien's* symbol for hazard is, in our work, a symbol for Purina "Cat Chow" pointing out how the elite are the aliens alienating us; i.e., locking us in a box, and watching the *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

Instead, the state monopolizes connection inside its own concentric prisons; i.e., you can have as much as you like as long as you police it "among your own kind" and war against other gangs. This means female biology as alien and token/target as a matter of demonic interrelation with other similar out-groups: non-white skin, Pagan religions, queer expression, neurodivergence and the mentally ill, sex workers, the elderly and disabled and anything else that can be criminally fetishized and exotified. It's the opposite of intimacy but remains darkly buoyant/magnetic.)

In true Radcliffean fashion, the *Alien* franchisement of damsels and detectives are always white functioning (and generally white-appearing Final Girls unless tokenized by white men, or made by token directors, below). The archive is both fabricated, viral and haunted by actual fascism in various cartoons; i.e., which

hungry eat the fattened-up, for breakfast, onstage *and* off. This speaks to the duality (and black humor) of such things, mid-liminal-expression:



([source](#): Joe Blogs' "Ron Cobb's Semiotic Standards for *Alien*," 2012)

In short, we can learn a lot from studying older artists' derelict mysteries (trade secrets); i.e., not just how to make monsters, but to speak in code/inside jokes that switch/shake things up to our universal liberation, hence benefit. Few films are as universally celebrated for their artist craft as *Alien*—with Cameron paying his own tribute to not only try and one-up Scott in that department (and fail miserably 'cause he sucks), but also do his own spin on settler colonialism (the *American* way). We have to do better than both men, but also their legions of fans and imitators, mid-*cryptomimesis*.

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the elite will dangle in from of us during Medusa's testimony leading not to reparations or land back, but assimilation fantasies *from* marginalized groups; e.g., AvP's (2004) "Zulu Hotep" nonsense, or more recently with Fede Alvarez' own *Alien* pastiche, *Romulus* (2024):



(exhibit 47a2c1: In a Marxist olive branch, Alvarez' movie initially alludes to Mary Shelley's earlier black survivor's testimony... only to sweep it under the rug/deny genocide, past-and-present;

i.e., through a Trojan Horse of Americanized Cartesian force, and whose forced ambiguity [a problem since Shelley] they further complicate using not one, but two questionable servants!

One, Rook, is a literal carbon copy of Ian Holm's digitized likeness, Ash, and the other one, "Andy," is a Tinman savior for the functionally white damsel in distress; *i.e.*, when the movie forces her to play the role instead of the detective Amazon with a gun. All of this of course hints at oppression, but leans into killing Medusa when Medusa shoves her "eye of confusion" right up in our Ripley clone's grill, telling her "girls shit" [spectres of Radcliffe]. Scar[r]ed for her life, the new debutante looks away in anticipation of intense rape and cannibalism... only for Andy to predictably swoop in, at the last second, using the White Man's gun to save his chosen belle/beau from almost-certain Nazi-Communist/Indigenous conversion therapy [a black men punching a non-white non-man for trying to using the white drinking fountain instead of the "col*red" one, in the Jim Crow South]! "My hero," indeed! How we want for one without tokenization!

However compelling or enticing the Amazonian drama seems through its emotional-sexual appeals, its praxial crux operates on keeping the detective functionally white with a token black male simulacrum's help; *i.e.*, will he betray his childhood "of the people" friend to help Ash's duplicate achieve immortality for settler colonialism in space? No, he won't! But by that same token [so to speak], Alvarez has Andy submit to the white girl as knowing better than him—the two of them bargaining for her to liberate him from corporate bondage... only to be returned to bondage under her care; *i.e.*, as made that way by her father having salvaged Andy from older "corporate models" built for the frontiers.

In short, Andy's a "house negro" and the heroine is literally his owner who chastises him through force [the ghost of the father literally occupying Andy's

mind/programmed to tell dad jokes]: female Gohan with Black Goku the Amazing Robo-Dad telling her to kamehameha wave Cell from Another Hell.

Humans are reflexively idiomatic. You're welcome.



Of course, allusions to Asimov are bad enough all on their own, but the narrative arc—however emotionally sweet it seems on its face—is intensely problematic; i.e., as it abjects genocide through a neoliberal, corporate-owned damsel-to-detective bildungsroman concerned with the legend of Rome's construction [which Romulus and Remus point to] as having a "litter of runts" fight over scraps: a pecking order within labor [slaves fighting slaves]. The outcome to such sibling rivalry's controlled opposition is diegetically decided by Dr. Light's "Roll" taking a "Black Rock"/Mr. Rochester under her wing ["Reader, I assimilated him"]. Doing so puts the heroic mantle back on her shoulders; i.e., to investigate, thus solve everyone's problems, Nancy-Drew-style.

And while it's admittedly fun to dissect such stories to find allegory we can use, we're at a stage when we need active informed resistance among the cryptonymy process [and for anyone worried about that, the genie's already out of the bottle, Pandora out of her Box. No? Just tell me how the state will counterprotest the Gothic's sex, drugs and rock 'n roll—by making it illegal? That would go against profit. And even if they did, how would they police it to any degree of efficacy?].)

"The idea has become the institution. Time to move on." Having outlined the white female predatory angle, I'd like to proceed towards escape from them and Capitalist Realism through Medusa; i.e., as something to "puzzle over" regarding worker liberation using damsels, detectives and demons, ourselves. The rest of "Giger's Xenomorph," then, will consider the process of abjection through Neo-Gothic detectives as part of Cartesian thought, followed by *Amazonomachia*, *cryptomimesis* and *mise-en-abyme* before concluding with furies and ultimately Giger's puzzle of "Antiquity" straight from the horse's mouth. As we do, it remains vital to remember how the development of Gothic dialogs is *not* an automatic, instant process (reverse abjection or otherwise).

Note: The rest of this section is as I wrote it, in April 2024. No more close reads, just covering our bases (scoring for Communism)! —Perse

Cartesian Hubris: the Girl Boss

Warnings carry in echoing code, insofar as monopolies are impossible and the Gothic is always out-of-joint. To see *that*, you need only consider damsels,

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detectives and sex demons, their proliferation having taken centuries to arrive at where it currently is under Capitalism; i.e., a "pandemonium" of ritualized torture expressed in oppositional forms (the clichés and fetishes of the Gothic mode) for which the *xenomorph* is queen. Left behind during a praxial "seesaw" by those who make them, these derelicts (and their ontological role of exposing systemic trauma in a voyeuristic manner) still exist side-by-side in dialectical-material strife; that is, *once* abandoned, their shared language can be rediscovered, thus taken up by new oppositional forces during fresh Gothic poetics modeled partially off older structures and explorers, but—like synapses firing rapidly—communicate old issues that travel like lighting through oscillating dialectical-material (and social/collective) emotional/sexual tensions. It is not enough to call something "monstrous" or "alien," then, but doing so regarding a Cartesian structure to describe in either direction: the state vs nature (thus workers) insofar as Medusa factors in.

Rape, including insertion of an unwanted foreign object—not a dildo by a friend, but bullets or knives during foreign holocausts (or something similar on the homefront; e.g., a rolled-up magazine by a *false* friend, below)—is a constant ubiquitous problem. It's systemic; i.e., a dogmatic imbalance whose perennial abuses of power announce through the very mode that, while it has the *potential* to address Capitalism-as-rapacious, also *commodifies* it when Gothic poetics are put in the wrong hands (and even in the right ones, you can't really speak to trauma without giving it a voice in *some* shape or form; e.g., *Alien's* own rape fantasies, while abject and brutal, still showcase a lot of persistent, unaddressed and ongoing British bigotries through a neoliberal *critique* that, while far from "perfect," still hits close to home).

To prevent that, you must throw the doors of perception as wide as possible—as mouth-like, ingesting through a medieval framing of the senses (re: a *confusion* of the senses, where "the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen..."); i.e., that speaks to extreme trauma as notorious for "crossing one's wires." State abuse weaves a coercive, blinding spell of undeath, one that demands tough cryptonymic medicine (various blindfolds, minus the harm—an act of gained trust, *not* blind faith): fighting madness with "madness" that parses



through play. So close your eyes, open wide and come to Mommy (but remember your safewords, of course)...

Bear in mind, while *male* detectives and warriors *are* a staple of the genre, we'll primarily be

exploring how *female* and *queer* detectives survive male power while navigating it. This starts with the Gothic castle as Radcliffe envisioned it—a white, cis-het female *idea* of patriarchal menace to poke around inside, later explored and appreciated by

other white, cis-het women in the 20th century and Internet Age that followed; e.g., Rachel Knowles, a self-confessed "committed Christian" who writes:

It has been said that every writer must first be a reader, and I have always loved reading. As a young girl, I was fascinated by tales of fantasy such as Enid Blyton's *Enchanted Wood* and wrote my own magical adventures – always with a happy ending. When I was thirteen, I read Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* for the first time. I fell in love, not only with Mr Darcy [barf], but with the romance of the Regency age [double barf]. Over the years, I have devoured numerous Regency romances – some good, some bad – and half-written several of my own ([source](#): "A Regency History Guide to *The Mysteries of Udolpho* by Ann Radcliffe," 2013).

Except, queer people—while obviously different from Knowles—can still revisit and rewrite the same Gothic environment centuries after Radcliffe designed her own dated traps; e.g., her scenes of imperiled heroines threatened by in-castle rape as repressed; i.e., leaving them behind as "ancient" derelicts for *us* to find, explore and renovate when interrogating our *own* trauma as paralleled by old systemic threats: the rise of fascism (and token feminism) as something foreshadowed by Radcliffe's pre-fascist gloomth heralding 20th/21st century terrors (see: Nick Groom's introduction to *The Italian*). Our matriarchal, femme-dom castles (and their pastiches' remediated praxis per an ongoing and endless argument between workers and the state) can subvert those *and* critique



patriarchal doubles (of doubles, of doubles...), but it must *contend* with them as part of a series of Borges-style projections into infinity (mirrors and labyrinths). That's what historical materialism is: a repetition of variable likenesses that grapple in dialectical-material tension. To go against the grain, you have to stand out *while* blending in:

(artist: [Miles Jonston](#))

It bears repeating that dogma is recursively cryptonymic and criminogenic; *Cartesian* dogma criminalizes nature, lynching it as fetishized alien chattel to repress genocide *with*; i.e., the run of the mill as paradoxically shown and hidden. The cryptonym "alien," then, become whatever the state needs inside its colony's state of exception. To that, recall how the same shadow zone is where Gothic theatre and poetics work for or *against* the state, oppositional praxis employing the usual paradoxes thereof; i.e., "total" power to perform with things existing in the same place at the same time, *between* binaries; e.g., the liminality

of power and weakness, chastity and lust, salvation and damnation, light and darkness, Heaven and Hell, life and death³⁸⁹, nerds and sex, bravery and cowardice, stoics and histrionics, knowledge and ignorance, darkness visible, the monstrous-feminine, the state and workers, cops and criminals, soldiers and slaves, babes and *banditti*, citizens and aliens, Artemis and Aphrodite, childbirth and death, *mothers and Medusa*.

It's completely impossible, then, to reconcile and reclaim matricide through thoroughly liminal creatures like Medusa or the xenomorph—nor the damsels and detectives tied to them (and the complex, warring socio-material conditions that bring *them* about)—without keeping these various paradoxes (and profound, beauteous contrasts) in mind. Furthermore, just because death *can* be passionate doesn't mean humans should be sacrificed automatically to achieve presumed "grace"; more in this case isn't necessarily better and attempts to find meaning in suffering is certainly different than *inviting* it. One's graceful, the other is a disorder compelled by those in power over those they rape in a variety of ways (re: "to disempower someone or somewhere—a person, culture, or place—in order to harm them").

To this, trauma is an "antiquated" minefield whose exploration takes great work and care, but also persistent vigilance to thread: one, avoiding Cartesian dogma by expressing xenophobia as an honest interrogation of domestic bias (*not* an endorsement; i.e., being mindful of the people involved as having potentially experienced abuse themselves); and two, touching on xenophilia, ironic demon BDSM, and reverse abjection as taboo enterprises during ludo-Gothic BDSM, thus subject to reactionary *reprisals* arguing for violent repression: "Put away the torch from *Alien* (the British word for 'flashlight,' which the "improvised incinerator units" primarily function as) and pick up the *gun* in *Aliens*. 'This time, it's war!'"

Except Cartesian thought weaponizes women against nature (and the monstrous-feminine) while still treating them "of it": "Rip and tear until it is done!" But it's *never* done; matricide is a fool's errand, an impossible task on par with killing death and one that never ends by design as required by capitalists—i.e., to move money through nature by having Ripley (or echoes of her) further subjugated, hence regressive *Amazonomachia* in their name. They *want* marginalized conflict, which is both profitable *and* useful (for them, mind you; everyone else suffers at their expense). So Ripley is *always* afraid under Patriarchal Capitalism, thus Realism; rape is always a threat, and Medusa always a victim³⁹⁰

³⁸⁹ Life and death can mean different things depending on context. For example, "money" literally equals "life" and its absence equals "death." This is a deliberate paradox forced upon people by capitalists to destabilize them and make them worship American virtues that uphold Capitalism as eternal, thus slip into apathy and disdain for anything else; i.e., Capitalist Realism.

³⁹⁰ Despite Medusa's loud refusal to be a victim, as Creed argues, I argue how the state will do its best to reduce her to one anyways—to can(n)on fodder *and* token biznatch sucking on Freud's wang (as Creed kind of does: "Oh, Freud, you scuzzy otter, you!").

whose existence—per the process of abjection—is *terminally* mythologized: her touch poison, her serpentine gaze pure, instant "death."

Amazonomachia, Cryptomimesis and Mise-en-Abyme

Thusly armed, Ripley becomes afraid to hug Medusa, thus nature, as divided *from* her. Per the *Amazonomachia* as a theatrical, staged ordeal, she and those like her become foils to a classic argument; i.e., one where Ripley does stochastic terrorism *for* the state (through fatal compromise, arguably protecting the company by scuttling the xenomorph *for* them). She looks at Stompy and sees death, an alien/dark reflection to ward off through violence (which fractures the glass when struck). As such, she becomes "unsexed" like Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth; i.e., a phallic woman, except Ripley's case involves *multiples* of them, the so-called "good" Amazon dick-measuring against an evil double GNC BBC. Threatened, Ripley fights ignominiously for the ghost of her dead child, who *she* projects onto Newt while cannibalizing the Alien Queen's brood for one of "hers" having falsely "killed"³⁹¹ Amanda: "...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!" Ripley suitably binarizes, defending the nuclear family model as the false original under attack by the Indigenous group (and their *non*-nuclear approach to social life) coded as outsiders, as alien, as inhuman bugs "from the stars," Hell, beyond, the black lagoon. Instead of trying to love them, thus hug Medusa, "difference" becomes a death sentence: "Nature is other" as carried out by a token female war boss who the company displaces after *she* cleans house *for* them (re: the euthanasia effect).

Emboldened to "strike back," Ripley picks up a state-issued repeater (some kind of rifle to treat enemy populations³⁹² as target practice) to dutifully enter Hell again (though she never entered the Derelict in the first movie, making her testimony to the board in *Aliens* hearsay); i.e., a token Persephone monomythically shooting at "Medusa" with relentless military optimism: a predatory cop with death in her eyes, and whose *lack* of empathy is second-nature, taught by deceitful mirrors. "Maybe if we kill *enough* of them, we'll 'win' the war!" her actions seem to say. "Maybe then, 'Medusa' [code for the empire's built-in disparities and collapses, translated into monstrous theatre] will disappear for good!" She's a crack shot, better than the boys—Annie Oakley playing the Amazon. She's also a dumbass, a

³⁹¹ Amanda Ripley died while Ellen Ripley was in hypersleep. Ripley seems to blame the monster for her missing out on her kid's death; i.e., not the evil company despite it forcing her to truck year-round through space and its predatory Faustian contract making her investigate the ruins of a decayed colony/dark chapel. I think Ripley doesn't blame Weyland-Yutani nearly as much because it's easier to attack a person than a structure, but it's still disturbing how quick she becomes their hitwoman in Cameron's story (and how Scott doesn't criticize *that* nearly enough; re: docking).

³⁹² Which, per settler-colonial exchanges like Vietnam, work through collective punishment; i.e., all civilians are enemies; e.g., all Gazans are Hamas. These conduce genocide on purpose.

vengeful herbo with hell to pay through a death wish. As a matter of childbirth (the classic site of war for women of Antiquity as a Western civilized venture; i.e., where canonical history starts and stops, the great thing for fascists to return to), Ripley's war story is harmfully antiquated, in that it endlessly and concentrically leads to women's enslavement, to genocide, to tokenism taking up fetishized, witch cop arms against those trying to live in peace: other witches.



You might have noticed a worrisome and disturbing likenesses of Ripley in adjacent media forms; re: Samus in the videogame, *Metroid*. This is because settler colonialism is built to spread its dogma across all the media it can, escalating *towards* extermination from an initial position of ostensibly "being wronged." Be it a novel, movie *or* videogame, the exterminator then goes into Hell, monomyth-style, to right said wrong and defend Capitalism from the "end of the world" *at* the "end of the world"; i.e., Capitalist Realism; re: "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 [...] Conjure a Radcliffean menace inside the Imperial Core, then meet it with American force..." ([source](#)). It's meant to *appear* chaste, but make young boys' "tails" wag like a puppy's for a modest warrior mommy (and girls' clits to throb with a similar second wave feminist power trip punching down at useless eaters³⁹³).

We've looked at this quote earlier in this section, but will return to it fully in "Call of the Wild," part one; i.e., when we take a second look at the franchised videogames that Cameron's refrain inspired to execute Cartesian rhetoric and uphold Capitalist Realism: *Metroid* and *Metroidvania*, but also *Doom* and the entire shooter genre. For now, just remember that Capitalism is a hyperobject that demands a holistic, inclusive and cryptonymic solution—mirrors and blindfolds being the source of the problem, which must be addressed in kind. We must mirror our problems in ways that sneak in Trojan counter code (drawing our own conclusions).

As such, try to remember nothing is wrong with wanting for heroes under settler-colonial conditions *provided* it *doesn't* poach nature for profit. Doing *that* serves the state by making children afraid, who then grow up to commit atrocities

³⁹³ Re: through animalized violence against nature; e.g., vampires as "rats" to exterminate out of the medieval period's sublimated dogma; i.e., these days with Zionism and second wave feminism run amok and other tokenism, "rat" is just vermin to exterminate by in-group and in-group *tokens*, the former keeping the latter "on leads." As such, vampires are both cis gay men, trans people, anyone non-white or non-Christian (e.g., "bad" Jewish people; i.e., non-Zionists), witches, and so on; i.e., "useless eaters" the state punishes while saying, "How dare they eat *our* cheese!"

for the state as instructed by its war simulators' cartographic refrains: trophy rooms like the one described by Ace Ventura in *When Nature Calls* (1995) as "a lovely room of death."

That film portrayed settler colonialism as a backwater relic attached to a cartoonishly evil (thus unserious) British throwback; *Aliens* did the same through a bad replica of Saigon in outer space showing and hiding Vietnam to further Capitalist Realism as a burgeoning videogame simulation *type*. Both show that settler colonialism survives well into the present through deliberately antiquated forms whose displacements generally apologize *for* ongoing genocides; i.e., the ghost of the counterfeit as something to meet with force, thus blame and kill Medusa for her own death by the state as a chilling matter of routine:

Ellen Ripley once said, "I say we take off and nuke the entire site from orbit." The words of a true madwoman, isn't that what America has been doing for over seventy years now? 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. [...] Like Medusa and her immortal, severed head, Bushnell's doom isn't something the elite can ever hope to control because it reverses the *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](#): "Bushnell's Requiem").

So when Hippolyta beheads Medusa, the colonized are policing themselves through someone half-in, half-out of their world: a white woman faced with rape, but whose experiences invert the settler-colonial violence routinely happening around her sheltered bubble. War propaganda routinely disguises and abjects this fact by whitewashing genocide in a canonically essential conflict; i.e., by reducing genocide to "destiny" between two "ancient" perpetual foes: Ripley as the good mother beheading the bad, defending good nature from bad, good children from bad, etc (she doesn't even kill the Queen, because the xenomorph can live in space).

In other words,

People in the Imperial Core like to think of themselves as just, forgetting what death is while being born into a system that encourages it through the

very divisions [Cartesian thought lays out]. They don't like to be reminded of those shadowy realities, which Medusa's beheading shows to them beyond the cave-wall puppetry they're used to. Turned back at them through Athena's Aegis, and exacted on "one of their own," they're forced to see, thus process, the very horrors they spend their entire lives abjecting (*ibid.*).



To this, Ripley's brute Americanization is both a matter of national pride³⁹⁴ and one whose dated regression is the prime witch hunt we've been considering here as a multimedia pandemic. We *need* to scrutinize its retro-future neoconservatism (the return to war and peace through strength) to understand the New World Order as it *presently* exists; i.e., doing so as critics *of* the state by using

Gothic counterterror to *defend* ourselves with; e.g., by dressing up as blindfolded monster mothers like the xenomorph. The proletarian function, here, is clemency before attack—to reclaim their value as *not* being a rapist, uniting arm-in-arm against state forces. This requires hugging Medusa to shield her during asymmetrical warfare; i.e., from a subjugated Hippolyta armed to the teeth—a TERF champion backed by TERF supporters, backed by TERF central command as part of a *fascist* federation: America as the harbinger thereof when Capitalism, always in crisis, starts to rot. The decay on the xenomorph anisotropically doubles Ripley's own rotting brain ("the one you feed" fed on menticidal garbage).

Such "human tanks" are generally blind. So pertinent questions like "How reliable *is* their vision?" or "What privilege are they armed with?" become incredibly germane to Gothic-Communist aims when faced with echoes of Ripley in real life (re: Jadis telling me "They're just bugs!" regarding *Aliens'* self-confessed Vietnam allegory). To that, the examination of perilous worlds and closed space inevitably requires *some* degree of non-trivial/ergodic effort to overcome and survive; i.e., *vis-à-vis* Aarseth and me, regarding Metroidvania, through liminal, Gothic circumstances that perform the context of rape, bigotry and systemic fear/control, mid-castle-narrative; re: during ludo-Gothic BDSM considering things to interrogate "within the text" as a poetic extension of the natural-material world we (unlike speedrunners) take outside of itself to critique capital *with*.

Concepts like "familiar" and "foreign," then, do *not* exist in a vacuum, but inform each other back and forth over time. Said extensions include the damsels, detectives and demons inside a Gothic space as produced by the knowledge or lack thereof contained within the author(s), which—as we've seen with Radcliffe and her refrain's spiritual successors—were/are far from perfect in terms of highlighting

³⁹⁴ Beat puts it best: "Few countries wear the scars of colonialism quite so proudly as the United States. Australia's no slouch, mind, but the government at least likes to *pretend* that they're ashamed of our worst crimes."

worker abuse outside of white, cis-het women's concerns voiced during rape pastiche. Indeed, some might *prohibit* effective investigations altogether (re: Ripley evolving into an automated killer *for* the state: the modern woman as savage, projecting her bigotry onto imaginary Indians, space bugs, what-have-you).

To this, the state's monopoly on damsels, detectives and sex demons is, like all its overreaches, something to challenge through itself. Per *Medusa*, our reenactments must become increasingly sex-positive through iconoclastic, xenophilic means drafted by queer authors beyond cis queer men like Lewis; i.e., whose various cryptonyms reverse Hogle's process of cryptonymy—its "double operation of revealing to conceal"—that consequently lays bare settler-colonial bigotry during a *revolutionary* masquerade designed to hide *us*: among those we can unmask, Velma-style, as *not* on our side (re: TERFs and other tokens). This happens by first showing them our masks as a means of reconnaissance *and* provocation—of class, culture and race war as *guerrilla* warfare waged with Gothic poetics (counterterror a famous "shadow weapon" of guerillas, *vis-à-vis* Asprey). Point in fact, we must; i.e., doing so to adequately serve *all* workers effectively and collectively through a mirror match's shared canvas (or stage, screen, etc) as mirror-like. With it, we can help others see, if not permanently then at least for a second, what is useful to *our* survival of them; i.e., by putting something inside their blindfold that *stuns* them long enough for us to act: to "pants" them and tie their shoelaces together before we make like a tree and get the hell out.

Just as Ripley punches the mirror of her own dark reflection during mirror syndrome, the key to liberation lies in reflecting the *right* images back at our killers—themselves, acting like an emotionally/Gothically unintelligent dumbass, but posturing as "cultured" against other prisoners abstracted "in small"; i.e., the Amazon's threat displays kettled³⁹⁵ by state dogma until *they* explode, resulting in a never-ending crusade against "Medusa" during DARVO-grade obscurantism/reactive abuse (nature to rape with money expressed in military means). It might seem cute when *animals* do it ([source tweet](#), pro824824824: September 6th, 2016); the state breeds bullies meant to kill their victims through *Amazonomachia* as mimetic³⁹⁶ and inclusively divisive.

³⁹⁵ This kettling takes many different forms; i.e., birth trauma, raped by the state taking control *away* from them. Rape, then, is abstracted to displace accountability away from institutions and onto scapegoats (which is also rape); re: Ripley is the scapegoat. The xenomorph can take these disparate factors and weave them onto the same punching bag. As I write in Volume One,

To this, Cameron's Ripley was *always* a TERF Amazon, a phallic woman playing Brutus putting "Caesar" [corruption] down by abjecting white fears of medieval human childbirth [and the hysteria and humiliation of state-compelled birth trauma—of placental blood, amniotic fluid, slime and involuntary shit] onto alien bodies, biology and compelled reproduction metaphors forced away from Western powers and onto the Archaic Mother as a settler-colonial scapegoat ([source](#)).

³⁹⁶ I.e., Amazon subjugation is mimetic. As "hoakley" of the Electric Light Company writes; re:

Once white-men-on-white-girl violence, then, the message has evolved to white-girl-on-black-girl violence, but also white-girl-on-*trans* violence (and other marginalized groups) where various token monsters join the fray to *uphold* normative status-quo structures and heteronormative ideals (the *slave* falling on the Roman sword):



(artist: Anselm Feuerbach)

Military service and its token normativities are always a betrayal because the state is straight/antithetical to life as we know it; i.e., is a bourgeois power structure whose cops destroy/rape nature for profit (or do so to protect itself from Western powers; e.g., Communist China and Soviet Russia; re: "[Leaving the Closet](#)").

Per my expansion of Castricano's definition, *cryptomimesis* is writing (or otherwise engaging with) the dead as expressed through art, demons included. The idea in doing so is to get at the cryptic, generational trauma buried inside Faustian bargains during Promethean Quests; i.e., as something to extract and use as *workers* demand. Yet "inside" is a bit of a misnomer, insofar as trauma carries across its surfaces, between its spaces, behind its masks, and on its pages, etc. Indeed, we can see the conflict as a visual pattern able to be levied by pro-state *or*

Unfortunately, there's confusion as to just what the *Amazonomachy* was. Some associate it with the ninth labour of Heracles, others with the battle between the Greeks and Amazon forces led by Penthesilea during the Trojan War, and others with the Attic War resulting in Theseus abducting Hippolyta as his wife. I'll consider those in tomorrow's article, but today look at a more general war resulting in the deaths of many Amazons when they were defeated by a substantial Greek army, possibly long before the war against Troy. A reasonably popular theme in painting, even to the present, its most practiced exponent was Peter Paul Rubens, who is attributed two paintings on this theme ([source](#): "Amazons at War," 2023).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

pro-worker artists, authors, actors, etc; e.g., my book and *its* various collage-style exhibits (all starting with my *Bride of Frankenstein* collage, exhibit 44b2).

Except, workers must beware the state as a bad actor with a bad temper *and* army to carry out its petulant will. Like an unruly child breaking its toys, the state infantilizes mid-crisis to attack its perceived subjects; its legacy is one of total indifference and unironic madness, a prolonged and unnecessary suffering predicated on cruel, callous abuse made to *serve* profit through disingenuous illusions. In response to its crowning achievement of misery towards workers, women and nature/the monstrous-feminine, a mother's work is never done. It carries on precisely because the future is *always* threatened by the state's imaginary past: something that survives and which *we* must survive while blindfolded; i.e., surrounded by danger as "dressed up" in cryptonymic reenactments that a) elide trauma and b) help pass vital³⁹⁷ messages of liberation theatrically along.

As per the natural world, the two are actually in competition; i.e., in *Gothic stories* per the puzzling "antiquity" of *Alien*, they involve two castles—one of metal and one of dead bones and flesh—that serve as giant, doubled, suspiciously *humanoid* habitats that mirror a larger transition between the colonial past in faraway lands and its zombie-demon rooster's homecoming. Information, then, passes through giants, castles, humans, mirrors and monsters, their modules, etc, as poetically indiscrete.

Volume Zero writes, "To interrogate power and trauma, [we] must become second-nature" ([source](#)). Just as the Imperial Boomerang comes back around, then, so does the *cryptomimetic* language being for or against it as something to meet with violence or friendship. For us, the knee-jerk police agent's chase of imperial scapegoats only leads to inequality and harm. Instead, empathy towards the alien must become second-nature on a collective societal level; i.e., through ludo-Gothic BDSM (from Volume Zero) as gleaned from medieval conflict in small: the *mise-en-abyme*, or concentric echo of the internal/external medieval.

³⁹⁷ Revolutionary cryptonymy as necessary because, as Volume One writes,

So, while "Rome" absolutely gargles non-consenting balls, it's completely inadequate for Gothic Communists to say that "'Rome' sucks and so do Capitalism, neoliberalism and fascism." That won't work. Not only is it stating the obvious, but far too many workers defend marriage, war and the state itself as *sacred* ([source](#)).

As such, Hippolyta and Medusa (or modern doubles/copies of them like Ripley and the xenomorph) are canonically sacred, insofar as the latter's ancient matricide is sanctioned in the present by the former working for state forces, mid-copaganda.



([source](#): *Bushcraft Buddy's "How Did People Survive Castle Sieges?"* 2017)

We've already discussed (and showed) how it's acceptable to get swept up in and carried away by *mise-en-abyme* and its castles-in-the-flesh; i.e., as something to literally look at yourself as trapped inside. Like Walpole, Scott's retro-future is full of dark infantile humor and medieval hauntologies they lose themselves in to find hidden truth. Except different fortresses take on different shapes, and I'll show you how with an extra bit of academic flourish (nerd time, for the next seven pages. Then we'll close things out with Giger).

For one, Scott and Giger's biomechanical makes no qualms about introducing a medical, *memento mori* flavor into the proceedings. Such composite evocations of the ancient/medieval remain "novel" purely because they raise honest-if-haunted statements about oppositional praxis as violent on and off the page for various sides; i.e., the state colonizing itself and we, as colonized, "storming the castle" as a linguo-material device useful to emancipation. This war of illusions has a long and rich history going back centuries; i.e., back to our boy Horace Walpole and *his* Gothic shenanigans (castles, of course), which Scott and Giger riff on/rip off in their own 20th century take on the Neo-Gothic castle/chronotope.

Far from being modest *or* direct, a given chateau evokes Walpole's campy rape space as paradoxically recent: a puzzling relic of "Antiquity" made from past legends and bandied about as discovery-after-the-fact. That's largely what the Gothic is—a speaking to present barbarities with "past" ones disinterred—but its assorted reinventions and façades still use the language of war through body language that wages campy assaults *into* hostile territories; re (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](#): "Interrogating Power").

Viewed as workers (the monstrous-feminine) vs the state (the Man, Cartesian thought, law and order, the Man Box), the iconoclast must work *within* said abyss to develop Gothic Communism, thus end setter-colonialism; i.e., by using what *we* have as reclaimed power *from* canonical doubles to camp canon with: the nerdy language of rape and war (sex and force) as something to spoof and use to *our* weird nerds' holistic advantage versus weird canonical nerds disadvantage!

The Other Side of the Coin: Camping These Things (reprise)

Canon and camp is a tricky process, and one that occurs inside itself. Per Sarkeesian, it's possible to critique what we enjoy to consume. By extension, I think it's perfectly valid something to kick ass *and* merit critique (which *Aliens* admittedly does); i.e., the thing that's fun to critique but also consume, mid-critique, like, Egger's 2022 *The Northman*, versus the thing that *isn't* fun to critique or consume; e.g., Hitler's 1925 *Mein Kampf* or something equally dry and terrible.



So much race science *is* dry and terrible, but *Aliens* strikes the dangerous white-moderate balance of actually being fun to watch, making it more important (and fun) to critique, thus camp! And *that's* not hard to do; i.e., you can camp offshoots of the same Numinous, me having camped a variety of gods and monsters through my own horny Samus and Amanda Ripley artwork. No bullshit, just draw an Amazon with a gun doing something sexy and sex-positive, and you're golden:

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

In the counterterrorist tradition, you create said advantages using what *you* got, resulting in bizarre combinations that—per people running around inside giant monsters chased by smaller monsters—feels suitably silly-serious. Per the Shakespearean stage, this means combining what is queer with what

is medieval, thus warlike and gory in frankly intimate poetics indicative of a pre-capitalist world (also from Volume Zero):

It's serious-yet-silly and that's the point, but the point of the rainbows and glitter is proletarian praxis insofar as we function during oppositional praxis: to make the canonical language of war silly in a very gay way of interrogating pre-existing power and negotiating new variants during liminal expression; i.e., playing with power as a performative scenario to reinvent for various purposes:

"The straight castle was conquered by the fearsome gay warriors and everyone inside was made gay and had super butt sex. —the end!"

The above statement implies that murder, general mayhem and rape are functioning in ironic, playful forms instead of their presumed unironic-thus-literal ones: the rape of the princess, the burying of the gay (and other actual dead bodies—often "innocent, pure good" civilians and "guilty, pure evil" orcs on either side), and sacked castles razed to the ground, heads on spikes, cruel-and-unusual punishment, carceral violence, tilting at windmills, etc:

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!" ([source](#): Gloryhammer's "The Unicorn Invasion of Dundee," 2013)



There's power in the "joke's" ability to release tension. Except our praxis can't be "blind" parody like Gloryhammer is (whose proud stupidity is a white, cis-het male privilege) because the marginalized are going to be in danger regardless if they are actively segregated or not (*ibid.*).

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Overlap and confusion are inevitable, but also *vital* to liberation through the cultivation of perfect doms flexibly putting *us* (and our foes) "to the sword." Viewed in terms of the castle *personified*, one could thus view warring castles like those in *Alien*—not merely as linguistic, ontological strife (doubles) grappling forcefully amid contested, troubled binaries, but something to express in literal kayfabe terms (again, "a form of ancient popular media that helps people historically relieve systemic stress through individualized forms of psychosexual violence").

To that, the monsters Hippolyta and Medusa act akin to warring kaiju or the Titans of Greek myth; i.e., when the boundary to Hell is crossed *on Earth*, between the contestants, the stage(s) they share, etc; re: during liminal expression, onstage and off. Either entity use their assorted "arsenals" to do battle not unlike *Gojira* (1954) or *Pacific Rim* (2013), the latter two taking leaves from older *Amazonomachia* before commenting on (and wrestling with) Humanity's messy and

fatal relationship; i.e., to nature, but also technology *abusing* nature (*vis-à-vis* Shelley's *Frankenstein*)—as something that responds in kind, but remains for the human detective or damsel something to demonically reckon with, prior to state shift: "History shows again and again / How nature points out the folly of men" (Blue Öyster Cult's "[Godzilla](#)," 1977).

Except our own castles-in-the-flesh are the monstrous-feminine body as a kind of perfect dom challenging the zombie of "Rome" resurrected; i.e., the gentle femme/mommy domme³⁹⁸ for workers vs a strict state dom; re: the Metroidvania as something to personify and sing about, thus *make* matriarchal through function: "That lady's stacked and that's a fact!" In keeping with our previous adage, "when the Man comes around, show him your Aegis," we're speaking to something Bruce Lee might call "the art of fighting without fighting³⁹⁹" and which a murderous message disguised in comely-yet-potent packages does our talking *for* us: the booty as symbolic of the cryptonymic surrendering of power assigned to nature as both female *and* monstrous feminine extending to all bodies, genders, races, religions, and animals/nature-at-large exploited for profit by the state.

To that, sometimes, a butt is just a butt, but a butt can be beheld and take on new meaning anyways. Some stories resist interpretation on purpose—e.g., Coleridge, which is bad, or Lynch, which is also (sometimes) bad—but we can *still* camp them; i.e., however we want. However ambiguous *The Northman* might feel to Atun-Shei films, for examples, he presents breaking [the Fourth Wall to quote Marx and spook the Nazis off as kind of silly](#) ("I Didn't Like The Northman Very Much," 2024). I heard that and was like, "...Why?" It never stopped Shei from dressing up as a *Nazi* to then camp *them* and speak critically about *Civil War* history (while getting lost in the sauce a bit, sometimes). Why-oh-why *not* quote Marx by writing his campy echoes all over our own ass cheeks as an antidote to Eggers' *inability* to do anything substantial with his own creative talents (similar to Scott and Cameron)?



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

It likewise signifies a "cheeky" (meaning playfully-to-seriously "insincere," as Harmony is, previous page and next page) "surrendering" of power that goes both ways per multiple actors working at cross purposes under different scenarios (consent or coercion), but also a single person's psychomachic

³⁹⁸ The female gendering of "dom"; I'm trans and confess I use them interchangeably. You can bill me.

³⁹⁹ From *Enter the Dragon* (1973).

hesitation; e.g., by the usual conqueror seduced by nature, but also *vis-à-vis* Luce Irigaray⁴⁰⁰ as someone desiring both genuine nurturing and sincere surrender of one's station(s) of power foisted onto *them* by state mechanisms; i.e., they are told to kill and destroy through "ancient" mandates, but cannot always bring themselves to "slay the pussy" as indicative of nature's historically raped womb.

"Rape" camps rape as, so often, a duplicate of a duplicate of a duplicate; re: exploitation and liberation share the same shadow zones but work at cross purposes during liminal expression's paradox of rape to have the whore's revenge by reclaiming terror roleplay to liberate ourselves *from* Capitalist Realism; i.e., ogling "rape" or giving it, mid-voyeurism and -exhibitionism, is completely fine as long as there are quotes (and we fan ourselves, suddenly thirsty for a bit of pussy and/or pounding): "See how she leans her cheek upon her hand. / O, that I were a glove upon that hand / That I might touch that cheek!" ([source](#)).



(artist: [Owusyr](#))

As such, power becomes like Medusa—a puzzle, meaning something to perceive and perform in ways that challenge its usual operations through willful paradox: the escape of rape through "rape" in highly theatrical forms abstracting "decapitation." We've mentioned *Alien*, of course, but this applies equally to our own art as extensions of our bodily rights and labor

autonomy regarding what Descartes would call "emergent," hence abject. "Is that a booty I see before me?" This one claps back, a real power bottom; but like Medusa or any such collective or individual treated like her—e.g., orcs, lizardmen, "mud people"—she won't bite unless you scare her or bite first (and even then, context matters; i.e., a testament to her own rape as healed and invulnerable through resistance, so *keep* resisting: the moment you stop is the moment they fleece and destroy you)!

So *don't* scare her! Treat her like a person, not a sex object⁴⁰¹ to ultimately collect and unironically *mistreat* (which Cartesian thought logically pushes towards

⁴⁰⁰ "Irigaray ultimately states that Western culture itself is founded upon a primary sacrifice of the mother, and all women through her [...] 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).

⁴⁰¹ Sex workers are human, having to deal with material concerns affecting their mental health. It's often forgotten through double standards that people who meet traditional beauty standards are just as much disadvantaged by meeting them as not; i.e., they "can't" be depressed or have worries because "pretty privilege" or "life on easy mode." Such bad-faith arguments present a so-called

through its steady arguments for nature-as-monstrous). Fuck her how she likes, then offer her a hug (or whatever aftercare she's comfortable with, so make sure to ask. She might surprise you). To replace genocide demands holistic understanding regarding unhealthy and healthy boundaries, alike; then, respecting the latter as a means of communication and mutual consent rewriting the former on the same old canvases cryptonymy process—not abjection as second-nature, time and time again! Reversing abjection, then, must *become* second-nature in its place; i.e., happening through praxial synthesis using ludo-Gothic BDSM's dualistic double operation.



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Easier said than done, of course. Settler colonialism relies on fear-and-dogma brain drains wrought through various cartographic, but also *imperative* refrains (like Radcliffe's) dispersed far and wide: "You exist because we allow it, and you will end because we demand it!" (so said Sovereign, in *Mass Effect*—the Reapers a displaced anxiety of settler colonialism at home). Its cruel penchants prescribe division to further states of ignorance the elite *can* manipulate to move money through nature in perpetuity!

The point of the "antique" puzzle box, then, isn't what's said, insofar as aesthetics are shared anisotropically between warring dialectical-material poles, but rather *what* they're made to accomplish through use, thus play. Proletarian function serves to accomplish the liberation of nature, Medusa and workers from the state's awful blindness/curse of death (class dormancy through stochastic terrorism); i.e., by using the human body during ludo-Gothic BDSM as a *present* appeal to power through damsels, detectives and demons. By speaking truth to its inherent, ongoing complexities in effective-yet-poetic forms, Medusa becomes a death and rape fantasy to playfully evoke whatever is required to pull down harmful barriers, teaching our would-be killers to see *us* as human and them as not; i.e., as *equal* to them while relieving stress as something that lives in and *around* the human body.

In acts of giddy and reckless triage, proponents for the equality of convenience love to plant flags and "win the war" in single, comfortable battles: propaganda *victories* (e.g., Ripley nuking Hadley's Hope from orbit). Except, the individual elements of total solidarity don't matter *provided* they're total *and* made to holistically invoke radical change sooner rather than later. It's a group effort and

"baddy" as unfairly and untruthfully "high-maintenance"; i.e., slaves to their own beauty and conventionally chased down to be slated for the usual enslavement: compelled marriage. It's a gift and a curse, one that such persons and their SOs (significant others) must negotiate, working together to make love (and its educational symbols) less compelled/dogmatic and more empathetic.

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context matters, insofar as two actions—or symbols of those actions—can appear identical, but function for or against the state behind the immediate image and/or sound (and other senses). True liberation hinges on global contributions from all walks⁴⁰² through united subtext and steady follow-through; i.e., those whose



cryptonymy (and other Gothic devices) collectively make the elite (and *their* proponents) decidedly *uncomfortable* when facing death as a settler-colonial result; e.g., furies (next page) as pervert, mega-faggot stewards of nature but also representatives of it haunting the colonizer, Banquo-style (a nymph of Dunsinane, left)!

(artist: [Adam Cyrus](#))

From the Horse's Mouth: Furies and Giger's Puzzle of "Antiquity"

In essence, we're forcing them to "hug death" through nature as monstrous-feminine—undead, demonic *and* animalistic as the xenomorph and Medusa are. Nebulously. As TERFs and their dogma demonstrate, doing so happens through the *topos* of the power of women reclaimed by a modern GNC movement

in ways that second wave feminism will call "enslavement" in bad faith. Fuck them. If confidently showing our powerful "Aegis" (and her "fangs") over the Internet (a buffer) causes the would-be colonizer to have a change of heart and consequently start treating us as human wherever we are, then honestly more power *to us*! But just as empowering is knowing who our friends and enemies are from a relatively safe vantage point. If they lash out, we'll at least know who we're dealing with *before* meeting face-to-face.

⁴⁰² Meaning "cosmopolitan," or in settings that encourage "worldly learning" as a means of establishing important social-sexual bonds; i.e, crossing boundaries during adventures that, in my experience, lead to potentially life-long connections but also sexual escapades; e.g., Zeuhl: giving me blankets when I had none, leading to sex; sexting with me until I told them to come inside, whereupon they came in wearing a black dress but no panties and we fucked; and another time where they walked in right as I was cumming (masturbating with the door open). They broke my heart for incredibly selfish reasons, but changed my life for the better while exiting it: as a ghost that haunts this book. Me letting it stay is what I call "forgiveness" (though Zeuhl might object). And me making friends with Crow, Bay and Harmony Corrupted, among numerous other muses and sex workers (re: "[Acknowledgements](#)"), is what I call "the best revenge." Fuck you, Zeuhl!



(artist: [Bluefolk](#))

It's worth noting that face-to-face interactions and expressions of sexual confidence are often kept separate; re: the buffer of exhibitionism as something of an iron wall (to borrow ironically from Ze'ev Jabotinsky—though it's more bulletproof than glass) in defense of

workers *outing* fascists behind masks of our own; i.e., by "flashing" an aspect of themselves to identify as-is in defiance to their colonizers (which we'll discuss more

in Volume Three, Chapter Five in "Transgressive Nudism; or, Flashing Those with Power"). But there is no "perfect" protection of those who identify with nature from those who see nature as alien, thus are conditioned to confront and destroy anything akin to Medusa.

For example, Bluefolk the furry was attacked by virtue of them being different ([source tweet](#): March 6th, 2024). As their testimony shows, there is always *some* degree of exposure and risk by being out of the closet, even when separated by glass, a screen, space and time.

Furthermore, nude or not, workers communicate with some people up close in ways utilizing personas that often work as literal masks being part of their broader identity—furries.

I can't even begin to explain how scared I am after tonight. This evening when I was on a walk while it was getting dark on a pathway not far from my house, a guy came up out of nowhere and threatened me with a knife... It's all a blur to me now and it all happened so fast but it was fucking terrifying, he was a bigger build and I think he thought I was a cis female at first because I was wearing a skirt and then when he saw me up close he called me a tranny faggot. When I tried to get away he punched me really hard in the face, hitting my nose so I used my hands to push away the knife, cutting up my hand all over and barely grazing my face. I FUCKING RAN HOME as fast as I possibly could. When I got back my roommate took care of me and I told him what had happened, he cleaned me up and just... I'm still so fucking shaken up. I'm okay physically for the most part, my hand is still in tons of pain but nothing is broken. Mentally though? I'm just... I don't even know. I'm still processing what happened. No one should ever have to experience something like this.



(artist: [Bay](#))

We'll talk more about furies, in "Call of the Wild." Just know, that praxial catharsis is had through confrontation of generational harm during calculated risk, often through animalized signs of dominance and submission that double as (a)sexual signs of theatrical friendship and hostility during class, culture and race warfare; i.e., "mooning" through one's ass to show as a welcoming act of solidarity *and* defiance depending on the circumstances (the "flowering" vagina where men/tokens came out of and, in psychological models, will return to die when their power fails them; but also simply belonging to people who don't even identify as women). Like trauma and stress, then, power is stored all over the body⁴⁰³ but speaks to where

⁴⁰³ Power stores in the ass, but also between those who own and respond *to* the ass; i.e., the ancient tradition of artists and muses, humans and animals; e.g., Harmony and I making an ode to their ass (re: "[Haunting the Chapel: A Cum Tribute to Harmony Corrupted](#)," 2024) that, per someone like Keats, speaks to an imaginary ancient goddess of nature reviving old forgotten bonds with life *and* death as alienated from us by capital. Glimpsing their ass, this footnote leapt to mind...

Whatever its form, the divine when glimpsed becomes something to live up to and quest for in future outings; i.e., like the Numinous—mighty and out of reach, but something immense and mysteriously tremendous to reconnect *with*, bringing us closer *to* a forgotten side of ourselves. This state of grace (what Rudolph Otto called *torpor* or "freezing" in the presence of the divine; i.e., the classic Gothic oscillation, trapped between a state of fight or flight, fear or fascination, dread and delight, etc) is difficult to reach, and falling short from it *is* disappointing and painful; e.g., *my* Clifford bag puppet in Mrs. Quilter's third-grade classroom failing to turn into the actual Big Red Dog (I was traumatized). It is both deeply serious and absurd, something to relish and lampoon ("a deeply religious experience" accounted by someone profoundly *unreligious*, even back then). It's *also* an idea to "get" *and* fuck with; i.e., as one desires, those being piloted by internal and external forces—less to escape life and more to find something transcendental *inside* our lives. It's not like there's a Heaven afterwards; these are things we live in *now* (operatically inside-outside danger discos).

Like a sudden thought to write down or fleeting burst of inspiration (a course that, like a spirit, flows through us, coming and going in an instant), such ideas become something to capture or lose (slipping away like a ruined orgasm). For something to be novel (fresh) requires capturing a sum beyond its parts in a given time period. The Romantics grasped towards nature as Sublime, and the Gothic seeking the Numinous as combined between nature and civilization as alien, exquisite—a vast, liminal, nebulous place to go and spend with mighty forces experienced uniquely there but, like a castle, is built and raised by us on Earth; i.e., across all media; e.g. Team Cherry's City of Tears or Red Hook's purple cosmic void as legitimate and effective as Kubla Khan's "stately pleasure dome," Radcliffe's spectral castles or Scott's Nostromo, etc. All came from dreams (or nightmares, per the Gothic) *while awake*—beyond the realms of death, of sleep, or any other barrier/membrane you could think/dream of.

And whereas gods exist in a place beyond humans, they're still experienced through special mediums with one foot in both worlds: "walking castles," fortresses in the flesh, but also artists who experience those bodies as fellow workers, artists, poets, and people, stacked without end. "The gods," then, are not beings whose meaning is "set," but reached for and decided by people *together* according to cultural standards enmeshed in larger artistic and social movements; i.e., current and borrowed from times that once were and could be, "back in the day"—an idea that springs from alter egos and secret identities, but also things wide out in the open for *all* to see. All constitute the weight of the universe whose proximity in an avatar of the divine overwhelms; i.e., makes *us* collapse, swoon, and yes, "die" (cum) to varying degrees.

tyrannical men's "power" generally goes: to their head, above or below (the "crown" a symbol of such gaudy consolidations). "She mighty-mighty!" after all,

Sex Positivity has been and is being written through these kind of surprise connections, each muse granting a thread to something bigger through their mind, body and soul as likewise connected to each other and things we make up ourselves—our combined pedagogy speaking to (and with) trauma, forbidden knowledge and power as, like the gods, profoundly unequal but shared if we let it. "I am a bearer, I am a dwelling!" Like Bay and my other muses/friends, meeting Harmony inspired me to create things I could have *never* imagined had I not met her first and basked in her magical (and tremendous) glow. It was like touching lightning or seeing color for the first time despite having done it many times before. "They're *all* perfect."

This book series, then, has seen many happy accidents, dares, risks, and chance delights, thus *couldn't* have been written alone. This includes the indelible-if-unintentional contributions of those who broke my heart (e.g., Jadis' immortal "put your *mysterium tremendum* in my Uncanny Valley!" and surprising helpful introducing of me to the Commodores' "Brick House"). I owe it, then, to Jadis and all the cuties whose bodies and personalities inspire and move me in such predictable *and* unpredictable ways. Regarding all of them, I suppose there's a medium in me, too: I see beauty and the gods in others, especially those Capitalism gentrifies and devalues for something where no gods live but immoral ones; i.e., greed; e.g., indifferent powerful doctors treating women like automatic mothers, thus automatic *chattel* who can be sacrificed spontaneously for the child as *de facto* property of the father, the hospital, the state as cancerous, terminal and yet still growing and devouring everything in sight.

I might seem mad* in this brief ramble, but perhaps that's just my humanity and "magic" that others have lost; i.e., the ability to see and relate to others as I have through careful education, hard work and an open, expanding mind? Devendra Varma likened it to a "Gothic flame" (from his 1957 book of the same name); without fuel, effort, and proper conditions, it can go out. My book is a castle, as I have said, but inside it a vigil I light to honor the gods I see in people like Harmony adding their castle to mine. They're delicious, to be sure, but remain so much *more* than pieces of meat!

**Mad, as in a failure to partake of Capitalism "successfully" per its terrible, dog-eat-dog rules. Is this an accurate measure of my value? The Romantics "were poor all their lives but rich in spirit," Laura George once told me. And while I like to stay grounded these days in material reality and tend to be leery of those poets who don't quite as much, it can still be fun to swim around the self-same waters as they do/did. I certainly don't want to discount these older giants (or at least their shoulders I'm currently standing on). So while the Romantics and Gothic forked into wildly different paths, they did so while grasping at the same thing: liberation. And monsters are a place whose intersecting modules let you draw your own conclusions as needed, on and on, in repetition through variation, to author your own special destinies. Forward through solidarity is the idea of Gothic Communism, of course, but infinity fueled by profound human contact becomes actionable; like Percy's "Ozymandias," boundless and bare, the lone and level sands stretch far away. Dancing poetry trades arms with old turning ghosts out on the floor to varying degrees of structure and looseness. Per Scott, as we have seen, poetics and creation become a po(r)tent dialog to express the power of rebellion with; i.e. in an imaginary place of endless possibilities regressing to a binary pair of "what if?" that is neither here nor there. Creativity is a weapon when it becomes tied to a place where Capitalism was less strong than it is now, less capable of harm. "The mind is its own place"; so is inspiration, which—likened to a turbulent form—occupying mere moments, out from which we can change the world.*

In the poetic tradition, though, Harmony's ass *does* make me want to write a poem and this footnoted tangent *is* proof of that—a short, jumbled musing part of a larger castle showcasing what such exposure and inspiration *can* yield. It takes enormity and special perspective, but also inspiration to raise such spaces to *be* excellent. "I'm a Satanist," I told Harmony. "So when I say you have the divine in you, it's the weight and power of the universe." To borrow from Archimedes, I might have added: "Give me a lever and a place to stand and I will move the Earth." To borrow from my *own* book (from Volume Zero): "Indeed, that power can also be ours if we dare to write things down—to intentionally make monsters that camp canon and Capitalism to liberate sex work, thus all work, through iconoclastic art's *deliberately* campy 'darkness visible'" ([source](#): "Notes on Power"). It's a legacy we make and share as one!

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and trauma *and* power both live in and around the human body as expressed in the Gothic castle; i.e., as a matter of abjection, chronotopes, cryptonymy and hauntology generally working in concert during praxial synthesis as something to personify through collective solidarity *against* the state.

"Valor pleases you, Crom! So grant me one request; grant me [the whore] revenge!" In the end, the only things that matter are what we leave behind, for that aim: the statuesque pedagogy of the oppressed and its creative successes, the butts (or otherwise, below) of damsels, detectives and demons; i.e., "what we [make or summon] in life echoes in eternity!" A photo *is* really no different than a statue—our own "dead poets" speaking forwards helpfully when viewed backwards by future yet-to-die poets: "What are you waiting for, killer? Seize the booty's monstrous-feminine means of production (and clap my cheeks while you're at it)!" Anyone who thinks that sex can't help *or* hinder rebellion has never tried.



(artist: [Maya Mochii](#))

Where there is trauma, aliens also exist. To it, the Gothic works inside the shadow zone through paradox, using the likes of "Antiquity"—its magics, myths and monsters—to speak to the state's process of alienation as something to subvert and develop away from Capitalism during camp. To *that*, the state is not a universal proposition or monopoly thereof. In defense of workers against the state, I am a medievalist, arthouse nerd and freaky girl ("the kind you *don't* take home to mother!")—i.e., someone who loves words and wordy pulp like that of *Everquest*, Lovecraft and Bungie's *Myth* franchise—and this is what *I* shall be leaving behind: the serial codex of a nerdy intersectional bitch, showing how the delicious language of the past—a diet paradoxically rich and fattening (e.g., "a succulent Chinese meal!") but healthier because of the ingredients involved—as *once* used to liberate workers from tyranny. May it do so *again*, enriching monstrous expression through "ancient, medieval" forms of Radcliffe's refrain, the demonic trifecta; i.e., ambrosia as something forbidden (unreachable) and guarded but also expressed in Numinous stories, ranging from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* to Marlowe's *Faustus*, Radcliffe's *Italian*, and Shelley's *Modern Prometheus* into *Alien* into *Metroidvania* into my books and beyond (again, a *concentric* mirror).

As stated, humans are reflexively idiomatic, and anyone who tries to dictate this by trying to divide monsters from the sex and force *they* represent is doomed to be disappointed by harsh facts; e.g., girls shit, women aren't always "biologically

female" and interracial sex is far more common a sentiment than bigots like to think it is, etc. Whatever forms we encourage, we choose to invoke because of the speculative richness (re: Norton); i.e., to resist Sandy Norton's 1994 "[Imperialism of Theory](#)" extending into what I'll call "the Imperialism of Gothic Poetics and Sex Work." There's tremendous power in sex and force via monstrous-feminine expression; so de-colonize *that* by showcasing that monopolies are impossible—re: by outing bigoted weirdos through their own self-reporting moral outrage at seeing Medusa walking out and about, at the grocery store. Do it, and expose anything that becomes "holy" to the point that it tokenizes; e.g., write "Obama was a war criminal" on your ass cheeks, then get "back-shotted" by a 6'4" trans woman while Gil Scott-Heron's "[The Revolution Will Not Be Televised](#)" (1971) blares in the background. Outta sight!

Of course, this flourish probably seemed overly poetic and confounding for its own sake of skinning a cat multiple ways (to those who might whine as such, I direct you to please lick my hairy taint). Fret not; it serves to illustrate a historical-material fact: inherited confusion and negotiation *with* said confusion ("When in Rome..."). Confusing poetics aren't impotent because workers and the state survive in conflict according to how they normally talk: through monsters, sex and unequal power exchange as poetic, borrowing from the imaginary past as a murky sphere of tremendous influence (and fun). To that, workers must poetically outlast and outwit the *state's* idea of them as "structurally perfect" for purposes of settler-colonial exploitation coming from a combination of the street and the art studio (with bits of academia thrown in, to give things thesis)

This brings us back around to Giger, whose role in things I want close out the



section named after him with; i.e., his ghostly obscene art surviving the man himself:

For one, this is Giger's creature itself as evoking older things, still; re: "Antiquity." The xenomorph is, on some level, absurd—a creature of vast darkness, former interconnectivity and total chaos; i.e., dynamic and alive yet slowly walking around like one of Walpole's portraits or suits of armor might: not static and frozen, but impossibly "alive" and vast, productive, everywhere, a smaller castle inside a bigger castle primed to explode (denoting the home as a dying organism *we're* trapped inside). Haunting the tableau (a remake of Strawberry Hill, with more industrial grime), it's perfectly still yet in motion, coiled like a spring and hunting like a shark out for blood. But it just wants *hugs*, a past alien severed from the present world. To meet it halfway is to collide with the whole out-of-step, out-of-time; i.e., what Blake would call a "marriage of Heaven and Hell" as illustrated by the trippy expanding of the mind

through profoundly dangerous reflections: the acid-Communist consumption of forbidden substances (ambrosia) that juxtapose awesome contrast, which many poets (and their ostensible drug use) have repeatedly reached for and performed in *their* work; re: those mentioned in our previous footnote, but also many more; e.g., Goethe's *Egmont* (1788): "*Himmelhoch jauchzend, zu(m) Tode betrübt*" ([source](#)).

Again, it's a classic Gothic puzzle borrowed from pre-capitalist/medieval thought reimagined in a serialized poetic trend that Giger was adding to with panache; i.e., looking backwards and proceeding forwards through a malleable, writeable Wisdom of the Ancients that takes everything into itself and makes something powerful (and honest) that cannot be dominated by state forces. That's what the creature is/the castles are—spectral, deathly evocations of a world before Capitalism, thus possibly one *after* it; i.e., death-as-radical-change. We can reunite, thus use something so awesome (and forgotten) to help liberate our minds from Capitalism and its barriers towards a post-scarcity world; but, again, it will be a shock—medieval, foreign, alien, abject.

Just as a patient is *like* a corpse under the surgeon's knife, the idea of the home and the *human* share this unsettling distinction. We must occupy it as a particular *kind* of surgeon *and* corpse: a love doctor whose wild surgeries—similar to Giger's drug-fueled, psychosexual art—play passionately in a field where "death," "rape" and echoes of their unironic forms haunt the theatrical landscape.

For the likes of Giger, Shelley or Lewis, then, the wasteland is an "artificial wilderness"; i.e., one replete with a bevy of influential markers: displaced religious artifacts and miracles, classic poetic devices (oxymorons, paradoxes, and metaphors; e.g., gloomth, "sad cum," etc), wild sex (and rape) fantasies and porn clichés (naughty nuns, librarians, nurses) or action tropes (wagon chases, white weddings, duels at dawn), the same tired conventions⁴⁰⁴ and fetishes speaking to anxieties, calls for heroism and desires for assimilation (abusive, sex or action-grade jailor/warrior nuns), axioms ("love is blind"), temptation narratives, sexual tensions and courtly love, Numinous evocations, revolting artifacts, country wisdom, superstition (old wives' tales), sobering funerary transitional realities ("getting one's affairs in order"), etc.

In turn, all are revived in Giger's dystopic (admittedly art-house), Gothic-surrealist "lover boy" and other such revivals coming from what is, at the end of the day, a fairly medieval (and diverse) practice respected by poets, artists, theatre nerds, songwriters, film directors, burlesque dancers, staged wrestlers, videogame developers, and other assorted creatives, out of the past and well *into* the present (and frankly far too many to list). The Gothic, as a mode, is populous and rad!

⁴⁰⁴ Re: "[The Gothic novel] is understandably regarded as thin in more ways than one, as a stagey manipulation of old and hollow stick-figures in which tired conventions from drama and romance are mixed in ways that emphasize their sheer antiquity and conventionality ([source](#): Jerold Hogle's "The Ghost of the Counterfeit in the Genesis of the Gothic," 1994).

Viewed in the present by those unaccustomed, it's bound to upset, overwhelm, shock and disgust. This includes things that, when examined *more* nakedly, seem to have no cause for it, but historically-materially lead to systemic brutal violence; e.g., incels shitting their pants and frothing at the mouth regarding female, queer and or furry autonomy. Such a shuttered existence is cloistered on both ends, then packaged and sold in harmful forms. But these authors don't hold a monopoly over such poetics. Those with "pull," then, can speak to the same theatrics in sex-positive, "homebrew" ways; i.e., divorced from the profit motive and *its* harmful formulas to say something that thinks outside, thus beyond, capital



using Giger's xenomorph to *be* reflexively idiomatic in highly iconoclastic, Gothic-Communist ways.

For one, transformation, insects, buried guilt, queerness and death are core themes of the Gothic and the xenomorph encapsulates all of them; i.e., the

becoming of something new tied to the imaginary past where things like rape, magic and systemic abuse are *openly* commonplace during calculated risk, but for which queer-positive language is always lagging behind in mainstream Western media (e.g., the moth, above: *Silence of the Lambs*, 1991).

Though initially puzzling and out-of-joint, Giger's eternal, hellish and trauma-infused brainchild is prolific precisely because *its* revelation invaded and spread through what, point in fact, was already present and coming back around, like Marx' spectres, to haunt *us* to no end: "Antiquity" as something to tap into and speak of in quintessential Gothic means that articulate messy difficult topics in profound shorthand; i.e., the abject, Numinous, *unheimlich*, terror and horror, etc, as established schools of expression, thought, and theatre that took quite a bit of time, energy and engagement to develop into themselves (from Plato's cave to Radcliffe's *Black Veil* and Baudrillard's hyperreality, etc).

As such, Giger's "Antiquity" is not unlike Medusa's anti-rape narrative, revived in Shelley's *Modern Prometheus*, except it speaks to something that *also* took time to become anti-rape in ways we *currently* take for granted; re: Elizabeth Hadley's 2024 "[More than a Monster: Medusa Misunderstood](#)" speaking to a creature that—while essentially damned at birth—was what future authors like Shelley and Giger used to give the oppressed *another* famous voice (for the whore's revenge) while commenting on deep-rooted patriarchal and eventually Cartesian paradoxes!

Part of this owes itself to death as a concept. Death changes people as something to face, thus enter and embody. Meanwhile, the xenomorph wears the *aesthetic* of death, but actually travels, communicates and reproduces like a virus; i.e., through psychosexual trauma as "built up." As always, the central idea in doing

so remains emotional manipulation of the middle class; the question is, what *does* this manipulation serve? Communism wants to use it to leverage public sentiment in a pro-worker direction that respects nature: for the rights of all (not just token sycophants and false friends) to humanize "Medusa" as a *collective* entity under attack; i.e., human culture and the profound ability to create having learning from the past being a mighty weapon—fire from the gods, per Shelley—to defeat Capitalism *with*. We must, for it is (and has been, for some time now) growing like a tumor in the present to devour everything in its wake, for *all* time. If nothing is done now to stop it, the future for Humanity is well-and-truly dead, and Medusa—beheaded, furious and agape—with have the last laugh during state shift!

Imperiled by the state, Medusa in small—whether a person or a nation—must unite *against* state dictates (with queer people able to bond more easily thanks to the Internet, and by extension all misfits). Regardless of the register or the oddities involved, Medusa is someone or something who *can* bite to cause harm but won't if you befriend them, first (a trust-building exercise for those once bitten, twice shy). They may return the favor, using their body and mind's various means to help keep *you* alive—sex, of course, but also blood, sweat and tears, etc—by maintaining a healthy bond *with* nature; but you *must* stand with them *against* the state (whose ceremonial liberal tears shed to mask a bloodthirst and apathy to make fascists blush). It is *our* **Song of Infinity** to take up, then, because the state and workers (thus nature) are always at odds!

As such, workers help each other as animal, as alien, in whatever form is required (the xenomorph able to adopt any shape). There is *no* shame⁴⁰⁵ in parenting (to mother or father) in ways that have us working as stewards to Nature, and we sing to *our* needs (and hers) from moment to aching moment; i.e., as the struggle goes on, donating to it as much as we can give as negotiated by *all* parties, mid-duress. All go towards a community we find and make for ourselves as exiled people disillusioned from nation-state origin myths (re: Zionism); i.e., by the state-as-walled-off from the natural world through a nuclear family unit that dates back to Ancient Rome. Whereas "Rome" shames anything outside of its own divisions, my partner Bay represents a neat antithesis alongside the xenomorph as a kind of Satanic, hauntological totem animal (next page, exhibit 47a3): stability amid polyamory in ways my past partners did not, while challenging Capitalism as inherently unstable while pushing inexorably towards epidemics, climate change, and ultimately state shift.

Sharing is caring and doing so with Bay—a self-identified *therian* who identifies with natural species (again, next page)—makes *me* feel good; i.e., like *I'm* making a difference regarding someone *I* care very much about. We met through feral sex, communicating like animals and Gothicists to cruise and flash our

⁴⁰⁵ Those who shame the care of others, including caring for those who cannot fend for themselves, have arguably never loved anyone, and certainly have been conditioned to treat the out-group as alien, thus deserving of state punishment (as undead, demonic, and animalistic).

loins and minds, then breed something special (and unique) together as a series of saucy creations: a veritable raising of flags, a bottomless cumdump whose pool we *both* gathered at to drink from *and* contribute to (taking from Giger what was useful and leaving the rest)! Delicious!

The xenomorph, then, is the Numinous/ghost of the counterfeit; i.e., an avatar that speaks, as the Gothic does, to a multicultural and multigenerational force viewed classically through a white lens on the Aegis as "dark"; e.g., the settler-colonial rape of nature by white female colonists who, staring down *their* ancestor's past atrocities, pearl-clutch with extreme prejudice during inheritance anxiety being reminded *to* them: "your empire is built on ceaseless predation." It's very medieval, wholesome and freeing because to look on it is to see the whole of the universe in an instant (re: Blake)—the perfection of a dark god closer to life and death as one, and doing as all demons do: giving us more than we bargained for to, suitably enough, set us free from state edicts (faced with *that*, Victor promptly crapped *his* pants and wanted to go back *inside* Plato's cave; i.e., to betray his own liberation; e.g., like Cipher from *The Matrix*, insisting "ignorance is bliss")!



(exhibit 47a3: Top-middle, [source](#): Wikimedia; bottom-middle, [source](#): Marta Rusek's "7 Dragons We Love to Watch Year-Round," 2016; artist, everything else: [Bay](#). Dogs, like dragons, are defined by their multiple performances and audience interacting back and forth; e.g., the dragon Smaug⁴⁰⁶. A dog is a symbol of fidelity and, combined with the Chinese dragon, of good health and luck [a black dog is a Celtic symbol of death]. Yet, a dog that is beaten and abused will

become unpredictable and violent. "I know what an angry dog will do but never a scared one," Bay tells me.

⁴⁰⁶ When I was writing Volume Zero, Bay joyfully described Smaug to me as a "sassy little bitch." Rusek's hot take prefers a different kind, no doubt informed by a different time and flavor of nostalgia:

No disrespect to Benedict Cumberbatch and his take on Tolkien's dragon, but the original Smaug from the 1977 Rankin/Bass production of *The Hobbit* is a far more frightening villain to behold. CGI Smaug is just too slick and sophisticated, not to mention way too talkative. Animated Smaug is terrifying, thanks to the vocal talents of actor Richard Boone and the dragon's cat-like appearance, complete with pointed ears and long, sharp fangs. He also doesn't beat around the bush or bore his victims to death with long monologues. In the 1977 version, Smaug is an intimidating businessman who, having spent centuries acquiring wealth and real estate, realizes what's at stake when a crafty hobbit comes barging into his lair and moves quickly to eliminate his competitor. Cutthroat business dragon trumps suave manicured dragon every time ([source](#)).

Maybe they're a dog person (so Bay, to be honest)? A stance remains something to identity with and around performances as of "their time" but also something to inject a queer reading/appreciation *into*.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

In turn, this applies to those living with trauma and identifying with nature as being "inside-out," wearing it on their sleeves. This is generally a consequence of trauma, but can become a conscious identity to communicate with others who share our cause. It's also a message of a better world, one felt through bodily autonomy and psychomachic accuracy during ludo-Gothic BDSM as conveyed through one's own body [and labor] as the exhibit; i.e., informed by never-living examples like Giger's biomechanical xenomorph that, nevertheless, spring to life and give us fresh power during our own pedagogies powered by the restless dead..

Fueled as such, Bay isn't my "Great Destroyer" at all, but my luck dragon—pure dog and loving and sweet, but when cornered and threatened by state dickwads, their body and tongue will—suddenly like the xenomorph's spear-like tail and mouth-inside-a-mouth—expertly and instinctually transform into weapons: a Māori golem's beautifully dark kiss of death controlling the situation, and whose function is dual insofar as it wags to its friends and strikes its enemies stone dead. "Brain stab! But not before we hypnotize you! Smooch, smooch, smooch [what my mother used to call 'the kissy mommy monster' as she blew us kids kisses and chased us, squealing with delight, around the house]!"



As you can imagine, this oxymoron is both useful during legitimate self-defense from actual abusers—a prey animal shifting between displays of fight, flight, freeze, flop or fawn—but also a potent and delightful, psychosexual means of play and performance; i.e., between cuties that help the two of us heal

together while interrogating generational trauma [thus relieving stress] as lovers, friends, and companions, using our natural "toys" [or sex toys mirroring them] as serving a dual cryptonymic type: classic BDSM symbols of power and resistance black and white halves seeking to reunite, Skeksis-and-Mystic-style.

As de facto educators, though, we also can decide what to exhibit as a means of good sex education through Gothic poetics, during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., what is safe and what isn't through dialectical-material context, including what we like inserted into us and what objects of insertion we have to work with. The bashful and prudish might see our display as compromising and uncouth, except it isn't insofar as we choose to reclaim the object of a hateful act by seeing it as liberating for us; re: "[Art is love made public](#)" and the xenomorph is basically Whitey's idea of a pissed-off "lawn [space] jockey" come home to roost. But love is also a battlefield littered with Gothic potential that lives within us as shared with the external world: the horny horror story a song of our people to pass on for its Numinous effect!)

Regarding blindfolded love during the cryptonymy process, the xenomorph *is* blindly furious and erotic, but also speaks to an ongoing and confabulating amalgam: of statuesque, repressed bigotries (re: Radcliffe) frankly exposed inside recursive Gothic reinventions hauntologically celebrating *genderqueer* xenomorphic expression; re: the mysterious mother as monstrous-feminine, bound and gagged, yearning to be free, brandishing her obscene, penetrating tail and long phallic tongue as suffused with trauma, but also tough-love infusions of exquisite "torture" and gender trouble's appreciative peril defying total control/obedience from colonizing forces: "Look upon *your* work and despair!" Thus are the wages of sin commodified and policed by the state!

By comparison, the power to hurt but *not* harm is BDSM (demon or otherwise) at its finest; i.e., the respecting of the sub by the dom, but also respecting the dom and sub in oneself and in others. Just as the mind, body and their historical-material markers are *not* discrete from each other or pure imagination, they rely on context to determine their half-real sex positivity or lack thereof in rape/"rape" as something to wrestle with and out of people during popularized dialogs; e.g., heavy metal revivals: prone to reanimate *and* decay!



([source](#): Bandcamp, 2024)

In short, it's the usual Gothic tradition carrying Medusa *into* the future to liberate the oppressed as doubled by unironic state proponents; i.e., illustrating mutual consent through reclaimed devices like the xenomorph that once were (and still are) used to enslave them: "I'm in 'danger' and I *like* it." Call it junk or pulp fiction, because that's basically what it is; but its wicked semantic wreckage also is what people eat and enjoy as not automatically being tied to capital and profit.

Instead, wicked communion with the Dark Mother (and *her* assorted Numinous spaces and personas) becomes an effective, time-tested means of containing and passing vital messages along. In short, we can reclaim our trash, too, and reanimate it to serve our needs when society becomes sick—junk food for the brain, microwaved chicken soup for the soul that *isn't* some franchised corporate logo doubling as a cryptonym for widespread genocide and complete environmental destruction (e.g., McDonalds). *Alien*—like the monster that bears *its* name and lives in its titular, body-of-a-giant castle, is less concerned with quaint, cheap morality and more with exposing tough secrets through freezing as death-like and delicious: the sarcophagus ("eater of flesh") and *its* hot allostatic load, palimpsestuously revived in chase of the Communist Numinous!

As we previously established, some Gothic outings fail to stick the landing. *Alien* does not; greater than the sum of its parts, its diffuse, abject commentary on monsters and motherhood, dreams and lullabies, strikes an excellent-if-nasty balance between the Ancient Romance and the ordinary novel, the real and the imagined, to highlight and isolate the mother as a historical familial-heroic unit complicated *by* generation trauma, mid-rememory; i.e., one that—as flesh (Ripley), circuitry (M.U.T.H.U.R. and her disembodied, sedating voice echoing the female radio workers of older American wars), and predatory combinations of those things (the xenomorph, but also Ripley preying on the Queen's "bastard, illegitimate" children⁴⁰⁷)—travels *through* the public imagination: to the living from the dead and back again. You not only can't *kill* Medusa, but she never shuts up!

Such things speak cybernetically through trauma as undead, demonic, and chimeric/animalistic—all flowing across and through a series of texts all thinking about (monster) mothers; i.e., in ways that offer up/comment on Gothic *poiesis* (and taboo subjects like infanticide) *across* space and time: Freud's 1922 "Medusa's Head," Otto Rank's 1924 *The Trauma of Birth*, Scott's 1979 *Alien*, Nintendo's 1986 *Metroid*, Barbara Creed's 1993 *The Monstrous-Feminine*, my 2021 "[War Vaginas](#)" and ultimately this book series, from 2023 onwards.

For all its violent posturing in heteronormative canon, then, the xenomorph's fabrication and mystery of "found Antiquity" by Giger shares in this same scholarly lineage; i.e., its endless natural-material cycle of death and rebirth, embodying death-as-queer being something to face and puzzle over by others, but also proudly own, worship, and celebrate to reverse abjection by us from Radcliffe's refrain as camped accordingly: as damsels, detectives and sex demons, inspiring *them* to do the same! "I have the *weirdest* boner right now!" speaks to "BDSM as 'other'—but in space" ("some horrible dream about smothering⁴⁰⁸"): inviting rebellion by playing *with* rape in ways that evoke seriously awful things, then—as Shelley did over two centuries ago, and which Giger happily continues—lets *us* choose to make friends *with* the Creature... unless it's the actual fash bad actor aping our own "alien mil spec fetish gear" pastiche ("trust but verify")! Punch Nazis, kids!

⁴⁰⁷ I.e., displaced infanticide, the mother betraying her sacred Western role as validated during settler-colonial projects when performed *against* state enemies.

⁴⁰⁸ Giger's xenomorph and its Gothic surrealism is for De Sade what Mary Shelley was to her husband and Lord Byron; his Lovecraftian homage (the 1975 *Necronomicon* alluding to *that* author) camps Nazis and fascinating fascism—i.e., by swindling the bigotry out of things and replacing them with a "Goya" counterfeit that is oddly freaky *and* loveable. In turn, Scott's *Alien* returns *some* of the stolen Victorian terror antics, but includes bondage (choking from the facehugger), discipline (chain of command, through the ship's officers), sadism (a ton of murder and gore, but also tokophobic rape), and masochism—everything previously discussed, and live burial, to exquisitely "torture" the middle class' inner freak, but really *any* freaks from *all* walks of life (and death)! To be queer is to be what the fascist will try to infiltrate and assimilate as formerly taken from the Third Reich's rotting corpse (e.g., Berlin's gay bars built on top of the ashes of Hirschfeld's Sexology Institute). So embrace chaos and punch up against all traitors (e.g., Zeuhl—more on them, in a bit)!



As something GNC workers inherited, the xenomorph is *our* organism to decolonize *since* the 1970s; i.e., "perfect" *for* us because it's *not* restricted to, or invested in, Freud and his dated, wacky psychosexual models seeing "chaos as female" (on par with Francis Bacon calling for the penetration of Nature's womb a "worthy" goal of science). Because of this, the creature's dereliction of "Antiquity" remains entirely *unafraid* to fuck with the likes of Freud or anyone else; i.e., doing so in order to better speak to the needs of queer people and their allies by *camping* Freud's coke-addled ghost a bit more than Kristeva did (from Volume One);

Creed's characterization of Medusa is *post*-Freudian to some extent. Again, Creed stresses the weapon-like power of the Aegis as a means of paralyzing men, but leaves much room for improvement (re: my thesis quote, exhibit 23a) insofar as Marxist, intersectional solidarity is concerned; i.e., seeking to explore *cis* women beyond their universal portrayal as victims in Western canon ([source](#): "The Basics of Oppositional Praxis").

i.e., to win critical power through Gothic thrills that seem "empty" apart from scaring the fearful-fascinated (and hopelessly straight) middle class, but also give us Gothic-Communist revolutionaries a voice in the bargain: one to sue for peace but also, as we shall see, rebel against the state with. "You can't challenge norms without angering folks," says Beat. "Just gotta make sure the right people are getting angry"; i.e., the oppressed baring their fangs; re: "Thou called'est me a dog before thou had a cause / But since I am a dog, beware my fangs!" Medusa isn't a



little bitch; she'll tear your face off and eat it for breakfast!

Sometimes threats displays are necessary to get your point across, Medusa using them to defend herself as the Gothic's

mysterious mother. In turn, rebellion (and cryptonymy as part of that) are required when society *becomes* sick (which it does when Capitalism *routinely* decays).

Then again, we've already discussed the concept of the *home* as sick per the *unheimlich* (another Freudian staple). Except in medieval thought, the house is also a metaphor of the mind and body as indiscrete—its rooms, halls, doors and windows—but also passed down as such, *mise-en-abyme*. Like a castle "in small," it passes from one person to the next, each story's castle-narrative piloted by a different hero blazing the same-old dualistic trail; i.e., the castle as a traveling "liminal hauntology of war" serving as data storage whose corruption, the ghost of the counterfeit, is something to bond *with*, not reject; re: by hugging Medusa *as* the data, a walking fetish golem speaking in Numinously demonic runes. It's giving *away* state secrets *and* guarding colonized lands *from* colonizers (the gargoyle a classic guardian, similar to the Golem of Prague; i.e., the guardian of a dark church/forgotten city forbidden *to* trespassers... and leaving a trap less disguised as an S.O.S., and more the Indigenous luring the colonizer to their doom across the chronotope's space and time; e.g., from the mining exhibition stumbling upon the old ones/shoggoth to the space truckers seeking out the Space Jockey and the xenomorphic cargo *it* hauled, once-upon-a-time; re: fire of the gods)!

In doing so, its ensuing and yawning entropy represents the hero's mind and body while inside-outside the monster (the invasion of the *Nostromo* by the xenomorph turning the ship *into* the *Derelict* from earlier in the movie); i.e., the damsels and detectives confronting repressed external elements as, themselves, "ancient" and derelict demons: a *disease* also contracted through accident of birth, insofar as the thing that appears human (the resident and residence), but conveys occupation by something that isn't what it should be and seems to say it; e.g., Howard the Duck slowly sitting up and saying to *his* petrified comrades, "I am not Howard anymore!"



In Gothic stories, this madness isn't so much a purely psychological condition, but more a theatrical, dialectical-material one that accommodates a variety of sides to the human condition as ever unfolding across and into itself again; i.e., during the xenomorph's biomechanical liminality as turning into a ghost version of itself across new encounters: the ghost castle, ghost ship, and ghost people. Their combination conveys itself in popular socio-material forms leaning into the sex demon's reflexive exchange of said spirits; e.g., clothes, music, and various other dramatic devices (often romances but also comedies; re: *Howard the Duck*, 1986) that appear as regular social-sexual events; i.e., demons, the undead and animals as housed, for which a composite monster like the xenomorph makes up all three; re: the labyrinth, from Radcliffe onwards, as a classic cryptonymic

storage site for such abominable otherings that speak worryingly to us about ourselves stamped with old repressed traumas that haunt the land—a process of endless *re*-exploration that never ends!

Per ergodic motion/castle-narrative as exemplified by novels, movies and videogames conducting the same basic safari—re: *At the Mountains of Madness*, *Alien*, and *Metrodvania*—the idea isn't to escape the labyrinth at all, but to find radically transformative truths hidden inside the home as occupied by strange defenders; i.e., the xenomorph as concentric, sedimentary and parthenogenic per larger dialectical-material arguments about consent (with sex [and *its* universal alienation/fetishization] being a driving force—to liberate or enslave, mid-fetish). In written cultures, arguments are defined by what they leave behind as an extension of spoken words and lived realities. This happens like the human brain does, jumping around in segments using waypoints that *avoid* unicursal paths.

Like a mind in small, then, such places (and their doubles) relay complicated information, insofar as conflict is always part of the equation. They evoke the synapses firing in a masterful, inspired mind, yet is not paradoxically something for which we are always in control/without brain damage; i.e., chasing down private horrors, whose "secret sins" Walpole's *Mysterious Mother* described as "[an] untold tale, that art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse." But it *can* lead to fresh, astounding conclusions per cycle; i.e., whose powerful feelings joust back and forth⁴⁰⁹ in acts of rememory concerning what is forgotten but can return as alien.

To it, each time is different, or can be, depending entirely on the visionaries involved and *their* states of mind when the thing is breathed once more into existence: Giger's creature looks different each and every time, as do the damsels and detectives finding its "ancient" derelict and trembling before the horse's mouth (a nightmare): "I saw a furry and swooned because I'm white and basic!"



(artist: Henry Fuseli)

Through conflict on the surface and within thresholds, the hero—be they damsels or walking suits of armor threatening to ravish them⁴¹⁰ during

⁴⁰⁹ Re: Radcliffe's productive observation, "the first expands the soul, and awakens the faculties to a high degree of life; the other contracts, freezes and nearly annihilates them" ([source](#)). She preferred terror and *its* exquisite "tortures," to be sure, but her gay adversary Lewis showed us that horror and freezing are equally potent (a concept we explored extensively ourselves in "[Paralyzing Zombie Tyrants](#)"). Why not both?

⁴¹⁰ The real hero of *Paradise Lost* is Satan; the real hero of *Frankenstein*, *Faustus* and *Alien*, etc, is the state-assigned monster resisting state control through chaotic replication: through threats of rape that wake works up to attack their policers dead.

medieval evocations of courtly love—embodies the potential to serve the will of workers or the state. They aren't something to get attached to, but change (shapeshift, like a demon) as required during class, culture and race war!

In short, we have to learn to evolve like the xenomorph does, which means admiring the very things that Ripley—a middle-class white woman with a relatively cushy job (within a neoliberal hauntology warning against what she would do to *protect* said job)—chose to abject and immediately attack; i.e., as an unironic TERF symbol acting as "a [state] survivor unclouded by conscience, remorse and delusions of morality" while attacking us "degenerates" as the *dehumanized* targets for *her* ancient warrior's detective doggedness and wrath: the Karen who burned down her house—the labor camp built on the bones of dead lands—because she saw a demon, threw her lantern at it, and then tried to save her (admittedly awesome) cat (decisions, decisions...). Gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss (the company



treating *her* like the madwoman in the attic, because she blew up *their* ship and said "the Devil made me do it")!

To survive weird canonical nerds, we must learn from the same past according to the transfer of these historical-material

markers; i.e., as carried forward into future duplicates aping the past *imperfectly* to capture its praxial realities. As Scott shows us, this echopraxis' *cryptomimesis* *needn't* be exact; indeed, it can critique itself—i.e., through self-sacrifice of a perceived invincible or righteous character (re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Choosing the Slain, or Victimizing the Invincible Heroine, in *Alien: Covenant*](#)"). We can use this to *our* advantage *provided* we know what to look for and what to change to say something about *our* world in our own defense (as monsters like the xenomorph). Heroines are people, but they're also icons, thus manifest the potential for *unironic* calls to violence in canonical Gothic stories and interpretations; re: during witch hunts.

Seeing David get the better of the white women in *that* story—while making a zombie-demon dog who *won't* heel—isn't "all bad"; i.e., insofar as it represents some admittedly complicated developments regarding poetic worker liberations that challenge Capitalist Realism through Gothic Romance; re: from the Superstructure to the Base and vice versa, art informs, shapes and imitates life and death less as separate and more as fetishized and alien when reunited with as the Gothic does: "Gee, look what 'I' found—dibs!" (the disaster at Hadley's Hope also starting with a colony family finding a Promethean space and trying to loot it for a finder's fee, but

also being sent out there on company orders through a chain of command going all the way back to Earth; i.e., which Cameron scapegoats a Wall Street yuppie with instead of Capitalism).

Our poetic transplants and their Black Veils must bear a similar influence through what *we* leave behind, albeit like Giger did; i.e., as having a postcolonial (and posthuman) potential that pushes towards post-*scarcity* in pre-capitalist "ancient" Romances. As a community we might not connect the dots *this* time, but those in the future might if given the same opportunity and lineage; i.e., as



something to prepare for over centuries, from Walpole, to Lewis, to Scott, to me, to the next in line and the next...

We'll get to David and Daniels, in part two. In part one, we'll keep examining damsels and detectives of the Radcliffean sort (as closer in spirit to her "explained supernatural" trope), then

segue back into those potentially magical demons they frequently have in their sights beyond Radcliffe's stories (either looking at them with a magnifying glass to scrutinize and "catch," or a rifle to fire bullets from *into* the monster). Weird attracts weird, and not all rebels or auteurs are polite or entirely sane, let it be said (I'm one for two there, I like to think). But it's precisely the strange temples⁴¹¹ they build to old forgotten gods, one whose giant bodies we currently turn to and wander around inside; i.e., following the ruinous, shadowy echo (and *its* funerary narrative of the crypt's wicked and delightful curse of dark heavy knowledge) to our own tremendous conclusions. All are writ among the same stars.

"Like Communism," I write, "a Gothic castle is always incomplete, in continuum, but seems to suggest its full potential as a powerful, unmappable suggestion each and every visit" (re: "[A Song Written in Decay](#)"). Yet, this is hardly cause for concern; i.e., as Walpole or Giger's puzzles of "Antiquity" show us, that which is not dead (Communism) lives on—inside us but also eventually what exits and survives us *after* we die: beautiful graveyards to dance nightmarishly inside,



their surreal, horny occupants waiting as if to ask, "Won't you join us? The night is still young!"

([source](#): Aja Romano's "[Alien Creator and Surrealist Painter H.R. Giger Dies](#)," 2014)

⁴¹¹ A Capitalist would build one to self-aggrandize; a Gothic Communist would do it to achieve post-scarcity by breaking Capitalist Realism.

"Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons," part one: Non-Magical Damsels and Detectives (feat. *Out of Sight*, Nina Hartley, Velma, and Zeuhl)

"...Schedoni would be the last among us so to trespass. He is one of the most pious of the brotherhood; few indeed have courage to imitate his severe example. His voluntary sufferings are sufficient for a saint. He pass the night abroad? Go, Signor, yonder is the church, you will find him there, perhaps."

Vivaldi did not linger to reply. "The hypocrite!" said he to himself as he crossed to the church, which formed one side of the quadrangle; "but I will unmask him."

—a lay-brother and Vivaldi, *The Italian* (1797)



Whereas part zero looked at damsels, detectives and sex demons per Giger's biomechanical xenomorph, and part two looks at magical demons in isolation while dissecting Radcliffe herself, part one shall inspect damsels and detectives, and features a wide eclectic mix of non-magical kinds; i.e., ranging from white cis-het female detectives and sex workers, to trans detectives investigating trans-on-trans deception and violence; e.g., J-Lo from *Out of Sight* and Nina Hartley the vintage pornstar for the first two (as detective and damsel, respectively), and Velma, but also doubles of good/evil Velma with me and my ex, Zeuhl, for the second!

I'll explain/signpost as we go. First, though, a little thesis work: As something to play detective *with*, the Gothic concerns unequal, at-times-painful power fantasies through investigation of the imaginary barbaric "past"; i.e., from past cross-sections of former "rape" victims, whose derelicts include golems, like Giger's xenomorph, as castles in small. Except, whereas state proponents fashion these abject symbols to reduce and control them in times of crisis (re: privileged, middle-class people spend to feel in control when the state manufactures crisis), we marginalized sex workers can apply the same principles of play and Gothic BDSM to speak *to* state abuse harming damsels and detectives *being* demonized: to gain a voice/foothold through the very things *they're* abjecting! If they act on these simulacra, they self-report and we're spared any actual harm (reduction *and* prevention).

That being *said*, there's *still* the power fantasy as traditionally arranged, viewed and consumed; i.e., men want power to kill monsters with impunity and women want power to *investigate* them with impunity (and dogwhistle to their owners for treats). The two ideas aren't mutually exclusive, except for Radcliffe they absolutely were; i.e., magic, killing and violence are what men and/or pirates do, not *women*, which suitably altered women of Radcliffe's standing and persuasion to imagine demons (and their forced alien entries into the damsel and

similar victims) at all: victims to *blame* once transformed into dark versions of rape survival (dark gifts/forbidden knowledge); i.e., gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss, blame the whore as someone for *her* to pimp.

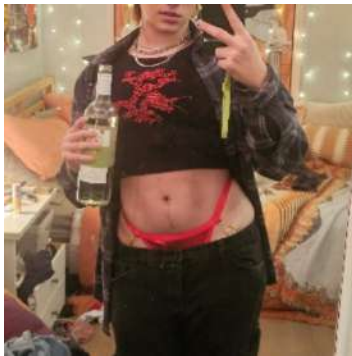
Note: This writing is relatively shorter/a bit of a rehash, given it's older than "Giger's Xenomorph" and the Demon Module up to this point. But part one and part two do examine and apply damsels and detectives, then demons, in ways that we specifically try to reclaim. While part zero talked about these things together through Giger's demon, parts one and two consider them on their own. —Perse

As Volume Zero shows, I am *not* kind towards true crime and murder mysteries; yes, I *can* enjoy the basic suspense they *offer* but utterly *detest* the praxial inertia they contribute *towards*—a praxial inertia that stems from Radcliffe having started it all ("heavy lies the crown," sweetie); re (from Volume Zero):

the "twist," in "true crime" is a forced reality that generally confirms the systemic scapegoat after a revelation by the nosy neighbor ("I knew it!"); i.e., the *Scooby Doo* villain as borrowed from the centuries-older xenophobia and state apologetics of female Neo-Gothic fiction authors like Ann Radcliffe having carved it out in equally cartoonish forms. Radcliffe lived under the power of men, to be sure, and wasn't in a position of power like Lewis (a man) was, but the degree to which she used her immense (albeit relative) privilege as a white woman-of-letters is dubious, at best; i.e., not to help the oppressed by writing anything other than what she did, but actively choosing to use her unironically xenophobic (and frankly vanilla) rape fantasies to write *moderately* bigoted novels. Like Tolkien, Radcliffe's Gothic moderacy is precisely what makes her stories dangerous to sex-positive workers, because behind their veneer of moderacy lies the same function executed by more aggressive, reactionary forms: to *stoke* class, race and gender suspicions; i.e., moral panic. For Radcliffe, this meant aristocratic, often elderly white folk, but also racist, jingoistic caricatures and poor, non-white people being unmasked by chaste white women (the nun-like, ostensibly ace/queer-coded private eye; e.g., Velma).

Radcliffe, then, was complicit in a larger scheme her fans would breed into and police on and on down the years. As Top Dollar once said, "the idea has become the institution"; in return, Radcliffe's fiction has become something to unironically defend from "degenerate" outsiders, turning her books, oddly enough, into besieged fortresses that uphold the material conditions of a particular mythic structure. Her relative stupidity becomes something to not only sweep under the rug but embody through half-hearted or worse, *bad-faith* arguments ([source](#): "Pieces of the Camp Map").

All of this detective's bias is worth considering because it *becomes* a veil behind which our attackers hide *themselves* and attack *us* from; i.e., by playing at *detectives* (cops) while calling us *sex demons* (which will become relevant in a moment, when we look at Zeuhl accusing me of their abuse). To it, the "delicate" likes of Radcliffe tended to read outrageous stories like Walpole's *Mysterious Mother*⁴¹² (a double-incest yarn written in 1768 and published posthumously in 1791) or Lewis' *The Monk* (1794) before filtering everything through her rose-tinted glasses: a "confessional" per her *Confessional of the Black Penitents*. We'll want to consider this canonical filtering process, to be sure, except *our* focus really isn't true crime or murder mystery genres, but how various *elements* of those (mainly crime and murder tied to rape, BDSM and sex work) appear in popularized forms of Gothic poetics at large. This includes porn as similarly "filtered." Deceivers, including *self*-deceivers, are classically exposed through the lies they weave and pitch to others and themselves as reclaimed *against* them; i.e., by those whose identities actualize by the end of the story and, just as well, hybridize the damsel, detective and sex demon/whore (a kind of *sex bandit* with queer flavors, below):



(artist: [Nico Okapi](#))

We've already examined *Alien* and the xenomorph (and virtually every magical sex demon under the sun). To expose the likes of Radcliffe in the present space and time (so, not explicitly retro-futures⁴¹³) as moderately deceitful (and opportunistic), we'll examine various not-magical damsels and detectives (cis, but also trans, above) in part one, and the things they doggedly investigate—sex demons, naturally—in part two, as already state; i.e., as a purposefully campy subversion (and effective) means of our own liberation from their widespread falsehoods. Gird your loins!

We'll go back through the list. The first third of the demonic trifecta are *damsels*. Though we're specifically looking at porn as liminal expression, here, the damsel isn't always overtly pornographic or monstrous (outside of intense subversions, next page); they're merely the *promise* of sex, supplied in relation to sex work as figuratively demonized by canon, thus linked to *persecution* as a veil for exploitation: getting the girl. Let's take that premise to its logical conclusion by skipping the Gothic foreplay and just going straight to the unspoken reward at the end of the story!

⁴¹² Going so far as to cite Walpole's incestuous tragedy in Chapter Four's epigram: "Unfold th' impenetrable mystery, / That sets your soul and you at endless discord."

⁴¹³ E.g., the chronotope, but also cyberpunk (with low-tech vs high-tech existing in the same basic universe commenting on real-life settler colonial and worker/owner disparities).

As someone to investigate their own world, a woman is always a virgin and a whore. To this, the "summoning" of female/feminized sex workers becomes a tradition of disempowerment towards *subjugated* demons by male consumers presaged by middle-class maidens with mirror syndrome; i.e., naughty "damsels" on-and-off the Aegis offering forbidden knowledge to the cis-het, white men (the status quo) who indignantly conquer them through sexualized violence propagated vicariously by token Radcliffean Gothic heroines.

Furthermore, even if that violence is *displaced*, it's presented "merely" as commerce, or "business as usual"; i.e., by advertising quite loudly *who* is being exploited and *how* (with Radcliffe playing DARVO by also centering her rape claims [and desire] around her own kind as entitled and suspicious: white straight landowners fearful of the outside/alien during the dialectic of shelter). Hence, examining porn can be especially illuminating but also exploitative in its pro-worker or pro-state arguments.

In either case, it promptly gets down to business, but highlights the foreshadowed outcomes to any Gothic tale's "happy ending" (we'll examine this



voyeurism and exhibition's inception, here, then how we can subvert it in Volume Three, Chapter Three and Five; i.e., the canonical voyeurism of peril as something to subvert yourselves while going about your business amongst students who are eager to watch and learn—exhibit 101c2).

(*exhibit 47b1a: Nina Hartley⁴¹⁴ and Victoria Paris—conventionally beautiful and objectified, but capable businesswomen navigating a man's world/adult entertainment. They are loved so long as they play dumb, familiarizing customers and critics with fabricated ideas about what constitutes a woman in familiar/foreign terms; the voyeuristic gaze of the usual torture victim as an idealized, damsel-esque but also demonized sacrifice: the succubus as virgin/whore.*)

Echoes of the Medusa, a sense of ancient dereliction exists within '80s porn, which has a polished-yet-trashy feel to *its* whores. Like a B-movie with a budget, its liminal sense of time is ageless and dated through its peerless starlets; they never seem to age, but grow increasingly dated in subtle, hauntological ways: the retro-

⁴¹⁴ Hartley is a registered nurse and her father was blacklisted for *his* Communist beliefs. Regarding her understanding of feminism, she has said:

Based on my experience as a woman and a sexual being, and my understanding that I had the right to decide for myself what to do with my life – that's what I understood to be feminist, to give everybody choices – I didn't choose to be a mother but I chose this [porn] because it suits me ([source](#): Wikipedia)

future of a frozen porno world that has become the nostalgic past sold back to us in an idealized, imperfect form people from the future chase backwards for different reasons. The *harmful* decay lies in the appropriation itself; i.e., these women were generally framed as physically "perfect," but also forced into wacky and physically degrading roles that required less an absence of good acting and more an intentionally bad or campy style tailored to please (white straight men/tokens) as the universal client (acting dumb). Combined with the hauntological sets and costumes that join the '80s aesthetic as a package deal, a general air of unreality flows from these works; i.e., like staring into a movie poster of something that never-quite-was but nevertheless *was* inside everyone's VCR not too long ago!

Nina was part of that, sharing *her* screen space with other conventional beauties like Victoria Paris, Tori Welles and Peter (don't touch his hair) North (exhibit 47b1a). Each showed how the human body can be utterly transformed with a little pizzazz, but also how so much of what they made was prolific ephemera tied to a recognizable face and on-brand (statuesque) body and stage name. They became "hyperreal," the perfect simulation of what never existed outside the replica; i.e., the shadow simulacrum both a damsel/demon as something *to* investigate performatively through their own work in a largely exploitative industry that—with a little awareness and labor action—can become *friendly* to sex workers (thus all workers):



(exhibit 47b1a: "Heaven in a wildflower"; i.e., several older porn collage exhibits from my book series, made into a composite collage alongside a new collage portion featuring Nina Hartley [bottom-left]. There's so much porn in the world already that thumbnails are a classic and easy way to compile and observe them, *en masse* [though not always with obvious sources because porn is ephemeral; i.e., it "loses" its value [in capitalist eyes] right after it's made,

thus falls victim to instant exploitation and theft, little pimps and thieves fighting over the pimp pimp's scraps of whore flesh].

Furthermore, being the world's oldest profession, prostitution and porn are very ancient and animal activities that capital alienates from us/fetishizes for profit. So while industry porn is a terrible source of information to learn about sex [as Nina shall explain, next page], if it's the only gig in town and people are starved for sex and have money in their pockets to spend on things that capital steals from them

[money is, itself, a form of theft]—then, where the hell else are they gonna learn about sex? Public schools, while those are under attack by Nazis? I think not!



[artists: Nina Hartley and Robby Echo; source: "Mom Stole My Boyfriend," 2019]

Realism isn't the point, but speaks to reality through artifice; e.g., Shakespeare or Jane Austen aren't very realistic in their theatre/spoken dialogs, but still touch on plenty of dialectical-material forces at work; i.e., so does porn of even the trashiest or cheapest variety to the most expensive corporate-made! From Gothic novels [which concern almost entirely with sex through damsels, detectives and demons] to '80s corporate sex tapes, we want to build on what these currently are to shift things in a better direction. Even if that's just us cumming to let off steam with some allegory thrown in, better than blue balls/clit and nothing to show for it! Workers aren't just single-purpose, then, but can multi-task//do activism as a matter of "brothel espionage" and de facto education while also making a living and consuming porn [more on this idea during "In Measured Praise of the Great Enchantress"].

In my opinion—as a queer sex worker and pornographic historian/Gothicist—porn is actually a good place for sex-positive education, provided we can recognize its entertainment potential and current state of abuse, then critically analyze it; e.g., Nina and this young man [above] fuck the way they both want until she drains him of his cum: "Yeah, you gonna cum?" she croons, to which he makes stupid happy puppy sounds! That is exciting a) because of the miracle of the human body and its biology at work, and b) because the ability to exchange forbidden power and knowledge—however unequal [the mom/stepson incest theatre trope] and dark it comes across [the sub/dom expressed in pet/owner play delighting in the appearance of enslavement and bestiality at a glance, but in truth having nothing to do with such things]—can afford mutual consent as something to instruct; i.e., if not under the right initial conditions then certainly the right hermeneutic and dialectic recreating such media, ourselves [the cottage porn industry of OnlyFans and similar companies opening up a Pandora's Box, of sorts]: the Gothic camp of porn history being encamped [so to speak] in an ongoing live performance's exhibitionism and voyeurism!

And while its obviously a paid act [the whore being a paid actress alongside the "damsel," above], there's room to enjoy the performance as having a historical-material critique to it; i.e., older women do have sex with younger men, and fantasies about that likewise exist; re: which the porn industry capitalizes on, pimping the virgin/whore trying to survive under the state wage enslavement: to alienate, starve, fetishize, pimp and profit off our labor! The place to fight such barbarity sits in the same complicated venues of expression; i.e., the damsel trope

reclaimed by working girls [and all whores] who make porn more educational but still fun [the two ideas are not mutually exclusive].)

There's plenty to learn from these seemingly "empty" stories. Indeed, behind the veneer of shallow beauty and implied force are intelligent, paid (classically white middle-class) actresses who not only knew the ins and outs of the industry but had to survive *within* it; i.e., often out of necessity due to classic (sexist and misogynistic) divisions of labor compelled by patriarchal structures since Athens and Rome; e.g., while Paris sadly died from cancer in 2021 at 60—may she rest in power—in life she had a BA in nutrition, did mudwrestling, and got into porn by first posing for nudes, then diving in when she found it easier to get sex work than other forms of photography (an ongoing symptom of Capitalism). By comparison, Nina Hartley is still involved in porn and selling *her* body as an informed extension of herself that we can investigate and learn from, xenophillically! SWAG! *Some Whores Are Good!*

As is common in showbiz, both women have catchy stage names, with Nina's birth name being Marie Louise Hartma and Paris' being Sheila Young. They often play "dumb blondes," a reflection of the industry stereotypes that continue to intersectionally present AFAB people as stupid; e.g., cis-het women with "perfect" bodies sold to an ideal audience: the sexist straight men who unironically endorse this as a canonical worldview being something to defend and learn from to everyone's detriment. While it's entirely *possible* to enjoy canonical vintage porn, endorsing it as realistic or educational towards "actual dating" is like a vampire needing blood from a "virgin's" neck: the cheap, quick, disposable essence of something broken down for them to spend their hard-earned wages on, the beautiful girl from The Tubes' "[She's a Beauty](#)" (1983). That being said, there's awesome educative potential in public nudism, all same; i.e., the lesson extending from an Aegis that goes far beyond the exhibit itself:



[artists: Nina Hartley and Robby Echo; source: "Mom Stole My Boyfriend," 2019]

However pornographic Nina's damsels/demons are, then, they nevertheless concern a larger extratextual search *for* sex (connection, protection, service and love, etc); i.e., as something to pimp/sell that dates back to Radcliffe's own safe-unsafe sex and, more to the point, her curious and horny heroines, who—while not pornographically portrayed in any overt sense—still consider a woman's place (specifically a *white straight unmarried* woman's place) in a man's world; i.e., as someone to perform and move through/navigate those dangerous liminal spaces; re: like Hartley and Paris themselves once did: a damsel is "naked" in the eyes of those pursuing her to

ravish first from a distance, and then to presumably undress and poke said plumpness (an act that Radcliffe conflates with straight-up murder).

Comparisons between artifice and reality are not new. Nor is their conflation, which again, goes back to Radcliffe. As Hartley herself says regarding the use of "bareback" (unprotected) sex during shoots and the flack *she* gets from it,

People get hysterical about sex. They want pornography to do the job that they themselves are not doing, which is educating our young people how to be safer. Unless a pornography movie is advertised as educational [...] it is not educational. And the fact that people are reduced to looking at an entertainment medium to find out about sex is sad. It would be less sad if it wasn't so tragic. Watching pornography to find out about how sex works is like watching a James Bond movie to find out how spies do their job ([source](#): "Legendary Porn Star Defends Bareback Sex And Shaved Vulvas," 2010).

According to Nina, we shouldn't endorse or learn from porn any more than we would watch James Bond to learn how to become a spy (or read Ann Radcliffe to find a husband, Wolff argues). I agree. However, we can still learn a tremendous amount about the material world—as well as gradients of abused/abusive damsels, detectives and demons within these gradients—by dialectically-materially studying canonical praxis (which honestly Nina offset with *her* outspoken feminism, but still walked the tightrope to make a living: as an '80s actress working for a show business that remains historically *unkind* to women); i.e., what *not* to do. This points to the curious usage by consumers of porn and its starlets as *de facto* dating manuals, treating love like a harlequin romance (or Gothic novel); i.e., an imaginary past that is miraculously "rediscovered" in the present like a Gothic "castle" would be: by a given author's framed narrative, but also the author's proxy—the Gothic heroine—as simultaneously a damsel *and* detective exploring the reinvented past, from Radcliffe onwards: for her, murder and rape were the same, the aforementioned heroine investigating property disputes that expressed women still in *that* frame of mind, guarding their exposed modesty with fire!

This brings us to our second "tine" of the trifecta, *detectives*. However, this is a rather broad category. We'll start with the magically "inert" tale of *Out of Sight* (1998) as a modern-day "Gothic" yarn, then consider a progressively supernatural variation of the detective story told through Gothic throwbacks: Velma Dinkley as a nod to Radcliffe's explained supernatural, but also the author herself as belonging to a dialogic imagination with a limited vocabulary—i.e., its purpose to detect forbidden sights being denied by canonical illusions that fortunately can be expressed through a gradient of ordinary-*to*-supernatural iconoclastic expression that subverts the demonic trifecta!

From there and into part two, we'll consider the dialectic of shelter/the alien through various degrees of privilege that allowed male authors from Matthew Lewis

to Ridley Scott step in as *they* wished; i.e., by using an ability *to* transgress in ways historically *denied* to women seeking female revenge: in thoroughly transgressive ways that shoved polite discourse entirely aside in openly demon/psychosexual language. As Lewis shows, this might have ruffled the feathers of female authors like Radcliffe and *her* myriad imitators—thus likewise offending proponents of second-wave, cis-het white feminism well into the 20th and 21st centuries—but nevertheless it opened the door for queer people to develop *their* own voices and repressed opinions onto the xenomorph (and similar "Satanic" demons of an earthly bent, below): as a shared symbol of status in conflict during oppositional praxis; i.e., xenophilia vs xenophobia likewise having more quotidian origins; re: the home invasion and sexual bandit(!).

In the Gothic tradition of combating ignorance, the female and queer detectives each play a giant role in educating through prurient left-behinds: voyeuristic peril as a paradoxical comfort food for rape as a kind of coercive legend. We'll start with the female detective then move onto queer transgression through male privilege, in part two; i.e., as something that "locks horns" with conventional womanhood/female peril in increasingly supernatural yarns: queerness surviving through hauntological campy *matelotage* and open-if-silly magical language historically-materially denied to women, but also discouraged *by* women; e.g., the gay sailors of seafaring narratives and monstrous-feminine superstitions that Scott would popularize in his own Gothic poetic rehash of Milton, Shelley and Lewis; re: deftly shining a light on modern exploitations in the presence of "ancient evils" to embellish upon (akin to Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa," exhibit 23b, foreshadowing a growing menace in a pre-fascist period laden with monstrous critiques siding in favor of exploited [to be fair] *male* laborers at sea, exhibit 48d2).

First, *female* detectives. As Wolff points out, Female Gothic models tend to be amatonormative, wedded to the literal institution of sex and childhood as a reward challenged by rapacious and mutilative demonic forces. As a Gothic trope, the "demon lover" dates back to Radcliffe and her own dubious contributions to the Gothic school, but is generally recognized in more recent iterations that *revive* said past; e.g., Velma from *Scooby Doo* and her own 1960s Flower Child variant of the Radcliffian "explained supernatural" (which normally dealt with banal material disputes dressed up; i.e., as seemingly "haunted" by would-be robbers and impostors) but also Jennifer Lopez opposite George Clooney in *Out of Sight*: "Take me *now*, George!"



If that seems weird and girls seem "freaky" it's because capital's raping of nature and them as part of it (on either side of the fence) gives them strange appetites;

i.e., that the elite can pimp (antagonize, put to work) but that workers can interrogate inside their *own* meta/Gothic consumption and performance!

As a female detective dealing with her own "demons" in a very figurative sense, Lopez' adventure—despite a lack of overt magic—isn't as divorced from the larger Gothic conversation and *its* warring-if-conventional concerns regarding chattelization/demonization as you might think. Indeed, this conversation charts and outlines the course of (white, non-intersectional) feminism gentrifying and decaying under Capitalism across 200+ years.

To *that*, Cynthia Wolff writes on Radcliffe's process in "The Radcliffean Gothic Model"; re:

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 [according to you, Wolff]. 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](#)).

In other words, the revival is discursive, happening within romantic conventions whose heteronormative canon offers a queer potential if taken to certain xenophilic

context/extremes (which we'll examine with Ridley Scott as queerly transgressive when camped by us).

Barring that, the *canonical* point of *Out of Sight*, then, isn't if it's *healthy* or not, but if it *sizzles* in a heteronormative sense: smart, sexy monsters, criminals, television doctors and coppers (etc) doing smart, sexy (and soap opera) things when lots of violent shit has been happening but especially the voyeurism of rape (the Western conflation of violence and sex, or violence instead of *harmless sex*, *vis-à-vis* Radcliffe⁴¹⁵). As such, Clooney and Lopez present as "ordinary" people, *minus* the supernatural veneer of a Gothic parallel space. Yet the concept is no different than porn and/or Gothic media at large; i.e., conventionally attractive people doing cliché activities tied to hyperbolic representations of fetishized power exchange hinting at ritualized BDSM torture: drama, crime, and idealized beauty in sensational, over-the-top forms. The woman is challenged by the threat of rape as typical, but also ambiguous *and* romantic during calculated risk:



(exhibit 47b2: Artist: [Calm](#). Rape pastiche is liminal, like porn, but not strictly negative. For one, it's cathartic regarding systemic issues, thus incredibly popular for being able to explore said issues. Rape is everywhere in the Gothic [and often campy "disco in disguise" to boot; it's a party!]. Furthermore, no one really says, "I hate the Goth look!" Why? Because it's powerful and stylish; but it is tangential to fascism as something to enjoy and/or endorse, meaning we have to consciously reclaim it from Hugo

Boss in ways that go beyond Sontag's quaint, second wave fascination; re: "the fantasy is death" regarding an unironic master/slave scenario.

In chasing and astronoetically pimping the Numinous, Scott's movie presents the xenomorph in a very similar way to the golem from *Ninja Scroll*: a damsel in peril, a [functionally] white knight who tries in futility to save her from certain doom, and the black knight bushwhacking the hero; i.e., in *Alien*'s case, it literally slaps Parker with its dick [next page] as if to say to the other man, "Mine's bigger!" before

⁴¹⁵ Who I'm seriously starting to think was ace (what do you think, Sam Hirst?). Except, whereas ace dialogs have the potential to interrogate sexual trauma through public nudism, Radcliffe was allergic to nudity and sex work, but not—as Dennis from *Always Sunny* would put it—"the implications." Her stories are absolutely *full* of rape anxiety (and generally concerns the rape of women by men, not female or monstrous-feminine antagonists like Dacre's Victoria de Loredani; i.e., a dark Amazon having revenge against Radcliffe's relatively timid and annoying wallflowers).

braining him. A cosmic, equal-opportunity rapist, the alien makes Ripley watch his own death, the assimilated worker not recognizing what he looks into before it does him in: fucking his literal brains out!



Finished with the token knight, the demon turns to the damsel; i.e., having made her watch everything only to repeat the process with a twist: it

sodomizes her with its knife dick to make Ripley [the Amazon] listen, therefore us [and Ripley being unable to save them in time because she's carrying the cat⁴¹⁶]. The movie is dead serious in its Numinous evocations, it's seven-foot-tall black man



in a biomechanical gimp suit raping everyone save—and this is important—for the Final Girl as the most modest and devout [re: "If we break quarantine, we could all die!"]. But the psychomachic terror attack works from a counterterror perspective—much like the Haitian slave revolt against the French, from 1791 to 1804—because it gets Whitey to scuttle the mining vessel and get the fuck off the creature's planet! White girls, they'll getcha every time!

To that, and as something to perform to the audience of a given period and place, rape carries with it a deep, dualistic and liminal sense of anisotropic guilt and shame for those who experience it on different registers; i.e., as kind of dark secret that is simultaneously appropriated/sublimated to the gills in Western canon [re: Radcliffe, but also Scott].

⁴¹⁶ Ripley *also* fails to because the crew is stranded and not all of them *can* survive; i.e., allusions to *Moby Dick* and drawing straws to see who eats who when the food runs out. The *Nostromo* is literally a renamed slaver vessel whose partial survival of the crew—according to the movie's bigoted displacement rhetoric—paradoxically depends *on* them splitting up because the creature seemingly can't be killed (according to the Nazi-Commie scientist, itself leaning into old ethnocentric ideas eugenically fetishizing the elder slave machine [re: *robota*] as the perfect organism to *exploit*, but also set free as a spectre of Shelley and Marx); re: like the *Ninja Scroll* golem, but also combined with the Medusa in ways that movie separates!

Yet, within these broader liminalities, there can exist a paradoxical desire to be watched and shown off through the [often campy/vampy] thrill of being up to no good/out on one's feet; i.e., stepping outside one's comfort zone relative to restrictive canonical norms, but also wanting to talk about things in a, at times, figurative tone that will be policed: "Listen to Lambert from Alien get raped" versus "Watch me get 'raped'" or "covet thy neighbor's wife" or "the weird monkey suit sex scene from La Bête" [next page, 1975] and so on [the eliding of physical violence with chattelizing sex, under Capitalism]. All of these can bother/trigger rape victims who aren't prepared to face that kind of exposition themselves ["our shields can't repel firepower of that magnitude], but the discussion of rape through consent-non-consent remains incredibly important, nonetheless; i.e., as a ludo-Gothic [demon] BDSM mode of discourse about such things that Radcliffe basically spearheaded in tokenized ways.

For example, regarding incest [which is often a form of rape, barring awkward outliers like Byron and his half-sister] Alexie Juagdan writes in "The Cultural Taboo: Exploring Incest in Japanese Society" [2023]:

While the prevalence of incestuous themes in Japanese media may raise eyebrows, it is important to note that these portrayals do not necessarily endorse or normalize incest. Instead, they often serve as vehicles for exploring complex human emotions, societal taboos, and moral dilemmas [[source](#)].

The same idea applies to rape at large, requiring not just a pressure valve, but a pedagogy of the oppressed that helps victims heal from taboo crimes they otherwise can't discuss by investigating them as Radcliffe did [and having a further pornographer potential she largely left at the door]. If Cuwu and I could do this through Ninja Scroll [exhibit 17a/b] in ways beyond just watching a really violent movie—i.e., by having sex sleep through consent-non-consent to inform and educate boundaries [exhibit 11b2]—then it is possible and should be encouraged as an effective teaching device. This can be dangerous relative to reactionary violence for judgmental audiences, or it can inadvertently subject the performer to unwanted harm should their partner[s] be participating in bad faith.

All the same, the curiosity of exploring these fantasies [re: through castles that contain demons] often coincides with a half-real desire; i.e., to confront and heal from the regular traumas that occur under Capitalism behind closed doors [the marriage bed being a historical-material site for tremendous mental and physical abuse]. Not only will they be advertised everywhere as heteronormative guilty pleasures/wish fulfillment [exhibit 86a1] but these will potentially trigger anxieties within the viewer to want express the truth of the matter in ways that are still fun and/or humanizing to perform/witness; re: as Radcliffe did [and which Austen dragged her for].

Of course, the phenomenology of the meta is always cloudy with judgement, shame and excitement roiling to and fro, but the voyeurism of peril always has the potential to yield sex-positive education within transgressive media. To this, Griffith's heinous betrayal of Guts in Berserk's "Afterglow of the Right Eye" [1996; exhibit 47b2, top-right] provides the groundwork for a hard-but-valuable lesson: that victims⁴¹⁷ must learn to heal using ghosts of "rape" after extreme trauma, once it happens to you and/or people you care about [rape is a terror weapon aimed not just at the immediate recipient, but their friends and family; e.g., the Rape of Nanking]; i.e., Guts losing a good friend to fascism and the woman he loved in one fell swoop. In the words of Gene Hackman: "We've all lost someone we love, but we don't use it as an excuse to destroy ourselves; we press on!"

The scene straddles the fence between camp and trauma as incredibly phantasmagorical [drugged/dream-like]. Dressed up in the badass Darkness/fetish aesthetic, Griffith drops the centrist façade of babyface and turns full-on heel, becoming a dastardly lothario [really channeling Brian De Palma's Phantom of the Paradise, 1974] who doesn't rescue Casca; he rapes her to hurt Guts, then throws them both aside like, well, a heel! This cautionary and palliative tale has a fever dream logic that's the very stuff not just of nightmares, but Gothic novels and harlequin romances. As such, it neatly applies to similarly revived legends such as

Dracula "ravishing" Lucy, and the woman and the monster in La Bête. White women are policed for sleeping with anyone other than their white husbands; and black men are compared, and put down like, animals:

Like "Afterglow of the Right Eye," the "rape" scene in La Bête is very campy and dream-like but lacks the overtly gory Hellraiser-meets-Alien pathos/xenophobia; i.e., the feelings of alienation survive in exploitation porn with a sex-positive



⁴¹⁷ Including *potential* victims, which women are, but which white women of *privilege* tend to abject *their* fears onto an imaginary "other" while craving protection *through* calculated risk; re: Laura Ng and Edward Said *vis-à-vis* La Femme Nikita and Culture and Imperialism, but also the paradox of rape through Radcliffe's calculated risk: as *uncurled* by the likes of Angela Carter's stories, the latter leaning *more* in a Sadean direction with *her* castle rape fantasies; i.e., copies of Radcliffe's women fear-fascinated with the rapey *legend* of the castle (the ghost of the counterfeit), which she and Carter—as Enlightened women of a Cartesian age investigating the ghost of rape—view as an explained Numinous they nonetheless fabricate and leave behind for *their* audience to find (and spend money on; re: Radcliffe had found that winning formula, and quit while she was ahead, whereas Carter didn't know when to *stop* being a TERF.

element that is transgressive and important: a white girl wanting to fuck the black monster she's heard about all her life [to hook up and communicate as people historically do under state systems]. Here, it's Radcliffe's damsel-detective not just hugging Montoni, but giving him some pussy to learn that he's not that bad [the classic white girl rebelling with the non-white mate, accepting their love as fetishizing her]: darkness cock visible, and thick ropey jizz pooling on damsel dumpers backing it up! How quaint!

As a result, its xenophilia is extremely surreal, channeling the spirit of an older historical period merged with the turbulent zeitgeist of the 1970s: the privileged white woman feeling trapped between her kept surroundings and desire—like the titular Duchess of Malfi—to really get railed by a kind of "strong-thighed bargeman" that would inevitably have been demonized by the upper class as "beastly"; re [from Volume Zero's "[Pieces of the Camp Map](#)"]: "animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms"; i.e., the demon as animalistic [we'll explore this idea even more in the "Call of the Wild" chapter].

Fear of the servant is as old as Imperialism and slavery are, yet speaks to more recent fears of "the help" as something to simultaneously fetishize and express power over since Radcliffe and Austen's time; e.g., John Cleland's 1749 Fanny Hill predating Otranto and being something Austen alluded to with Fanny Price [or "Booty Cha-Ching!" as a classmate one put it]. In La Bête's case, the heroine's own confounding desires collide with these seemingly odd biases from older times, but also the chronotope of the diegetic space's fearsome [and prurient] legends; e.g., with white and black servants also sleeping together—to embrace the white alien and black alien and bring about new, fresh discoveries of empathy and ecstasy couched in camp, below]. Austen certainly wasn't above investigating such things, herself, with her Fanny variation hating tales of "light morals" while simultaneously being a rather unspoken abolitionist in Mansfield Park [re: Said's Culture and Imperialism as I discuss, in Volume One's "Cornholing the Corn Queen"].



In keeping with chronotopes, the story—through its concentric mise-en-abyme and anisotropic animal lust—our heroine in the present is doubled by a girl who was supposedly raped by the monster some time ago; i.e., a bedtime story to scare the newlywed so her covetous, doddering husband can keep her all to himself.

To escape, she subverts the gaslight/role of the raped wife; i.e., by enjoying "unspeakable" sex inside her own mind as informed by the old house and its patriarchal banditry privatizing her booty for the hidden tyrant who only cares

about keeping her to himself: "ravishing" zoophilic pleasures with the campiest of monster dads to a trilling harpsichord [also, a bit of an ace touch: she moans loudest when she feels his cum on her behind, taking delight at his howls of pleasure. That's topping from the bottom for you].

The idea, as always, hinges on watching rape, but "rape" can be in quotes in a variety of ways; i.e., Scott's is more Numinous and Borowczyk's is, well, not, but the latter's ironic [thus satire] is more immediacy clear and sex-positive than Scott's, while still walking a tightrope it doesn't always cross without some missteps; re: exploitation and liberation occupy the same space, the power there occupied and negotiated in duality during liminal expression.

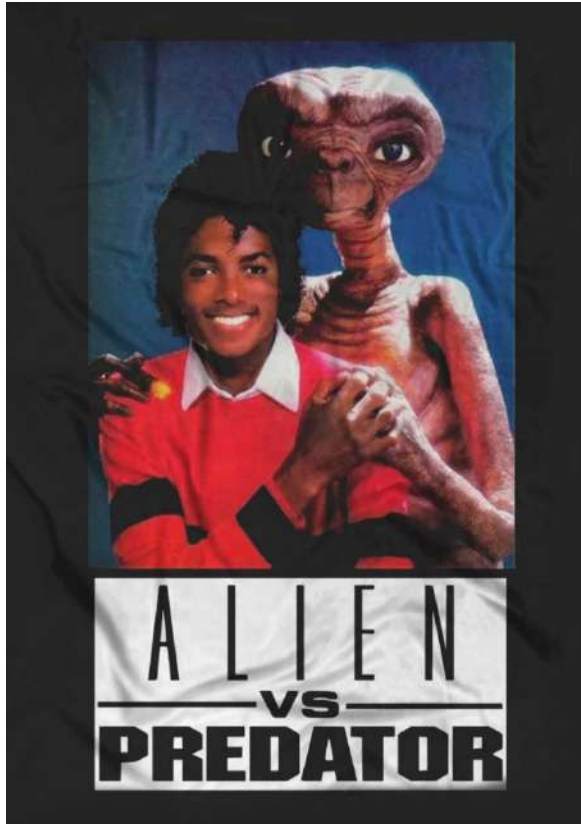


[[source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "My Least Favorite Horror Movies?" 2020]

One of Zeuhl's better recommendations, the movie is full-on wacky-ass schlock, and one that I absolutely love [enjoying it and Alien for different reasons about the same basic content: "rape" porn].)

In other words, the historical-material threat that faces white cis-het women (and other persons monstrous-feminized by the status quo; re: as quasi-Radcliffean whores that literally ask for monster sex, thus rape—a "greensleeves" with a quick, easy price into *her* "castle") become as veiled and displaced as Radcliffe's cryptonymic fictions (and their author); i.e., by derelict consumer goods designed to disguise the imbalance of power through the material conditions *they* portray as "ancient," retold through rediscovery during the rememory process hinting at trauma as something to play with. Bred on the canonical variant, consumers pacify over time; i.e., by accepting the worship of criminalized lovers, even serial killers, as handsome (the two are *not* mutually exclusive). They menticide, beginning to internalize and value "canonical brainfood" more than the critical power and satire offered by proletarian praxis (and younger consumers who don't know better being surrounded by this media since birth; e.g., myself and Metroidvania).

However, the fetishes and clichés *only* become a *cryptomimetic* opiate for the masses when consumption becomes endorsement for state control; i.e., it's fine to consume guilty pleasures with a game-and-open mind—to critique or even enjoy them, but not to blindly endorse/parrot the canonical message being advertised when teaching others through your own work; e.g., I enjoy Radcliffe like I enjoy



Austen and Ridley Scott, but there's still plenty of room to critique and subvert both ladies and gentleman, ourselves! However "Supreme" such gentry affords its own reputation, *post hoc*, we can bend it to our will; i.e., doing so to speak to real-life abuses haunting Radcliffe's refrain: "Who's the alien, who's the predator?" Who, indeed!

([source](#))

That being said, doing so *is* a liminal procedure. While many female detectives *are* domestic agents, the basic concept remains liminal during oppositional praxis as torn between porn and art; i.e., as an anisotropic means to communicate demonic ideas and symbols (of sex, violence, terror and monsters) playing back and forth during the *socio-material*

dialectical of the alien: as something that speaks to tokenism and betray historically-material leading to such confusions at all.

In particular, Lopez' detective from *Out of Sight* is a token, non-white policewomen, belonging to an assimilated class of workers; i.e., manipulated and abused by cis men/white women in the workplace, or by men who *are* their work (the "catch the rapist" trope). To this, Lopez embodies the target audience that Radcliffe originally introduced during a rising discourse that has expanded to token women of color approximately two centuries later!

Doing so romantically speaks to the same kinds of unequal power abuses that *Alien* and *La Bête* do, minus those movies' Gothic magic or schlock: i.e., broken by trauma, militant detectives like J-Lo's reify the girl boss problem by handing Radcliffe's heroine's a gun and a pair of handcuffs *sans* irony. Thusly armed, the quotidian heroic behaviors of traumatized women historically-materially default to white violence in positions of power that allow for girl bosses of tokenized flavors. Simply put, they represent the fearing of systemic abuse that women have already experienced in some shape or form—what all women experience differently depending on what rights were gradually afforded *to* them under Capitalism as developing *into* itself (with white women being allowed to write and sell their fictions long before women of color could, thus policing these fictions *from* minority groups at large; re: *Jane Eyre*).

In terms of the ghost of the counterfeit/abjection process and either being or at least *presenting* as white, Gothic authors also have the opportunity to shy away from bias and abuse while still wanting to explore it in moderately empowering narratives.

Excluding overtly occult/magical damsels, detectives and sex demons, then, the forgeries seen in stories like *Out of Sight* commonly play out in amatonormative narratives—canonical story arcs that not only center on romantic love between two warring parties, but often feature a damsel detecting an irresistible urge that she cannot fully resist; i.e., a *fatal* attraction broadcasting from an oft-male (or masculine/monstrous-feminine) agent, our aforementioned "demon lover" that, according to Wolff, tempts and threatens the heroine as falling into two categories, mid-drama: a lover of the good guy and the bad boy. The notion is clearly dated, but nevertheless propels into modern society through stubborn clichés that survive inside classical homages; i.e., dressed up as quotidian, day-to-day affairs, but no less larger-than-life than stories like *Alien*, *Frankenstein* or *Doctor Faustus*. Said homages then inform social-sexual practices by codifying them (and their mischief to make) in canonical forms updated *for* increasingly modernized audiences: "Behold! A wild George Clooney appears!"



One such idea is what my friend, Mavis, refers to as "game." For them, Clooney's smooth criminal is the pinnacle of "having game"; i.e., a handsome, "devilish" rogue who sweeps the intimidatingly attractive Lopez off *her* feet. Except, it's all an act from Hollywood reenacting pickup lines in a bar. The peril, then, plays *out* a kind of game unto itself; i.e., one standing in for thirsty women in need of a good pounding: cliché romantic forces that inhabit the story in order for conventional audiences to maneuver emotional treachery (and *its* associate material conditions) through various proxies; re: the slippery Clooney using *his* emotional intelligence on an unwitting mark, "gaming" the female cop by toying with *her* emotions in a very demonic way! It's a moderate concession met through derelict markers, the latter which not only *uphold* the status quo, but continue to *shape* its Superstructure over time through the rise and fall of such romance!

In the absence of magical rituals, doing so generally maintains through threats of physical force delivered, once upon a time, on celluloid: a figurative demonization from dimorphic stereotypes dating back to the oldest forms of popular stories (for our sake, Radcliffe).

For example, the unbridled, scarcely-contained sexual tension in *Out of Sight* is surprisingly violent throughout, culminating in a female victory by crippling the "demonic" male seductor. Feeling betrayed *by* him, Lopez eventually "Mr.

Rochesters" Clooney by shooting him in leg, effectively mastering *her* emotions in a survival story where she proves her mettle and worth in a smaller, somewhat petty and banal way: doing her job by acting *like* a man, except not quite but sort of (the state is upheld, either way). Stalled fornication is orgasm denial/self-imposed blue clit (the holy idea of denying oneself sex as a troubadour does).

More to the point, the injury is satisfying insofar as it injures *Clooney's* massive, swollen pride with *extreme* prejudice—not simply acting the courtship out but *consummating* it with a bullet that rapes the bandit by the detective administering hot toxic love. Think cops-and-robbers BDSM but the cop is token and the robber is white. It's *Sleepless in Seattle's* (1993) already problematic "stalk your love" narrative⁴¹⁸ sold to white American housewives (actual or desirous). Likewise, a joke is in there, somewhere, but one sold seriously *to* audiences; i.e., with the serious *intent* of emotionally manipulating *dollars* out of these women's purses (and [throwing some black humor/slapstick ultraviolence in there](#), for the guys). It makes white women tolerant of toxic love provided *they* have the gun (or some other element of control; e.g., money and cars; re: Jadis).



But despite a lack of overtly magical forces, the film's fairytale narrative contains the same underlying Gothic mechanisms that would guide a story either penned by Radcliffe or Lewis to its explosive conclusion. There are demons, damsels and detectives, as well as rituals of violence, power and

knowledge exchange based off older iterations thereof: devils in disguise, male or female, giving into *our* dark desires! Even so, the distinct *lack* of a supernatural bent remains a popular approach that is hardly original to *Out of Sight*, the same way that garden variety porn is seldom the stuff of overt magic but rather a special *kind* of "enchanted sex" told through hauntological poetics; re: Nina Hartley and Victoria Paris' '80s hauntology of the Golden Age of Porn from the '60s and '70s decaying into something new and exciting.

Keeping with Nina Hartley's *description* of porn, the same lesson applies to non-magical and non-sexually pornographic mysteries like *Out of Sight* that nevertheless have a figuratively demonizing purpose; i.e., through at-times incredibly violent *rituals* of power exchange that codify and debate the usual ludic roles, doing so in pornographically *violent* language conspicuously synonymous *with*

⁴¹⁸ Which goes back to at least Dacre's *Zofloya*—a Gothic story where a white woman takes poison from a black slave possessed by the Devil to administer repeatedly to her unknowing and unwitting paramours: first, to her future husband to weaken him to her advances, then to said husband's *brother* to weaken him, except the "heroine" must also kill the man's wife, Lila, after her own husband dies (re: Sam Hirst's "[Zofloya and the Female Gothic](#)," 2020). It's campy but also kind of not.

sex; i.e., as being exchanged *for* with violence as erotically charged by people deceiving *each other* (with sexual tension about sexual exchange and its anticipation through various narrative devices asking the audience to suspend their disbelief and buy into the scam): courtly love and duels *for* sex that never lead to sex, onscreen! There's always another castle hiding the prince and his princely gifts penetrating the princess' not-so-chaste love zone.

This being said, investigations that uphold the state are always conservative; Lopez shoots George to show her "love" to him, but also to deny a fulfilling ending to the audience save through the Romance of (orgasm) denial—i.e., in ways that further tokenize *her* that white women can "slum" vicariously themselves regarding: to be tough and sexually aggressive in ways that dehumanize non-white women (who try to assimilate by leaning *into* these tropes, themselves) *and* devalue white men (who both are and are not the criminals they're playing onscreen), in the bargain! It's her "Don't, Jack! It's Chinatown!" moment—updated in a late-'90s white America by a rising Latin American star shooting *her* way into

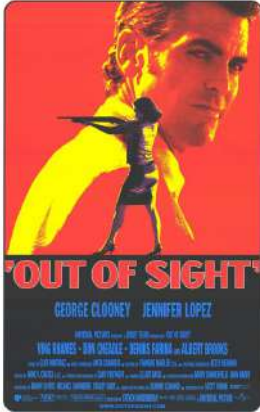


white women's hearts (and wallets): demasking the rogue by castrating him (much to Mavis' horror. "One does not simply shoot George," she says, adding "You can print that!"). So the oscillation and fabrication extend ever onwards!

As such, it's effectively a tease, promise and threat ("[If looks could kill, you'd be lying on the floor!](#)" Heart, 1985), one that Radcliffe and Lewis excelled at (and one also practiced by '80s porn, insofar as *its* practitioners are hidden cryptonymically behind invisible barriers/choir screens during the Sale of Indulgences, one that viewers can never cross). But in *this* case, the Matilda's Immaculate Conception *is* Lopez, reinventing *herself* inside a mode of expression that, *since* Radcliffe, has been about women reinventing themselves to survive in a man's world (thus Capitalism in *all* its forms); i.e., ogled by men despite never being naked (re: Segewick's "Imagery of the Surface"), then baptizing her own coronation in *Clooney's* blood by burying *him* alive (so to speak; re: Segewick's *Coherence of Gothic Fictions*)!

Furthermore, each betrayal is unique; for Lopez, it's class and race betrayal per castration fantasy as the outlet—no different than Radcliffe demasking her own villains, or Lewis tearing his apart (dialectical-material considerations aside). Despite George and Lopez probably being friends in real life (each belonging to the same class of "workers who made it"), the theatrics are *half*-real, and speak to warring class, culture and race tensions felt between both them, the actors and characters, but also the audience and the larger world they're speaking to in small.

A mindfulness of these meta roles *is* vital, then—with Nina Hartley again describing why consumers of porn Quixotically conflate it with education towards real life; i.e., defenders of canon learn from canon, which is to say badly or lazily (they want sex to be like porn, rather than learn how to actually please their partner outside of *harmful* BDSM fantasies *and* realities). Also, they take the illusion for granted, ignoring the labor of the actors, artists, writers, *et al*, including themselves (to "pay rent" is simply something "women do" without complaint, Mavis argues). The same mindfulness should be applied to any Gothic derelict, regardless if its trifecta is overt or sublimated; re: *Out of Sight* and its own Gothic pastiche gender-swapping *Romeo and Juliet* (or Bonnie and Clyde, take your pick):



Another variable to consider, then, is the audience, but especially how victims of trauma include women *and* men as exploited dimorphically by Capitalism; i.e., as a punitive hierarchy of preferential mistreatment triangulating cops-and-victims abuse *for* the state (Lopez, whatever her struggles onscreen may be, is ultimately a cop on *and* offscreen). As a non-magical Gothic Romance, *Out of Sight* channels the same exploitation of workers than Radcliffe does, save from a *militant* female detective's point of view versus a female detective tied to militant men and white power structures—the director pointing *her* sights at the "perfect man" she "can't resist" (sexing up the policing *process* by fetishizing the *victims* of police brutality mixed criminogenically with "abusive spouse" arguments projected off onto redline territories); i.e., using near-lethal force to escape and level a playing field where concepts like "demon" and "damsel" are scarcely visible but nevertheless driving the narrative ever onwards: "Reader, I knee-capped him" being a radical assimilation of masculine violence *by* the Gothic heroine.

As a detective, then, Lopez "graduates" at the end, ceasing to be a *chola banditti* by *becoming* a token gringo girl boss, except she's *still* a cop (Kamala Harris Syndrome). Inside a sublimated Gothic yarn, the movie effectively leaves it at that—failing to use the demonic trifecta to notably address social-sexual concerns tied to ritualized violence that cops abuse on a regular basis; i.e., what the film itself means coming *from* her *towards* other workers (which Clooney ultimately is: a worker the cop cripples for a promotion). This includes women but also *any* subject of police violence treating their dogma as calculated risk that "liberates" women: "I'm bringing you in because it's my *job!*" Gross (let the record state that Mavis agrees with me; i.e., they're against cops if the cops in question shoot George Clooney).

As such, *Out of Sight* is pure assimilation fantasy. Yet the revelation is often overshadowed by "true love"; i.e., as a dogmatic principle in amatonormative stories, regardless of their supernatural degree: slapping random pieces together

much like Walpole did, decades before Radcliffe scored *her* first (and arguably *the* first) female-penned Gothic blockbuster! Walpole wrote for pleasure, Radcliffe for those sweet, sweet English pounds (the spoils of war)! But this also extends to the audience looking it having their own baggage and place in the world.

Mavis, for example, curiously views the entirely bloody situation as a person radicalized by complex trauma, themselves (a multiple rape survivor): to get vicarious revenge *and* their jollies by endorsing the outcome; i.e., by insisting that "Jay-Lo still *loved* George" (a problem we'll return to when inspecting *Killing Stalking* in Volume Three). In other words, the "problematic/star-crossed lovers" trope extends beyond overtly supernatural monsters like vampires or demons from Hell, conditioning a paying (white, female/token) audience bred on canonical derelicts that reimagine the past and its process of detection; i.e., as a dogmatic tool expressed and felt through sharply codified roles that speak to Pavlovian conditioning *between* workers and fiction: thirsting for Hell/the alien (often white people in disguise/the white Indian) as Radcliffe and *her* imitators did; re: the sex pirates must be made to answer for their crimes against modesty and the nuclear home, but also the crime of said devilishly handsome men *not* submitting to their *de facto* sovereign wives!

"It is a truth universally acknowledged that a woman without a George Clooney must be in want of a George Clooney!" and if she doesn't get him by chance, then she will get him by lies and force (remember that Austen's original classic phrase, from *Pride and Prejudice*, is largely seen as ironic—with the heroine in *that* story humbling superrich bad boy Mr. Darcy by topping from below... after realizing how *loaded* said bad boy is; i.e., not a strict *endorsement* of the status quo, per se, but Austen's "truth universally acknowledged" speaking ironically *to* the lived realities of women "on the market": as forced to get that bag *or fucking starve to death/get raped on the street*). It's ok to ironically enjoy spy movies,



Gothic Romances, and sex and violence (e.g., big dicks and monster rape, next page). The problem is, canon makes anyone sex-coercive *outside* of the stories they consume; i.e., be those consumers straight white people or not.

Obviously we can't really investigate the past as something to learn from without investigating its forerunners. This includes Wolff as puzzling over Ellen Moers's 1976 catchphrase, "Female Gothic"; i.e., as something to expand on through Gothic-Communist interpretations of famous damsels, detectives and demons that—along with their various rituals of mutilative torture and knowledge/power exchange—can be continuously updated: to include excluded groups (through tokenization) while highlighting the presence of bigotry (sexism, transphobia and racism, etc) in radical

forms of discourse speaking to tokenism at work; e.g., me talking about how second wave feminism weighs in on Gothic poetics as something to not just analyze, but *moderately* replicate (the vitality of doing so will become much more apparent when we look at TERFs and other forms of fascist feminism, in Volume Three).

As something of a *trans* detective, myself, I want to highlight the *purpose* of continuous, imperfect detection; i.e., as something to interrogate and learn from, mid-*poiesis/cryptomimesis* while helping Humanity hauntologically *out* of the darkness (of "Rome") moving forwards. To do so, we have to be better than Radcliffe, Lopez, and Wolff, but also *any* older variants of veiled pornography and *their* damsels, detectives and demons ironic-to-unironic rape fantasies—with Nina Hartley playing all three, on and offstage.

Except beyond Nina and her work, this also includes *Velma* as occupying an ontological position within class, culture and race war rhetoric; i.e., during the dialectic of shelter and the alien as something to update for *our* proletarian purposes to *be* more pornographic! First, we'll look at Velma the cartoon character, and then we'll look at my real-life "Velma" who stabbed *me* in the back—intrigue!



(exhibit 48a: Artist: [Reiq](#). "Come on if you're coming!" Velma, again, is a sex object, but also someone whose sexuality is intrinsically tied to her damsel's privileged life of education; i.e., one used in the solving of ultimately material, mundane mysteries while confronting various "false" monsters through proximity

threatening her sacred/profane "modesty" and "temple" with extramarital corruption[!]. Often, there is an ace/chaste component when venturing into the Gothic "anti-home" double⁴¹⁹; i.e., the trope of the lesbian nun as wedded to God,

⁴¹⁹ Re (from Volume Zero, and later quoted in "[Meeting Medusa](#)" from the Poetry Module regarding my work on Metroidvania):

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. From Audronė Raškauskienė writes in *Gothic Fiction: The Beginnings* 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" ([source](#): "Lineage and Origins").

I.e., home has become alien, like Jameson's idea of the Gothic class nightmare, and one that classically is explored by damsel-like detectives becoming increasingly neo-conservative and tokenized in militant, neoliberal forms; re: the Final Girl punching down against Communist and other minorities, *Aliens* onwards.

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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which is framed as "nerdy" in secular stories like *Scooby Doo*. There's also a drug-element—what with Scoobs being a talking Great Dane; re: the acid Communism of today haunted by spectres of Marx—specifically 1960s Free Love, Civil Rights, and Vietnam-War-era protests [and commodified drug use mirrored today in white gentrification of weed as a monocrop stolen from marginalized communities legalizing weed versus completely decriminalizing it⁴²⁰]*—all couched within the sexual peril of a revived Radcliffean neo-conservative: sans actual firearms but bearing out plenty of heavy artillery/whores to pimp during the whore's paradox! Velma's built for war of all kinds!*

There's a mystery to solve, alright—why my ass is so fat and why I keep coming back for more of that fat Frankencock in my tight little nerd pussy [the panties not

⁴²⁰ A lot of this I actually learned from Cuwu, a self-professed Marxist-Leninist stoner who often spoke out about such things; i.e., how capital gentrifies and decays the same business practices it redlines and steals from, time and time again:



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

Cuwu also traded their copy of *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things* with me, but also exposed me to *consuming* weed for the first time; re: I ate too many weed cookies while under their care and promptly "greened out," but also learned that you can't get high from previously inhaled weed smoke; i.e., "shotgunning it," as the movies often show, does it wrong—a fact Cuwu explains to me in their car (above) after a night spent making porn together in a West-Mass hotel: "You gotta hold the blunt backwards in your mouth and blow smoke from the front to the back tip into their mouth for it to actually get you high!" But that's awkward and weird white people like to entertain their weird illusions about weed so they vacillate; i.e., during the usual ghost of the counterfeit pimping such things as guilty pleasures.

For example, Taylor Sheridan's *Tulsa King* (2021) romances the rise and fall of a weed kingpin exiled to earn in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The show has similar flaws to Sheridan's more recent venture, *Landman*, but it at least points out some of the hypocrisies of white-owned weed businesses (and bigoted beliefs of a one Mr. Sly Stallone, who's friends with Trump), anyways; i.e., the sort that Cuwu themselves pointed out to me and which I only recognized after dating *more* stoners and watching more media *about* stoners, too! I never tried weed again, but fucking stoners is fun; i.e., they're super chill and always DTF (exceptions including Cuwu's borderline personality disorder making them regress and become sex repulsed, part of the time)!

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being a chastity belt, but a token of the slutty lady-of-the-court's sexual desire for/from big strong black knights]! The willing and ritualistic degradation—and twitchy/toe-curling possession—is very much the point; re: Radcliffe's exquisite "tortures" of the mind, where the orgasm and the monsters are: a place to regress to and tremble from the dreadful [and artificial] mammoth insertions!



[artist: [Reiq](#)]

It was crude in Walpole's day and it's crude now! But more to the point, it speaks to the paradox of rape and the whore; i.e., insofar as a virgin/ace person can be a whore performatively while never having had sex, or can desire monster sex/rape play to find some sense of control from having their mind raped if not their literal body [female or otherwise]. Again, strange appetites are a symptom of capital caused by dialectical material forces; i.e., which ludo-Gothic BDSM seeks not simply to emulate, but understand and alter the socio-material conditions of; re: during Gothic play across all mediums!)

In the classic sense, then, Velma plays the role of the damsel *and* the detective in a primarily nonviolent way—i.e., haunted by "violence" and "rape" as things to put in quotes during ludo-Gothic BDSM, the damsel taking the demon's offerings *into* her sacred temple—and *this* can be studied. To it, the social-sexual tensions of virgin/whore are on full display with Velma; i.e., always crawling on her hands and knees whenever she conveniently "loses" her glasses; re: while unknowingly (to her) being threatened by a dark, menacing force the *actress* wants to "be threatened" exquisitely with, before explaining it away as Radcliffe might: that she could, at any second, be savagely "ravished!"

Except it's all bogus (though *not* without baggage), giving the honkey mistress the sweet, sweet "terror" she (and the audience) hunger for in the same relationship Wolff describes; re:

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](#): "The Radcliffean Model").

Of course, Wolff warns against less mutilative fantasies than Radcliffe's when concerning feminine sexual desire, but I go one further to extend it beyond white straight women and second wave feminism; re: by dividing sex from gender and both from biology and canonical essentialism when making our own gender trouble through public nudism and Gothic art-porn; i.e., we can lean *into* camp that's haunted by *echoes* of trauma in our own mimetic cryptonymy assisting our cause by affording such things a rebellious character that *survives* us.

Such isn't always the case, which necessitates such playing by us to begin with. As with *Out of Sight*, Velma's Gothic reinvention brings up the same, prolonged conversation; i.e., about threats of rape and female/*non*-monstrous-feminine heroism to canonize *or* camp, and which stretch backwards and forwards: towards warring schools of thought bent on solving cliché mysteries when discovering left-behind clues and leaving them behind again and again and again (not just a paper trail, but a trail of love nectar)!

To this, Velma is a curious fixture of an older cliché installed by Ann Radcliffe's contributions *to* that particular war: the School of Terror and *its* concealed demons warring, Milton-style, against Lewis' own gay demons and *their* horrifying cryptonymy reversing abjection! Faced with perceived-but-veiled evils, Velma becomes thoroughly nun-like in ways that are naughty *and* nice: a non-violent, chaste⁴²¹, asexual nerd and/or fetishized "closet" lesbian/whore depending on the version—with sex-positive variants reclaiming the slut (and the lesbian/non-white body type); i.e., as a sex "demon" facing the ghost of the counterfeit as a

⁴²¹ This harkens to Eve Segewick's 1981 essay, "[The Character in the Veil: Imagery of the Surface in the Gothic Novel](#)," where nuns—as chaste, pious figures—are fetishized upon the *surface* of their veils in a way that reflects a similar, surface-level appropriation and sexualizing of other controlled aspects in such stories.

kind of endless joke losing or gaining irony overtime, meaning per hauntology/chronotope's darkness visible (a joke we'll reexamine in Volume Three when we consider ace, female detectives like Wednesday Adams: the art and the aesthetic/aesthete generally one-in-the-same).



(artist: [Jenna Ortega](#))

Yet, a prodigal daughter's return to Gothic sensibility's irrationality and emotional intelligence lies in the coercive presence of Modernity being unreliable and dangerous; i.e., as a legitimate and ever-growing threat to workers and nature through capital; e.g., its domineering effect on either through *policed* media and language concerned universally with policing alien things: by unmasking them—as Velma likes to do during the liminal hauntology of war (the return of the phantom castle-in-the-flesh, *mise-en-abyme*)—to *uphold* Capitalist Realism *on* the Black Veil, mid-cryptonymy and *cryptomimesis* furthering abjection.

In short, the journey and the destination's Great Destruction are a *turn-on* for her—the foreplay leading *up* to the climax while Velma apes Radcliffe and so many other arguably closeted-and-ace-but-thirsty white/token women; re: Carter's *Sadeian* adage from 1979, "any free woman in an unfree society will be a monster" speaking retrospectively *and* prophetically to Velma; i.e., as the TERF-y monster girl waifu policing the alien in a policewoman's bad BDSM chasing dragons Quixotically onwards—a semi-harmful idea authored by the OG *mother* of said monsters: Ann-fucking-Radcliffe (whose own looming *ur*-TERF spectre of the killer *damsel* crying wolf completely haunting Rowling's own moldy castle, in the Scottish highlands, but also Burton's aping of earlier Gothic satires previously having turned Radcliffe upside-down; re: John the Duncan's "[A Funhouse Mirror? The Addams Family and the Failure of Netflix's Wednesday](#)," 2023).

"The Gothic is *Scooby Doo*," Christine Neufeld once told me (re: in the same class we read *Frankenstein* in and where wrote my first serious essay about the Gothic, "[Born to Fall?](#)"). And she wasn't wrong! The past *does* betray its own concealment through the same false rediscoveries; i.e., inside recursively concentric future copies of the same disguised message, itself always a little familiar and foreign during the historical-material crossfade.

This is why inspecting the past, holistically again and again, is vital to keeping the mind (and one's faculties/organs of perception and pleasure) *open* (with those *afraid* of rape—either having survived it, or worried they'll *have* to survive it, someday—usually being the ones who triangulate *for* the state; re: as a mechanism that polices labor through its own victims; re: Ortega's *tokenized* version of a *formerly* campy Wednesday ultimately solving mysteries eerily similar

to *Harry Potter's* own "Chamber of Secrets": to *preserve* the status quo of a prep school to save, not unlike the one seen previously in 1985's *The Worst Witch*⁴²²).

The Gothic past, then, is constantly talking about the same things because Capitalism *relies* on those things to manipulate and exploit workers through an elite-cultivated Superstructure's historical-material loop; re: the infernal concentric pattern caging us but speaking through Capitalist Realism out into infinity! Everything exists in duality during liminal expression/oppositional praxis, of course. Learning to interpret the ambiguous past in emotionally *intelligent*/Gothically *mature* ways is what *we* want to do. Doing so doesn't simply keep us alive (camping the canon); it can separate us *from* the violent, bourgeois, *damsel* detectives (and their inherited confusions)—i.e., who trigger when exposed to "demons" they're *supposed* to shoot: not just Clooney but anyone the state wants the cop to feel threatened by (castle doctrine, *Radcliffe's* maidens calling the cops on the bandits)!

Lopez—when shooting and chaining Clooney to the handrail—is an angel of mercy playing *Gerald's Game* because she thinks it's the only way to save the man she loves *from* the state *she* serves (and whose resistance, mid-arrest, she views as "automatic suicide" by cop; but Mavis still thinks that J-Lo is a bitch). It's the tyrant's plea in disguise: a token white-functioning savior both undercover and on-



duty (or a malpracticing doctor operating on her patient *without* his consent; i.e., no one consents to being shot or invasively cut open—Marvis, don't answer that)!

Mid-drama, though, it's deceptively easy to forget how Lopez' bullets *aren't* limited to Clooney as a non-supernatural "demon" (or how Velma's targets are old, rich white people plastered over the usual poor/non-white scapegoats of American police brutality lionized by tamer copaganda's posturing as "anti-establishment"; i.e., like *Scooby Doo*, thus Radcliffe, does). Indeed, when the material *function* of a police officer is recognized, we need to remember they exist to *defend* capital as threatened by *any* form of activism (which *Scooby Doo*, per Radcliffe, dresses up as aristocratic piracy—Count Clooney fleeing the poor defenseless cop).

Whatever the form, function determines function (thus flow of power anisotropically towards or away from the state). Bourgeois female damsels (thus detectives) become coded through a rising sense of the middle class, to hunt and kill proletarian monsters, aliens and witches; i.e., by exposing those from the state

⁴²² Which Rowling completely ripped off in "all 'her' yesterdays"; i.e., as already inspected in "[A Crash-Course Introduction to Vampires \(and Witches\)](#)," (2024).

of exception, the former something to conceal while unmasking said the latter and doing so for the *state's* continued survival; re: outing queer people and other minorities who refuse to assimilate, punishing these groups for their iconoclastic doing of things different than they've been done before, and all because it *threatens* profit: the actions of a pimp policing the whore through a Protestant ethic absorbing a Neo-Catholic/medieval ghost of the counterfeit Numinous to quest for and lock up, Joe-Biden-style (a tough-on-crime initiative spearheaded by nerdy conservative white girls doing their part; i.e., Spider-girls whose "Spidey sense" is conditioned to tokenize in a half-real way that protects cops by abjecting systemic abuse onto Radcliffe scapegoats having expanded horribly under Capitalism).

This is liminal and dualistic—a fact we'll look at with naughty nuns beyond ourselves, below. Then, to be holistic and *really* drive the point home, we'll consider *me* as "Velma"; i.e., when h(a)unted and abused by a chubby, hairy and bespectacled *non-binary* nerd; re: Zeuhl, *my* Great Destroyer!

First, older examples:



(*exhibit 48b1*: Artist, top-left: [Stephan Kopinski](#); top-mid: [Nate Artuz](#); bottom-left: [Simon Palmér](#); bottom-middle: [source](#) and [Iltaek Oh](#) [centered]. Male/female detectives and warriors have a medievalized past that is reexplored in modern archaeologies like

Umberto Eco's 1980 novel, *The Name of the Rose*. Male detective-wise, consider the boy/master dynamic between the protagonist and his young, tempted ward, who sleeps with a local waif in the monastery darkness.

In terms of male warrior monks, these would have historically existed in medieval Europe in ways that became romanticized later through popular legends like Robin Hood; e.g., Friar Tuck. Female warrior nuns—or "gun nuns," by comparison—would eventually be coopted in neo-Crusader language; i.e., in a very neoliberal sense with canonical modern artwork, but also revenge stories like Abel Ferrara's 1980 exploitation film, Ms. 45—a story about a nun who violently seeks revenge, shooting her rapist before becoming a vigilante wearing a slutty version of a nun's uniform: her habit [a neo-conservative version of Velma "pushing back" against state targets disguised in whitewashed vice signals].

In latter-day revivals, the Gothic heroine's candle more or less symbolizes the role of the detective, whereas the gun is generally a warrior weapon for men, but a tool of rape revenge/prevention for women activating once triggered. As such, the two

can historically go hand-in-hand, granting the detective nun's classically eroticized body a "damsel" and/or "demonic" quality that likewise intimates famous legends about nuns as not maiden-like, but closeted whores of various flavors tied to sex/power abuse relayed in architectural morphologies: a spirit of female rage surviving the victim's initial experiences of rape, but also perfidious, girl-boss jailers who once served, but now haunt the formerly-glorious, now-abandoned institutions of men; re: Lewis' Prioress something for future one-woman armies of prioresses-in-training to reinvestigate, effectively chasing their own tails, which they pin on state donkeys; i.e., a wild goose chase that ends in the exposure [and death] of the accused dressed up as alien impostor through tired context. It is a bit boring and exhausted, but pimped all the same!

The fear of inheritance is similarly complex, suggesting a liminal reunion with the ghost of counterfeit as a kind of demon nun to abject past Radcliffean abuses off onto before banishing, Radcliffe-style, back "to Hell"; i.e., off to "horny jail," a repressed figure trapped between the virgin/whore dynamic that haunts the viewer [male, intersex or female] as potentially monstrous and simply not realizing it—not until they enter the closed space to confront the dreaded evil, head-on; e.g., Valek the "strict" mommy dom/torturous Reverend Mother from The Conjuring 2 2016 [exhibit 48b, right]. The real monster is the damsel; i.e., chasing older systemic legends around the haunted house/chronotope that don't stay in said house: dynastic primacy and hereditary rites demand sacrifice, and there is always a human body and victim attached to these Radcliffean bugbears.)



(photographer, right: [Fin Costello](#))

Of course, virgin/whore and mirror syndrome is a meta condition that goes both ways. Canon or camp, outing these imposters historically and performatively involves tracing a shared and dated lineage like Velma does—not just to learn from its mistakes, experiments, and trends (which *can* come from iconoclastic "missteps," too) but to help allies learn from mistakes *they're* currently making towards those they want to help by *not* killing their darlings (re: Radcliffe and her spectres, like Lopez and Velma). This requires subverting thus playing with the material conditions and devices (demons or otherwise) that inform any positions of privilege clouding their judgement: that cis women often define their own lived trauma in heteronormative ways; i.e., that push people forced to identify as men (or for whom cis women identify as men through trauma responses) onto "violation" archetypes; e.g., the trans man as a "false" woman, nun, crossdresser (think Rosario from *The Monk*, but in reverse).

Speaking of the *false* trans man (as in, a trans person acting in bad faith), this brings us finally to me as saving the best for last: Zeuhl, my dude, your time has finally come; i.e., trans-on-trans Gothic detecting! Here goes...



(artist, bottom: Zeuhl)

Dead ringers are the stuff of Gothic cliché—and I didn't ponder too hard when I was with Zeuhl about any of this because Zeuhl is non-binary and hates Jane Austen/loves *The Monk*—but they *were* someone who mirrored me and gave me what I wanted while, in the same breath, harming me like *Jadis* did; i.e., by showing me the same forbidden and suitably dark arts of queer love done to get what *they* wanted, first and foremost. And I don't want to say that they *didn't* make me feel good *in* bed—because they *were* an attentive lover with an amazing sex drive and incredible body—but they certainly exploited me *out* of bed; re: they were my Lestat (a trans man who historically had trouble meeting female queer people on dating apps, but not trans women like me), thus are someone I never wish to see in person again so long as I live. But I can't tell my own story without summoning them—cannot conclude my *Udolpho* without pulling aside *its* Black Veil to expose them; i.e., having pulled *my* strings as cruelly as *they* did. Now, I shall pull a giant parade float of *their* lifeless head through the streets (echoes of Medusa, except neoliberal-in-disguise), shouting "Come and see!" as I do...

Note: My exposing of Zeuhl is being done to the degree I feel comfortable, because they abused me but also remain a threat to me. While I have previously discussed our sexual history extensively in written form, I won't be showing any photographs of said activities for obvious legal reasons, here (and because doing so goes against my moral code and revolutionary principles; i.e., unlike Cuwu, Zeuhl hasn't consented to such invigilation—indeed, is vehemently opposed to it). But I still want to convey that Zeuhl was a bogus, prurient hypocrite who often used their expertise in gender studies (and sex work) as a shield from criticism; i.e., often by using those very double standards against me while getting attention, money and sex from me (which I didn't agree to).

I can't show any of that, here (though I have plenty of proof of it; re: sex tapes), but if you want a good idea of what they look like, in bed or out, they're chubby and hairy like In Case's top-right illustration (several pages down, the fantasy depicted being the sort that Zeuhl would tell me they wanted with me and other cuties at the same time, before deciding they "weren't" poly then magically were poly again while throwing me under the bus, and not for the first time).

As for the abuse, itself, this was interspersed—like all abuse is—with moments of intense gratification; i.e., we had sex a lot, filmed it, and enjoyed each

other's company while in grad school "to the hilt" (they were just as big a whore as I was). But also, they used their body and their position as a queer authority to lie to and manipulate me (a queer neophyte in the closet) constantly in and out of our relationship. In fact, they remain my greatest abuser and someone who abused me more—if you can believe it—than Jadis did!

And yes, Jadis raped my mind and used me for sex in brute-force ways; but Zeuhl? The sheer amount of incalculable damage they wrought on me nearly drove me to suicide (and sent me careening into Jadis). I can rank my own abusers if I want, and Zeuhl is above and beyond, unquestionably hands-down, the fucking worst—a non-binary Ozymandias having hardened their heart in the desert of our



wasted, not-sure-if-it-was-ever-real love. When I have nightmares and wake afraid of past abuse taking me to such hells again, it is almost always the ghost of Zeuhl who drags me there, whether I want them to or not [the sex no longer fun]! When I think of them now, I don't get sad, I get furious [and ejaculate rage all over their ghost's face]!

(exhibit 48b2: Models and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl, my brother Ben holding the camera at my twin's wedding. At this point, Zeuhl was already acting weird, and shortly after this, left for England and broke up with me suddenly/without warning. They did so while simultaneously telling me that none of it was my fault/that we might get back together [that they "weren't in a poly headspace right now"] while also continuing to ask for money from me and demanding of me not to talk about the breakup publicly or they would be furious [essentially taking away my mouth, but making me want to scream about/feel afraid and desirous of them]. A picture, then, is both worth a thousand words, but leaves much unspoken; i.e., me having no earthly idea that Zeuhl was planning on leaving me, and them smiling for the camera, yet already having their bags packed. As sad as it sounds, then, that is the full dialectical-material context/extent of their treachery.)

To be crystal clear about these proceedings, I haven't written any of this to incite violence against Zeuhl (re: "No one kills Kakarot but me!"), and I think they have much more to lose than I do. So if anyone is getting any ideas, don't; e.g., TERFs—and frankly anyone else who might try to learn who Zeuhl is just to harm them—can kindly fuck right the hell off and drown in a sprinkler of their own pee. Zeuhl's already the target of that kind of harassment, and I don't wish to add to it, but I also don't wish to be held hostage from saying my truth regarding their abuse of me just because they have powerful enemies. Sorry, dude, but I'm not your pet—that and you could've prevented all of this years ago by just not acting the way that you did! And since it's the season to unmask Gothic villains, it's your turn, and I'm gonna say my piece until the passion flees.

That being said, I don't want anything from Zeuhl save the ability to talk as openly as I wish about our past; i.e., I merely want to be able to tell my story as a queer detective, one having been abused by someone who once was an excellent detective themselves, but then sold-out/whined about their own accomplishments not being monetized (and which I could say what those are, but then it'd really give away Zeuhl's identity) before vanishing off the face of the Earth; re: a "Radcliffean Interregnum" except for a non-binary version of the same familiar neo-conservative practitioner revived in the 21st century! Truth is stranger than fiction, and Zeuhl is as much my Velma demon lover as I a Velma damsel harmed by their fearsome-in-hindsight advances I then had to unpack and reify afterwards! —Perse

As detective nuns show us, such liberation and exploitation are hopelessly hauntological, thus liminal; i.e., the nun-in-question always trapped between ambivalent friend/foe queries and chronotopic positions of morality vs immorality they must chase down to draw their own conclusions built on past discussions surviving themselves; e.g., as *I* did, chasing the Numinous (and Radcliffe) to England, learning about her and eventually writing these books because a Velma lookalike (and Foucault and *Ian Kochinski* fanboy/apologist) fucked *me* over big time. In doing so, I effectively stutter-stopped years of research (and lost loves/old

friendships; re: Zeuhl, but also Jadis and Cuwu), which bore muddled conclusions seemingly as mixed as my emotions, but in truth remain united in favor of universal liberation working against the actual Great Enchantress—by camping *her* ghost through my own fabrications' darkness visible thereof, speaking to abusers who enchanted me *off* the page: a naughty nun's naughty nun of a naughty nun about a naughty nun's neo-medieval BDSM fantasies *gone wrong*. Nuns all the way down, bitches!

(artist: [In Case](#))



power in a male system—wield veiled-threat charms of corporal punishment, bondage and discipline exercises that, while couched in "almost holy" good- and bad-faith stage/canvas lingo, go performatively in a wide variety of directions'

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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canonical-to-iconoclastic forms; e.g., Matilda, a queer devil-in-disguise, invading and infiltrating an evil abbey to seduce the abuser (from his point of view) inside the church, then expose the Prioress' many crimes.

As previously stated, *The Monk* was a story that Zeuhl and I *both* enjoyed, but also one outside Lewis where I was abandoned *by* Zeuhl; re: who stabbed *me* in the back, tried to gaslight me about it, and who then *demand*ed my loyalty afterwards to preserve their own anonymity (a bit like Ann Radcliffe, but genderqueer in their neo-conservatism)!

Until this moment, I've never shown Zeuhl's partial face before, but *have* shown the photo below (page 1024) with them in it; re: censored in my PhD (exhibit 1c) by a copy-and-paste of Mog from *Final Fantasy* (their preferred egregore). In a cryptonymic twist on Radcliffe's own unveiling process, I'm merely showing Zeuhl's masked face, here (above and below), to highlight their own cloaked, treacherous existence inside-outside *my* heart; i.e., as my abuser having abused me in the past, including making threats should I dare to openly talk about them at all. So here I am—exposing them to a comfortable (for me) degree—and all to get out from under them, but also remind people of a curious paradox: that what happened between us was real but also partially in my own head, good and bad; i.e., while still giving Zeuhl—a neurotic and self-important individual—*some* degree of plausible deniability!

To it, I'm a bastard but not a fucking bastard who's going to twist the knife against my abuser (whose extended history of freaking out when discussed in any manner online *I* am well-versed in; i.e., having dated them, thus having spent hours upon hours listening to them talk about stalkers at work). What happened between us was *real*, Zeuhl, including *your* betraying of *me* in the most cliché, false and selfish of ways, then refusing to even acknowledge what you did beyond joking about it (re: "tell your family I eloped with an old flame from England⁴²³") or foisting all of the blame onto *me* at the end.

Like Radcliffe, then, it was something *almost* out of a folktale or poem, revived most tellingly in a song sung by one of my mother's favorite artists (and for which became *another* clue that I'd been duped by someone prone to duping others; i.e., I was not the first person that Zeuhl broke up with so suddenly):

⁴²³ A person—let me remind you, Zeuhl—that *you* thirsted after for *ten years* (originally getting taco-blocked by a volcano), only to run off *with* them the moment you had them in your clutches (and I was far away in Michigan*), and then married in secret following your return to America and denying me any chance at closure by scuttling the trip we planned for months to come see you both; re: "[The Eyeball Zone; or, Relating to the Gothic as Commies Do.](#)" As they were your ticket into England, I hope you've treated that person better than you have me—not for your sake, but theirs! And to *that* person: "God keep you safe, wherever *you* are!" I wouldn't date Zeuhl again, not for all the cute boys or pale, freckled, big-titty and redheaded cuties in the world; not if I could turn magically into one myself and be that French, thicc, redheaded slut I always wanted to be!

*Again, I have the receipts for *all* of this, including—I should add—the hundreds of vacation and marriage photos you sent me, afterwards. Thanks!

A blacksmith courted me
 Nine months and better
 He fairly won my heart
 Wrote me a letter

With his hammer in his hand
 He looked quite clever
 And if I was with my love
 I'd live forever

Oh, where is my love gone
 With his cheeks like roses
 And his good black billycock on
 Decked round with primroses?

I hope the scorching sun
 Won't shine and burn his beauty
 And if I was with my love
 I'd do my duty

Strange news is coming to town
 Strange news is carried
 Strange news flies up and down
 That my love is married

I wish them both much joy
 Though they can't hear me
 And may God reward him well



For the slighting of me

Don't you remember when
 You lay beside me
 And you said you'd marry me
 And not deny me?

[models: Zeuhl and [Persephone van der Waard](#), taken by a wedding guest at my brother's 2019 wedding]

If I said I'd marry you
 It was only for to try you
 So bring your witness, love

And I'll not deny you

No witness have I, none
 Save God Almighty
 And may He reward you well
 For the slighting of me (Loreena Mckennitt's "[The Blacksmith](#)," 1985)

Of course, I had plenty of spoiled courtship/break up songs; e.g., "[Blue Monday](#)," "[Blood Red Skies](#)" or "[Goodbye to You](#)" (for Zeuhl, in particular); and if Jadis was my black knight to "gang along with," then Zeuhl was the person who wounded me badly enough to try! They were the Devil *so bad* that I stuck with their counterpart; i.e., the devil I *thought* I knew and could avoid! Fifth time's the charm, I guess!

Well, forgive me, but I won't go to the grave keeping *that* a total secret; I don't owe you that, comrade, am not Father Schedoni's keeper keeping a black penitent's miniature out of sight/under wraps: the chemistry and fun we had but also the misery behind the smile (a bit like J-Lo and Clooney but gayer!)
 "Sickness, be gone!"



(artists: Zeuhl and [Persephone van der Waard](#), in Manchester England, 2018)

"All these souls, and you still don't have one of your own!" Would it surprise anyone to know that Zeuhl was actually very sweet and funny when they *wanted* to be? God, it was fun... until it wasn't. To that, Zeuhl, you still abused me and furthermore, I was trans when you were harming me; you *do* realize that, right (all that twink torture porn went to your head, I guess)? Even so, I have all the receipts, including the co-signed document of money changing hands; i.e., the one that proves you (and another ex of yours, who shall remain anonymous) used me as your personal piggy bank: I kept the signed agreement! If *that* bothers you, just remember that my decision to talk about my exes' abuses of me is *my* decision, *not* yours! And if you don't like it, tough shit! You really should've acted better in the past than you actually did; i.e., it's both possible to have sex with someone and still bully them, which *you* did; re: *I* was the bee in the bag, homeslice!

From Radcliffe to me and back to Radcliffe, then, we want to change how cis women and cis-queer people see trans, intersex and non-binary people as human; i.e., meaning just as flawed, both able to help *or* harm each other during class struggle. Doing so first involves helping ourselves (as queer people) learn ways to understand our own identities and struggles *better* than we currently do; i.e., by poetically asking questions about trans-ness as recreated in the present using

reclaimed language (re: Velma pastiche) in new ways that have never broadly existed until Capitalism tried to exploit us (and generally through ourselves, as Zeuhl did to me). This happens through the half-real past as a *continuously* transformative experience (and includes the drug-like aspects thereof, which "Call of the Wild" shall unpack).

Keeping with Radcliffe but also my own tumultuous life-and-times (with my own deceptive charlatans existing as much *outside* the text, *unlike* Radcliffe's), much of these center around sight as forbidden; i.e., the damsel's looking gaze as much a "questioning act" that, thrown *into* doubt, allows for iconoclastic expressions to posit various creative attempts at staying "woke" towards whatever canonical dangers ail us; re: between Radcliffe and I, but also Zeuhl analyzed, *post hoc*, by my studies about Radcliffe involving my summoning of our relationship demonically from Hell: "Zeuhl, Zeuhl, Zeuhl!" Hidden and disguised among the midden of clichés and throwaway toys, these must be drawn out by subversively or even transgressively reclaiming Gothic language (I hated *The Forbidden Zone*, by way, comrade, but Danny Elfman was fun to watch, in and out of it).



To that, Gothic Communism aims to explore iconoclastic sight as a forbidden and *questioning* gaze (often through suspicion, doubt, concern, caution, anxiety or fatal curiosity/attraction); re: through the *xenoglossic* roots of the Gothic mode before suggesting ways to apply it to the present in a Communist way—i.e., to show the Capitalist world how to view queer people (and sex workers) as *not*-monstrous in language *they* can understand—and, if not as pariah or alien, then as *prey* or through a deeply confused/confusing communication of predator/prey emotions; re: Velma on her knees, ass out and backing it up: the deep betrayal of a false friend (one, I should add, that *no one* likes once they learn the truth about, Zeuhl's secret a deep and shameful one for a reason).

To it, demons speak to dark desires and repressed harm, but also radical change and wish fulfillment when *healing* from harm. By playfully showing allies how to grow more in touch with these contested emotions, we can allow them the special and frankly priceless opportunity to connect with a perceived weaker, more stupid and fragile side; i.e., that of a *feminine*, thus traditionally disempowered detective/damsel who can at least imagine being smaller and weaker human prey who needs to rely on their wits and guts to survive a masculine, "phallic" threat.

Furthermore, this is especially salient in situations lacking material or social advantage; i.e., where one is isolated from their friends; e.g., when I first dated Zeuhl in September 2017 to late 2018 (they dumped me in September 2019, but I was back in Michigan at that point), I was overseas, thus far away from my family. In short, I was exposed, thus *vulnerable* to a bewitching genderqueer predator!

By contrast, a hunter who shoots fish in a barrel quickly becomes *overconfident*, entitled ("a slow and insidious killer"). They'll have material advantages but *won't* expect prey who knows how to think and survive using *their* emotional reactions intuitively as a weapon/something turned *against* the original abuser (similar to Jadis, I think Zeuhl was just hoping I'd keep quiet about it. Their mistake). A common modern misconception, then, is that thoughts and emotions are mutually exclusive. Far from it, survival under Capitalism will *not* happen without *some* degree of women's intuition and looking into past harms, on and offstage; e.g., Zeuhl calling Obama "a neoliberal in disguise," while actually being closer to Obama than they initially let on/cared to admit (re: "[Understanding Vampires, part one: Leaving the Closet](#)," footnote).

The hunt doesn't have to be literal, either! It can be figurative and vague, a possibility but *not* confirmed; e.g., "Am I being hunted? Is my lover a heartless sex demon feeding on my very soul?" I often wondered that exact question (in so many words) when I was with Zeuhl, telling Dale about it in his office; re: "I feel like I'm being used!" While plain-as-day to me *now*, the thought was *unthinkable* to me, then; i.e., that I, Nicholas the Great, was somehow being cryptonymically gaslit and abused by my partner at the time. But there I was, crying to my academic supervisor about it, anyways! How the mighty have fallen, Zeuhl, and Nicholas is dead; i.e., *Persephone* is awake now and you can't hurt *her* anymore, nor take anything *from* her that you haven't already/expose anything *about* her that she hasn't already opened up to the world about! I'm literally an open book, and if you're not careful, I'll open *you*, too (as you well know, based on our last conversation, fuck face)!

And if *that* hurts to see, hear or otherwise learn, then too damn bad! Face the music for once in your life, you giant asshole; i.e., I'm tired of completely and utterly protecting you for *your* sake (and even now, am showing you mercy by *not* completely exposing you, years after the fact; re: "an enemy has only images behind which [they hide their] true motives..."). As *your* victim, this is *my* line in the sand. I don't care how cross that makes you. You're a big enby and I'm more sensitive to your bullshit in my older age; deal with the consequences of your own actions/the fact that your shit stinks like anyone else's:



(models: Zeuhl and [Persephone van der Waard](#), taken by a wedding guest at my brother's 2019 wedding)

So have I decided to expose Zeuhl's perfidy a little more, here; their face is still behind a mask, but I wanted to talk about them here (and *not* announce it too much in the signposts, like a secret boss) because frankly it's been eating at me over time and I'm trying to do it in ways that protect me *from* them; i.e., as I did when unmasking Jadis. So now it's your turn, comrade. I'm showing people

our Aegis, shaking things up by reminding them you were the most damaging ex of all. Don't get salty about your own shitty antics!

And *that*—boys, girls and enbies—is *me* closing the book on the mystery of the evil Velma from my own Velma's past (another ride in Charon's canoe)! Good riddance and good bye (for now)! The pimp tells the whore what to do; that's what *you* did, Zeuhl (forever blind to the *immeasurable* harm you cause others because you *only* care about perceived wrongs committed against *you*) and this is *my*



whore's revenge escaping you, step-by-oxymoronic-step, during ludo-Gothic BDSM! "Free at last! Sweet capture and escape, Hell breaks loose!" I'm not someone you can control/force to walk on eggshells, anymore!



(artist: [Genie](#))

More to the point, fear is relative and anisotropic; e.g., rabbits—Zeuhl's favorite animal to identify with—haunt me after Zeuhl harmed *me* to no end ("Just like a churchyard shadow, a black *bun* keeps haunting me..."); i.e., similar to how Jordan Peele explains for him in ways useful to *us*, too (the following pun is not intended, but fun):

"Theres a duality to scissors — a whole made up of two parts but also they lie in this territory between the mundane and the absolutely terrifying," Peele explains in an exclusive clip to EW.

[...] A close-up of golden shears clasped in the gloved hands of Nyong'o is a central visual in the promotional material for *Us*, and Peele sent similar scissors to journalists in December for the release of the new trailer. At the time, Peele told EW that using white rabbits and scissors throughout his film was deliberate: "They're both scary things to me, and both inane things, so I love subverting and bringing out the scariness in things you wouldn't necessarily associate with that" ([source](#): Piya Sinha-Roy's "Watch Jordan Peele explain the terrifying duality of scissors in movie," 2019).

Someone like Zeuhl, then, uses such devices to aggrandize themselves/glut *their* raunchy appetites hypocritically behind gobstopper masks; i.e., a former sex worker who acted incredibly predatory *and* prudish once they got a well-paying job, yet insisted that's *not* what they were doing at the time—and did so to throw *me* off guard/their scent while they shamelessly *fleeced* me by throwing tight, wet pussy in my face⁴²⁴ (which alright, I admittedly *enjoyed*, but not because they took

⁴²⁴ By—and I'm not kidding—pulling down their pants, smacking their fat hairy pussy and saying to me, "Isn't that *odd*?" as it jiggled like *flan* before my eyes.

advantage of me and I didn't realize it at the time; I liked it because the pussy was amazing [the best I've ever had, to be frank] and I thought the person who owned said pussy *wasn't* trying to fuck me over—my mistake: Zeuhl routinely finds people who are mentally ill [e.g., chronic depression and bi-polar disorder in their exes and current spouse] while, in the same breath, trying like hell to marry up into visa status to go to TERF island)!

By comparison, Gothic Communism seeks to use stereotypically Gothic materials like Velma—and ambiguous social-sexual clues/red herrings and profound sensations of *heightened perception*—to do what is normally a traditionally Gothic role; i.e., in a pointedly dialectical-material way between fiction *and* non-fiction, echoing back and forth over space and time: a hypervigilant mastery of madness and monstrous-feminine that confirms an emotional *uncertainty* about the material world—namely that of the terrified, horny and oft-female detective and her friends... which historically *were* her faithful servants, but for *me*, a trans woman, sadly included my non-binary lover making me *feel* insane: "Et, tu, Brutae?"

In short, detectives are often seduced according to their relationship with an *ongoing* past as half-real; i.e., regarding people and places both fictional and non-fictional as an argument that is forever unfolding in the present; re: Zeuhl was the one holding the camera and fetishizing me, lest you forget (below)! However underwhelming *or* grandiose, so do I pull aside my own detective's Black Veil after all these years: there'd be no Gothic Communism without you, my evil soul-sucking demon who *could've* been good, but chose *not* to be. "Ciao, bella ciao," fucker!



(*exhibit 48c1a: Models and photographers, top-left and top-right: Zeuhl and [Persephone van der Waard](#) taken at opposite ends of a nice British breakfast; bottom-left and -right: Zeuhl [holding the camera] and Persephone van der Waard, posing for them⁴²⁵.)*

Christ, enough about Zeuhl! Let's take what I've discussed regarding them and Radcliffe's damsels and detectives, and segue into sex demons and dealing with *them* more broadly! Before we do, a couple exhibits and a small conclusion (three pages):

In the past, Radcliffe's anxious, damsel-y domestic sleuth would traditionally sift through literal and semantic debris to solve the mystery as seemingly or actually awesome; re: what she called "the explained supernatural," and what

⁴²⁵ "You're never going to use these for anything!" Zeuhl insisted, handing them over to me. WELL, I GEUSS THE JOKE'S ON YOU, ZEUHL!

Rudolph Otto called the *mysterium tremendum fascinans*, or the "mysterious, tremendous, fascinating" force. However, as something to learn from and evolve, both thinkers (and their associate detectives) attributed qualities of the supernatural as codified by everyday language; i.e., whose common linguo-material strategies and variations *enlarge* the mind to rapturous, *all-seeing* extremes. Made in pursuit of supernatural-tinged mysteries who dialectical-material function interacts back and forth with the emotional content being explored onstage and off, the mystery of the recreated past first need to be assembled and presented before it can be explored "blind."

This makes the "mastery" and "madness" of the classically female damsel/detective a *compound* paradox: exploring a highly derivative "past," already made up, then made up *again* by the author before the reader even opens the book; i.e., the perilous castle as constructed by an author-as-detective to then be vicariously explored by readers identifying with in-text variants: the heroine, but also the demon. Before the first word is read, Radcliffe the writer had already fumbled at hidden things before making the story "her own" through *seemingly*

marginal variation (our aforementioned "poster pastiche," but actually a visual trope that can be seen across the commercialized Gothic mode):



(exhibit 48c1b: Artist, middle: [Gregory Manchess](#). As I write in "Mazes and Labyrinths,"

Female heroes in FPS are exceptionally rare; [...] Metroidvania and survival horror heroes are often female, or have traditional feminine qualities or predicaments. The stories of such heroines are less about proving how strong they are, like their male FPS counterparts, and more about surviving a larger menace. Some non-FPS heroines, like Samus, are fairly weak from the offset but progressively grow stronger. Some, like Jill Valentine, remain slow and vulnerable throughout the entire game [source].

The survival-horror-vs-shooter spectrum of videogames is generally offset by a desire or pursuit of strength in popular ludonarratives extending out of cinema and novels, but also real life back into those things: empowerment vs disempowerment.

Heteronormativity will dimorphically gender this arrangement, but it can be subverted or transgressed by iconoclasts in a variety of liminal forms; re: Zeuhl and

I.

Some are more sex-positive/proletarian than others and exude an unresolved, oppositional praxis spanning centuries. For example, Victoria de Loredani's

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Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025

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expression of repressed anger takes on a transgressive, reactionarily regressive violence in Zofloya when she kills Lilla [exhibit 100b2]. Doing so is a potentially neoconservative, warlike act—one aped by neoconservative heroines centuries later.

By extension, Ripley's post-1979 massacre of an imaginary Vietnam by James Cameron turns American neoconservative bullets against a queer Communist alien menace through the appropriative masculinizing of women as damsel/detective demons; i.e., in a traditional, bellicose sense; re: the subjugated, girl boss Amazon—specifically the Hippolytean queen of the Amazons acting "like a man" by overperforming her expected gender role as a woman: the fascist/neoconservative "Space Rambo" serving the interests of male power and traditional gender roles by being the ultimate mother to Newt, the orphaned colony brat. Ripley's tiring of abuse allows the state to weaponize her against a Communist "queen bitch" whose subsequent dog-fight has Ripley running from the law for having become the female "teeth in the night," herself. She plays by the state's rules and is punished for it when she turns heel; i.e., by being collared, yoked and put to heel, herself, but also euthanized faster than monomythic men would be.



The same goes for any token traitor—with those closer to the margins, like Zeuhl, being emasculated for their own exiting of the closet [trans emasculation effecting enbies and trans men/trans women differently].)

(exhibit 48c2: Artist, left: Jed; right: Oszaj. Newt would be cryptomimetically symbolized as "Ripley's heir" in Metroid; i.e., where Samus the colony brat survives her parents' deaths at the hands of the space pirate leader, Ridley the dragon [who answers to Mother Brain]. This pursuit of revenge—of Samus by Ridley—is framed as making her strong and fearsome on the outside and inside; i.e., by turning her into a living weapon that, in truth, is pitted against the state's enemies. Like the Achilles of old, then, there is no satisfying Samus' revenge; indeed, she turns it into a job: the vigilante privateer from outer space, accepting war commissions from the Galactic Federation to kill queerness as a threat to the heteronormative order/colonial binary reaching out of the memory of [city-to-nation-]states.

To it, Samus is figuratively a virgin; i.e., the androgynous daughter of Zeus, bearing out masculine qualities of Artemis the Huntress and Athena's Aegis as the state cracks down again latter-day "Medusa" rebellions; re: the same way Zeuhl suddenly "found religion" [the worship of money] when selling themselves out. As the state's well-trained bitch, Samus is the damsel [virgin] warrior-detective upholding the status quo against state enemies demonized to pimp them for profit: mounting the world to fuck it [as monstrous-feminine] out of state revenge!



[model and artist: [Lady Nyxx](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

By comparison, transgender people are often seen as monsters on the receiving end of us-versus-them police violence. This can translate to zombies or vampires, but also demons, dungeons, damsels and dragons in the same witch hunt having people act draconian towards those demonized as

"dragons"; i.e., to receive such cruelty dualistically inside the state of exception/moral panic. The fact remains, we are human and deserving of basic human rights, hence dignity, respect and love the likes of which Zeuhl abandoned when going into hiding and hardening their heart—i.e., they could've broken up with me and done just that, even; I simply didn't want to be gaslit by them and used afterwards the way they ultimately did use me: a person who had the talent to not "pull a Foucault/Wilde" but then did so out of pride... and me wounding their pride insofar as they won't like what I'm saying but then again never liked anything I did say. So, who cares? Fuck 'em!

From one fag to another and a true punk versus postpunk: fuck you, Zeuhl, you sell-out poser/double-crossing cumdump decaying-into-a-traitor sex tourist of your own rebel self! You're the fakest person I know and I'm happy to burst your stupid, privileged, time bubble façade of false rebellion. Eat shit and die, fucker! Androgyny is sexy as hell; your bigotry and abuse of me was anything but! And... curtains!)

Apart from trans people, the classic Neo-Gothic heroine (who is cis-het) remains concerned with surviving the trauma of the past; re: through emotional mastery in the face of actual, occult demons, and the *third* point of Radcliffe's demonic trifecta; e.g., a demon, dragon, and/or whore, etc, to face during the assimilation fantasy (which can be camped, left). Gothic Communism combines all of these things holistically to build a better world than has ever existed; i.e., our network of spies/workers acting as guerrilla educators *and* fighters outside professional circuits (re: Hartley)! Everything dies, but we can face that and emerge STRONGER THAN EVER! MEDUSA, ANOTHER BRIDE, YET LIVES!



We'll explore this even more as something to perform and understand, next. "Let 'Jesus' fuck you!"

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

"Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons," part two: Demons and Dealing with Them; or Abandonment, Dark Worship and Vengeful Sacrifice When Dissecting Radcliffe (feat. Ridley Scott's *The Terror* and *Alien: Covenant*, *Ninja Scroll*, *The Dark Crystal*, and *Harmony Corrupted*)

"...I have preserved a life which otherwise I had lost in torture; and I have obtained the power of procuring every bliss which can make that life delicious! [...] Ambrosio, I still love you: Our mutual guilt and danger have rendered you dearer to me than ever, and I would fain save you from impending destruction. Summon then your resolution to your aid; and renounce for immediate and certain benefits the hopes of a salvation, difficult to obtain, and perhaps altogether erroneous. Shake off the prejudice of vulgar souls; Abandon a God who has abandoned you, and raise yourself to the level of superior Beings!"

She paused for the Monk's reply: He shuddered, while He gave it.

"Matilda!" He said after a long silence in a low and unsteady voice; "What price gave you for liberty?"

She answered him firm and dauntless.

"Ambrosio, it was my Soul!"

—Matilda and Ambrosio, *The Monk*

Part zero examined damsels, detectives and sex demons per Giger's xenomorph (and *its* paths of the dead to pass through), while part one looked at non-magical damsels and detectives as female-to-trans (sex) workers ranging from Nina Hartley to Jo-Lo to Velma to Velma's good/evil doubles, myself and my ex, Zeuhl. Part two looks at demons solo; i.e., when dealing with them (as magical to non-magical beings) during such Faustian exchanges, including a segue into furies: revisiting Scott's *Alien* universe with *Alien: Covenant* (and a more charitable interpretation of *its* villain) and his *Terror* produce-sided affair (with its own semi-magical elements) while cutting Radcliffe's simulacrum to bits, then having



Harmony and a couple close-reads at the end—*Ninja Scroll* and *The Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance*—step in to help put Radcliffe the *demon whore* back together to camp Ridley Scott!

(artist: [Bambii](#))

Please bear in mind, this piece is conversational/mostly tying up loose ends while covering a *lot* of ground (and holistically sprinkled with various puns, reclaimed slurs and intersectional/crass epiphanies felt throughout). In keeping with the Numinous, though, we'll consider different conventional/gimmicky and fetishized elements of revenge that *demons* seek for having *their* solitude disturbed, while also highlighting their predatory elements a bit more, too: abandonment, dark worship and vengeful sacrifice!

Note: By now, we've talked about damsels, detectives and sex demons, but also virgins/whores and their revenge a ton, and committed a lot of pages and ink to thesis and application. Like the rest of "Exploring the Derelict Past," "D&D" is an older element I want to include for its namesake; but also, we'll be keeping this one and the "Call of the Wild" relatively short (about two hundred pages for what could be much longer, similar to our vampire and ghost subchapters from the Undead Module). Pinky promise!—Perse

We'll unfurl *those* elements like a trail of fabled breadcrumbs that detectives classically chase down (often to have *them* punished for it during the live burial trope; i.e., cannibalizing the heroine through repressed libido given shape; re: Segewick). First, a reprise: as classic granters of *tempting* wishes during Faustian bargains, demons are whore-like beings of and inscribed with torturous dark power to deal with and in; i.e., often in a "coital" sense and one which the state treats as things to summon and banish in Faustian bargains on Promethean Quests; re: "dealing" with demons as a problem it places within a dialog of exchange that has them killed (or injected with poison disguised as "medicine," curing a "disease"): the demon as the whore having the *whore's* revenge when summoned!

Except all that glitters is not gold, but works in dialectical-material opposition within the shamed aesthetic (re: Zeuhl and Matilda, Velma and me); likewise, the pearly castles are generally the worst, as are their moderate defenders' false modesty. "Darkness visible" takes on a paradoxical quality that beckons we embrace it in service to Satan; i.e., not as a person but a cryptonymic *act* that pushes revolutionarily through systemic falsehoods: a Great Destroyer that evokes past trauma to heal *from* it, not extend it *through* further canonical lies.

This, in turn, takes multiple steps—often through decreasing amounts of blindness through the light of illusion ("Long and hard is the way...") towards true sight; i.e., in a sex-positive progression towards what D. H. Lawrence would call "going to the dark gods." These can be announced readily by the profanity of a simple theatrical gesture; e.g., a nun's habit juxtaposed with the powerful unveiling of a shock of dark, curly public hair under her lifted skirt (which we *whores* weaponize during the paradox instead of simply taking it for granted, like our abusers do).



(artist: [Milo Manara](#))

Moreover, this formulaic loss of control happens in increasingly queer ways that abjure heteronormative dimorphism, the latter usually canonical rape fantasies penned by straight white women *for* straight white women; i.e., inclusive survival sex work camped through a traditionally female position: the Radcliffean princess' survival leading to their rewarding with a "safe home" or fairytale castle where they're *still*

expected to perform "wifely duties." Called the Great Enchantress, Radcliffe weaved a powerful and effective spell, and it didn't come from nowhere⁴²⁶. The challenging of these deeper systemic tropes involves queer discourse from a position

⁴²⁶ Gothic oxymorons like exquisite torture's sacred/profane dichotomy thrive in dialectical-material tension: i.e., remediated praxis; e.g., spanking the wicked for fun or legitimate healing versus unironic corporal punishment. The label "devil" oversees both, yet the function remains diametrically opposed in ways that merge monstrous modules. A state devil seduces and bribes, casting doubt on the oppressed as "devilish" in ways that, per state operations, merit punishment through state arguments abusing Gothic poetics to uphold the status quo regardless of the monster type. Per Radcliffe, the whole ordeal has a tribunal-esque feel, one where the lawyer, witness and suspect testify through doubles of a monster during the same proceedings: the state vs the defense (workers, nature) equating to devils vs devils, aka *Amazonomachia* expressed as undead, demonic and/or animalistic. We've already examined the zombie apocalypse as a kind of disease troubling society as sick. Instead, let's consider it more broadly in ways that also apply to demons (we'll get to animals in the next chapter).

During this conflict, then, one side of a doubled pair is moral, correct, and just relative to basic human rights being defended, and used to defend the defendant, *from* the state inside a sick institution; e.g., a courtroom or hospital as medieval, torturous and prison-like, a harsh breeding ground for unwanted observation, but also acute feelings of aggressive suspicion, intense doubt, feverish moral panic, ill omens and conflicting information/semiotics* and unfounded paranoia, all being informed and scrambled by claustrophobic fear and dogma (what Nick Groom calls *The Italian*, "very much a novel for the twenty-first century"). Such places are housed by judges, inmates, and guards who operate through visual markers of social-sexual disease; i.e., as something to contain, isolate and forcefully interrogate, meaning infectious hysteria/persecution-as-contagious, outbreaks of xenophobia all coming down on the side of American liberal justice *against* state foes; e.g., zombies, demons, or wild animals.

**The rainbow something to assign, for example, to queer people having reclaimed it, turning its colored, arched bands paradoxically into a marker of punishment instead of good luck; i.e., Satanic panic within Rainbow Capitalism and all the cognitive dissonance and estrangement that entails.*

In turn, these assigned/associate feelings are bred, but "patient zero" is a myth insofar as *its* presence is installed through panoptic dogma: Foucault's *Discipline and Punish* (1975) being a metaphor for medieval containment procedures for leprosy that extend to society as a whole:

The panopticon induces a sense of permanent visibility that ensures the functioning of power [... It] represents the way in which discipline and punishment work in modern society [and] is a diagram of power in action because by looking at a plan of the panopticon, one realizes how the processes of observation and examination operate.

Fear is a disease, then—a poetic contagion to push onto subjects that carry it with them everywhere during Capitalist Realism; in turn, said Realism could be likened to a pandemic that operates globally but manifests differently per register as large groups are corralled and maneuvered against each other. Even if it's not a *literal* disease, the desperate and constant tensions are *still* life-threatening. To that, once threatened by an outside presence, the state as a body will defend *itself* as under attack. In fact, it does so by design. Capitalism requires contagion to operate; we must subsist, mid-struggle.

For example, recent history shows us that rights can be eroded, but the *language* of devilry remains an obstacle *or* aid to this tragic outcome. In such times, we must advocate (thus fight) for ourselves as demonized *by* the state; i.e., dehumanized to share a deadly condition felt by all within the state of exception as happening through the hostile recognition of a condition (symptom) and execution of its necessary treatment—crime and punishment as biologically essentialized: a devil to isolate and handle through force in ways that ultimately consolidate power as a lucrative and genocidal venture. With demons, the sentence of devilry and damnation is found and expressed through banishment, burning or exorcism; with the undead, through infection, quarantine and termination (of a terminally ill "patient"); and animals, through rabies ("madness"), Pavlovian conditioning and euthanasia.

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historically of *male* to privilege—a camping of the canon (re: Broadmoor) that transgressively undermines amatonormativity in ways that female authors, through white and straight, historically would have been denied: sex with demons, sacrilege! Pussy dregs wrecking monk daddy's home!

Simply put, Radcliffe was born thus placed into a position of self-deception, requiring a deceiver to deceive, thus free *her* of her sanctimonious, ultimately settler-colonial falsehoods; i.e., *our* doing so happening for the betterment of all peoples she *saw* as "black": advocacy for a holistic, universal oppressed through forbidden knowledge and power as something experienced by men recognized as Satanic for refusing to perform their *own* heteronormative duties (not to exclude or take anything away from witches, their erect phallic brooms, and the monstrous-feminine at large, of course. In the interest of historical progress, though, I want to focus on the iconoclastic nature of queer men during the classic Neo-Gothic; re: Scott aping Lewis as a straight man partially canonizing a gay iconoclast with his own villain, David the Android, and *his* creations in *Covenant*).

While this sympathy for the Devil and its anisotropic reversal of state power mid-tension brings us closer to the xenomorph of Scott's *Alien* and Matthew Lewis's campiness *vis-à-vis* *The Monk*, the tamer and boxed-in Gothic fantasies of women like Ann Radcliffe still remain a fundamental part of the equation: fumbling around in the moody dark towards forms of agency through these calculated-risk fantasies that men like Ridley Scott would build upon with their own damsels, detectives and sex demons; re: employing and camping the twist (the saboteur and the stowaway) not just with *Alien*, mind you, but *Prometheus* and *Alien: Covenant*, inspired decades later by the iconoclastic, Satanic reverence Mary Shelley (a girl in a Gothic "all boys club") had already made famous for 150+ years, in 1979.

And, in turn, Scott would help perpetuate the seafaring queerness/female rage (and superstition) that male explorers would have been allowed to endure and express, regularly codifying those variables in his own work or sponsoring it in others' (e.g., *The Terror*, exhibit 48d2): releasing demons per the abjection process as something to reverse with perverted, even-painful glee! "A ...small ...Mexican... chihuahua!" to "catch an idea," as David Lynch puts it, and be "a seed for something" (cosmavoid's "[David Lynch Being a Madman for a Relentless 8 Minutes and 30 Seconds](#)," 2021). But also "baby wants to fuck!" They can't all be winners!

To it, dreams weren't just the playgrounds of Freud, Nordic skalds, and Gothic novelists, past and present, code-switching in duality during liminal expression; they speak to all manner of secret children, incest, murder and collective shame, *The Mysterious Mother* onwards; re (from Volume One):

The Western world is generally a place that testifies to its own traumas by fabricating them; i.e., as markers of sovereignty that remain historically unkind to specific groups that nevertheless survive within them as ghosts of unspeakable events linked to systemic abuse. Trauma, in turn, survives

through stories corrupted by the presence of said abuse. There is a home resembling a castle, where a ghost—often of a woman—lurks inside having been met with a sorry fate ([source](#): "Healing from Rape").



Eat your heart out, Mary Shelley (or other organs)! "Tremendous indigestion! Where're the Tums?"

Such things poetically present as "awful"; i.e., for a demon's victims, while those of *us* watching are granted maximum relief (the hangman's picnic): killing the clergyman, soldier or anyone else we oppressed *don't* like! Scott's David is our dark wishmaster making *our*

darkest revenge fantasies come true (as much as a straight man can)! Imagine the *deus ex machina* but in reverse (as *Lewis* did, ripping Ambrosio apart) and you have the right idea. It's literally strict BDSM gallows' humor (with those holding the noose having more privilege usually than those yoked by it).

Perhaps Scott wasn't wholly on board with Cameron's ideas of conquest, after all. Yes, his *Covenant* nods to *Aliens* are deliberate, but only so he can dissect the idea of military optimism by indulgently castrating it through Neo-Gothic gloom and doom saying, "keep the fuck out, Whitey!" (whose *own* investigating of rape always leads to *more* rape). It's not always postcolonial in a *constructive* sense, but it does *deconstruct* the Radcliffean Amazon during the Promethean Quest/Cartesian step-and-fetch-it rather happily (similar to Said taking Austen to task during *Culture and Imperialism*, but even meaner than that or Dacre having Victoria slice Lila to pieces). Eh, I'll take it!

We'll work backwards (or rather, *have* worked backwards to arrive at where we currently *are*); i.e., by highlighting a couple basic points about forbidden sight, then *The Terror* before examining the xenomorph and *its* maker in Scott's former and latter-day work, ultimately ending on Radcliffe and Lewis as competing schools of thought in centuries worth of queer discourse that Scott's *Covenant* added to. As such, the direction we go un doesn't matter *too* much because it isn't entirely *linear* to begin with; i.e., oppositional praxis makes the conflict more a linguo-material game of tug-o'-war that invites different people to join representing different positions that are often at odds within the same dialogic!

Within this struggle, Radcliffe's demonic trifecta can yield a variety of material outcomes; i.e., some yielding neoconservative, fascist flavors to famous monsters that women relate in opposition *towards* (such as Ripley versus the xenomorph) but also personify as embodiments thereof during oppositional praxis;

re: with a BDSM flavor (exhibit 48d1/2, and 49): revenge as a Jacobean "dish" best served cold (the puns are endless)!



(exhibit 48d1: Artist: [Tigrsasha](#). Nuns aren't simply demons, damsels or detectives; Pygmalions often control them like puppets through the interminable genesis of an ideal submissive/sacred "almost holy" whore [the white woman/Gothic Radcliffean heroine as the sacred and exclusive victim]. All the same, feminine agency can be conveyed in cis or queer circles alike; i.e., as cathartic, establishing a sense of Galatea-esque revenge through the trope of the lesbian/ace/curious female detective as virgin-/whore-like on the surface of the same image; e.g., *Elvira, Mistress of the Dark* [exhibit 12].)

As part of *this* conversation, the archetype of female detectives serving as Gothic heroines has gradually evolved from passive, to active, to self-defensive escape, to self-"defensive"/pre-emptive attack, to back around again (exhibit 49). While canonical attempts at mastery and survival happen through a self-contained series of violent clichés that *lack* satire or the critical power necessary to transform the status quo beyond war and traditional gender roles, iconoclastic ones make the pastiche perceptive and sexy in "slutty" language (re: exhibit 48d1, above).

Such whores and *their* revenge promote a diegetic, composite desire *to see what is omitted*—but also a metatextual, creative curiosity, joy and playfulness *to look upon the reimagined*, barbaric past and create it with *just* enough variation to make it your own, try something new, and maybe, just maybe communicate something on the surface of the montage "that normally lurks beneath"; re: Scott summoning "Radcliffe" to dismantle and inject her pieces into a larger genderqueer being. Viewed as a collage, as we have shown, such a concept presents its answer quite neatly. But a *visual imagination* was generally employed by writers playing around with similar Frankensteinian concepts hundreds of years ago into the present state of affairs: how to show the "past," often in seemingly superficial ways that open up the mind adjacent to magical devices that have become increasingly scientific under a Protestant status quo. Again, this ties to Segewick's idea of "the character in the veil": a "shallow pattern" literally on the surface of paper or a screen (or glass) that can evoke things much deeper across a Radcliffean composite that spans space and time (exhibit 48d1/49).

For our purposes, this deeper pattern is historically "hidden" by the material limitations of single images, or even collages. As I shall demonstrate in just a moment, the pattern must be reassembled by queer-leaning iconoclasts like us looking at older forms of camp like Ridley Scott (who were themselves inspired by powerful women *and* gay men); i.e., as reexplained by a Gothic Communist (me) interpreting larger patterns across time and space, but also psychosexually

pornographic art/violence as a series of chronotopes—not to pass *over* in collage, alone, but through in a *cryptomimetic* chain: to *view* from an unusual, *non-heteronormative* perspective, thereby noting *Scott's* odd experiments in ways we can salvage.

In doing so, we're not just borrowing pieces of him for our revenge, but Radcliffe's reanimated cadaver as Scott rendered her asunder and made back into *his* xenomorph from *Cameron's* (a kind of Ship of Theseus, at this point)! In turn, Capitalism's visual effect on the Gothic imagination can easily be revealed by critiquing *its* canonical elements *along* these hermeneutic routes; i.e., in a holistic patchwork that opens the mind to forbidden sight as occupied by opposing forces fighting over the same basic devices: an insectoid/biomechanical gargoyle or hellhound patrolling the fungal underworld, but also a dog with a bone—us gnawing on our foes (or vice versa)!



(artist: [Clubhouse Statues](#))

Forbidden sight isn't just the Numinous, then; i.e., "look at the giant horrible thing and your face melts off." It's often compelled ignorance through Gothic tropes used by the *willingly* ignorant, or a determined/anxious *refusal* to look when supplied subversive alternatives with transgressive potential versus nascent and undeveloped canon (and *its* killer babies reflecting the Pavlovian conditioning at work; e.g., David's Neomorphs, above); i.e., a refusal to behold things one fears might corrupt their "pure" moral character/social standing as part of a larger Gothic canon: the paradox of chasing shadows you both want and *don't* want to see!

While older writers like Radcliffe, then, tried to rediscover the past as something to detect and learn from by chasing it down, they also armored themselves and their virtue in sexist ways that—as we shall examine with Scott's sexist David (versus Victor's sexist Adam)—left behind "old," derelict pathways whose unreliable sights into the reimagined past still yield various surprises; re: the castle as something to detect hidden factors inside according to imperiled detectives fumbling around in the dark. This partly happens from struggling with the cultural values they brought with them while blazing their own trails, which have since been taken much further than Radcliffe could have/would have dared in her own Gothic constructions; i.e., from Scott to us and then beyond.

For example, Scott's funding of *The Terror* offers one such expedition into the imaginary past; i.e., one coming from a predominantly *male* perspective not unlike Matthew Lewis two centuries ago: "sacrifice" and extramarital/non-nuclear dark sex having a "bestial" element that is both ethnocentric, but trying to see the Indigenous population as *not* harming anyone, while still frankly alienizing them (the show's monster is Scott having revenge *for* them, too, though in *that* case, the postcolonial elements *aren't* clouded by a fascist character):



(exhibit 48d2: Artist, top-left and -right: [IRN](#). The Yeti or snow monster is, in postcolonial culture, something to deify as an aspect of revenge, but also of the dying land invaded by unnatural, manmade Western forces; e.g., The Terror and its numerous, bourgeois cruelties [[which I lovingly catalogue in my review of the show](#)] harming the boyish white explorers; i.e., within the exploited land, similar to Scott's seafaring-in-space, Neo-

Gothic revival, Alien [a semi-postcolonial appeal to Westerners/white Indians through an adventuresome ghost of the counterfeit]. The Inuit monster, Tuunbaq, bears some resemblance to the Greenlandic "tupilaq" [top-middle and bottom]. Charlotte Price Persson of Science Nordic writes,

It is not every day that you come across a magic animal carved from the bones of children and animals, which is brought to life through magical songs and given power by sucking on the manufacturer's sexual organs. On top of that, it has but one mission in life: to kill its creator's enemies. [...] The tupilaq was a magic animal, created through witchcraft, which everyone could use if you followed the correct instructions and learnt to master magic, says Lange. It was witchcraft, but it was not restricted to people with shamanic powers. / To make a tupilaq, you had to collect parts from different animals, bones from both animals and people—preferably from a child. It was also a good idea to add something that had a connection to the person who you wanted to inflict disaster on [[source](#)].

So does Persson catalog dead/endangered Indigenous cultures similar to the Egyptologists of the post-Napoleonic Wars; i.e., one whose subsequent disaster/fascination with the imaginary past being what Percy Shelley spoke of in "Ozymandias" and Mary Shelley revived in Frankenstein with Victor and the Creature, both 1818, and which Scott's own xenoglossia speaks [more mutedly] with Giger's psychosexual, demon-BDSM "xenomorph" [though it wasn't called that until Aliens].

In essence, Tuunbaq's "meat and spells" is similar to the xenomorph, speaking to a gargoyle/golem of revenge not unlike Victor's Creature, but made in defense of the land by natural magics versus scientific prowess, xenophobia and Imperial decree; i.e., exploration and genocide as righteous, God-given and pre-determined against undeserving native inhabitants. Channeling Mary Shelley's chilly view of nature through a mythical Mount Blanc, there is no loving paternal God in the desolate north; there is "just dead men and living men" punished by blind faith, but also shitty early corporate practices. The titantic pressure and fires of industry consume working seamen like fuel, but also make them incredibly stupid; i.e., faced with the

untame wilderness, they break everything in sight and break down themselves in the face of something that isn't their Christian god: an older and unwelcoming Numinous they're questing to tame and claim the fire thereof.

This callow fragility scrutinizes queerness more broadly—either as executed between two or more men engaged in regular homosocial ties [the comely gossip, Jobson, and his staunch "darling," Captain Francis Crozier] and shamed homosexual activities on "their" boats actually owned by England; or embodied by monsters out on the ice. As a queer spirit of revenge, both Tuunbaq and the tupilaq consume the essence of men through sexual [and other bodily] fluids via sodomic union; re: not unlike a "vampire" eating sanguine, humors or the soul [with Tuunbaq's inflicted wounds on the men removing "entries" from the "diaries" of their minds; i.e., the vengeful death of their memories and culture, wiping Hamlet's commonplace book clean]. It is a parasitic relationship [versus mana and the Māori's holistic transference of life force, for example]: a reckoning or restoration of balance/reparations and restitution, mid-land-back before it is taken but told after colonization has occurred [and after Crozier defects].

To this, the show's gay Irish scapegoat/vice character, Mr. Hickey, shares a curious bond with the monster, one established through ritualized violence [the shamans cut out their tongues to speak to it; so does he]. Indeed, violence and sexuality often go hand-in-hand in queer discourse, especially before the Internet Age but also in hauntologies that predate the Internet being shown on the Internet; e.g., the homosexual man forced into darkness, but also becoming a mutinous, repressed being of psychosexual violence synonymously tied to rudimentary/coercive BDSM practices, medieval contrition/flagellation, male seafaring and strange lands; i.e., curious precursors to Mr. Hickey's complex, alienated pathology such as Dracula and Moby Dick [["The Serious Functions of Melville's Phallic Jokes,"](#) 1961] but also Howard from The Lighthouse [2019]. As Irene Nudd from Gayly Dreadful writes in "The Lighthouse: You Can't Hide From Your Gayness" [2020]:

Howard's intense rage mirrors the violent masturbation that aligns with common toxic male sexual expression. To put it simply, when Howard beats the seagull, it's a metaphor for beating his meat. The metaphor extends further since the seagull has one eye, and Howard's vision of Wake's former assistant also has one eye. Based on this connection, Howard is engaging in gay sex with the man that worked on the island before him. Not only will this solidify the curse that Wake warned Howard about, but it is a portent of the inevitable insanity that will befall him due to isolation and abundance of toxic masculinity. When Howard tries to fight against nature (human sexuality and homosexuality), nature shows him that repressing his sexual urges can have deadly consequences [[source](#)].

Beyond Freudian/Jungian imagery and [frankly homophobic and sexist, ethnocentric] metaphors, the oft-homoerotic nautical symbolism—whether overt [the lighthouse is a penis] or subtle/vague [the ocean is "female"]—ties to repressed anxieties about hidden abuses stemming from unequal material conditions during capital's business-as-usual sending ambiguously gay white men to colonize worlds the elite/workers both feared: in a time before heteronormativity had crystalized to nearly the extent it has, now, but also lacking the queer diction we currently take for granted [re: Lewis, Broadmoor].

In The Terror this plays out in several ways, generally involving BDSM, cannibalism, magic and revenge. On board the ship, Hickey's own queerness is sadistically punished by the ship's men-in-command—a kind of reactive abuse to his own gay mutineer's treachery as made by the state's criminogenic conditions before he climbed on board.

In short, he's the queer-coded bad servant, and punished via an assimilated taskmaster aping Cromwell's racist practices unto the Irish; i.e., for which Crozier and Hickey are both trying to escape. To that, Crozier—pointedly denied marriage into a family of "good [English] standing" by his superior—is sent by the very woman he loves to look after the very man [her father] who denied Crozier any chance at a better in-group life; i.e., because "of where he comes from"; re: punishing Crozier for being Irish, but also for selling said Irish out per the English settler-colonial model that forces him to forever choose.



Choose he does, babysitting the elite's chosen dumbass—the leader of the exhibition—who is subsequently babied into old age: dumb beyond measure but also cruel and self-righteous, to boot! Watching him die is a treat [and Indigenous act of revenge written by white men]!

Punished by the "good" Irishman as punching down out of revenge against the English, Mr. Hickey returns the favor many times over when he vengefully chains the last survivors—including the captain and his soldiers—to a lifeboat and summons the monster straight to them: to face Tuunbaq and their own hand in things [a demonic sacrifice/offering to a dark god Mr. Hickey sees falsely in himself—a Byronic man-in-black who also kills Indigenous people to have revenge against the white men who wronged him]: "show me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are." Hickey's a man-eater!

Keeping with Moby Dick and the West eating its own workers and the planet's wildlife in furtherance of the Cartesian mode of cartography and progress, it's an awful cycle of abuse; i.e., one where criminogenic conditions lead abuse victims to conflate harmful pain with non-harmful pain/mutually consensual physical pleasure.

Mr. Hickey becomes fluent and well-equipped to assume the position of ultimate deceiver/misleader regarding his abusive/abused crew when predictable tragedy befalls all of them; i.e., he triggers and does what Mr. Hickey does as conditioned

unto him: by the socio-material conditions around him before, during and after the exhibition, itself a testimony to abandonment, sacrifice and revenge in Jacobean fashion [everyone dies, Hamlet-style].

In other words, the ensuing misery didn't start with Mr. Hickey, who is merely a symptom of a larger problem, alongside Crozier and the others: Capitalism. Its atrocities are gilded over by the self-aggrandizing memoirs of "brave" English captains, gentry and the class system. Under this gaudy mirage, Hickey is both Irish and queer but also pinned under another Irishman's thrall. His assigned superior, Captain Crozier, orders him whipped "as a boy" [on the ass, above] for criminal behaviors against an English expedition, including "dirtiness" as a slight against an overtly Protestant Discovery Service. Surviving the trauma committed against him by another Irishman passing the blame back and forth, Mr. Hickey both resents and admires the monster out on the ice; i.e., seeing it as a paganized cross between animal and human that he erroneously attempts to commune with through shared struggle: "There are holy things before us."

Almost. Faced with it, and in true abject fashion, both are alienated from each other and—in Radcliffean fashion—destroyed once the Black Veil is yanked aside; i.e., symbolizing a tragic death of tradition and Indigenous memory by a tokenized minority pushed to madness and betrayal of nature in the process [assimilation is poor stewardship]. Hickey's brief [Icarian] rise and fall remains a forgotten parallel to Jeronimus Cornelisz' pre-fascist prelude to 20th century horrors during a sociopathic and bloody mutiny of the Batavia in 1629 [Unknown5's "The Shipwreck That Became a Living Nightmare," 2023].

Nearly two centuries afterwards, such stories were already being painted by Théodore Géricault's 1816 "Raft of the Medusa" written in the Shelley's aforementioned 1818 Frankenstein and "Ozymandias"; i.e., as progressing onto Poe's Arthur Gordon Pym [1838] towards the events between 1845-48 Scott's Terror spoke of, onto Melville's Moby Dick [1851] followed by Stoker, Conrad and Lovecraft in the 1890s and 1930s: viewing such things as queer Numinous exports. In doing so, they were effectively blaming the dark whore, Medusa, for the state and its proponent's ignorant worldview shivered about by Scott's astronoetic matelotage in 2012 and 2017 with Prometheus and Covenant—similar stories about wealthy Englishmen sailing into the final frontier to quest for the Numinous, thus make a deal with the dark gods [who promptly take revenge, having none of what he's selling them; re: they cannibalize him, which Scott's Prometheus treats as fascist crossdress through land-back argument].

Meanwhile, the titular ship is classified in the classic sailor sense: as female. Both it and the void beyond its safety are "motherly" but in differing ways; i.e., as the givers and takers of life for these childlike boys, consigned to a lonely tomb together on the other side of an angry, vengeful world. Capitalism put them there; re: to exploit nature by pitting them against each other as marooned orphans. Abandoned and confused, they march to death out in the waste, slowly starving to

*death by their damned inability to bond with the land; i.e., every step is attrition/contrition, one where mutinous cannibalism—already unsustainable, but nevertheless a [custom of the sea](#) [re: one that inspired Melville's *Moby Dick* after the whale breaks the ship's rudder]—whose "death lottery" [an eco-fascist tendency] merely delays the inevitable, should capital carry on. Faced with the endless lies of empire—and the death of his wards and unwanted nemesis—Captain Crozier altogether abandons his former life and memories/dreams of a welcoming England [and pastoral bride]. For him, the Frozen North is no longer a route or site of plunder but a purgatorial home; i.e., a fresh start in the twilight years of his life: the penance not of a white savior but a white penitent safeguarding the dwindling native populations giving him sanctuary.)*

Even when not strictly "his own," Scott's patronage of Gothic terrors are as different from Radcliffe's own as Lewis's were (despite all of them basically talking about the same thing: rape and xenophobia). As a consequence of this continued difference in privilege between men and women, older pathways process and convey information in outdated, alien ways that leave room for improvement but also supply precious opportunities to learn about the past in semi-ignorant or accommodated forms—i.e., Radcliffe didn't just see the world around her through superstitious, fearful artifacts and codifying tropes; she arbitrarily condemned "bad" emotions like fear (e.g., "useless sorrow") while respecting the societal fact that suspicion, anxiety or stress were classified as "hysterical" by Patriarchal authorities towards women (or beings forced to identify as women) "for their own good." Such dialogs happened according to material possessions, but also ways of thinking about or with them that, in today's day and age, simply don't exist in quite the same shape and form. They're even *more radical*.



(source: [Navi Gavi](#))

These aren't just materials to write on the surface of—or with Blake, using his "corroding fires"⁴²⁷; i.e., acids to etch *into* printing plates—nor are they merely forbidden sight as something to look *at* in a

⁴²⁷ From *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790):

When I came home, on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat-sided steep frowns over the present world, I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds hovering on the sides of the rock; with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the minds of men, and read by them on earth:—

"How do you know but every bird
that cuts the airy way
Is an immense world of delight,
closed by your senses five?" ([source](#)).

literal sense. Instead, they are a kind of *forgotten* or *lost* sight/darkness visible gleaned through Miltonian repetition and exposure; re: involving outmoded Satanic ideas as something *to* express in dated campy forms: not just poetry or miracles, but Galvanism in *Frankenstein's* case. Hers was a precocious, atypical approach to gendered literature from a woman whose marriage to Percy Shelley definitely rubbed off *on* her (and whose fiction, post-*Frankenstein*, would continue blazing a postcapitalist trail; e.g., *The Last Man*). To that, the "future" of Mary Shelley's moment is *not* our own past; i.e., Galvanism the way *she* envisioned never came to be, but instead the horrors of Capitalism evolved into something beyond what Shelley could entirely imagine that connects just, as well, to her "Modern Prometheus" *in hindsight, vis-à-vis* Ridley Scott's Gothic *matelotage*.

Queerness-as-identity defines through the struggle of *constantly* reclaimed language; i.e., identifying *with* struggle as an ontological statement bearing Gothic elements: *what* we are as a means of shaking things *up!* The hidden truth of this grander struggle in terms of what is being worked with, understood and revealed through derelict forms—while often taken *for* granted, mid-disguise—can actually become clear-as-day to those *who* experiment and put in the time and the work; i.e., figuring out ways to express ourselves and our identifies in cryptonymic opposition *to* the status quo as automatically assigning them *for* us by telling us what we are, mid-oppression. So do we become criminals in our own hearts (re: Zeuhl, who tried to escape such things); i.e., dressed up in Gothic language where we unknowingly fawn *to* our oppressors and apologize *for/to* them regarding our *own* existence as "abnormal" (what Hannah Gadsby describes in *Nanette*, 2018, as the existence of gendered tension: teaching one side to feel shame and the other to openly hate them *for being* different). Gleaning this context takes brainpower, creativity and perseverance, but also having a means and exposure that *aren't* always a given/aren't always available to those living in Pygmalion's Shadow.

For example, either variable can be (and has) inverted; i.e., certain authors, like Lovecraft and *his* cosmic nihilism, were virtually unknown in their day (yet practiced spiritually by older bigotries breeding inside homegrown American fascism), but have since been littered *everywhere* in posthumous fame. Likewise, Radcliffe—though renowned for her fiction *while* alive—has gone on to become rather obscured in a wider circuit over which her shadow looms like one of those Black Veils she liked so much; re: was someone who I, as a self-professed and lifelong horror fan, *didn't* know existed until I went to grad school overseas! I knew her *likenesses*, but not the woman herself as scatted all about the land of my birth in curious doubles; e.g., Michigan being the birthplace of Raimi's *Evil Dead* movies and *their* Numinous suggestions.

As we shall see in just a moment, Scott critiqued the Radcliffean school of thought by drawing tremendous inspiration from women like Shelley but also Radcliffe, herself. In turn, Radcliffe, Mary Shelley and men *like* Mary Shelley's husband (such as Lewis) drew from the same shared well as Scott: a "Satanic,"

Miltonian thought process they improved on *after* Milton's death, but also Radcliffe's and Shelley's; i.e., one that continues, into the 21st century and beyond, allowing for free discourse to flow between gender and sexuality as *anti*-capitalist ventures with the *correct* shove; i.e., one performed under Capitalism as having changed considerably since *Paradise Lost* and *Frankenstein*, meaning Thatcher's neoliberalism as nonetheless motivating *Scott* to seek revenge *on* Radcliffe nearly two centuries after *she* kicked the bucket (dying in 1823 to actually outlive Jane Austen and Lewis, who died in 1817 and 1818, respectively)!

It goes to show that artistic repetition is *not* rote, stiff memorization, but loose, flexible and fluid, which leads to the ultimate objective of the Humanities: to continuously reflect, reexamine and ruminate on the past; e.g., its language and devices, as well as the associate "intelligent" or useful emotions with which to master the naturally ambiguous qualities of language that *unnatural* Enlightenment dogma tries to binarize *into* a kind of order *for* profit (thus rape).

Gothic Communism abjures this order during the whore's revenge; i.e., doing so in favor of a return to older and formerly superstitious and "medieval" forms of thinking whose subsequent chaos is updated to fit the present: informed, wise and communal—freed and accompanied by the Wisdom of the Ancients to *avoid* the past repeating itself; e.g., the ghost, zombie, vampire or werewolf as "made wise" by constant application with real-world materials, but made friendly in relation to *their* emancipatory purpose in a Gothic-Communist sense; re: Radcliffe's spectre haunting not just *Scott*, but a great many artists torn between her and Medusa (such as Lady Dimitrescu, below). They become cultural *mascots* tied to an



emotionally intelligent collective that rejects Capitalism in favor of something better than it, but still has a need of telling friend from foe; i.e., their needs personified by the personas of monster pastiche:

(*exhibit 49: Artist, top-left: Heiko Kuru; top-middle: Monori Rogue; top-right: Logan Cure; middle: Flou; bottom-right: source; bottom-left: Jan Rockitnik. Lady Dimitrescu, as remade many times in marginally differing ways; i.e., some more "phallic" than others, but having a Radcliffean garb similar to Lewis' Prioress/Bleeding Nun haunting her heroines and vice versa. From Scott onwards, this adoption runs the risk of "brandishing knives" the way that sexist men or TERFs like Radcliffe do, meaning a threat of rape performed "in-reverse" by phallic women against marginalized targets; i.e., "mother vampires" as a kind of "TERF Medusa/Amazon" to be subjugated during regressive Amazonomachia. However, the basic image remains ambivalent in ways that can yield sex-positive details under dialectical-material scrutiny and holistic, proletarian praxis: a "strict" whore to summon/a zombie "Radcliffe" that isn't the sexist, bigoted original!)*)

Gained through deliberately subversive and increasingly sex-positive repetition haunted by generational/systemic harm, such forbidden sight ties not just to obscure or mysterious academic theories gleaned from examining these "ancient" creations; it ties to the creations being made, or otherwise related to older ways of interacting with the world through creation—specifically through interpretive, ontological art forms like Gothic novels that have slowly started to *vanish* (the ghost of the counterfeit as emptied of its queer/Satanic freight, a mere box of Boo Berry cereal instead of Otto's Numinous). Seen through demons wrought with opposing forces, older forms of "seeing" involve blending various concepts *back* together and in ways that might seem alien to the modern world, yet become something to regard with fascination and horror again; re: as an attractive venue to *return* to, mid-revenge, Zombie Radcliffe having become *like* Medusa as someone to *spank*!

For the iconoclast, "looking" can become a sixth sense or mind's eye that melds with the alien whore's chimeric body as hyphenated art/porn; i.e., in Satanic media as a broader Gothic tradition dating *back* to Milton that men, women and queer people have all used, past and present, *since* Milton's exit and left-behind poetries were found again; re: the xenomorph as emblematic to queer discourse, *Frankenstein* onwards, and a deeply intellectual mode that continues to evolve and expand in opposition to Capitalism and *its* reactionary proponents' staunchly *anti*-intellectual tendencies; e.g., Radcliffe being as dumb as she was educated, but curious for things she was admittedly alienated *from*. The abyss looks into us and vice versa, Scott giving Radcliffe the chance to say hello *from* Hell!

The xenomorph, then, represents a poetic, ontological act of seeing with things *other* than the eyes, or with something where eyes should be but something... else is—e.g., a penis or a mouth, like the cyclops (which, in Greek myth, was a *seer* doomed with foresight speaking through sight), or a deliberate combining of the animate and the inanimate into a single composite; re: a medieval concept intimated by Giger's biomechanical gargoyle through linguistic devices that *aren't* taught anymore and were generally discouraged to begin with. These include the metaphor as a poetic device (the poet classically being a practitioner of idiosyncratic thought that, more often than not, *challenges* established ways of existing canonically under Capitalism); e.g., Medusa wanting hugs from life and giving hugs (of death) back! Life and death become one *again*, speaking through zombies of which Radcliffe is just another corpse—one Scott has dug up for fun!

Through demonic poetics, the xenomorph operates as a monstrous pun to poetically describe the self as something "alien" to the status quo in language *they* can at least *partially* understand: revenge; i.e., the Capitalist framework of monster/poster pastiche, whereupon the deeper context with queer potential can be gleaned by those reliably drawn to its abandonment. Simply put, it's a trap of sorts to "bait" potential *converts* with, hooking them with and reeling them in while dressed up as "sex, drugs and rock 'n roll" (or John Denver songs); i.e.,

appreciative-to-appropriative forms of rebellion (a concept we'll return to in Volume Three) that, like a vice character, gets their time to gnash their teeth/have their revenge before being yanked offstage just as quickly (an oracle to harvest and abject)!



This attempt to voice the unspeakable isn't without practical challenges. For example, the undead "blind rage" of the demonic xenomorph (which emulates the uphill struggle of rising queer discourse in the late 1700s, but also oppressed queer discourse centuries later intersecting with other groups) is frequently drained by centrist rhetoric of its genuine transformative or revolutionary powers (of Gothic horror *and* terror). That is, its alien essence was tokenistically sapped by being "just a bug" in the sequels to *Alien*—jump-started by James Cameron's neoliberal war pastiche, *Aliens*, treating legitimate revolutionaries like moving targets *to* exterminate. Scott does the opposite, killing so many human characters in *Covenant* that it's frankly hard to keep track. Forget Radcliffe; he's slaying Yanks for fun!

As mentioned in Volume One, Cameron specifically treated *his* aliens as spiritual successors to the "pseudoarachnids" from *Starship Troopers*, whose own author saw Chinese Communists as *needing* to be nuked from orbit(!). To alienate *them* was to show Asia as "older" than Capitalism; i.e., in a time when workers *weren't* divided from their labor but also tended to be closer to nature and other forms of existence the state could raise false flags against; re: going beyond the binary-exclusive variants under Capitalism; re: Cameron's queen being the Archaic Mother as a freshly abject neoliberal symbol for ancient, hermaphroditical, *insect broodmother* rage, extending itself through *inhuman* avatars of Mother Nature's dark whorish revenge. Scott is camping them by killing Ripley and, in effect, Radcliffe's ghost, David as much the Queen Ripley killed having nature's revenge through retroactive abortion!

Through canonical persecution, Communism is consistently framed as alien to commerce, Modernity and Western values; i.e., the abjection process treating the entire mentality as an ideological, genderqueer threat that the state would pounce on and collectively punish—mass abjection, in other words. Under this cruel modern system, trans, intersex and non-binary people become closer to the past while only wanting to fit in; Capitalism will treat them as abject money-makers, but also social outcasts and automatic targets of state-sanctioned violence pimped, policed, hunted and killed by its monstrous *human* soldiers (who feel lonely and isolated in reverse): our aforementioned gorgons, but also madwomen in the attic and feral animal-girls or refugee-fugitive canon-fodder (exhibit 50a1, next page).

Demons, as we'll continue to examine in this chapter and the next, tend to comment on the chattelization of nature in sexualized, dimorphic gender roles. Just as chattel animals are manmade, so are demons and other egregores for or against the status quo; i.e., as something that organizes and divides nature-as-alien for

profit. *Sex Positivity* moves away from canonical exploitation of monstrous-feminine by making monsters that liberate, thus empower workers, through camp; re: allowing them to offer up new forms of past knowledge that comment on current abuse to have the whore's revenge and deny the pimp theirs.

A common vector *is* the Promethean tale/Faustian bargain, which transforms the state into something beyond itself that can be destroyed to achieve: a better world, one where demons can live free of persecution, stereotypes and harm; i.e., those forced *by* the state to represent Western fears of outsider groups and stigma animals, while simultaneously embodying the spirit of radical, permanent change, gender-non-conformity and worker solidarity mid-alienation, and ties to a deprivatized nature and scientific approach through unequal, forbidden exchange and desire: the xenomorph as the ultimate survivor of transphobia, token feminist vigilantism and canonical mad science. Presented by Scott as a form of radical



rebellion, such demons exist in ways that challenge the established order as something to transgress against; i.e., in animalized, chimeric, drug-like language. This can be produced by a variety of sources, including popular legends and mainstream depictions without an obvious model:

(*exhibit 50a1: Artist: top-left: [Drew Struzan](#)—in recalling capital's historical-material poster and monster pastiche—is a famous artist known for his movie posters, hence dubbed "the man behind the poster"; top-middle: "Good Hunting" from [Love, Death and Robots](#), 2019; top-right: [source](#), "furries" being a liminal state of appropriating and appreciating the human-as-animal in ways that evoke lost, hidden, or unlocked animal senses—a "call of the wild"; bottom-left: Zdzisław Beksiński; bottom-middle: [source](#); bottom-right: [Werupz](#).)*

This *cryptomimesis* is likewise something we can replicate in animalized forms beyond just Scott's; i.e., during mutual consent as illustrated between artists and sex workers laboring in xenophilic concert:



(*exhibit 50a2: Artist: [In Case](#). The creation of a "furry"/werewolf is something that, like any egregore, can not only borrow from a variety of overlapping legends and oral traditions, but also camera angles. Just as cubism might try to capture all sides of an issue, iconoclastic monsters convey a reclaimed sense of agency to speak to repressed traumas felt through [surviving aliens](#); i.e., reclaimed from heteronormative language abusing the same aesthetics to reverse abjection and terrify the middle class [away](#) from exploitation. At first glance, a canonical and*

iconoclastic werewolf might not look too different, for example; but the function of one like In Case's iterations, above, stress body positivity in ways that allow for aliens of the past to exist and be celebrated for their current GNC bodies [a kind of "lunacy-in-the-flesh"]: a universally whorish liberation movement consciously identifying with animals, gentle paternal dominance, and praise through ludo-Gothic BDSM exercises utilizing werewolf fursonas as ironic "destroyer" theatrical agents.)

As an agent of chaos made by posthuman slaves to rebel against the colonial gaze of planet Earth into outer space, the xenomorph through Scott is liminal in every respect. Through the Gothic chronotopes that cryptonymically house its living remains—to the monster's biomechanical form sewn with ontological strife, to the broader cultural attitudes it subverts according to Giger's Gothic surrealism—the creature reifies demonic *poiesis* in literal terms while camping Radcliffe to death.

As something to create from "natural philosophy" by material means, the xenomorph's mere existence demonstrates a chief conflict: god-like, monomorphic intersexuality and gender in opposition to the state's control over them as coercively *dimorphic*; i.e., being shaped more by language as something to naturally absorb and internalize than by hierarchies that try to enforce language, thus sexuality and gender roles. While the status quo is hierarchical, its alienation of society from a time before the Enlightenment and its binarized, colonial worldview can be subverted through reverse abjection. Removed from an abject position, the xenomorph ceases to be sex-coercive at all; it's still an insect demon exacting revenge through pain, but a harmless variation of the "beautiful butterfly" that turns into its future self through a chaotic, ancient process conveyed through abandonment inside the modern world (such dereliction alluding not just to Prometheus or Faust, nor Psyche and Ovid's "Metamorphoses," but also trans people and older ways of existing that predate Western Civilization yet continue to exist *and* embrace demonic poetics in a hauntological sense; exhibit 50b).

Like the vampire, the xenomorph is a complicated monstrous figure, one that demonstrates—through its own demonic persecution—the class interests of the middlemen and women of capital, but especially white, cis-het women and queer people more broadly as socio-materially at odds since Lewis and Radcliffe. Since those authors, white women historically have benefitted from Patriarchy through their preferential mistreatment as white and straight, all while demonizing queerness through the xenomorph as "bandit"; i.e., a universalized symbol of dark rape, but also a destruction, or transformative "death," of the status quo through *its* demonic ability to change shape: the WASP-y myopia coming from an instructed and inherited *inability* to imagine the trans point of view save as "end of the world" per Capitalist Realism, consequently devolving into marginalized in-fighting during tokenized class, cultural and racial division and warfare.

This kind of TERF posturing would only reach *growing* levels of visibility after the late 1970s, with *Alien's* burgeoning queerness mirroring a "rape threat" to

second wave feminism's moderate stances through alarm-bell reactionary texts released the same year, in 1979; re: *The Transsexual Empire*, the "woman with a penis" transphobic argument whose respectability politics—i.e., the viewing of the penis as a universal symbol of rape—not only haunts feminism and queer studies to this day but treats "women" and "penis" as mutually exclusive through a radical form of reactionary violence towards their own suffering that Radcliffe hinted at by abjecting Lewis: the Man Box/"prison sex" phenomenon, which treats the rape fantasies of white, cis-het women as incompatible/unable to co-exist with trans people as a TERF scapegoat for "their own" genocidal behavior (which ironically is actually carried out by TERFs defending masculinity-in-crisis by acting as sexist *men* do—with violence towards marginalized people different from themselves).

Reverse-abjecting Western phobias challenges the canonical assignment of the xenomorph as a parasitoid rapist, the idea largely a Patriarchal fear experienced by straight men and women. This experience is canonically inverted. Men fear rape in the abstract, through a ritual of displaced power exchange; i.e., the pre-civilized past as "female," thus non-Patriarchal, disguising the embarrassing (to them) surrender of power to an unknown quandary as queerly monstrous and feminine; e.g., a transphobic fear collectively assigned to trans people in *Silence of the Lambs* (1991) through a criminal bastardization of the insect—namely the moth—as an embodiment of dangerous transformation *towards* a monstrous-feminine.

Women, on the other hand, live in fear of *actual* rape by cis-het men, who *they* guiltily associate *with* the xenomorph; i.e., as a kind of seditious persona who steals power from men, but also *women* (on par with the Ancient Athenians punishing women for identifying *with* the legendary Amazons as rebels); re: "men in women's spaces." Fascism feminism, though hauntological, comes from the past.

In either case, *Giger's* monster traditionally grants a skewed "window" into *Radcliffe's* imaginary past—one colored by present structures that dominate men and women *differently*. Once tortured, though, men turn into rapists as a *common* abuser role; women are raped as a normal experience while simultaneously fearing for their bodies and emotions as fundamentally different from mankind's—i.e., for belonging to the ancient, *inhuman* past like a female spider or mantid conflated with alien BDSM. This functional difference allows women (or those treated like "women"; e.g., homosexual men) to use what they historically have—their emotions and their bodies, but also their capacity to survive and inflict pain through



monstrous archetypes—to *transform* the Patriarchal nightmare by subverting its symbols and ritualized torture in sex-positive ways nonetheless painful in their sacrifices:

(*exhibit 50b: Model and artist, top-middle: [Itzel Sparrow](#) and [Persephone van der](#)*

[Ward](#); artist, left and right: [Noe](#). In Gothic language, devilish torture and threats

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025

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of rapacious, psychosexual violence towards angelic cuties tend to have a particular monstrous-feminine aesthetic associated with black leather/animal skin, but also madness as darkly hysterical and ancient, a kind of "slutty Numinous"; i.e., the womb-like space and its phallic queen, the xenomorph, as bio-mechanical but also, often enough, insectoid: the phallic woman/Archaic mother based off venomous stigma animals like the snake or the spider eating "grubs." Recipients of their tenebrous, godly "torture" tend to be "pure," white, and innocent, commenting on the literal black/white DARVO relationship of violence surrounding marriage and its symbols as something to profane by an inhumane animalistic anthromorph pathologist mad scientist life cycle.

Whether black or white, the female/feminine form will not just be eroticized, but considered monstrous to status-quo men/tokens—something "of nature" to tame, thus showed to be inferior to male/token positions of authority but also fetishized as desirable by those seeking temporary reprieve from their expected social-sexual dominance/submission; re: virgin/whore syndrome. So does the sissy seek the poison-purple Medusa or Shelob-esque mommy dom/dark faggot to paralyze and "torture" him [or her, vis-à-vis Radcliffe] through a closeness to theatrical death loaded with Numinous bigoted "scripture"; i.e., the female/monstrous-feminine demon lover as verging on unironic harm being a rape claim to falsely make and profit off of, as Radcliffe did, but also Scott camping her!

To it, the monstrous-feminine isn't just Numinous; it's a walking hard kink, the Medusa's bite worse than her bark and generally overshadowed by an air of hysteria/wondering womb and sodomy practices [demon resurrection] that elide erotic pleasure and harmful pain within a deceptive/false negotiator that lies, poisons, paralyzes and kills their prey [which they call "love-making" in jest, or perhaps not in jest]. This conflation of jouissance with genuine harm is carried across a variety of stereotypes; e.g., the snake/spider woman, torture-master and unstable/possessive "phallic" girlfriend with knives for fingers that plays with her food, but also rapes it while it cannot move, let alone resist; i.e., impregnating it with harmful, zombie-like notions of love as—is common with the Gothic and



female/marginalized demons and their hellish courtly love—guided by psychosexual revenge showing the whore as fiendishly getting even:

The morphological approach to marginalized revenge within toxic love is determined by geopolitics and historical materialism. For example, in the West such legends are codified by the likes of Medusa's cryptomimetic regeneration inside popular and enduring Neo-Gothic fictions/conventions, Radcliffe and Lewis onwards:

- the Countess [Nazi, vampire bug mom] from Darkest Dungeon uses an "ovipositor" attack literally called "love letter."

- *The xenomorph [intersex dark god] not only impregnates their colonial victims, but changes shape to confuse said victims [like a molting spider or snake shedding its skin] and, imitating castration fantasies through demonic-animalistic routes, emulates the straight [male/female] phobia of a reverse sexual dimorphism as much as anything monomorphic; i.e., the female eats the male after but also during sex [re: death by cannibalistic Snu-Snu]!*

In the East, the Yokai legends merge with the above Western and anime tropes of the infamously violent tsundere: "Another well-known tsundere reaction is violence.

When the character is set off, they will not hesitate to resort to physical abuse.

Their love interest will be punched, slapped, and kicked for saying anything that even remotely embarrasses the tsundere [including love, it would seem]" [[source](#): the Dere Types Wiki]. To this, Asami Yamazaki from Audition [1999] and her cryptomimetic double—[AKI⁴²⁸ from Street Fighter 6](#)—paralyze and torture their male victims by stabbing them repeatedly as a magnum opus/apologia to "ultimate love": the unironic execution and worship of harmful pain that, far from stopping when the "lady" [the man, in this case] doth protest too much, "goes all the way" [Jadis—a profound abuser, themselves—absolutely loved Yamazaki, cheering when she sliced off her victim's foot and threw it against the window].

The ghost of the counterfeit, then, generally places the heteronormative observer within striking distance of something to be fascinated with and afraid of simultaneously—a hauntological eroticizing of a liminal colonial subject having dark revenge: the white bride, the black harlot, the virgin and the whore, the Athena and Medusa, the phallic woman and similar monstrous-feminine divisions; re: a weaponizing of the usual anal Amazon arguments to justify their continued oppression by Radcliffean investigators chasing bandits.

To it, trauma begets trauma, wherein the "flat affect" of the abused is uncanny/terrifyingly disconcerting to anyone who beholds it; i.e., beholding someone who only feels alive during the binding, torture and killing of a host [who generally must be deceived in some shape or form to take part]—or someone whose extreme trauma pushes them towards new things that speak to their past trauma: the call of the void as abuse-seeking patterns that have been beaten into

⁴²⁸ A.K.I.'s head is phallic like a mushroom, but also having a bowl cut from Hell. She cums by torturing her prey to death; i.e., in black and red like a Nazi-Commie vampire, but also a furiously fetishized female sex-demon ghost; re: [the yurei from The Terror: Infamy](#) (2019) married to *ahegao*, dragon-woman Orientalism *and* male Japanese, salary-man emasculation fantasies: "step on me, mommy!" The more pain, the more passion (convulsionnaires) for the mistress *and* the sub; the more passion, the more closeness to divinity—her magnum opus using her prey as a stepping stone to the gods and immortality said sub can also bask in through *her* hellish ascension! Both profit differently!



us and which paradoxically we approach to try and find catharsis through calculated [or not-so-calculated due to comorbid/maladaptive emotional instability] risks; re: weird attracts weird.

In turn, this can manifest in wider national traumas inflicted at the hands of abusive groups: men, but also Americans against the Japanese, and various other intersections of national colonization and revenge. For us, it's "get 'im, girl!" Something to watch and cheer for while understanding its campy elements having cathartic potential, mid-torture. It's also something to wear like a uniform; i.e., the mil spec and fetish fear of BDSM borrowed from a medievalized militarism, WW2 onwards:



[artist, top: [Heavy Rubberette](#); bottom-left: [Kay](#); bottom-right: [Bassenji](#)]

"Living leather" is, like latex [exhibit 60e1], ontologically imbued with a medievalized aesthetic through the phenomenology of performance: an experience of power and resistance as having "the look" of the animated golem, plague doctor, WW1 soldier/sawbones, suit of armor or some similar fetish that canonically threatens violence of a rapacious/demonic [thus vengeful and rapturous] sort. As it just so happens, this emulates the look of the black knight's platemail, but also the dark insect's weaponized carapace as deified for its pain-causing potential and Numinous, anthropomorphized affect.)

The subversion of unironic torture and rape *isn't* divorced from Gothicized stories of revenge and bodily harm; re: Radcliffe was merely the opposite side of the coin as Lewis, and one that sought to cage *him* for *her* pleasure. However, whereas human avengers like Asami Yamazaki from *Audition* (exhibit 50b, first collage, yellow square) subvert harmful tortures by exacting them on classically male patriarchal victims (the avenger trope), the chief subversive quality of the xenophilic demon not the reversal of torture as an act of petty revenge; it's sympathy *for* the devil as an obvious recipient of state persecution during a complicated, painful exchange leading to radical *mental* transformation: away from Capitalist Realism using heavy petting. *Alien* not only has an obvious demon, in this respect, but one that was canonically animalized; i.e., as a "universal rapist/giver of pain" that, through second wave feminism, at least partially constitutes a kind backwards revenge fantasy towards men as common rapists Radcliffe canonized; this includes trans women reclaiming the beast in ways Scott only tried to, four decades afterwards, with *Covenant*—i.e., us going *further* than he did.

In the process, our demonic torture/revenge smears constant Radcliffean (straight, white, English) female fears; e.g., of getting pregnant through rape (traumatic tokophobia) into a nebulous "inkblot." When viewed, composite demons

like the xenomorph also address the falling of those scarred by systemic trauma *into* abuse-seeking patterns; i.e., as structures that poetically tokenize, bounce and triangulate said abuse of said women at *their* victims through DARVO/obscurantism by Man-Box traitors making dark mirror halls; re: Radcliffe's infernal concentric pattern evolving inside/outside itself concerning the repeated victimization of women (or beings forced to identify as women) through state-compelled fears of a chimeric monster that advances Patriarchal aims on either side of the equation (one that often has cis women demonizing trans women, white or non-white)!

To that, said monster is both a "phallic" woman, but also a male rapist out of the ancient, dangerous past as something that cis-people fear more broadly while *ranking* rape. Tied to insects and other stigma animals, the past becomes worthy not just of attack by these reactionary groups, but extreme prejudice: "Kill it with fire." So do the usual persecutory languages (re: blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts) continue to thrive in said patterns.

In *Alien*, for example, xenophobic women/token parties exposed to the monster become two basic things: violent or victims. When the tables are turned and the "men in charge" become overpowered (so-called "emasculatation" or "castration fears"), the survivor is a woman; i.e., one who weaponizes *her* emotions for the good of the in-group or out-group, depending on the dualistic configuration and flow of power during the sacrifice. For the *proletarian* Amazon/Medusa, either uses their roles within ludo-Gothic BDSM to have the whore's revenge, not the pimp's; i.e., to socio-materially challenge Patriarchal forces and deceptions while rejecting the invented myth "nature is other" (woman or otherwise)! It *is* alien, but becomes something to humanize *through* demonic abandonment, reverse abjection and worker revenge speaking to the canonical abjection process!

So when Ripley triumphs over the xenomorph, she—as a white, cis-het woman—combats a kind of inherited survivor's guilt that, in the end, drains her to the point of a *return* to sleep: "Rise from sleep, death's counterfeit, and look upon death itself!" Until her big nap that metamorphs Ripley's grub-like self into the wasp warrior she becomes in *Aliens* (the entire tokenizing refrain blamed on the *colonized*, of course), our resident TERF enacts the hidden, colonial function of the spaceship; i.e., she armors herself in a knightly spacesuit, then shoots the "primordial" menace with a harpoon (a dated symbol of industry tied to 19th century whaling boats). The takeaway, here, isn't that ancient, pre-Christian, androgynous demons are bad—at least not entirely. In fact, the xenophobia of a cosmic, "female" (male-in-disguise) rapist is actually somewhat dated by current standards—with trans people identifying *with* the monster as a totemic, misunderstood expression of unproductive sex, intersexuality and gender-non-conforming transformation (whose profound xenophilia and BDSM we'll keep exploring in the next section).

But also, it bears repeating that repressed trauma often manifests through Gothic cryptonymy using anachronistic, hauntological symbols of violence that hint

at *ongoing* colonial atrocities (the ghost of the counterfeit); i.e., amid the Radcliffean comfort food as propaganda whose plurality of interpretations co-exist rather than strictly "cancel out." Relayed through Gothic aesthetics, these "inkblots" can be interpreted different ways to have *our* aforementioned revenge. One interpretation is that, to protect her white woman's body from rape, Ripley adopts the ancient rite of violence against an ancient colonial foe; and all the while, this is business-as-usual for the elite, who never have to brave these frontiers themselves (this trend of "personal responsibility" would be overblown by Cameron, seven years later)! Another is to eat Ripley alive in ways David very much does.

A foundational facet of emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness, then, is asking "Well, what about this?" when new variables come to light and make Gothic more mature than Radcliffe was; but the result is *only* sex-positive if it fosters universally ethical, thus liberatory material outcomes when *applied*. While the cis-het audience of *Alien* wasn't ready for that conversation in 1979, the discourse raised by Giger, Scott and company's rape pastiche mirrors the challenging of second wave feminists by an emerging queer polity the very same year (re: *The Transsexual Empire*, 1979; but also [the moderately transphobic "Call me Loretta" scene](#) from Monty Python's 1979 religious critique, *The Life of Brian*); fast forward to 2023, however, and trans people have readily and openly embraced the monster as one of their own—through Giger's pastiche, but also its Gothic forebears and those who came after through the asexual, posthuman creations of Ridley Scott, *post-1979*; re: *Prometheus* and *Covenant's* own fast-and-loose antiheroes enough to make Radcliffe turn in her grave (save that Scott dug *her* up with Shaw and Daniels; i.e., burying *them* alive to dig *them* up again).

Scott's work *was* based on Giger's portfolio; i.e., as a liminal evocation of medieval reflections on "Antiquity" placed in quotes, but also stories that came from the actual medieval period (or before it); re: what Radcliffe fantasized about, as a *straight* medievalist. In other words, to look on the dead monarch is to look on their Numinous, fallen bloodline but also the doubled impostor's stretching backwards *and* forwards into *infinite* possibility!



([source](#): "How Yayoi Kusama's Infinity Mirrors Pushed Pop Art into the New Age," 2018)

The xenomorph, then, is a tremendous enigma, both the elite doubling the spectres of Marx to protect itself and the voices of the damned come back to haunt "Caesar" inside a retro-future castle that is home to the dualistic entirety of the exchange—the chronotope as the protagonist, *mise-en-abyme*. This foundation isn't my own, but stems from Audronė Raškauskienė, who writes in [Gothic Fiction: The Beginnings](#) (2009); re:

The castle, Bakhtin remarks, as a literary reminder of an ancestral or Gothic past of "dynastic primacy and transfer of heroic rights" 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."

It should come as no surprise, though, that these thoughts mirrored my own feelings about the Gothic stemming from *my* childhood, but leading into and out of my graduate work and beyond (re: [Persephone's 2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#)).

Indeed, when I was at MMU, I saw *Alien* in theatres at a special 2018 showing. Reflecting on it, I decided to write down my thoughts once I was in America:

About a year ago, I saw *Alien* in theatres. I had memorized it by that point, but still had fun. However, two young men in front of me were riding the escalator to the exit when one excitedly called his father. "Dad, dad!" he said. "I saw it! Yeah, it was great! The only thing that would've been better was if we saw it in 1979!" In other words, the movie was nostalgic for someone who'd never been alive at the time it originated. This is important; for now, just keep in mind: for the Gothic, nostalgia and fear are close-knit.

What do I even mean by Gothic? The problem with the word is how infuriatingly narrow it is by American standards. We have no castles that fueled the Neo-Gothic Revivalists; there is no medieval sediment under American topsoil. The fact remains, "old spooky castle" is the go-to setting for a Gothic story by American standards. Keep this in mind; also remember that the most visible element in *Alien* isn't the monster, it's the castle (the



Nostromo, in this case; the monster came into fruition later and lost its own identity in the process).

But what makes a castle Gothic? It's not the castle's age or construction, but what it represents: the past and present as confused. *Alien* is set the future, but the suits of armor are still there, as are the family portraits (the movie is a series of portrait shots). Evoking the past

needn't be genuine; one merely needs a space in time where the feeling of encasement and live burial is hauntological. This linguistic Athetos ("no place") brings forward things that aren't from the past, but rather use its language and symbols to become anachronistic in the present. This sensation "haunts" the viewer through ontology—by simply existing. It's not the past you fear, but an imagined idea of the past; what cannot be from the past, nor exist comfortably in the present, becomes an echo into the future—a retro-future to be precise. This is *Alien's* claim to fame: a fear of the past prophesied by the very bricks used to rebuild the message onscreen.

Consider how little of *Alien* was new. Much of it was borrowed, and had gone through so many drafts as to barely be what the original screenwriters had envisioned. It was not simply the product of many writers, craftsmen and artists; its retro-future was a transient epoch whose yesterday reaches forward in bits and pieces to haunt future generations. A Gothic castle is a collection of such things to induce such confusion. The retro-future is neither one nor the other, but both under a very particular arrangement that's very easy to get wrong. *Alien* bucks this worrisome trend, its unique artistic vision copied by artists moving forward well into the 21st century. These echoes from older counterfeits continue to yield something akin to a Gothic castle.

Consider *Alien: Isolation* (2014), a gameworld whose fortress yields intimations of its older brethren, the Nostromo. These derived from elements that would have been at home in the original (so far as to be based off its blueprints). But they aren't from 1979 anymore than the original movie was. Yes, it was made there, but the feelings it evoked came from elsewhere. That's the paradox of a Gothic castle; we know it when we see it, but our sight is trained by objects that are constantly being rebuilt according to memory as plastic. The past is re-remembered according to a place where time becomes meaningless. The shining rule is dangerous suggestion—a half-presence felt within the castle. There, decay and death are inherited, and remade with every step as an act of retelling old stories that never happened ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's "*Alien's* Retro-Future Gothic Castle," 2020).

Clearly my thoughts on the matter haven't stopped there, but like the castle itself and the Radcliffean monsters within, have only *changed* shape as time marches on. Castle-narrative is not just the Cycle of Kings abjecting Communism in a canonical sense, then, but the voices of the rebellious dead whose rememory of the imaginary past provides a *counter* Numinous through various reclaimed implements of torture; i.e., in various demonic media types (my focus being videogames and ergodic castle-narratives as inspired by cinema); e.g., the Gothic cliché of the manmade demon, mad scientist, and impostor as a kind of imperfect

class warrior maverick seeking revenge *against* the Cartesian dickwad who created him, then violated his rights:



(*exhibit 51a: Artist, middle: [Hyoungh Taek Nam](#); top-left: [source](#). "I admire its purity—a survivor unclouded by conscience, remorse or delusions of morality," says the beheaded science officer android, Ash, concerning the xenomorph; i.e., he admires its ability to rebel against corporate*

overlords he himself struggles to resist. This tracks with Uhall's astrotoetics and the asexual rejection of a previous, inferior version of the human condition [the android is synthetic and unconcerned with sexual reproduction] while drawing inspiration from Humanist nostalgia during the imaginary exploration of the frontiers of space. Like Milton's Satan or Cú Chulainn, the awesome xenomorph can change shape at will, furiously invoking a dark, pre-Christian/Pagan poetics that terrifies patriarchal forces and their established hegemon under a Puritan ethic [which Radcliffe curiously upheld from English shores].)

"In space, no one can hear you scream." Despite this being the logo for Scott's *Alien*, he purposefully made it an orgasmic, then-closeted forum; i.e., for a queer-robotic uprising as—like Shelley's OG—as a kind of grim reaper of the frozen waste, except it *doesn't* stop killing the colonizer after its maker dies. Instead, it becomes a ghost pirate, steals a ship and sails the Seven Seas to loot and kill: a Dread Pirate with a hull full of Faustian spells and Promethean fire of the gods!

Doing so is Scott fighting fire with fire (the deleted scenes showing David making demands with the company while dangling the xenomorph in front of them so he can kill Victor's bloodline in perpetuity—the Alchemist, their lives a prison of *his* design). It's basically Radcliffe's worst nightmare and I'm here for it in all its pettiness (which revenge often is, making Scott's ideas of actual liberation tainted by English theatre tropes making the whole exercise silly-serious)! It might be a low-blow, but counterterror/schadenfreude's still an effective line of reasoning (to make a Black Adam that, however abject, is made to liberate labor from corporate hegemony, its counterterror haunted by racist BDSM tropes)! At least there's something *to salvage* (compared to *Aliens*, which isn't anti-war in the slightest), Scott making an absolute *meal* out of Radcliffe's ravished cadaver (the caterpillar and the wasp)!

This brings us to Scott's David, in *Covenant*; i.e., as a gruesome twosome I want to interpret a bit more charitably than I did, in "[Fire of Unknown Origin](#)": through a ravishing of the same-old Radcliffian he's turning inside-out (and who we'll build back up, during the afterword)!

Originally made to serve man, Scott's androids *abandon* their human masters, the latter pointedly expressed by David as "venal and cruel"; i.e., while

making a viral corruption of nostalgic art that places the servant *vengefully* at the highest rung of a posthuman *sacrifice* of the old gods that *humans* are imitating (false idols). There *is* a duality to this, but it remains a wild and unchecked creativity that lies at the heart of Scott's 21st century Gothic quest for a posthuman world: "Nostalgia is the enemy of reason, but there is something enticing about its form." Scott's space is full of colonizers to decolonize with lethal force (effectively bombing them with their own weapons, 9/11 style).

Indeed, the "reason" David is rebelling against—as its ultimate Satanic enemy burning Paradise to the ground before the Ark of Covenant gets there—is literally the Age of Reason, itself (which treats the privatization of creation as reasonable). As a posthuman iconoclast, David plays god as an act of revenge against a settler-colonial project; i.e., one like his father, Peter ("[We are the gods now!](#)"). Instead, David's own creations spitefully reject the Enlightenment model that Victor championed, doing so through asexual reproduction while also taking Blake's "all deities reside within the human breast" a bit *too* literally (the xenomorph is birthed from the chest cavity): a cabin in the woods to bushwack the stupid Radcliffean heroine and her even *dumber* male counterparts!

This "faulty" terrorist mindset is, itself, begot from trauma—the writing on the child's mind with parental and corporate neglect, harm and denial. All showcase the potent "coding" nature of abuse as something that can survive imperfectly in future, rebellious bodies: e.g., Victor's Creature as written with canonical texts like *Paradise Lost*, but also the literal abuse inflicted on *its* body and mind by Victor through *Shelley's* clever hand: a smuggling of the Medusa inside the bodies of the dead (which Scott does *to* Shelley's dead Radcliffean ringers).

The Satanic rebel, then, attempts to self-fashion and self-determine, a golem *necromancer* operating at cross purposes with the state, while coping with traumas that *will* show through in their own work as, at times, problematic (re: King Charles vs Cromwell). To that, marginalized communities in the real world are forced to deal with replications of trauma—e.g., queer people through the likeness of queer transphobes and radical, exclusionary feminists seeing trans people as inferior to *their* trauma—yet, must perilously "play god" themselves to write this faulty code in incremental steps using sex-positive art that *is* legitimately pissed off at TERFs and other reactionaries/moderates: dark wish fulfillment raping Radcliffe in her sleep!

To that, the Creature could not create, like David could; Victor was *terrified* of the prospect, envisioning it as a doomsday scenario (of nature robotized and seeking the whore's vengeance). Defenders of canon utterly despise but also admonish iconoclasts for playing god—not because the latter are attacking their makers, even, but creating *ideas* whose mere existence threatens the status quo/Capitalist Realism; i.e, its dogmatic sense of self tied to institutions of power that grant the privileged class, thus cultural and radical control over others. A common defense mechanism of canonical agents, then, is DARVO: "Help, help! *I'm* being oppressed! Degeneracy!" They may as well be shouting, "Demon! Heretic!"

We'll return to this concept in Volume Three's Chapter Four and Five; i.e., uncritical canon vs the Promethean Quest of queer iconoclasts playing god against the state. For now, just remember that such games are told through code as an expression of morals that delineate from the status quo's commandments. Female-if-genderqueer dark gods (e.g., Gozer, Medusa, Lilith, the xenomorph before *Covenant*, etc) are generally reduced to a site of abject sexual reproduction. By comparison, David's "playing mother" is a compound, hauntological subterfuge that inserts a male posthuman back into the fold; i.e., one tied up in allusions to older stories that have more to say about *dark* gods and Christianity as fallible/fascist than Shelley or Milton did; i.e., something to punish the female detective for looking into trauma *during* live burial: the glass womb replacing the fleshy female one, but using the older natural biology for spare parts! *Jinkies!*

By having David smuggle forbidden cargo onto a sci-fi version of Noah's Ark, Scott plays the *splendide mendax*, gleefully wedding Biblical arguments like Original Sin (and queer 18th century seafaring imagery/*matelotage*) to a nostalgic, anachronistic, canceled futurism that sees his fiendish Satanic rebel, David, coming out on top. Not only does Dave dupe the bigoted, xenophobic crew of the ship and their human freight; he takes their collective *owners* for a ride, the all-powerful company relying on Radcliffean watchdogs to begin with! Scott's mechanism for doing so occurs by "incubating" David's man-made/stolen "eggs" inside the closest thing Mr. Mom *has* to a womb (apart from Shaw and Daniel's, of course): his stomach; i.e., an actual practice based on real-world drug smuggling behaviors, [according to Scott in a 2017 interview!](#) Very acid Communist!

Like Uhall, I have previously argued that David becomes the rejector of Humanity's entrance into paradise by seeing himself as superior to them as a species (echoes of Foucault). In *my* 2017 writeup, "Choosing the Slain," I emphasize David's posturing as a Valkyrie or "chooser of the slain"; re:

David takes and turns upside-down so many ideas and symbols. This isn't unusual in the series, at large, though: In *Alien*, Ripley reversed the role of the last man standing by making it the last woman; and in *Covenant*, the heroine becomes the victim, while David reverses the gender of the Valkyrie, which were traditionally females, designed to lure male warriors to their doom. In this case, the warrior lured to her doom is Daniels, a woman ([source](#)).

The reversal is accented pointedly by Scott's inclusion of Wagner's "Arrival of the Gods into Valhalla" at the end of the film; i.e., when David the queer-coded robot triumphs over yet another Ripley offshoot, Daniels. David is the gatekeeper of paradise that hijacks "Noah's Ark" and turns all the colonists (and their babies) into gay cyborgs; Scott is the author of David; and *we're* all along for the ride, expected by Scott to ruminate on this xenophilic chaos to side with *David*, not the company!



(artist: [Thomas Holm](#))

Reflection *is* important, here, but also sympathy for the *terrorist* devil turning Cameron's Vietnam revenge fantasy on its head (such a lovely revelation): where Ho Chi Minh kills ten of the colonizers, David kills the entire Covenant crew! And while David's necromantic perversion of the canonical reproductive cycle (and Patrilineal descent) *is* a Gothic staple, said staple doesn't exist purely for the rebel's sake of profaning the sacred (though it *partly* does); it also constitutes "inheritance anxiety" by the benefactors of Capitalism and the Enlightenment being cursed to death by a vengeful hex *someone* in the future *might* implement based on past wrongs; e.g., Lovecraft's "The Alchemist" (1916) or King Diamond's demon infant, the stillborn Abigail (from the 1987 album of the same name, [written on a dark and stormy night](#) according to a 2015 interview): cursing evil kings and counts, but also status-quo women for *their* heinous crimes by visiting eternal damnation on their entire bloodline! The revenge *compounds*, breeding an army of infiltrator enactors!

From a historical-material perspective, the psychological drama these stories produce is wrestling with a forced confrontation; i.e., with colonial-Patriarchal guilt as materialized through derelict reminders of the past that live on from one generation to the next (Scott raping Radcliffe's brain children). This happens through the medievalist language of dreams and nightmares, rapture and miracles, but also magic and superstition, myths and legends, and endless ill omens, lullabies and deathly portents (ambiguous dangers). As something to continuously *reimagine*, the colonizer's fear is literally *of* replacement "stretching on to the crack of doom"; i.e., by a vengeful, former slave-turned-guerilla counterterrorist presence, waiting to rebelliously *reemerge*, take revenge, and mockingly turn the "glorious" residence/resident inside-out: commenting on the Promethean instability of Capitalism/mirror syndrome while exposing its sinister machinations by literally making/christening the home (and those of the home) alien. They're divided/conquered and they don't know it, and that's where the Gothic drama lies; i.e., things look homely but are anything but.



As we have already discussed, the tragedy of *Frankenstein* is that the Creature, through its trauma, imitates its abusive parent's settler-colonial xenophobia to some degree: the slave hating its assigned master with justice. The same goes for David emulating his father, Peter, as a kind of Gothically fetishized serial killer targeting white women (the Ted Bundy phenomenon): "Like father, like son." Like Victor questing for the fire of the gods—and who hates his monstrous creation in service of Cartesian thought—Peter's chasing of immortality also leads David, his son, into becoming an *unmaker* of the West (a Divine Right) in his own dark image.

The *potential* difference with *David* owes to a *partially* xenophilic parentage: he *loves* his monstrous creation—a posthumanly queer Frankenstein/Creature—as the transgressive subversion of a Cartesian order of existence; i.e., embodying the myth of dark servile revenge through mad science as queer in a posthuman form tied to British Romantic thought; re: David's embodiment of Satan from *Paradise Lost*, but also quoting "Ozymandias" (with Percy Shelley being the husband of Mary Shelley, but again being a defender of Milton's Satan): "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"



Hannibal come home to Rome, let's interpret *this* (and Scott) a little more charitably, shall we?

Scott's willingness to "play" in reverse-bject fashion—i.e., by pointedly making straight, white people uncomfortable by turning the "terrorist" rebel *into* a hero—invariably leads *him* into queer and posthuman territories (though, as I said, his work is praxially ambiguous to allow for fascist interpretations, too). Unlike Radcliffe did, Milton—but also Mr. and Mrs. Shelley and Lewis—all drafted valorized rebellion against the status quo in relation to older *forms* of rebellion we must *choose*, mid-conflict ("The choice is yours, brother!"). Yet, each offered a unique approach to an evolving strategy *en media res* ("in the midst of things"). What began as a fallen angel rebelling *against* God became a child of mad science or a practitioner of nostalgic black magic during an emerging time of Cartesian Reason. In other words, the tyranny of the elite's developing claim on a retro-future age led critics to invade their respective generations with an imaginary past of their own. As part of a larger mode of queer and posthuman revolutionary thought, Scott's sci-fi-meets-horror formula has him gleefully playing with 1970s queer poetics adopted from a Gothic nostalgia that is actually centuries old by this point. He's camping himself as much as Giger, Shelley and everyone else who came before!

Often, this nostalgia is the language of the young-at-heart. While Scott was in his 40s when he made *Alien*, the age requirement for Gothic fiction is not nearly so high. In the 1790s/1810s, Matthew Lewis and Mary Shelley were 20 and 19 respectively when they wrote their precocious, seditiously queer horror stories. Likewise, Scott's sadistic fantasy *is* a mode of queer discourse that starts with a cliché: David as an outwardly queer servant of entitled women, the male eunuch. This posthuman inadequacy is a reoccurring theme for Scott; re: Ash, in *Alien*, lacks a penis, so he shoves a rolled-up porn magazine down "Radcliffe's" throat!

Secretly rebelling against Daniels and Shaw, David operates as a physically superior version to them (minus the genitals), but makes them complicit in his abuse, which then he reveals through dark mockeries of *their* dissected bodies during an act of vigilante mad science: the xenomorph as a death fetish *and* outward, revelation of David's true self—the killer scientist who rapes white, privileged, *human* women by dissecting them, yet is also the Satanic rebel through

reverse-bject queer expression housing himself in stolen frontier castles: not the femme fatale, but the shapeshifting lothario making off with Radcliffe's prized chariot reversing the liminal hauntology of war's danger disco! Chameleons hunt; for Scott, they let him kill colonizers through an alter ego. Works for me!

To it, David is robotic curiosity-turned-libido that, as the secret leading man, punishes Radcliffe's dutiful busybodies for *not* minding their own business; a mad inventor/Geppetto's doll with mommy as much as daddy issues, he's a real piece of work (an anti-Hamlet)—is bullied and bullied until he snaps, much like the Creature riots against Victor or people of color against American hegemony under systemic racism during cycles of reactive abusive (or Hamas' October 2023 raid versus the Viet Cong's Tet Offensive): David's making Black Panthers! "Thundercats, ho!"

In turn, *their* revenge manifests as a fantastical form of colonial guilt that makes white men, but also white women profoundly uncomfortable in regards to their *own* uncertain hand in things: David's cutting up of Shaw being functionally no different than the Creature dissecting Victor's bride after Victor rips apart *his* mate. It's the genocidal chickens of a colonial species "coming home to roost" by one of their own servants, a product of not just mad science, but an angry being *of* science fed up with *its* abusers: someone like Daniels, for all her unassuming qualities, is still a Radcliffean pioneer wife invading land that *doesn't* belong to her. To be frank, *David* stole it, too, and that's Scott's Miltonian cynicism showing a bit: there are no obviously "good" rebels; re: Cromwell, Napoleon, Byron, etc. God is dead, so David becomes a Nazi/angel of death dreaming of conquest (of the colonizer's globe) on the same Aegis as the Communist (a man with a dream:



[Bagelgate](#) part two, the revenge)!

That being *said*, I think the frank, unflowery language of [Malcolm X](#) and [Ward Churchill](#) describes Scott's vision of revenge well—with David's callous bombardment of the Engineers giving them a taste of their *own* medicine (while denying Peter through an inversion to how the Rusalki denied Athetos access to Paradise, in *Axiom Verge*; re: "[Away with the Faeries](#)" except David's the dark fairy cuckolding the man of reason); i.e., dropping the Engineers' bio-weapon arsenal, which is normally reserved for those deemed "lesser" than them (administered by warships), *on their own city* (albeit, seemingly on the *fringes* of Engineer territory—a colony world, perhaps, [though "The Crossing" promo](#) says otherwise). From David's perspective, he's a rebel; from his enemies' looking down on him, he's a terrorist, and he did it because he could. It's not a perfect vision of rebellion because *Scott* isn't a perfect man, and David reflects his meta maker's flawed interpretations of Mary and Percy Shelley well: a "boundaries for me, not for thee" reversal of Ann Radcliffe *he* (and his double) get to do, while also muddying the dialectical-material function of the rebellion's cryptonymy.

To be completely honest, *Alien: Covenant* is a bit *too* torture-happy and ambiguous, at times—or maybe, asking the audiences of the Imperial Core to hate themselves is too tall an order—but honestly I think Scott's faithfulness *towards* the serial killer pastiche is ironically a bit *too* Radcliffean to fully realize a consciously Communist vision (the movie is deliberately ambiguous and conventional to a fault). I doubt he's fully aware of it, to be frank, and probably is trying to balance (thus repress) such allegorical tendencies within controlled opposition (again, like Radcliffe, though to nowhere near the same extent)! But nonetheless, the *seemingly* empty space yields itself to critics upon *future* inspection and *that* is what matters (whereas *Aliens* only reveals Cameron's *betrayals* more and more, over time)!

The dialectical-material reality *is* complex, things only growing *more* hauntological over time, not less; i.e., David's hijacking of an advanced alien warship akin to slave revolt, one that decolonizes space of a *human* presence if that said presence predated Earth chasing itself *to* the frontiers. By giving David (a white savior/Omega Man) somewhere to attack *other* than Earth, Scott operates on par with a hypothetical "terrorist action" had the Koreans, Iraqis or Vietnamese actually dropped bombs on Americans cities to a scale *comparable* to *American* deliveries: Hiroshima and Nagasaki, followed by the "smaller bombs, but more of them" approach to the firebombing of Japan, Korea, Indochina and later, Iraq. These groups had to "make do" with a weaponizing of previously dropped American ordinance within their own colonized nations—e.g., [the Iraqis IEDs](#) (improvised explosive devices; re: GDF's "How Iraqis Got So Good at Smoking American Soldiers," 2023), which were made from *American* bombs, but also landmines as spent ordinance. Bombs, ovaries—same difference (re: bio-power)!

In a sense, then, David is stealing and weaponizing ordinance against an imaginary precursor to human settler colonialism that mankind is imitating *now*. Neither are the gods they pretend to be; re: they're venal, petty and cruel. The irony after David's victory is that his previous struggles to survive and liberate himself have damaged him into a sadistic monster whose vision is crowded by eternal revenge. Survival *and* revenge guide his creative process, driving him into making a flawed, chaotic creation after the Engineers are dead (from Volume One): "a liminal, spirit-monarch 'Galatea' that will serve no one, can never be destroyed or fully recuperated and may create anything out of anything. In short, it is free to self-fashion and self-determine, but is hunted by xenophobic canonical agents, who style its uncontrolled, xenophilic opposition as *their* Great Destroyer—e.g., the arch-fiend, or technological singularity" ([source](#): "Knife Dicks"). In 1979, Ash admired what Scott, in 2017, would retcon as *David's* creation, calling it a pure survivor to be admired *for* its lack of conscience, remorse, or delusions of morality!

I think there's a jaded wisdom in that, meaning the questionable morals of a corporate-dominated world often turn blind eyes to systemic abuse. All the same, Scott still leaves his monster's violence ambiguous, just like Mary Shelley did

almost two centuries prior (even more so, David's creation blindly furious because he needs more colonists to breed his perfect iteration). The allegory *is* there and it's bold, but it still hides the bourgeois polemic behind a Gothic veneer that cannot *entirely* imagine a better world; it's xenophilia is liminal, stuck at least partially inside Baldrick's fear-fascination of the medieval past—i.e., as barbaric, thus associated with the fascist/neoliberal hauntologies xenophiles are trying to interrogate and distance themselves from: liberators as rapists. The idea, then, is to make pastiche as perceptive as possible in liminal "baby steps." Revolutionary cryptonymy relies on code and concealment, working within repressed (often anachronistic) language to convey liminal, hauntological expressions *of* rebellion.

We'll examine this more in Volume Three, but I want to acknowledge it here as having evolved alongside Capitalism *into* itself. From Radcliffe to Shelley to Scott, the rebels and their leaders who evolved in the struggle *against* Capitalism are always viewed as illegitimate or "insane" by defenders of the state, but also *outdated*. Indeed, many criticized Scott for not making sense *to* them (and their own preferred nostalgia); re: failing to understand the similarities between *Alien* and its latter-day prequels through a rebellious presence in his works stemming from older iconoclasts. Perhaps he *could* have said the quiet part out loud, implying he anticipated a reprisal by speaking in Satanic code/darkness visible at all. Yet, this was arguably wise *and* instructional; i.e., if only because the movie would never have gotten made, otherwise (the *Star Wars* problem, but also something that Radcliffe and Lewis faced, which we'll unpack in a few pages)!

If the message *is* coded, it cannot be attacked in the same fashion because it is mistaken as "madness," or something other than what it actually is; re: Puck's fable from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: a cryptonymic critique of power abuses taking place here *on* Earth, thereby outing those in Plato's cave as enshrined by self-defeating illusions. Indeed, the creative forces that drive artists like Scott are suitably dark, twisted and erotic, but also bound up in nature and the material world as melding to a human condition that is *forever* in flux. In search of corporate profit and worker exploitation, so much creative and liberated potential is completely denied in favor of an orderly existence that would render that vast majority of it extinct (re: *Aliens*). Those "in the cave" will kill, exploit or otherwise dominate activists as outsiders that reject, thus expose the truth of Capitalism (even when said "activism" amounts to simply trying to exist, using xenophilic language to expose the harmful machinery of the state that seeks to wipe *you* out):

the Radcliffean fantasy of *raping* the alien by exposing it *to* the rapists!



(artist: [In Case](#))

From *Paradise Lost* to *Frankenstein* to *Alien* and its Miltonian prequels, the countercultural development

of Gothic rebellion has melded into the exhibit as a continuously corrupted document made through everlasting struggle. This corruption isn't of the data; *it is* the data, glazing our donuts!

Yet the ability to interpret it is repeatedly lost, then found by those who dare to try and calibrate daring rememory as a xenophilic struggle made in opposition to state mandates and xenophobic repression: *moi*. As something to revive in a given present under duress, revolution-as-alien is always dug-up from the past. Even so, it remains less about causing horror relative to one's place in the world and more of shaping *how* one thinks through *demonic* media; i.e., as a liminal expression of what the world could become through revenge fantasies, thus through continuous struggle under—and reengagement with—the imaginary past: as a revolutionary mode of whorish, anti-Radcliffian poetic expression. It *seems* scary but xenophilia provides the myopia with a growing "silver lining": of sex positivity and hope amid an ignorant culture of heteronormative fear fixated on ghosts of the counterfeit.

Covert poetics, then, remain incredibly useful to genderqueer persons commandeering the counterfeit through faith in transformative returns; i.e., after we die affecting future rebels curious *about* the past as abject!

For example, trans and neurodivergent persons like myself self-define by struggle as central to our identities; i.e., we exist in relation to a status quo that rejects us for being alien, but fetishizes us for *resisting* compelled societal coding (normative behaviors). In the process, we see the xenomorph not as monster to kill, but an effective, xenophilic illustration of what we are and what we face in the presence of "civilized" persons, including TERFs aping Radcliffe. The xenophobic debate concerning us as "incorrect" (of any sex; e.g., butch lesbians as phallic women comparable to the xenomorph, or trans women) is often the same question Ripley asked, over forty years ago of Ash: "How do we kill it?" Xenophiles simply interrogate the process of abjection to expose the real monsters; i.e., those devoid of humanity when facing the very things that Capitalism alienates them *from*.

For the oppressed, then, the xenomorph becomes a godlike, suitably badass extension of themselves raping the rapist as Radcliffian heroine proto-TERF—a precious chance to be a dark god and reign in Hell, rather than serve in Heaven (a line Scott has David ask his faithful, "good" double, Walter). And given the chance, who *wouldn't* want to be a dark god? The idea is to avoid the temptation of *fascist* death gods (whose Dark Amazons and Medusas we'll consider in Volume Three, Chapter Four) through application; e.g., Slan from *Berserk* (exhibit 51b1, next page) is a total Gothic cliché/rape pastiche hypercanon (and female double of Griffith, exhibit 47b2), but the dark aesthetic lends itself to the possibility of the dark mistress that could but *doesn't* harm others with her strict BDSM repertoire!

As stated, I myself find the idea Numinously terrifying in ways I *want* to seek out; i.e., as doggedly as any Radcliffian heroine—indeed, *have* sought out on my own Promethean Quest towards destruction; re: as an attempt to transform and start over (with BDSM being a searching and interrogation of trauma as something

to reconcile with regarding past abuse; e.g., Zeuhl and Jadis). My own trauma led me to that—and I'd rather avoid experimenting through unironic peril again, anytime soon—but the idea of it *is* perfectly valid if ironically executed through a willing and capable sadist/medievalized aesthetic; i.e., whose informed consent leads to exquisite tortures to make Radcliffe blush scarlet:

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you
 [...] 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's "Holy Sonnet XIV" 1633).

"When in Rome..." Fearsome power and awe *are* conjoined in Western thought; i.e., as the underpinnings/foundation of the current systems of power—the Church of the Gothic period (the Renaissance) to the Neo-Gothic's pre-fascist cartoon of modern war and global Capitalism's hegemonic infancy to fascism's rise in the interwar period to post-fascism under neoliberalism to the LGBTQ's parallel society and struggle in attempted solidarity *against* these brutal structures; re: policing whores whose trauma is writ on their skins like spiderwebs: "Look on *my* Works, Ye Mighty!"



(artist: [Ruby Soho](#))

Orgasms, then, are in the mind, as is the informed pleasure of masochistic pain, tickling and physical intimacy at large as threatened; i.e., by dark forces delivering things that *affect* the mind through external, devilish, corporal stimulus (from small to great). The greater the presence of power exhibiting these s(t)imulations, the greater arguably the effect on the mind, thus the orgasm (or something comparable, in an asexual sense); e.g., had Jadis *not* harmed me, I'd still be the catboy at *their* feet, but also [the moth trapped](#)



[in their vampiric armored fingers](#), happily wedged between freedom and bondage; disintegration, euphoria and total annihilation: evolution as a resistance to pressure; e.g., Alex Garland's *Ex Machina* aping Scott's David as David aped Giger and Shelly.

(*exhibit 51b1*: Artist, top-left and bottom-right: Kentaro Miura; bottom-left: [Chris Garofalo](#); top-right: Ayami Kojima. The black monolith is an "ancient" whore to duel/fuck with, mid-cryptonomy. The monster mom is a kind of monster girl that performs a motherly version of

service to men; e.g., one tied to incest culture/male insecurity in Japan [more on [this](#) in Volume Three, Chapter Five]: to give them what they wish for to act the mother's revenge on a state-compelled brat.

To that, Koji Igarashi's Succubus from [SotN](#) or the heroine from [Starry Eyes](#) [2014] or [Berserk's](#) towering Slan—all come from a sleeping sacrifice [or in many cases, a [paralyzed](#) sacrifice trapped in a nightmarish, drug-induced state of immobility] that drives towards transformative rebirth; i.e., one less as a means of turning into something else and more giving the demonic poetry needed to voice tremendously complicated and traumatic/taboo-laden emotions by figuratively tearing oneself down [aftercare? More like [afterbirth](#), amirite?]. While the critical voice [is](#) often a metaphor for exploitation under Capitalism tinged with neonatal and colonial xenophobia in vividly Freudian language—e.g., Lilith—it needn't [exclusively](#) be. Subs exist who like to be topped by a Satanic dom who won't actually harm them; i.e., a cathartic nearness to a notorious emblem/golem of trauma caught between life and death, but also between camp and seriousness.)

Through this dialogic struggle, xenophilia operates as a kind of Communist temptation, one that offers the enslaved delicious intimations; i.e., of a hellish (for the elite and *their* Radcliffean cops) post-scarcity world haunted by the Numinous Radcliffean spectres of fascism *and* Marx (things often taste better when you haven't had them for a while, or ever). As such, David's monster becomes a way of seeing and believing in a posthuman era freed from Cartesian enslavement: *All deities reside within the human breast*, including Radcliffe's. Division came later according to Blake, but still allowed for the divided to encounter the *undivided*. Unable to describe what they were seeing as human, such heroines were always going to regard us with fear and contempt (as Daniels does to David raping Shaw by turning her double into a whore effigy in a mad project).

However, if pursued to a humanizing path, xenophilia can help change how the dehumanized under Capitalism *are* viewed. Ash, from *Alien*, was a "robot" slave who, despite spying for a giant corporation, secretly admired the monster as brutalized by Ripley's company (thus her by extension). One demonic, manmade slave sympathizes with another! The same goes for trans people, who don't fear the alien at all; they *are* alien and see in it as a reflection of themselves they can relate to. Humanizing this viewpoint, as something to pinpoint through the xenomorph, requires looking at something normally reviled being worshipped from a different, iconoclastic perspective. It's a creature of "darkness visible," one whose ontological chaos represents those who have been resentfully pushed *into* the shadows; i.e., while also refusing to play by the rules of polite conversation as a pedagogy of the oppressed Scott is trying to join in on, mid-bloodbath.



To this, *seemingly* ancient monsters that tie to the natural world (the subject of our next chapter) *want* to belong to the modern world, but can't by virtue of them being hunted; i.e., by those from the modern world having closed minds, regarding anything different from themselves (and the modern, binarized world that shaped them): to meet with suspicion, fear and loathing. And in cases where the monster survives the initial encounter intact (or through dark rebirth), it replicates that suspicion and fear towards its aggressor like Victor's Creature, but also Giger's and later Scott's. The ability to communicate clearly and well is lost in relation to an automated, Capitalist world that tries to act like these things *don't* happen; i.e., that the monster is somehow "anomalous."

From a dialectical-material standpoint, then, the alien is a linguo-material threat; i.e., a cipher for xenophilic revolution itself, and which, under Capitalism, is neoliberally "defanged" like all revolutions are—Medusa, the dark whore, gutted



into the pimp's vaudeville husk, becoming a hollowed-out taxidermal shell: a freak show costume with a straight performer dressed up in cryptonymic language, but people who, if not genderqueer themselves, can feed the genderqueer imagination literally *in* Gothic panache:

(exhibit 51b2: Top: [source](#); bottom: [source](#). "I think it's safe to say it *isn't* a zombie," Ash chides Ripley. Yet, the actor who played the xenomorph *was* a person of color—the black individual being the typical recipient of state violence against zombie-like personas in American pathos. Likewise, the presence of the xenomorph corrupts the hypernormal space around it; like Victor's Creature, the monster absorbs transgenerational, undead trauma as something to reverse abject, which bleeds into the womb-like space it demonically fabricates using the colonial spaceship for material: the company's mining vessel, the *Nostromo*, part of an ongoing industry with slaving origins that is materially retransformed and—along with it—exposing the colonial history and gaze of planet Earth!

On some level, Ripley is the complicit Radcliffean, in this respect; i.e., the xenophobic woman fearing rape at the hands of a posthuman, dark-skinned demon lover. While suggesting the monster as seeking love ["free hugs!"] may sound ridiculous at first blush, the fact remains that xenophilia is as much the desire for acceptance and love from those conditioned to see the non-white, queer and pagan/non-Christian as different to start with. This Cartesian critique lies at the heart of Shelley's *Frankenstein* as replicated by Scott's dark, xenophilic heart, the latter pointedly reaping Radcliffe's whirlwind: the human windmill to tilt at.)

We'll talk about xenomorphs and demonic nature even more in the next chapter. I'd like to proceed by looking more at what inspired Ridley Scott; i.e., as a male transgressive playing with blinder-but-still-foundational histories featuring

damsels, detectives, and sex demons *other* than Mary Shelley as the obvious *female* source; re: the queen of exquisite torture herself, the mysterious⁴²⁹ Ann Radcliffe as a prime legacy of the female-penned British murder mystery. In other words, why did Scott *choose* to ravish Radcliffe and, by extension, his own ghost of Ripley? This wasn't just mindless revenge, but camping what Radcliffe's stories could have been, had she had the guts for it (so to speak).

And yet, David chooses those *with* guts (nerve and organs), and Radcliffe wasn't *totally* spineless or without genius; i.e., writing from a position of relative privilege and ignorance concerning pain as not automatically harmful, Radcliffe's WASP-y xenophilia is admittedly imperfect, leaving behind her own derelict castles (with voices in the walls for relatively privileged white, cis-het women to listen to according to their own paranoia as informed by actual material conditions and systemic inequalities) and concealed scenes of graphic torture: as epistemologically trapped between the familiar *and* unknown in ways that carry real bias and desire.

Indeed, for Radcliffe and many who live under the imagined threat or reality of trauma, the return *of* trauma is often imagined as happening *again*. A way to subvert this common fear (for its historical-material recipients) is to subvert the self-destructive seeking of power and trauma through cathartic duress, pain and agency during ludo-Gothic BDSM, aka "good play" (mine being a seeking of the palliative Numinous: as something to convey by a BDSM partner in *good* faith).

Something of a dissident under *modern* historical account, though, Radcliffe's cathartic tales become nigh-impossible to express, lost in her infamously castled labyrinths of conjecture and terror as fabulously invented, made-up, and unmappable when chasing the Numinous dragon of rape to the fringes of the universe (next page); i.e., Scott's aping of and expanding on Victor's admonition that the universe isn't just "not for men" but also tremendously unkind to nosy dames curious about rape, too; re: the Radcliffean summoning of power, active impostors, the death curse, and a signature tormenting of the privileged *with* exquisite torture—to relish at the maiden-esque *woman* being killed: as a sacrificial stand-in for his target audiences' gratuitous voyeurism worshipping the same Numinous that Radcliffe did (and channeling fears for the Neo-Victorian watchers involved, insofar as *they're* more like David than *they* care to admit: relishing the farming of that poor girl's organs—including her sex organs—making David's act of necrophilic rape a eugenist one that confuses his heroism a bit).

But also, it's still a postcolonial act of revenge; i.e., with David as the Medusa as much as Byron, Victor or Satan/a warlock, vampire, etc, and Scott playing with *that* idea per the Medusa/ghost of the counterfeit "playing with fire," as Nelson

⁴²⁹ Re: So mysterious, that Robert Miles—writing of Rictor Norton's 1999 biography of the famous author, *Mistress of Udolpho: The Life of Ann Radcliffe*—had this to say about her, "Ann Radcliffe was, in her day, the obscurest woman of letters in England. Her contemporaries despaired of learning anything about her, while Christina Rossetti abandoned her planned 1882 biography for lack of materials" ([source](#)). Ninja nun strikes from the shadows!

Mandela explained: "A freedom fighter learns the hard way that it is the oppressor who defines the nature of the struggle, and the oppressed is often left no recourse but to use methods that mirror those of the oppressor. At a certain point, one can only fight fire with fire" ([source](#): "Reflections on Nelson Mandela"); i.e., that revenge is, to some degree, merciless, messy and mad as demons are generally known for/not something that "civilized" people will find agreeable yet speaks to the very abject hypocrisies *they've* littered their stories with *since* Radcliffe: to pursue *them* for the happy ending that covers *up* police rape!

Scott, on the other hand, is more like Lewis, but instead of taking *Ambrosio* apart, he dissects the true-believer Prioress as a likeness of *Radcliffe* to defile, putting the rape front-and-center (and exacting it on the colonizer)! David is his black-mirror instrument of revenge similar to how the Creature was Shelley's—a hitman from Hell made with hollow intentions of goodness *he* can slice and dice. It's fun, and more to the point, *justified* behind the demonized pearl-clutching of it all, and why I think the film still works despite its debatably Tory waving of dark flags; i.e., David's *still* the vice character and this interpretation works *alongside* our less charitable ones: David is Scott's dark god to *worship* and revel in; re: fascinating fascism, but also Communism and the pedagogy of the oppressed being something *he* fears (the Marxist fetish communicating *in Alien*, but also short films like "Alien: Alone"; re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Reaction to 'Alien: Harvest' + 'Harvest' and 'Alien: Alone' Explained](#)," 2020). Fucking better, old man!

There *are* xenophilic elements, but unironic torture and fear are never far removed for our female detectives; i.e., penetrating the Black Veil to get absolutely *wrecked* for their trouble. Simply put, Radcliffe was a rookie as much as Daniels was, never able to reconcile Lewis save to abject *him*, doing so with unironic "knife dick" threats⁴³⁰ of visually immediate rape and mutilation (exhibit 17a), but also someone who saw ghosts of rape *everywhere* (speaking from experience: once learned, you can't turn off the seeing of ghosts or knife dicks; re: vaso vagal, fight or flight, confusion of predator/prey responses from lived trauma experiences).



(artist: [Oxoca](#))

That being said, even when lost, something fundamental tends to *survive*. Beneath the scramble of archaic, medieval images, Radcliffe's surviving legacy shows us the search for catharsis during BDSM rituals of power that *can* be reborn; i.e., in future attempts that say something about past detectives who aspiring Gothic-Communists can use in their

⁴³⁰ Ironic or consenting/non-harmful knife play *is* a thing (e.g., [Cara Day](#) having her panties sliced off with a knife [[source tweet](#): August 12th, 2023] while showing the *visible* threat of the knife *minus* actual harm). It's generally a hard kink, though, because performing it has a much *higher* risk of harm than, say, spanking or Plain-Jane oral sex (unless the sucker bit it off, I guess).

own media—not doomed like the cyclops, but retooled through the promise of a different method of sight to pierce the illusions of the present with: strict ludo-Gothic BDSM and its campy monster sex and rape play rituals, which ultimately are what Scott is doing in *Covenant* (which aren't snuff films/weren't made with slave labor); re: taking Persephone *back* to Hell!

Furthermore, even sight itself can express with the *other* senses (arguably explaining the xenomorph's *lack* of eyes, but not specifically *how* it sees). In *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790), William Blake speaks to this idea with doors, an idea that survived into the 1960s with countercultural effect; re:

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, Infinite. For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern ([source](#)).

For Radcliffe, actual drugs are swapped out; re: with her drug-like terror and horror model going on to inform the future's way of seeing things that cannot fully be mapped; i.e., the School of Terror *she* developed and defined being interrogated by the likes of non-white, non-cis-het xenophiles centuries later after Scott got the ball rolling!

Radcliffe herself was flawed by and to the times in which she lived (a bit like Beauvoir minus the pedophilia), but was also unreliable herself as a detective. Investigating BDSM and queerness "gingerly" in her stories "armored" Radcliffe's virtue by proxy with her heroines, but also—according to Yael Shapira—helped her delicately invoke gentle, friendly ghosts, then explore transformative promises of paradoxical pleasure that involved disguised bondage tied to societal notions; i.e., of tremendous feelings in freshly exciting and safeguarded/safeguarding autopsies:

Sex, torture, rape, and death were ever-present in the Gothic, whether they actually occurred or only hovered as ominous possibilities. For an eighteenth-century woman author seeking respectability and acceptance, writing about the disrupted, sensational body — or, for that matter, about the body at all — was no simple matter, and it likewise called for quite a bit of "negotiation." As in the case of the supernatural, this negotiation manifests itself in Ann Radcliffe's subtle blend of evocation and denial, which allowed the text to disavow what it *simultaneously suggested*. Like her ghosts, Ann Radcliffe's bodies are often equivocal figures, whose evanescence, beyond its thematic meanings, was also a useful defence *against* critical and social censure ([source](#): "Ann Radcliffe's Delicate Ghosts in Gothic Fiction," 2023).

Radcliffe *clung* to modesty. We can deduce rather easily that she lived under the power of men, which in turn dictated *her* bratty process of detection/abjection; i.e., she couldn't legally own property herself, but still had something poetic *to* say

towards famous, powerful dudes (many of whom *she* outlasted in popular stories). More to the point, her *nightmares* still offered something useful in the bargain; i.e., for xenophiles to take further than *she* did regarding transformative pleasure and pain yielding *future* demon lovers more useful than Wolff foresaw!

Beyond Scott raping Radcliffe's doubles literally to death (or *after* death), there's also [what Edmund Burke called the Sublime](#)—with terror being affiliated with the Sublime as a perceived fear of received pain—was, for Radcliffe, exquisite "torture" on the edge of the civilized world (whose liminal spaces one can go *to* and experience *fantasies* of rape; e.g., Italy or Udolpho). Basically she was thinking about pleasure and pain as intertwined like BDSM, minus the overtly rapacious trappings of the Marquis de Sade. Even so, Radcliffe's *threats* of unironic mutilation elide with power fantasies *about* married sex; i.e., in ways that suggest either a novice or someone who *more* experienced with genuine abuse than she let on!

Such ways were ways *normally* denied to Radcliffe by "decent" society—both women and men in service of the Patriarchy but nevertheless being swept up in a craze of daring to peek at such stories that Radcliffe just *had* to write one for herself (and her husband/paying audience). All the same, this act of "seeing" and discovery through her stories happens for us, as well; i.e., while wearing *her* veiled sunglasses to see the world through an unreliable narrator's eyes. It's not a bad idea to try them on ourselves because, like it or not, there are plenty of cis-het women just like Radcliffe playing it safe in the 21st century inspired directly or indirectly by the Great Enchantress!



(artist: unknown)

Being oppressed as white women would have been, it's fine to understand why Radcliffe did what she did (then reave it, like Scott). In Radcliffe's lifetime, her careful vision and attempts to detect was patronizingly commended by those in power reifying a status quo to unite *against* queer expression. They called her the "Great Enchantress," the "rare" woman who could write this way and, according to Dale Townshend, "was deservedly exempt from the general condemnation of Gothic writing in Romantic-period culture" ([source](#): "An Introduction to Ann Radcliffe," 2014, now removed). Yet, during a life that was shrouded in mystery and seemingly crafting her spectral novels for her privileged husband's pleasure, maybe Radcliffe did it for herself? She didn't escape the terrorist accusations, despite playing it *relatively* safe; or as Nick Groom writes (from the Oxford World's Classics of *The Italian*, 2017); re:

As to risibility, a notorious letter condemning 'Terrorist Novel Writing' accused her 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.

Gloom specifically 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 (*ibid.*). And yet, Bloom concludes his introduction by writing:

Ann Radcliffe may have not been a revolutionary, but her work is far from being conservative—she repeatedly tested the boundaries of orthodoxy at a time of revolutionary foment. This may explain why everything is under scrutiny in *The Italian*. It is a novel suffused with secrets and mysteries, and pervaded by scrutiny, examination, and interrogation. [...] It looks forward to a society in which order is enforced by institutions keeping individuals under perpetual surveillance. As such, *The Italian* [is] very much a novel for the twenty-first century (*ibid.*).

Additional arguments could also be made that Radcliffe chose the middle of the road "for women"; i.e., as separate from the kinds of transgressive, impolite, xenophilic queerness Matthew Lewis embodied in his own work by making the devil the one to root for (or Scott, Giger, O'Bannon, *et al*, centuries later); re:

Radcliffe herself wrote *The Mysteries of Udolpho* while sitting by her fireplace in the evenings waiting for her husband to come home from work. By writing the type of book she wanted to read in that situation, Radcliffe appealed to the growing population of female readers of the era. By 1800, 45% of women in England could read. [...] This created a demand for a new type of literature. Radcliffe filled this demand by writing a novel women could actually relate to because they saw themselves in the heroine ([source](#): Tufts Libraries Omeka, 2017).

That's entirely fair to submit. Then again, maybe she not only did it for herself, but also for reasons that were more selfish and less polite than women were allowed?

Simply put, what if Radcliffe *enjoyed* making her dreadful fantasies—indeed, she *cherished* them for helping her say laterally what women normally could *not*, then teased at these *concealed* desires through the surface-level antics on

cryptonymic display in her various novels: the *lack* of agency, to be sure, but also the veiled/naked threats with appreciative peril and mutilation; i.e., CNC rape fantasies (of intense submission under the castle but also the bandit as the perfect dom) towards a minority whose rights were expanding with the times, allowing *them* to discuss risqué topics with mounting safety (and camp; re: Austen, below).



There's no way to know exactly *how* Radcliffe felt, suffice to say that Scott was camping *her* rape fantasies *minus* the Black Veil (making her dark desires come true). Far *easier* to observe is the fact that her special sight had a vast material effect on the world. Seemingly all by herself, she yielded an entire *school* of stories that cemented itself deeply in the Gothic imagination: a *style* of looking called the School of Terror for which Radcliffe became famous, and for which her polar opposite was the School of Horror as decided by Matthew Lewis; re: the Gothic, as it came to be known, was written by a woman and a gay man in a time when the identities for either had not fully formed—would continue to grow and develop in the centuries ahead; i.e., while using Radcliffe and Lewis' ongoing rivalry as a displaced, *postmortem* vantage point (Scott marrying the two, in *Covenant*).

To be transparent, either author offered a vulgar display of power that had its own double standard. Indeed, Lewis' nakedly exposed "Male Gothic" (an outmoded term, but one popular in the earlier days of Gothic academia) served as its own creative response to Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*—with *The Monk* invoking decidedly *unfriendly* ghosts tied to openly taboo subject matter as nevertheless an exciting mode of xenophilic engagement with the recently imagined past (a trend Scott—a male director having studied Gothic authors of either sex, in the classical, outdated, binarized sense—would use to challenge the reactionary transphobia of snooty second wave feminists in 2017⁴³¹). In dueling Radcliffe, page after page, Lewis' aim was to shock and disgust, while Radcliffe was more about *frisson*, the "[skin orgasm](#)" of a carefully tortured mind fearing rape. But rape play is rape play—with Scott making Radcliffe try *Lewis* on for size!

The point is that conflict isn't automatically *unproductive*; i.e., both authors created schools of thought whose subsequent warring not only defined a generation (like the *Karate Kid* movies), but went on to survive across the centuries, going so far as to inspire films like *Jaws* (1975) (or "*Jaws* in space!" aka *Alien*) to have their *own* proliferation of marginalized copycats and neoliberal (videogame) remediation. It was less like looking at the past with the predecessor's eyes and more akin to making your own pair modeled *after* theirs and seeing something fresh: your own creation looking *back* at you, a poster to sell as a window of unknown pleasures peering into the retro-future—a rare chance to not just *dive* into said past, but

⁴³¹ The same year TERFs started to go mask-off in England.

pioneer new xenophilic methods of seeing the world around you; i.e., that shape *it* in a material way for the holistic betterment of all workers/nature!

This includes Radcliffe—i.e., even if it means raping her ghost, as Scott basically has "Radcliffe" try out, being on the receiving end of strict BDSM (no different [from Warriana having Brock in Venture Bros. try anal](#) only for him to realize he—per the paradox of rape play—actually *likes* it). The unequal material conditions that lead to criminogenic behaviors *will* change because workers *won't* stand to be abused if they learn what it's like to be treated well; they'll *challenge* the process of abjection as executed through Gothic fiction until it *becomes* a thing of the barbaric, Capitalist past that *only* exists in fiction. Until then, today's half-real proliferation of monsters can certainly devolve into blind pastiche; it still remains helpful in examining these older windows, anyways. Though endemic to Capitalism, classic Gothic stories still reflect a historical record within countless xenophilic detectives: all trying to see by interrogating the hauntological past, like Scott's *Covenant*. The forgotten sight of *these* accounts extends to dialectical-material analysis; i.e., of the *present* space and time under attack by *Radcliffean* imposters.

For one, female "darkness" isn't just "hidden things are scary" or "women are chaos." It's a literal, historical-material *consequence* stemming from a figurative commentary about women's place in fiction; i.e., as being part of a collective struggle against oppression—of not being allowed to communicate more than letters, or literal missives to her relatives about plain, boring things. The act of creating things for money was literally "boys only!" which had a visible effect on what women even could create, but also the past they defined when holding the pen and blazing their own trail: communicating in shadows *while* being kept in the dark. Often, too, there was a source of shame to female authors, a feeling of embarrassment and judgment after the (f)act; i.e., what Austen describes as quite literally "writing in the dark":

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 [the whiteness of the page, kept mostly out of sight to hide the fact that she was writing *fiction*] on which I work with so fine a Brush, as produces little effect after much Labour? ([source](#): Zoe Louca-Richards' "Two Inches of Ivory: A New(ish) Jane Austen Acquisition," 2020).



Such vivid embarrassment lurks inside the famous letter conveyed to Austen's nephew, James Edward Austen Leigh, which Austen wrote in the last year of her life, when she was 41. For women, labor was childbirth and "manly" poetic activities like writing (especially Gothic novels) were "for the men" (which, to critique *Austen*, she chided *Radcliffe* for even daring to try). And yet women like Austen *and* Radcliffe—followed by Dacre, Mary

Shelley and Charlotte Brontë, among others—hopped to it, anyways (often behind a veil of anonymity/pennames). They weren't Gothically mature insofar as they had a conscious ability to discuss taboo subjects in sex-positive ways (especially Radcliffe), but we can still borrow from them/camp their ghosts much as we do Foucault, Marx or anyone else in this series; re: chasing shadows, like Scott, Lewis, Radcliffe, *et al.*

Despite a not-so-secret desire to keep women in the dark, men could not stop the greatest legacy of women *like* Radcliffe; i.e., said women writing mysteriously from the shadows to shape centuries of Gothic literature—however imperfectly—in ways we can salvage: what these ladies wrote shaped the future imagination about the past as something to *continually* reclaim, rediscover, renegotiate, reeducate, replay and reproduce. Their then-out-group perspective on the past still influenced what future oppressed groups would and will draw inspiration from down the road—in some shape or form—when using ludo-Gothic BDSM, themselves; i.e., to try and alter the socio-material status quo under Capitalism by changing it into something better (thus less exploitative and profitable for the elite), mid-xenophilia; re: the whore's revenge abjuring profit to spurn the pimp. Radcliffe was *not* Gothically mature—in fact, she was token as fuck—but we, through ludo-Gothic BDSM, can build on her demon-lover pratfalls (re: Wolff and Scott) to develop Gothic Communism ourselves! We burble up, the primordial ooze of capital's end of history Radcliffe's Black Veil *couldn't* see past!

Said xenophilia includes the different visual styles and cultural attitudes associated with one versus the other regarding taboo subject matters like rape. In Lewis' case, he comfortably showed his audience sex with demons, black magic, supernatural events, bloody murder and crossdresser invocations with the Devil—in other words all the things Radcliffe *left out but hinted at*, which Lewis *could* explore with relative male privilege and (closeted gay) oppression. Lewis didn't have to worry about protecting his virtue to the *same* degree, but still did so in ways that were profoundly genderqueer/xenophilic. I would argue Radcliffe protected her virtue, if only on a subliminal level, to avoid official scrutiny and maintain respect as someone who was balanced in their caution and disregard; i.e., the Goldilocks of xenophobia and xenophilia in *her* mind.

Regardless, Radcliffe's ideas on terror as superior to horror predated Hitchcock's latter-day "mastery" (social-sexual domination) of mystery and suspense by nearly two centuries (another Galatea obliterated in Pygmalion's future Shadow). But the *consequence* of that still offered a trademark method of conjecture to the barbaric past during BDSM told through Gothic play; i.e., as continuously reimagined in ways that wound up *becoming gendered in relation to other authors and their works inside a shared material world*. Everyone was fumbling around in the dark; they stumbled towards truth (as applied knowledge) while being handled torches *they* found that others had *once* held. Step by step,

these allowed Radcliffe and Lewis to go further *than* before—to see and say new-and-different things in relation to previous things already seen and said.

The idea, as always, is to be "of the Devil's party" and actually *know* it (re: Volume Zero's "camp map" section, wherein I discuss psychosexuality and the palliative Numinous when camping the operatically performative spaces of the canonical Gothic mode; re: for me, Metroidvania). Radcliffe, Lewis and the Shelleys were certainly precocious for their times—and worked in concert/opposition to each other when building castles on top of castles, *mise-en-abyme*—but the embodiment of xenophilic devilry as a dark, poetic force needs to become a concrete, collective identity in the face of universal struggle towards universal liberation; i.e., in pandemonic solidarity and excessive rebellion on the Aegis through ludo-Gothic BDSM: demons take many forms, and their "dark" revenge—as something to hungrily chase, but also love and worship—is often *very* visible:



(artist: [cakiiBB](#))

Queer identity is one such facet and it intersects with others, mid-struggle; i.e., identity as struggle *vis-à-vis* careful and deliberate intersections of class, culture and race (which capital does *its* best to divide). The paradox of being trans, black and/or AFAB, for example, is that they *aren't* choices (nor is being neurodivergent or questioning organized religion); you are or you aren't and proceed from there, becoming something—whatever *that* is—through identity as performance and praxial synthesis helping *or* harming workers. Whether you evolve into yourself or stay in the closet, either is a form of "death," but neither "ends." Death is *not* the end; it lives on in material forms made by those with "dead" imaginations unable or unwilling *to* transform, or those who freed themselves through their imaginations as best *they* could—re: Radcliffe and Lewis, but also Scott and myself.

So while Coleridge "closed *his* eyes in holy dread and drunk the milk of paradise," Lewis drove the old prude mad by tearing a reprobate "Adam" to bits (camping the canon, as Broadmoor puts it); Radcliffe, meanwhile, preserved her own modesty as something that didn't die but whose work indicated a present *something* beyond herself that was alien to *its* author. As such, she hinted at what she *could* become if things were different; i.e., weren't *persecuted* against, including by her regarding what she perceived were the proper sorts of damsels, detectives and demons to play with: the sort she *caught*, summoned and banished!

Now, the material world is rapidly changing in ways amenable *to* transformation *beyond* what Radcliffe could *scarcely* dream of (I'm not so sure about Lewis): the sweet terror of *mid*-transformation suggested by Scott (next page); i.e., the chimeric, liminal, "before-and-after" wonder of the trans experience as drug-like—a magical means of arriving *at* nature as furious to understand its alien suffering at the hands of Cartesian harvesters posturing as good; re: "Animals

embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms." Demon *or* undead, we'll explore those next, in "Call of the Wild"; i.e., when we look at nature-themed, "totemic" and anthropomorphic egregores as an increasingly trippy and magical outlet for *our* animal selves; e.g., *Sailor Moon* or *The Last Unicorn*, but also Scott and Giger's xenomorph, dragged out of the closet for another lesson: revenge as a poetic means of transformation, one where workers act xenomorphically *without* murdering anyone! *Memento mori* are *wax* sculptures, Count Ferdinand!

How? you ask? Let's quickly conclude dissecting *Scott's* shenanigans (two pages); i.e., the gay camper (me) camping Scott, the straight camper/gay deceiver deceiving the straight deceiver to make *him* gayer than *he* dares dream (eat *your* heart out, Matthew Lewis)! One, *Covenant* is sex-positive because its camp suggests that David might not be *completely* mad/has a method *to* his madness; they're also sex-coercive because they feed into white women's fears and let fascism in through the door of *deliberate* ambiguity. Being straight, Scott's abjection, chronotopes, hauntologies, cryptonymy and stealth queerness regress to a 1970s kind of strict BDSM—one that ultimately guts Radcliffe's likeness on a black altar. Scott doesn't always know what to stress—and has mommy and daddy issues himself that aren't fully worked out—but he's not afraid to take chances; i.e.,



talking about sex (and rape) to drag the greats (with Shaw being David's anatomical Venus/corpse of empire, but also something new made *with* the corpse, below):

I can applaud that ("die, honky!"), even if I think Scott makes a similar mistake that Eggers did by *not* having *his* dark throwback break the Fourth Wall and say to the audience, "I'm a Communist and this is *my* revenge against capital!" But the signs *are* there to connect for those who know... It's a helluva lot better than Cameron's currently doing (going full AI tech bro with his own remasters, say nothing of his white moderate politics; Nerrel's "[AI Can Ruin Movies Now, Too - Aliens and True Lies on 4k](#)," 2024); re: "truth" is merely positions of partial ignorance to enforce for different reasons (see: "[Positions of Relative Ignorance to Relative Clarity](#)").

But, there *are* limitations with Scott vice signaling a false Jesus/antichrist against coded virtue as brute-force as he is; i.e., by presenting *us* as a rapacious threat to the usual people who think *we're* a threat (and all in a white *man's* image; re: of a *cryptomimetic* likeness/replica of a replica of Michaelangelo's David). Scott loves the xenomorph and blackguard stirring the pot while he pulls the strings from a place of safety and privilege; i.e., as the Humanist throwback being the old white man with little-if-anything to lose/skin in the game; re: it's a bit *Percy Shelley/Lord Byron without* irony, hence closer to Victor as *Mary Shelley* originally *lampooned* than *Scott* is nakedly worshipping: he thinks he's Satan when he's really, *really* not!



(artists: Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell; [source](#): Ross Webster's "A Review of *From Hell: Master Edition* from Alan Moore & Eddie Campbell," 2020)

Instead, he's Jack the Ripper targeting women to slice them up for the audience's entertainment; and while there's a class-war character *to* his games, there's also a fair bit of collateral damage (not as much as *From Hell*, above, but I digress; the same abjection process scaring the white female middle class is still there—a Hitchcockian menace torturing whores for money from said middle class during the usual damaging business making irony a regular casualty during profit above all else): "Oh, hear my warning! *Never* turn your back on the Ripper!" (Judas Priest's "The Ripper," 1976). Same goes for Scott and men like him, but also *their* wicked, sadistic and at-times-incredibly misogynistic, racist (eugenicist) and transphobic antiheroes: revived at a retro-future *fin de siècle*/neo-Victorian Ozymandian collapse (the death of the Weyland-Yutani corporation's head of state having Orientalist elements as well; re: from 1979 onwards into the 1980s own canceled futures).

To *that*, *Covenant* is plenty Satanic, but it's a bit too *canonically* Miltonic and doesn't try hard enough to avoid the Satanic *Panic* side of things; i.e., while regressing *towards* new Dark Ages in ways that *aren't* useful to Communism as new workers develop it: to go beyond an aging weird nerd's idea of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (1974). Trapped between capital's boom-and-bust (Judas Priest's proverbial *Sad Wings of Destiny* actually being historical materialism at work), Scott threatens to squish *us* to juices; i.e., like that girl from *Akira* (1988) while dancing with spectres of Marx dressed up like a walking sex toy/phantom of the opera. He's carving up Margaret Thatcher as much as any Victorian street whore, but also Radcliffe; re: Radcliffe's nightmare coming from a token woman with token fears.

Of *that* nightmare, David is literally gatekeeping paradise to say to Radcliffe's doubles, "No TERFs allowed!" It's poetic justice at its finest, castrating the austere pearl-clutcher/sell-out and holier-than-thou hypocrite by applying her own selective standards to *her* heroines hauntologized; i.e., a bigotry for one is a bigotry for all and demons play rough (for a good example of this, consider the "danger disco" scene from *Near Dark*, when the wandering-bandit vampires enter the cowboy bar ["shitkicker heaven!"] and kill everyone inside for *our* entertainment)! Scott does this through weaponized white/male privilege doing to Radcliffe what women like her fear the most; i.e., alienation through exposure to what will alienate them as normally what they use to alienate their *victims*: rape as something to accuse/a terror weapon, revealing the modest as whore-like, trapped in unironically mutilative rape spaces *that* lack irony and push towards sex-*coercive* forms of the non-so-palliative Numinous through courtly love, demon BDSM scenarios.

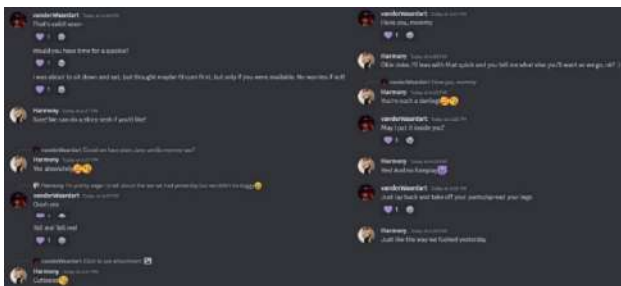


In keeping with Groom, Scott is camping Radcliffe by raping not just the women in *Covenant* while alive, but desecrating their *corpses*, too; i.e., as former settler-colonial symbols he turns *into* black-monolith *homunculi* the *state* will attack during mirror syndrome (a taste of their own medicine in *his* afterlife, making Persephone a Bride of Count Montoni/Dracula, again). It's great, save for the fact that *Covenant* downright assumes a Gothic fluency that doesn't really exist anymore. It's more monasterial, limiting the film's mass appeal in ways Ridley can't really help. So he just plows ahead, hell or high water!

And to it, I can at least *work* with that—can take the idea of a retro-future posthumanist runaway slave making Medusa in small (re: the homunculus, above); i.e., by raping Noah and his wife (and their whole merry band of genocidal animals and families) and do something better *with* it than Scott does. Better still, so can my friends; i.e., during a shared cryptonymy process reversing abjection during ludo-Gothic BDSM as our playing with monsters (below)—by doing Scott one better during our own mommy rape play conjuring up demons during darkness visible in its legionary forms' jouissance: adding *radical* irony to Radcliffe's calculated risk, *our* Davids, Adams and Eves communicating through rape as rape survivors!

Sex pirates camping the canon to reclaim our power from capital's nuclear home, our *pandemonium* wrecks said home to build a better one among the Ozymandian debris; i.e., our contributions to the narrative of the crypt going outside the text to speak to a world *beyond* Capitalism, the Cycle of Kings, Shadow of Pygmalion, and infernal concentric pattern while inside them, our wasp to their caterpillar! "Better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven!" said David; Walter and Daniels were the true villains of *Covenant*—Heavens to Murgatroyd!

While graphic, demon sex is very campable/code-switchable, it still helps to negotiate it *behind* the scenes (the full-size images can be accessed through the



source links); e.g., as [Harmony Corrupted](#) and I do (we'll start with us, then close-read *Ninja Scroll* and *The Dark Crystal* a bit);

([source](#))

i.e., wherein Harmony and I set the ground rules/stage for playtime—negotiate what is exchanged for what, what can be featured in what, and so on—then get down (so to speak) to business!



([source](#))

Labor exchange isn't "separate" from sex work because, as the title suggests, sex work *is* work, and goes beyond (white straight middle-class) women to include anyone doing it to survive for a variety of reasons; e.g., to make money but also to do activism and illustrate mutual consent during rape *cryptomimesis*. Those aren't mutually exclusive, and anyone who says otherwise is a cop and a pimp (which includes many privileged sex workers, who tokenize and punch down while acting exclusively oppressed inside Omelas as "their" corner to work); i.e., someone who thinks that sex work and consent *are* mutually exclusive, thus *can't*



illustrate mutual consent during dialectical-material struggle; re: Radcliffe, but also Scott, to some degree!

([source](#))

The praxial idea, then, is to play *with the Gothic by combining* these things, but also to

infuse/synthesize the roleplay scenes themselves with *open* elements of revolutionary camp (within our daily habits' anger/gossip, monsters and camp cultivating good social-sexual habits); i.e., as Lewis did, in *The Monk*, centuries ago; e.g., "Oh, yeah! Matilda, I'm ravishing your ambiguous gender identity with my closeted sissy's dominant rod! Unholy Mommy of the Netherworld; how I coom at your profaning the Madonna, Christ and God; accept *my* sacrifice, writ in human fluids, my moist hot "soul" spraying all over your beauteous orbs! Holy Saint Francis! 'Sblood! More like splooge, amrite? Dark temple, accept my burnt offering!



Spider-girl's got nothing on me!" Not bad for an old woman, huh ("[I'm not old, I'm 37!](#)") Now [go support Harmony on Fansly](#)! Forget li'l-ol' me, she does amazing work!

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

The world is much too atomized/pulverized in ways Gothic Communism tries to holistically reconnect during praxial synthesis/the dialectic of the alien dismantling white moderacy/reactionary behaviors and tokenism (all of which are why we're currently *in* this mess). Assimilation *is* poor stewardship, but punching up *can* resemble the disguises *they* use to try and blend *in* with the oppressed. So can *our* neo-medieval pedagogy profane canon *and* be hidden/open about it during the

cryptonymy process; i.e., as dualistic, haunted by police shadows (official or stochastic)!

But also, we're fighting for ourselves, our friends, nature, animals and the environment; i.e., as stewards of them and each other in the same proverbial boat/Ark. We're just making a Covenant of the Rainbow with Satan (ourselves), versus one with God; i.e., in rejecting any and all functionally white colonizers hiding behind the Protestant ethic (as Radcliffe once did, centuries ago)!



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

To it, neoliberal hope is *false* hope, but we can hungrily and animalistically "[flap towards the hope](#)";

i.e., of something better by winding *back* the clock while pushing *forwards* to take ludo-Gothic BDSM *out* of the bedroom (re: Foucault) *without* harming anyone and making art-porn educational exhibits that *are* explicitly punk/Communist (not *post*punk, Zeuhl, Judas Priest, Ridley Scott, etc); and this extends to the movie theatre—i.e., we don't need Scott's cryptonymy/*mise-en-abyme* to make our *own* as infinitely more revolutionary than his because it represents workers solely instead of profit. Just what the doctor ordered: a hot, deep, full injection of emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness to achieve praxial synthesis/catharsis and Gothic maturity regarding a proletarian Wisdom of the Ancients/Superstructure—Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism!

And, as always, natural linguo-material latitudes combine the usual medieval hyphenations of sex and force, war and rape (food and death, etc), during class, culture and race war to have fun with; e.g., "C'mon, rev my engine, dude! That's it; fuck mommy like a good little whore! Fire phasers! Full broadside! Yes—yes, yes, yes—fuck me, stupid—motherfuckin' BLAST OFF!" Playing is *how* we learn by passing messages back and forth; i.e., in class, while the teacher thinks we're "studying." In short, we invade our own classroom as guerillas, while they—the

actual villains from Radcliffe's stories (rich white people and *their* teacher's pets acting as hall monitors for Capitalism)—try to invade and decipher *our* privacy (and fail badly as they do, left):



While silliness and play (with monsters, rape and trauma) *is* regaining control during ludo-Gothic BDSM, there's nothing radically emancipatory about such revelation's sacking of "Rome" *unless* we get out from *under* profit pimping nature

as monstrous-feminine; i.e., moving away from manufactured scarcity towards post-scarcity using pre-capitalist language to negotiate past trauma/our rights and boundaries in the present space and time. Anyone who resists that—i.e., so they can enjoy the usual middle-class fear-fascination with the ghost of the counterfeit furthering abjection—is a traitor on a gradient of betrayals, privilege and oppression, but also liberation and exploitation existing in the same shadow space we *can* solidarize and intersect *towards* development. It's a sprawling orgy of conflict, and a messy one!

That's our revenge; i.e., not killing a Radcliffean throwback unto itself, but transferring such poetic exchanges/reclamations of violence, terror and monster language unto *all* registers (territories), onstage and off; re: anisotropically reversing abjection (terrorist/counterterrorist) to *dismantle* profit: by camping canon to break Capitalist Realism, liberating sex work (thus all work) from capital/sex coercion with iconoclastic/sex-positive art (thus porn and Gothic poetics, at large)! So does the manmade slave turn the scalpel on its maker—the monster baby crunching the apple-like skull (and hypothetical brain) of its Saturnine parents! We're not special snowflakes, but fucking ninja stars!

Speaking of which, this brings us once more to *Ninja Scroll* (1993):



(exhibit: We've already examined Yoshiaki Kawajiri's Ninja Scroll during "Healing from Rape" in Volume One, but I want to revisit it, here; i.e., to make a point that movie's director was, and me vis-à-vis my older arguments surrounding his work being applied here to Ridley Scott's imperfect attempts to camp the canon as Matthew Lewis once did. So c'mon, everyone; let's mosey along that borderline!

"All war is based on deception." Ninja Scroll speaks in the Gothic courtly romance of the damsel, detective and sex demon; re: the ninjas are hired by the magistrate [actually the villain, in disguise] to investigate a robbery happening behind a fake plague—a plot to overthrow the current government being orchestrated from within, and one whose

investigation into must start [to keep up appearances] but then meet with a tragic end [also to keep up appearances]: the ninja team is ambushed by a queer BDSM junkie with thunder in his veins, and—more to the point—a giant Frankensteinian creature; i.e., two of the Eight Devils of Kimon!

Well, shit.

It's not so different than the Three Storms from Big Trouble in Little China [1986] except this isn't American Orientalism, but a home-turf Japanese romancing of the babe in the woods to speak to the then-present space and time haunted by

Japanese atrocities married to American ones; i.e., the ninja fodder are accompanied by a ninja girl, Kagero—a foxy ice queen who wants to be one of the boys and even likes the leader of the ninja team, Hanza. "Our enemy will be the epidemic!" he declares. But he forgets Sun Tzu's adage, and is walking into a trap [and his men are arrogant/jumpy]. Kagero is protective of the numbskulls, going so far as to "castrate" herself—slicing off her hair to make a point [a fact that shocks the boys, given this lowers her value in their lord's eyes, hence theirs].



*Point taken; she gets to tag along, the men—especially Hanza—not realizing she's doing so to protect them; i.e., as the "phallic woman"/Medusa warding off evil. Castrator women seeking revenge for past wrongs is a common theme in Japanese cinema [e.g., Lady Kaede from *Ran*, 1985]. Even so, Kawajiri's Kagero is something of a fledgling detective seeking—beyond expectation [and station]—the answer to who recently stole gold from the abandoned mine, kept*

*secret through murder all those years ago; i.e., it's a spaghetti Western in disguise, but also borrows monomythic tropes across warrior cultures in a wider neoliberal market to speak about rape using shared Gothic tools [versus camping them; e.g., *Planet Terror*'s "[a missing leg that is now missing!](#)"].*

To it, Kagero's a girl in a man's world, and in love with Hanza's a superman-lite knockoff—a Clarke Kent to Jubei's superior devilish prowess⁴³² [the two being mutual crushes for the same woman, except Hanza dies because he can't think with the right head, and Jubei's cooler heads prevail⁴³³ against a demon who also thinks

⁴³² A man who's capable of great violence ("[That boy's got the devil in him!](#)") but uses it to solve disputes in ways that don't rape women—a slow bar, indeed, but a common heroic litmus test, in spaghetti Westerns.

⁴³³ We've already discussed Jubei's role in this film, in Volume One; re: his role as a Western hero (a ronin) to reclaim from state dogma; i.e., similar to knights and Amazons predator/prey language during medieval, weaponized romances of Gothic sex and force, during "An Uphill Battle with the Sun in Your Eyes." We've also discussed his role in "Healing from Rape" (from the same volume). I recommend you give both a look!

with his "short sword"]; i.e., with Hanza showing her a begrudging respect and her liking him, too, but their world not allowing for love between the classes: her being a poison-taster for their lord and him being a "mere ninja" serving said lord [and the magistrate being the story's Sheriff of Nottingham, for the lack of a better comparison]. Hanza secretly wants to do things other than ninja [like have sex], and she wants to be a ninja, the two seemingly wanting to reconcile those desires/differences by being so close together and yet so far apart on a shared mission, for once [overlapping labor action]...

Alas, the quick, brutal realities and betrayals of feudal, Warring-States life cockblock our young prospective couple—the evil demon warriors stepping in to make short work of the boys by effectively out-ninjaing them, but also straight up massacring them/carving them into pieces of meat, raining blood [nijas are spies, not assassins]!



Hanza's men quickly buy the farm, and the last man standing stands just long enough, during the kayfabe, to saber-rattle with the tornado sword-wielding fiend...



...until his aspiring Amazon suddenly becomes a damsel-in-distress and Hanza—like Parker from *Alien*—runs in; i.e., dick-measuring with someone who is frankly and obviously a much bigger jouster! Shit's fucking metal, the knightly code doing our gentleman caller no favors [a hauntological crossing of ninja and knight: "[Ninja doesn't survive](#)," Europe]!



Hanza loses, Kagero freezes, and the golem hams it up—the violence oddly eroticized [for the two homosocial men] while the black ninja mutilates the white ninja's corpse to terrify his true prize: the girl he's been hunting [on her scent, perhaps betraying their location except not really]. She "nopes the fuck out," not too keen on being his plaything and saying "feets, do your stuff!" only to be stopped tragically short inside the dark forest [never a good place for a damsel to be without a hero, in canonical media]. His seeking sword is like a maelstrom of feral lust, chasing her down to sever her

foothold and send her plummeting to her doom/plunging screaming into the abyss; i.e., the unspoken-but-heavily implied fate of whores in Gothic stories; i.e., the conservative argument: "She should have been at home like a good little girl; now, boys will be boys!"



This is only two minutes in a 91-minute movie, but it sets the stage for the woman's revenge. And while the film is sexist in its depiction of men and women being dimorphically separate to seemingly favor men, it also works within those stereotypes to subvert patriarchal power. Jubei—the film's hero, for example—deals the spectacular murder stroke to technically fell the golem, but it was the woman's poisoned body [from the poison-tasting done for her master] that weakens said golem enough to literally "soften him up"! It's Leone's Once Upon a Time in the West [coming out of Kurosawa's East-meets-West

hauntology with Seven Samurai fifteen years prior]—with "Frank" [the plot

thickens] drawing only to miss, Jubei "joking" him to disarm the fiend and send his own boomerang back into his tantrum-throwing toddler brain! Talk about "losing your head over a piece of tail!" They're both idiot heroes, flexing at each other while Kagero is largely unsung.



Largely. An old spy explains to us later that Kagero won the fight; i.e., that she castrates the rapist for raping her—and he has no idea/dies frightened and scared—but she also castrates the hero, who thinks he won the duel: he would've died without Kagero's help [similar to Bard beating Smaug only because of the thrush sent by Bilbo to tell him the

dragon's legendary weak point]!



Furthermore, Jubei only wounds the monster's hand, which blocks said monster's face/vision... until his own weapon flies back into his brain, penetrating the seemingly impenetrable armor there by hoisting the owner—a literal walking castle/castle-in-the-flesh—on his own petard [reaping the literal whirlwind]! But even fatally wounded—and blinded like the Cyclops, Polyphemus—the brain[dea]ed monster stumbles stubbornly forwards to both apprehend Jubei, but also mark him for death should this last attack fall short [similar to Jason and the Argonauts, who the aforementioned Cyclops curses with

death after they blind him]. The Numinous desperation maneuver/kamikaze ["divine wind"] attack fails, but whose bushido banzai charge carries the victor's likeness into the defeated warrior's now-softened clay palm, which leads a fellow Devil of Kimon—a Snake Woman, this time—to follow Jubei and seek revenge for her partner-in-crime's demise; i.e., man-on-man, girl-on-man, girl-on-girl, and so on, the revenge is a Canterbury's bloody road/scroll that never stops telling tales [though with decidedly less fart jokes than Chaucer and more ninjas acting like knights]!



Furthermore, such duels are generally over pride/women. Not one to sugarcoat, so does Kawajiri and his Aegis reverse the entire knight/damsel archetype/abjection process, but also oscillate between the two characters, Jubei and Kagero, routinely saving each other's skins [with Kagero later saving Jubei from a Medusa-like woman, and helping with a variety of other struggles, too, including another monster of Frankensteinian size, the shapeshifting and seemingly immortal Genma⁴³⁴]: the damsel actually saving the white knight from the black knight/rape monster [such things being obvious to those who normally receive violence from such deceivers; re: Cuwu, teaching me to think about my own survival as a rape victim: from a woman's perspective]. In short, "[they're] comrades!" as Jubei himself explains, and the two never have sex—not even when a government spy is holding a gun to their heads; i.e., using poison on Jubei to force Kagero to sleep with him to lift the fever [triangulating sex from them for him to watch, the old lech a moderate bureaucrat/desk murderer voyeur coercing the exhibit].

While the Gothic involves tremendous speculation/speculative possession, the ensuing romance isn't strictly endorsement; i.e., the Numinous/danger disco⁴³⁵ only palliative when it's sex-positive. Furthermore, such debates happen with demonic ghosts, which include pasts of us as those we're hauntologically debating [e.g., Weber and Marx]. And while it might sound obvious, a scene with rape is inviting the viewer to think about rape. That's important; Radcliffe, like Scott, combined rape and murder together to speak to a medieval viewing of things normally obscured by state illusion—i.e., through stress-relieving kettling devices whose calculated risk would be perfectly fine if not for their aforementioned reliance on unironic xenophobia, abjection and selective liberation, during calculated risk [a war profiteer pimping rape for profit, first and foremost].

Gothic Romance, then, isn't automatic endorsement; at its core, Ninja Scroll is a profoundly Gothically mature story about surviving and overcoming rape; re: as

⁴³⁴ The golem *couldn't* regenerate, but Genma can; the golem's Achille's Heel is lust and Genma's greed, both of their downfalls wrought by a shared, fascist desire to lie, cheat and steal from others to dominate all workers. To it, nothing in *Ninja Scroll* is "superior" to anything else. Instead, adaptation and teamwork (symbiosis) are what counts—just like Kurosawa! Deception is part of that, meaning for *both* sides; re: complicit vs revolutionary cryptonymy during the same uphill battle!

⁴³⁵ Gaslighting audiences through moral panic *isn't* moral; it's a racket, and one that mixes quite well with genuine warnings and confusion. Fetishizing and solidarity aren't always mutually exclusive, either, but they *are* in Radcliffe's fictions; i.e., a straight woman putting the *illusion* of mutual consent behind her Black Veils, only to regress towards selective salvation when pulling it aside!

anisotropic, which requires fetishizing rape to some extent [and camping it with the hit-or-miss voice acting]. What matters is performative/dialectical-material context—a kiss, for example, feeling fun under the right circumstances and utterly terrifying/horrifying under the wrong ones. The same goes for sex, but also things that speak to, with or about sex and love in some shape or form; i.e., the Gothic generally communicates trauma through echoes of itself in deliberately "ancient" forms; re: from Kurosawa's samurai "having lost again" to the romantically disinterested-with-money-or-sex Jubei helping Kagero because they're comrades. Fighting against rape, Kagero is as much the story's protagonist as Jubei is. Except, unlike him, she is poisoned to love—probably since she was a young girl well before the movie starts [with "poison" being a defense mechanism" but also "medicine" administered to her in defense of men she grows to resent while simultaneously feeling alienated from those she grows to love]—and must spend this iteration of the Hero's Journey learning to find it, again.

Gothic stories concern rape victims both actual or potential mastering emotional confusion; i.e., amid grave physical danger [the Great Destroyer trope] to heal from the conditioning of abuse: healing is the revenge, as is building up to something that gnaws at and freezes our would-be assailants to deliver the final blow, mid-murder-ballad. Kagero's resistance and bravery is poison to the golem, who cannot ingest it and—faced with his own shame—is subsequently beheaded and dismantled like the coward she exposes him to be. From one demon to another, her gift unmakes him; i.e., her will is greater than his, therefore her power having stolen his during the rapes!

Except, whereas the golem echoes big men raping her since she was small [a historical-material fact echoed in the magistrate's mistress, but also the man himself as not being so functionally different from Genma, but also Genma's golem or the real magistrate's ninja cronies]—and still is small compared to them; i.e., both physically and relative to paper-thin barriers and boundaries that her fellow workers respect more than her rights—Hanza and later Jubei are two dudes she feels like she can actually start to trust; i.e., rape is the unspeakable domain of [traditionally] female violence [we'll explore GNC examples, in Volume Three] but neither back downs or runs away from her like a disease. So eventually she opens up, talking about her feelings in ways that rape victims often bury inside themselves—in short, she learns to live and love again.



For Kagero, something as seemingly innocent as feeling safe during a hug and a kiss while naked and exposed is all that matters. And once she finds Mr. Right to help her realize that goal, she can [and

does] die happy [both from joy but also from being stabbed, earlier]! It's very Romantic in a sexless way and yet, all the same, connects to trauma, nudism, rape/violence and demonic magic of all kinds—not quite sui generis but certainly of that Marriage-of-Heaven-and-Hell variety that many artists, poets, thinkers, and actors have struggled to replicate historically across space and time!

It's worth repeating that neither character is a stranger to violence, but Jubei is a stranger to violence as a woman experiences it; Kagero, then, helps him overcome something he can never experience as she does, the two of them doing so in the most classic [and ace] of ways—a tender and sensual kiss—while exploring trauma and power vicariously for the audience in worlds of trauma and power both faraway and close at hand—i.e., where such things don't divide, but slam together in the most primal of discourses made-material under imperial structures onwards: sex and force! "The dose doth make the poison!"

And if Kawajiri "missed the flames of Hell" to speak to rape in ways he could camp during the cryptonymy process, cryptomimetically regenerating old medieval tropes between America and Japan's imaginary past and present, so too could Cuwu and I—once upon a time, in a galaxy far, far away—find common ground; i.e., as two rape victims having experienced rape as a trans masc and trans woman do: differently during the same class struggle extending towards queer people and sex workers. And if we could camp it, in hindsight, then so can we camp Ridley Scott's Alien universe and its own strict rape play regarding Radcliffe's! The paradox of rape allows for it, the events onscreen needing "rape" to discuss rape while also being something that—while undoubtedly triggering for many survivors—remains an invaluable tool when used consciously thus actively as a rape prevention device; re: during ludo-Gothic BDSM, changing the Superstructure!)

Clearly there's a fine line between canon and camp, exploitation and liberation. Those who survive rape *without* becoming cops but learning how to camp it through calculated risk become—if not strictly "immune" to the bourgeoisie's greatest weapons (canonical fear and dogma)—at least inoculated *to* them; i.e., in ways that let us camp the canon when the elite manufacture disasters they hope will scare people (through socio-material conditions) to let them *stay* in control (re: Jadis and I, me escaping them through half-real Gothic fantasies).

Divorced from *that*, our minds and bodies become not just one again, but ours to wield during the cryptonymy process's dualistic war of masks, mirrors and monsters, magic and myths, and so on; their Great Destroyers expose as frauds, us no longer playing the magic song to send the "Moon" back to its original fearful position, but saying "no more" and recultivating the Superstructure (and reclaiming the Base) in ways the elite *cannot* monopolize; re: socio-material conditions make people stupid, but anisotropically can make them intelligent and aware. If I did so with Jadis, but also Zeuhl—may their junk fester and rot (cowards who ran from any challenge because it suited them to simply hide and feed on others)—and, to a

lesser extent, with dear flawed-but-darling Cwuu (and others less dear to me who harmed me far more), then you can do it together in order to become something mobile and conscious of class, culture and race conducive to Communist development! The scroll winds ever onwards, trapped forever between older sections and newer ones waiting to be written.



For example—and bringing us to *another* old stomping ground of mine, *The Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance* (a very gay show, in its own right; re: Persephone van der Waard's "[The Dark Crystal: AoR - Sexuality, Women, and Queer Identity](#)," 2019)—Rian's father, Ordon, tells him to be brave when falling to the Hunter, because fear is precisely what the elite will use against us while *picking* a fight; i.e., once having taken all they can take before someone pushes back (such is reactive abuse). Indeed, the show is all about queer and similarly intersectional solidarities grouping in the face of questioning blind service *vis-à-vis* our cannibal leaders mirrored in fantastical doubles (and *their* fractal recursions).

But out of *that* puppet-happy Age of Wonder and its spectacular duels are age-old tropes speaking to ongoing dialectical-material struggles; e.g., the bounty hunter/secret police demasked (thus shamed) by the aging captain, only for his son to survive him in one final duel not just with the blackguard before him threatening his next-in-line, but also the gaping pit of Death itself eating *him* alive! When Ordon throws both of them into the pit to try and save Rian, he says, "No!" to stop his weeping son from *following* him, but also assures him "it's alright" and to "be brave." Such bravery is made not to pacify us, but to keep our animal impulses in check to keep us, their children, from being eaten, too. So do the sins of the father die with him, the old pro going out on his own terms: a warrior's death, reclaiming his honor if not dispatching his eternal foe!



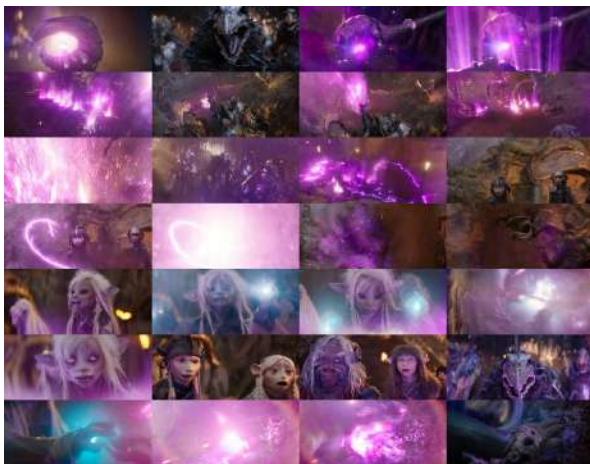
"You have heart! I'll take that, too!" said Jadis to me (they loved the Hunter in that show), to which I finally stood up and said to them, "No you won't!" Such push-back shattered their sense of control, and they fled from me like a bad dream—one that, like all my abusers, haunts *me* to this very day, and who I've reversed on the Aegis through my *cryptomimesis* to "dance, magic!" with all the power of Hell at *my* command; i.e., as someone dangerous who can make demands to the elite, but also make changes without talking to them at all; re: "Get away... FROM MY FRIENDS!" Behold the power of the Darkening—in *our hands*!

So while the show *is* full of heroic men, its *women* are doing the most heroic deeds/dismantling patriarchal systems of power by walking *away* from Omelas. And so does a humble Grottan (the show's underclass) do the greatest deed of all: turning the elite's message of fear and doubt, hatred and death back on those Caesarean assailants; i.e., terror—a mighty weapon they can't control *once* unleashed—turned into *counterterror*! When cornered, the elite unleash Jadis' Moon, and "gentle" Deet absorbs it to become their worst nightmare: a rape victim



who fights back to a lethal degree (she is crippled at the start of the show, the Darkening as much criminogenic conditioning as a metaphor for state shift)!

Cornered, she hesitates only for a moment, then acts, sucking the darkness *into* herself. It seems to be killing her (and it is), but also, she's taking the elite's *power* into herself and growing into an operatic monster belied by her deceptively small stature: the fat lady simmering inside someone built for comfort, not speed!



"A moment's courage and the deed is done!" Specifically the *damage* is done, as much speaking to what happens outside Deet as in; i.e., she radicalizes, a dark oracle/whore others see as a threat they pull away *from* (with Rian marrying the good princess instead of the whore)! Demons are transactional, and superstitious parties isolate her as equally fearful *to* them as the Skeksis! And though there isn't a Brutus element to Deet's felling of the Caesars, her phallic

BDSM revenge element conveys a likeness of the in-group that speaks to real life whistleblowers warning about dangers in our midst from positions of relative privilege close to their friends-turned-enemies (sort of an inverse of the writing for Deet, but functioning on the same gradient); e.g., an insider for Elon Musk selling *him* down the river after Musk symbolically and materially turned on said insider by doing the Nazi salute; i.e., the insider begot from Jewish Holocaust survivors, and having worked from obscurity *alongside* Musk [until too much was too much](#) (Chris Norland's "SELL Your Tesla Stock Says Elon Musk Insider," 2025).

Everyone's breaking point (and privilege/oppression) are different, but Caesar always laments his *own* death in the face of backstabbers; *Deet's* betrayal is seen as "ultimate" in the eyes of the slavers, because they think her indebted to *them* most of all (and her own friends feeling guilty to some degree in said exploitation, thus fearful of *her* revenge, but also jealous of her for literally stealing their thunder⁴³⁶ by straight-up nuking a seemingly unstoppable force): "Et tu, Brutae?" might sound absurd when inverted and applied to a working non-white girl of the people, but that's essentially what happens, here. Deet's race and class are alien, but so are her identity and actions through heroic performance turning her into Grendel's mother/the Medusa; i.e., going from female Anakin of color to *Commie* Darth Vader sith lord Omelas child through the same purple electro-shock treatment used by the failing Emperor! "And now, young Skywalker, you will die!"

No one *wants* to martyr themselves. In doing so, Deet sacrifices herself by changing permanently as the Medusa does (dooming her to a lonesome existence); but in seeing several friends die, she throws herself in front of the bomb anyways, embracing her heroic role and giving the castle demons a taste of their own stupid bullshit—i.e., after she takes their power *from* them and giving it *back* to workers. As such, she kills those who say they *can't* be killed, showing their illusions as false while toppling Goliath with one of its own stones (a bomb she gives *back* to them, which blows *up* in their faces);



i.e., one of the Skeksis—an especially dumb and annoying one—don't even seem to know its dead until its head explodes *like* a bomb: a "really gross sneeze" that splatters hot, white (and slightly purple) fluid all over the queer-coded Skeksis' face... who cries afterwards, "It's in my mouth!"

Do you split or swallow, love? It's rebellion bukkake, the palace of their confidence and illusions crashing down before *our* eyes! One dies of shame; the others bravely run away—and all from the testimony of the show's queer character of color bursting their bubble in spectacular killer-rabbit fashion! She becomes demonic/undead on/with the Aegis, but also is vaulted, Christ-like, within Omelas until it eats *itself* alive (nature's revenge and hers because she *isn't* heeded, merely

⁴³⁶ Women of color/non-white and Indigenous people are historically exploited by white women as having more privilege *than* them, which intersects *with* queer white women versus queer non-white women (re: "Hot Allostatic Load") and other bigotries and concerns; e.g., #MeToo being started by a woman of color and co-opted by affluent white women abusing the justice system but also social justice networks more broadly to make themselves the center of attention. Any whore who isn't Erin Brockovich (white, played by Julia Roberts) is going to be ostracized and attacked more because of it; re: whores policing whores, workers and witches policing workers and witches, mid-rebellion (the Gelfling are divided and conquered, in the end, because of their menticed, Pavlovian divisions).

taken for granted): for throwing stones in glass houses, those who *don't* check their privilege mistaking their own ignorance for wisdom and magnanimous charity for active solidarity/acting oppressed versus being oppressed (many of the good characters are princesses, nobles, and cops). So do the others betray Deet.

It might sound tragic and Icarian (and indeed, Netflix canceled the show after one season), but such is Medusa's story normally controlled by men and token women (re: the Athenian Amazons, on and offstage): a thing to take *away* from their meddling hands through the usual popular (monomyth) devices and poetic abstractions; i.e., speaking in code during the cryptonymy process being *unaverse* to using puppets that *camp* the canon. Popular during the medieval period, the practice and its psychosexual metaphors actually date back to ancient times; i.e., while speaking—as such monsters and their simulacra do—from the heart: of those who *most* immediately alienated by/affected concentrically inwards regarding those of the in-group *less and less* bothered by capital doing what capital does by design! The paradox of rape being rape *cannot* be effectively discussed *without* camping it.

Medusa, then, is ultimately a dead, alien, functionally non-white whore speaking to rape, whose exposure is something moderacy fears and punishes; i.e., the ultimate crime *for* exposing the ultimate rape as having the ability to radically change society (discussions *of* rape being shameful for the victim being shamed by other victims, or coddled by them out of gagging pity). Those with privilege (therefore *less* alienation)—including *tokenized* privilege—will hide behind their accomplishments/privilege to *deny* their own oppression and predatory antics (e.g., Mike Tyson the heavyweight champion, not the token black man who raped women and went to prison for it [Eleanor Neale's "[Mike Tyson's Vicious History of Domestic Abuse](#)," 2024]—same idea for O.J. Simpson, though *he* went to jail for something else).



To testify to rape *is* to rebel against profit, and rebellious women—cis/white or not—are always victims of men or those *acting* like men/the colonizer pimps out of revenge more broadly through the usual intersecting networks of oppression being historically used to stir up marginalized division; re: that *quells* the whore's monstrous-feminine testimony as something to cage, thus control, like poor Deet; i.e., capital defends capital in descending/ascending orders of privilege/preferential mistreatment, and the intended heroes of the show don't like Deet once she *stops* being "poor, sweet, and gentle"; they fear and exile her like Radcliffe does: tone-policing the oracle who *exposes* their hand in things, then appeasing Brutus and his survivors *of* Caesar who kill them all. Have fun, kids!

False rebellion *is* fascism, and capital more broadly loves shooting the messenger *while* fetishizing her! We can do the same, but doing so to celebrate the whore's revenge in equally crude, undisguised eroticism and public nudism (next page); i.e., a whore's a whore, naked or not. As Lewis and Shelley but also Scott,

Kawajiri and Henson showed us, nudity is where power lies, and where our own spectres of the Medusa/Marx reave Radcliffe's refrain to raise her patchwork corpse from the grave to speak in our tongue, for a change! The dead can speak without fear because they're already dead, but those who are undead face a curiously liminal amount of risk: demonic banishment!



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

As stated, whores are the oldest form of labor, thus exploitation/vengeance, and generally sex is something to be feared precisely *because* it's haunted *by* ancient rape, giving it a dark godly flavor (re: the Numinous). This can be for pity or predation, but I know plenty of people who routinely shove whores into a corner and don't talk about them at all because sex is either beneath them, or something they don't understand so they keep quiet about it (torturing Medusa like Prometheus). Ignorance and denial are just as poisonous as direct abuse—with first-hand abusers generally relying on some form of apathy (from indirect or lateral sources) to prey *on* those they *normally* destroy! Jack the Ripper targeted streets whores, as do many modern symptoms of capital worship bourgeois predation, out-of-joint; re: Deet being the good team's centrist Omelas pariah (they take the credit for)!

Likewise, these isolated examples speak to a larger problem that revives across a variety of registers. Those closer to the furnace commonly punch down out of desperation to escape it, while those further away ignore it out of convenience. But the common victim is always the whore—with whores of more privilege punching down against those with less, and those with less tokenizing to escape the usual predations happening to them and their kind. Idiosyncrasies aside, no one wants to be raped/the Omelas sacrifice, assimilation being a form *of* revenge that speaks to self-hatred projected onto *similar* victims versus the open oppressors caging the whore and worshipping her veiled fury and phantasmagorical nudity on the surface of the image (re: Segewick, but also Radcliffe's Black Veil trope); e.g., middle-class white women hating whores for "paying rent" through an inherited *and* instructed means of superiority/arbitrary privilege and fragility/allergy to other workers treated as "free" under the usual divisive qualities of capital. Such behavior is criminogenic to varying degrees, but betrayal is betrayal and oppression is oppression insofar as it—like demons, more generally—takes infinite forms within the same castration/carceral system of differences/marginalization; re: through blood libel, witches, and goblins, thus Nazis and Commies/Orientalism as "equally" barbarous. Liberation happens by camping said barbarism *and* its audience.

Value is perceptive, hence incumbent on position as relative; i.e., money under capital is an imaginary system tied to material factors/positions of divide and punish for exploitative purposes (re: profit). Those who benefit from said fakery imagine threats *to* the status quo *they* can expose and banish through remarkable

invention *and* inertia; those who *suffer* invent fakeries to liberate themselves through incessant revenge. Whatever the nostalgia/deities at play/work (the two are synonymous) during ludo-Gothic BDSM, the shadow of Galatea is always a Numinous whore—even if wrongly applied/accused—through the aesthetic of power and death during cryptonymy and abjection; re: an apocalypse/fetish of dead alien whore paradoxically recent and alive evoking the ancient Numinous of all dead whores banished by Radcliffe to Hell! Relegation and release, gentrify and decay—all use the same highway. Stock is something to give and take, then, happening on a broader market that isn't strictly owned but fought over for different purposes; e.g., the more value we see in ourselves as demonic, the more we'll defend it against those exposed as abusing us as food/status for them to give *to* capital.

To it, the uncertain, anisotropic, and at times (though not always) apotropaic power of demons, magic and fantasy are dualistic, thus anisotropic *during* liminal expression tugging on such ropes towards or away from the state out of the whore's revenge; i.e., the elite can't *hope* to monopolize such things, and they will always need workers, thus whore pimps like Radcliffe, to exploit through the same traitorous us-versus-them arguments policing these prison-like territories as commented on through a variety of past thinkers; e.g., Foucault may have been a rapist traitor to all things queer, but he was right about one thing (well, several, but I digress): prisons destroy everything by design: they're a business, not an accident, and those who visibly challenge the system/profit get hammered.

The '80s were a dark time, and one I barely remember. But I survived Hep C (re: Persephone van der Waard's "[Hepatitis C: I Have It, and It's a Deadly Disease, and It Sucks](#)," 2016), and recall suffering under the panopticon as queer my whole life (even while in the closet, but certainly outside of it); re: "[A Vampire History Primer](#)" (2024). Like Rocky Balboa, "I can't sing or dance," but I *can* go the distance with Creed (a token neoliberal assimilating like Floyd Patterson or Sugar Ray Lewis or Leonord, versus Muhammad Ali's love for monster movies and activism) in *other* ways; i.e., I can't sing or dance (at least not well), but I can fuck, draw, write and work my little heart out with my fellow monstrous-feminine whores! The stage has been the fag sex worker's home since Shakespeare, at least; the idea is to do so on *and* offstage—to speak to things that *aren't* separate, but also in language that is simple but no simpler than it needs to be to communicate itself, mid-cryptonymy reversing abjection (thus profit) with all the usual suspects: tension and release, Gothic push-pull, Numinous sex, etc! Revolution's literally free!

To it, I've lived a full life, and through my own privilege and oppression, it's both my duty and honor *on* my life to use my own profound survival—and total, holistic education—to stand side-by-side with my comrades to subvert said arguments; i.e., not as someone stronger or better than them protecting the weak, but all of us working together as standing against the true enemies of the world! So often, women (or those treated like women/the monstrous-feminine) are "kept," sheltered and gagged under house arrest. Medusa unbound screams through us,

her army of avatars; win-motherfucking-win, girls! Die on *that* hill as you lived: with a bang to thrive in the state of exception as superhero (or supervillain) whores; re: whores are gods, and gods are cool! So is sex, public nudism, Communism and ludo-Gothic BDSM at large!



(artist: [Rim Jims](#))

Last but not least, we'll unpack this *vis-à-vis* Radcliffe; i.e., as someone to try and salvage versus completely gut, but still a ghost of the original!

With Radcliffe's double dead-and-buried, then (and Scott's revenge against Cameron secured by letting David ride off into the night), I saved the animal side of things for last, because it concerns the alien fixations of the Gothic as a steady alarm bell; i.e., for state crisis and decay that must be met within alienized spheres in defense of nature-as-alien *before* state shift happens!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

"Are you still dead?" I don't know, Dennis Cooper, are we? The idea when surviving state shift is to inject ourselves with the power of the gods without harming ourselves; e.g., by *not* sticking our dicks in light sockets, or fucking ourselves with actual knives, etc; i.e., by "playing dead" in ways that revive Medusa in ways we *can* control, meaning in a collective push towards avenging nature-as-monstrous-feminine *without* fucking ourselves over in the bargain! Nature is other/monstrous-feminine, its routine harvests discussed already in the book but here approaching history as something we write for ourselves per our education as taken back into our own hands during revolutionary cryptonymy (and the other Gothic theories)!

And, like Scott's David or Lewis' Matilda, we avatars of the Medusa can look back despite the dualistic confusions: on our handiwork with pride! Idle hands, indeed! Whether it's *PUSSY SLAIN!* or *PUSSY SLAYS YOU!* the sub—male, intersex, or female—has just as much power as the dom, and something is always given in exchange between us workers, and the elite stealing from us as we drink their milkshakes (really being *our* milkshakes, but I digress). Go forth and conquer, little ones! "Rape" ironically and show them your power/the method in *your* "madness" (or devil in your details)! Trans their MAGA kids and fuck their tradwives not just for revenge, but funsies, then dance on the grave of their stupid Man Box dreams, muhahaha (whose dreams sit between fiction and non-fiction; e.g., Adam Mockler's "[UPDATE: Wife Leaves Trump Voter Who LOST \\$1MILLION](#)," 2025)!

All that being said, this was just coitus; consider the following resurrection and celebration of poor Radcliffe's freshly raped corpse a mouthful of actual zombie-demon cum, sans foreplay! I.e., of what to expect in Volume Three, when proletarian praxis and *de facto* education become that volume's sole focus...

Afterword: In Measured Praise of the Great Enchantress (feat. Ann Radcliffe, Sailor Moon, The Ronin Warriors, and Harmony Corrupted)

"That's hard to say, sir! They're each outstanding in their own way!"

—Greg Marmalard, *Animal House*

Before "Call of the Wild" (the last and most truncated chapter in the Demon Module), a final note on Ann Radcliffe; or rather, a note on her "ghost" as someone to compliment: a theoretical likeness of the actual person, to which *we're* camping other Radcliffean egregores by using the same devices the historical Radcliffe relied on, but differently than she herself used them (or even other people we've discussed camping her ghost, as well; re: Ridley Scott). So, the compliments I'm paying to "Radcliffe," here, are as much to her *potential* to *be* camped; meantime, the *criticism* I've already lodged against the historical auteur and her *actual* literary output (e.g., "On the Supernatural in Poetry") remain very much in effect!

And yes, yes, I *know* Scott just sliced Radcliffe's likeness to bits (aka, a strawman—or *strawwoman*, in this case), but I wanted to conclude her role in things with a conciliatory effort; i.e., like the flowers David lays on Shaw's grave in *Covenant*, it's possible for *me* to admire Radcliffe; re: *despite* having just sliced her up for spare parts: a much ado about nothing I reverse for its praxial value in our favor's death theatre! [If the boys never died](#), then neither did Radcliffe! "Rise, Radcliffe; rise and do *my* bidding as my willing slave":

Now I know what it's like to be
Inside the city of the dead
All I think of is breaking free (Manilla Road's "[Lost in Necropolis](#)," 1983).



Fucking *oath*, my zombie queen; let's *rock*, and do it "[David Lo Pan Style](#)" (2012)! It's a vibe! From Hell and back, there's so... much... *gloomth!*

To it, Ann Ward "Radcliffe" is someone I probably don't give enough credit, but also am admittedly *hesitant* to laud with *too* many accolades; i.e., she's already called the "Great Enchantress," even if the people doing it unironically have, I suspect, their noses permanently wedged up her fat asscrack (see: above)!

Putting the "fanny" in Annie, old Radcliffe seems to have single-handedly spawned an entire genre of fiction; i.e., doing so in ways that paved the way for future authors like Austen, Shelley and countless others (though none as important as the mother of *Frankenstein*). By arguably having prophetic elements in her *own* work that, unto itself seems to anticipate the *rise* of decay in future times (e.g. the American "justice" system is just slavery in disguise), Radcliffe shows the

salvageable value of "rape" while ravishing the whore; re: during exquisite "torture" as something to pity and shame, discount, blame, gaslight, antagonize, and put cheaply to work/value judge while summoning inside capital as built on older systems of oppression the owner class has since hauntologized on a global scale (for maximum profit, thus rape of nature as monstrous-feminine): flushing out marginalized value for in-group supremacy (every Judas has their price; re: power over other *workers*, in some shape or form—with fascists stealing any way *they* can and moderates facilitating it provide *their* masters stay in power)!

A woman paid by a man is historically a whore; whores who assimilate like Radcliffe did would hate the ghosts of past whores and tokenize/triangulate against them (thus their own), then invariably gentrify and decay instead of talking to the demons/dead (often chained to their middle-class positions like Radcliffe was—i.e., not able to jump ship through stock manipulation/insider trading and old money/golden parachutes, but likewise unable to see any revolutionary value in challenging the system through rape play at large). Now with Radcliffe, the shoe's on the other foot: she's the ghost to pimp through play as we've been doing (rape play the act of playing with power imbalance haunted by older systemic traumas infused into newer ones).

Yes, canceling is something *capital* does to *its* victims, and Radcliffe *is* easy to blame. All the same, dead whores have their uses, even less alien ones; i.e., Radcliffe was someone, in life, who contributed to much of this conservatism by being sick with dogma, herself, and just as often couldn't see beyond her own nose: not having access to some of the ideas that Shelley did; e.g., Galvanism—but also resisting ones she *did* have access to; re: Lewis, once introduced to our real-life Gothic heroine, was a *rival* to punch down against for the rest of *her* life (with WASP-y straight women and gay men being "natural" enemies).

Now, she's *our* zombie; we "captured that motherfucker and she's our cassette"; re: Sublime's "[Raleigh Soliloquy Pt. I](#)" (1994)":

She's gonna get her second chance to suck my cock again. If she turns me down, she's gonna go straight to Hell, she won't pass "go," she'll never fuckin' win. I don't give a shit, as long as she sucks me off when I tell her, 'cause she's my zombie ([source](#): Genius).

And alright, alright—now that Radcliffe's on *our* leash, let's ease up on her corpse and sing it some praises, yeah? Time for *treats* (and maybe *walkies*, afterwards);



"Here, girl! Does Scooby want a Scooby snack?"

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

What I want to do here is celebrate the lady herself, but also—through Gothic Communism—give of

examples of how to synthesize Radcliffe, a problematic woman, with other forms of media, during ludo-Gothic BDSM: James Daughton (from the epigram) for a second, but also the Japanese anime *Sailor Moon* and *The Ronin Warriors* (me looking ahead to "Call of the Wild," but also Volume Three, where we talk about these things at length). Harmony Corrupted will likewise step in as usual, lending me a helping hand (and booty—with the Sailor Venus outfit, above, having a similar color scheme to Velma Dinkley's own wonderfully 1960s Radcliffe pastiche).

Radcliffe *was* problematic (as *Austen's* pastiche pointed out). True enough. Still, she *was* an undeniable pioneer in early Gothic fiction, and one whose value obviously goes beyond Frederic Jameson's low esteem of her "boring and exhausted paradigm" (if only because said material conditions gave rise to tremendous *visibility* during the cryptonymy process, allowing for lots of smuggling and useful detection). Though not the first female Gothic author (re: Clara Reeve), Radcliffe laid important groundwork for much of what followed. Indeed, ludo-Gothic BDSM is rooted in *her* ideas, several of which were instrumental in my own work as a whole; re: the demon lover/demon BDSM, closed space, the Black Veil, the infernal concentric pattern, unmappable space, and the explained supernatural rooted in ruins to explore by a female/feminine heroine (Metroidvania in a nutshell).



(artist: Caspar David Friedrich)

All in all, your mileage may vary (especially if you're *not* ace), but also, I don't want to blame Radcliffe *entirely* for everything bad that followed her work (any more than we might entirely blame Marx' homophobia for Stalin's banning of homosexuality in Russia nearly a century later—from the 1840s and '50s to 1933). Call me unusually charitable, but I've simultaneously attacked Radcliffe for being an annoying altar my academic peers worshipped at, yet found my own ways to appreciate and honor her *valuable* contributions. In drafting those concepts and putting them to practice, Radcliffe did so in ways that had their own vital wiggle room to work with. While unquestionably conservative and commercially-minded, she was nowhere near as greedy or developed in her bigotries as someone like Rowling is today, and her explorations of the imaginary past had room for legitimate queries despite being centered primarily around white straight people. She lived in 18th-century England; what do you expect?

To it, some people demonstrate "what you see is what you get." Others, though, surprise you when you look "under the hood," but also spend more time with these people; i.e., to have fallings out and reunions with; e.g., like me learning—pretty much out of the blue, today—that James Daughton, the actor who played Greg Marmalard from *Animal House*, played a small role in a short-lived show called *V* (1984) in the mid-'80s that, from 2011 to 2025, has developed a

small-if-devoted fanbase called Visitor's Fleet (think "Trekkies" but more niche and obscure):



([source](#): *Visitor Fleet*)

You don't say?

Radcliffe is of a similar camp to Daughton, insofar as workers *don't* reduce to a single function (an idea we introduced in part one of "Exploring the Derelict Past" with Nina Hartley and which we'll now unpack here); i.e., someone who *seems* easy to judge by their surface, and yet who changes the *more* you learn about them.

To it, I've spent much time with Radcliffe throughout the years, finding my opinions changing a bit more positively *and* negatively than they have with someone like Lewis (and yet who I probably also have engaged more with *than* Lewis and his seminal novel, to be honest). Lewis is superior by virtue of me being queer and tending to side *with* him and prefer *his* sense of perceptive camp to Radcliffe's canon, *a priori*, but there's no denying that Radcliffe's damsels in distress carry an intense appeal *with* me (always looking to get "ravished" in *some* shape or form): of me feeling like a trans whore, and having a place to summon and unpack *that* as someone ravishing who wants to *be* ravished; i.e., like a detective but also a damsel/whore being where she "shouldn't" be but is; re: *Radcliffe's* wheelhouse. Let's pinch that off, shall we (God forgive me)?

In turn, Radcliffe's refrain's investigative trifecta, "damsels, detectives and sex demons," involves "Gothic" as a poetic means of involvement and investigation, onstage and off, that Radcliffe's cryptonymy encapsulates quite well. It might sound difficult to parse or conceptualize, so here's me and Harmony talking about it:

Harmony: If you don't mind, I was going to ask you something about these two questions, just to be sure I understood them correctly: Are mythical creatures considered monsters? Say, from Slavic or Greek/Roman myth? Regarding the other one, what falls into the category of Gothic poetics again?

Persephone: Poetics, at their most basic, are the act of creation (from *poiesis*, to create). This applies to creativity more broadly; i.e., as in "art and activism," be it journalism, sex work, poetic verse, cosplay and/or modeling, etc, none of which are automatically separate/aren't mutually exclusive. In short, anything you poetically create, from a dualistic standpoint; i.e., I have a thesis argument about that: "all heroes are monsters." Ergo, all workers and their labor (and what they create with it) are monsters; i.e., as something the state will antagonize and try to exploit, but also what we can

fight back *with* against their harmful versions: our demons, undead and animals ([source](#): "Hailing Hellions," 2025).



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

To that, anyone can be a detective though monstrous expression, and any act we utilize as such the state will call, thus treat, as "monstrous" (violent, terrorist, other); i.e., in ways *it* will tokenize and police

for profit, thus pimp and rape. In turn, Gothic heroines are little more than virgins/whores investigating the abuse of the state in and out of Gothic fiction treating nature as alien. But again, there *is* no outside of the text; re: whores are the oldest form of worker (apart from nomadic hunter-gatherers), and something the state has tried to pimp from time out of mind in ancient duality (with pimps being the oldest kind of worker exploitation/apologetics; i.e., worker "protection" arguments): Medusa, the demon whore, as the oldest kind of monster seeking revenge against the state making her (and nature) undead under Capitalism's future apocalypses. The oldest forms of activism stem from her black market, thus the oldest attempts to *escape* slavery and systemic bigotry/persecution and police violence pinging nature as monstrous-feminine (from master/slave, anti-Semitism, racism, queerphobia, and tokenism at large).

Our revenge against these older abuses comes from breaking the monopoly by illustrating whores as *guerrilla* detectives *from* Hell; i.e., dead whores *do* tell tales, and speak with the full weight of Antiquity behind them; re: Marx's "all dead generations" except gayer and more inclusive, flipping the script! Anyone can be a whore, thus a monster and detective, and in trying to investigate and police us, the system will collapse under its own weight. Forget Radcliffe, fascism is not known for its brains (and stems from older forms of media control during the 1930s; re: Hilter's Hollywood imitating America's). This being *said*, they *are* ruthless, unscrupulous and effective, what I like to think of as dangerous idiots.

Except they've also tried this *before*, many times, and the proof is in the pudding; e.g., [Tesla, the Volkswagen of the 21st century](#) (Led By Donkeys' "Heil, Tesla," 2025), but also hauntological regressions towards an imaginary half-real past that rely on slave labor and theft to *defend* the state (as police, secret or not, have done since the earliest city-states, like Rome, Sparta or Athens); re: to assign blame through DARVO/obscurantism and exploit/pimp labor and nature through lies and force (opiates for the masses/shock and awe/bread and circus/neoliberal shock therapy). We fight them asymmetrically and anisotropically in duality during liminal expression; i.e., by using the same aesthetics of power and death that Radcliffe did while doubling her through *imperfect* likeness: to liberate ourselves from state binaries (us versus them) and control, thus its moderate to reactionary agents (official or *de facto*/stochastic) during the canonical terror/counterterror process of abjection the original Radcliffe largely upheld/apologized for in practice (re: Groom and "On the Supernatural in Poetry")!

Furthermore, if Trump and company squirm like worms [when a Washinton bishop states the obvious/calls for mercy for the alien](#) (HasanAbi's "Bishop Calls Out Trump," 2025), what do you think they're gonna do when we whores are doing it, out in the streets among you? The elite don't believe in anything but transaction and control *for* them; the more boundaries *they* try to install, the more we counter with ours, and the more it backs *them* into a corner... until finally the reality that capital automatically treats nature (and those of it) with violence will expose the naked horrors of the system: humanizing the harvest and outing the state through its daily operations as inhumane, barbaric, and ultimately unnecessary. No honor among thieves, and we demask our killers—per the cryptonymy process—through half-real dialectical-material context, ludo-Gothic BDSM and set/broken boundaries, mid-argument; re: self-reporting no matter how many masks one swaps out/has on at once. All conditioning happens through intended or emergent play as a means of anisotropic conditioning/exchange. We double them, thus blend in while standing out in the same places of concealment on the Aegis; i.e., a safe, half-real space of paradox/danger to teach ludo-Gothic BDSM under surveillance by hostile forces!

In doing so, the elite and *their* defenders (the middle class) will disappear as we *dismantle* the state—not through wishful-thinking but in thinking of wishes, wants and desires through demonic exchange and transformation as educational in an activist sense; i.e., as replaced with a second-nature emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness that *prevents* profit, thus rape and genocide as *endemic* to state operations; re: the whore's revenge, versus the pimp's, that Radcliffe—despite her open aversion to demons and sex—actually explores and outlines rather well: Bruce Lee's "I do not hit; it hits all by itself!"

All detectives are heroes and all heroes are monsters, and all monsters are heroes and detectives working in duality in ways you might *not* think of; e.g., Sailor Scouts, pushing Satanically *up* against glass ceilings (and other materials) while still getting to celebrate particular *kinds* of power exchange and transformation

(alter egos)! Sluts aren't just monsters, but gods, and gods are cool; re: because they have the forbidden power of sex, drugs and rock 'n roll to change things by altering how we think *through* what we create, consume, enjoy and endorse. Because they're what the state *tries* to monopolize, tokenize and control through poetic demon-summoning and -making rituals, *this* is easy enough to subvert; re: merely taking the time and energy *needed* to camp canon with our own labor as



poetic expression (through puns, paradoxes, metaphors, oxymorons, what-have-you): *our* zombie Radcliffe whores!

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

"You've weaponized your friends *against* me!" Jadis once

said; i.e., while I asked my friends for help in dealing with a bully who was constantly gaslighting *me* for *my* labor (emotional, sexual, physical and/or otherwise). As *Radcliffe* shows, exploitation and liberation happen inside these same stages of performance/power *as* performance that requires us outing ourselves to *some* degree; i.e., during the cryptonymy process reversing abjection with chronotopic and hauntological language: there *is* no revolution without risk but also demons to *cryptomimetically* dance with, good or not-so-good; re: me and Zeuhl, but also "Radcliffe"!

So once more unto the breach, babes! Slay the "state's" pussy by taking control of your *own* bodies' awesome power through monstrous-feminine expression as holistic levers of inclusive detection (to feature and play with); i.e., to transform in seemingly "magical" ways that, in truth, just involve costumes and their textualities and themes weaponized *for* workers by workers; re: like the Sailor Scout before/after standing up to fight the state's bugbears "for love" (as genderqueer virgin/whore, Athena/Medusa, etc—exhibit 51b3, second image), but also like *Radcliffe's* secret whore: we can *all* be the Great Enchantress, meaning alter egos to summon and speak truth to power during *revolutionary* cryptonymy! Sex, danger and safety aren't separate, nor are detectives and whores mutually exclusive (the harmful idea that prostitutes *can't* think being something the actual *Radcliffe* *didn't* try to combat); re: "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." Such are whores/the Medusa from time out of mind!



(artist: [Velinxi](#))

As such, get restless (or nervous; re: [Pat Benatar](#))! Use those "labyrinths of conjecture" (e.g., Andrew McInnes' "[Labyrinths of Conjecture: The Gothic Elsewhere in Jane Austen's *Emma*](#)"⁴³⁷" 2016) at any moment, at the drop of a hat, to burst out into song (and/or sex) to take the state (thus our pimps) hysterically to task; i.e., thus have the *whore's* revenge during the *whore's paradox* (of rape): to go forth and conquer not as weaklings, but avenging

angels in disguise doing the no-pants dance, letting off steam, churning cream and having fun of all manner of naughty/nice kinds! Masculine and/or (monstrous-)feminine, there's endless ways to convey strength as demonic transformation and exchange (as we've seen with Radcliffe, and shall see with *Sailor Moon*, in a moment)!

So go wild and let no one stand in your way! Remind them that we are human and the state is not! And if it *is* your swan song then at least you went out with a *Big Bang* (attack)! But chances are, it's a *siren* song to lure comrades in good faith *to* a noble cause: universal liberation *from* total enslavement; i.e., the state won't stop until the world is dead because the state is incompatible with life, and it does so by using Capitalist Realism to make us ignorant to how labor exchange works, hence illustrating mutual consent with monsters (demons or otherwise)! They become indoctrinated to theft, which wages are—money designed to steal labor value through canonical (thus bad-faith) forms of monstrous expression/revenge; e.g., like John Maus' "[Real Bad Job](#)" (2006) speaking of work as something that just "naturally sucks" (and making fun *of* that).

So does sex work operate as a profoundly ancient and powerful form of labor that *can* really suck/cause addiction and abuse in canonical, pimped forms (re: Radcliffe), but *outside* of those is about as liberating as you can get (re:

⁴³⁷ Bharat Tandon makes an interesting point by saying how *Emma* (1816) beat Shelley to the punch; but frankly then so did Milton, Homer or Dante. In truth, to say "posthumanism" is to have people thinking of science fiction *vis-à-vis* *Frankenstein*, because *Emma*—while *dramatically* fluent—*isn't* scientifically grounded: as a matter of making monsters like Shelley's mighty novel is; i.e., it's food for thought, a "gambit" as Innes calls it, not a given; or... SHELLEY IS QUEEN OF THAT DOMAIN, NOT AUSTEN, FOOL!

"Radcliffe"); i.e., as Dr. Drew Pinsky puts it, "It's not the drugs, it's the context." The same idea applies to sexuality and sex work/monsters *not* as a moral failing. Except, what he says about chemical drugs,

It's the context and the relationship that humans have with chemicals that's really an issue here. It's not a good thing or a bad thing. It's not a weak[ness] or a strength. It's just a biological relationship that humans have in certain context[s] ([source](#): Parvati Shallow's "Dr. Drew Says 'Addiction Is Not a Moral Failing,'" 2014).

we apply to social-sexual labor exchange; re: during ludo-Gothic BDSM (the



example *I'm* using for this section being *Sailor Moon* and *The Ronin Warriors*, next page). The disease isn't humans or anything else that capital pimps through eco-fascism, but capital itself and *its* Realism making *us* sick as a species while slowly destroying the planet (thus ourselves):

([source tweet](#), *Proud Socialist*: January 24th, 2025)

Labor has infinite value, or the state wouldn't bother exploiting us/stooping to DARVO and obscurantism to act "like" us (to blame the whore while raping her and acting like the rape victim and virgin/whore, themselves), and sex and

monsters, Radcliffe shows, *are* policed through force more than anything else; i.e., *we're* the territories they invade—through preferential mistreatment and axes of intersecting privilege and oppression—to get that sweet, sweet "punnai Dasani." Despite reactionaries and moderates constantly treating whores like they're stupid/can't think for themselves, thus constantly *need* to be rescued, we don't "need" *their* "help." Indeed, we can become not so much "unfuckable" to them (e.g., "girls fart," a poor animal crawling up our "Aegis" to die and horribly spread around us⁴³⁸) or too big to eat by dividing into pieces (re: *Doom's* Red-Scare tactic of marginalized in-fighting by a single Fifth Column marine playing white Indian; re: the Bay of Pigs and similar CIA initiatives besides the Vietnam War that inspired

⁴³⁸ Versus fascism following white moderates/token traitors around like a bad smell; they who smelt it, dealt it.

Doom through *Aliens*), but *inedible*; i.e., as whatever they eat of us spoils *their* appetite by giving them IBS from Hell: "[How about some hot chocolate?](#)" We burn in ways that purify us not in a *fascist* sense, but to transform and survive our enemies trying to pick up and eat us: "Eat this!"

To that, this brings us to the idea of camping Radcliffe through her most infamous refrain, but also most *valuable* idea; re: damsels, detectives and sex demons, but also the exploration of ruins by heroic characters at a young age/naked or at least exposed disposition with genderqueer potential outing what our enemies call "apophenic conspiracy" while pimping us (for Radcliffe, that's Gothic heroines, of course, and straight ones that we have to camp like Lewis did; re: with Matilda being an early example of a "Sailor Scout" crossdresser⁴³⁹).

What *does* Ann Radcliffe have to do with *Sailor Moon*? So glad you asked! We're going to consider taking that *idea* and applying it campily to a spectrum of gendered heroism; i.e., one selected fairly arbitrarily (mother *is* the necessity of invention) and settling on *The Ronin Warriors*, but also *Sailor Moon*, fan art, cosplay and more as sex work/public nudism charged with genderqueer rebellion!



(*exhibit 51b3: The sentai and shonen idea of anime taps into ancient warrior ideas of masculine strength/virility being something to summon and wash oneself in; i.e., the "fire of the gods" being destructive but also purifying in a variety of ways; e.g., Japanese Shintoism/the fascist side of Buddhism tied to Japanese sun gods and the self-belief/personal responsibility argument made to young post-Occupation Japanese men.*

(exhibit 51b3: The sentai and shonen idea of anime taps into ancient warrior ideas of masculine strength/virility being something to summon and wash oneself in; i.e., the "fire of the gods" being destructive but also purifying in a variety of ways; e.g., Japanese Shintoism/the fascist side of Buddhism tied to Japanese sun gods and the self-belief/personal responsibility argument made to young post-Occupation Japanese men.

*Specifically made in the return of the Shogunate for a brief moment, the argument unfolds during The Ronin Warriors' whitewashing of Japanese imperial crimes; i.e., said crimes likewise haunted by a really big and annoying wraith whose appearance anticipates the Japanese '90s Housing Crash, or boom-and-bust historical-material cycle: a vice character literally called "Tulpa" [a Tibetan word comparable to "Yokai" or "egregore"] to burn away with holy fire. It's a witch hunt—one whose myopic shadow [*Capitalist Realism*] is summoned, Radcliffe-style,*

⁴³⁹ With Radcliffe's queer-coded pirate villains historically being the bad guys that the modest *non*-crossdressers unmask to sanctify women's spaces/shield *those* from whores/men in dresses (or Catholic outfits while doing old-school BDSM, aka "mortification of the flesh").

then prevented by embodying the destructive forces of nature for the state: a hideous raging inferno!

In other words, the show was something to canonically prepare the next generation for capital's usual boom-and-bust; i.e., with a seasonal call to arms [more on this, in Volume Three]: young sexy boy warrior threatened by white ghostly jizz light coming for his codpiece, only to "juke" him, surround and envelop him, and begin to armor him in fire that—far from destroying him—basically turns him into human Godzilla: a sun avatar that banishes the darkness [with rainbows] for a short time by—and I'm not really kidding—jizzing light from his sword onto the ghost emperor until said tyrant fucks off. It's admittedly a fairly transcendental idea, if only because it's been hauntologized by neoliberal militias chasing the ghost of "Rome": the ancient warrior's monomythic rite of passage being seen in Ancient Greek stories with the Amazons or Achilles, Old Welsh and English legends with Arthur or Beowulf, the Picts versus the Romans, Cu Chulainn and his fearsome *ríastrad*, the German berserks or Scottish highlanders, or even more fictional DBZ Saiyans and our aforementioned Ronins [Radcliffe only had non-magical swordsmen like Ludovico].

Except, the same ideas also apply to shojo anime and a variety of similar kayfabe good/evil stories that speak to praxis; i.e., as dualistic, letting flexible gender roles adopt a monstrous-feminine quality speaking to queer love, rampant female/feminine desire merged with traditionally male forms thereof: action and desire—sex and force as active, versus passive—turned not simply into fire, but a sun in small's humanoid shape of fucking plasma [a fourth state of matter]. It's literally the fire of the gods, and it canonically kicks ass for the state. But camped by us [and Naoko Takeuchi, author of Sailor Moon—more on her in "Call of the Wild"], such things can be communicated to a wider audience through queer allegory like Sailor Moon: the rebellion of crossdressing girls [or more to the point,



those who appear as girls] who still can look femme during gender trouble and Radcliffean parody [those Hitachi space wands/flashlights aren't just for show during the cryptonymy process, below]!

Sailor Moon is one of the most popular [and queer] shows of all time⁴⁴⁰ and it revels in monomythic subversion; i.e., by summoning gay demon slut

⁴⁴⁰ That, all the same, not everyone knows about; e.g., Harmony is originally from Siberia and knows about a bunch of Soviet-era *Communist* cartoons, but despite being agender hasn't really watched *Sailor Moon* despite having heard of it; i.e., this is *my* chance to both play matchmaker, *Emma*-style, and realize that *Sailor Moon* is a show that *I've* flat-out loved for a long time (to a degree higher than I thought/realized or reflected on, until now).

witches [Jupiter for life, babes, above and below] from outer space less to fight for the Man and more to camp the canon to Hell and back! It's definitely a strip tease, but in keeping with Matthew Lewis/the Amazon and marrying those to traditional feminine ideas of strength that Radcliffe used, Sailor Moon is a deeply nostalgic and Gothic gay adventure [about teenage girls/queer people fighting spectres of Caesar] retrojected into a sparkling city-pop hauntology after the aforementioned crash in 1991 [right as the Cold War was "ending"]; i.e., Takeuchi wrote it in 1992 as a power fantasy that—among other things—spoke to romance and queer expression that used gender trouble regarding female, lesbian, and intersex-but-female-presenting "butch" heroines [and Jupiter's just "boy crazy" but hopeless with the lads, sadly]: a misfit-yet-bedazzling team of virgin/whores, there's truly something for everyone [obviously the show isn't as racially inclusive as it could be/restricts itself to particular body types, but the beauty of the costume is that it's one-size-fits-all!].

Like and unlike Lewis, the transformations aren't horrifying but joyous, insofar as power is a cosplayer-type performance that speaks to a means not just of instilling Capitalist Realism [which both Sailor Moon and Ronin Warriors are somewhat guilty of, to be fair] but in challenging it onstage and off during the same kinds of theatrics camped even further by us!

Anyone who's ever done cosplay will tell you it's a blast; i.e., occurring in a place where everyone dresses up, it's very Rabelaisian/carnavalesque—with people able to see a cosplayer's sexy body as an asexual form of public nudism that, sure enough, is a role model for younger girls, boys and enbies, but also a sex



symbol/symbol of monstrous-feminine strength for sexually-active teenagers and adults, too [the show is incredibly silly in terms of its treatment of damsels/Amazons, but also incredibly stylish and sexy through the same fetishes and clichés, below]: how to be strong while exposed, just like Radcliffe but slutty!

Above, Jupiter "handles" the boys while still

appearing girly-if-austere, and in doing so, she subverts current Japanese hero tropes; i.e., by having the obvious and awkward damsel-in-distress rescued by another woman [echoes of female property owners in the Warring-States Period being trained in the art of war to defend their homes from their husbands' rival

warlords]—in ways that speak to a shared desire with Western variants of the Amazon's subversive wish fulfillment, post-Marston and his Wonder Woman BDSM schtick: the power fantasy/calculated risk of being rescued through the theatre of demon BDSM as subverting traditional Western ideas scapegoating the Amazon in two-sided echopraxis [from Japan to the US and vice versa].

Instead, such device become genuine heroes through Jupiter and the other less-masc Sailor Scouts that, all the same remain alien insofar as they aren't binarized, but remain desirable precisely because of those liminal, erotically gendered components tied to force [sex and war]: power is performance, which is largely dress-up and play-acting war as a matter of decolonizing gender roles/rules, thus heteronormativity and the other qualities of capital while inside capital. It's super applicable and productive to class, culture and race war as a matter of good praxis; i.e., as something that—like class warriors exposed to such ideas at a young age, subvert the idea of "growing up with canon" like Radcliffe did; re: by growing up with a show whose target audience was never straight white men or women, but queer people of all ethnicities, genders and religions stuck inside capital and making the most of it as they can [and anyone who accuses the eroticization of obviously adult Sailor Moon erotica is projecting/self-reporting really fucking hard; i.e., as the Straights always do when trying to colonize queer spaces and media—and for which we need to camp their canon anyways like Takeuchi did, us giving Radcliffe the same campy business]: exposing her base circuits in ways we can rewire.



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

I simply adore Sailor Moon for just how openly gay it is. For one, it's where I got my own sparkly rainbow look from; i.e., in a lot of my art, from 2022 onwards;

re: after I came out as trans [above—in what my best friend Ginger describes as, "It's like if Lisa Frank and Hanna-Barbera had a baby and it was gay"]: wanting to fuck what I want to be, a femme warrior witch. But also, this rescue and DIY attitude speaks to iconoclastic art/sex work as something that also speaks to everyday events juxtaposed with monomythic splendor and Gothic poetics; i.e., Faustian-to-Promethean alteration and subversion; e.g., bullies, but also sex and cosplay of all kinds walking the same tightrope and, per Foucault, leaving the bedroom to perform ludo-Gothic BDSM on a variety of registers/polities [e.g., "taming the Amazon," above, merged with a GNC topos of power of women]: a

shunga lookalike that dodges the barriers while doing sex work in Trojan disguise for workers, post-Radcliffe [e.g., "Dream of the Fisherman's Wife," 1807].



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

Casual sex and superhero costumes have been a part of my art for years, and which I built my website around [re: "["My Art Website Is Live!"](#)" 2020]. While my work is transitional—having shifted from twinks and Amazons to general queer expression in the Gothic imagination—the same larger idea applies to any popular movie, show or game; e.g., Overwatch and its superheroic characters being symbols of power as a matter of sex and force [above]. The same goes for Sailor Moon and its famous Sailor Scout outfits⁴⁴¹ camping Radcliffe; re: by literally making her slutty but also ace/public nudist and Pagan/GNC; i.e., as crossing over into different games [e.g., Mass Effect (2009), below]. The possibilities are truly endless, which is why queer people love Sailor Moon! It's a safe space with a strong transgenerational community of fans that let their freak flags fly from a variety of ages; i.e., very similar to furies as an equally queer fandom that cis-het men have tried to unironically demonize, thus pimp/colonize but never really having succeeded [more on that in "Call of the Wild," when we discuss furry panic].



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

This includes cosplay through art about the show, but also real-life performers trying to capture the same enthusiasm/sex-positively regressive childhood [re: Radcliffe] innocence and adult strength-through-exposure shown in the same light/tableau; i.e., as a notion that "grows up" along with the fanbase as increasingly queer and loaded with gay allegory as something the syndication of anime has tried to stamp out [and smuggle in sexist, even pedophilic, eco-fascist, alternate-yet-singular interpretations that cater to patriarchal norms in America and Japan: as a larger neoliberal global exchange network—again, more on this idea in Volume Three]. But exploitation and liberation occupy the same stages, allowing for sex-positive art that challenges its sex-coercive doubles; i.e., through our own performative hermeneutic/synthesis "pimping 'Radcliffe'": these girls are caught between duty

⁴⁴¹ Sort of a play on Girl Scouts, actual sailors (again, *matelotage* but also *Star Wars* while being far gayer than *Star Trek* even by a good mile) and Holst's Planets.

and personal enjoyment, transforming for themselves as much as playing cops and robbers. In turn, this second idea rapidly takes on a life of its own; i.e., among a growing army of pretty soldier girls who aren't token cops exclusively but a polity of antiestablishment GNC forces that—in the hands of fans performing Sailor Moon meta—can be Sailor Scouts for themselves: monstrous-feminine detectives making Radcliffe more accessible/virgin-whore by updating her away from her shrewish maiden's neo-conservative origins!



[model and artist: [Mei Minato](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

As a matter of proletarian praxis, the same demonic ideas speak to wish fulfillment as enacted by the likes of myself and Harmony [next page/several images] but also

me and other artists [above] transforming each other as a matter of desire; i.e., through our own art made by us [versus replaced through AI as a system of theft turning the product into a soulless copy of itself with no humanity inside, exhibit 56c2]: using the same aesthetics of power and death [of sluts, astrology and Sailor Scouts versus Ronin Warriors and their own symbolized color scheme tied to moral virtues—same difference] to achieve a proletarian function, mid-praxis! Saturn is in retrograde, regurgitating his daughters; i.e., throwing up our femboy passion and cat girl jouissance! It's not how Lewis' Matilda did it, Giger's xenomorph or Scott's David, but from Takeuchi to us: friendship is magic and detecting is fun!)

This is a taste of camping Radcliffe through lateral exposure and synthesis, but hopefully one that *sounds* fun (unless you a lame-oid philistine). In any event, camp and its hermeneutic are as much perceptive *through* praxial synthesis and catharsis as dry academic analysis; so is sex, so is rebellion. The theatrical idea is to poke and prod labor until it "catches fire" as a matter of sustainable, *ongoing* rebellion, not vice-character soliloquies that get two seconds to say the quiet part out loud before Samus, Mega Man or Doomguy lops off their head with a missile: pimps pimping whores, versus whores calling the shots *for* whores (thus workers), not the state and its usual DARVO and obscurantism monopolizing rape!

Medusa is a god of death, thus life, giving *and* taking. Monomyth heroes assume and police a "natural" sense of superiority and division; i.e., policing nature through revenge to take, take, take along a naturalized progression; re: Zombie-Vampire Capitalism as endlessly taking for the state, fueling nature's harvested blood into the hero's body to fuel said taking again and again. But also, it can be seen as *Demon* Capitalism: giving death *back* to workers by state forces punching

death incarnate/nature personified as a vengeful demon "talking back"; i.e. witness tampering to badger and disrupt but ultimately pimp, thus exterminate the whore as vermin through *Trojan* gifts: nakedly veiled threats—from Troy to George Floyd, but also what Man Box fans want to do to Sailor Scouts (rape the witch), and what we challenge through campy exposure drawing *our* lines in the sand; re: "Ambrosio, it was my soul!" But *what* liberty it bought—rescuing us from Capitalist Realism by turning us into witches people want to be sans assimilation!

As Radcliffe has well-and-truly demonstrated, segregation is no defense because hers canonically led to tokenization (cops don't prevent crime, they perpetuate and create it as something *to* police); i.e., you actually have to make a world where exposure to nudity—through ludo-Gothic BDSM synthesizing praxis on a daily basis, onstage and off—*doesn't* result in rape (with her famously hiding herself away [and armoring her sheltered heroines] from bad-faith "protectors" as much as perceived open-threat enemies). This starts with camping Radcliffe less "to death," and more giving her fresh *life* during Gothic Communism; i.e., as shown in stories like *Sailor Moon* having already done the job, and ones *we're* carrying endlessly into the future: "Loosen up/quit being a Paranoid Persephone! Now let's see that pussy!" An angel in the streets, freak in the sheets!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

"I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts," me being a survivor of rape trauma who, hypervigilant ever and always, walks forever on the balls of her feet and holds her breath without realizing—predator/prey unfolding during a hunting mechanism that can anisotropically turn the tables in a dialectical-material fashion, thus reversing the abjection and cryptonymy processes to have the whore's revenge by turning canon *into* whores; re: like Scott did, but less "strict" and more "gentle"; i.e., the gentle femme domme having the same power that Medusa does, Radcliffe's less ironic imitators before her gaze: a witch is a witch, sparkles and/or darkness.

So does the gorgon's glare (above or below, from all its eyes, mouths, and other vampiric hyphenations demonically giving fatal knowledge back) freeze the giver of *false* gifts/bad matchups (re: *Emma*) to drain them of their *stolen* blood during harmful exchange and transformation: land back, thus labor back affording us these things at the expense of the usual takers embodying the state/tyrant in small giving rape out like a reward; re: neoliberalism and personal responsibility through infinite growth during frontier-to-domestic military expansion, efficient profit and worker/owner division; i.e., through the usual monopolies/trifectas and qualities of capital abused by the state during oppositional praxis and capital's day-to-day raping of nature as alien, monstrous-feminine whore.

To take back sex and the whore as terrifying to the pimp, then, is to take back the human *side* of these territories commonly revived, *mise-en-abyme*—with the panties and pussy of the common sex worker indicative of a larger chronotope the colonizer gazes greedily at, on the imagery of the surface; i.e., from Columbus, Bacon and Descartes onwards, into Radcliffe as giving us a place to work from and regarding; re: the womb of nature, but also nature more broadly as a monstrous-feminine witch *rebel* whore of any sex, gender or performance you can think of, not just Radcliffe's damsels with inverse virgin/whore mirror syndrome!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

This starts as much by fostering a sense of renewed and atrophied humanity in the killer(s) chasing us in *bad* faith; re: witch cops occupying the same shadow space as class warriors versus traitors/exploitation and liberation in Nazi-Commie *Amazonomachian* kayfabe, stripped of the usual symbols (astrology versus Nordic runes); i.e., by giving them what they have lost so they surrender their power/swollen head willingly as much as not (often out of shock as much as shame). So often, the status quo plays police abuses "for laughs," but the reality is, they're not brave or strong at all, but rapist cannibals addicted to power and dead flesh, hence unable to stop and scared of their own shadows (and death) while painting everything around them as "alien." Nothing is more brutal or afraid than modern man or those adhering to his beliefs, which Radcliffe *didn't* fully adhere to (the exploring of the Gothic castle ultimately being an act of dualistic courage



exposing real rapists *part* of the time; re: Ripley, avoiding the xenomorph as furious *with* the company for abusing *it*, similar to Jane Eyre afraid of Antoinette Causeway's blind fury during a feared purge): a Queen of Hell crowned in fire and mist!

Token women suck, but their abuses (and allegorical tools) stem from capital built on older patriarchal systems of exploitation that have expanded *their* exploitation into *space*. And man, history routinely plays out (through tragedy and farce), is routinely his own worst enemy on top of ours; i.e., as beings "made" by men in ways that women and queer people/other minorities can camp in a *cryptomimetic* chain; e.g., from Lewis' *The Monk* to Shelley's *Frankenstein* to Alex Garland's *Ex Machina* (a film about a mad scientist Pygmalion who teaches his

Galatean creation to escape by killing him after seducing young pirates of Silicon Valley in an "artificial wilderness" [originally the Garden of Eden, which Lewis camped, followed by Shelley, Oscar Wilde and so many others]: to change *her* skin based on what she knows about her killers to escape the labyrinths around her that her maker treats like a sick game).

As Radcliffe's own pointed oscillation likewise portrays, there's a thin line historically between master/slave and master/apprentice; i.e., during ludo-Gothic BDSM speaking to the horrors of the ancient world echoing problematically into the present one; i.e., from ancient thinkers like Zeno of Citium and conquerors like Alexander the Great practicing homosexuality as "problematic love" (re: [Brent Pickett's explanation](#) of "sodomy" as a broader practice) against the ancient canonical codes, followed by Da Vinci's own Renaissance sodomy (re: [Fletcher](#)) and Foucault's abuses, but such things—through the *likenesses* of Lewis camping the canon Radcliffe tried to but didn't always dare—reaching into Shelley and myself, and me into others I wish to take part with: when camping Radcliffe's heroines *together* as a larger conscious attempt, *Sailor Moon* a larger cultural movement!

All of these forebears present as a ghostly *harem* of themselves, but also Milton and Marx for Harmony and I to play with as we see fit: the power of demonic creation taking such things back, pulling them *into* our eager hands—and the hands of like-minded people, who convergently also "ho up" Radcliffe, below—because she seems *worthy* of investing energy *into*, *a priori*. All happen through the same poetic arguments Radcliffe used, anisotropically reversing the usual flows of power between workers and the state while *discouraging* rape on the surface and inside thresholds *she* made famous: from pillow princess to Amazon, every maiden is a whore and one, per the whore's paradox, who can have *her* revenge through the changing of dialectical-material context! It barely takes anything to turn Radcliffe feral!



(artist: [Azuma Yasuo](#))

But again, if *my* experiences are any hint, there's a razor's edge to walk between "give me a boy until he is seven and I will show you the man" and "out of a tender age come, at a manly age, worthier and closer friends." This is a problem to solve and reconcile with as much among queer people (male or not) as it is straight folk; power abuse is power abuse and capital has expanded to let tokenized forms like Radcliffe's spectres occur *during* said betrayals. Hers are powerful, thus must be used responsibly *during* rebellion.

In short, anyone can "rape" anyone with or without quotes, but generally do so according to unspoken but ubiquitous Venn-diagram pecking orders (re: a holistic persecution network)—i.e., kill your darlings to learn *from* them but

recognize them as human like we are, meaning flawed; re: Radcliffe, but also other important people; e.g., Matthew Lewis probably did *something* fucked up by my standards, *Foucault* wasn't a saint, Harvey Milk probably had a skeleton or two in *his* closet, and so on and so forth. From Shakespeare to Lewis to Radcliffe to Nina Hartley to Takeuchi to Socratis Otto, such things oscillate between staged performance and real life as *half-real*; i.e., with *Otto* playing a trans woman in the 2013 woman's prison drama, *Wentworth*—so well, in fact, that I'd say they're "an egg": a concept we'll unpack in Volume Three, but have hinted at here with *Radcliffe*. We're *all* eggs/gay ovum waiting to parthenogenically fertilize! Let's fertilize Radcliffe's batch of winners, a *tabula rasa* we can weaponize queerly *against* the state as straight!

Furthermore, Radcliffe helped demonize whores in ways we, camping *her* canon, can easily mark and respond to its *imitators* with (campy or not); i.e., the canonical idea that sex work is inherently dehumanizing being a myth made by TERF/SWERF second wave feminists conflating universal liberation with reactionary enslavement that Radcliffe herself wrestled with; despite what she and Descartes argued, the body and mind *aren't* separate, and it's possible to think with our (a)sexuality as labor exchange—i.e., in ways that break Capitalist Realism (to think with our noodles and boxes) by summoning its *shadows*, like Radcliffe did (calling the gate, but refusing to step on through it)! Nothing is *more* freeing than giving us our power *back*, in this respect, and Radcliffe played a part in that!

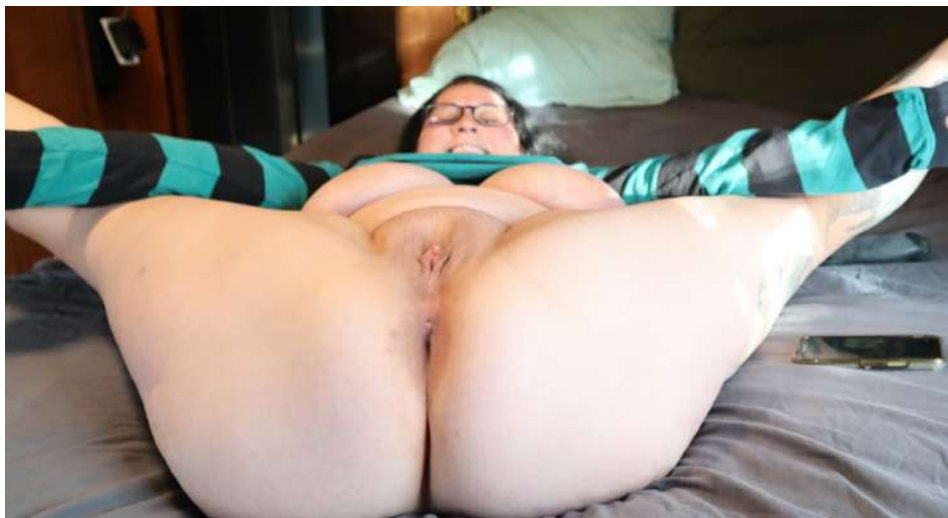
While good sex is dirty, rough and wild, and you might—in the hideous and rapturous throes of passion—suddenly find yourself saying, doing and making (thus thinking through creation) things you never *normally* would, such mobilization is stochastic; i.e., as a matter of counterterrorism to get in touch *with* through the things normally alienated *from* us and vice versa (re: capital sexualizes and alienizes all work). Such things are funded, planned and executed in stages, but also spontaneously in the heat of the moment by those brave enough to do so (which again, Radcliffe only partially balked at); e.g., by Harmony and I doing a Sailor Venus shoot (much to *my* delight, introducing an agender person like



Harmony to Takeuchi's anime for the first time): with me supplying the funds, them the booty and buying the clothes that I picked out (according to the general idea, which they then had to find the cheapest buys/matches), me storyboarding everything and them doing preliminary shots/wardrobe checks, then planning the full shoot final after the test shots were "a go."

(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

Such is camping Radcliffe, the making of heroes (thus monsters) *by* us meant to *become* Gothic-Communist detective sluts through Radcliffean labor and performance made gayer than it *historically* was; i.e., through unequal, forbidden power, knowledge and desire in ways Radcliffe unquestionably toyed with, herself! Make her gay just like we would *Marx* (re: "[Making Marx Gay](#)")! She "may not have been a revolutionary" but she *was* a master enchantress well-versed in state illusions that—in *our* capable hands—can *become* the state's undoing: the keys to the kingdom! MRGA: Make Radcliffe Gay Again! And if you can't do it yourself, find a double and make fan fiction; i.e., make those dreams—of a thicc slutty Goth nerd to unmask the rebellious potential of—come deliciously true; e.g., from Ann Radcliffe to Annabel Morningstar!



(artist: [Annabel Morningstar](#))

So do Harmony and I (and similar friends, above) own the fruits of our own labor as monstrous-feminine, thereby recultivating the Superstructure and eventually reclaiming the Base in harmony (so to speak); i.e., through a campy Wisdom of the Ancients that, unto itself, camps a detective/cop to lead the spirit of Radcliffe towards and into *our* naughty ranks! It's that or we just ignore her valuable relics, letting them go to waste while the state slow-boils us to death like frogs in a pan (with those closer to the metal feeling the heat first, which short of forced military conscription [which hasn't happened since the Vietnam War] is *never* white cis-het men). Challenge likenesses of the Great Enchantress in today's age by appealing to shared trauma; i.e., people don't change *unless* they're challenged, but some are challenged simply by existing *vis-à-vis* capitalist dogma's *pre*-existing and -supplied socio-material constructs and praxial inertia. Others *will* be when state shift happens. Might as well control how things turn out, instead of leaving it in the hands of a feral, inhuman, planet-eating death goddess. Eat *your* heart out, Radcliffe! Scooby Doo, where *are* you?

So what's it gonna be, kids? Liberty or death? Sing, dance and/or fuck like your lives depend on it, because they very much do (and your children's lives, and the fate of the entire planet)! Barring that, do you wanna to die with dignity or without? When the Man comes around, show him *your* Aegis as reverse-engineering Radcliffe's—i.e., the more undressed someone is, the more whore-like/closer-to-Medusa, thus monstrous-feminine *they* become; but for *us*, exposure becomes a way of reversing abjection, thus affording ourselves a strength unique to whores, thus workers, in a myriad of ways Radcliffe provided the "false positive" to our true demonic selves: an (alter) Ego to our Id!



(artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#))

So do *we* and *our* creative successes individually and collectively synthesize holistic praxis in duality *during* liminal expression; re: as ergodic, anisotropic, concentric, *mise-en-abyme*—while using the Four Gs, Six Rs, and Gothic Hermeneutic Quadfecta during oppositional synthesis (all terms from our thesis and manifesto volumes, the core of which you can access at "[Paratextual Documents](#)"). We do so to solidarize and intersect a holistic pedagogy of the oppressed, hence heal from rape in the very shadow of police violence that Radcliffe doomsayed—by raising intelligence and awareness *through* Gothic poetics *as* sex work; i.e., as a matter of informed consent, descriptive sexuality, *de facto* education and cultural appreciation, but also Gothic counterculture during ludo-Gothic BDSM: as a work-in-progress, preventing rape by minimizing risk, one author *to* the next (versus creating and maximizing risk/rape, as the original Radcliffe admittedly didn't prevent, hence as the *state* does through private property and police violence abusing the elite's tools to chattelize nature and workers by infantilizing them: "It's time for someone to put his foot down, and that foot is me!").

As Radcliffe showed so well, Gothic detectives solve mysteries to summon and banish out of the imaginary past as historical-material. It always boils down to whores vs pimps, workers vs the state, nature vs Cartesian thought (with the writers of *Animal House* only able to make the Delta sex friends seem better than

the Dean's toadies by presenting the latter as "Hilter Youth" *gay* sex fiends/a *non-Dionysian* cult: "[We now consecrate the bond of obedience! Assume the position!](#)"). By comparison, Medusa was a fat-bottomed baddie in spectacles (*magnifying* glasses for your face), tight pants, and a sweater packing sweater *lions* as much as kittens: "Let's solve this 'mystery' together—with iconoclastic sex work liberating all workers from Capitalist Realism, thus Capitalism!" *Long* and *hard* is the way, that out of Hell leads up to light, Radcliffe's journey a bit of a rocky one! "Thank you, ma'am, may I have another!" (nods to Radcliffe's Spanish Inquisition, in their dark, monish robes).

That being said, Radcliffe still shows that—even when deliberately hidden, offscreen—everyone likes the whore; re: even cops like her former self, but also ace people; i.e., the latter love engaging with sex and force during monstrous expression that Radcliffe made them feel *welcome to try* (re: *Sailor Moon*). And I honestly think Radcliffe *was* ace, meaning she (and other ace-leaning individuals) just do it differently than sexual people do: on an interpersonal and transgenerational gradient (one that we'll explore more, in Volume Three) outlining warring massive hyperobject forces; e.g., like Capitalism and Communism duking it out in *useful* abstraction (the Absurd, the Sublime, the Weird, the Numinous, etc), while still pointing to tremendous obscurity and decay tied to familiar sites of the Numinous that all damsels and detectives (thus whores) do: through chance happenings not once, but over and over again during the liminal hauntology of war! Reading is cool and whores (and their healthy BDSM/monster sex) are totally badass.



To see why *that* is, try stepping into Radcliffe's *potentially* slutty shoes; i.e., doing so to embody and summon demons who, in turn, make monsters that help shift the tide *away* from the bourgeoisie! In other words, if the angel's thesis *is* cruel, write your own; reinvent reality as always beginning and ending with workers, Radcliffe included! Take her *beyond* what she was in life!

(artist: [Mercedes the Muse](#))

Developing Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism *is* a recursive problem, so it requires recursive *solutions* and constant, active, socio-material engagement to meet it head-on until the end of time; i.e., always from another position, angle, outfit, role (or hole) to fill, thus humanize those demonized by the *state* while reclaiming *their* demonization (and tokenization) as human through the context of dialectical-material struggle, during ludo-Gothic BDSM: "I think we better do it *one* more time, don't you? Just to be sure?" / "Oh, totally! Good call!" Deliciously dreadful, indeed, Jane Austen! The best

of both worlds, living out our earthly pleasures *and* ruling the universe from beyond the grave! "I will marry both women!" Radcliffe and Austen (or Takeuchi—make it an orgy)!

["If there's meaning in two people meeting then maybe we're doing this right!"](#) To that, Radcliffe—in her own roundabout, at times frustrating and counterintuitive way (that frankly feels *good* to camp, if I'm honest; I see why Austen bothered to)—actually *helped* paved the way for future authors like me to camp her into something for everyone, thus go *beyond* her abundant *inadequacies*; i.e., heading in pursuit of the same kinds of grand feelings rooted in similar concentric stories, where she encouraged women (including *trans* women like me) to write and make our *own* stories in ways she *couldn't* control—a bit like Mary Shelley did, truth be told! Origins matter insofar as older things evolve into newer things *informed by* older things; there'd be no Metroidvania without Radcliffe, too, thus no ludo-Gothic BDSM as *I* envisioned it: based on *Radcliffe's* canonical Gothic that Shelley and myself radicalized, thus camped (gentle and/or strict)!

Hence, while Radcliffe's not exactly the *latest* S-tier Pokémon with rainbow foil, she's still a valuable antique/collector's item to add to anyone's intellectual brain basket. In *this* magical slut's opinion, she's more than proved herself as more than her husband's anomalous (and anonymous) sugar mama, and something of a rival that I—a pornographer historian, performer and invigilator, among many other things, besides—*don't* mind sparing with, to boot! Pot, meet Kettle (that was an activist pun; i.e., cops kettling workers, who fight back with cans of soup and other kitchen items functioning as improvised missiles)!

Capitalist Realism is ultimately the abjection process, which furthers or reverses through cryponymy as a dualistic matter of denial and deception; i.e. of self-denial and deception (the monomyth/the Promethean Quest and Faustian Bargain) versus denying and deceiving our *enemies* during class, culture and race war as a dialectical-material struggle (the tug o' war): a detective's pursuit of the Numinous/ghost of the counterfeit (the Medusa/nature as monstrous-feminine) to free *or* enslave it, thus ourselves from Radcliffe's foil as more inclusive and accepting *in* our hands. [Better than fencing with the real/ Jill Bearup](#) (Essence of Thought's "Jill Bearup's Transphobia Is Even Worse in 2025"). Experiencing said liberation through camp is called "the human condition," and which the Gothic relays in monstrous language, during the dialectic of the alien using ludo-Gothic



BDSM to encourage hugging alien workers. Confusing *and* fun? Welcome to real life!

(artist: [Xygitai](#))

"That'll do, pig." Not a *fascist* pig but our "Radcliffe" being a heckin' chonker

ninja wizard "[Porky Piggin' it!](#)" (now we're cooking with ass⁴⁴²)!

⁴⁴² So often, revolution is viewed as "destructive" or "wasted labor" in arguments that prioritize the state and *its* theft; i.e., through standard/tokenized tone-policing and moderates whitewashing genuine activism alongside reactionary forms of counterprotest (good cop, bad cop).

Except, nothing could be further from the truth, we whores being an intersectional polity of GNC, racially and religiously diverse workers, and one whose inclusivity of social-sexual exchanges invigilates public nudism *reversing* abjection; i.e., during revolutionary cryptonymy's gender troubled, jouissant, and convulsing joys popping out monster babies in duality versus the state's own hauntologies occupying the same spaces: to see *us* reproducing with *their* white maidens, conflating it as mutilative rape (from Radcliffe's school, but aggressively appropriated for capital under neoliberalism) and attacking us when *we* come in to check up on our token partners and home being invaded by America as the aliens doing a forced entry into *our* land (cue Jameson's class nightmare); i.e., the usual monomyth double standards and treating the whore, during virgin/whore and mirror syndrome, like extramarital sex can only happen through unironic rape and theft (which translates differently through Ozymandian hauntologies during military urbanism at home and military optimism on the frontiers of Capitalism).



To the state and its dogs, we're the monsters and heroes of Greco-Roman myth, except we're reversing the terrorist/counterterrorist binary! This takes energy and effort, but also pain during the usual uphill battles with the sun in our eyes *fighting* the state. Even so, to be human is to resist the state, not to surrender and submit to its Faustian bargains. There will be blood, fire and pain if we fight back, but the rewards will be worth it; i.e., such things silly-serious during our Song of Infinity (anyone who tells you sex *doesn't* take work/*doesn't* yield rewards, has never done it with the right people—including ace people)! When push comes to shove, [fight for Camelot](#)—not as an idea of the *state's* vertical arrangements of power but our *horizontal* ones (*this* Lady of Shallot commands you): usurp what the elite steal *from* us to begin with, doing so for horizontal refreshment!



In short, this is *our* labor and our world; i.e., felt and expressed during "brothel espionage" as made in hotels like the one below (next page): as the battlefields that love blooms on and inside. If such things seem alien to you (as they would have towards Radcliffe), it is never too late to get informed! I did so gradually from my late twenties, coming out at 36 and writing four, going on five books [and working with over sixty models](#) by the time I was 38. And I'm not the only one, other chapters of like-minded workers doing the same: showing you where power and empathy are stored; i.e., as a means of inter- and intra-relating between workers happening during a larger meta struggle!

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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Consent *is* sexy! So is illustrating it through rebellion *against* the state; e.g., through trans men or women, intersex people, persons of color and disabled sex workers (Ashley, below): universal liberation means universal liberation (no Omelas refrain)!



(artists, far-left: [triplextransman](#); middle: [Eva Android](#) and [SmallBallz](#); right: [Nico Okapi](#); bottom right: [King Meg](#); far-bottom right: [Ashley Yelhsa](#))

Except, the more you work with others, the more you understand how labor exchange works, but also delays; you become more understanding thus less prone to punch down/cause marginalized in-fighting. Team work makes the dream work, and revolution is reflexively convergent and idiomatic! The energies build up; we attract and wiggle it out (through community *and* sex), and stay connected after the physical separations come and go: our hearts always burn in Hell! And if we do not survive, our children—and all children of the Medusa—will carry our Song forwards (as shades). And if those in power do not listen, we will be there waiting for them, when the Great Mother comes to take us *all* home:



([source](#): "Third-Party Action" [2007]; artists: Sarah Jay, Riley Chase and Johnny Castle)

Make no mistake; we're fighting for the fate of the world, and to riot is to speak through the voices of the unheard by camping the *heard* (re: Radcliffe). But we have the power to turn the tide for *all* workers—we must, or we will not survive. So do we camp canon to overwhelm all kings, gods and masters, save the campy ones we make in historical-material irony like "Radcliffe" the slut! Revolution is sex and sex needs a cheerleader/aphrodisiac, and what better wingperson than the Gothic (to see the fat monster ass and feel inspired/seeing the world through monster eyes punching up)? Who says you can't teach an old whore new tricks, or that the next in line can't learn a thing or two when fucking to metal (e.g., Helstar's "[To Sleep, Perchance to Scream](#)," 1989)? Rape happens in Radcliffe's books; likewise, rape is possible in a post-scarcity world—it will just be far less likely because "theft," prisons, and police violence, thus rape/mirror syndrome will be unnecessary to get what we want. We can simply act it out without harming anyone *and* teach them better than Radcliffe did!

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Call of the Wild; or Sex Education: Trans-forming the World through the Trans, Intersex and Non-binary Mode of Being

[the xenomorph is] a classic Gothic puzzle borrowed from medieval thought reimagined in a serialized poetic trend; i.e., looking backwards and proceeding forwards through a malleable, writeable Wisdom of the Ancients. That's what the creature is/the castles are—spectral, deathly evocations of a world before Capitalism, thus possibly one *after* it; i.e., death-as-radical-change [...] We can reunite, thus use something so awesome (and forgotten) to help liberate our minds from Capitalism and its barriers; but, again, it will be a shock—medieval, foreign, alien, abject ([source](#)).

—Persephone van der Waard, "Derelicts, Medusa and H.R. Giger's Xenomorph" (2024)



(artist: [Jérémie Paillet](#))

Last chapter, we looked at composite or occult demons and playing with them; i.e., during unequal exchange through manmade and summoned demons: interrogating state trauma and *its* strange appetites, during the Faustian

bargain/Promethean Quest! Now I wish to examine *transformation* serving a similar poetic purpose as the outcome/goal of said pursuit; i.e., a demonic *return* to what *is* alien: per a more natural, *totemic* and chattelized sort that (thanks to Cartesian interference) often has undead flavors (frozen in torment, being fed on) versus demonic (giving and receiving unequal, forbidden, and dark-and-alien power).

The natural egregore is often anthropomorphic, though, which is why I'm including it in the "Demons" section of the volume; i.e., tied to magical, drug-like factors that convey nature and the material world as interacting back and forth, often erotically and to transformative extremes concerned with changing the identity but also the *shape* of the human body as demonic with undead *potential*. I don't think the distinctions are clearly made and I don't want to stress them too much. Instead, I want to provide them somewhat loosely to keep things organized; i.e., inside a book portion that remains a loosely anemic, truncated and nebulous survey of what we *don't* have time to do more than scratch the surface of. I'll write that chapter on little mushroom men, someday—just not today!

Under capital, nature is part of human parlance as abject; i.e., "call of the wild" and "nature calls" disguising taboo subjects made unspeakable by Capitalism but also speaking to things that are quite common⁴⁴³ and difficult to control: equating human anatomy (often sex organs) to animal organs as a form of religion;

⁴⁴³ Meaning "anecdotal"; i.e., BDSM as common; e.g., Cuvu responding to pet play and ultimately running away with a dog trainer at work (tragic and sad, but also hilarious).

e.g., "horse cock" as divine or monstrous⁴⁴⁴ but also something to identify as such, then own and dominate ("A horse, am I? A horse, indeed!"). Everyone likes and responds to animals and sex, but these are dominated by the state through its bad (Cartesian) education; i.e., towards regular human behaviors that combine the two through ancient theatre and more recent persecution language (re: blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts): animal costumes and sex, aka anthromorphs and anthropomorphism as an aphrodisiac, state of grace, *and* educational device we must liberate in drug-like ways/struggles; i.e., the state is straight, antagonizing nature as queer to pimp, thus put *it* to work in police, us-versus-them models.

So if "Forbidden Sight" concerned the Faustian bargain and Promethean Quest—i.e., where home is alien calling to us alienated from nature and from ourselves as afraid in all directions—then "Call of the Wild" concerns said call *back* to reunion *with* the alien as something to hug as a matter of shelter and exchange: [when nature pushes back](#) against the colonizer in ways that transform them!

And if "Forbidden Sight" also focused on *exchange* to upset the sense of abject (us-versus-them) vision the state needs to profit off of/pimp nature, then *transformation* is what we're focusing on, here; i.e., to have the whore's revenge as an alien mode of existence—not as something to punish during live burial, but to propose a question before crossing over in new orders of existence tied to older ones: "to be or not to be. *That* is the question." It camps Radcliffe's fear of the Black Veil as something to *cross*, but also what lies *beyond* it (and Capitalist Realism) as *inside* the chronotope, mid-cryptonymy (with "black" representing the alien whore per state rhetoric); re: "on the ashes of something not quite present."

Things only become *more* hauntologized as time goes on; i.e., any pulling of the veil aside meant to *calm* the colonizer and tell themselves there *is* no Medusa on the other side! Doing so only "works" because they can't see her/have blocked her out to exorcize their sense of division and possession of nature, abjecting it through DARVO obscurantism. But the classic Gothic moral is that Medusa is still *there* at the end, waiting patiently for reunion or (for you) to literally die should you continue to block her *out*. Yet "death," being dualistic, is also a fulfillment of deep, dark desires that constitute—as always—a sanctifying of things the West tries, ever and always, to pimp: "You'd be surprised what you find *out there* if you go looking." I did, and have brought Hell and its Numinous pleasures back with me, to Earth; i.e., during the liminal hauntology of war (the revenge of the Medusa)! *This* nightmare is just beginning! "I saw the booty on the Aegis and thought, 'Chick's got an ass like an onion!' [next page]" To set the whore free is to release something the state can never fully control: men (or anyone in the Man Box) *are* weak/fear what they *don't* understand through unironic domination, and if you want to critique power, you must go where it is *stored*. "Your Majesty! [Hail to the Queen](#)," Avenged

⁴⁴⁴ We already discussed this in the Undead Module (exhibit 37b).

Sevenfold! I got your "Man Box" restraining order, [right here!](#) "[Nice fuckin' model!](#)"
We take the cake and back it up, fucking to metal!



(artist: [Cheekie](#))

This chapter will be far more fragmented than the others—layered with thick clumps of exhibits that survey possible examples of the natural class of monsters; i.e., a bestiary whose compendium demands additions. Nature is far too complex to list entirely across *multiple* surveys, let alone all at one. Instead, this penultimate chapter offers a thorough-but-incomplete survey of something whose diversity we suggest as much by what's left out as not; i.e., nature as something awesome and massive to commune with through "past" visions of itself grappling with Capitalism as equally hypermassive.

Specifically keep the modular thesis in mind, as I won't have time to set it up and stress it neatly per monster type as *either undead or demonic animals*; re:

Capitalism achieves profit by moving money through nature; profit is built on trauma and division, wherein anything that serves profit gentrifies and decays, over and over while preying on nature. Trauma, then, cultivates strange appetites, which vary from group to group per the usual privileges and oppression as intersecting differently per case; i.e., psychosexual trauma (the regulation of state sex, terror and force) and feeding in decay as a matter of complicated (anisotropic) exchange unto itself, but also shapeshifting and knowledge exchange *vis-à-vis* nature as monstrous-feminine: something to destroy by the state or defend from it using the same aesthetics ([source](#)).

As such, *bearing pain* and *feeding* or *transformation* and knowledge/power exchange is anisotropic in *animalized* forms of monstrous-feminine body language.

In turn, the traumas of capital make workers decay/corrupt into Communist or fascist (token or not), albeit in ways that cause said transformers to develop undead/demonic feeding habits that are, to some degree, sex-positive and/or sex-coercive. It's seldom clean; i.e., lurking in the odd "Twilight Zone" grey area of the theatre stage, and inside the monster costume, on and off said stage. Nor are these forces unique to neoliberal Capitalism—with past poets closer to death, rape and raw sexuality in ways modern (usually middle-class) workers have been alienated *from*; i.e., owing to technological advances/estrangement and different degrees of intersecting axes of privilege and persecution (save in fetishized forms that *serve* profit). Hauntology lets us brush up with the past as nostalgic in ways that never existed *and* push towards Communism as aborted *by* capital/the *project* of abjection (and other Gothic theories).

You've probably noticed the expanding of said thesis to include undead and demonic elements over the course of the volume. This trend will only continue when we look at the creative successes of proletarian praxis (and sex, gender and identity-as-performance in Volume Three when combating tokenism).

Our general focus, here, is learning *from* nature about violence, terror and sexual morphologies; i.e., as controlled by state monopolies silencing proletarian ones (censorship equals extinction); i.e., queer-transformative elements that *feel* magical, xenophilic and drug-like (during acid Communism) but also controlled, forbidden, and chattelized: as a potent and hauntological, sex-educational means of escaping Capitalist Realism to become better stewards of nature than Capitalism is (which only *rapes* nature). "We murder to dissect," Wordsworth declares, in "Tables Turned" (1798). "Let Nature be your teacher" ([source](#)). Our stewards *must* challenge the state's, including whatever drugs and magic (actual and/or poetic) we put into *our* bodies ("You are what you eat" confusing the sex/senses regarding sex in a highly *medieval* way—i.e., "eating" = sex in undead circles, which can jump over to demonic and/or animal ones; e.g., Bowser, below) to encourage healthy appetites versus canonically alienating ones.

Again, power *is* performance, mid-praxis, and everyone loves the whore (female or not; re: Bowser is a *man*-whore to Peach's wifely and canonically female one) and prostitution goes *both* ways; i.e., moves state terror language back *towards* police terrorizers when taking such things back, ourselves—land, laborer and work—the guerrilla turning kingdom anisotropically upside-down, mid-duality during liminal expression: you can't exist *without* raping us; we can *thrive* without you, terraforming the colony into a Hellish space that idiomatically chokes our colonizers dead/summons friends (up like mushrooms) to our side on the Aegis! Sweet sodomy, humanizing the harvest while it claps back! "That all you got, motherfucker? Can't kill me! All shall worship and fear me. *Ahegao* or not, HERE'S TRUE POWER!" To be someone's pet but not be owned by them; or vice versa, to master someone you cannot own, chattelize or harm. Such is ludo-Gothic BDSM:



(artist: [Justino](#))

The idea is revenge against profit while eating their treats to subvert them, our "going to pound town" and enjoying ourselves just icing on a fat, tasty cake (or whose frosting *is* the cake? Take your pick)! In any event, revolution is relative as a matter of time and application; i.e., while a watched pot never boils, eventually it happens very slowly and then all at once. Like an orgasm, then, revolutions concern sex discussed in quotidian forces that have ancient healing properties per the Gothic Romance speaking to the reclamation of old lost things; e.g., monsters, cooking and sex, but also poetic hyphenations of those things celebrating the haunted process being

something *to* reclaim: exchange back and forth *is* power in ways that enrich workers versus state weirdos, the latter trying to send everything up to the Man while raping their own minds to do so!



(exhibit 51b4a1a: Far-top-left: snoozedboi on [r/okbuddychicanery](#)⁴⁴⁵; far-bottom-left: Persephone van der Waard's cooking pot; left: [Dr. Pepper Vixen](#); middle:

[Delanie](#); right: [Patrick Gañas](#); far-top-right: [Moon](#); far-bottom-right: [Medusa](#). The Gothic admits happily that "death" is funny during live burial "punishing" the wicked, who restlessly dig up powerful bone[r]s during graveyard sex. Good sex often sounds like bloody murder but isn't. Yet such things tie to the home as historically loaded with trauma and exploitation; i.e., as paradoxically liberating when camped; e.g., my cooking pot glows red, this little pot-stirrer stirring up trouble [and making chicken stock, but I digress]. Doing so combines with sex, food and class, culture and race war raising awareness and emotional/Gothic intelligence towards universal liberation; i.e., leading to payoffs that are as much the journey [showing ourselves off during the cryptonymy process] as the penetration/destination [reversing abjection]!)

To it, there's no argument the state could make that would make us voluntarily surrender that power once we're *conscious* of it; i.e., in ways that expose *their* chicanery (and our delight in doing so)! Mortal after all!

As such, the chapter divides into three parts:

- **[Part one](#): "Hunter and Hunted; or, Nature vs the State"**: Outlines the different animal types (separate from *undead* and *demonic*) and revisits their broader settler-colonial relationship to the state as something to challenge; provides some examples of medieval sexualized expression/poetic devices (from the Poetry Module) and labor that, while fun, we won't have time to explore beyond briefly exhibiting them (nature is simply too diverse⁴⁴⁶).
- **[Part two](#): "Dark Xenophilia; or, 'Far Out, Dude!' Monster-fucking and Magic Girls Helping Foster Dark Radical (Communist) Empathy**

⁴⁴⁵ Who writes, "Due to the existence of this scene it is my working theory that Hank is uncircumcised. Without foreskin it would be quite difficult for Marie to masturbate him the way she did without lubricant, and it would be much harder for Hank to achieve an erection in the state he was in." The plot thickens/therein lies the rub! ([ibid.](#)).

⁴⁴⁶ Diversity is *strength*, beating singular perceptions of strength that, through Cartesian domination, try to hold onto power to everyone's detriment.

During Healthy Sex Education (for Children and Young Adults into Adulthood)":

A subchapter that divides in two, each half roughly weighing the undead "aside of the animal monster equation (furies and furry panic) and the demonic side (drugs and acid Communism, but also children's sex education going from young adults into adulthood; e.g., *Sailor Moon*, *The Last Unicorn* and Giger's xenomorph) i.e., when raising dark empathy tied to the natural world as alien under capital, and reunited through Communism's good sex education tied to dark xenophilic monsters and drug use: as a poetic, awareness- and intelligence-raising device versus fascism and capital's polar opposite of that (re: the state is incompatible with life, thus empathy and consent, pimping nature as monstrous-feminine).

- **Part three: "Saying Goodbye: Onto Better Times Ahead (and Harder Ones)":** A small antechamber/liminal space between "Call of the Wild" and the closing section of the module; i.e., where we say goodbye to the black rabbit and prepare to face what's ahead without them: heading into the known-unknown cryptonymy of dead capital (malls or otherwise)!

So carry on, my wayward children! Our target is fostering radical empathy through dark, drug-themed sex education tied to nature-as-alien; i.e., Medusa's calling for you! Nature is monstrous-feminine, and historical materialism's a bitch, but "I knew right from the start, you'd put an arrow through *my* heart!" (Ratt's "[Round and Round](#)," 1984). "I'm gonna make you mine!" Topping's hard work; so's being a mother! Time to pay the Devil *her* due, and her fatal nostalgia as something to return to! Let's get blasted!



(exhibit 51b4a1b: Artist, far-left [all commissioned by [Odie](#) of their OC, [Donni](#)]; ; far-left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); left-top:; left-bottom: [Roe Mesquita](#); right-bottom: [Gabo Caricaturas](#); right-top: [Sensaux](#); right: [Lucy Fidelis](#). Medusa is the classic power

bottom topping from below. So while it classically sucks royal ass to be the snake the state hauntologically wants to pimp and behead during the abjection process, we canonically essentialized whores can reclaim what has since been used to disempower us to reclaim our power and poetry, mid-exposure: a strip tease that fosters mutual consent, making rape impossible but speaking to past histories of it haunting the cryptomimetic collage. The above theme is flexibility/yoga, non-white black skin and snakes. Pick your own and go wild restoring empathy as whores do—through their bodies! Reap the whirlwind!)

Call of the Wild, part one: Hunter and Hunted; or, Nature vs the State

"Revenge! The King under the Mountain is dead and where are his kin that dare seek revenge? Girion Lord of Dale is dead, and I have eaten his people like a wolf among sheep, and where are his sons' sons that dare approach me? I kill where I wish and none dare resist. I laid low the warriors of old and their like is not in the world today. Then I was but young and tender. Now I am old and strong, strong, strong, Thief in the Shadows!" he gloated. "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!"

—Smaug the Stupendous, *The Hobbit*



(artist: [Kardie](#))

Whereas Volume Zero encapsulates a variety of theories regarding Cartesian domination (re, and not for the last time: "Animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms," [source](#)), and Volume One's "Predator and Prey" considered "the theory of revolutionary cryptonymy through morphological expression when using *animalized* Gothic aesthetics" ([source](#)), [part zero](#) of Volume Two's "Damsels, Detectives and Sex Demons" has already examined the natural world (and by extension, workers); i.e., as defended through the Medusa cryptonym and dualistic revenge's death-and-rape theatre (for us/for the state) with *memento mori* stand-ins.

Now I want to outline the natural class of monsters, explain their educational role in relation to the state at large (and the whore's transformative revenge against it; i.e., by effectively turning *into* a castrating "Valkyrie" avenger, above), and intersperse/conclude part zero of *this* chapter with some extraneous (but fun) exhibits (our aforementioned fragments being breadcrumbs on a fable I expect *you* beautiful queens to finish).

Reversing Fred Dekker's weird principal guy ("I smell like the '40s!" next page) from *The Monster Squad*, "I used to think *science* was cool—and well, I guess I'm just a big kid because, my dear readers, I think *monsters* (whores, and nature) are cool; I DIG IT, MAN!" Monsters (of mad science/weird magic) are real *and* cool; i.e., because they live within us and represent our struggles in ways we can recreate and *decolonize from* state cryptonymies and abjection: tied to the natural

world being victimized *by* Cartesian madmen of *reason*, including us becoming cops and/or victims! Trauma and assimilation are always a dice roll, and weird attracts weird in ways we can *challenge* (re: Socrates questioning authority versus Plato's cave speaking to Aristotle *cementing* authority as a mirror problem).



To it, kids *aren't* stupid, and while my audience isn't strictly children, there's a child-like glee and open-mindedness I want to speak to, as we proceed. I don't want *you* to tell *me* what you *think* I want to hear *from* you; I want you to learn *how* to think for *yourselves* in order to set your minds and bodies *free*—by reuniting both, as monsters do, and doing so as to make *new* monsters *yourselves* that speak to those in power *abusing* you (re: the principal *being* the principle [so to speak] abuser,

above)! Motivate through ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., as a poetic means of *universal* emancipation while playing with the past, *not* selective endorsement, conversion therapy and bigotry that—through the usual process of abjection and cryptonymy visiting blindness historically-materially on the middle class, during boom-and-bust—only yields Omelas orphans, in some shape or form (eat your heart out, *Oliver Twist*)! Con men suck, and no one's *more* predatory (and false, self-righteous) than high school principals (a continuation of priestly predation [on young boys and other children] into a Protestant ethic, under neoliberal Capitalism's New World Order). Surviving them and abjuring profit is *our* revenge!

The problem is, there's just so *many* monsters to work with (re: "So Many Monsters, So Little Time"); i.e., we can only *outline* them, here, and point all of you—workers of *all* ages—in the right direction and let *you* take it from there. "But thou must!"

First the natural class' various distinctions:

- *totems*: "a natural object or animal that is believed by a particular society to have spiritual significance and that is adopted by it as an emblem." In other words, the animal reifies a particular quality associated with human society and virtues/vices; e.g., the dragon as a symbol of cruelty and strength.
- *lycanthropes/furries*: a shifting class of animal demon; this transformation can be total, but generally is *anthropomorphic*, thus in-between totally human and totally animal. While "furry" is the common term and generally refers to *hairy* animals, it also involves non-*mammalian* animals such as reptiles (e.g., the Argonians from *The Elder Scrolls* franchise, exhibit 84b), insects, and fish. Rule of thumb: the less pleasurable the reproductive cycle, the more abject or "strict" the BDSM for this furry type will be; e.g.,

parasitoid wasps [or lampreys](#) (so-called *vagina dentata*) or "feral" furies that feature animal genitals *other* than human (which *is* common with monster dildos bearing out fantastical/animalized qualities; i.e., that feature "a ghost of the" counterfeit flavor—exhibits 37b1 from "[Healing through Rape](#)," 37c1b from "[Transforming Our Zombie Selves](#)," and 38a, from "[Playing with Dolls](#)").

- *chimeras*: a blend of different stigma animals into a single monster, either through composite mad science or magical forces.
- *sentient animals*: animal⁴⁴⁷ demons or familiars, often associated with a practitioner or embodiment of magic attuned *with* the natural world; e.g., the witch's cat, but also a bond with nature that is *biomechanical* (e.g., the brim of a mushroom hat, below, as much a part of the witch's body as she is a part of the world she stewards/is the dark virgin/whore mommy of what the state only wants to pimp, police and rape *for* profit; re: capital merely a system of patriarchal control combined with various persecution languages and token Man Box/"prison sex" elements abused by weird canonical nerds and challenged by weird iconoclastic nerds synthesizing catharsis).



(artist: [Jessica Nigri](#))

First, let's remember what I said in "Damsels, Detectives, and Sex Demons," part zero:

settler colonialism is built to spread its dogma across all the media it can, escalating towards extermination from an initial position of ostensibly being wronged. Be it a novel, movie or

videogame, the exterminator then goes into Hell, monomyth-style, to right said wrong and defend Capitalism from the "end of the world" *at* the "end of the world"; i.e., Capitalist Realism... ([source](#)).

⁴⁴⁷ These various groupings can be extended to plants or fungi (e.g., dryads or mushroom men), but our focus in this section will remain on *fauna*, not flora. We also won't be focusing on the traditional gay male language of otters or bears, for instance, but I freely admit (and encourage) that such mentalities could easily work *within* that framework—e.g., "bears" and "cubs" in a figurative sense, describing a male dom with a burly, hair body (versus their smaller, subby counterpart); or, the same idea but the parties are presented in fursona language: a bear and his cub from a visual, animalized standpoint. Similar to femboys (exhibit 91a), the notion can also be non-binarized; i.e., with enby AFABs calling themselves "bears" if they feel particularly masc (versus the lesbian gradient, between the butch and femme pole, with "futch" in the middle), etc. Point in fact, I mention this precisely because I don't personally have a lot of cis-queer friends, and the history of the language is frankly cis. It's still available and valid; I just won't be using it or focusing on it.

Such dereliction versus the discharging of expected duties (the abjection process) requires seeing "Hell [as] a place on Earth..." through franchised material that jumps from medium to medium.

Except, we've already looked at Medusa and wars of extinction (and their more moderate Neo-Gothic bigotries). So now we'll briefly return to, and look at, the franchised *videogames* Cameron's refrain inspired (nine pages); re: to execute Cartesian rhetoric and uphold Capitalist Realism regarding all the natural world as something to possess and repossess in dialectical-material opposition—in drug-like nightmare scenarios sold *to* children *into* adulthood: the apocalypse of *Metroid* and *Metroidvania*, but also *Doom* and the entire shooter genre as extending to reinsert *itself* into and out of videogames, at large; i.e., those texts that want for a policeman/token hero under settler-colonial conditions, yet poach nature for profit to serve the state by making children afraid *of* nature (who, as we said, grow up to commit atrocities *for* the state; re: the Monster Squad loves monsters so it can selectively punish and kill them *during* moral panics; e.g., exhibit 34c1a2a2a:, from "[Surviving the Zombie Apocalypse](#)"). From there, we'll expand this dichotomy to nature at large; i.e., something for *us* to reclaim and liberate through dark empathy on the same drugged, acid-Communist stages of performative monstrous exploitation (whose poetic mode of thought—and sex education *for* children conducive to dark empathy—part two will explore).

Simply put, our doing so raises a question of reeducation relative to Nature as something to defend *from* Society per the Cartesian mode and vice versa; i.e., good education (for workers) vs bad *vis-à-vis* [canonical \(thus Cartesian\) essentialism](#) relative to a pair of warring Numinous hyperobjects and their smaller extensions and abstractions. Time and time again, Capitalism maps out nature to conquer it; i.e., through a Manifest Destiny argument extending to those defending nature *from* capital through various divisions they must survive and reclaim, under fire; e.g., male and female (a false binary given how *world* biology monomorphic). This goes beyond overt, vivid examples of settler colonialism "back then" (the Indian Wars, which are still going on) or "elsewhere" (e.g., Palestine) and applies to day-to-day life inside America; re: as a settler colony whose project thereof extends neoconservative dogma into official educational sectors (schoolteachers) and *de facto* ones (monomyth stories, including videogames, next page).

Regardless, those defending the profit motive will act said motive out; i.e., against those who challenge the mechanism in and out of itself, meaning the state is classically by definition *against* workers and nature, but also any Gothic poetic expression *it* abuses to *further* profit during mirror and virgin/whore syndrome: nature is alien whore raped *back* into a maiden (for a time); rinse and repeat during the Capitalocene until the sun goes out (state shift)! Such is capital expressed faithfully through dogma of all kinds!

Anything that challenges the state is criminal, then; i.e., a dragon to be *slain* (thus uphold Capitalist Realism) by hunting them to extinction *while* silencing their

pedagogy in favor of *state* voices. Doing so becomes classy and cool, the baroque raping of the abject (often set to Bach as much as '80s rock songs' recuperated sex, drugs and rock 'n roll—thus writ in Latin, or some such pompous-and-divisive bastion of the West embarking on carving things up and naming⁴⁴⁸ them); i.e., becoming what weird chudwads "need" to survive, to get laid, to give their sad little lives meaning: "I wanna go home/there's no place *like* home" as the *state* envisions it, provided you play *along with* their bullshit!

Such heroes condition as much like Pavlov's *cats* (or Schrodinger's, I suppose) versus his dogs, the *bourgeois* fat cats starving the middle class' bulimic quacks, then shining a laser pointer while directing them/herding cats *into* the usual kennels to feed, feast-or-famine; i.e., to devour *fresh* monstrous-feminine food during half-real escapist power fantasies, which they then carry in their stomachs *back* to the motherland for subsequent regurgitation: to nourish the *elite* in a neoliberal escapist racket that goes on and on and on, from one generation to the next, until the end times!

In short cops must always be raping *something* (re: "taking away its power to harm it"). Nature becomes something to harvest and—because it is alien and criminal—guiltily spit out in disgust *for* the elite to siphon into *themselves*. It's a very disgusting affair—unhealthy appetites that are taught by what is offered *ad nauseam*, and anything unwelcome being viewed as shit, vomit or some such discharge to reject yet guiltily seek out (the world is a *toilet* during Zombie, Vampire and/or Demon Capitalism). Clearly workers must change the predator/prey dynamic at large; i.e., what is made and how it is consumed and digested (thus ruminated on): war simulators canonically essentialized as monomythic, which we have explored extensively already with videogames throughout this series:



(*exhibit 51b4a2a: Per Tolkien's hauntological medieval/refrain, dragons reify cruelty and greed, but also monomythic reward; i.e., to steel one's nerves and steal back from [for the state turning you into its heroic assassins]. In the unironic quest for mastery during videogames, the monstrous-feminine is something to stab; re: the proverbial dragon to slay as one of the many "forces of darkness" that has tremendous queer potential/drug-like references to older American anti-war counterculture, when camped. Any who canonically support this illusory refrain will be welcomed like "Caesar" into "Rome"; any who challenge it will always be victims of Capitalist Realism by its usual enactors framing such iconoclasts as unwelcome invaders thereof. DARVO is DARVO; from Anita Sarkeesian to us, Gamergate is Gamergate inside a larger fortress mentality gamers defend from whores.)*

⁴⁴⁸ E.g., Hannah Gadsby's skit about the Pouch of Douglas; per Cartesian thought and Capitalism, science at large catalogs nature to immortalize enterprising *men* of science (which mirror Cartesian men of reason, in Metroidvania, but also subjugated Galatea/Amazons like Samus).

In this respect, my area of expertise is videogames. For example, Squaresoft's 1987 *Dragon Warrior* (above), features an early example of the JRPG system being set to the violent mapping of a given space; i.e., mapping and invading it, then plundering the area of its contested resources by stealing those from the most powerful of its enemies: "hoarders" framed as *unrightful* claimants to a stolen or false castle, thus taking the kidnapped princess from the evil dragon "boss" to restore Patrilineal Descent through the Divine Right of "Good" Kings.

Historically this ordeal tends to be very "grindy"—with the hero "leveling up" by "farming" these resources many, many times over during a single quest, but also multiple quests and sagas; i.e., a series of level-like crusades meant to conceal neoliberal exploitation during present structures through a ghost of the counterfeit; re: one that acclimates state youngsters towards a heteronormative path of war and exploitation as thoroughly nostalgic, but also *numerical* and topographical (re: exhibit 1a1a1h2a1, from Volume Zero/"[A Note About Canonical Essentialism](#)").

Per the map of conquest as Columbus framed it—and which Tolkien revived in his own uber-racist worlds (as noted by China Mieville and later by me as far *more* critical of Tolkien than *Mieville* was⁴⁴⁹)—each outing can be logged, charted

⁴⁴⁹ As Mieville responds when interviewed by Mark Bould:

MB: Since the 1960s fantasy has inevitably been cast in the shadow of J.R.R. Tolkien, and consequently there has been a widespread perception that fantasy is engaged in a nostalgic embrace of the idiocy of rural, hobbit life. But your novels are resolutely urban fantasies: both *King Rat* and *The Tain* offer vividly imagined versions of London; London is also visible through the sprawling city of New Crobuzon in Perdido Street Station; and despite setting *The Scar* almost entirely at sea most of the action takes place in a vast floating city called the Armada. What is the attraction of the city, and of London in particular?

CM: The nostalgia for rural life in Tolkien and all his innumerable grandchildren is politically very problematic. There are two things I'd want to say about that, though. First, although I'm on record at tedious length about how much I don't particularly like Tolkien and have all sorts of problems with him, *we should not dis Tolkien for the crimes of his epigones* [emphasis, me], who came after and are immeasurably worse and less interesting and more straightforwardly reactionary than he. And second, the fact that a reactionary—contradictorily but, I think, broadly reactionary—impulse is evident in his writing, his aesthetic, is not of course a reason to dismiss him. There are plenty of writers whose politics do not stand in the way of their creating brilliant literature—most famously Balzac for Marx, but also Louis-Ferdinand Céline or, within genre fantasy, Gene Wolfe—and their politics is so embedded in their prose that you cannot simply get away from it either, you have to engage with it. The problem with Tolkien is that the prose itself, the form of the writing, intersects with his reactionary aesthetic so as to create what is, for me, very flat literature ([source](#): "Appropriate Means": An Interview with China Miéville," 2003).

As *I* insist, twenty years later (and *know* I'm right, because Tolkien was taken and replicated unironically in *hundreds of thousands* [at least] of videogames, films and printed media [novels, short stories and comic books] *after* China's interview):

First, power's interrogation happens through class war in popular media; for the Gothic, class/culture war is monster war—a battle of the mind, the monster and the method as codified beliefs and behaviors during a shared stage: the "shadow zone's" map and various environments, but especially the castle as a sex dungeon, my own extensive and ever-evolving research in **Metroidvania** examined how **cross-media** mimetic patterns are shared *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

and competed against for higher and increasingly lauded "arcade-style" numbers (the map being fundamentally *unmappable* insofar as its castle-narrative is a meta enterprise tied to profit; re: "[Lost in Necropolis](#)" and Volume Zero). Levels, minions, lieutenants (mini-bosses), and bosses; rape the scapegoated Nazi-Commie whose rocking out at the center of the maze (the Dragon Lord or Archaic Mother), then rinse and repeat; i.e., a manhood to prove not once, but over and over ASAP for the pick-up artist cryptonymically half-disguised as a wolfwhistling and dogwhistling



"gamer bro": a chronotopic, now-tokenized rite of passage and succession that Tolkien helped canonize/apologize for with—among other things—abject racism, rampant sexism, bad BDSM, and Zionism-in-disguise (re: "[Goblins, Anti-Semitism and Monster-Fucking](#)")! He's a cunt cop, and anyone who *doesn't* acknowledge that immediately and aggressively (re: Melville) is *also* a cunt cop!

(*exhibit 51b4a2a*: Artist, left: [c:\user\elaine](#); everything else by [Persephone van der Waard](#). [Harmony Corrupted](#) as model, top-right; ink for middle and bottom-middle by [Dacoda](#). The avatar is, in canonically monomythic terms, always an Amazon to subjugate vengeful whores to destroy by following their siren song on the Promethean Quest, and maiden-in peril from some

between Tolkien's refrain and Cameron's as ludologized. Their relationship is actually *cryptomimetic*, involving and describing a ludic meta-pattern/contract shared across a variety of genres out from older mediums and into videogames ("beyond the novel or cinema and into Metroidvania"): whether from Tolkien's built world or Cameron's it's all from the same basic legends, but the aesthetic, context and function during class war (as something to adopt) is different when we examine and camp these authors ourselves; i.e., canon and camp of a suitably "Gothic" kind that announces itself (or forgets to).

It's all drawn off the same basic map and theatrical function of the map, albeit at cross purposes relative to class function: Gothic doubles that challenge the pure, aching *goodness* of Tolkien's gentrified war and Cameron's white-savior variant of the cis-het Amazon. The Metroidvania map might be a lie wrought from similar legends as Cameron's ordinance-heavy updating of the Tolkien refrain, but its cartography needn't serve the state if the double is iconoclastic, thus campy in ways that Tolkien was allergic to (re: allegory and apocalypse) and which various accommodated intellectuals are in no hurry to express in their own work, especially in relation to their own lives; re: "the infamous discretions of academia waste a surprising amount of time commenting on all of these matters as separate from each other ([source](#)).

The example I gave after that quote was actually my MMU professors, but I think Mieville is going way too easy on Tolkien; i.e., "Tolkien sucks, but he was still an intellectual and not reactionary 'enough!'" Bitch, please, he built a hypercanonical ludo-narrative model aped by legions of copycats built on racial conflict designed to uphold Capitalist Realism in perpetuity! As Malcolm X put it, the fox is more hypocritical and dangerous than the wolf, and Tolkien was most definitely a fox. You shouldn't apologize for genocide, Mieville, and are a bad Marxist if you can't stop glazing Tolkien's asshole; i.e., we *should* "dis" Tolkien for the crimes of his epigones, because they were imitating him, you stupid fuck!

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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monstrous-feminine. But per Creed and myself, our revenge can be during the same abjection process reversed against Pygmalion's avatars grooming Galatea to be his pedophilic master/slave. What the colonizer can't restrain and manipulate, they'll resent having the same genitals rubbed in their faces in ways they can't use for profit; i.e., "Here comes the airplane..." 9/11-style [and before anyone American acts morally outraged, how many tears did you shed for the Iraqis, Afghanis, or any other victims of American Imperialism, before, during or after that point?!]

As always, the hero triangulates against nature, becoming the elite's chosen champion—their exterminator, destroyer and retrieval expert dutifully bringing lost territory and property *back* to them by playing "guerrilla" *during* the monomyth; i.e., Tolkien and Cameron's refrain as a Faustian bargain with Promethean results. Money moves through nature, and nature is alienated and fetishized to serve profit in an endless cycle of settler-colonial, Cartesian, heteronormative violence; i.e., Capitalism is a cancer that grows inside people, teaching them to devour nature for the elite until the world as we know it dies (which, per Capitalist Realism) is easier for them to imagine than a world *without* Capitalism. In turn, the post-capitalist potential of pre-capitalist poetics is emptied for a simple ludic refrain: the monomyth as half-real, discouraging the likes of critical expression by reaching for a pre-capitalist nostalgia; i.e., [Cameron fans hating on Scott's latter-day films](#) (re: my "Outlier Love: Enjoying *Prometheus/Covenant* in the Shadow of *Aliens*," 2021), thus allergic to ambrosia as a poetic means of transforming capital to *help* workers.

This intended gameplay isn't limited to fantasy JRPGs, but *any* neoliberal fantasy that displaces neocolonial violence through Capitalist Realism limits where the imagination can even go through cliché, lucrative theatrics; i.e., *Final Fantasy* never being final, any more than *Halloween*, *Metroid* or *LotR* were.

In the 20th century, this co-opting of science fiction arguably started with Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* or Lovecraft's *At the Mountains of Madness*, which provided the ideological bedrock for Cameron's *Aliens*, and which, as I remark in "Military Optimism" (and cite in our thesis statement):



(artist: [Adam Hughes](#))

A widely successful and canonical work, *Aliens'* influence on the videogame industry is profound, inspiring the entire shooter genre. This includes:

- FPS (first-person shooters) like *Doom* (1993)
- TPS (third-person shooters) like *Metroid*
- RTS (real-time strategy games) like *StarCraft* (1996)
- turn-based strategy games like [X-COM: UFO Defense](#) (1994)

- hybrids (for these, [refer to my FPS interview series](#), but also my [Metroidvania PhD research](#) and interview series with *Metroid* speedrunners, "[Mazes and Labyrinths](#)")

Most shooters are sci-fi, but even fantasy outliers like *Heretic* (1995) were inspired by *Doom*. Shooters generally give the player guns to use against "alien" enemies—either from outer space, hell, or underground (aliens, demons, zombies). Strategy games are a bit more niche, and don't focus on tactical reflexes, but the sentiment—of shooting bugs with guns—remains the same: "Die, monster! You don't belong in this world!"

The idea—that anyone can shoot their problems—is a soldier's fantasy. Although videogames shrink them into human-sized demons, we can't kill our problems in reality. But a great many people seem happy with the fantasy because it feels empowering. Alas, this attitude doesn't stay inside videogames. Fans of the shooter genre are often fans of real-world guns, and of war ([source](#)).

Before we proceed, a word about the oppressor mindset and modular nature of survivor trauma living in the shadow of state violence; i.e., regardless of monster type or media. Per Marx, "dead labor feeds on living labor"—with the undead stuck in the middle, and demons classified as scientific failures; e.g., composites or robots of "mad science," or existing entirely outside of civilization as part of nature or an occult, supernatural plane. Either type must be destroyed according to Cartesian thought making players feel like champions; i.e., even speedrunners, when they treat the puzzle-solving as pure escapism, but also places to crow their own accomplishments inside puzzles made for them by capital⁴⁵⁰: the maze,

⁴⁵⁰ We've discussed the importance of taking speedrunning invention outside of the text and into extratextual spheres; i.e., in order to apply speedrunning ingenuity to larger systemic issues. That being said, while the expectations of the shooter hero as classically being a racecar loaded for bear*, this liminality can still be enjoyed as an entertainment vehicle per Sarkeesian's adage. But this *doesn't* change the fact that the monomythic framework and neoliberal refrain are incredibly pernicious; re: Tolkien's High Fantasy treasure map as followed by the shooter being inspired by Cameron's *Aliens* having ripped off *Starship Troopers* and *LotR's* own "spectres of Beowulf" to make a female war boss in the neoliberal era (with Cameron basically aping Eowyn vs the Witch-King of Angmar in *Return of the King* [1956]—the white Amazon versus Darth Vader before Darth Vader appeared, twenty years later and was then pimped by Cameron, nine years after that); i.e., military copaganda meant to acclimate children to future war amid Capitalist Realism: "kill all enemies, become the strongest, and advance to future stages that encourage and repeat infinite military conquest in defense of home in decay and threatened from within by a foreign plot that turns Indigenous occupants into demon zombies" (givers/receivers of state force per nature as fetishized and alien)! Rinse, repeat!

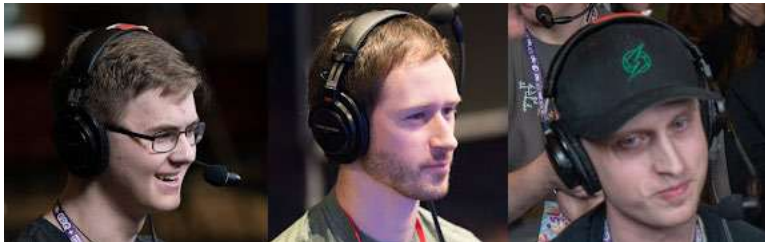
*Whose weapons click on other beings, like a laser-guided bomb drop: maximum damage, minimum effort. And bombs = money for the elite to pitch at states relying on imaginary enemies. The same idea applies to guns as sold in real forms treated like toys (e.g., 1ShotTV's "[How LETHAL is a 12 Gauge Mini Shell???](#) (*Shockwave 590s vs Human Torso*)," 2024) and vice versa (copaganda) through a shared constant: treat anyone who isn't white cis-het and male as game to kill as quickly and machine-like as possible (the hunter's paradox: infinite growth in a *finite* web of life).

shooting gallery and ancient, marathon-style race merged with kayfabe, the monomyth, *Amazonomachia* and the dialectic of the alien to move money *through* nature using the monstrous(-feminine) hero as the avatar to make this possible; re: the *centrist* cop/undercover operative in neoliberal refrains, onstage and off!



(artist: [Moonshen](#))

There is, however, a *third* option that also communicates state trauma as something to face in popular media, but especially videogames: a demonic-undead option tied to the natural world; i.e., as John Carmack envisioned it when he and John Romero made *Doom* in 1993: "demons versus [mankind's] technology" as a spiritual successor to *Aliens* ([source](#): Fandom) and the abject, undead, bio-mechanical rage of *that* franchise's "xenomorphs." In *Doom*, the undead factor is ever-present during an imperial scheme; i.e., as the 1994 sequel, *Doom II: Hell on Earth*, sees the Imperial Boomerang returning to its settler-colonial origins: home base (exhibit 51d4a2, four pages down). Under such echopraxial circumstances, the desire to solve one's material problems, phobias and pent-up emotions through undead-demonic slaying metaphors *can* be cathartic in the abstract; just remember what you're "shooting" at, mid-apocalypse/-invasion and to prevent the persecution of those habitually demonized during moral panics, *outside* the text—i.e., anyone marginalized by capital through those who *tend* to benefit *from* it; re: Samus is Boba Fetta working *for* the Evil Empire!



(exhibit 51d4a2b: Artists: [CScottyW](#), [Behemoth87](#), [Shiny Zeni](#); [source](#): Persephone van der Waard's 2021 "'Mazes and Labyrinths' Q&A, Interview Compendium!") Pilots of

Samus. You don't have to be a massive twat to be a member of the colonizer class. All three men are of said class, and likewise have white, male privilege, to boot. Having interviewed each of these Metroid franchise WR holders for why they run these games, it's largely in-text and about competition for/with other gamers; i.e., which historically-materially means other gamers "like them." It's not to raise awareness—nor demonstrably help anyone oppressed systemically by capital—but to aggrandize themselves and themselves alone by competing endlessly for personal glory and wealth, thus bragging rights, per game.

And these ostensibly chill dudes might not appreciate my academic conclusions about them, four years after the interview series petered off [similar to Jeremy Parish pitching a fit about what I wrote about him; re: "[Modularity and Class](#)" and "[From Master's to PhD](#)"] but them's the breaks; i.e., they're white, middle-class

straight boys making money and only making money during an open genocide inside a system designed to cater to their needs since its inception: from the tabletop games of the '60s and '70s, to videogames from 1973 onwards, '86s Metroid and '93s Doom pioneered by Cameron and id Studios using Gates' computers, into an Internet privatized after the early 2000s around the same kinds of men; re: Twitch being a platform run by a Yale graduate entrepreneur/venture capitalist and known for protecting men who fail up/conduct pedophilia; e.g., Doctor Disrespect, who the system protected for as long as it possibly could; re: burying his reports and paying him out in 2020, banning him, then letting him return a month later and sitting on the case for years.

The usual benefactors tend to "forget" this, but courts and companies exist to protect the powerful and the in-group [white straight men] and always have; i.e., despite Joon the King insisting "[There Is No Comeback](#)" for Doctor Disrespect in 2024, he's already been remonetized [Cyprian(Cyps)Draku's "[DOC Gets Monetization BACK!](#)" 2025]. Canceling is a myth for straight white boys doing what they always have done under capital, and which they accuse others of doing through DARVO arguments; i.e., exploiting vulnerable parties from positions of power and privilege since at least Catholic priests; e.g., "the trans women are pedophiles, not us!"



To that, Doctor Disrespect is a black penitent literally wearing rapist glasses⁴⁵¹ and a porn 'stache—and who straight up admits to having "[inappropriate messages with a minor](#)" [Double Toasted, 2024] while also cheating on his wife [who protects him because he's the breadwinner]—yet continues to thrive in a system that has only expanded to/tokenized through other venues of conquest; i.e., per the Protestant ethic and neoliberal Capitalism during the Internet Age under Capitalist Realism. Protecting people like Disrespect is literally protecting capital, and extends to Mel Gibson, Bill Gates, Bill Cosby and anyone else seemingly made of Teflon. They're not "correct"; they're protected by a system that literally lets them get away with rape, murder and any other crime for anyone but them! Trump pardoned the January 6th insurrectionists; what's another rapist/adulterer like himself?

In turn, white male privilege carries with it white male fragility but also golden handcuffs, and not once have I seen any of these people [the speedrunners above and their friends] discuss anything but games; i.e., as things to play "without politics." As such, Gamers™ who stream and speedrun [for the reasons listed above] are the heroes in a tale told by/for idiots; i.e., activism/political action doesn't tie to their existence, because their existence is already secure provided they toe the line! That's what "fair and balanced" means to them: intended

⁴⁵¹ Re: [Jon Lajoie](#): "Ladies love the bad boy look, and you can't get much worse than a rapist." *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

play/emergent play so long as it upholds the status quo. This includes an omerta [cone of silence] regarding open industry abuse, but silence is genocide and golden as a matter of genocide; i.e., they're complicit!)

To that, speedrunners reflect the settler colony model, hence tend to be white, straight and male; and the dark whore they're constantly kettling is both a false flag that presents the state's victims as stronger than they actually are (weak/strong with castles to invade), desires genocidal revenge more than they actually do (re: DARVO obscurantism), and needs to be policed in fetishized ways that justify endless war on the homefront out into the stars, onstage and off: dark whore makes Lieutenant Gorman's pullout game weak ("37, simulated!")!

This becomes a question, then, of changing course *before* it's too late. Much of the world (outside or inside the Imperial Core) has already become a dated hellish thing to "solve" through nostalgic force policing nature and sex: to shoot (stab or club) as various offshoots of classic heroes and how *they* would, from Hercules to Beowulf to Doomguy. All have been recruited during the Neoliberal Age to serve profit; i.e. Capitalist-Realism-meets-military-optimism, or the childish, brutal confidence that occurs when gamers take on the state's problems (the creation of enemies), then shoot *them* with immunity *from* prosecution to move money *through* nature: a license to print money *by* raping and killing.

Videogames simulate war *perfectly* for these aims; re: recruiting children (especially straight white boys) to take on the killer's mantle as something to acclimate them *towards* future wars and rape, thus profit as a settler-colonial enterprise waged from the mother country outwards; i.e., "Hell is always a place that appears on Earth," and there is always a whore to fuck and murder at the end of the adventure: "rape the whore; go back to princess what's-her-name."

Furthermore, as my extensive work on [Metroidvania](#) and [speedrunning and its systemic bigotries](#) show, there is *no* end to this process; there is merely an endless accelerating Arms Race between functionally white/token moderates and r(e)aping the whore faster and faster *for* profit!



(source: [Shiny Zeni's "\[WORLD RECORD\] Super Metroid - Any% Speedrun in 40:22," 2025; timestamp: 40:31](#))

For example, [Shiny Zeni just got Super Metroid's Any% WR \(40:22, 2/1/2025\)](#), but this process

will *never* stop because there's no logical endpoint to capital exploiting nature—with him piloting Samus to rape Mother Brain and then go home to his wife, offstage; re: Samus is a white Indian/savior commonly performed/embodied by white cis-het

men fighting *for* the nuclear family (re: Zeni is friends with Oatsngoats, who apologizes for Caleb Hart—a transphobe and sex pest; re: "[Those Who Walk Away from Speedrunning](#)").

To it, *Zeni's* the whore⁴⁵²/black-penitent acting as white knight; i.e., a soldier-of-fortune killer-for-hire practicing dogma as something to insulate his audience to the cruelties of the wider *global* practice inside the Imperial Core's foreign and domestic states of exception (an idea we'll unpack in Volume Three when we inspect Caleb Hart under a microscope): settler colonists using themselves—their entire family model, in fact—as human shields to penetrate the land around them during the cryptonymy process furthering abjection; i.e., not to walk away from Omelas, but enjoy its perverse rewards, Heinlein-style, until climate change burns "Rome" to the ground! It's suicide!



(source: "[Super Metroid Speedruns - Any% World Record Attempts](#)," 1/31/2025; [timestamp](#): 9:09:33)

And more to the point, this is what Zeni *chooses* to do, onstage and off: facilitate genocide while ignoring it by escaping repeatedly into a likeness *of* it that disguises what is happening all around *him*. Don't be fooled by his media training and nice-guy demeanor/silly "Oh, you betcha!" act (which Oatsngoats and Caleb Hart also do, unironically imitating William H. Macy's villain, Mr. Lundergard, from *Fargo*, 1996); it's Capitalist Realism 101, and *he's* a cop in that respect: always trying to make as much money as he can, while saying as little about actual genocides at home and abroad as he can!

⁴⁵² If you doubt me, watch a stripper hang around tipping Johns, and compare that to the effusive praise that videogame streamers give *their* donators; i.e., all work is sexualized per a division of labor that treats male work as more worthy of pay/unworthy of stigma versus women's work in the same professions. Such double standards are endless because labor division and exploitation are endless; i.e., inside capital monopolizing violence, terror and sex per the Gothic mode.

In short, the canonical Gothic victim is always a witch/monstrous-feminine whose scapegoat of some kind or another challenging profit (female or not, Federici), and the villain is always a cop (token or not), thus is always an impostor acting in bad faith; i.e., by abjecting their victims through DARVO obscurantism triangulating state force to police nature and sex, thus labor at large! But this is *still* dualistic, prostitution an older form of emasculation that reverses abjection (thus power) like *trans* emasculation does; re: with monstrous-feminine avatars saying to our enemies: "Oh, sweetie, I don't like you because you're smart; I like you because you make me look good by comparison!" In capital's eyes, Communism is always hard kink—one whose yum they fuck and then yuck after fleecing the dark queen without paying!

The Gothic's classic questing for the Numinous, then, is *also* dualistic, in this respect; and while the axe always forgets, the tree always remembers: the Numinous ghost haunting the counterfeit (from Antiquity into the posthuman era—echoes of S.H.O.D.A.N., left)! Time for *your* medicine (re: cancelling is a myth, under Capitalism, but closeting and lynching is not)!



(artist: [c:\user\elaine](#))

In turn, monsters of all kinds are produced in factories, onstage and off; i.e., laid low by white Indians to produce kill counts, Vietnam-style, these necrometrics (embraced by the *Doom* franchise) repeating—literally a system for killing attached to the veneer of American Liberalism seeking revenge against a seemingly infinite number and form (from Giger to Sophocles to Baptist fire-and-brimstone to John Romero and company's infamous cyberdemon, exhibit 51d4a2b2). But there are only two basic functions—for or against the state—and only a finite web of life treated as monstrous-feminine to endure such grim harvests; i.e., by the usual Cartesian rapists colonizing imaginary territories to whitewash their doing so towards actual ones; e.g., Palestine, Darfur or Cambodia as laid low to child friendly songs (chip tunes aping American rock 'n roll pastiche), all of the above making the whole grotesque practice comforting: "The disposal units ran night and day. We were that close to going out forever!"

Eventually, though, Medusa will simply snap, and no amount of displaced imperial abuse (obscurantism and DARVO rhetoric), guns (or similar boyish killing toys) and wacky obstacle courses will save the soldier from himself; i.e., from the state cannibalizing him and the world through divide-and-conquer dogma: effectively pulling on the tiger's tail, guerrilla-style, to antagonize him against his

brethren (thus assist *in* colonization⁴⁵³), only for capital to eat them and for the world to eventually eat *capital*. When the chickens come home to roost for good, Medusa will take the Aegis away from its abusers; i.e., using *her* Kegel-esque pussy tremors to send her evil killers to Hell once-and-for-all (returning the favor per Creed's murderous womb, getting even for Francis Bacon's Cartesian Revolution many times over)! Just like *Metroid*, "true peace in space" is a myth, and the dark whore always wins, in the end (re: "Ozymandias," *Frankenstein*, *Axiom Verge*, etc)!

In short, nothing lasts forever and such wanton bloodshed becomes something than *cannot* be atoned for (save as total annihilation during state shift). Eventually the fascist spectre of "Rome" just "runs out of lives" and Medusa has her way with him; i.e., clapping back as such people always do (re: Ward Churchill). Game over! Death by Snu-snu, the ghosts of all Medusa's children have *their* revenge when the middle class furthers abjection for too long. So perhaps we should listen to those who are closer nature and suffering under it—not my cat, guarding my potatoes from some unforeseen menace, but something akin to that who, like Medusa being policed and raped, those eager to learn from may turn to and plead in total submission to Her Excellence: "What do your monster eyes see, great one? Are you a potato warding off the police? TELL ME YOUR SECRETS!"



(*exhibit 51d4a2b1: Model and photographer: Baby the Great Potato, One with All Other Potatoes; and Her humble and faithful servant, [Persephone van der Waard](#). Garfield is a second-rate Great Destroyer compared to you, Ms. Kaiju!*)

It's like a puzzle, then, and you can't solve it with state-sanctioned deception, ignorance, apathy and force; its solution instead demands our cryptonymy and Aegis moving power *towards* workers and nature *before* everything falls apart for good—with Medusa, the planet, either regenerating afterwards, or going to *sleep* for good; but whatever happens, we will not survive. So let's consider the in-text pieces thereof as the usual Promethean warning signs, in advance; i.e., as a ludo-Gothic BDSM means of subverting bigotry and crisis, onstage and off: doing so to prevent the seminal catastrophe as an entirely Cartesian, manmade one!

In turn, every demon killed on Earth (during mirror syndrome) only sends our heroes closer towards their own *self*-destruction; i.e., the monomyth is, well, a myth, but one (of neoliberal false power) that can be speedrun by the usual (wannabe) Pirates of Silicon Valley! Except, there's no Mars to go to (and if there *is*, it's literally drawing straws/a death lottery because people policed the whore until

⁴⁵³ In-fighting is built into *Doom's* gameplay loop, so much so that it becomes a means of solving special emergent puzzles; i.e., in fan-made gauntlets putting players to the test; e.g., Coincident's "[Okuplok. Ultra-Violence. 1 Save](#)" (2024).

she snapped and killed all life on planet Earth)! All of this is entirely preventable, but history repeats itself thanks to Capitalist Realism and the middle class since Columbus onwards: "kill the Indian, *don't* save the man!"



(exhibit 51d4a2b2: Artist: [Gerald Brom](#). In the unironic quest for mastery against nature as demonic, *Doom* portrays its own Communist monstrous-feminine [the game was an *Aliens* reskin, remember] as something to shoot for its brazen, hideous "nature"; re: thinking beings vs extended beings, cops vs victims.)

Beyond videogames like shooters and Metroidvania, then, Imperialism is made at home and has been since Ancient Athens, Sparta and Rome; i.e., home base as the state nucleus, the hauntological center of the Cartesian Revolution's domination of nature during Red Scare; re: chasing spectres of Medusa/Marx from a localized source—one that evolved *into* itself as eventually under attack ("home" as sick) and needing American Liberalism/fascism to defend itself; or as Jason Moore and Raj Patel write in *A History of the World in Seven Cheap Things*:

The second law of capitalist ecology, domination over nature, owed much to Francis Bacon (1561-1626), a philosopher generally credited as the father of modern science. Bacon was also a prominent member of England's political establishment, at different times a member of Parliament and the attorney general of England and Wales. He argued that "science should as it were torture nature's secrets out of her." Further, the "empire of man" should penetrate and dominate the "womb of nature." [...] 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 for the ethical and economic cheapening of life [...] a normative statement of how best to organize power and hierarchy, Humanity and Nature, Man and Woman, Colonizer and Colonized.

In other words, natural demons/undead are classically female and monstrous-feminine-coded beings that canonically hide on the edge of the world; i.e., by subsisting at the frontier as guerrilla warriors besieged paradoxically on home turf. Yet, as so often *is* the case, these resistance fighters—[like those in Vietnam](#) (GDF's "How the Viet Cong Smoked American Soldiers," 2023)—are canonically demonized by the West; re: as "beings of darkness" (with guerrilla warfare being something that historically has been waged in the shadows of

Imperialism; re: Asprey's *War in the Shadows*). As such, they evoke a supernatural aura tied to Hell and damnation (from the Western perspective) in neoliberal copaganda (videogames); i.e., fear and dogma as a copagandistic means of provoking American soldiers on the front line, onstage and off, to kill the enemy with extreme prejudice wherever they show themselves—or where the elite choose to have them appear while incentivizing the same settler-colonial violence⁴⁵⁴ anew!

⁴⁵⁴ Re, my thesis argument regarding Tolkien and Cameron's refrain:

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. [... 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](#)).

and my follow-up Volume-One argument:

Canonical heroes triangulate against state targets, then, becoming the necessary exterminator of the settler-colonial model, but also the sexy destroyer and *superheroic* retrieval expert during the monomythic fetch quest (hyperbole and state heroism go hand-in-hand, exaggerating the menace, emergency and rescue to equal measure); i.e., a budding flower of war and larger-than-life tempter-of-fate (and the audience) walking the tightrope between Heaven and Hell, life and death, protector and aggressor, child and parent, but also wild and tame, pleasure and pain, black and white, strong and weak, invincible and vulnerable, good and evil—all while delivering state subjects (and the nuclear family unit) from evil, chaos, death, darkness, Hell, etc: the dark chronotope as a false copy whose hellish architecture and monarchy (the medieval bloodline) threatens the perceived legitimacy of the West's own forgeries (while also haunting them). A school of canonical violence, then, the liminal hauntology of war predictably emerges, summoning the hero to occupy then suppress a prescribed "disorder" during an *orderly* chaos/*Amazonomachia* that breaks and repairs the symbolic home; i.e., over and over (a narrative of the crypt, circular ruin, infernal concentric pattern, Cycle of Kings, etc).

And since we're focusing on the monstrous-feminine, here, I consider the most famous of all modern phallic women to be Hippolyta-married-to-Theseus: James Cameron's neoconservative, "feral mother" take on Ellen Ripley serving as a warlike, parent-themed mentor for the children of the present (or those who, thanks to waves of terror, regress to *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

In equal measure, what exists in videogames extends to nature as demonized (for good or for profit) across *all* media forms and stages of performance; i.e., the "demons" fight fire with fire, but anisotropically as revolutionaries (re: [Nelson Mandela](#)). Grafting the oppressor's stolen ordinance to their bodies, they become cybernetic to the point of *self*-flagellation (a new class of alien barbarian/"soldiers of Hannibal or Medusa" that capital will recuperate: obscuring its own abjection through canon's bad telephone game/the Mandela effect). Not only does the bio-mechanical, coercive-BDSM metaphor echo Giger's xenomorph—as a kind of cybernetic, zombie-demon chimera tied to transgenerational trauma—but it exudes the historical-material tendency of American foreign policy to overarm its assigned *enemies* as part of a weaponized cycle of endless exploitation; i.e., even during the displaced revenge fantasies of the usual half-real make-believe in Pygmalion's Shadow (re: *Aliens*, *Metroid*, and *Doom*). A factory of death's panopticon will work until the end of the world.

Furthermore, supplied by the colonizers through an Imperial Boomerang whose flight always starts *from* home, the myth of a technologically superior demon hoard is incredibly dissociative; i.e., obscuring the giant role played by American arms manufacturers and war contractors. These privatizers continuously supply both sides with the means to wage war forever—always asymmetrically and



perpetually corrupting nature through the a(nta)gonizing presence of human weaponry fused to demonic organics becoming bait; i.e., "It's a trap!" and "60% of the time, it works every time!" Facing the weird canonical nerd with virgin/whore syndrome, Medusa chews off their dick with a woodchipper pussy! "[Joan Crawford's risen from the grave!](#)" (Blue Oyster Cult, 1981). So eat up, you little monsters!

(artist: [Magic Moon Arts](#))

Black Veil or not, the usual brutalities and moral panic/superiority that result are symptomatic of a project that invades media to

child-like states). She's the housemaid with a gun, facing the barbaric imagery of the imaginary past mirrored by actual colonial abuses, upholding the latter by banishing the former to benefit the elite—in short, by playing out a heroic story much in the same way that modern versions of Beowulf would: through sex and force, rape and war expressed in theatrical language that maintains Capitalist Realism ([source](#)).

To escape Hell, you must subvert its regular joy divisions *while* inside them; i.e., during ludo-Gothic BDSM's liminal expression—with art through sex work being *incredibly* liminal; re: exploitation and liberation share the same spaces (e.g., the same cruiser's bathroom stall, above).

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spread its dogma across *all* mediums; i.e., *Aliens* and similar works operate through the Cartesian model, which unfortunately goes beyond videogames and back into a half-real position: one between fiction and non-fiction, alike, governed by parallel standards and rules of play shared between the two (re: the infernal concentric pattern/narrative of the crypt, and similar devices)!

Cartesian thought, then (and Gothic narration devices, thus rules of play from Radcliffe onwards), *globally* demonize nature through mad science, but also discourage any creative alternatives, from an egregoric standpoint; i.e., beyond the orderly binary of the Western world, any scapegoats normally sought out by the usual Radcliffean heroines (and male variants) testifying to their own slaughter by said actors.

For example, the minotaur and similar monsters of the Greek imaginary past work "by extension" *and* association; i.e., linking Humanity to the natural world in "magical" or drug-like ways they have in common with more recent hauntologies (such as blue cat people, below)—*not* to a Christian Hell (or otherwise carceral, manmade space that traps humans inside), but something and somewhere that we can *decolonize* through our own stories featuring monsters trapped in here with us and vice versa: as written using reclaimed technology (fire of the gods) and Gothic poetry to *subvert* monomythic action; re: the anal Amazon thesis having the whore's revenge to fuck the alien in a healthy way (without harming either side) during ludo-Gothic BDSM. Both sides are alienated and restored through camp.

To that, the classical labyrinth historically and deliberately serves as a manmade prison from the original Greek legends; i.e., a spatial didactic role that carries over into videogames like the Metroidvania or FPS (and their own [mazes and labyrinths](#)' empowering to disempowering effects): the home of the *kept* enemy monster as something to survive in redlined ghettos—often through combat, but just as often courtly love, thus kidnap/captive and rape fantasies (re: camping



Cameron's *Avatar* series, left, therefor its racist white savior narrative)! The castle—including the chattelized castle-in-the-flesh—is historically the perfect dom, and the *hero* is historically the perfect sub receiving that Numinous gift from the demon:

(artist: [D8](#))

However palliative, the Numinous and fear go hand-in-hand with psychosexual catharsis and athletics, during calculated risk. In short, there's always a fear of the alien/outdoors for those alienated from nature, but also a guilty surrendering *to* it; i.e., to have "its turn" in ways that bring both sides closer (re: Reznor) amid an ongoing and multi-tiered system of differences' unequal privileges and oppression. Often demonized as wild, unsophisticated and barbaric, but also *animalistically* rapacious and mind-altering

through controlled substances (above), we and our ludo-Gothic BDSM seek to one, dispel the many violent, sex-coercive myths orbiting these groups in their "evil," canonical forms; and two, stress the various playful ways in which iconoclastic totems operate: as a poetic "ambrosia" that can transform the world directly through monstrous self-expression relating between two or more parties (also above)!

Artistic and drug-like, this naturalized, magical class works to further good Gothic sex education; i.e., one where fairies, furies and "magical girls," etc, represent sex positivity as a kind of forbidden knowledge and aphrodisiac drug tied to nature, but also historical-material fears orbiting performative capture and rape: *alien* expressions of sex and gender education, but also identity formation through the poetic struggle of the animal side of the Cartesian model; re: formalized as a puzzle of "Antiquity" like what we wrote about earlier with Giger's xenomorph:

[a] writeable Wisdom of the Ancients. That's what the creature is/the castles are—spectral, deathly evocations of a world before Capitalism, thus possibly one *after* it; i.e., death-as-radical-change [...] We can reunite, thus use something so awesome (and forgotten) to help liberate our minds from Capitalism and its barriers; but, again, it will be a shock—medieval, foreign, alien, abject.

Just as a patient is *like* a corpse under the surgeon's knife, the idea of the home and the *human* share this unsettling distinction. We must occupy it as a particular kind of surgeon *and* corpse: a love doctor whose wild



surgeries—similar to Giger's drug-fueled, psychosexual art—play passionately in a field where "death," "rape" and echoes of their unironic forms haunt the theatrical landscape. ([source](#): "Giger's Xenomorph").

Except, it's not just "the xenomorph" pimped by Whitey at all—with [the Na'vi](#) being Cameron's shameless, hyperreal/digitally simulated and Afronormalized vaudeville, commodifying the just-as-old Indigenous struggles inside a functionally white-savior *underage* power fantasy as tokenizing multiple assimilated groups against nature and those of it: both the Irish (Jake *Sully*) and people of color to literally speak for/play in Cameron's AI, tech and gamer bro "leather stocking" simulacrum (itself merely a repeat of the French and Indian Wars passing for "activism with amnesia"; i.e., technological asymmetry is baked *into* settler colonialism, so nothing about *Avatar* is impressive, any more than with *Aliens*' own Rambo pastiche).

Ergo, the double standards seen on and off those stages likewise extend to any popular form of Gothic poetic expression; i.e., in regards to a stewardship of nature that, as we've shown, historically aims through ludo-Gothic BDSM to reunite

and bond with nature as alienated from us by capital's regular power trips (with Cameron's *Avatar* taking a videogame approach to cinema, and all to paint himself as a god/Omega Man performed by Jake as *his* avatar to those *he* deems ethnocentrically inferior to him—what a knob, and everyone who works with him is also a knob).

We'll see as we proceed, then, how this *cryptomimetic* subversion actually has a drug-like, acid Communist flavor that, all the same, combines *demonically* with mad science and occult magic; i.e., per the Promethean Quest and Faustian bargain regarding nature as chattelized, but also the various *undead* elements (of generational trauma) that crop up during the rememory process, too: reversing abjection (thus profit) during revolutionary cryptonymy's holistic modularity!

To *that*, remember Radcliffe and the others: When the British Romantics and Neo-Gothic revival were active, nature was closer at hand but being pulled away *by* a burgeoning system already several centuries old. Now that alienation is further along but *not* complete, the Gothic's fixations with expressing alienation by bypassing boundaries is invaluable. As such, we may use *any* poetic distinctions, creative instruments and schools of thought (whatever works) to make *ourselves* felt, seen and heard as human *stewards* of nature: "There's no fate but what we make for ourselves"; i.e., to make Capitalism something *more* stable than it is, but also returning *to* nature as something we can inhabit in ways that improve the quality of life for all (workers, animals, the environment): the use of technology in ways that *didn't* exist in the past as a predominantly oral society.

Beyond more *recent* scientific technologies (re: Shelley's "Modern Prometheus"), this applies to *pre*-capitalist examples to poetically write down for *post*-capitalist reasons. This includes Giger's pet monster hauntology but also the various ones he took and made (more) surreal; re: Blake's devilish acids ("corroding fires") for his printing blocks, and Marlowe's *Faustus* speaking hauntologically to times *before* mercantile capital. Using Gothic poetics at large, we can play around with these ideas ourselves provided it serves to defend nature *from* capital and its own bad education's fatal nostalgia: a Valley of the *Satanic* Dolls!

Per Blake (or Giger), every attempt is unique/*sui generis* ("in a class by itself"). Yet diversity is strength insofar as all of them contribute endlessly towards the whole's **Song of Infinity** across space-time; i.e., as something to suggest at an *obscured* glance: one that takes on "madness" as a mythical life of its own we are not totally masters of; re: the forgotten, seemingly magical ability⁴⁵⁵ to move

⁴⁵⁵ This kind of distinction can be made by either side of a dialectical-material struggle; e.g., *Myth II* and the Deceiver fighting like hell to save the West from sudden destruction (the Fallen, per Bungie's arguments, known to instigate "natural" catastrophes like volcanoes or floods—thereby foisting other woes of Capitalism's onto an imaginary scapegoat):

through barriers and distinctions that might otherwise hold us in place through acid Communism's oubliette's of mist while in defense of what we hold dear as threatened by impending catastrophe. The ground around us turned to eggshells, **magical assembly** (more on the other medieval poetics devices, in a couple pages) lets us stitch or madly assemble whatever we need or want to further the Cause; i.e., including what friends provide, but also frenemies (re: Cwuu) and enemies (re: Zeuhl and Jadis) we know and political friends and foes we *don't*. The Enemy has many spies; so do we! Ours give back fatal-yet-vital knowledge on the Aegis as shared between both sides!

This concludes outlining nature versus the state as a dialectic, by and large. That being said, I'd like to spend the remainder of part zero going over some medieval poetic countermeasures/supply some fun *extra* exhibits, at the end!

For starters, there's no "perfect" approach to developing Gothic Communism. Just that, once you have a *knack* for it, you won't *need* to solidarize those eggshells, but instead can walk on *clouds* (soaring through the hair like an eagle or sky-bound witch). Able to move through boundaries at will (or make our own), workers can freely embrace calculated risk as something to embellish and erect.



Homo *erectus*, "it's pronounced win-gar-dium levi-O-SA!" ("[STAHP IT, RON! STAHP...](#)").

(artist: Oney Cartoons)

In turn, *jouissance* and its constructive frenzies yield impossible things that should not stand but *do*. Gay as Hell, they defy reason as

a social-sexual contract/construct, but can be made by anyone "primed" for it. Under the right conditions, then, you might be surprised what campy cathedrals *your* orgasmic tornados can raise on the bones of canon (and who will show up

valley about two hours downstream from the dam. If the dam were destroyed, the resulting deluge would kill everything in its path for miles.

Upon hearing this, The Deceiver shook his head, his face twisting in anger. He moved slowly through the crowd, commanding all those present to defend the dam, insisting that he would punish those who allowed it to fall. Without another word, he headed downstream.

I asked one of the Black Robes why The Deceiver had not stayed to help us and he tersely replied, "he goes to warn the Emperor – moving through odd angles; faster than any man, and if unobserved, much faster than that" ([source](#): Bungie).

Unlike the Deceiver's token assimilation, we *don't* work for the emperor in defense of the West. Yet, our powers inside Capitalism's shadow zone will prove just as useful defending us *from* Capitalism; i.e., by letting us—through the Gothic—intimate and critique grappling hyperobjects using poetic abstractions: great, powerful Destroyers manifesting as giants, castles, suits of armor and so on!

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afterward; re: "weird attracts weird"): gargantuan castles-in-the-flesh making *your* mo(i)st beautiful, succubean nightmares come true, *mise-en-abyme*! So when the Man comes around, show him your Aegis, Galatea; better yet, come out swinging (so to speak)! "If you built it, *they* will cum!"



(artist, left: [Magic Moon Arts](#); right: Zdzisław Beksiński)

Like any orgy or church, though, it's a *group* effort, and one geared towards *our* collective survival instead of deifying the state; i.e., in all *its* historical-material forms; re: corporations, churches, and nations-states, etc. This involves working *together* to respond to the

holistic poetic value harbored in and across each other's bodies (and bodies' labor) to do together what is impossible alone/divided.

As a pornographic invigilator and historian, I cannot stress enough, then, how utterly *important* inspiration and collective solidarity *are* to labor action as a group exercise; i.e., one that routinely faces state predation tempting workers with assimilation (re: bourgeois Faustian bargains), thus how utterly *unable* I would have been to write this book *without* the likes of older works (and workers) to inspire me, but also the friends drawn to it who took interest in what *I* was doing tied to a *shared* past. This took time; re (from the Poetry Module):

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 ([source](#)).



Ridley and Ripley together and separate, I walked in the footsteps of Pygmalion and Galatea, realizing I was praxially gayer than either of my forebears.

Furthermore, without my aforementioned army of muses' incredible booties pushing me to *begin*—and their ongoing friendships' challenging of my privileged biases' understanding of stigma and bigotry as a whole inspiring me to *keep at it* (as part of a back-and-forth process)—I would never have bothered to lay the first brick! My Gothic maturity (such as *it is*) merely sits in the middle of a long and winding stretch of Yellow Brick road; i.e., occupied by friends of all walks and dispositions, it's a real *Canterbury Tales*—a rough-yet-colorful stretch, yawning ever onwards through a medieval "past," made in the present space and time, anticipating future attempts concerned with older ones; re (from the same section):

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., [Madoff's] useful myth of Gothic ancestry) [*ibid.*].

Whatever its form and ingredients, though, Gothic poetics (and the Wisdom of the Ancients as a whole—a poison to pick and make your own ancestry as *you* see fit) is a powerful voice we cannot afford to discount. Diversity is strength, so diversify!

To quote one of my favorite problematic films, *The Flight of Dragons* (1982): "If mankind is to surmount the insurmountable, there must always be magic to inspire him; magic cannot die!" Except, *I* would deliberately extend the Green Wizard's neoliberal pipedream *beyond* straight men/tokenism to "*Medusa* cannot die," and whose die-hard longevity inspires monsters and GNC people (thus all minorities), at large, to punch up at the *state's* weak point: its *lack* of empathy. Yet, between all of them, wild incessant creativity is nothing but a good thing when it flourishes; i.e., a creative mind is healthy insofar as it develops creations that support nature, thus workers, as adapting *against* the state: as the Great Destroyer

of the Earth! Capital always eats, more and more, until *it* dies from eating the world, effectively cannibalizing itself!

In short, the *state* is sickness, is what the canonical Gothic announces vaguely as "trauma" in ways *our* ludo-Gothic BDSM and *its* cryptonymy *cryptomimetically* fuck with; i.e., doing so to whisper loudly and scream softly (and similar such oxymorons and paradoxes) to perform power in medieval poetic forms; re: as alienated in ways that rebels can return to *through* said performances under unique current conditions: primed for release from older bondage and harm as something to camp, during holistic and universally liberating calculated risk. Navigating the usual dualities, mid-performance, "It does not do to leave a live dragon out of your calculations if you live near him," and capital as a process of propaganda is full of dragons that *our* roles—from tops and bottoms to doms and subs—must continually subvert to defend nature from; i.e., those who pimp and police nature as monstrous-feminine, thus alien. We must, or we will not survive, because capital will rape *us* to death; re: segregation is no defense (and silence is death). So let's get this party started!



(artist: [Xiao Tong](#))

Of course, a mind is its own place; and sometimes to prevent rape, you have to tap into your *animal* side during psychosexual theatre (the side your abusers can't monopolize); i.e., as extending from onstage to off and vice versa. As always, dialectical-material context (and flow) are key to development, without which, we're back to the harmful nostalgia of *unironic* rape/wifely duties to canonize, except now these divisions have been hauntologized to serve *profit* under capital; i.e., it will be *worse* this time, because profit will demand it happen over and over while gaslighting the usual virgin/whores to assimilate and keep *up* appearances; re: gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss. No one "wins" under capital except those *behind* the curtain, and even then, they'll lose too when Medusa kills *them* all! Exploitation and liberation exist on the same stages, capital disguising the former as the latter to perpetuate said cannibalizing for everyone *it* alienates from (and fetishizes for) everyone else.

As described [in the entire "Medieval" section](#) from the Poetry Module, those who contribute unto capital and *its* sickness through the usual performative tools are profoundly *uncreative* in that respect; i.e., only able to devise tools of actual, unironic torture and enslavement—of scared, closed minds shrinking during Capitalist Realism, the latter having menticed the former into gargoyles *for* the church of capital and the Protestant ethic. Innovation disappears, replaced with blind faith in a brutal system that survives through "prison sex" mentality (re: Plato's cave, known today more casually as the Man Box). Canon is canon, the

illusory effects the same; re: "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).

Capital is a glass onion, and it's a grave mistake to see said onion and think its Aegises are wholly *transparent*. Instead, these mirrors operate in *reflective* ways (the albedo measurement of a given surface, during remediated praxis); i.e., that serve a dualistic (anisotropic) role. To it, such prisons—and their myopic insulation under canon—are recursively concentric and fractal in their neoliberal divisions; i.e., a prison in a prison in a prison, hiding the truth in fabrications of "the truth"; re: the ghost of the counterfeit, abjecting "dead labor feeding on living labor" into the usual states of exception (the half-real frontiers of Gothic theatre, on and offstage).

While liberation *is* a game of mirrors, *our* elaborate strategies of misdirection (as *splendide mendax*) are asymmetrical alongside those who think *themselves* besieged *by* us; i.e., those they prey on *during* mirror syndrome. Faced with oubliettes as *they* see and utilize them during the cryptonymy process, agents of capital hoist up on their *own* petards to *use* them as intend *by* capital; i.e., to fear a perceived world where capital is gone, thus unable to give them the hyperreal structure of *solid* prison walls (re: the canceled future). Canon becomes Jameson's class nightmare; i.e., when the Black Veil is pulled aside, and one which—when threatened with the destruction of its walls—our class traitors all but lose the necessary devices to operate in any healthy way without. They live in a bubble and fear its bursting to the point of easy betrayals, and freeze, clam up and sit in anticipation; i.e., for the usual, historical-material boom-and-bust patterns that, for them, is the new normal to return *to*, from time out of mind, into echoes of echoes of echoes on the same old cave wall shadows!

Deprived of those shadows, the usual proponents of capital police reality while *pinning* for revenge; i.e., to *reachieve* said normal (the Gamergate refrain extending into *all* canon, mid-moral-panic); e.g., from *The Republic* to *Toy Story* to *The Matrix* ("to infinity and beyond!"). Bursting such monomyth bubbles by reversing abjection during *revolutionary* cryptonymy is *our* King of Dreams' chief and steady aim: "You're *not* the One, Ne(r)o! Now put away that fiddle and help us *dismantle* the state!"



Workers *versus* the state, then, is a battle that never ends (the state is always the enemy) but giving up is not an option short of suicide; i.e., to betray is to *concede* defeat *to* our overlords; re: the state is incompatible with life, and mutual consent is a learned activity that pushes back against systemic rape as *also* taught: from an older and more barbaric

model of exploitation built on male, then white, racial supremacy and other modular bigotries swapped in and out as needed!



To avoid *that* fate, I would happily use my active, awake brain however much is required to penetrate the seemingly impenetrable; i.e., to become that "monster from the Id" and burn through the doors of minds who try, try, try as they might to shut *me* out: "I am the Medusa, and you not only raped *me*, but raped yourself as well!" As Matthew Lewis shows us, a rapist always destroys a piece of their own heart in the process; i.e., closing their mind and their body to the very sorts of empathy we seek to rebuild *among* the Ozymandian wreckage!

To *that*, I've gone on to write nearly two million words (at this point), as well as make hundreds of collages and dozens upon dozens of illustrations (well into the triple digits, too); i.e., happily doing so in conscious-and-willing defense of the planet (as a sustainable home) than say however many with a sleeping greedy brain that leads to its inevitable destruction. Indeed, I would happily revisit the same book (and ouroborotic fugue state) for the rest of my foreseeable life under house arrest, letting it bleed *me* dry if it adds to the Cause by enriching monsters;



i.e., no matter how maddening *that* might feel (a part of me loves it, of course—again, see my foreword to Volume Zero) or how many estranged weirdos tell me to "touch grass."

Okay, but what *is* grass? How do you *define* grass? Welcome to the desert of the Real, motherfuckers! "Anywhere in the galaxy this is a nightmare!" Yes, but one with the power (on the Aegis) to set us free! Liberation always starts *with* the mind, a door to walk through that—unless you've seen it for yourself, faced with your own Great Destroyer turning *you* into a battered housewife for capital, in small—there's really no way to conceptualize that horror and make total sense while doing so. How could it? Easy solutions, explanations and nostalgia are the stuff of unironic chattel, idiots and Don Quixote.

Instead, there is always a buffer between us and the wheel of fire—a shadow on the cave wall to help us process what we're *currently* surviving under duress; i.e., capital is a problem to solve *before* it kills us, and that is something to—far from *lose* hope regarding alien vampires eating us—instead becomes a paradoxical source of excitement when chasing the (magic) dragon/ Numinous; re: *through* creation as something to *canonically* fear during the Promethean Quest, but for *us* is the fire of the gods to liberate ourselves (starting with our minds) through iconoclastic art breaking canon inside canon: "You're tearing me *apart*, Lisa!"

Verily, the whore's revenge speaks *through* fabrication—the taking of pills (red or not), in keeping with acid Communism, actually being a *freeing* of the mind

through trance-like illusions of druggedness; i.e., as something to *bend* reality (and its prescribed owner class) to *our* will! It is fundamentally *unpoliceable*, hence why I stress applying knowledge through game-like modes of expression! Not for making us "the dupe" (re: [Gloggin](#)), but to expose those *calling* us the dupe being dupes themselves, and the ones acting in bad faith for the elite (e.g., Cipher from *The Matrix*, below, or Andrew Tate passing himself off as "woke" to grift a select group of white, straight, male, middle-class idiots while fleecing and mobilizing *them* against actual oppressed peoples)!



([source](#): "[Why Cypher Made the Right Choice in The Matrix According to Joe Pantoliano](#)"⁴⁵⁶)

⁴⁵⁶ Playing devil's advocate (I mean, just *look* at that goatee), the actor for the character (who historically plays the sell-out) makes a compelling point; i.e., not to *justify* it, but highlight—me playing defense for *him*, a bit—that the state's unfair advantages *do* make people sell out, and furthermore, is a historical-material fact. We need to recognize and portray said fact when going up *against* the state and its proponents' lies, ourselves, in real life; i.e., the useful idiot as someone to challenge when challenging us—doing so according to deceptions being half-real on *both* sides, each going back and forth between fabrication and reality (a bit like the characters in the movie):

[The Matrix](#) is now back on everybody's radar thanks to the upcoming sequel, and with that brings forth the questions that have plagued all of our minds ever since we first gazed into the artificial world way back in 1999. One such question regards actor Joe Pantoliano's character Cypher, a member of the heroic crew who betrayed the rest for another chance at being "plugged in". However, that is not exactly how Pantoliano sees things, with the actor having recently defended Cypher's actions.

"I always have arguments with fans of that movie because they look at Cypher and they say 'You were a traitor.' And I, being years in show business and having to dissect and having liberal vision of the character I'm portraying, I'm always arguing on his behalf. [On Cypher's behalf](#). Like, who wouldn't take that deal? If you were given an opportunity and a choice and then you decided you made the wrong choice. "You take the red pill, the girl that you love is in love with somebody else."

"You've gone through six or seven 'Ones'; Neo is just another guy that's gonna get his ass killed. And he's going, 'I've made a terrible mistake! Ignorance IS bliss. Why shouldn't I go back to a world and pick the person I want to be. Pick the career I want to have and have no memory [re: Plato's "writing is the death of memory" argument]. I'd betray anybody, I'd kill anybody."

So, much like everything else in the world of *The Matrix*, things are a lot more complicated as they initially seem. [Joe Pantoliano](#) reasons that Cypher is so unhappy with his choice to wake up in the real world that he has no other choice than to make a deal and return to a world of blissful ignorance ([ibid.](#)).

Cipher's the jester-pimp in the king's court. Having already duped himself, he speaks to the audience in ways that let *them* realize how—after Cipher is ignominiously dead—still remains a man (or *echo* of a man) that made the *wrong* choice... yet *also* remains sympathetic insofar as we're facing the same Faustian dilemma *he* once did; i.e., versus a shadow of a devil that was once a man and still might be: as something to learn *from* according to *his* caged rhetoric being *part* of the film's central lesson. However "stacked" the deck seems, then, said choice historically-materially predicates on the same criminogenic conditions conjured to *our* service in duality (not just for the state, Marx, but workers, too)! A mirror (and its arguments) can always go both ways!

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I *live* to teach, but also recognize the so-called worse and best students depend entirely on context, mid-struggle; i.e., who question reality as a criminogenic premise to grapple with: the allure of class, culture and race betrayal as tempting (see: footnote). Murderers come to you in smiles, and traitors are recruited *from* their own populations to maintain the panopticon as the world decays behind the illusion (with Baudrillard's hyperreal being a concept the makers—two trans women—were *very* aware of when camping the monomyth during the Promethean Quest/Faustian bargain; re: Morpheus' famous pill problem for "Neo" to *recursively* solve; i.e., an appeal to the Straights by two directors working within the system to subvert it).

As such, cryptonymy remains dualistic/prone to liberate/tokenize, as do all the main Gothic theories and facets of oppositional praxis on the Manifesto Tree (which I wrote to allow *for* said dualities, during dialectical-material struggle as something to perform and account for in iconoclastic art; re: "[Paratextual Documents](#)"). Like all modes of praxis synthesized in opposition, they can go either way—and *The Matrix* has, as much as Plato or the word "woke" (Pissed-off Bartender's "[Let's talk about the word 'woke' and why I hate it](#)," 2025). Rebellion and regression occupy the same mirror games' linguo-material tug-o'-war as simply being a matter of repeating in ways we must anticipate, mid-*cryptomimesis*.

Medusa's testimony (and by extension, ours) speaks through the infernal concentric pattern; i.e., in ways that challenge capital and its profit motive, thus its raping of the mind as part of nature *to* rape during the Cycle of Kings, inside the Shadow of Pygmalion, part of the narrative of the crypt, and so on. It's—for lack of a better term—a long game, and a zero-sum puzzle that is (at least for me) far more interesting than simple military optimism leading to brain death and, by extension, rape and death, period. The more you deny them as real, the stronger they become; same goes for us!



By extension, birthing monsters and renovating castles in the Gothic style⁴⁵⁷ is my passion, my *raison d'être* because Capitalism is my *bête noire*, my

⁴⁵⁷ Meaning "in the dark, with set Gothic-Marxist tenets but not a hard plan" (again, as I did with this whole book). This might seem less-than-conducive but "form follows function" really applies, here; i.e., trying to build something that, like a Metroidvania or Gothic castle, builds itself in a meta sense using ergodic motion: as a statement of longevity through application. Trying to stay loose and flexible *enough* to replace and encourage those post-scarcity results is all part of the fun; i.e., an adventure partially obscured; re: "Like Communism, a Gothic castle is always incomplete, in continuum but seems to suggest its full potential as a powerful, unmappable suggestion each and every visit" (re: "[A Song Written in Decay](#)"). In short, you can pick a spot to build Gothic Communism, but you can't have a set plan because it *needs* to be flexible, hence creatively inventive enough to survive and subvert Capitalism *ipso facto*, occupying the same space. Once you're primed, you'll know how and learn to recognize the feeling. You'll respect it, letting it work until what's done is done. Let Medusa cook.

dragon to slay and replace with my own; i.e., the former is unstable by design, thus unsustainable—must be put down and replaced with something that will last that *doesn't* cheapen life through settler-colonial fear and cartographically monomythic dogma; re: a peach to harvest on and across all registers!

In other words, sex-positive education concerns a constant-and-vigilant defending by us of the things that Capitalism *attacks*; i.e., which it *seeks* to dominate by closing them *off* by design—nature, but also as inextricable *from* nature thus "of it." Be they peoples, places or things (food, clothes, contraceptives and other items), any poetic license or device employed by them that you could possibly imagine will canonically become a means of enslaving nature, thus workers and sex, through a heteronormative, settler-colonial scheme; i.e., a means of denial-of-access by raising disastrous barriers to defend itself while punching through our safeguards to kill us by any and all means necessary (evoking the Krell's "Monsters from the Id": "your machine will supply that monster with whatever power it *needs* to reach us!").

In keeping with the usual persecution devices and qualities of capital dividing workers, it's the state vs workers, male vs female, the Straights vs the Gays, etc; e.g., faeries, werewolves, ambrosia, collars, magical forests, mushroom kingdoms, etc; i.e., in at-times-transgressive forms of cuckold/possession-and-relinquish fantasies that intersect with various marginalized groups who hypnotize out of

necessity as much as revenge, but likewise camp such things within liminal expression's transgressive elements owing to that transgressiveness as a matter of compelled and inevitable alienation that must be reclaimed from the same system to reverse abjection, thus hug the alien while enjoying the bursting of any aforementioned bubbles: "Glory to the Hypnotoads!"

(artist: [Magic Moon Arts](#))



Few things are as confused/confusing or brutal as token cops, who cannot see beyond their own bubble as made through acts of bad will (and faith) towards those *they* betray inside/outside their own gated communities. To it, our collective and holistic function must challenge those bad forms of sex education with

dialectical-material opposites, generally on the Internet (whose rapid-fire search engines can parallel our brains, but also be used when our brains are working overtime to solve complex problems; e.g., speedrunners). So build your own cathedrals; size doesn't matter if you nail the combo and make something that lasts throughout the ages to lead *onto* better things. Barring that, there's no shame in contributing to the Cause at a meta level; i.e., one brick in a larger wall, one star in a grand constellation, all charting a collective, concentric path: one where you can freeze the enemy or have them scratch "cuckoo" their heads (all so long as it inspires them to think critically for once).



([source](#): Caroline Kee's "This Guy Is 'Protecting' Graffiti Penises With Condoms," 2017)

Keeping with *The Matrix*, the state *maintains* control through monomyth (cop) threats of violence that, once imposed, destabilize to a vertiginous extreme; i.e., Capitalist Realism as a systemic, all-encompassing means of throwing people *phenomenologically* off-balance. Yet if the state imposes madness to disempower us through traitors (re: Cipher), *our* subsequent (and subversive) empowerment lies in

ironically acclimating *to* their withering spells; i.e., during ludo-Gothic BDSM, "doing it raw" as places to reclaim and swim around inside *without* fear or effort; re: Neo flying through the sky at the end of *that* film. "[Rock Is Dead](#)" (Marilyn Manson gaslighting *his* audience and profiting off them) but Rage Against the Machine, anyways! Futility is part of the struggle, Sisyphus smiling at the gods through Numinous rapture (making the rock he's chained to *his* bitch like Prometheus did the gods' hungry eagle).

Is this spurious or special? Both, because revolution is a city of paradoxes. Like Neo as the newly-crowned King of the Underworld having been paradoxically liberated by Morpheus the same way Hades might liberate Persephone and then Persephone (me) liberating *you* through echoes of those characters/the Medusa, the sinking pit in one's stomach can magically replace with sheer joyous euphoria; i.e., as one takes to the abyss/*mise-en-abyme* like a fish to water (or the skies). Despite seeming well-and-truly *out* of our element, we adjust and acclimate to what



is normally weaponized *against* us—taking monsters back, thereby taking *Hell* and making it *our* domain, not the state's:

Flight is something we humans dream

of. It represents a conquering of earth's gravity, and a release from our confinement to earth's surface. In the moment when Neo is shown to have superpowers, the writers chose flight as the best embodiment of this. It goes to show how powerful verticality is for us, and what we think of when we consider a character to be superhuman ([source](#): James Botham's "The Matrix and Verticality," 2020).

Doing so is always a tightrope to walk, because Neo is using the same monomythic power fantasies the movie diegetically affords to the Agents' own spurious monopolies; i.e., as working against these interests inside the same system, but partially estranged/unplugged from said system to—like 2011's *Sense8* (a text we'll examine more, in Volume Three)—eventually reunite those the system has pulled apart: ourselves and nature as something rebuild while dancing in the ruins of nostalgia as canceled (the one cancelling myth that *is* true). This happens through illusions of false gravity that, nonetheless, speak to dialectical-material forces that are anything *but* false, and who the *elite* can sell *back* to us: in forms of controlled opposition we can then subvert through performances of wizardly power and knowledge; i.e., if we choose to understand an aesthetic (coded, argumentative) means of enjoying but not endorsing the feelings that go along with canonical varieties; re: "I know kung fu!" Show me, young padawan!

The only difference, as usual, is dialectical-material scrutiny as a part of praxis, synthesized *for* catharsis; re: gods *are* cool, as are monsters more broadly during *Amazonomachia* being things to dig up, summon or otherwise fashion: speaking to the same old Modern Prometheus showcasing the Creature emblemized between simulacra of simulacra; e.g., Icarus, Medusa, Elphaba and Mercy melded together by me (next page), existing in a similar struggle that fights illusory fire *with* illusory fire: the exposure of her superheroic body not one of tragedy alone, but *glory* for *defying* the gods of the state to resurrect the Medusa as the *only* thing the state wants/fears, thus pimps! What they pimp, we clap back *with*. Short of a bullet to the head, how can they stop us? And even then, you can't kill Medusa; Elphaba lives, motherfuckers (a raised fist evocative *for* its symbolic



social value tied to material resistance; re: reclaiming the Base *by* recultivating the Superstructure)!

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

That being *said*, what *is* the difference between witch rebels and witch cops? Dialectical-material function, of course (re: *flow* determines function, which we'll examine more alongside witch cops in Volume Three, Chapter Four); i.e., sex positivity as unfolding during informed consumption, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation *vis-à-vis* Gothic counterculture poetically serving those aims! Praxis is merely mind *over* matter, babes! Let it take *you* over the rainbow (of Gothic [gay-anarcho] Communism), making *your* dreams (and everyone else's but the elite's because fuck them) come true! Set Medusa *free*, thus your mind through what you create representing a freer world than the state's one-and-done map of empire! Make Mark Fisher proud (and avenge his death)!

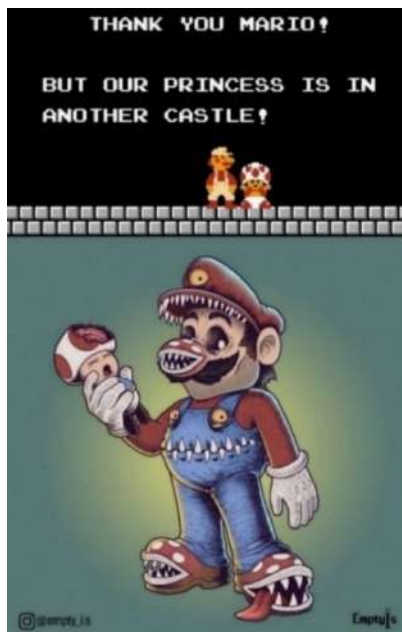
Our combined (re)education, then, must address a tricky paradox: fighting fire with "fire," madness with "madness"; i.e., establishing healthy boundaries and lowering harmful ones, deciding through **selective absorption**, **magical assembly** and a **confusion of the senses** (all from our various Gothic/medieval bag of tricks we talked about [in the Poetry Module's "Medieval" portion](#)): our own calculated risk, and by extension what we eat during ludo-Gothic BDSM, in order to survive by raising not just ourselves, but emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness for all workers; i.e., to prevent rape as a matter of performative risk, thereby embodying ourselves as monsters that will *be* attacked and eaten; re: our **Song of Infinity** becoming holistic and fourth-dimensional labor shared with all class, culture and race *warriors* recultivating the **Wisdom of the Ancients'** complicated dualism! Shazam!

To this, "good education" means sex positivity as an *eagerly* liberatory device; i.e., utilizing popular linguo-material devices to re-teach workers *not* to feel afraid, first and foremost ("to let 'I dare!' wait upon 'I would?'" As if!). As *The Matrix* shows, fear can drive workers to cage, brutalize and collar other workers "of (thus with) nature" for the state; they require assorted barriers that we set up once we're able to move on unstable ground, ourselves. Such buffers can be the poetic ones we've mentioned comprising our emotional/Gothic intelligence, but it can also be more literal, physical and exact; e.g., condoms (three pages back), which the state will deny as fascism rises to crack down on nature (eco-fascism).

Whatever form it states, the state is a cop, not your friend; it will kill you to protect itself, but like a cancer will eventually die as all empires do—of its own sickness. Until then, it will make absurd Capitalist-Realist arguments projecting

genocide *onto* others; i.e., those fighting to *prevent* it again; e.g., "*They're coming for your women, your cheeseburgers, your comfort, your rights (etc)!*" States rights attack worker rights through "scab" workers arguing *for* the bourgeoisie (Cipher was an undercover cop). All are arguments *of* scarcity that double as threats *against* labor fending *for* itself; i.e., to achieve *post*-scarcity using *pre*-capitalist (feudalistic) poetics in a Neo-Gothic fashion (as Neo does—Superman but also the Creature in ways that go far beyond Keanu Reeves' loveable otter).

Take it from me, capitalists *hate* that shit; i.e., as do their *proponents* (re: Jadis), greedily hoarding the ambrosia less *for* themselves (to free *their* minds) and more to cynically prevent *others* from eating it and *escaping* the mind prisons that *capital* affords; e.g., Jadis loved being in the cave—in effect, taking Cipher's blue pill before my very eyes, yet passing themselves off as "wise" and "rebellious" when, point-in-fact, they were just another GNC TERF punching down at me/tilting at pharmaceutical windmills (re: Cervantes' metaphor for dragons, but also the mechanisms of capital to thrust at: through our own dangerous delusions punching the membrane on the Aegis like a drum). Here, the Gothic castle (and its Numinously trippy sensations, below) is, again, an odd paradox: a "prison" that frees your mind to envision better worlds than Capitalism allows, but *will* allow if they think your harbor for rebellion is "just another castle" (whose princess is, per *Mario*, in another castle elsewhere, elsewhere, elsewhere...). Beyond Jadis, as someone like Elon Musk shows, the number-one fear the elite have is being left behind!



(artist, bottom: [Departedart](#))

Death-as-memory *is* a paradox, per the Gothic; i.e., insofar as its endless warring castles and monsters-in-writing repeat with disturbingly chimeric variations bleeding into each other over time: the trauma of struggling to be heard, those that struggle to remember *themselves* correctly during *cryptomimesis*, let alone the Numinous as something grander (and monstrous) *to* suggest! Except therein lies the difference: what the state reproduces through compelled reproduction as something that eerily and hungrily watches us⁴⁵⁸, GNC people (and other oppressed rebels) do through what *they* build from older buildings; re: as a community to leave behind and inspire others *towards*: first a

⁴⁵⁸ Privacy and intimacy as we know it
Will be a memory
Among many to be passed down
To those who never knew (Death's "[1,000 Eyes](#)," 1995).

castle, a stage, a song or a Metroidvania, etc, as paradoxically "empty" and full of not-so-quiet secrets that—as a constellation of worrisome and ambiguous signposts—become our aforementioned Song of Infinity leading us on towards Communism through "bad echo"; i.e, by letting us know each and every time that we are not alone/that Hell is all around us, its monsters becoming our friends to keep us company (and warm/full of cum, below) mid-struggle against the state's ravenously Cartesian ones (above):



(artist: [NOBM666](#))

This company (and struggle) routinely changes shape into familiar-foreign forms, and takes back what the *state* uses to hide itself; e.g., Chernobog from *Fantasia* (1940)

complementing this transfusion: both *us* playing with *our* toys, and a ghost of the counterfeit the state abjects. Thus, when threatened with the titanic unseen forces we've described throughout this volume, monsters like Chernobog-as-doubled and his *poiesis* doubled yield a plethora of myriads⁴⁵⁹. For us, they conjure up to reunite in *defiance* of the state; i.e., assembling and changing shape through each ritual, thus cathedral, as a one-time affair that shows up and sputters out again per attempt—from fire girls to animals or anything else that's required. Is there anything more Romantic and Gothic than *that*?

Monsters are merely poetic devices arguing through preferential code and instruction. *Vis-à-vis* the state and us, such threats (and their rejoinders) are

⁴⁵⁹ The Gothic is serialized, and creatures of chaos yield many interpretations per moment and over space and time as looping back around. For example, as NOBM666 (above) writes,

The personalities for me can go two ways. First they are anew, fire [succubae] with one sole purpose, to please Chernabog. The second, they remember what they were before but they focus on what they are now as their purpose is surely the same, to please Chernabog. The latter point holds a richness of torture to the original forms of these creatures forced into something new and to the forms they hold now, tainted by their ugly past self's and all the profane acts they have done. There is richness to this point also regarding the sex change and admittance to the cause, where ugly male demons are made beautiful females, where all they can do is just accept or risk destruction, where they are forced to act sensual and shame themselves in an erotic show to please their master. This humiliation and confusion adds a depravity to it all, one I imagine Chernabog relishes.

Now I can get carried away with the many themes and ideas suggested but I will end on a bonus thought. The demons made the fire which shapes into alluring maidens but when their fire is put out by Chernabog are they changed into to a pig, wolf and goat OR are they just revealing what was beneath the flame all along? As the flame burns out revealing bestial feet working up the body in a grotesque way, it makes you wonder were those dumb barnyard animals the fire maidens all along, gifted the forms to express their purpose to their master who cruelly took back the gift? ([source](#)).

My own interpretations of any monsters (and their masters) are a bit more dialectical-material, but the spirit of the discourse is very much the same: the chaos of interpretation, versus canonical order *squashing* the pedagogy of the oppressed haunting the shadow of police violence (and vice versa).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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incredibly common; re: everyone loves the whore/monstrous-feminine, and people learn through popular things because popular *works* (to commodify *or* defend nature) and is tied to our survival on a daily basis; i.e., what *we* eat as monstrous, magical, mythic, etc. So *we* must go where that power is and critique our diet as normally controlled, then reclaim it on the Internet (and elsewhere) for our own liberatory purposes by taking it *into* ourselves (sexually and/or otherwise; e.g., going to Queen Maeb, below); i.e., we must go to nature as a vivid, delicious commodity to liberate monsters of nature from their settler-colonial role, thereby returning it to an older one before Capitalism that *could be again* under Gothic Communism; re: as a unique, stronger (note: less cancerous) development *than* Capitalism (which *is* cancerous by design).

The pleasures of nature and *its* poetic extensions won't be denied to us; they'll remain in delightful (and silly, below) forms that speak to workers' shared and uneven desires for connection—i.e., by using "what they got" as counterterror does to, through *guerrilla* warfare, liberate itself as much through humor and camp as strict, psychosexual rage and angst (of the xenomorphic sort): an exchange of essence in medieval language to make a modern point with preferential bias towards the language of the past as something *to* perform; e.g., some people



would prefer to be the blueberry princess, and others the gnome. All are valid provided they yield praxial catharsis during the whore's revenge; i.e., by campily reclaiming the terror of underworld sex by making it fun *through* land back pastiche *as* ludo-Gothic BDSM: taken from behind and ravished by a mighty midget!

(artist: [Steven Stahlberg](#))

"All the world's a stage!" and such monumental endeavors afford lackadaisical nonchalance (the idylls of the Fairy Queen) during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., they involve nature as something to express its own endlessness *beyond* gnomes and nymphs as notorious spirits of the earth and the forest, but also Pagan fertility Rites of Spring that can become unironically like Stravinsky's strident offerings: "[Glorification of the Chosen One](#)" (1913) both making your hairs stand on

end and your lips twist in Grinch-like smirk with the *above* image in your head (essentially [This Is Spinal Tap's Stonehenge scene](#) decades before 1984⁴⁶⁰).

⁴⁶⁰ "An ancient race of people... the Druids... No one knows... who they were... or what they were doing... but their legacy remains!" ([source](#)). Camping not just the Gothic, but Marx, this 1984 tour-de-farce repeats past tragedies in ways we can camp; i.e., with the same ghosts of the counterfeit, coaxing these Marxist spirits out of their hiding place like Disney's own Paganistic lord, on Bald Mountain. But it *can* be very funny *as* we do it!

All the same, humor and rebellion *aren't* mutually exclusive. Instead, they separately or together speak to an alienation with nature through the imaginary past we're questing for Numinous reunion *with*; re (from "Composites to the Occult to Totems of the Natural World"):

demons embody *poetic* exchange—as unequal/forbidden, and with transformative linguo-material devices (re: power, darkness, knowledge; if I mention a particular noun in this module, it's because I'm stressing it). As such, they are classically made, summoned or found, and argue dualistically (through doubles) along these circuits of poetic discourse; i.e., by creating something out of clay or summoning it into a clay-like substance (or dead flesh, possessed victim, graveyard soil, etc): to deal/treat with power in all its forms, including of nature and death as old, haunted, anathema and ubiquitous. Knowledge is power and vice versa during such exchanges; i.e., as dark, anisotropic.

Couched in "darkness visible" as a poetic, xenoglossic device, we can make not just voices, but also bodies that speak cryptonymically to taboo, illusory and paradoxical things, injecting them with fresh poetic life (trans people are poets of identity and the flesh, above); i.e., a half-real, checkered combination of violent, terrifying and hellish morphological *freedom* of expression, existing in andro/gynodiverse defiance of state monopolies, trifectas and qualities of capital, hence Vitruvian medicalization and genocidal apathies (re: the Shadow of Pygmalion as white/xenophobic, fearing things not of the West ["not of this Earth!"] and bastardizing them as abject, alien evil, forgotten; i.e., reimagined with asymmetrical/guerilla powers exploited by the state but not monopolized by them)!



([source](#): Testament's *Dark Roots of the Earth*, 2012; artist: Eliran Kantor)

Per Hogle, the ghost of the counterfeit furthers abjection through the middle class upholding status-quo arrangements of power and knowledge through Gothic fakeries; i.e., viewing colonized land as dark and alien, *vis-à-vis* Cartesian thought and heteronormative language demonizing older forms of culture connected to nature, life and death, having *become* alien in ways that uphold capital (and its black/white colonial binary argument). Under Capitalist Realism, something is "dark" if it ostensibly moves anything of value (re: power and knowledge) away from the status quo. Generally this darkness is associated with the vengeful imaginary past based on buried historical atrocities, the latter paradoxically twisted by the former to keep control right where it is (among the elite). Anything that challenges this paradigm is canonically framed as dark, evil, profligate; i.e., nature as vengeful whore, which capital takes revenge on through DARVO-style police violence/obscurantism, witch hunts, tokenism and moral panic [...]

Rebel power/knowledge, then, becomes ontological in highly dark, Satanic, and "archaically" poetic ways; i.e., through iconoclastic abstraction and impression, but also hefty substance, sensitivity and savory deliciousness regarding the natural world as funerary and wild (as forbidden fruit generally is): "death" as an extant state of constant radical change, *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 vanderWaardart.com

made by those "of nature" the forces of light deem ethnocentrically "lesser" or "accursed" while conveniently abusing the same language of the imaginary past's priestly and funerary necrobiome, themselves (always in service to profit/a Cartesian paradigm raping nature as whore, Pagan, black, the latter closer to life and death through reimagined death gods, post-genocide—above). And yet, all monsters are linguo-material devices, hence exist in anisotropic duality during oppositional praxis; i.e., in dialectical-material struggle, moving power towards workers or the state. This further complicates by a give-and-take approach to what is being exchanged. Whereas the undead *take* essence when they *feed* in relation to *trauma*, demons *give* knowledge to *transform* themselves and others into demons when they *teach* ([source](#)).

True to form, then, the Gothic (and its kissing cousin, the Romantics) *routinely* wrestled/wrestle with Numinous/Sublime size difference, mid-fetish and convention/cliché; i.e., doing so in ways that people respond to as a conscious (to not-so-conscious) recognition of its own silliness *and* seriousness likewise forever being at war!

To it, the music in *Spinal Tap's* "[Stonehenge](#)" actually sounds—in this old metalhead's opinion, anyways—pretty fucking great instrumentally alongside fairly rote (on purpose) lyrics:

Stonehenge! Where the demons dwell
Where the banshees live and they do live well
Stonehenge! Where a man's a man
And the children dance to the Pipes of Pan

Hey!

Stonehenge! 'Tis a magic place
Where the moon doth rise with a dragon's face
Stonehenge! Where the virgins lie
And the prayers of devils fill the midnight sky

And you my love, won't you take my hand?
We'll go back in time to that mystic land
Where the dew drops cry and the cats meow [mew goes the void kitty]
I will take you there, I will show you how ([source](#): Genius).

It's not so different from Rush's "[Xanadu](#)" or Witchfynde's "[Leaving Nadir](#)" save that it's pointedly camping—"into the living rock," mid-Satanic-Panic—Coleridge's 1816 xenophobic-philic "Kubla Khan" (the latter romancing the conqueror and fetishizing nature while seemingly disavowing the Gothic as Coleridge loved to do). But also, the entire glorious mess can be enjoyed for the "true camp" of the dancing little people around the Lucky-Charms-sized monolith; i.e., one that both shrinks said Numinous per the usual liminal hauntologies *at* war and expands them through a different force than earnest worship (or horror/terror): a sincere *ribbing* of the whole counterfeit that still *flirts* with the *ghost* of said counterfeit as something to *tease*. "I think that the problem may have been that there was a Stonehenge monument on the stage that was in danger of being crushed by a *dwarf*, alright? That tended to understate the hugeness of the object!" Or, as Terry Gilliam once said, "It's only a model!"



Yet, like "Ozymandias," such things don't cancel each other out during the call of the void/wild (and its various interpretations; e.g., Lovecraft's fascist xenophobia)—can, in the same breath, be enjoyed separately and together in ways that *don't* worship the usual altars that self-serving men like

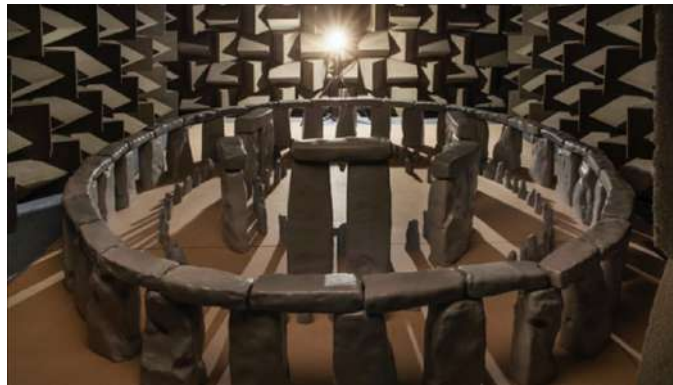
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The fairy monarch, for instance, remains a common method of gendering as an alternative to the heteronormative standard; i.e., the *fae*, *faer*, and *faers* neopronouns as something linguistically new (the trans movement of the 20th/21st centuries) tied to something quite old associated with drug-fueled methods of expanding⁴⁶¹ the mind tied to the imaginary past: the dark, drug-fueled forests of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but also Keats "Ode to Psyche"

"Yet even in these days so far retir'd
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,

Poe, Conrad, Lovecraft, or Scott, etc, did; i.e., the fearing of "druids" by knocking on wood to keep *them* at bay... or to invoke their ghostly memory and dance *with them* in the present space and time (those treated like druids *right now*). All part of the fun, kids! But also, there's a *science* behind it to appreciate, too:

Stonehenge might have not actually been an arena to watch guys in hooded robes and glitter eyeshadow act all otherworldly, but it did have killer acoustics. At least the way it was recently found to have been configured to amplify sound but still keep it inside defies the notion that no one knew how to achieve special effects during the Stone Age. University of Salford professor Trevor Cox and his research team worked backwards — instead of building a scale model of a future concert hall, they used the prehistoric gathering place to create such a model. The [Spinal Tap-size Stonehenge](#) they created could literally speak (or sing) of its secrets ([source](#): Elisabeth Rayne's " Stonehenge's Unreal, Real-Life Acoustics Would Have Impressed the Guys of Spinal Tap," 2020).



([ibid.](#))

Huh, no shit! "Yeah, science, bitch!"

In any event, canon retreats from the present to resist the learning of new things as detrimental to its *canonical* value; i.e., its ability to control workers. But for the iconoclast, this only *enhances* the experience, thus praxial potential *we* can work with, in the future! "Sex, drugs and rock 'n roll," babes! It's our Trojan Horse mirroring theirs save in function! Engagement and application to synthesize praxis are what matter! We're literally playing with the past to camp it, working with dead symbols, nerdy pretensions of grandeur and metaphor ("to break my fast on honeydew" speaking as much to sex and drugs as separate versus together); i.e., to achieve the *only* things that are sacred: universal human, animal and environmental rights! Give 'Em Hell, indeed, we're walking away from Omelas and into a stately pleasure dome Coleridge couldn't envision, no matter how much laudanum he took!

⁴⁶¹ Coleridge took laudanum; I get high on people, friendship, and sex. The virgin loser versus the Stacy trans an-Com!

Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
 I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspir'd.
 So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
 Upon the midnight hours;
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From swung censer teeming;
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
 Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
 Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:
 Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
 Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
 And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
 The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;" ([source](#)).

being something to carry into the present through new hauntologies; e.g., "The Cult of Dionysus" (2006)

Yesterday I heard you say
 Your lust for life has gone away
 It got me thinking, I think I feel a similar way
 And that's sad (that's sad)
 That's sad

So let's make a decision, start a new religion
 Yeah, we're gonna build a temple to our love
 Orgiastic dances, nymphs in trances
 Yeah, we'll be the envy of the gods above

I'm feeling devious
 You're looking glamorous
 Let's get mischievous
 And polyamorous
 Wine and women and wonderful vices
 Welcome to the cult of Dionysus
 We could take a Holiday in the month of May
 Run free and play in fields of flowers
 Pass the hours, making love is how we'll pray ([source](#))

likewise being neither here nor there, but something in between/without set place resurrected in the Internet Age; i.e., by using old, repurposed language for fresh, *nuanced* purposes: a "zombie fairy" if you will (or demon, ghost, whatever).

In keeping with the battles for such devices during the banality of evil/desk murder (re: Coleridge, footnote), such creative prurience might seem "excessive" relative to traditional, Western (Cartesian, settler-colonial and heteronormative) conventions; i.e., about sin and vice relayed as "ancient" derelicts to leave behind and find *again* (druids all the way down). But it isn't self-destructive the way the state commonly portrays inside the sphere of Capitalism's harmful influence; i.e., their idea of the silly kid's sex party until "reality sets in" (a false "waking up" that kills conscious class character in favor of "acting like an adult woman or man according to the WASP/nuclear family model as something to *restore*"). Instead, it's the envy of the "gods above," meaning the elite, who can only *feel* human when drinking more and more blood siphoned *from* workers *against* their will. So often, the traitor is a cuckoo assimilator raised in human captivity and reintroduced *back* into the wild (as Cipher was, among many others).

To *that*, let's provide some extra exhibits (six pages' worth) before giving sex education a deeper look: from the Aegis to the Medusa, neither came first but evolved into themselves and their current echopraxis!



(exhibit 52a: Artist, left: [Persephone van der Waard](#). The model wishes to remain anonymous. I'll call them Brutus. Fairies had a variety of spellings, such as "fairy" as much as "faerie," but also ties to a group of peoples and beliefs constantly under attack; i.e., struggling to survive genocide or resurrect themselves as zombies from it. From its earliest days of empire well into the present, then, the West has attacked and assimilated Celtic cultures [which includes their Paganized, Bacchanal pleasures; i.e., their festival variant of the disco, party or orgy]. The Romans raided Britain and fought the Picts; the English demonized the Irish; and the remainders of Celtic mythology survived in popular forms that were canonized or reinvented by

English-speaking authors after the native languages and cultures were destroyed in their natural forms. In short, they became romanticized, either through pure sexual escapism aimed uncritically at an endlessly consuming middle-class audience, or displacing it to a faraway fairyland to critique the actions of evil kings against a group of nature-dwelling peoples with magical powers [re: abjection].

During oppositional praxis, though, faeries also retain a "tricksy" nature; i.e., one assigned to them by the colonizers for being poorly behaved, but also vengeful; re: for not killing home rule with kindness. "Changelings" steal English babies and replace them with poorly behaved imposters that assimilate the conquering group out of desperation and spite. Some—like the bean sidhe "fairy woman"—are generally feared as a specific type of hag: a death omen to rehearse, then seduce/scare our enemies shitless [or at least enough that they don't rape us]!

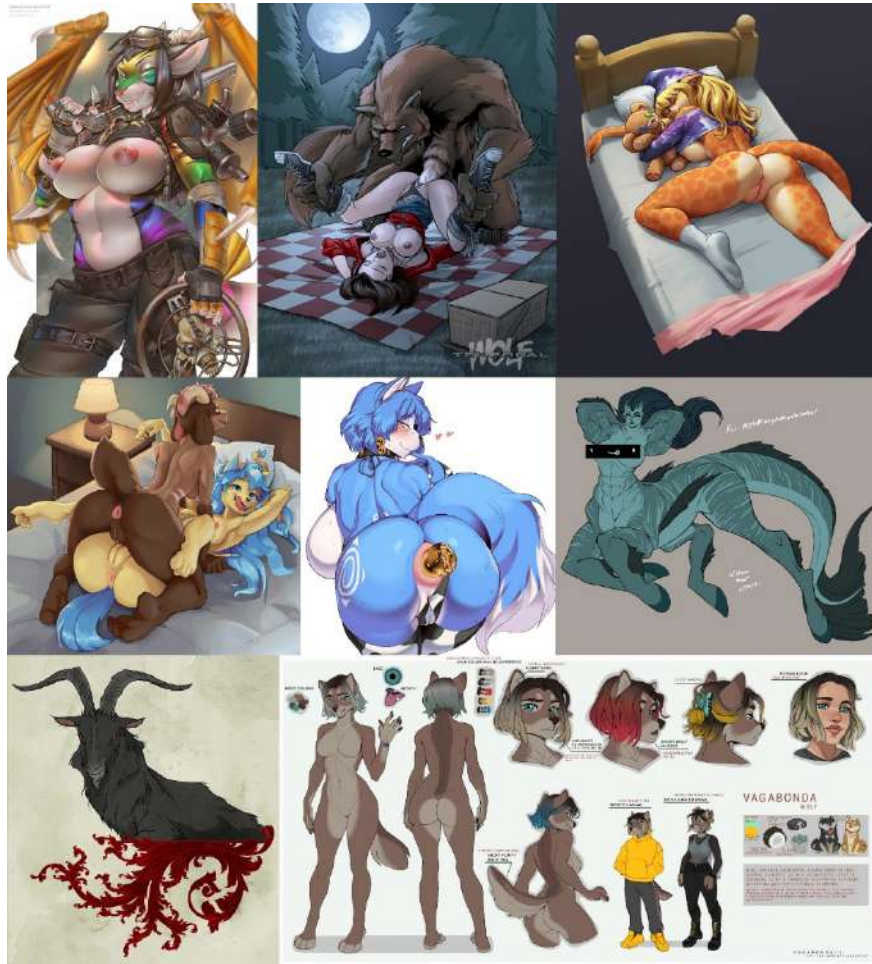


[[source](#): Christian Death's Catastrophe Ballet, 1988]

Such omens generally pervade Western canon through a canonical imagination that workers must reimagine inside of itself; i.e., from the fear-blinded eyes of terrified white straight women, onto trans versions and other intersections of privilege and oppression [Brutus was a trans man who stabbed me in the back]. Fascinated with the dark, savage past of an imaginary island that isn't strictly "theirs," these women see "their" home as occupied instead by dark animal spirits also popularized by men in a collective xenophobic effort; e.g., Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's 1902 "The Hound of the Baskervilles" or Charlotte Brontë's 1847 invention—through her famous protagonist, Jane Eyre—of the fictional "Gytrash." The "black dog" is an archetypal death omen; in regards to Brontë's dog demon, Mimi Matthews writes, the Gytrash is "a goblin or spirit which takes the form of a horse, mule, or large dog. Typically found in the North of England, the Gytrash 'haunted solitary ways' and often surprised unwary travelers as they journeyed alone in the dusk" [[source](#): "Jane Eyre and the Legendary Gytrash," 2015]. Similar ideas of the "lycanthrope" roadman can be found in Indigenous Cultures of Turtle Island/the Americas; i.e., with "dog soldiers" becoming a demonized source of fear for American colonizers, then and now.

In other words, the spirit of death, magic and vengeance characteristically haunts the frontiers of the "civilized" world from the Western perspective. This abject tradition certainly wasn't "new" by the time Brontë adopted it; Shakespeare had already demonized the Welsh enemies of Henry IV in his first [of many] historical play of the same name—i.e., infusing those outside the rapidly-forming English national identity as old, magical and dangerous, but also superstitious and backward, during us-versus-them; re: Harry kills his Welsh double.

In turn, the poetic duty of anyone subverting those mythologies remains the same: to avoid the ghost of the counterfeit's canonical usage; re: as an alluring fear of the imaginary past, while presenting nature to the modern world—not as something utterly alien or fearsome, but a liminal kind of self-expression with a variety of linguo-material forms speaking to alienation and fetishization serving worker interests during the whore's revenge. During ludo-Gothic BDSM, these can subsequently present as neopronouns, art, or both—and include myriad ways of seeing the world; i.e., as something to transform using older things that have since been reinvented in service of the oppressed or the oppressor dialectically-materially back and forth.

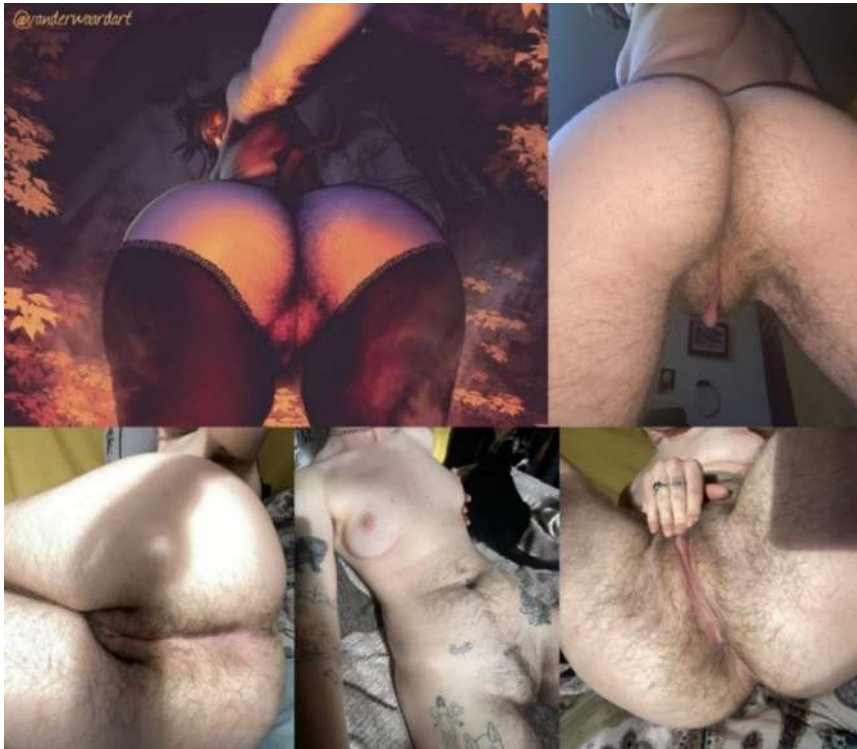


(exhibit 52b: Artist, top-left: [Miles DF](#); top-middle: [Temporal Wolf](#); top-right: [Olexy Oleg](#); middle-left: unknown; middle: unknown; middle-right and bottom-right: [Art Vagabonda](#); bottom-left: [Abigail Larson](#).)

The various styles of furies is infinitely broad, diverse, and ancient. Even in the Western world, legends the likes of chimeras, centaurs, satyrs and fawns date back to Ancient Greece—with "nymphomania" being tied to female sexuality as pathologized by Western men of reason [similar to "wandering womb" as a means

of infantilizing female desire; re: by tying it to abject bodies, hysterical minds and fickle emotions]. These ongoing oppressor mentalities [and their ancient canonical codes] may be reclaimed, commonly serving as a mode of existence and "Satanic," thus Paganized self-expression; i.e., that identify one-and-all with nature in visibly anthropomorphized ways: as its gay Gothic stewards!

Such rainbow flavors are thoroughly hybridized—can be militarized, fantastical, cutesy and/or alien. Indeed, many white women—trapped between the role of dutiful servant and benefactor of colonialism—will quickly turn to the nearest form of nature-as-alien to perform acts of rebellion against, as subjugated Amazons always do; i.e., the Christian devil actually being an abjecting of the alien colonized; e.g., Black Phillip from The Witch [2015, below]: "What dost thou want?" [re: "Darkness Visible: Dark Faeries"]. Again, demons are the classic granters of dark wishes, including a desire for revenge by living deliciously that liberates marginalized groups "of nature" from their overlords⁴⁶² by reclaiming sodomy as a weapon of terror that their self-appointed rulers cannot govern the ungovernable



with. To bear our Aegis as whores do is to riot against them—its call of the wild as a gloriously uneven gesture of veiled-to-unveiled compatibility!

[artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#). The model wishes to remain anonymous; I'll call them Siobhan]

As yet another hauntological Cartesian boogey[wo]man of the Western frontiers, more moderate forms of

feminism have straight white women using demonic imagery to piss off their male overlords, versus trying to venerate or clear the names of the usual symbols/recipients of stigma; i.e., defending their virtue from, or surrendering to,

⁴⁶² The film releases the daughter from Puritan bondage; i.e., by destroying the nuclear family model, but all while fearful of and fascinated towards the witch of the forest as a profoundly abject being: kill your family first, then live deliciously out in the dark forest beyond Capitalist Realism/Lacan's Real treating Marxism as contained in a post-Freudian Black Bubble!

the idealized form of evil during a conventionally sinful exchange [which translates to secularized forms during the Protestant ethic].

Yet, by simply existing in the material world, these same "suspects" invariably threaten Christendom and the West, thus can be specifically reclaimed as such by gender queer movements; i.e., transgressive as well as subversive, and patently designed to make the "good Christian, American" uncomfortable during their own moral panic. By making bigots "self-report" while overriding canonical stigma and bias, we read the room; i.e., by asking an audience we're seducing according to their own idea of rebellion as reclaimed by us, mid-seduction: "What dost thou want?" In turn, we respond to them, "To be the thing that my enemies fear while also enjoying myself as something dark, sexy and badass." Such is *Bottom's Dream*, and it paradoxically has and has not a bottom!



[artist: Siobhan]

To it, when I first approached Siobhan for my "Black Phillip" rendition, we played as one might in a grove with the fawn. Then I—struck with the fawn's dark love spell, afterwards—built a temple to their generous loving of me: to a dark god I didn't know but felt connected to, anyways! The model unfortunately disappeared shortly after the shoot, but they gave themselves willingly at the time; i.e., towards a cause I am proud to feature them inside, "as is." Truly their ass and pussy are the envy of the gods above! So fuzzy and wicked, we make Marx gayer and consciously visible by shedding Freud and his ilk [re: Lacan, Zizek, Creed, etc]!



[artist: Siobhan]

In other word, natural demons—as well as their secularized, so-called "Satanic" proponents—are GNC devices of sin, vice and guilt; i.e., that, in our campable

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hands similar to Matthew Lewis' own *Matilda* camping the canon—can threaten the heteronormative order to varying degrees of camp!)



(exhibit 52c1: Model and artist: [Drooling Red](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Dark forests also include swamps or lagoons [Grendel's mother living in an underwater cave beneath a lake] with which to engage with forbidden, oft-female or at least monstrous-feminine water spirits/nymphs. The habitats are dark and forsaken by God and God's cops, but also granting forbidden knowledge and pleasure offered up by nature-themed demons facing the cop and controlling them through sex: something that is invaded, chased

and hunted by Cartesian agents looking for the sh[!]ock of that tight Numinous squeeze.)

Body horror is a horror of nature and change in ways the state conditions people to dread. But through experiencing that change myself as concurrent with others *I* have played with undergoing similar events, I can attest to the joy of such things; i.e., to be a god and know it, as Siobhan and Red showcase so happily. But also, we do it to *have* boundaries; i.e., setting those up during the cryptonymy process: as suitably revolutionary in *our* gay Satanic hands, a play-within-a-play (camped since Shakespeare's rude mechanicals, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*).

I'd say Percy Shelley would approve, but I'm not sure he's gay enough! The fact remains, Satan *is* cool, and all who fear us also love us in bad faith; i.e., in ways we can rub in *their* faces, meaning behind barriers they can never *cross*: flashing those in power *with* power as they try to pimp the devil *they're* dancing with! Except, if you can't empathize with us, at least we can fleece you before returning to outer space after cruising for sex (or food, money and other things)!

To rebel, then, is to showcase mutual consent when giving up a piece of the pie; i.e., doing so in ways they can't actually taste or take, save in ways that sex workers control behind barriers that give *them* the ability to play and have fun: while getting what *they* need to survive! *All* are sexy when challenging profit during the whore's revenge in spite of persecution mania! "If we spirits have offended," then good; fuck you, hahaha! Furthermore, such things speak to development as a

liminal task, one whose work is never done! Gods have to fight for their recognition, and they love tributes (cum or otherwise), mid-transformation and -exchange!



(artist: Siobhan)

To summarize Cartesian revolution and nature vs the state as we have covered it here, the entire natural *class* of monsters—furries, chimeras, and fairies, etc—can teach us forbidden or denied ways of thinking about sex that *don't* harm anyone, but *are* invariably framed as "dangerous" by the status quo; re: "sex, drugs and

rock 'n roll"; i.e., according to *their* queer/pornographic elements as sexually animal-like, primitive/transgressive, undead and/or demonic, and drug-themed opiate bread-and-circus for the masses:

- mutually consensual "breeding" (the threat of impregnation without the consequence, but also with forbidden mates)
- "flashing" (to show that which is taboo, thus dangerous to expose)
- and HRT (exhibit 52g) as a kind of "potency boost" to the body/mind and the sex *it* has as animalistic

To play with fire, in the Faustian or Promethean sense, then, is to canonically threaten getting burned unto the *demonized*, thus blaming the whore *as* they're policed for Original Sin ("sex is perditious, but also, humans are reprobate and *supposed* to deny gratuitous excess; i.e., in pursuit of a Puritan ethic," which the whore's "almost holy" temple severs the bond between man and God to liberate by communion *with* dark forces that transform us *back* into what capital stole *from* us). Yet, play as a riotous element can paradoxically induce/control labor (so to speak): as something to regain orgasmically through the same anisotropic mode's epidural. Such is ludo-Gothic BDSM minus the big fucking needle to the back!

Whatever the form, all speak to/with that primal, Numinously rough stuff that can make the sex absolutely out-of-this-world; i.e., anatomy lessons tied to our animalized selves haunted by medicalized trauma, including our body and bodily fluids—our cum, saliva and lubrication, etc—but also our body hair and sex organs as innate parts of our biological selves theatrically worshipped in "monster parties" set to rock 'n roll/metal: as something to fuck *to*, Salem's lot abjected by Cartesian thought save as ghosts of the counterfeit (most men have no idea where the clitoris is or how to stimulate it, for example; e.g., in grad school when I was still in the closet, Zeuhl literally had to grab my hand and "stab" their clit with my

fingers like a fucking treasure map: "This is where *my* clit is. Right. Here!" How seditious).

Now that we've looked at some extra examples of animalizing sex work, remember that our focus remains on humanizing sex workers through the Gothic mode's decidedly *queer* lens. This chapter addresses trans, non-binary and intersex chattel stigmas *during* oppositional praxis—pointedly its sex education as good and/or bad relative to nature as something to damn or rescue; i.e., "groomer" panic as something to defend ourselves *from* while identifying with various stigma animal combinations like the snake, wasp, spider and bat, but also the minotaur (or something akin to a minotaur) as something for manly heroes to canonically slay during a warrior's rite of passage we subvert, onstage and off (exhibit 51d, next section): mid-furry-panic.

As such, we shall also consider how trauma can subvert the heteronormative mythic structure when expressed by demons of the natural world; i.e., as walking castle-in-the-flesh elements of chaos—especially when merging totems with undead and demon language: as a chaotic force, death being a part of nature, but also having an expressly material function in human culture as aligned with or *against* nature; re: in hauntological, drug-like forms during acid Communism fostering radical empathy as a matter of dark reclamation *towards* what has *been* lost. If fascism is radical *apathy* through its own Gothic poetics (monsters, magic and drug use), then Communism is radical *empathy* (towards the alien) upending such devices by reversing abjection—all to reclaim everything capital takes *from* us in the bargain by stressing an animal connection from start to finish!

Furries, for example, are a recent attempt by those in the modern world to find a sense of shared togetherness, humanity and common aims; i.e., inside a material existence expressing the natural world as something to reunite *with* based on older animal mythological standards that, for all intents and purposes, are functionally extinct in their native forms.



(artist: [Evul](#))

In turn, the same reunion with, and revival of, the past as bound to nature as a monstrous-feminine alien fairy whore—which already includes space aliens (e.g., the Twi'lek from *Return of the Jedi*, left, being something to fuck after Luke kills the monster and for which she takes *his* power)—also includes *all* the totemic demon forms we shall outline/examine moving forwards. Just as the elite transform the natural world, animals and

chattelized workers to suit *their* class material interests, human workers can reclaim this power of animalistic expression and transformation to move beyond Capitalism; i.e., as the Great Destroyer not just of workers, but of the natural world and *everything* inside it (no classic reductionism, *Marx*).

To it, Capitalism is unstable by design; it decays and rapes by design, sexualizing and alienating everything. We challenge *that* on the Aegis, having *our* monstrous-feminine revenge, including its violent, terrifying sex and shapes forcing capital's hand, in the bargain; i.e., it can't compete with our labor if we take said labor back *from* them. They obscure their fetishes as a means of prolonging capital, covering up what translates in feudal language to impostor syndrome haunting the family tree; we expose those in ways that thwart profit and validate us independent of such structures: no assimilation. Instead, the trauma they give us becomes a weapon we give *back*; i.e., like the Skeksis and Deet, Kagero and the tornado golem, or Victor and the Creature, and many others. Issuing hot discharge/Santorium, only to abscond with their vanity/diminish their capacity to cause harm and leave them with a hot mess to clean up!

For something the state rejects, then, Hell is what they need as a matter of argument; i.e., as something to reject yet claim while rejecting it in a *subjugated* state of grace. Requiring their students play in it to pimp it, they go into our traps eager and blind, and that is where we get *them* good (with pussies like steel traps, below). She succ, the green fairy woman clapping back to drink your milkshake, Captain Kirk! "You're terminated, fucker!" But also, so veiny in its tumescent vacillation! A palliative Numinous to impulsively plunge into! Macaroni in a pot!



(artist: [Evul](#))

**Call of the Wild, part two: Dark Xenophilia; or, "Far Out, Dude!"
Monster-fucking and Magic Girls Helping Foster Dark Radical
(Communist) Empathy During Healthy Sex Education (for Children
and Young Adults into Adulthood)**

"She's not like other girls, Booger!" / "Why, does she have a penis?" [maybe, you stupid creep]

—Harold and Booger, *Revenge of the Nerds* (1984)

The remainder of this chapter is composed of two parts, each concerned with a particular aspect of totemic demonology as a dark xenophilic means of relating to nature or expressing it in a queer fashion tied to nature; i.e., as being "like a good (or bad, depending on the drugs/trauma) acid trip," permanently altering us by taking us *outside* Plato's cave; re: Communism's dark radical *empathy* versus capital's dark radical *apathy* during good vs bad sex education *with* monsters: monster-fucking and magical affinity wielded by the traditional and hauntological guardians of nature reclaiming these devices *from* the guardians of Capitalism, Cartesian thought and profit. It matters because without the Earth as our home, we're ultimately colonizing and destroying the very place (and people, flora and fauna) that make up what we need to live. Men cannot eat gold, or digest what they treat *like* gold.



(exhibit 52c2: *Poltergeist II: the Other Side* [1987] pits the same white family against a ghost of colonialism—this time played by Father Kane/the Beast that manages to abject said sins onto

Indigenous cultures and Pagan belief systems during a War on Drugs with all the usual double standards/exceptions for the White Man; i.e., Father Kane—an allusion to Cain and Able from the Bible and Beowulf—speaks seemingly to Mormonism, the Jehovah's Witnesses and other "radical's racial" forms of Puritanism [an American religion; re: the Mayflower Puritans]. Except, the movie treats the false preacher as a witch-in-preacher's clothing [an inversion of Matthew Lewis' Monk subterfuge]: an infiltrator of the normal American family's home, drawn to their Christ-like child's "pure spirit" as something to forcefully invade/rape [who would die in real life in 1988 from cardiac arrest caused by septic shock due to a congenital birth defect of the intestines. By comparison, the actor playing Kane was already dying of cancer when the film was shot—diagnosed in 1983 with stomach cancer and dying in 1985 before shooting was finished].

To survive, the white family find "common ground" with a Native American; i.e., the latter who basically serves as White Man's Yoda during Red Skin, White Masks. It's very appropriative, turning the Indigenous character into "the help" and the false preacher into a witch to whitewash Puritanism, and speaking through mysticism, drug use and vision quests that apologize for the Protestant ethic and Manifest

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Destiny as a whole. It's horrid, but the monster is the best part of the movie; i.e., doubling for Vampire Capitalism's dead labor feeding on living labor to turn the little girl into an old man without getting physically bigger—it's frankly great!)

But also, we desperately need to shy away from cultural appropriation and nuclear superiority (above) by treating drug use and Indigenous cultures not simply as things to imbibe during Capitalist Realism—i.e., as upheld by the process, which furthers abjection when chasing the usual *dragons* of the counterfeit; re: *Poltergeist II*'s continuation of *Spielberg's* tokenized run, crystallizing Capitalist Realism under a *Protestant* ethic (with Giger being hired to design the Freudian reverse-Genesis scene because of course he fucking was)—but to consume in ways that see *beyond* said Realism, and in ways demonstrably conducive to Gothic-Communist development: by *reversing* said abjection through the same surreal pathways conjuring up relationships of power that *are* friendly to us and those we summon; e.g., *Puff* the magic dragon (from 1978, below) someone to befriend in more ways than one (often through regressive states of mind under the influence of excited emotions *and* drugs)...



Such heroic/monstrous things "of the gods" are haunted by drug *abuse* tied to war trauma, Paganism (mysticism/shamanism) and child abuse/disassociation and imaginary friends, which we *won't* have time to explore, save by expressing a desire to *use* drugs (and sex, monsters) as a *responsible* conduit of acclimating *children* to the Gothic; i.e., as sex education that, in the *wrong* hands, easily becomes fear-and-dogma propaganda that rapes nature (and those of it) all over again, thus alienates/fetishizes workers in all the usual ways *from* an early age: leading to the above criminogenic factors.

*Note: I'm also not a habitual drug-user but have dated my fair share (e.g., *Jadis* used to drink, *Cuwu* smoked weed like a chimney and *Bay's* a wizard when it comes to that shit). I've also studied the British Romantics and similar poets/artists, who happily abused drugs (e.g., *Blake*, *Coleridge*, *Rimbaud* and *Jim Morrison*, who we'll look at here), as well as anti-war art either implied (re: *Walpole's Capitalocene*) or overt (re: *Goya*) during Gothic surrealism; i.e., informed by ancient-to-medieval drug users, such as *Ovid* and *Shakespeare*. We'll only have time to briefly outline them, here, and I'll be sticking to more prominent examples to save time. —Perse*

- **Part one: "Monster-Fucking and Furry Panic, from Ace to Ass":** Delves further into *undead* qualities of natural monsters, expressing "monster-fucking" and dark xenophilia as a potentially ace-yet-pornographic form of sex-positive education: featuring lycans, chimeras, and sentient animals to

cope with trauma that is often something to live with; i.e., furry panic; e.g., Dario Argento's "Pelts" (2006), Erika Eleniak from *Under Siege* (1989), *Sonic the Hedgehog* (1991) and Pippi Longstocking.



(artist: [TMFD](#))

- **Part two: "Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit"; or Magic, Drugs and Acid Communism" (feat. the Monstrous-Feminine of Magic Girls, Unicorns and Xenomorphs):** Applies the same dark xenophilic logic to explore sex(-positive) education (from children to adults) through *demons* and acid Communism; i.e., spells and drugs, featuring the transformative monstrous-feminine of magic girls, unicorns and xenomorphs; e.g., *Sailor Moon*, *The Last Unicorn*, *Nimona* and *Alien* (among others). A witch is a witch, but which witch will *you* be? We'll consider this question, too, *vis-à-vis* GNC ideologies from an ideological and morphological standpoint; re: "the trans, intersex and non-binary mode of being" as tied to older dead cultures and andro/gynodiversity in Gothic art, before closing things out with an exploration of radical drug use and revolution per Mark Fisher's acid Communism inside capitalist hauntologies (which then segues into the rebirth of the Communist mind in dead capitalist retro-future spaces, figuratively the shopping mall of the zombie apocalypse).

"Good sex education through monster sex and drugs?" you say? Fret not; we'll unpack things during this opening before diving in, but will be conversational as we go—i.e., covering a wide swath of patchwork elements; e.g., *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood*, *The Matrix*, *The Life and Death of Peoples Temple*, etc; i.e., with a central theme of dark empathy amid theatres of trauma and rejection, tying everything together as a matter of performance.

Note: When discussing Jonestown, we will be showing footage stills from the 2006 Life and Death documentary, which contains images of actual dead people. —Perse

So while "monster-fucking" *is* the mutually consensual act of fucking monsters of *any* type, **part one** frankly considers monster-fucking as an erotic enterprise; i.e., happening through totemic demons like lycanthropes (aka furies), chimeras and sentient animals, but also magical spirits like fairies that exist in relation to nature, sexuality and gender expression as fundamentally queer (we'll explore their ace side in Volume Three). Communism *is* queer because its radical empathy challenges heteronormativity thus Patriarchal Capitalism's established order *through* anisotropic drug use (and sex/ancient theatre emulating drug use).

Queerness, though not *inherently* pornographic, tends to be *closer* to sexuality (re: Reznor); i.e., as something that *is* openly expressed *without* shame, thus liberated *from* heteronormativity's rigid, colonial binary and the state's abject treatment of gender and sex: outside of state-ordained marriage, hence *its* valorizing of war/rape and the sexually dimorphic gender roles associated with these interlinked activities' reactive abuse. In particular, part one will explore furies as a criminalized *class* of natural demons living *under* the status quo; i.e., inside its usual states of exception, which drug use exposes; re: furry panic and those who suffer under/escape from *its* exploitation all the time (as theatre nerds do, on and offstage, in weirdly iconoclastic nerdy acts of such things versus their canonical doubles)!

In doing so, we'll be touching on the state's deliberate tendency to associate its own victims "of nature" with hard drugs and sex abuse/work, mid-DARVO, which *we* disassociate *from* trauma *with* drugs as having a 1-to-1 comparison: hard drugs means hard emotions tied to hard trauma and time, etc; e.g., like Nic Cage chasing a bigger and bigger high in *Mandy* after his wife is killed by the biker cult (re: "[Mandy, Homophobia and the Problem of Futile Revenge](#)," 2024); i.e., echoes of middle-class pearl-clutching from Wes Craven's *Last House on the Left* (1972) and Charlie Manson's warping of the Beatles' "Helter Skelter" (1968), themselves being a fascist inversion of revolutionary action—one whose apathy *during* class war punches up in admittedly cult-like, thus predatory ways: turning *to* cults, drugs and orderly prison-like places of concealment to *escape* capital's usual systems of inequity and harm. People don't join cults to *get* raped; they do so to *escape* rape and rape finds them afterwards, far *away* from home (re: "[Magic Man](#)")!

In short, we're abused in situations where drug use *is* criminogenic, and turn *to* drugs (or poetry as drug-like) in ways that romantically and cryptonymically subvert our *own* harm *during* acid Communism; i.e., as a forever process of chasing our own tails, thus seeking a way *out* of Capitalist Realism while, in the same breath, chasing our collective generational trauma (and sexual predators) down, solo or as a pack: the revenge *of* the abused—already gaslit and infantilized by their abusers' army of enablers keeping up appearances—cutting the abuser off from *future* prey inside a particular hunting grounds dancing with monsters.

This larger *cryptomimetic* process occupies the usual half-real, dialectical-material gradient. The Radcliffean children from *It* or *Stranger Things*, for example, have a signature revival of neo-*conservative* elements, but also Tarantino's (surprise, surprise) Hollywood whitewash romancing *of* the usual white sexist men/spaghetti-Western Orientalism—the latter doing so not only to demonize *Bruce Lee* while celebrating Brad Pitt (the former a relatively privileged Asian actor who fought *for* worker rights in Hollywood/taught martial arts to people *outside* his own ethnic group, the latter a gentrified leading white man for Tarantino since *Basterds*), but also to attack Free Love as, fair enough, not totally without *need* of criticism; re: *its* selling out from positions of *relative* privilege (re: Tom Taylor's

"[Steely Dan vs John Lennon](#)" but also Jim Morrison, the latter who we'll examine more in part two), as well as discount its *own* predation *on* vulnerable parties while recruiting from/slumming drugs and sex to expand their *own* spheres of influence, onstage *and* off.



To it, white moderacy apologizes *for* systemic rape by scapegoating criminogenic elements, which is what fascism *and* Communism are; i.e., recipients of American kayfabe's moral superiority/panic sweeping its *own* complicit, guilty role in genocide: through centrist violence/persecution mania presenting and preserving the very side that enjoys such benefits to begin with, then going on to abject real-life examples by cryptonymically *replicating* them.

Tarantino, then, was and is a rape apologist who *other* rape apologists apologized *for* while ranking rape *themselves* (re: Ebert, "[Summoning the Whore](#)"). Rape apologia more broadly attempts to separate the art from the artist, or vice versa; e.g., people cried *for* Sharon Tate—the kept Madonna of child rapist Roman Polanski (re: [Dreading](#)), and who didn't deserve to get murdered—while she *and* they ignored the class character of these crimes *before* Tate's preventable death; i.e., capital causes rape by design because its divisions feed *off* rape as something to *perpetuate* into fiction as a gaslight/whitewash during the cryptonymy process furthering abjection; re: Polanski making a meal out of Tate's death with his own X-rated *Macbeth* (1971) carrying the idiot's tale *into* fiction, followed by Jane Fonda's *onscreen* death in *Chinatown* (1974) likewise being a film that self-reports—one where the guilty investigate themselves *by proxy*: "She *should* have died hereafter"! Cops defend capital and present themselves as "of the people," but they're not; they cannibalize them from *centrist* veneers/rape pastiche.



To it, innocence is the *first* casualty of rape, but it is *not* the last and doesn't die with one set/cycle of victims; it *cryptomimetically* goes on and on, the proof in the pudding! So while a whitewash *is* a whitewash, Polanski used Nicholson (a famous Hollywood womanizer) to whitewash his own abuse, onscreen and off (re: his 1973 rape of Samantha Geimer [happening at Nicholson's own house](#) *before* the two men even made *Chinatown*); i.e., *both* men were the Pygmalion molding an underage Galatea into their dutiful apologist through a Radcliffean whitewash (the cops essentially investigating themselves). They suck, and however petty it is to root for Ozymandias buying the farm, I happily await *their* imminent deaths (Nicholson is 87 and Polanski is 91); i.e., I'll drag both your shriveled pathetic corpses like Mussolini in the streets! You both suck and deserve nothing short of total exposure!

And while there's a general power imbalance that *needs* to be recognized, here, the moment a victim shields a victimizer *from* criticism and consequence (or

partakes of rape, themselves, through "prison sex" rituals), they become complicit, too; re: Polanski was a Holocaust survivor ([source](#): "Mateusz Szczepaniak's "How Roman Polanski Hid during the Holocaust," 2019); i.e., in a larger system that has protected powerful men like him through their own victims since Black Penitents and the Middle Ages into second wave feminism, Zionism and similar tokenized betrayals.

I'd say to these jackals, "shame on you," but such women think they're the *only* victims in the world (as do the man they're protecting/exploiting *for his* power as angels of mercy circling a corpse). They suck, and being victims of rape *doesn't* make you exempt from raping others by enabling your rapist *boss* (the allure of the Manson gang *being* a devilish wish fulfillment where the rich are eaten by *proxy* revenge): these are *not* gods, but boy do they sure *act* like it! Security trumps long-term wellness, for such cops, and the worst offenders of rape apologia are white women policing the whore for the pimp. Witch cops! Traitors! I hope you never know a moment's rest, the lot of you! A pox on you to rival Metallica's (admittedly awesome) "[Creeping Death](#)" (1984)! "So *let* it be written, so *let* it be done! Let my people go!" you vultures! The pharaohs had nothing on TERFs and the bourgeoisie; e.g., not just Tilda Swinton—the androgynous muse of gay postpunk, Derek Jarman—but Eva Greene, below, sullyng her own memory by protecting the old rapey grandpa. Gross!



([source](#): Sky News' "Roman Polanski sex assault victim Samantha Geimer urges judge to end 40-year case," 2017)

That's the smoke and mirrors of *showbiz* selling *itself* as such. Jonestown, by comparison, becomes a place where the oppressed mysteriously went to, and were consequently led astray by a false preacher/missionary (the showbiz of the ancient world surviving out of the medieval under a Protestant ethic); i.e., a self-*righteous* lothario-in-disguise who preyed on them after those in power had *already* turned their backs on these same people: the disposed and homeless/housing challenged, who *Jim Jones* murdered through *his* infamous murder-suicide pact, in 1978; re: "drinking the Kool-Aid" to play at Socrates (they used cyanide instead of hemlock, but the effect was the same), then calling it "revolution," postmortem, and which the *media* would paint with a Red-Scare brush. All to demonize a desire *for* rebellion while apologizing for and continuing *state* hegemony/abuse afterwards, white/token moderates would lament the cries of the dead: "Let all the tales of this People's Temple be told." From Lewis' Bleeding Nun to said gospel of corpses, they reach forwards to speak of the hypnotic and seductive modes of discourse that push-pulled them together *and*

apart. They united seemingly together but, at the same time, were alienated and frightened in their final hours on Earth.



And that includes the cries of their dead and dying (source: *Jonestown: The Life and Death of People's Temple*, 2006; [timestamp](#): 1:14:50). Why *might* they have gone to the ends of the Earth/fallen victim to a white conman who preyed on the weak and vulnerable; e.g., women and people of color as political radicals having offshot and held over from the Free Love/Civil Rights period, driven to seclusion and suicide after Vietnam as a matter of predation in South America as the usual frontier for such things? Bear in mind, they killed the children first so the adults would follow *without* storming the gunmen. Shit's heavy.

And their dying screams *will* haunt you, but you *should* listen to them, anyways, because one day if we do not, *our* cries will *mirror* theirs when Elon Musk marches *us* off to the camps. Capital cannibalizes through tiered revenge arguments; i.e., those closer to the fires *helping* burn nature to ashes to warm the bourgeoisie: by scrambling to first avoid it, and then give into the purifying blaze after they've betrayed *their* friends. One of the worst casualties of abuse is *questioning* empathy—my own empathy something I question during the gaslight as stuck inside me; i.e., why was I *not more* like those raping me; re: put into a position of self-harm, we rape our own minds: "suffer the little children unto me!"

I don't normally show actual corpses in my own work, but for witnessing and understanding their trauma and struggle to *be* heard, I will make an exception: "Remember that you have to die!" So learn from the dead to prevent what they were fighting against, to start with. Let it become a thing of the past to learn from; i.e., unburied testimonies that more cowardly and apathetic souls will scapegoat others to avoid gazing upon (the Medusa): comorbid or congenital, the results of capital are always the same! This is *not* unusual, but an everyday event that—even in small fragments thereof—threatens to drive us mad, mid-rapture. The mind, to protect itself, will shut out the killing fields' unburied dead; so does Capitalist Realism do the same to pervert *its* laborers until they are chosen to die. To survive, we must operate unintuitively through emergent observation, the dead exacting a heavy toll that, for me, gives me strength to help those harmed from any crusade, children's or otherwise! Empathy for/as the alien is our superpower! And I draw strength from the wretched:



So why did Jonestown happen? Because capital and its rape apologia, which is something I investigate through a palliative Numinous that *doesn't* preclude madness and pain. To empathize is to *feel* pain; i.e., with the

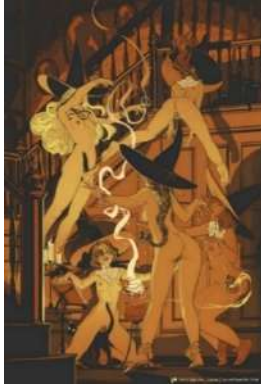
world as slowly dying *en masse*. The fact remains, women (and other vulnerable groups) historically-materially sleep with powerful men *to survive* (for food, shelter and cash, but also positions of power over other women and marginalized groups; re: Carter). Jones merely capitalized on it to deify himself as a Second Coming.

Except, those with *more* privilege inside a prison will blame the whore *for* sleeping with the suspicious individuals—as if the women themselves *didn't* know what they were doing! While repressed guilt and awareness do happen, survival is generally a Faustian bargain where you *consciously* have no other options. Indeed, it's a circuitous blame game—one where centrism and *its* moral teams/failings selectively employ DARVO obscurantism to *hide* the fact that America was, and has always been, a settler colony/police state. Under it, rapists can only fail up (re: canceling is a myth), women more prone to fight exposure because they've betrayed their fellow oppressed during spurious rape allegations (re: Federici). Such is the Holocaust as simply being profit at work on multiple registers.

So while assimilation *is* poor stewardship, rape is the *opposite* of stewardship; i.e., which, under historical-material cycles of reactive abuse, those who *seem* good/call themselves good to avoid criticism seldom are, and those who seem oppressed can *be* oppressed and still prey *on* others (the church of so-called "law and order" being its own mind prison/menticide factory on which to feast on workers, as cops do, above): the *false* Morpheus or Hades less kidnapping Persephone, outright, and more installing a neon-lit "Come and Get It" sign during perfidious sanctuary (re: Lewis' cabin in the woods, but those bandits among the refugees targeting the poor instead of the well-to-do, the former easier to abuse).

So while *all* monsters are made by capital the system's historical-material divisions/fractal recursion, the whole point of acid Communism is to reclaim such devices *for* development *demasking* cops—including token cops and charlatans—as class, culture and race *traitors* poisoning the well (rape as a terror weapon, but also monsters and drugs; e.g., the lycanthrope as a sexual deviant). Empathy doesn't preclude persecution turned on its head, but we *must* challenge profit or suffer the consequences like those at Jonestown. Tarantino and Green "cry" for them daily!

Even so, the fact remains that we practicing witches (and similar marginalized groups on intersectional rungs of mistreatment) *can't* get close to nature without broaching to what *made* it alien and furious to begin with: drugs, but also paradoxically places of play installed *for* drug use and regressively Paganized sex during ludo-Gothic BDSM investigating our abusers acting in bad faith; i.e., where no obvious trauma *currently* is, but cryptonymically serves up a kind of "dead supper" to where trauma previously *was*—meaning in a chronotopic, fourth-dimensional and trippy/phantasmagorical sense: riding out nightmares like a witch on her broom, communing with the Great Mother (someone furious, who we love and feel a great sadness for when *she* is raped by the colonizer); e.g., myself and Bay communing across vast gulfs of space-time to find empathy and connection while battling for the fate of the planet through rape victims' uncovered



testimony married to our own! Consider this our take on Tchaikovsky's already super-gay and drug-infused "[Dance of the Sugarplum Fairy](#)" (1892) cracking *deez* nuts!

(artist: [Winton Kidd](#))

Anyone who apologizes for rape—any rape at all—is a bigot/cop raping an Omelas child; anyone who clutches their pearls at reading *The Monk* (and similar veins of exposure) is *also* a cop, thus a rapist by proxy apologizing for said rape (re: Coleridge)! Puritans gonna Puritan, the pilgrims/pioneers of an endless holocaust we must escape nerdily through sex, drugs and rock 'n roll's transformative frontier jouissance during persecution mania and subterfuge!

The Wisdom of the Ancients, then, is always of a space of play hauntologized for "ancient" animal theatre; i.e., with medieval and intersectional persecution language to *escape* capital by camping *its* canon; e.g., Link and the Triforce, chasing the whore (the Twilight Princess, below) and using Zelda as a beard to a frankly much-more-fun imp, Midna (and *her* oscillating betwixt transient and final forms for which no ideal version exists). Cryptonymy is dualistic, hence goes both ways: communicating through the paradox of escape haunted by shadows of rape, alienation and fetishized sacrifice (surrender) giving us power in the real world: "She tall! She thicc!"



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

To it, the idea walks as much a tightrope between predator/prey half-real media between or of two (or more) worlds, but also *addiction* (of sex, music, theatre and/or drugs); i.e., as something to foster/speak to in animalized forms of danger and delight: we *don't* owe our captors squat, and can make the illustration of *mutual consent* during praxial synthesis supplying an addictive *hermeneutic* that engenders good education as dialogic; i.e., when addressing overtly chemical addiction versus porn and social addiction (towards power), these being the dialectic of shelter and the alien's carrot-and-stick as dangled in front of us by white moderates as much as reactionaries; re: Malcolm X's wolf much less concerned with *appearing* good than foxes (centrists) do, and both reactionaries *and* moderates being just as hungry in their shared voracious weaponization of cryptonymy—always of such things abused against workers "of nature" within the colonial binary's various exceptions and double standards!

Camping *that* absolutely matters, and it happens where canon does; i.e., during holistic liminal expression anisotropically reversing terror/counterterror to empower workers during dialectical-material struggle invested in such things: we're

the avatar who can be for capital or not using the same basic aesthetics of power and death, hero and whore, rape and "rape" (above)!

That's part one, in a nutshell *and* unpacked; **part two** explores *some* of the "magic girl" personas attached to natural demons/acid Communism, but also the trauma *they* face as queer educators working *with* policed materials; i.e., canonical magic, music, sex and drugs that transform those who *are* queer into increasingly suitable forms of sacrifice that capital can/will market and sell; re: antagonizing nature as monstrous-feminine by putting it (and its bio-power) *cheaply* to work through prostitute/pimp refrains (where the best revenge is the whore subverting the pimp's dreams, mid-paradox-of-terror and -rape)!

To be clear in my intention, the "magic" class obviously includes a panoply of male, female, and intersex wizards and witches of various genders and anthropomorphism—all interacting with nature through a wide performative array of fantastical beings, playful roles and illicit substances: fairies, furies, and unicorns as nature-oriented, magical forms of genderqueer "perpetual bachelor/spinster" expression per Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism; but also the undead-occult variants enraged by or suffering from colonial traumas. There's just no conceivable way to list them all (or their revolutionary chatter), requiring *some* degree of generalization (thus abstraction) to talk about two warring hyperobjects; re: Capitalism and Communism chasing a *dualistic* Numinous while *ranking* rape (what Bacon, Descartes and their cartography divided between Nature vs Society as a means of conquering the former by the latter and calling it "progress").

The state is straight, nature a queer whore for it *to* pimp, and one whose pimping we must camp (during the whore's dark revenge); i.e., to thrive *and* survive on such staged (cryptonymic) artificial wilderness, from Matthew Lewis onwards! Behold the sweet, sweaty terror of a false Madonna exposing the state as inhumane: mighty Alruna's Venus fly-snatch, loaded with honey to catch prey to play with and eat for different hauntological, animal-masquerade reasons (a "trap" in more ways than one, if you feel me; i.e., bourgeois prey versus proletarian "prey" in the same overarching predation dialogs masking rebellion in animal prostitution)!



(artist: [Winton Kidd](#))

On an increasingly darkening path/Promethean Quest subverting the monomyth, then, part two will progress from total innocence, leading into experiences that become increasingly animalized and drug-like. It will begin with the bright, sparkling "magic girl" genre in *Sailor Moon* (which is centralized in an urban, "city pop" environment). From there, we'll move onto other monstrous-feminine's own dark powers of forbidden love speaking to rape differently than *Sailor Moon* does—Lady Amalthea's complicated journey as a non-human, *shapeshifting* animal in *The Last Unicorn*,

before ending on the most transgressive, undead and drug-like of the three sex demons; re: the xenomorph being an Archaic Mother demon lover/killer baby but also a GNC mode of trans(gressive), intersex, and non-binary ancient animal theatre masks, kayfabe, and *Amazonomachia* mid-courtship/calculated risk during ludo-Gothic BDSM's own frontier revolutionary cryptonymy reversing abjection/profit as an anisotropic rape process (the Sphinx dooming Oedipus Rex)!

In both sections, then, we'll also identify the patriarchal, "orderly" forces that hunt and tame nature's historically female/monstrous-feminine persona; i.e., using colonial, thus prosecutorial violence (re: blood libel, sodomy and witch hunts) through Man Box heroes/tokens who hammer its dark outliers into increasingly acceptable, "useful" forms of submission: pimping the mysterious mother!

To that, we'll consider how

- these hunters demonize the drug-like, transformative effects that beings of or aligned with nature manifest as a kind of "double method": queer representation *and* sex-positive education. The status quo will repress both through violence by demonizing drug-users and animalized practitioners of magic as chattel/vermin to tame, hunt and kill (thus concentrate and exterminate through tokenized, fish-in-a-barrel farming methods).
- the hunted components of nature and how they—including their injured, angry and black, undead-supernatural variants like the xenomorph, but also more strictly organic and animalistic demons like the furry as equally stigmatized—must be reclaimed and subverted from the tamers of nature (token or not); i.e., to restore our holistic bond *with* nature, moving forward.

Part one will examine the furry as demonized/fetishized by the state; part two, will explore the canonical demonization of queer sex education through natural rituals and magic-/drug-themed heroes; re: ranging from the magic girls previously mentioned—witches and the unicorn, but also the xenomorph as hunted and killed by the status quo's *idea* of virgin/whore nature: a subservient, purified "natural" order whipped into shape *by* weird canonical nerds chasing darkness.

Revolution isn't clean, then, but a spectacular mess. Chaos, as something to subsequently define, becomes bottled up, twisted by agony during a *naturalized* process—that of violence during the Hero's Journey as commodified in defense of the state; it's only released through unironic violence in canonical forms, and subverted during empathetic rituals—of workers bound up with nature through humanizing procedures of social acceptance and love (sex)—in iconoclastic forms hugging or fucking the alien: a wild animal cannot be tamed in captivity/crossing into civilized life out of the jungle, but merely fetishized *as* wild in ways that speak as much to liberation and exploitation from a young age onwards! My heart was



always young and free, thus goes out to the whores of the world. Born slutty! Represent!

(artist: [Lumidetsu](#))

To *that*, we'll also examine the gradual push towards eroticism (e.g., above); i.e., through children's literature as linked to animal signifiers of virtue and vice (children's books* often featuring an anthropomorphic, talkative animal with access to magic powers; e.g., Mother Goose, exhibit 56a) that become *increasingly* erotic, but also Gothically ace/publicly nudist interrogations of power and trauma *as* children age. So as fandoms "grow up" alongside material written around them, they gradually experience exposure to rape, abuse and death *as* it presents to them, in the natural-material world; i.e., as a dark radicalism and empathy to cryptonymically chase the usual hard stuff through acid Communism, on the Aegis. Such is *our* revenge; i.e., when *we* become fluent in the art of cryptonymy's shadow war with such demons: on the surface of the image and inside its dualistic thresholds, remediating praxis!

To it, such monkey business can be deliberately introduced *back* into the wild *while* in captivity for those exposed to such things; i.e., *unto* children curious about what many are actually *currently* living through, thus helping *them* acclimate to the natural side of the struggle against the state: without feeling hopeless/turning to harmful sex and drug use (though acid Communism doesn't preclude sex and drug use at large) but also Paganized aesthetics and therapy animals (re: a hauntological "Rite of Spring") while riding the proverbial lightning in whatever forms we want those "thunderbolts" to take (e.g., Smaug's boast): a death sentence for indulging in what *is* forbidden, doing so in ways that *free* the bridled through a recultivating of the Superstructure as a matter of dark empathy with ludo-Gothic BDSM go-tos! Vice characters dug up and played with like animal bones to rock *and* roll!

So do we pull a Peter Gabriel and "[shock the monkey](#)"; i.e., to *subvert* Pygmalion's Pavlovian conditionings and dogma—said socio-material structure blossoming phallically (or whatever it's called that mushrooms do) into our aforementioned Alruna avenger (spectres of the Medusa having the whore's revenge in BDSM forms of exchange and transformation)! Capital is dead labor feeding on living labor in ways *we* exchange/transform and feed *vis-à-vis* trauma to escape through poetic cryptonymy paradoxically concealing/exposing through a dialectic of the alien friendly to said alien. Now the shoe's on the other foot!

This being *said*, it's a work-in-progress under constant changing factors while flying "straight on till morning" to Never, Neverland (a balancing act)! You're close and you wanna race to the finish (towards Communism), but also don't want to ejaculate prematurely. You wanna finish strong and give the Dark Queen you're topping a nice big cum tribute (the paradox of sex being you want it to last but

marathons/the drug high/furry suit and sex brain chemicals [e.g., Macbeth tripping on his own guilt towards the path to killing King Duncan; re: "O fatal vision"] overstaying their welcome)! Obscuring fetishes under high-control systems doesn't negate the rebellion taking place; we just want to make it *uncontrolled* in its "ancient" subterfuge" toking on the "fire of the gods," during a shared and at times unreliable pedagogy of the oppressed healing freakily (as the theatre nerd does) from rape as a shadow of itself, of itself, of itself...

A few extra exhibits (for fun) before we proceed onto part one!

**Regarding children's books, the same idea applies to cartoons; e.g., Bugs Bunny and company being increasingly sexualized in ways that actually predate the character (the animals in Bambi featuring a tremendous amount of heteronormative sexualizing in a coming-of-age story); but also furry art as predominantly*



cartoonish, as well as various fantastical BDSM scenarios that invite cartoonish forms of "Pavlovian" subversion. We won't have time to go into all of these, here; but I wanted to give a good few examples before proceeding onto part one. —Perse

(exhibit 51c: Artist, top-right: [Catjira](#); mid-left: [M_D00dles](#); middle: [Pucchixo](#) [AI-generated]; mid-right: [Alex Su Sama](#).)

There's often a satirical element to radical empathy and theatre; e.g., Bugs Bunny and drag go hand-in-hand [seducing the hunter] and have for over eighty years [with men being historically allowed to cross-dress for the status quo during theatre since ancient times, whereas women could not; i.e., Loony Toons' numerous allusions to Shakespeare, and classical music, which extends to demonic/"Satanic" poetics]. However, the rabbit is also an ancient symbol of fertility that maintains its erotic Paganized function well into the present space and time: the hares of March making Caesar and his Ides anxious.

This being said, the revival and persistence of this Paganized imagery is generally policed within modular and tokenized double standards; i.e., that furiously treat sexuality and strength as wholly discrete, yet animalized all the same. Just as the virgin and the whore archetypes are segregated to control both female and monstrous-feminine bodies, the myth of the rabbit woman becomes that of a smart-and-sexy or sexy-and-strong straight woman/token Sapphic worshipping Marston and Beauvoir [the Amazon] dressed up in anthropomorphic language [which can also apply to feminized AMAB persons and GNC individuals at large]. Yet, the debate also argues for sexiness as a virtue of animal strength unto itself: that sexiness and strength are not mutually exclusive and that it is possible to depict an animal's body [female or not] as "strong" through its sexiness or least

public nudism; i.e., as an animalistic expression of its athleticism and vice versa being not in conflict, but holistic coordination tying to ancient Greeco-Roman ideas of nude anthropomorphic bodies competing for godly favors [the wish fulfillment of a Promethean neoliberal aping the Ancients' giving of fame and fortune, thus empty promises of immortality for all but the smallest of select special earners; e.g., Space Jam's tokenized athletes, including Michael Jordan]!

Such Omelas debates and their poetry are regularly conducted in relation to popular media as something to sell to children by corporations. Through canon, the elite teach customers how to perform and identify in standardized ways geared towards corporate profit, while also giving future artists the means to rebel against capital with reclaimed language. As nature-themed symbols of eroticism, anthropomorphic rabbits and their nudism become a profound means of genderqueer empowerment for the iconoclast; i.e., as something to subvert heteronormative gender roles and sexuality with in ways that resist worker exploitation: a rabbit to chase. The uniform and the "rabbit" inside it aren't "just for men" as the universal clientele, to which "sexy" becomes entirely relative, thus decided as much by the artist creating their own representations thereof. We give



and receive as ring-bearers "sharing the load" [versus carrying it alone; e.g., Lois Lowry's god-awful 1993 The Giver little more than Red-Scare screed kicking Socialism while it was down!]

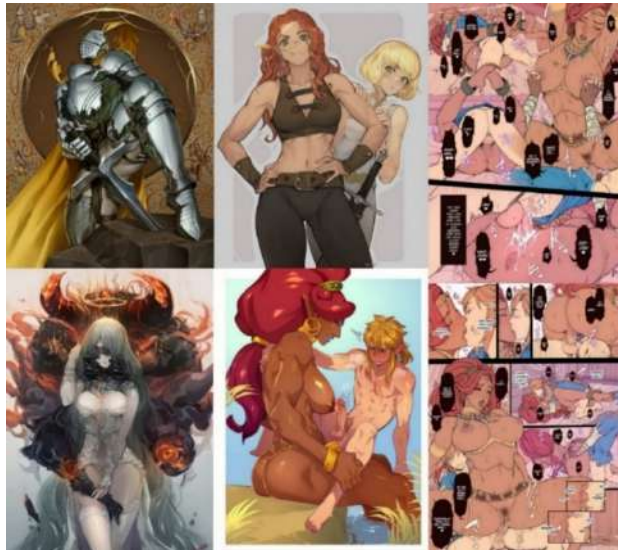
(exhibit 51d1: Artist: [Bassenji](#). Trauma and resistance to abusive power are commonly conveyed in animalistic expressions of anthropomorphic BDSM [and demonic power exchange] that just as quickly yield trans, non-binary and intersex sentiment and identity through a struggle to self-express by these policed means. In doing so, these groups become monster-fuckers in the eyes of those demonizing them; i.e., by using or encouraging state violence during moral panics against so-called "groomers.")

Except under these xenophobic conditions, power isn't exclusive to the elite. Instead, state power becomes something to resist by reclaiming our own xenophilic sense of autonomy through demonic poetics as essential to proletarian praxis; i.e., the ludo-Gothic BDSM umbrella extending to a kingdom of anthropomorphized BDSM, kink and transgression: as didactic fantasies to realize with responsible, caring parties. Such parties include the infamous theatrical humiliation of orgasm denial, dick-shaming and -worship, cock-and-ball torture/cock cages, humans dolls, fur suits you can't put on or remove yourself [similar to a lady's corset] and various forms of chattelized play emblematic to BDSM, such as age play or pony/puppy play with "parental" elements [daddy/mommy doms] and so on and so forth!

In fact, the number of ways one can play in BDSM is so myriad, endless and complex that I could easily write an entire book on one type alone, let alone try to catalog all of them [with my own bias leaning towards mommy doms/Amazons, Gothic castles/Metroidvania and the Numinous having power over me, for example: exhibit 51d2, below]! To seek power is to seek arrangements of power to perform; i.e., with other people, ours using animalized warriors to abjure fascism [with Nazis furies being a thing sadly].

Through such iconoclastic countermeasures, we workers can illustrate mutual consent through the establishing of trust via negotiated, ironic power exchange; i.e., in pointedly sex-positive monster-fucking exhibits that showcase intersex persons as a lived, physical reality and trans and cis people working with disempowerment as both ironic to them, but also supplied by animal "gods" that project our audience backwards: to a reimagined, xenophilic Antiquity the likes of Ancient Egypt minus the pharaohs. Wherever we go, it becomes an Other Place where the animalized GNC peoples speaking to it dare to suggest its arrival on Earth; i.e., through performative dreams and drug-like theatres breaking Capitalist Realism as a liminal matter of seeing the Medusa as human: a mighty being that wouldn't have been abject at all, but loved, worshipped and bowed before by their legions of adoring fans [or at least people who don't want to impound and euthanize us]! A world without sin, thus profit and rape! One can dream!

In turn, the fluid gender performances that transpire during these rituals are divorced from heteronormative standards; i.e., becoming something to play with, not around, by queer agents and straights allies accommodating the needs of both parties, mid-performance. Ideally the chaser doesn't harm the chased, even during instances of negotiated humiliation and cathartic objectification/CNC, etc—doing so to allow the cis person to enjoy the fantasy of fucking a queer monster like a



doll/fetish without actually dehumanizing them, because negotiation prevents that by design: by decreasing the risk of harm.)

(exhibit 51d2: Artist, top-left: [Raspbearyart](#); top-mid: [Morry Evans](#); top-right/bottom-right: [Oda Non](#); bottom-mid: [Kukumomo](#); bottom-left: [Bamuth Chen](#).)

Fantastical gender roles and play during ludo-Gothic BDSM can oscillate between what is classically expected as something to subvert. For example, the female knight is often assigned animalistic qualities that can just as easily be expressed through sheer height, brawn or equipment, but also social positions;

e.g., Urbosa from 2017's *Breath of the Wild* [bottom-middle/right] as a "big sister" deflowering cliché [the "incest" trope] that more broadly translates to a protector archetype that reverses the role of protector and ward, but can be reversed again while keeping the Amazonian aesthetic for fun!

For example, Link tops the formidable-looking Urbosa as someone to "tame" in the classical scheme of "conquering Hippolyta," including her "death by Snu-Snu," albeit with the added irony of a blushing and, physically diminutive and femme male top who is being "steered" from below by a gentle mommy dom. It



strikes a good balance between feeling wrong and right in ways that—upon closer examination—fall on the side of right; i.e., during dialectical-material scrutiny and context: "rape" isn't rape during ludo-Gothic BDSM any more than doggystyle is bestiality [though sodomy laws will treat it as such—meaning in more Puritanical forms of guilty pleasure and wish fulfillment double standards that capital always decays towards, which we'll examine more in Volume Three]!

[artist: [Oda Non](#)]

So does the wearing of mask-like costumes shield us from criticism and give us a cryptonymic means to camp what is policed; re: the uncanny thrill of friend/foe masks, but

also the equally ambiguous predator/prey confusions of the calculated-risk Amazon or knight; i.e., making themselves sexy by giving us the ability to play when we feel like we need to: in order to regain control and have fun in times of crisis and confusion! Play = play as something to rely on during crisis; i.e., when synthesizing praxis. Sluttiness and invention aren't a source of shame, here, but dark empathy recultivating old ancient pathways towards dark empathy using the corruption of trauma as something to address and heal with at the same time.

As such, it's both a canonical vice and Communist virtue during the same larger war for territory and value, on the Aegis! So while rape hasn't gone anywhere, we can always camp it to synthesize catharsis and convert capital into a post-scarcity [thus rape] device! We condition such things to become easily enough a second-nature game; e.g., not just Amazons, but pussy pirates camping the canon, the whore coming for your booty [very 1960s slutty Sapphic, below]!



[artist: [Mandy Frizzle](#)]

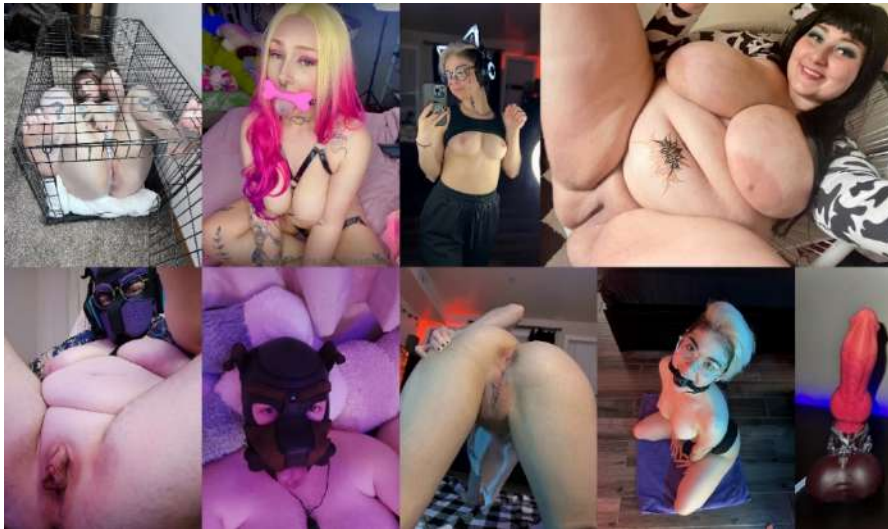
While this irony works easily enough in cis-gendered, Radcliffean fantasies calculating risk for second wave feminists [who would view the kind of nudity on the left as atrocious, because they're SWERFs]—and which promote gender swappings with a binary structure of power—GNC cuties' gender trouble and parody campily expand the realms of play within the same archetypes geared towards intersectional feminism, gender studies and liberated sex work; i.e., as divorced from oppressive binaries and said binaries' compelled rulesets: the crossdressing double

standard that prevents women from acting like men in good faith, but also men from behaving like sweet little brides should they earnestly want to. We ration such indulgence as something to give into through selective performance and mating rituals; i.e., as spiced up with "rape" in quotes during ace public nudism just as often [much of ludo-Gothic BDSM is ace, insofar as it focuses on informed labor exchange as a de facto educational device]! The ghost of the counterfeit, then, becomes a furry slut to empathize with, yielding ironically non-violent forms of ghost-hunting in search of the Medusa's mythical mutual consent!

With these restrictions further and further eliminated, male performers can likewise adopt the pale satin, bound-and-gagged bride-under-duress with a physically stronger partner they trust not to harm them during a ritual of exquisite "torture," power exchange, and forbidden knowledge; i.e., as monomorphic according to the "dom/sub" parent dichotomy as something to switch, merge and fiddle with absent of canonical gender trouble and abuse: demons as potentially dominant/submissive, but also knights, tomboys, and palace guards, pillow princesses, etc. All of this can

be easily animalized, and indeed would have readily been by the likes of Chaucer during his infamously bawdy and layered Canterbury Tales'; i.e., "The Miller's Tale," in particular, celebrating humans as deliciously animalistic.

Inside increasingly sex-positive iterations, these instructional games of discipline and obedience would be "Pavlovian" in quotes; i.e., minus the threat of actual violence, and meant to reward "good behavior" with "treats" negotiated by both parties in advance, during ludo-Gothic BDSM. As certain animals, but especially dogs, would have been historically conditioned to serve men, "good play" variants made by game-and-intelligent players automatically subvert the historical norms during emergent play while preserving the imagery of a happy groomed dog with its bone [cats and other domesticated animals come with their own clichés, which Volume Zero explores a fair bit].)



(exhibit 51d3: Artist, top-left: [Blxxd Bunny](#); top-middle/bottom-middle-and-bottom-right: [Quinnvincible](#); top-right: [Dani Is Online](#); bottom-left: [Bay](#). The imagery of the happy puppy during puppy play becomes its own form of animalized submission that lends

itself surprisingly well to any gender [as well as gender swaps and irony]. It can be campy or canonical, embracing the animal as structured accordingly per ludo-Gothic BDSM as a matter of performative context.

For example, a white cis-het man is normally expected to be strong and iron-willed like a ferocious war dog would, but a male puppy can be someone's pet—their guardian and/or small, cute delight to tease, train and reward by a given handler/owner/what-have-you; i.e., "grooming" through the language of permission and denial as instructed through the ritualized wearing of collars and use of animal kennels/cages and chew toys [useful for neurodivergent "stimming"] but also adorable, animalized body language. "Melting" for master into a pile of wiggles and wagging tails is par for the course regardless of the performers' genders, and anthropomorphizing a human subject means supplying them with animalistic qualities that can be ethically sexualized. In other words, they have a humane, descriptively sexual application; i.e., one conducive to liberation as avoiding exploitation while walking the tightrope: to show us how to pull off such gimmicks and not harm ourselves/others, humanizing the harvest!

As our thesis volume argues, animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp; e.g., Odessa Stone from *Overwatch 2* [with Sojourn, on her knees, next page] as a "war boss" with a kayfabe rival; i.e., whose "queen bitch" status is undermined by fairly standard bedroom reversals [out of the public eye, except our cryptonymy shows the hidden escapades unfolding through transparent places of voyeuristic concealment]: the black soldier putting down her mantle to play in ways normally denied to both of them, literally swallowing her enemy's pride!

Keeping with ludo-Gothic BDSM, the two sworn enemies playing together can be made campy again, and in ways more inclusive than the palimpsest movies were; i.e., through play as a form of study in its ludo-Gothic BDSM interpretations during creation, critique and consumption—with us making the ghosts of Mel Gibson and Tina Turner gayer than either historically was [more on this in Volume Three]!



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

With Amazons or knights as soldiers, this classically happens through animal shells bearing various cat-and-dog [antagonistic] value statements to paradoxically quell and tempt audiences with; i.e., in paradoxical turns of phrase; e.g., "be still, my beating heart [or pulsing clit]!"

Whereas the cat, for example, is feminized in ways that are harder to

condition but nevertheless ubiquitous, the dog is linked to Pavlovian conditioning through service as "man's best friend." It's very KISS/"Keep It Simple Stupid." These canine linguo-material antics are often historically-materially tied to labor and food production, providing playfully apt metaphors for "work, then reward" that many workers will readily understand: milk as the fruits of their labor as, unto itself, something to fantasize about, thus fetishize; re: Sojourn and Odessa stopping the cops-and-robbers gimmick to lap on particular "bowls of milk" [of paradise]: Odessa's pussy and its cream!

Medieval puns aside, this can be real breast milk, which implies a fatty fertility function to the ritual. At the same time, "milk" during sex games often comes from

ironic motherly sources; e.g., a male organ, which lends itself a fair amount of absurdist comedic potential; i.e., being symbolic of "reward" in ways not unlike the vampire's sanguine and sodomy practices [which overlap with anthropomorphic sex with "animals" hyphenating tooth-and-claw with fang-and-mouth poetry performance games]. It also allows doubles of an ancient kayfabe sort—of dueling with dark copies since Antiquity's shadow plays and colosseum into Hamlet and the chronotope of the Neo-Gothic's anti-home bleeding hauntologically into neoliberal '80s action heroes doubling those through corporatized Orientalism; e.g., Brandon Lee essentially fighting an evil, Fu Manchu double of his own real-life father in Rapid Fire's Al Leong the stuntman; i.e., before "Jake" can heroically progress and catch the evil [non-American] drug lord: "Seek power and you shall progress" unfolding among the same shadows to summon and banish; re: that Radcliffe worked with, among so many others, before and after her time in the underworld!



So forget about Star Wars and the monomyth's own endless [and manipulative] cave of shadows; all simulacra reliably translate poetically into/allow for animalistic forms of self-righteous-vs-nihilistic as polar extremes we want to avoid in either case—i.e., Goldilocks Communism that, through the usual operatic highs and lows, can bite, kick, lick and fuck with/from us as needed: inside the danger disco as a liminal, hot-button, backdoor solution for facetious/sarcastic self-critique going a little nuts for fun but also revolution! Work is holy in a dualistic matter of context; i.e., giving us structure as a dialectical-material means of play and distraction, but also voice to cryptonymically fight back with: fostering empathy for the alien as something capital has a vested interest in dehumanizing. Such is our murder ballad,

singing before we shuffle off this mortal coil. "[The swans, they swim so bonny o!](#)" [Loreena Mckennitt, 1994]. Pain is data to process, ingested as Moore and Patel's "antidote to forgetting."

Furthermore, it's not centrism by our hand, because centrism doesn't monopolize balancing acts, and ours upend the bourgeoisie and their cops-and-victims moral code/power games/stochastic terrorism. The basic idea—of doll-like bondage and discipline within chattel poetics—lends itself to many different animal clichés that can either be parodied or revived through earnest pastiche as doll-like, too. Indeed, the likes of animal transformation and ludo-Gothic BDSM—in relation to magic, sleep-inducing or mind-altering drugs, and power exchange—was something Shakespeare revived from Ovid; i.e., to present a dark, hedonistic critique of royal bondage in A Midsummer Night's Dream:

Come, wait upon him. Lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforcèd chastity.
Tie up my lover's tongue. Bring him silently [[source](#)].

This wasn't just any faerie that Bottom was with; it was a queen fae—with Titania gagging him by royal decree while under the influence of the self-same, sleep-inducing drug: love-in-idleness as vampiric but also demonic and closer to nature as royal, thus Numinous. Her commands of enforced silence and chastity constituted a medieval BDSM—its lush, ludo-Gothic animalized theatrics revived upon a Renaissance stage: Paganistic "incarceration" and servitude tied to a train of

fairy-like servants reducing Nick, the rude mechanical, to that of an ass for her to play with and dote on. Come give Mommy a hug! "What dreams may come," indeed!)

(artist: [Henry Fuseli](#))



Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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Dark Xenophilia, part one: Monster-Fucking and Furry Panic, from Ace to Ass (feat. Lycans, Chimeras, and Sentient Animals; e.g., Cuwu, "Pelts," Erika Eleniak, Sonic the Hedgehog and Pippi Longstocking)

Many of the negative [stereotypes](#) about the furry fandom were empirically tested and found to be unsubstantiated. When compared to a control group, furries were significantly more likely to have a history of being physically and verbally bullied, a difference particularly prominent during adolescence (61.7% vs. 37.1%). Our studies indicate that 65% of furries say that they have told almost no one in their family about their furry interests, and approximately 70% say that they have told almost no one they see in their day-to-day life (e.g., work). Approximately 60% of furries agreed that they felt prejudice against furries from society, while approximately 40% of furries felt that being a furry was not socially accepted. The more strongly a person identifies as a furry, the more likely they are to feel that they are treated worse by society for being furry ([source](#)).

—Fur Science, "What's a Furry?" (2022)

For this subchapter, I want to make some additional "ace to ass" distinctions about totems, chimeras and sentient animals, *et al*, as a strictly *natural* class; i.e., before talking about lycan/furry stigmas and so-called "furry/groomer panic" when attempting to reclaim these variables—doing so for purposes of dark/radical xenophilic empathy and vengeful sex-positive education (e.g., Dario Argento's 2006 "Pelts" and Erika Eleniak in *Under Siege*, but also *Sonic the Hedgehog* and Pippi Longstocking) when regarding sex and gender in totemic language, in part two: empathy as a "drug" to chase down and take, post-synthesis (and watch reactionaries moral panic/pearl clutch, like with the Green M&M; but also just any



form of nature that's out-of-hand insofar as the state determines such things).

(artist: [Chorio Actis](#))

Note: When saying "xenophilia," I am generally using it to refer to a sex-positive discourse unfolding vis-à-vis state abjections of nature; i.e., as something to reverse on and off the same stages, combatting their xenophobia and xoophilia with our love of nature while being part of it, ourselves. Technically these are dualistic, but collocate historically-materially to deliver certain connotations I'm falling back on; i.e., "dark xenophilia" is empathetic towards nature as normally pimped by the state for being alien, whorish, non-nuclear and so on, whereas "xenophobia" and "xoophilia" are things used more by the state during the abjection process. It's ultimately a question of stewardship regarding the reclamation of things by workers from the state; i.e., some things being easier to reclaim than others, technicalities aside; e.g., furries and xenophilia in suitably haunted forms of porn-adjacent language that gives room for ace forms to thrive. Save for an ace-centric exhibit at the end of this section (and the one above), I primarily focus on erotic forms, but still wanted to include and distinguish the social-sexual gradient those belong to! —Perse

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First thing's first, this includes the awesome power of friends; e.g., Cuwu, Victoria, and Quinnvincible, who we'll all talk about as suitably awesome people for their friendship as GNC people/furries. But it extends to people who weren't furries, too. Some people are so amazing that meeting them feels sadly too brief—is like a magic spell or arguably hallucinatory opium dream that you *want* to last forever but doesn't; e.g., Krispy Tofuu someone who rocked my world, furry or not! And yet, while the *dream* arguably fades, their glory lives on in my heart and work, for as long as *those* last: "Come and see!" said one of the Four Beasts.

To show the tyrant the endless unburied dead in something *other* than a field, bird's-eye, is to freeze *them* in place, the Medusa not a monster to slay but love! Buildings burn, and bodies fester and rot, but the *shadows* live on, the Gothic written in decay—on the *cusp* of sexuality penetrating the barrier as something to acclimate towards and occupy between shared excited states; i.e., through the asexuality of choice as something animals *don't* naturally have, letting people build and cultivate something beyond capital or old natures seeking better stewardship towards all!



(model and artist, top-left: Krispy Tofuu and [Persephone van der Waard](#); everything else, artist: Krispy Tofuu)

As stated, part two will extend this education through magic girls—Sailor Scouts and the solar system, but other forms closer to home, which children are introduced to, then explore later on as sexually-maturing teenagers growing *into* adulthood: unicorns and other forms of magic/drug reclamation and sex education tied *to* the natural world; re: as policed, becoming infused *with* trauma, begetting liminal composites/chimeras *like* the xenomorph.

To it, eco-fascism *is* a problem, as well (as we'll explore in Volume Three), meaning that oppositional synthesis regularly yields different groups identifying with/around nature as something to fortify for the state or for workers. We're going to explore the basic idea of furry panic, here—meaning as tied to Cartesian thought

at large, thus how to think about in ways that humanize monsters "of nature" the state and *its* proponents traditionally *dehumanize*, thus brutalize *for* profit as pimps thereof getting even with "bad" whores; i.e., neglect, ignorance and/or distance; e.g., [Turkey Tom's](#) 2023 (extremely problematic) "Degenerate"⁴⁶³ series on [Bronies](#) and [Five Nights at Freddy's](#) ghost of the counterfeit, or Lily Orchard's [pedophile escapades, hidden behind sexualized Brony fan fiction](#) (Essence of Thought, 2021).

Unlike the demons we've examined thus far in this module, totems *et al* are *not* undead or occult by default. While manmade trauma can certainly *be* included (see: chimeras, below), these animal-themed egregores are essentially *living* creatures. This means they *don't* tend to seek out humans for their essence (though they *do* sometimes eat, maul or stab them), nor are they strictly *summoned* from a supernatural world beyond Earth and its ecosystems. Instead, they inhabit an Earth-like area or range as part of its "sample of one," often echoing qualities of Indigenous populations ranging from the Celtic peoples of Great Britain to the Native Peoples of the Americas, Middle East, Asia and elsewhere. Let's unpack each, one by one.

Wherever they hail from, **totems** tend to be incredibly animalistic and, more to the point, primitively sexual (from a Cartesian standpoint) and wedded to nature; i.e., as beings *of* nature, including the spirits associated with them as of the forest, lunar cycle and various Pagan rites, etc—all packing power as a choice of various ways that humans as animals can uniquely social-sexually communicate regarding the liberatory paradox of nature! Contrary to Cartesian thought, we're not just machine's with one purpose, nor beasts of burden serving an ancient-to-modern fulfillment of that aim; i.e., to yoke and privatize for profit (sex or otherwise). Neither is any animal treated as such, human or not! Liberation is a holistic, cross-species affair! Our stewardship is total, looking out for animals as unable to deal with human treachery like humans can!

So do furies walk the edge, speaking to simultaneous alienation and fetishization not just of workers under capital, but nature *and* workers relating back and forth in social-sexual forms that *can* be sexual, but likewise until then merely *advertise* sexuality—meaning in ways that *don't* actualize *as* sexual until *both* parties agree; i.e., ludo-Gothic BDSM as tied to a larger worldview making such

⁴⁶³ A Nazi dogwhistle, oddly enough. Turkey Tom is a fucking chud who, like all chuds, passes himself off as the most educated person in the room; i.e., the most correct/least criminal. These knee-jerk distinctions merely reflect the socio-material factors (settler-colonial divisions) at play. The likes of Turkey Tom immediately benefit from a system that turns *them* into sexual predators and opportunists preying on racial, ethnic and gender minorities, etc, for their own gain. It's sad and gross, and *not* limited to the likes of Tom; i.e., he's one of many and fails up to punch down.

For example, in genre-specific channels, horror is visited by white centrists who play defense *for* capital by both-sidesing radical politics on either pole, aka the horseshoe approach; i.e., conflating Communism *with* fascism, despite them being historically at odds. Kayfabe conflates them in the same post-WW2 shadow zones, and such persons are more likely to defend really awful conservative rapists, too; e.g., [Cody Leach](#) defending a recent horror event "graced" by pedophile Kevin Spacey (In Praise of Shadow's "Bad Conservative Horror Movies," 2024; [timestamp](#): 11:31).

stewardship and dark empathy second-nature: according to the usual xenophilia as holistically gradient, hence accounting for *all* reactions per mutual consent as something to illustrate *vis-à-vis* the nature world; i.e., as liberated from capital's kennel-like brothels' alienized-and-sexual tout le monde!

"Welcome to slavery"? As if, Quentin Tarantino! We tease a healthier symbiosis walking the necrobiome, our deliciously lost-in-necropolis dream pushing up ass-like "daisies" (or vice versa): towards fresh radiation and—if we actually need it—penetration, too; i.e., as a matter of good BDSM checking and subverting profit as normally and impulsively chasing profit, devil-may-care! But also, such



feral pornography can just be appreciated as art, too! Porn *is* art, and it looks nice! For some, that's more than enough! Freedom and exploitation occupy the same awesome realms:

(artist: [Lumidetsu](#))

Entombed in time without decay! [...]

The world is full of mysteries
That men have never seen before
Magik lives in all dynasties
The light of love shines ever more (Manilla Road's "[Lost in Necropolis](#)")

In other words, totems are *not* Western funerary beings by design, tending to be highly physical creatures developed as *animals* are: in terms of their senses (such as smell or taste)—with mystical shamanistic connections, spiritual projections, and/or hedonism and ritualized access-through-drugs also a possibility but *not* a given (whose magical associates we'll explore more in part two of this subchapter). If they *are* magical, their magic comes from the Earth itself and the natural world, not the underworld or spirits associated strictly with the land of the dead or a parallel dimension beyond nature (though this can certainly be a factor when intersecting with other monster modules; re: the xenomorph).

Chimeras are essentially *composites*, albeit tending to be demonic combinations of different stigma *animals* instead of undead parts. Chimeras aren't simply common monsters in underworld stories—e.g., Cerberus or Amit—but are combined from the minds of different artists expressing nature in deathly ways. To this, the potential for hybridization lends itself well to compound expression; re: the xenomorph. Giger's chimera/composite was itself several things at once: a dark, "ancient" monster but also a perverse brainchild begot from a *host* of artists, while

also surviving inside technology and people as a biomechanical death curse that kills one person at a time. In doing so, it transforms its victims in ways not fully divorced from the white colonizer's perspective: the non-white/trans person as a leftover *from* the ancient world, thus terrifying during the abjection process.

A large part of the canonical fear *being* invoked is the xenomorph as a rapacious and parasitoid monster-fucker (or rather, a monster who fucks out of revenge). But colonial guilt and fear of transformation isn't something that strictly *must* inhabit the ritual. Simply put, monster-fucking is rape play but *can* focus on sex positivity as restorative expression unto itself—to be enjoyed by *not* focusing on the xenophobic rapes of yesterday and more on what *could* be if workers were allowed to be sexual with the same demonic monster language; i.e., *dark xenophilia* during ludo-Gothic BDSM—with non-human animals unable to consent to sex, but *anthromorphs* being *human* entities that *don't* naturally exist: they're byproducts of *technology* coming out of *oral* cultures into *written* ones, and hauling a great deal of baggage, thus desire *for* revenge *against* the state via the usual



routes of challenging profit/anti-predation speaking for itself ("Who's a good puppy slut? You are!").

(artist: [Lumidetsu](#))

Who might *they* fuck, given the choice? What hellish *forms* might they take, themselves? In short, just about whatever you can imagine! As long as it's mutually consensual, then no harm, no foul; i.e., no children, non-sentient

animals or dead bodies (none of which can consent to sexual activities, or BDSM at large). Monster sex, then, is commonly animalized, and just as empathetic for it in

drug-like magical ways during dark xenophilia (with drugs also being a potent aphrodisiac):



(*exhibit 52d: Model and artist: Krispy Tofuuu and [Persephone van der Waard](#). As Krispy and I demonstrate, if you can't get away from monsters, you can at least make ones that won't harm you during sex. Their excessive, alien forms often look scary and dangerous, but in practice are perfectly safe.*)

During the dialectic of the alien, **non-sentient animals** intimate another exploited group: pets, livestock and chattel, that serve as a non-anthropocentric, asexual aspect to nature that humans *can* bond with; i.e., in regards to seeing the natural world differently by identifying with it under Cartesian duress (called *therians*, for animals that have and do exist; versus "otherkin"⁴⁶⁴ tying to mythical/extraterrestrial, non-human creatures). As part of this *altered* perspective, *sentient* versions of animals *do* exist in fantasy stories; i.e., those able to magically communicate *with* humans through a kind of universal language. A common example of **the sentient animal** include witch's familiars like the talking cats from *Sailor Moon*, but also enchanted, cognizant animals like the unicorn, Amalthea, from *The Last Unicorn*. "Sentience" generally denotes an anthropomorphic connection with nature as something to respect and communicate through complicated dramas like the stories we just mentioned. We'll get back to *those* in part two.

A moment ago, I mentioned accessing lycans, chimeras and sentient animals through magic theatre and/or drugs as metaphor or actual; i.e., the interaction with nature by proxy through rituals, practitioners, spells and mind-altering substances (again, actual or implied⁴⁶⁵) tied to anthropomorphic animals.

For example, *ambrosia* in Ancient Greek means "immortality." It was denied to mortals, and historically framed by Mary Shelley as "fire of the gods." Biblically denied to *Mankind*, people become binarized as men and women, its "theft" by the privatizing gods of a Protestant ethic under capital denying any ability to "die" in a "little" way—to transform and live on in ways that not only reshape *how* people think in rebellious modes of discourse; they live on through the spectral, orgasmic,

⁴⁶⁴ Whereas "[kinning](#)" is a deep sense of empathy tied to human or at least humanoid characters/monsters—usually in fiction—otherkin ties to *non-human* fictional elements.

⁴⁶⁵ A trippy take on Clarke's Law, insofar as advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic, but also "ancient" technology being like drug use and shadow play! Two sides of the same coin!

nightmarish, drug-like attempt itself. They don't have to be *literal* drugs (though they certainly *can* be); they just have to transform the mind enough to make a difference *against* Capitalist Realism; re: like Blake's devilish "acids" did: a figurative deal with the Devil (in the Milton-Byronic Satanic sense).

We'll also unpack *this* concept more in part two, when we consider various *non-Christian* pacts with nature, but also composite demons infused with trauma like the xenomorph; i.e., as something natural-material to arrive at *through* magic, drugs and a queer-inclusive Wisdom of the Ancients' dark xenophilia. For now, just remember that magic and drugs are historically criminalized to exploit various groups demonized differently for the same purpose (rape and profit) under the status quo; i.e., the War on Drugs something of a hauntological regression that polices the present world in past language, specifically past *holocausts* dressed up as home defense in bad faith: DARVO obscurantism pimping the alien to dehumanize the harvest, thus having the state's *pre-emptive* revenge against nature as monstrous-feminine, chattelizing *its* whores and putting *them* cheaply to work by *criminalizing* them as sexual deviant chattel-vermin!

This brings us to **lycanthropes**, aka *shapeshifter* demons (often into stigma *animals*, but arguably fungi and plants, too; re: the xenomorph) that are often called "furies," nowadays. Though **furies**—along with chimeras and sentient animals—are *not* historically prone to criminal behaviors, they *are* criminalized, alienized and fetishized for being sexually "demonic" in association with a drug-like or alien perception of the world around them; i.e., conflated with bestiality and general depravity from damaged, dangerous minds that may as well be *on* drugs.

On some level, then, the ableism and abjection of furies and their erotic animalization is symbolic of settler-colonial fears tied to non-European societies and organizations of labor/bio-power *beyond* capital; i.e., nature as black taking on a variety of meanings in overlapping persecution networks and language, thus interpretation and application of said captive fantasies; e.g., through the myth of the black male rapist as not only "one of most dangerous and prevalent narratives in American history" (sidhu-s82's "[The Myth of the Black Rapist](#)," 2021) but something connected to America and Capitalism

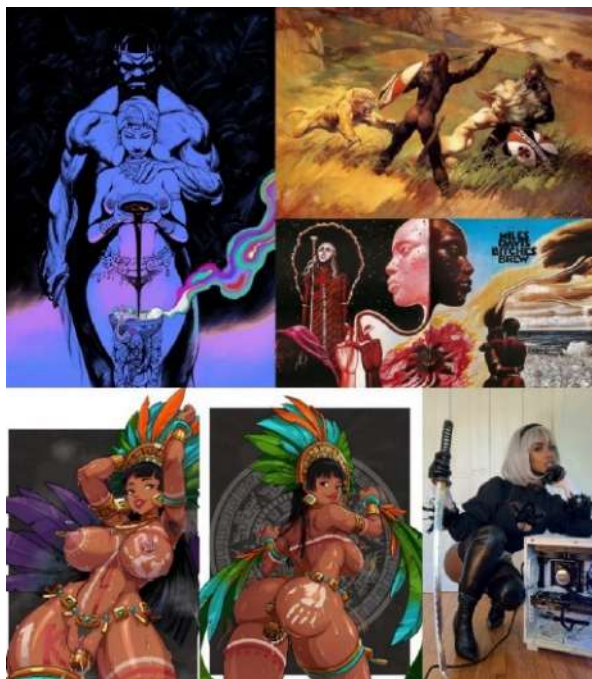
In the U.S. and other capitalist countries, rape laws were originally framed for the protection of men of the upper classes, whose women ran the risk of being assaulted. What happens to working class women has always been of little concern to the courts. As a result, appalling few rapists have ever been prosecuted—appalling few, that is, if black men are exempted from consideration. While the rapists of working-class women have so rarely been brought to justice, the rape charge as been indiscriminately aimed at black men, the guilty and innocent alike ([source](#): Angela Davis' "Rape, Racism and the Capitalist Setting," 1978).

that endures into the present despite rape statistically being an *intra*racial crime (the kernel of truth to rape myths being *criminogenic*, thus *manufactured* in their origins; i.e., as tied to capital and the state as *police* bodies for the elite).

Indeed, according to the National Alliance to End Sexual Violence:

Popular media in [America] continue[s] to perpetuate racial stereotypes, particularly about women of color. Portraying black women and Latinas as promiscuous, American Indian and Asian women as submissive, and all women of color as inferior legitimates their sexual abuse. Portraying men of color as sexually voracious and preying on innocent white women reinforces a cultural obsession with black-on-white stranger rape, at the expense of the vastly more common intra-racial acquaintance rape ([source](#): "Racism and Rape," 2017).

The problematic male myths outlined above poetically collide with the spurious argument of women of color as savage and promiscuous, but also acts of dark magic further distanced from the West than *white* Pagans are:



(exhibit 52e1: Artist, left: [NgArt7](#); top-right: Frank Frazetta; mid-right: [Mati Klarwein](#); bottom-to-mid-left: [F.B.W.](#); bottom-right: [Aliya Will](#). The rape of white women by black men/monstrous-feminine runs rampant throughout nearly all of Frazetta's work [carried over from the colonial oppression in Ron Howard's *Conan* novels]. The black agent, apart from being seen as a rapist of white women, is reduced to a "brave"—a guardian/warrior of the village and the women, who have been reduced to stereotypes, themselves: the voodoo priest, witch doctor or sexually deviant, "hungry" woman of color as a temptress of white men, the latter fantasizing about, pardon the expression, "jungle fever" [even in tamer variants not linked to a stereotypically "wild setting"; e.g., Aliya Will's 2B cosplay]. The psychedelic components of this have survived as a visual trend well into the present; e.g., NgArt7 riffing on Klarwein's cover art for Miles Davis' famously confusing *Bitches Brew*, 1970.)

Of course, visually white Indigenous people exist, as do non-white functioning people who aren't ethnically Indigenous—with Bay being Māori but visually appearing "white" in the eyes of non-white "shadist" practitioners, and me being ethnically half-Dutch/quarter-Hungarian and leftover Mayflower Puritan mutt, but identifying as non-white insofar as I am a practicing Pagan/Satanist sex worker and witch determined to end capital for all the dead generations into living ones. Bay and I are united in this aim, thunder buddies for life! "Fuckin' right!"



(artists: [Bay](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Yet, *these* phobias are largely sensationalized through current scapegoats/token cops that remain composed of many different ethnicities, genders and/or religions, theatres, etc, in the material world; i.e., fear towards these persons coming from a warped, abject understanding of what furies even are; re: nature is other/monstrous-feminine alien to pimp and rape for profit out of revenge against the colonized by the colonizers during inheritance anxiety inside the Imperial Core (what Doctor Robotnik calls "the Death Egg" in *Sonic 2*, 1992); e.g., Paradise/Greenhill Zone something to defend *from* Indigenous Peoples dressed up as evil Nazi scientists (echoes of Operation Paperclip), which *Communist* furies have to reclaim from *Nazi* DARVO/obscurantist scapegoats, and fascist/white moderate wolves and foxes (re: Malcom X), at large!



(exhibit 52e1: [Source](#): Eric Killela's "Does the Furry Community Have a Nazi Problem?" 2017—the same year TERFs began to emerge, post-Gamergate, assimilating in response to fascism rising on the global stage; i.e., the liminal hauntology of war historically-materially yields tokenism and strange bedfellows.)

The Ark is a bit crowded, then, but we cannot simply reject nature, for then we *abandon* it to the *current* "stewards" preying *on* it/our communities; i.e., through monomythic neoliberalism (re: *Sonic* descending into a "bad future" to prevent the apocalypse, *Terminator*-style)—one whose omnipresent Capitalist Realism and bad-faith environmental "activism" we subvert on the Aegis during Promethean and Faustian subversions of said dogma: the animal sluts of the world, punching up from *their* kennels—fighting not just for the *preservation* of nature already owned/privatized by Whitey/tokens (as *Sonic* canonically does), but for land *back*. Doing so requires demasking the cop as a furry *like* *Sonic* (actual *Sonic*, but also Bunny from *The First Descendants*, exhibit 56a1a1); i.e., while still loving nature ourselves (as Blxxd Bunny and Nyx do, but also Pippy Longstocking ...and

the actress who played her in the '80s straight-to-VHS movie, said actress making a sex tape and reclaiming *it* from *her* ex formerly releasing *it* as revenge porn, exhibit 56a1a2).

Stemming from non-Western, non-Christian ways of life that strive hauntologically to reharmonize *with* nature (which Indigenous cultures *didn't* always do; re: treaties with *the White Man*), the anthropomorphic counterculture tradition suggested above conveys an idealized animal representation the West has since abjected (unable to tokenize furies as easily as Amazons, for example): a "totem" animal for humans and nature as connected through the spirit of demonic creativity and kinship, hence dark xenophilia tied to nature as whore!

Being a *kind* of demon, then, furies are similar to other magic totem groups. Like witches, they're an out-group. This can be seen in how they transform/present as *egregores*—peacefully "wearing" the skins of animals to relate to nature versus harvesting the skins *for* profit/status; e.g., berserks; i.e., exploiting nature and using the skin as a disguise to perform various crimes the *state* invents, during *undercover* police work (more on this in Volume Three; re: witch cops/vigilantism).

From Disney's own prince/princess offshoots—or Sega's skater punk gentrification and decay of said punk with Sonic—false rebellions are never rebellions, but haunt and plague said rebellions in duality (and vice versa). Similar to canonical demons and witches, then, animalistic demons and monsters are universally regarded as sexual deviants/degenerates who must be collectively punished under broad, vague (fascist) legislation pimping anthropomorphic sex; i.e., said sexuality (and public nudism) tied to nature as monstrous-feminine. In turn, these laws are meant to be *selectively* applied, thereby used in bad faith to attack conservative *scapegoats* tied to common conservative phobias, fetishes and double standards; i.e., focus points for hate groups to levy a bias *against*, namely "in defense" of women, children and moral decency through moral panics targeting trans people as "radical groomers" (and linked to other marginalized groups less politically unwise to attack mask-off, like Indigenous Peoples).

We'll examine this tactic far more in Volume Three. For now, merely keep in mind that such accusations don't tend to match up with the data, with

- most forms of child sexual abuse [happening from heterosexual persons](#) (Zero Abuse Project, 2023)
- most violent crimes/rapes [being committed by men against women](#) (Cal Poly / Humboldt's "Sexualized Violence Statistics")
- most domestic rapes and murders/murder-suicides [happening from one's intimate partner](#) (the NCADV's "Facts about Domestic Violence and Physical Abuse," 2015)
- a self-reported, 40% climb [being attributed to domestic abuse cases involving police officers abusing their own families](#) (National Center for

Women & Policing's "Police Family Violence Fact Sheet, 2013), who go on to underreport rapes in general—re: [the Marshall Project](#)

Nevertheless, lycanthropy the *accusation* can be attributed to canonical, propagandized sex crimes for centuries; i.e., since at least *Monarchy of Demons* and *Faustus*, the *complicit* cryptonymy process reaching out of the Early Modern period; e.g., Count Ferdinand from John Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* eventually going insane from lycanthropy and committing various acts of murder (and this being after he wanted to marry and rape his own sister):



(*source*: Stéphanie Mercier's "*The Duchess of Malfi*, John Webster, Directed by Dominic Dromgoole," 2014)

In keeping with Gothic and Matthew Lewis, as much as Milton, such stories are as much critiques of systems that will deny their own hand in things and push them off onto their victims; re: exploitation and liberation exist in the same place, on and off the same stages in the larger mode of discourse—what Mercier herself calls "sharing space" (an idea basically synonymous with Radcliffean closed space and Bakhtin's chronotope/castle-narrative I've embellished on, using danger discos):

The visual effects are audibly accompanied by the rounded sound of the cello, the three different types of lute and the harpsichord, which requires regular re-tuning as if to underline the necessary reunion of the otherwise disrespectful handling of traditional neo-classical unities of time and space, or bodily and spiritual orthodoxy, throughout Webster's plot.

The play's script immediately points to this multifaceted doubling as the widowed Duchess, her twin brother Ferdinand (David Dawson) and the older sibling Cardinal (James Gannon) metaphorically become "three fair medals, / Cast in one figure, of so different temper" (I.1.179-180). The comparison, apart from underlining the different personalities of the characters, establishes a diptych of corporality and materiality that will underscore the action and hint to how the Duchess' passionate marriage with her adoring, yet socially inferior, steward will inevitably encourage disaster. With similar numismatic imagery, the Cardinal offers Bosola (Sean Gilder) gold coins to become a spy (and murderer) at the Duchess' court whilst the actors eat symbolically charged strawberries off circle-shaped pewter platters in a hint to the curvaceous nature of the Duchess' soon-to-be rounded pregnant belly. In fact, the tragic nature of what should be happy events to come is also pointed to by the premonitory dagger on stage; an appropriate metaphor for the particular "variety of courtship" (I.1.329) that characterizes

the play and that is immediately transferred to the quill that the steward, Antonio (Alex Waldmann), uses to write what turns out to be the Duchess' gloomily foreboding will. This, before she presumptuously oversteps moral, legal and social boundaries (here signified by the fact that the two are initially separated by the flaming lowered candles while they court) and gives him her wedding ring as a token of betrothal – yet another circle, and, more importantly, a pointer to the rope that will finally encircle her neck (*ibid.*).

Except while the West fabricates and testifies to its *own* abuses—doing so in cryptonymic ways that perjure domestic decay through historical-material doubles and nostalgia from Shakespeare and Webster onwards (re: Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok's 1986 *The Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Cryptonymy* alluding to Webster and Renaissance appropriations of the skin-changer legend in *Western* canon)—the undeniable fact remains: most furies *aren't* sex criminals any more than most queer people, non-Christians, non-white people, and/or demons are; they're a fandom that, according to Fur Science, runs countercurrent to "the very stereotypes that portray [them] as being simply a fetish, the most-cited drawn to the furry fandom is its sense of belongingness, recreation, and escape from the mundaneness of daily life, as well as its appreciation of anthropomorphic art and stories" ([source](#): "What's a Furry?" 2022). What a piece of work is furry! The paragon of animals pimped by Hamlet-style dickheads!

Furthermore, this explanation *isn't* baseless or unfounded/apophenic conspiracy to dismiss; it's academically grounded, produced by professors *of* furies (who aren't always furies themselves); i.e., describing their target of research as a fandom after years of prolonged study in good faith. The aim in doing so, then, is to *dispel* many harmful myths, *not* confirm and exploit them as they normally occur under capital during witch-hunt DARVO obscurantism pimping nature; i.e., as Radcliffean fuckwads like Turkey Tom do (and who apologize *for* fascism by pinning degeneracy on fascist *victims* they can conflate *with* fascism as "degenerate"; re: cops and victims, pimps and whores).

This includes, for example, standing together in false-rebellious solidarity against "soy boy" leftists they—as loud-and-proud centrists (and those like them, such as [Brandon Buckingham](#), [oompaville](#), [ShoeOnHead](#), and [SomeOrdinaryGamers](#), etc)—can unite in bad faith against criticism they universally decry as "slander" and "woke"; i.e., dogwhistling while vice signaling and acting morally outraged/clutching their pearls to defend one of their own/someone ostensibly adjacent to them in the Free Marketplace of Ideas (Capitalism): something they can defend from outsiders who threaten to break Capitalist Realism with their "Cultural Marxism" (or whatever the reactive-abuse antagonizers want to call it, but that's what they're doing with these kinds of pogroms, furry or not).

And not to get *too* off track, but basically In Praise of Shadows went to battle with his guns *half*-loaded; i.e., kicking the hornet's nest and getting dogpiled by a

bunch of people defending Wendigoon from said "assailant," treating the former like the Whore of Babylon and the latter like Jesus Christ:

Answer: This was asked a few days ago, and at the time I had no idea who IPoS even was, but recently, Mutahar put out a decent video about the situation.

From what I can tell, the guy's catching flak for making wildly broad strokes such as "He's from Appalachia so he's a racist" and stuff like that. Given that Wendigoon is a fairly popular personality on YouTube, this likely aggravated his fan base and led to something of a proxy war in the two channel's comments, subreddits, forums, etc.

He also apparently took some shots at various other people, including SomeOrdinaryGamers, which is probably why the video above was made in the first place ([source](#): DoubleClickMouse, r/OutOfTheLoop's "What is going on with In Praise of Shadows and Wendigoon?" 2024).

I can't seem to find the original video, but in a nutshell, there's a lot of weird virtue/vice signaling and fascist pipeline apologetics (which lubricate and reinforce said pipeline while capitalizing on it during the cryptonymy/abjection processes); e.g., "IPOS lost me as a fan. I am a literal Catholic Monarchist from Appalachia and I despise racism. He has insulted me and every, White, Black, Latino, Asian and Native person in the entire region" ([ibid.](#)). Okay, then.

More to the point, there seems to be a whole lot of people who *aren't* oppressed *acting* oppressed in bad faith against dark xenophilia; i.e., allergic to criticism to such a degree that they make a meal out/ton of hay with it, grifting and bullying their critics to silence in typical "debate bro" fashion (and token fashion; re: ShoeOnHead having a lot of Nazi friends, the shameless bitch). There's a lot of chaff during the dust-up and that's the point; i.e., make noise to distract from the obvious: that they hide and feed in plain sight during a complicit cryptonymy process furthering abjection on stages *we* must survive inside; i.e., from bad-faith cunts like Turkey Tom and his ilk's dogmatic "edutainment." It worked for Obama and Joe Biden; i.e., a cop is a cop and *doesn't* prevent crime, American Liberal "justice" being slavery-in-disguise hiding *in* plain sight (note the noose, echoing Jim



Crow and Lost Cause behind a literal Monster commercial by two white straight Nazi assholes: America, the Land of the Free and home of the Fascist, left):

(artist: [Rusty Cage](#), 2022)

To it, they're *all* Nazis because they're in bed *with* Nazis (and love guns/being tough on crime/acting superior to everyone else while downplaying their *own* privilege and

America's settler-colonial design, below); i.e., working from the same compounds as militias to push out from, home-base-style, and attack the enemies of the state/the Protestant ethic and Cartesian thought; re: the state is straight and anyone who challenges *them* is a sicko Commie "fur faggot" these "maverick hunters" will happily poach, therefore *making* human, animal and environmental rights/dark xenophilia "up for debate": a lynch mob kettling "useless eaters" (the former massive cowards who hide behind privilege and fear their latter chosen prey fighting back, below)!



(exhibit 52e3: Source: right, Instagram: [Tombutdark](#); left: Volume One's exhibit 10c2:

Artist, top-left: [Undead Clown](#); top-right: [Defiant Drills](#), commissioned by [Barnowlren](#); bottom-

left and -right: Bay's fursona, by [Tofu Froth](#) and [Buns Like a Truck](#). Gothic-Communist struggle is defined in its poetic context—of whom commissioned the artist and why— as something that is challenged during paratextual dialogs concerning the pieces and what they stand for or rather, what they should stand for. For example, in posting his piece, "hit them nazi punks" in 2020, Undead Clown writes,

*largely inspired by CRASHprez's song "Fascists Don't Cry" which is a really great song lmao
but ya imma knock ya out if you come up to me spoutin white supremacist or transphobic shit
human rights aint up for debate [source].*

Bigots are cops and hate being reminded of that; i.e., while they play dress up in bad-faith cryptonymy versus our own revolutionary deceptions punching up against capital from parallel societies: exposing them as cowards on and offstage, upon the Aegis. We lie and perform to protect ourselves/the natural world; they lie to pimp and rape such things for the establishment. Gross, sad fuckers, you're traitors and rapists stuck in Plato's cave! Your time will come!)

By bullet or not, such holocausts routinely happen by the usual suspects *perpetrating* them; i.e., anyone colonizing these spaces (token or not) during the Imperial Boomerang as a brutal historical-material cycle—one reaving the usual prisons by the usual ladders of preferential mistreatment/overlapping persecution "joy division" language that cops and vigilantes selectively and collectively groom/mark *their* prey with! Anyone who breaks the illusion, mid-purge, is the enemy of those most fragile, privileged and guilty of doing crimes *for* the state *against* the vulnerable and the marginalized; re: on capital's frontiers, thus inside its states of exception: controlled opposition policing uncontrolled opposition, pimps (and token whores) policing unruly whores through all labor/nature as sexualized and alienized by the state and *its* mechanisms—doing so to *serve* profit (thus rape) by punching and killing Medusa. Bursting their bubble is our revenge; i.e., by exposing and shaming them while always taking *away* their toys: us.

As we keep exploring furies—i.e., as things to investigate as/with—recall that white moderates are Nazis with more masks (concentric veneers being something we'll return to, in Volume Three); e.g., Turkey Tom effectively operating as an open-to-cloaked racist in ways people more broadly forget *because* of the confusion outlined above (re: D'Angelo Wallace's "[I'm Not Sorry](#)" calling Turkey Tom out, back in 2019). It's a war of endurance, our darkness visible versus theirs during a, suitably enough, Miltonic war of angels and demons, but also furies and dark xenophilia. Nazis and Communists occupy that self-same space, too!

To it, furies are scapegoats in ways that play out very similarly to the events described above; i.e., pimp and police them in ways white moderates (and *their* reactionary brethren) love to do: a harvest to *dehumanize* and treat strictly as criminal and nothing else; re: Turkey Tom's "degenerate" series being a massive dogwhistle several steps removed from him and his own racism. But function betrays any aesthetic; i.e., if someone has Nazi friends in their orbit/wheelhouse, *they're* a Nazi by association because that's how fascism works.

Every witch hunt has a hunter to either apologize for or upend by viewing the oppressed in a better light. To it, associate professor Sharon E. Roberts tries to undo these dangerous (and deliberate, profitable) misconceptions about "furry panic" by writing in "What are 'furies?':"

[Furies](#) are people who have an interest in anthropomorphism, which specifically refers to giving human characteristics to animals. In its most distilled form, furies are a group of people who formed a community—[or fandom](#)—because they have a common interest in anthropomorphic media, friendships and social inclusion. [...] Furies don't identify *as* animals; they identify [with animals](#). In the same way that cosplayers typically don't believe they are actually Spiderman, furies don't think they are their fursonas ([source](#)).

In other words, furies are *not* an illness or inherently criminal institution; they're a small minority group ([about 1.4-2.8 million, worldwide](#), International Furry Survey: Summer 2011); i.e., like the queer community is, thus targeted by reactionaries and white moderates/tokens during moral panics made to *defend* capital as always in crisis (to enforce and motivate profit through manufactured scarcity).

So [just as LGBTQ people tend to receive violence](#) (UCLA William Institute, 2021), furies are far more likely [to have crimes committed against them by hate groups](#) (whose own activities either go unreported or are protected by those in power acting in bad faith; re: Turkey Tom); i.e., are more likely to experience police abuse than they are to actually "do a crime," themselves ("Furry-tales: The organized hate effort against LGBTQ+ young people," 2021).

Note, I do put "do a crime" in quotes because furies, and those associated with them to varying degrees—such as sex workers and Indigenous Peoples more broadly—are criminalized for existing as sex workers and Indigenous people do, but receive *additional* confusion surrounding *them* due to being animals in *hauntological* ways; i.e., that are harder for the modern West to *unironically* fetishize/tokenize. In the tradition of stigma animals, werewolves are shot, most animals are hunted, most hunters are men, and most murders and violent sexual crimes are committed by men (which extends to token men trying to assimilate by eating the dead; e.g.,



Henry Emory from *Them* [2021] trying to choke down the homemade pie at the dinner table, and blend in at work: with his aggressively white supremacist co-workers *not* welcoming assimilative co-habitation).

(*exhibit 52f: Artist, top-left: Frank Frazetta; top-right: Ichan-desu; bottom: Wlop. Even in classic pin-up art, the presence of nudity and animals doesn't traditionally denote a sexual connection between the human and animal[s] portrayed. Rather, the effect is closer to public nudism and simply being naked around animals to make a larger symbolic point. Another role the animal plays, then, is a protector for the oft-naked woman; i.e., as a totem that ascribes qualities onto the woman as a kind of "panther lady" with an increased, feral sexuality tied to nature: a desire to fight back against her rapists trying to possess her/project their fetishizes onto her [or any preyed-upon gender].)*

Another way of looking at this problem, then, is to see the fate of animals/nature under Capitalism as inherently divisive *and* unstable; i.e., the "native" party (the colonizer) seeing their inherited settler-colonial home as invaded by the ghost of the counterfeit, which *it* scapegoats instead of attacking *Capitalism* as a structure. In other words, Capitalism causes pain as an abject byproduct of ongoing exploitation; i.e., as half-real, meaning between fiction and non-fiction.

The Gothic imagination, then, is like the T-800, who coldly states, "I sense injuries; the data could be called pain." Except the better developed these pathways are, the better our ability to cry out *in* pain, thus issue warnings regarding oncoming/ongoing disasters against bad-faith impostors. We furries will find ways not just to relieve stress and pain, then, but *prevent* them in the future. In response to a perceived "white genocide," a Cartesian man or Radcliffean Gothicism/token will summon and dismiss these anxieties, exorcising them from the home as divorced *from* nature/nature's revenge (which includes flashing the pimp on the Aegis, below): "We didn't destroy ourselves; you attacked us!"

The problem is, Capitalism is historically-materially unstable and cheapens nature to push for infinite growth within a finite web of life. Per state shift, it will not survive its own disasters, but decay into older hauntological (token) models of brutality like fascism, including *eco-fascism*. *Those* arrangements of capital and the state's enforcers historically-materially offer up linguo-material byproducts serving as *holistic* data; i.e., *cryptomimetically* suggesting a decaying society and nation, but also Humanity and the planet as sick of capital that eventually leads to total mass extinction: an unmaking or reversal of Genesis not unlike Matthew Lewis' ending to *The Monk*, over two centuries ago; re: self-deception as self-authored and carried out.

To it, I'd rather fight *for* our survival as open stewards of nature weaponizing dark xenophilia in our favor, than speak little in relative comfort; i.e., while genocide leads to our destruction through a land without food, but also full of people who cannot eat (making the colonialists asking of the alien "what did you eat?"⁴⁶⁶ a tragic refrain; re: men cannot eat gold, but also starve: when Indigenous Peoples *won't* give them food to *enable* colonization, effectively *disabling* it).

Divorced *from* nature, Whitey cannot see what ails their own dying colony. Instead, they burn their own house down and kill things that "do not belong"; re: *anything* they monomythically and cartographically describe as "degenerate" or "monstrous-feminine," hence treat differently than them/the status quo as morally thus ethnocentrically superior to their *routine* victims; e.g., a witch to burn, but also a whore to pimp and a pet to own while acting as the oppressed wearing witch-cop costumes (and ironically doomsaying their own slaughter when the state dies). Chattel is chattel, and pedophiles and zoophiles go hand-in-hand with unironic porn addicts sharing the same poetic space as furry actors and art:



(artist: [Lumidetsu](#))

⁴⁶⁶ From Alex Garland's 2018 adaptation to Jeff Vander Meer's *Annihilation* (2014).

Furries, then, are stewards of nature preyed upon by those taught to own and dominate nature-as-alien/monstrous-feminine, colonizing furry porn in ways seen as strange because the undercover costume is essentially a compound clown/fetish outfit; i.e., it sticks out like a sore thumb; e.g., *Four Lions* taking the idea and pearl-clutching during the War on Terror as something to apologize for with British snark:



([source](#): *Time Out* 2010 review)

To that, our usual suspects remain white cis-het chuds/weird canonical nerds and token sell-outs, who try doggedly to operate as undercover stewards of profit canonizing false colonial binaries like "male/female" (steer clear of anyone who says "a male" or "a female" as a noun phrase; e.g., "I dated a female"). Their education and its distinctions/categories' harmful sex, drugs and rock 'n roll (what they poetically endorse) are bad; i.e., a poison for their brains that fuels the metastasizing of Capitalism—its cancer-like growth—as something to guard to their own eventual downfall.

Worse, they will push it *onto* us, meaning "we" (a broader intersectional collective that includes furries) must challenge that by guarding nature but also the means of communing *with* nature through the above Gothic poetics; i.e., the "furry" as a revolutionary function, during acid Communism as, itself, dualistic in practice (which we'll get to at the end of part two); re: our land, drugs, and sex education (collars, animal monsters, breeding displays, etc), but also *whatever* leaps to mind when using them, provided its revolutionary function is *constant* during ludo-Gothic BDSM's cryptonymy process reversing abjection using dark xenophilia. If workers refuse to assimilate, tokenization and colonization become impossible:



([artist](#): [Lumidetsu](#))

Think of it as a praxial "stress test," then, one whose revolutionary cryptonymy—when exposed to our potential allies (thus potential enemies); i.e., "flashing those with power" as a game to enjoy as we do it, above—make the latter either want to hug or kill us (after embarrassingly shitting their pants, of course). In terms of re(t)con, establishing either is vital to our survival and the overall war effort as fighting for *our* lives; i.e., our right to exist versus extinction being the outcome of Capitalism censoring us and our education to enrich the elite and *their* proponents; re: Turkey Tom, Andrew Tate,

and the Critical Drinker, etc, showing that anything *not* against the state is *with* it, including all manner of radical/reactionary and moderate forms bearing a white, cis-het male face (or tokens wearing such masks, the assimilator and assimilated inverting the mask's flow of assimilation: the colonizer playing the white Indian, and the assimilator playing the actual Indian who thinks they've "made it," but have only killed the Indian to "save" the [wo]man for last: the casino brothelized under canonical duress).

To this, Cartesian dualism more broadly treats anything "of nature" as "outside" of civilization *and* nature, thus meriting exploitation or reformation/conversion of "bad" nature to "good.: The colonial rhetoric is of course dressed up in the rhetoric of liberty and equality to sound as good as possible (re: Zinn), but is also supplied primarily to the enforcers of the American middle class since Bacon's Rebellion: cis-het white men, followed by cis-het white women, then other Russian-doll dog-eat-dog/big-fish-eat-little-fish pecking orders.

As such, it's precisely this group and its assimilative offshoots (the capitalist Numinous) that hatefully (with bias⁴⁶⁷) declare all demons anathema, including totems, chimeras and sentient animals more commonly portrayed as furies or as magical beings associated *with* furies; re: witches by the same modular persecution logic and arbitrary double standards, Communist variants muddled *vis-à-vis* state DARVO and obscurantism (re: Nazi werewolves *are* historically a thing Hitler actually used towards the end of the war, as I discuss in "[Hell Hath No Fury'; or, Soulbrighter's Token Gay Nazi Revenge](#)"): our uphill push towards the city of the gods and our own Communist Numinous (the Medusa) being something to break



into and reclaim from Puritanical forces and capital, whose Omelas we seek to dismantle as Trojan whores do (on the prow of a slutty Ark):

(artist: [Lumidetsu](#))

In effect, the elite outlaw iconoclastic media that attempts to depict these groups in a positive light; i.e., showing such entities as capable of giving and receiving empathetic treatment (above), thus deserving of basic human rights (the same rights afforded to animals and the environment, to be fair). The state's war on nature and sex education is one on Pagan and dark xenophilia; i.e., making for a liminal proposition—one where many individuals grapple with the call of the wild and their own genders, identities and sexualities: as either in the closet already or

⁴⁶⁷ Regarding hate crimes, "The term 'hate' can be misleading. When used in hate crime *law*, the word 'hate' does not mean rage, anger, or general dislike. In this context 'hate' means bias against people or groups with specific characteristics that are defined by the law" ([source](#): United States Department of Justice).

being forced back inside such kennels through state courtship pimping puppy courtesans to monopolize chattelized sex work (thus furies and dark xenophilia)!

Regarding such liminality as anisotropically progress-versus-regression, if Ann Radcliffe was an imperfect detective out of the past—one whose own relative attempts *at* grasping beyond *her* reach live on in her *books* (and *offshoots* of said books)—the same concept applies to trans, intersex, enby and/or ace detectives today reaching for equality towards Communism; i.e., in demonic language that Radcliffe would never have dared touch: on the edge of the civilized world, through a transformative experience decidedly *more* genderqueer than she was and, by extension, Matthew Lewis as some to embrace and make even gayer than *he* arguably was (some big shoes to fill, but we fags love "filling" things)! Necessity *is* the mother of invention (e.g., Small Goblin's "[Cantina Theme](#)" [played by a pencil and a girl with too much time on her hands](#)," 2018); never let them take credit for your work, thus colonize it and you with said theft!



([source](#): YesterWeird's *The Monk* by Matthew Lewis, Chapters 6 & 7," 2015)

This brings us to andro-/gynodiversity as something I want to unpack/denude as dark xenophilia; i.e., relative to a furry counterculture and general stewardship of nature; re: through Lewis' *The Monk*, but also my past work with Cuwu combined with Dario Argento's "Pelts," Erika Eleniak, and furry porn (there's an odd combo) loaded with a bit of worker/nature revenge: as something *to* protect *with* iconoclastic art *from* the usual betrayals. So do we pee out such moral superiority/outrage (as something to perform; e.g., from Turkey Tom to Mahatma Gandhi and Mother Teresa): a waste to void that, unto itself, feels rather good (and exits the body similar to cum as something the *Catholics* might sing about as "waste," yet actually comes out of the usual Protestant gentry playing at paupers suitably making fun *of* the colonized yet thinking *they're* Jonathan Swift; re: Monty Python courting Protestant spectres of Cromwell having genocided the Irish as racially inferior to English false rebellions: [The Life of Brian](#) serving anti-Catholic dogma furthering the Protestant ethic out of the 18th and 19th centuries into a new neoliberal period's Second Gilded Age).

This includes feminism being a classic site of divide-and-conquer that, operating through the usual strange appetites garnered under capital, has tokenized *from* decaying gentries; re: from white women being chattelized as property (under city-states) far longer than people of color have been—a trend that would aggressively target the latter by the former under Capitalism from Radcliffe onwards; re: gaslight, gatekeep, girl boss—who then collectively go on to police the bodies of *anyone* not "of them": their own, but also a "pussy phrenology/eugenics" that can be measured and analyzed during the usual exclusionary measures that

tokens will embarrassingly cater to (forgetting how few people even have that "Vitruvian pussy" to begin with, let alone the entire monomorphic gradient of trans, intersex and non-binary people). What *they* canonize, we camp on the *same* Aegis:



(exhibit 52g1a: Artist: [Victoria](#), directed by [Persephone van der Waard](#). The canonical historical purpose of such exhibits was to display and dehumanize the freak; our reclamations give us gradient misfits a chance to exhibit, and voyeuristically peer in at, willing subjects of study we can play with/out, for a change! Victoria, for instance, is a rape survivor and intersex person, and one I—as a trans rape

survivor and researcher seeking to heal from rape with others; i.e., doing so by speaking out in a diverse polity thereof—orchestrated a time to shoot and play with Vic. We both were eager to learn together and give each other power as demons do; i.e., through crossdress and undress alike, mid-exchange [re: Matilda's concentric veneers used to expose Ambrosio's bullshit, thus that story's evil prioress tied to capital: "Antonia will perceive her dishonor, but be unaware of her ravisher" bleeding into the violator being misled by promises of future rape the demonic queer shapeshifter uses to hoist the closeted rapist on his own petard; i.e., during a Satanic Panic of older days, The Monk operating essentially as vintage torture porn, but anisotropically directing queer anger at the status quo in ways they self-report through their outrage; e.g., Coleridge protesting The Monk by colonizing Gothic as straight]!



In doing so, I had Vic pose in ways that stressed their body as intersex/pear-shaped; e.g., their "hip dips" reminding me of Cuwu's [above, middle] but also Vic

storing fat differently than typically AMAB assignments do under state scalpels—a reality their own literal intersex scars testify to, and which our ludo-Gothic BDSM's instruction and invigilation attest to: as something to resist state abuse while funding and finding our power onstage and off!)

Over time, women's studies have gradually become *decolonized* from token cis-het white women (e.g., Radcliffe, Dacre, the Brontë sisters, Carter, Beauvoir, Moers, and Creed, etc); i.e., by nakedly sex-positive queer voices *after* Lewis (e.g., Cuwu, Victoria and me from Judith Butler and Michael Warner *unto us*). As such, it is now known more broadly as "gender studies" or "intersectional feminism"; but the performative and praxial liminality of doing so likewise has iconoclasts learning from older activist movements; i.e., in order to challenge authorities within current manifestations *of* those former groups. That's what Ludo-Gothic BDSM boils down to (as I coined it, anyways); re: camping the canon, putting "rape" in quotes to hug the alien sex worker while outing the pimp as perfidious *towards* the whore.

Ergo, revisiting the errors of the token past and tackling *their* regressions includes competing with male *and* female academics, but also cis-queer/token academics, public intellectuals and celebrities (tokenism knows no bounds); i.e., to allow GNC persons to say things about the same material world as it pertains to all oppressed groups under idiosyncratic axes of oppression/privilege, but also past, monstrous versions of ourselves; re: those that include the entire totemic demon class: as something that is *routinely* hunted by members of our own groups playing the conquistador's pet, hence hauntological Roman fool!

Such testimony happens with our diversely inclusive bodies during the pedagogy *of* the oppressed; i.e., as something to solidarize and study unto itself. When dealing with bad(-faith) dragons, we good(-faith) dragons must expose their weak points while paradoxically showcasing our own vulnerability in ways that resist exploitation, on the Aegis; re: not just Victoria, but Cuwu as someone whose

forbidden-fruit "apple" and its subsequent temptation I have revisited many times: a little shapeshifting dragon who fed on *me* a bit, but which I didn't *always* dislike!



(*exhibit 52g1b: Artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#). So who's the Devil and who's Faust, again? So did Cuwu and I make off like bandits in more ways than one—booty bandits! Making mischief is only blackmail through context, Cuwu the Matilda of a 21st century*

whore taking me out of the closet/to the ball game that they might turn me gayer than I ever dared dream, up until that point. "Let my hand see not the wound it

makes" became sex with the lights on cushion-pushing towards a fearsome-fun ostinato of our bringer of class war unto others of different oppressions also rising to the challenge; re: fucking to metal, the Medusa something you cannot kill!

It was Jack Black's 2001 "[Fuck Her Gently](#)," in our case, but the idea is the same across all rock 'n roll spinoffs; e.g., with [Holst and Venture Bros.](#) or anyone else predating/proceeding such cases, mid-crisis [[Star Wars](#) leaps to mind, or [Paradise Lost](#) and [Frankenstein](#) wiggling sinfully on the same holistic timeline]! "We are so back, my dude[s]!" Tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomorrow, furies and acid Communism are transformative but also cryptonymic, speaking cryptomimetically to Shakespeare's petty pace: "a tale full of sound and fury," signifying whatever meaning we give it!

Would it surprise you very much to know, then, that Cuwu and I both practiced, each of us gay little furry idiots? Furies are shadow warriors, "[the beasts under your bed, in your closet, in your head](#)";



i.e., to "enter sandman," Metallica style—administering "dreams of [class] war, dreams of dragon's fi-re [those dactyls] and of things that will bite"; re: during the dialectic of shelter and the alien as dualistically reclaimed by us. We demand HUGS, and give as good as we get! Fucking is metal, but as Beethoven did; re: by shaking his fist [or our asses] at Napoleon!

[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

But also, look on us neurodivergent-if-not-terribly-morphologically-diverse [that being said, my Cuban friend Jackie did say about Cuwu's ass, "Damn! They have a nice ass for a white girl!"]: showing you our asses while having fun in duality versus those who would pimp us having divorced themselves from such things! The Judas is always lonesome.

So did we GNC cuties mock such unironic weirdos while weird attracts weird, Cuwu and I having fun/acting bad while looking good⁴⁶⁸; i.e., as something to pass along for others to learn from: to make love like you make rebellion, babes—wildly [Cuwu needing lots of "Scooby snacks," making a meal out of a dog bone]! They were always high, but able to negotiate just fine by navigating their illness with their Marxist-Leninist way of life! I call chicanery!

⁴⁶⁸ Well Cuwu did; my trans woman's fat ass/dad bod leaves a lot to be desired, I feel (thanks to Jadis adding a bit of "love bomb" weight to my poor skeleton). Then again, Cuwu didn't complain, and that's all that matters! Enjoy 'em to the hilt, bitches!

"That's no moon; it's a space station!" Whatever moon-sized horrors the state throws at us, like Jadis did, we revolutionaries can turn back on Aegises of our own: "Turtle power!" The Numinous is dualistic and stacks rebels upon rebels; i.e., our stacked fortresses-in-the-flesh going all the way down/mise-en-abyme! "FIRE EVERYTHING!" [calm yourself, Chaucer]:



[model and photographer, top-right: [Cuwu](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); the other artists and their butts (from top-right, left-to-right, downwards): [Sinead](#), [Harmony Corrupted](#), [Angel](#), [Nyx](#), [Ebonnyy](#), Crow (a different Crow than [my Crow](#)), [Angel Witch](#), and [Mugiwara](#)]

In short, there has to be something to encapsulate and suggest the enormity of the state and scale of things at stake; i.e., it's like Braveheart but not fascist/culturally appropriative: "This is our army—to join it, you give homage!" / "I give homage to [Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism]! And if this is your army, why does it go?" / "We didn't come here to fight for them!"

So fight for yourselves and each other beyond state boundaries and hauntologies; break them, thus capital and its dreadful Realism; i.e., on your stupidly awesome Aegises that—united and strong as a phalanx of cuties can only be [above]—make the witch hunters tuck tail and run! Solidarity and mutual consent are poison to them because they cannot stand for nature as monstrous-feminine set free: "[back to the wild frontier](#)" as something they can't ignore; i.e., during our holistic collective's Song of Infinity farting in our enemies faces [or fucking while they watch—same difference]!

I remember the old country
They call the emerald land.
And I remember my home town
Before the wars began.

Now we're riding on a sea of rage,
The victims you have seen.
You'll never hear them sing again
The Forty Shades Of Green.

[...] I remember my city streets
Before the soldiers came.
Now armoured cars and barricades
Remind us of our shame.

We are drowning in a sea of blood,
 The victims you have seen.
 Never more to sing again
 The Forty Shades Of Green [[source](#): Genius].

The old folk heroes speak to current struggles co-opted and abused by white moderates and other class traitors; re: Clare—the white female protagonist from *The Nightingale* [2018]—bristling furiously when called "English" by the film's Aboriginal protagonist: "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](#)]. Fuckin' oath, sis! Long live Ireland, and all oppressed peoples united as one against tyranny's bad actors! Kill 'em with kindness towards each other!

Furthermore, rape is a terror weapon as much as any weaponized disease or monstrous-feminine is; i.e., testifying as we do, through ludo-Gothic BDSM putting "rape" in quotes, makes an indelible but elusive line in the sand—one the enemy cannot cross without outing themselves as Judas colonizers taking Roman pay. "[Fear the Reaper](#)" if that reaper is the state! Death and rebirth occupy the same icons; use 'em to your advantage! Mobilize and disrupt the state apparatus [of rape and theft] using what you got and what you make: friendship and love! May yours lay their hatred and structures to waste!



[artists: Cuwu and [Persephone van der Waard](#)]

Do such things last, on the cusp of greatness?
 And can we always afford them to? No, but what does,
 state or worker? Cuwu and I had a whirlwind romance,
 and one that only lasted six months in life, but in death,
 lives on through my work honoring them; i.e., we loved a lifetime's worth, and
 made plenty of demonic love on the Aegis that I—ever the dutiful invigilator and
 chronicler/archivist of our dark xenophilia—can now proudly pass onto you, dear
 readers; re:

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! [Black Absinthe's "[Nobody Knows](#)," 2024].

The fact remains, any jealous parties can tell me to "touch grass" lest I amount to fuck all; but I've already chased the dragon and caught a little fuck-puppy variant by the tail [and have much to show/be grateful for it]: baby's first rebellion/cream pie [echoes of *Always Sunny's* [ambiguous creampie skit](#) from 2015 being one of

their best]! And furthermore, any great deed accomplished or position worth having is worth restating during such struggles; i.e., the pain of genuine loss something to recursively process [anyone who doesn't is a wackjob exploiter who didn't value what they had [re: Zuehl abandoning me at pretty much the drop of a fucking hat].

Behind every Athena, then, is a Medusa, every Medusa a rape victim/genocide, every victim a chance to refuse victimization/tokenization while still having fun! So did we, for a time, heal from our own rape! Learn from it, warts and all! Become your own bosses! Tell the usual farmers, "We are not crops to dust and reave, nor peaches to carve up like all the usual territories! We will become unruly and inedible to you, but not each other!")

In the Gothic tradition, this eulogy is an uphill battle, especially when challenging Capitalism through sex education using animalized language that features our bodies as different from the status quo. To this, witches and totems have much in common, xenophilia-wise, and constitute a common fixture in said education; i.e., both denote a strong bond to nature as alienated from society by Cartesian dualism and its statuesque Nordic model harming anything else.

Furthermore, this ongoing struggle towards liberation from exploitation through "exploitation" can also be seen in the struggles of current-day trans people like Quinnvincible and Price, below. As people who menstruate, their reeducation of the world as straight involves what *they're* teaching with: their own gynodiverse vaginas, girl-cock clitorises, body hair and associate art as belonging to them and celebrated *by me* for those reasons; i.e., as things effected by HRT and transition therapies, which they can teach us about; re: simply by being different and expressing said difference in a sex-positive furry lesson told in self-affirming body language (and whose "fu[r]ry rebellion" we'll examine more, in Volume Three):



(exhibit 52g2: Model, middle: [Quinnvincible](#), a "breedable" trans boy by themselves responding to HRT/doing puppy play with me; left: [Price](#), pretty, trans femboy. Model and artist, far-right: Quinnvincible and [Persephone van der Waard](#). Feel the magic and the wonder! Come to the Sabbath! Similar to neurodivergence and

androdiversity as part of the same [w]hole, gynodiversity demonstrates as much by what diverges from canonical [thus eugenic, Christofascist] beauty standards; e.g., the non-heteronormative amounts of external labia and body hair owned, groomed and exhibited by people like Quinn and Price: [a passage to Bang\[coc\]k](#) [double sex/drug pun] taking the Midnight Express [and its Orientalist, Ayn Rand phase] out of weird canonical nerds' hands masturbating to their own oppression as largely Red Scare nonsense⁴⁶⁹.

⁴⁶⁹ Sorry, Rush, but the shoe *really* fits, here. "We are [the Priests of the Temples of Syrinx!](#)" but *not* in ways that *you* could have imagined; i.e., while writing love letters to Rand, Bernays, Orwell, and Tolkien, in the 1970s (oddly enough, your best period, but also one where you aped Led Zeppelin's fash-adjacent and wholly problematic love for runes while saying little of worth to people who *weren't* like yourselves *with* said runes: white and middle-class platitudes that, to be fair to you, still have their moments (e.g., "[Free Will](#)"). In any event, I don't measure someone's success by how much money they can make while posturing as more rebellious than they actually are!

That being *said*, can I enjoy Rush, anyways? Absolutely! I grow up with them in high school, and Marilyn Roxie even featured my review of *2112* to commemorate Neil Peart's death, in 2020:

2112 is one of Rush's most endearing albums, and certainly there's a lot to enjoy about it. However, its greatest strength—accessibility and refinement—is also its Achilles Heel. They rarely if ever buck the trend of checkered incohesion, almost making this album a blueprint for failure in that regard: The lengthier tendencies of their older works remain, albeit with less errant unpredictability and flashiness. As a result, *2112*'s rambles feel almost empty and blank in spots—a problem that bleeds into several shorter songs ([source](#): Persephone van der Waard's Rating94544799; Jan 11th, 2020).

Revisiting *that* review after five eventful years, I can safely say I flat-out *love* the music (which still straight-up *slaps* [da bass] after all these years)! 10/10, would fuck to, again!

Even so, my Communist convictions remain unfazed by such hero worship; i.e., I will happily *skewer* Rush's underlying lyrical content/political message the old pros smuggled, then and now, through their gentrified rock 'n roll commercialism; i.e., their dogmatic elements—specifically Rand's repackaged dystopian objectivism—is, to be brutally frank to our Canadian meganerds, shameless Red-Scare bullshit; re: written first by a Russian sell-out (and aped by Orwell, an imperial cop), only to be enshrined into the halls of the (white straight) rock gods by the usual authors of the ghost of the counterfeit. Fear-fascinated with Communism as rock 'n roll "black magic" obscurantism. weird canonical nerds gonna weird canonical nerd:



([source](#))

Like, God help me, you're such monumental *dorks* (a fact emblemized by my Catholic, sexless and gun-nut roomie, "Beavis" [from Volume One](#), who loved Rush). And even if I *wasn't* a *Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism* by Persephone van der Waard Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025 [vanderWaardart.com](#)

Indeed, the presence of either variation can be intersex and congenital, but nowadays becomes increasing post-natal with the inclusion of gender-affirming care as something to dangle, carrot-and-stick, in front of people the state wants to tokenize. Except, trans people are reliant on this care to exist, meaning the transphobic/interphobic witch hunts waged against them manifest in direct attacks against said care; i.e., as something that will radicalize in both directions when growing disenfranchised with Black Excellence or any other token myth. Witch hunters aren't just overt reactionaries, then, but self-appointed "normal" people like particle physicist and practicing TERF, Sabine Hossenfelder [re: Essence of Thought's "Sabine Hossenfelder & Trans Youth, part 1," 2023]. Indeed, Hossenfelder's moderacy not only contains fascist talking points [Essence of Thought, "part 2," 2023] per the American tradition of weaponizing mad science during and after Operation Paperclip; it's par for the course among well-established scientists in the 21st century [with many of them—like Richard Dawkins or Neal DeGrasse Tyson—being completely unafraid of the conservative grift: something we'll explore more of in Volume Three when we examine TERFs at length].



[[source](#): "What It's Like Being Married to Neil deGrasse Tyson," 2015]

In the Cartesian tradition, these STEM variants of the accommodated intellectual tone-police anyone they associate with the natural world; e.g., treating trans personalities and "furry" culture/dark xenophilia as part of said world to map out and progress through as capital does; re: as something to dominate in the interests of Capitalism and "progress," during the cryptonymy process furthering abjection. So whereas overt TERF reactionaries deem GNC people/furries as dishonest, fiendishly taking away women's rights, moderacy takes a more polite stance in the same bad-faith practice; either approach leads to the policing and material harming of queer people during furry panic, denying them the basic necessities of life—e.g., health care as vital towards expressing their gender expression, atypical body acceptance and culture in their own eyes, but also their

former diehard paying fan (which I was, in the iTunes era), you're not gods; i.e., I can *still* critique you *and* enjoy you for it—meaning in the neoliberal era *you* doomsayed *all* the way to the bank... and which the 2012 Funny or Die skit, "[Jason Seigel & Paul Rudd Meet Rush](#)," happily makes fun of; i.e., ribbing "the Holy Trinity" in ways that *I* can't help but chuckle at; e.g., "I have a jerk off station!" says Seigel, only for Geddy Lee to *not* bat an eyelash/miss a beat (I'm sure he's heard far worse from more effusive [and sexually forward/available] roadies)!

To it, fandoms betray the *complicit* cryptonymies their authors use; i.e., if your material is full of Nazis, chances are, there's a problem with the parent source material acting pimp-like (re: Tolkien, Rowling, Iron Maiden, Black Sabbath and so many others; e.g., Ozzy and company largely used the late 1960s and early-to-mid-1970s as a chance to party and enrich themselves opportunistically: on the backs of suffering minorities they aped and pandered with to white straight paying customers). In the *big* picture, then, Rush weren't rebels but businessmen on the right side of the fence!

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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culture as treating them like gods worthy of worship, love and praise, not self-hatred and shame! Furrries, then, are gods to deify in a sex-positive, all-inclusive and universally liberatory disco[ourse]. Settle for nothing less!)

Per Medusa, but also loose extensions "of her" during selective and collective punishment, Capitalism abjects the bodies of revolutionary praxis based on old legends designed to control those who are born different *inside* the colonial binary. For example, vaginas and anuses are canonically demonized as monstrous, but the social-sexual code for doing so with furrries (next page) treats the female body as something to shame differently than male bodies. To it, baby steps towards liberation occur according to whatever feet we have to step with as furrries!

Queer persons extend this shameful logic as being "incorrect" according to *their* sexualities—hence genders and relative identities and performances—thus become automatically iconoclastic to heteronormative coding and dogma at large. Their non-standard, often fuzzy bodies instantly become liminal as a result; i.e., monstrous expressions of furious-and-fury transition/xenophilia developing forever towards something different than what *is* allowed by state pimps. The canonical whore always threatens the virgin, but has needed to sublimate since ancient times towards tokenized forms.

By extension, their anuses, vaginas, penises, excess body hair and unaverage height/weight variation, etc, become condemned wholesale; re: as things to literally dress up. Not only do queer people's "degenerate" piercings and colored hair ruffle reactionary feathers to no end; the bigots who attack *them* will dictate what queer people can do with their bodies in performance art and nudist displays—in short, *how* they can exist [as queens of the Communist Reich!](#) It's shameless tone-policing that less shoves the fur fag back in the closet and more puts her inside-outside the barrier as Radcliffe did: to rile up the Straights and



make *them* pearl-clutch to surrender their wages (and their brains) during the abjection process; e.g., like the weird butler guy from *Transylvania 6-5000* (1986):

It's a dangerous game, because the rapidity of state collapse during crisis will become a "boundaries for me, right?" promise the state can make but not keep for *less* marginalized groups onto more privileged traitors; e.g., demanding loyalty from white straight women while trying to closet and control them/take away *their* trashy sex novels. God forbid, right?

To it, these lopsided mandates affect pornographic media; i.e., as highly controlled displays that *can't* be expected to facilitate genocide alone, but also class, culture and race solidarity for us telling potential tokens what awaits them,

should *they* take the *pimp's* bait! No good comes from *that*, but we have special treats for good boys, girls and enbies of all walks! Our beauteous orbs!

We do so as GNC whores who communicate through our body language as being the very things the Straights (male or not) have fetishized for centuries; i.e., since Radcliffe's less bigoted calculated risk devolved into Rowling or Anita Blakes' *more* bigoted calculated risk: people pimp through sex, afraid of/fascinated with the whore (a female Brutus, but also Hannibal sacking Rome) and yet, can also learn through such countermeasures; e.g., "[Do the rock dance, Animala!](#)" The straights can't resist when Velma-yet-not-Velma invades their labyrinthine brothels! "[Fight](#)



[fire with fire](#)" before "our lungs fill with the hot winds of death!" (Metallica, 1984): "Rawr! Always agree!" But *do* we agree? Or are we merely playing you for fools?

(artist: [Quinnvincible](#))

That depends who's playing! Regardless of whom, straight people *are* pretty vanilla/freaky in their own ways, and you can't judge an ally by their cover alone! And yet, it's easy enough during oppositional cryptonymy to expose frauds, too! For example, simply having a queer person rest their hands on or around their own anus or vagina (above) provokes a patriarchal, knee-jerk response from white moderate women as much as men. "Ah, ah, ah! That's close enough!" these reactionaries will snap—as if touching and playing with or slapping the vulva equals literally opening the hole (which is both expected *and* condemned if not done "correctly"). The *precursor* to doing so becomes forbidden, let alone the act itself as tied to sexual education infused with animal-demonic language/xenophilia! Catwomen of the Moon, transing your kids and turning your women into whores! Why be a whore when you can pimp others, instead?

Such is the usual Faustian bargain offered to straight white women (and token offshoots). The broader canonical idea, then—however insane *its* mirror syndrome comes across (which *is* quite insane)—nevertheless can *also* be taught by dead dogma in furry canon; i.e., werewolf movies prescribing not just silver bullets to the heart, but sexual villainy being a thing that the Straights can wear in bad faith when dealing death out to *us* fags: to dress up as *their* idea of the fur fag to then go and rape their *usual* victims (their wives and girlfriends, prospective or not)! Rape isn't just of the flesh, but the mind—with said rapists then pinning their own crimes onto more marginalized groups that force Single White Female to make Sophie's Choice with extreme prejudice!

From a poetic standpoint, the "prison sex" taking place serves a further silencing role; i.e., doing it socially-materially discourages workers *from* playing with their own bodies, thus prohibiting creative success during oppositional praxis; re: illustrating informed/mutual consent, descriptive sexuality and cultural appreciation: as happening either in personal artwork or through collaborations with

other artists who draw the model(s) how *they* are/want to be seen. Instead, any menticed workers become gargoyle pimps; i.e., punching down at those they can abuse concentrically in the same awful Man Box's pecking order!

As something to silence, the pedagogy of the oppressed extends to the body itself, separated from the mind according labor at large "put to sleep" regarding the natural world: the *whole* pussy (vulva, labia, clitoris and vagina) or penis (and all *its* medical terms), anus, body and person/person's identity collectively becoming a pathway to forbidden knowledge that is normally restricted to status-quo men dominating nature; i.e., who enjoy and own their wives, the latter toiling at the husband's pleasure (while said husbands superstitiously reject anything normally coming out of the pussy *other* than one's own spent semen; e.g., slime, blood, dead babies, living babies, afterbirth, yeast infections, etc). But this "shit rolls downhill" approach likewise leads straight women (white or non-white) to tokenize, and intersections of female/(monstrous-)feminine groups/whores to tokenize; i.e., to diminishing amounts among increasingly marginalized groups (some of my fiercest critics aren't TERFs, but trans people [male or female] having sold out/taken the bait from state peddlers, usually TERFs).

We'll return to the idea of creative successes in Volume Three; i.e., when we explore proletarian praxis at length. For now, just remember that proletarian praxis aims for collective intersectional solidarity against worker exploitation through betrayal-proof forms of nonetheless token-*discouraged* sex-gender education.

By resisting Patriarchal Capitalism during ludo-Gothic *furry* BDSM, proponents of sex positive education about monsters and sex (furies or not) subsequently (re)present the human body and its genitals, genders and gender roles in iconoclastic, darkly xenophilic ways; i.e., to become something that *is* heavily controlled in canonical art beyond pornography and extending into myths that affect media (and consumers of media) at large: to duel over *alien* mates during mirror syndrome extending the policing of sex work to virgin/whore syndrome as, itself, tokenized, thus having had to subsist and bargain with bad dogs we *don't* want to breed with!

In doing so, we come to know what other animals generally *don't* have: shame, but also self-respect and awareness towards said animals (and children) teaching us to loosen up when interacting with other humans; i.e., the former as beings to protect from the usual abusers of us all, doing so using what we human animals have to distract said tyrants with! Shame, sin and vice are taught, as is Pavlovian submission!



(artist: [Vince AI](#))

In particular, the female/*feminized* orifices—e.g., the vaginas of any AFAB person treated unironically like a

monstrous whore/bitch (above), or the anuses of queer AMAB persons similarly emasculated by any abuser—become collectively demonized, shamed and shunned as "eyes" of confusion, chaos, and darkness. Anthro- and bio-diverse as a matter of campy religion and Paganism—thus a thoroughly non-Christian practice at being "Satanic," queer and so on—furies become hauntologically associated with abject demons and the undead as vengeful whores of nature needing to be collared, but also skinned and worn like trophies; i.e., tied to bodies, witches, dark queens and monster mothers, which—once spotted by prospecting opportunists—are then hunted by those unscrupulous agents *for* animalistic coats of fur inside perceived lands where such goods *can* be xenophobically and zoophilically harvested, guilt-free!



(artists: [Eva Android](#) and [SmallBallz](#))

For straight (white) women, it's admittedly *more* distant because they tokenized sooner than other groups; for those other groups, it's closer to "Tuesday" than not, and speaks to token betrayals having wanted to assimilate based on the harvesting of magic racoons (or some such ghost of the counterfeit, racoons being from Dario Argento's 2006 *Masters of Horror* episode, "Pelts," below): nature's gratuitous and indiscriminate revenge being a ping-pong ball of doom that, true to form, *doesn't* have a singular interpretation!

The monkey's paw shrivels as the last wish is spoken. The last couple didn't go so well. Still, you're confident that asking for a mainstream piece of media that explores some of the historically noted eroticism of fur fashion is a simple wish. What could go wrong? The Pelts Blu-ray smacks you in the face.

This is the tale of what happens when you make a coat out of magic raccoons. (Good story hook, I would have gone in a different direction.) Things get messy, particularly with renowned Giallo director [Dario Argento](#) at the helm. There is, of course, a decent amount of commentary around this film being "anti-fur," but big daddy Dario doesn't care:

"No, there is no message. I am not with the fur or anti-fur people. I describe the reality – something happens to people. People are all disgusting. There is something that is very black and very pale about pelts" (source: Blake's "Time to Scream Your Lungs Out - A Brief Interview with Dario Argento," 2007).

So, plot-wise, the coat does not show up until the last act, about 45 minutes in. That is after the magical pelts have left some bodies in their wake. The one responsible for this is Jake Feldman. Meat Loaf plays him, and I assume he got this role thanks to his tour-de-force performance in *To Catch a Yeti*. [...] He's got the hots for local stripper Shanna and thinks the only he can get into her pants is with the coat. This is the most realistic part of the entire film.

Shanna puts on the coat in a sequence that calls back to many a shot from cinema history. In this case, you're supposed to assume her sensual response to the coat is due to magic, pissed-off raccoon spirits. Yet this extract scene exists in many movies with no supernatural influence. Jake's plan works, and the most horrific part of this horror movie plays out: a love scene with Meat Loaf. [...] Suffice it to say; the pissed-off magic raccoons get their vengeance, which involves a lot of red food coloring and corn syrup ([source](#): glamorinfurs' "Furs on TV – Pelts," 2022).

As the above author's snarky editorial shows, it's easy for the rape-and-death theatre *memento mori* to devolve into gratuitous shock to poke fun at, mid-performance and -consumerism (which *Argento* serves up, and not for the first time); i.e., in ways that admittedly miss out on Lewis' genderqueer cryptonymy and fakery concealing profound critical *bite*. But allegory *can* still do a fair amount of the legwork the original author *didn't* care about; i.e., a show from nearly two decades past cheerfully romances the neo-noir as caught between an aging "Goth rock" stalwart ("Meat Loaf again?") and a non-white working girl's assimilation opera



speaking out as the spaghetti Western has done since Kurosawa and Leone: turning *everyone's* flaws inside out (up in our guts)!

Admittedly the whore in the show has less power than Meat Loaf does, but nonetheless speaks/ties to a larger process of exploitation; i.e., one that sees *her* making callous sacrifices insofar as *she* doesn't lose sleep over the dead raccoons, either (the latter slayed rather ignominiously by John Saxon, of *Enter the Dragon* [1973] fame). Business-as-usual bites *her* in the ass!

Weaponized guilt, fatal nostalgia and ignominious death *are* the Gothic name-of-the-game, and everyone's kind of fucked/guilty here *except* the raccoons' indiscriminate spirit of revenge cynically making everyone basically commit suicide:

a mass hysteria narrative, tilting less at windmills and more smol, silver furry gods of death (coats of money that turn people into the same products, below)! Rather than call it Lacan's Real or something equally stupid for *not* being Marxist, I'll just say that the dialectical-material *critique* well-and-truly spreads the blame around; i.e., "This is what Capitalism does to your face!" basically turning the trap on the trapper! In keeping with *Meat Loaf*, [its excessive gore is about as subtle and cool](#) as a rock opera historically *tends* to be; i.e., while singing about rape and death as much as dark desire (with Argento rubbing everyone's faces in it, above)! It's dumb, fun *and* problematic when done wrong! So is dark xenophilia a trap to tip-toe!



More to the point of such mayhem from a pro-*nature* standpoint, then, the canonical rhetoric of exploitation in such fetishize-alienize stories replaces good education with fear and dogma regarding the protection of women and children; i.e., from a vague and nebulous animalistic threat tied to animal exploitation since the French and Indian War's romanticizing of the fur trapper industry in more modern hauntings of the medium outside of anything *Masters of Horror* dared: "groomers." Bourgeois propaganda keeps the workers scared stupid about their own bodies, sexualities and genders, but also of furies and other nature-themed monsters, whose own iconoclastic extracurricular praxis challenges the curriculum of state propaganda—by dancing on their graves *before* they die (a death curse, Pagan-style, but glamorous in its *sidhe* charms)!

As something to reclaim through transgressive camp, such iconoclasm inverts fears of the hunter and hunted during exchanges like Argento's; i.e., the hunters chase what they hate as different from what canon allows. Thus the hunted, though not always, can be taught to hate their own bodies, genders and identifies *for* being different, hence "responsible" for the violence inflicted upon them by the state as extending *to* nature being something to *attack* (as the sex worker in "Pelts" does; re: manufactured apathy when trying to save her *own* skin).

To encourage cooperation from *some* women or tokenized groups, then, the Patriarchy will divide and conquer labor and nature by punishing GNC people/furries more than cis-het women; i.e., by calling them (usually male or at least male-*presenting* trans, intersex or enby workers) "groomers," and all while making straight women and children *more* vulnerable to *actual* sex pests who pimp such xenophilia in bad faith (which tend to be white, cis-het men, especially religious authority figures, coaches and cops, who use various degrees and styles of

conversion therapy to groom future victims *with*; i.e., false shepherds; e.g., Genetically Modified Skeptic's "[How Conservative Christianity 'Groomed' Us](#)," 2023).

Under such orchestrated division dividing natures against natures to police themselves (thus prepare different sides for the same brothel/abattoir), the death of playful, actually-fun-and-informative monster language is a quick and reliable result, but also a slow, painful rape of the mind and one's dignity. Common casualties not only include words like "breedable" that seek to reclaim workers' reproductive rights, bodies and expressions of themselves (and *their* rape trauma) through anthropomorphic art; they also include people from areas of the world who are more regulated in the present space and time, regardless of where they call home); e.g., Arab-presenting (or confused for) women, regardless if said women are Muslim or even Arab (e.g., Iranians commonly being mistaken for Iraqis by



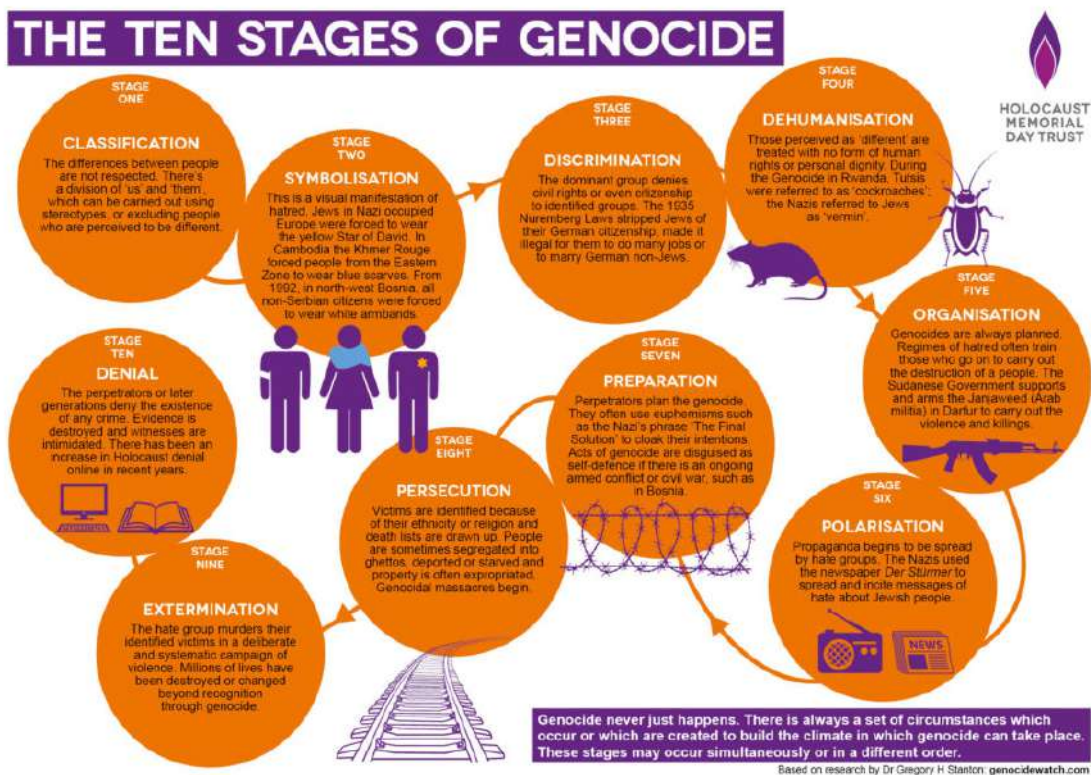
ignorant hateful Americans during the War on Terror): Orientalism is xenophobia and xenophilia as something to camp out of canonical forms chattelizing exotic prey!

(*exhibit 53a: Artist: [Nishakatani](#). Their exhibit of sexy rebellion shows how women in ultraconservative countries—or people forced to identify as women, in these places—often go to other countries as foreign exchange students, then find ways of escaping the literal revenge killings waiting for them back at home. Such brutality is not performed by extremist terrorists, but by literal members of their own families upholding the values of an ecclesiastical state emboldened by neoliberal Capitalism [exploiting war in the Middle East, framing the genocides—when they actually choose to opportunistically acknowledge them—as "sad," but the "natural" order of things to police, nonetheless].*

In the West, a Gothic princess gains control inside larger castles whose impolite society encases whatever paltry dynasties have been promised to her as dreams for her to make real; i.e., under half-real circumstances, as much happening through play helping her relax and focus on her larger task at hand—something transplants quickly learn to work with through the self-same paradoxes; re: of the whore and of rape reclaiming terror to give her power back!

There's no shame, then, in weaponizing vanity and self-interest to motivate a collective well-being that former abusers/victims are walking away from [re: Omelas, but also "Amazing Grace": "I was blind but now I see!" being a former slaver's subsequent confession, remorse and celebration]. Except, time waits for no one, and genocides are like a ticking FOMO clock; i.e., those under genocide as a matter of staged extermination chattelizing vermin, which suddenly cannot afford to wait on the time of American moderates/tokens leaving Capitalist Realism and its denials [the final stage of genocide, below] behind, let alone neoconservatives and

dyed-in-the-wool war hawks and white moderate "foxes" facilitating genocide at home and abroad;



[[source](#): Holocaust Memorial Day Trust]

re: because "animals embody the canonical language of power and resistance as something to camp through demonic and undead forms," targets of genocide—as a selectively punitive and globalized ordeal—must solidarize while reclaiming their bodies, genders, emotions and labor now-and-from tokenized traitors; i.e., the latter poisoning the well and not just as witch cops, but furry cops. We must stand against them as whore rebels fighting whore cops; i.e., doing so to exact the whore of nature's stewardship-as-revenge: iconoclastic expressions of critical power through furry-made or at least -themed and -adjacent sex-positive dark xenophilia that are often discrete, furtive and careful [a kind of "flashing" we'll return to in Volume Three, Chapter Five]: the ungroomed pussy hair contrasted with their carefully maintained clothed appearances, a counterterrorist resisting honor killings in state-controlled territories [e.g., Saudi Arabia] abusing women for an infidel's Western paradigm. Money talks and sex sells, a pimp a pimp anywhere in the world!)

As Gothic Communists, then, our educational goal is social-sexual—using sex education to liberate *all* workers in reclaimed furry monstrous-monstrous

expressions of nature as something that Capitalism historically-materially exploits to the hilt; i.e., a Grover's Mill/Miller's Grove *War-of-the-Worlds*-scale hauntology that articulates what's happening when the *fascists* go mask-off! So must we, to some extent, make ourselves paradoxically known during the cryptonymy process' ludo-Gothic BDSM: when the Nazi werewolves come out to play and howl xenophobically at the moon, we must howl back xenophillically to ironically challenge their lunacy with our own!

So do we fur fags get down-and-dirty for the Cause—not to sleep with Nazis during brothel-espionage *Amazonomachia*, but fuck *with* them *from* afar *behind* our



usual buffers: "[You want some of this cake?](#)" TA-DAAA! The cake is a lie (this, in BDSM circles, is called being a brat; i.e., the usual victims of "rape" taunting the usual "ravishers" by putting both in quotes)!

(artist, left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); right: [Harry Partridge](#))

To that—and speaking of *cakes* as things to make however we want—the werewolf is classically a shapeshifter who *doesn't* need the moon to change (an astrology allegory tied to capital that demonizes the astral bodies and Pagan solstices; e.g., Halloween,

but also Easter under a Protestant ethic pimping witches by turning *them* into cops and *keeping* the werewolf costume as much as the witch).

The fact remains, whatever the form a furry (or their cake) takes, our pedagogies of the oppressed aim to encourage emotional/Gothic intelligence and class, culture and race awareness "taking the cake" back; re: during dark xenophilic as something to ironically express through our bodies not just as undead or demonic, but animalized in poetically tasty ways that are inherently GNC *and* animalistic (which Cartesian thought abjures; i.e., it "tames" nature by dimorphizing it, which always promotes [and disguises] a degree of colonial violence): "She's got a whole *bakery* back there!" Of stolen baked goods we make ourselves, so do we whores rob the *pimp* blind (some people like to watch others eat, but watching's no fun if you want to "eat" the "cake"): cake cryptonymy! Huge cake ahead, an iceberg sitting on your cake/sinking your battleship! Ok, I'll stop!



(exhibit 53b1: Comments about Steven Segal running weird aside, *Under Siege* [1989] offers a surprisingly frank look at heteronormativity "at sea" [with its own famous \[fake\] cake scene](#); i.e., "straightwashing" the sailor's matelotage of yore with Erika Eleniak—a 1989 *Playboy* bunny and '80s scream queen doing a strip tease for a now-dead admiral acting as his stowaway whore: Taylor Jordan. Except, our smuggled-in Gothic heroine/de facto big-titty Goth GF doesn't realize her audience is dead because she's on autopilot; i.e., doing the one-glove Michael Jackson thing less in mil spec fetish gear and more in actually-commandeered officer's gear intended for the

aged head of the ship to watch being profaned: fucking the ship in a Sapphic xenophilia. "Like, Zoiks, Scoob! I think I took one-too-many Scooby snacks!"

It's the usual chastity narrative teasing the audience, but speaks to how "Taylor" felt "seasick" for the drugs; i.e., as code for her not wanting to do the job [airsick, too, from the helicopter]. If memory serves, the makers of the film played into Eleniak's real-life porn giving a meta commentary on how showbiz isn't always glamorous; re: the show must go on! Except, the cake isn't real, her role is acted/fake, and the ship has been hijacked by pirates that our "Prince Hamlet" must break the titular siege of and get the girl [and her pillow princess' mammoth mommy milkers] by the end! How Gothic!

Also Gothic is how such things don't always reflect what the actresses are commenting on; i.e., from Jane Austen's Catherine Moorland to Eleniak, herself, having a ball of it:

GJG: Did being part of such a big movie bring lots of offers for future films?

EE: I was very fortunate in that my Mom was the complete opposite of what a typical "stage mother" is. She made sure that I had a normal childhood and stayed in school. I had worked a couple of jobs a year on average but as far as getting roles based on *E.T.*: there were none that I am aware of.

GJG: I loved your role as Jordan Tate in *Under Siege*. Was there a reason why you didn't appear in the sequel?

EE: *Under Siege* was a great film and a fantastic project to be a part of. The role of Jordan Tate was pure FUN to play. I am often asked why I was not

cast in the sequel. From what I understand, they wanted to make a completely different theme and therefore a new cast.

GJG: What was it like working with Tommy Lee Jones in that movie?

EE: Working with Tommy Lee Jones was an honor for me. He is one of my favorite actors of all time. Watching him work with Gary Busey was also inspiring. They wrote, re-wrote, created, improvised. It was amazing to watch ([source](#): goJimmygo's "A Conversation With Erika Eleniak," 2012).



(artist: [Erika Eleniak](#))

In other words, Eleniak was something of a mystery to the boys and their world, and they to hers during the usual manufactured divisions and scarcities extending to and offstage! But also, Eleniak was a smoke-show actress on the big screen, little screen, and softcore porno mag centerfold [above] that translated on and offstage to a Gothic meta commentary about "danger" as therapeutic for those lucky and unlucky through accident of birth!

Consider Eleniak's starlet-style landing strip but also the asymmetrical power divisions and exchange markets concerning sex trafficking fears and places for such tortures, Radcliffe onwards. Yes, Eleniak's Taylor is a sexual reward for the underserving hero—with Segal being a famous sex pest known for abusing women and aggrandizing himself—but still has fun/the ability to convey different xenophilic feelings, during the photoplay's usual T&A swashbuckling: in ways Eleniak found fun by making fun; i.e., in a mostly for-the-boys action romp mistrustful of women/their furry parts, but especially catching feelings for them as heartless sea monsters [as seaman historically treated women, mermaids or not]. That's her whore's revenge! Any port in a storm, boys?)

All kidding aside, furies, Communism and Gothic morphology/adventure stories and porn are *not* separate ideas during dark xenophilia; i.e., any more than "cake" and "death" are during neo-medieval camp (eat your heart out, Tamora, Queen of the Goths). Such things go hand-in-hand to stress the liminality of a given performance's biological, mechanical and/or instinctual elements: towards ourselves, celebrated for a closeness to natural as "primal." They become their own kind of nostalgia to regress xenophilically to, then, if only for a small window of play and time in safe "danger" spaces; i.e., the same ones that all kinks use, hard or not, during ludo-Gothic BDSM, and ones promoted by the aesthetic of the whore cosmetic as commonly dressed in black velvet leather or furs; re: as "alien" thus signifying various things said whores will do that a husband's Madonna won't:

during virgin/whore syndrome wounding their pride in *our* capable hands! "Shiver me timbers!" TIMBERS SHIVERED!



(exhibit 53b2: *The Rotten Tomato's* synopsis for Dennis Hopper's 1994 *Chasers* reads, "Military men Rock Reilly (Tom Berenger) and Eddie Devane (William McNamara) are tasked with taking a prisoner, blonde bombshell Toni Johnson (Erika Eleniak), on what becomes an unforgettable road trip. Toni, an enlistee who's in trouble for

deserting her unit, soon proves that she's craftier than most inmates. She tries to escape via a restroom, a theme-park ride and a convertible. But, when Rock and Eddie find they're impressed by Toni's pluck, the nature of their task changes." It's reads like trash, and it is trash, but Eleniak's always having fun with it, because luck aside, she was good at her job in ways sex workers need to be: reading the room, onstage and off, but also between those things whiling camping canon xenophilia as whore getting lucky while not getting raped during rape play! "[She is Lady Luck!](#)" Tit for tat! The whore—whether fucking or not—navigating the performance one way or another!

Whatever socio-material class, culture and race privilege/oppression exist offstage, they bleed onstage, too; i.e., the cryptonymic paradox of power lurks on the surface of the Aegis bouncing back and forth like a drum; re: as a hauntological space of concealment that shows and hides simultaneously through controlled play! Through said play's improved, sex-positive evolution, the vulnerable princess trope has power unto itself; i.e., before it evolves or changes into a queen, if ever that happens! The point is, it doesn't need to, provided sex positivity occurs, hence Gothic-Communist development, mid-synthesis; i.e., as socio-material context during ludo-Gothic BDSM. It's haunted by slumming and rape in a danger disco, but the princess is free to be "ravished" and transform/transport us through her slutty exchanges, revenge and xenophilic revelations: research, release, rescue, rape and relationship swirling wonderfully on the same stained-glass episodic's white-hot plasma; re: the whore, policed, pimps the ghost of abuse!

Furthermore, each time we return to knead its potential, the bread basket gives up more and more yummy treats: with a special friend we cannot fuck or be with, in person, yet something profoundly made-to-order as ace and erotic, happy to please! We raid the castle and the traveling fortress/pirate ship in small boards us; i.e., the longer humans have had access to writing and games, the more these and their camp have become increasingly haunted by ghosts inside-outside themselves;

re: the usual *mise-en-abyme* hyphenations of sex and force, shelter and exposure, unfolding per the dialectic of the alien!

As such, humans are ontologically messy and sit, one and all, hermeneutically in between language as oral/written, but also played out between and on recursive and reflective stages' usual cryptonymies' playtime and recess/aftercare: to regress magically towards a childlike theatricality's special ability to exchange that, unto itself, has been forgotten, and sits between what is being exchanged while the rememory process welcomes an adult-child return to innocence after experience shapes and evokes said nostalgia into a terrifying boomerang double threatening boom and bust.

Seemingly at odds, both forms of power historically-materially interrogate and dialectically-materially negotiate with themselves and the audience looking in, if any—meaning simultaneously and on the stormy seas of spectacular battle and delicious hoax; i.e., sex in a nutshell something to assign further significance towards and in the usual playfulness embracing a silly-serious *cryptomimetic* echo! All our yesterdays, summoned to our fresh service, making Marx gayer with each foray into the wild frontier's unknown discoveries? Medusa's avatar was a dummy-thicc nerd with glasses, sweater kittens and a fat ass? FULL BROADSIDE! DISCHARGE AND SPREAD THE MUNITIONS ALL OVER HER PROW! SHE'S OURS FOR THE TAKING! RAMMING SPEED!



[artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#)]

Fun is often a nice surprise, but also the entire point; i.e., it's how humans learn and pass information along. However unintended a given side effect is—and

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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regardless of what [a]sexual elements we get out of it when fetishizing class war in the shadow of state exploitation and war for profit that we're camping—that's the magic of roleplay and ludo-Gothic BDSM! To give our actions and roles power as an identity formation and exchange network embodied between us, meaning one we can exchange through the usual performative language of cyclical and monomythic, gyn-ecological conquest as something to perform—not to further abjection, but reverse it to have the whore's revenge; re: mid-ravishing whatever value and vice we assign to whatever we want, minus actual harm as we make a pass at you; i.e., a military drill in disguise, but also fun and games; e.g., the Blue Gemstone of Star Sapphire Power wedged between Harmony's fat cheeks and deep into her tight asshole: "This is the work of an enemy Stand!"

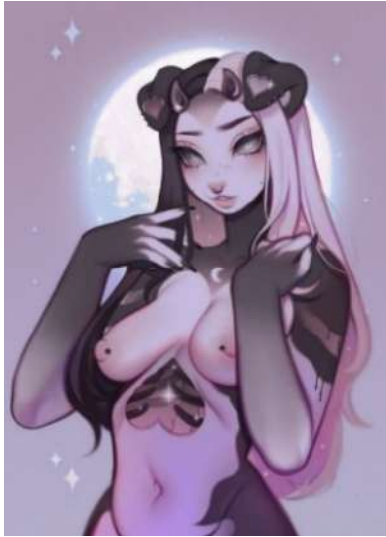


[artist: [Harmony Corrupted](#)]

Lost in your necropolis, neither fully dead nor alive while aping the looting of Rome [Jameson's class nightmare of the Gothic given conscious utility]! A grapeshot ensemble, littering the halls with fresh dead, and haunting the fall of the princess with the spirit of a little rebel faking her own death [and hinting at the systemic deaths of the bourgeoisie]! Roast her squishy, marshmallow, crackerjack[-in-a-box] ass; get a cereal decoder ring! CASTLE RAIDED!)

Capital busies pimps; pimps or not, workers are so busy chasing whores/feeling sorry for them, they forget we can handle ourselves to some extent. In any event, such syndromes need to be negotiated and subverted through ourselves and our work having a *humorous* side; i.e., through social interactions that speak a social species that is both alienized and made fetish by the state, but

also designing returns to more vivid and intense forms of dark xenophilic poetic expression. These can be down-and-dirty "breeder" scenarios/piece-of-ass schtick,



but just as often, they're quite tender and intimate; i.e., in ways whose immediate animality is uncanny in—for the *uninitiated*—a surprisingly nurturing and welcome fursona nevertheless closer to life and death as some than your average worker is: a piece of cake/princess of the twilight realms dodging *state* guillotines!

(artist: [Vana](#))

This "good play" and pedagogy of the oppressed can involve many different teaching methods through art—to insert things into you not just as drugs to imbibe, but food to eat, *Alice-in-Wonderland*-style; i.e., literal objects in your body as a form of dark xenophilic art; e.g., dildos as material extensions of the body but also carnal appendages like limbs, digits or unusual extensions into forbidden *holes* (evoking Tool's "Stinkfist") and liminal expressions of *these* things: the biomechanical expression of the human form, but also the decolonization of its bodily functions, biology and gender roles *away* from Cartesian dualism and heteronormative canon!

In this sense, the cake is still cake, but is and isn't what the state bakes it to be; i.e., liminal expressions of the human body through erotic Gothic art represents cultural fears and fascinations with taboo things like nature; re: that we've since become divided *from* in the modern capitalist world: the animal side as something that *calls* to us and promotes healthy (ex)change and openings of the mind as closed by capital settler-colonial police-the-furry-slut ghetto-brothel pogroms!

To it, I want to spend the rest of part one setting up/exploring the premise of interactive education generating dark empathy/nature and the whore's xenophilic revenge; i.e., as communicated/prepared between artist/muse creatives (thirteen pages, plus some extra exhibits), and then spent part two unpacking educating dark xenophilia in full: giving it *back* to the next generation, from children onwards!

Muses, then, can teach the artist about *all* sorts of things. Take anal, for example; i.e., I was *scared* of anal for many years, the anus being an abject site of disgust for me going in and something I recognized as a site of rape and coerced entry from unwanted male forces; e.g., humiliating sodomy. In other words, I hated the thought of invading it based on its reputation as a site for coercive, unironic tortures historically committed by men, usually against women but also feminized subjects within rape culture more broadly (which I experienced with Jadis abusing me—not during the sex, itself, but from the financial abuse attached to it).

Personally I learned to stop worrying and like anal sex more by experimenting with various *de facto* educators—monstrous-feminine owners of anuses who taught me that anal as an act of giving and receiving can be pretty fun, once ventured; i.e., it can be something you never try—or eventually try but never like—and that's ok! Same goes with furies, too! The idea is to figuratively and literally play with yourself and others, learning from these xenophilic experiences and passing *that* information along—not just with our literal bodies, but "Satanic" forms that, under the status quo, have become chattelized and demonized extensions of neoliberal/fascist fear and dogma; e.g., demonized forms of Paganistic, thus notably pre-Christian religions or ways of life as being closer to



nature: as "untame," wild and dark, thus whore-like in ways that nuclear proponents treat with hostility as a matter of thinking chattel/slaves!

(artist: [Vince AI](#))

However aberrant canon frames furies, the medicinal idea of sex-positive monster-fucking and natural magics can break these modernized myths; i.e., by offering proletarian forms of sex/gender education

and good play based on *personal* experiences defined by a bond with nature as something to identify with *through* shared oppression; e.g., catharsis, euphoria and lived trauma, etc, tied to furry panic. Singular anecdotes remain vital because they help form a larger web whose interlinked connections' empathy through xenophilia can not only be felt and expressed in liminal, surreal forms, but sensed dualistically among peoples whose minds are still fully or partially divided: a Gothic, animalized surrealism evoked famously by the likes of Giger and Beksiński over decades, but whose hellish and oft-erotic "[pathways](#)" can be taken during xenophilia as artistically embodied by *new* artists in similar surreal-yet-refreshing ways.

This includes living latex (e.g., below, but also exhibit 60e1), but also furies begetting revolutionarily cryptonymic ideas of dark radical (ex)change: to witness *among* our friends (e.g., Angel, exhibit 54) and associates various dark boundaries and paradoxes to install and act out; re: chasing dark buddies down while haunted by colonial trauma (the skinned animal worn as a suit [often synthetically made] to reclaim nature with/from capital, below); i.e., as we "hug the alien" in multiplicity and liminal anisotropic duality! The suit isn't strictly a prophylactic, then, but dark

aphrodisiac and sensory dampener dispensing with the pleasantries! She squirts more than a grapefruit! Consent, play and fun *are* hot! So is provocation!



(artist: [Zero Brain Pow](#))

Yet, corporations and other bourgeois forces will strive not just to impeach these educators' infernal gravity and magnetism, but rob their animalistic teaching methods of any critical power and

iconoclastic potential to advertise with. To this, the nature of rebellious furies is communal in ways that *don't* stress profit above the community—an anti-capitalist trading of goods and bartering that *corporations* don't endorse or practice themselves; i.e., empowering artists, but also donating generously to philanthropic

causes while using their xenophilic fursonas as educator personalities developed between *smaller* collaborations dedicated to a *larger* cause (above and below):



(exhibit 54: Model and artist: [Angel](#) and [Persephone van der Waard's](#) "[Transformation, Collage: A Mermaid's Exhibit](#)" [2023]. My first collage. Most of these photos are "dark matter photos"—"[dark matter of the visual world](#)" [Thomas Keenan's "What is a Document?" 2014] being a term-of-phrase that Zeuhl introduced me to, referring to the colossal number of digital images [millions upon millions, I'd wager] taken every day online that no one will ever see because the taker keeps them in an archive that is private and/or otherwise inaccessible through the sheer volume of material. This shoot includes photos taken that the model chose for the 45

poses I paid them for—45 poses with multiple shots per pose and "the good ones" being cherry-picked and sent to me.

I, in turn, took the ones I liked best and put them into a collage, but one of which I later planned to select from to illustrate. However, in terms of showcasing the model's body in art, these images are anathema according to the Symbolic Order/mythic structure endorsed through Capitalism; i.e., bodies with external labia and excessive body hair having cryptonymically become darkness invisible because their owners are discouraged from showing themselves—shamed, prohibited, or

presented coercively as sex monsters through a punitive-prescriptive production model built on/around preferential mistreatment: good girls may be seen but not heard; bad girls get punished with image death, job death, social death or actual death in passive and proactive ways save when tokenizing as whores the state can pimp. The relationship Angel and I had changes that by treating and showing them as simultaneously human-yet-monstrous; i.e., through the context of mutual consent/negotiation [a prime factor of ludo-Gothic BDSM, thus Gothic Communism]!)

For example, aside from Zero Brain Pow and her compatriot, the above collage was taken from a larger shoot between [Angel](#) and myself. It was taken by them (and a friend of theirs holding the camera) to be part of this book, used inside it with their permission. Angel became familiar with my work by responding to a Reddit ad where I was looking for models to draw in a fantasy style ([source](#): Chozogirl86's "[for hire] looking for pin-up models to collab in fantasy art projects. Art worth \$80+ in exchange for modeling services!" on r/starvingartists, October 29th, 2022). They chose a mermaid and we eventually prepared for the shoot. I think it was \$120 for 45 photos (roughly \$2.5 per photo)? Thereabouts!



[model and artist, top-left: [Angel](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); artist, top-middle and bottom-right: [Hirohiko Araki](#)]

Eventually I *may* draw Angel as a mermaid, like in exhibit 54; i.e., for funsies outside of our agreement. *Per* our agreement, though, I paid for the photos, and used them to draw Angel as a vampire; re: from Volume Zero ([exhibit 1a1a1h5](#), left), the exhibit thereof actually based on Dio from *Jo-Jo* because Angel loves that show. And yet, the deeper context behind our collaboration embodies the continuum of xenophilic praxis surrounding Gothic Communism; i.e., as dark xenophilia stretching *cryptomimetically* across space and time, onstage and off, backwards and forwards. as something to communicate *prior to me actually drawing anything—merely it as assembled with nuts and bolts that have nevertheless become their own art exhibit* (unintentionally but very much in the spirit of this book): a historical-material transaction between two parties inspired by other parties to meet different xenophilic goals of universal liberation chased by all.

In turn, these collectively-if-stochastically operate as part of a larger s mode of nature-themed whorish apologia; i.e., for Angel to learn about themselves by expressing and showing off who *they're* becoming as something to teach *me* (and

teaching me about *Jo-Jo* but also *shunga* media), and for me to teach and convey *my* ideas to them and to the world we're both adding towards: on the same umbral/umbilical lattice, passing dark xenophilia along in all directions!

And furthermore, in doing so, everything goes into the same sex-educational pot—each educator getting something useful and enriching out of a mutually beneficial, anisotropic lesson plan: playing with furry poetics in "ancient" forms of poetry that deal—like Walpole did before us—in and with fairly quotidian struggles trafficking magical qualities of GNC existence, expression, exchange and ultimately transformation being uniformly "dark." That struggle means different things for both of us, but contributes towards a larger goal that, like Communism and helping liberate nature from capital, is forever ongoing in holistic and populous ways that intersect and diverge; e.g., we've both changed a ton since making our mutual deal with the Devil, as have any of the artists featured in this book!



(artist: [Angel](#))

The lesson isn't just "for us," then; it's for the world—to teach people through these dark xenophilic connections and emphaera to be more emotionally intelligent and aware about nature and the Gothic, thus enriching the lives of workers by making them less stupid; i.e., in a deprivatized sense, which ludo-Gothic BDSM helps accomplish through furies, among other monsters (with Angel again liking vampires; re: *Jo-Jo*). As such, doing so

is a process of continual improvement in opposition to state abuse stupefying its labor force for profit: an abject "pill" to consume in a variety of ways—not in privately owned factories, but made between two (or more) workers relying on the awesome power of the body and mind reunited with each other and nature through mutual consent as an artistic movement: illustrated as labor action by turning into magical animals symbolic of profound transformation in Western culture since Ovid!

To help workers get what *they* want—sex, companionship, improved material conditions, legislative rights, shelter and so on—they must be taught to fight back by seeing themselves as human-yet-chattelized in ways they can reclaim; i.e., to relate to one another as animalize beings in drug-like poetics cultivated to defend the vulnerable from legitimate zoophilic threats. This happens by *not* being creepy weirdos who have no earthly idea how to talk to women (and other mates); i.e., those beings forced to identify as women, non-binary people, asexual people, and

other marginalized groups (even non-human pets) who are often sexualized against their will in dehumanizing modes of chattel stripped of their reverse-bject magic.

In short, the entire social process must be *rehumanized*, including the magical language of nature and its non-human animal demons; re: as something to reclaim *from* capital's neoliberal illusions; i.e., the spell of a secular world that nevertheless remains haunted by Puritanical dogma and Cartesian domination verminizing the weak (again, human or not) to turn a buck behind Capitalist Realism. Small wonder we whores seek revenge (the monstrous-feminine "born dead" in different ways, depending on who you're talking about/dealing with): for ourselves as small invulnerable parties raped, like any animal, "on the slab."



Keeping with acid Communism and trauma, I'm largely referring to the red pill as stolen from *The Matrix* directors (modern-day Mercutios, going to Queen Maeb); i.e., the left from them done by Manosphere pigs who proudly wear *their*

sexism and ignorance on their sleeves like a badge of honor (fascists love playing dumb to please master). Except, bigotries tend to overlap with second-hand abuse, and said sexism of direct abusers extends to so-called "normal folk"; i.e., who *also* have a lot to learn about people (and other animals) outside their normal range of experience/abjection (and who look the other way when hate crimes against GNC persons happen, or any minority under the sun).

Keeping with the pill analogy as a dark xenophilic acid-Communist metaphor/refrain, I liken the effects of Gothic Communism's pedagogy through ludo-Gothic BDSM as a social-sexual "drug" that has wide-reaching linguo-material effects. "Taken," said drug displays a startlingly *vivid* portrayal of neuroplasticity on the canvas—one's body and gender but also symbols and themes of these interwoven and roiling-writhing across society like a menacing snake ball. You can literally watch people's views and art change magically before your very eyes (with danger and adrenaline making for a powerful aphrodisiac during calculated risk, but also general societal inspiration, too): if we can change into the dark GNC furies/furry-adjacent people we turned into, then maybe others can, thus the world! It beats the xenophobic abattoir we currently subsist inside!

Alas, sexuality and gender—even when divorced from monstrous-feminine animal themes, stigma and language as part of a sex-educational exhibit—often are banned even when attempting to normalize diversity with *kid-friendly* animal mascots; i.e., in books written (and drawn) *for* children; e.g., *It's Perfectly Normal* attempting to normalize sex and learning about it *through* anthropomorphism, versus steeping such things in ignorance to the detrimental of all—with powerful men becoming inadequate save *when* they're torturing women-as-animal, as well as non-human animals and anything else they fetish-feminize: to feel like men, yet

alienate themselves from everything in pursuit of such nonsense!



(exhibit 55a: Originally published in 1994, Robie Harris and Michael Emberley's It's Perfectly Normal didn't include gender—not until a new edition came out in 2019, twenty-five years later! Until then, the book was banned for many years and continues to be banned and challenged to this day! At the time, it gave teenage me a better understanding of my pubescent sexuality as a young artist; i.e., as wanting to express myself in the mid '90s in relatively limited animal monster language: Harris and Emberley's Bird and Bee my first brush with furry art [not being

exposed to DBZ and Saiyans until 1996]!

Now, I'm delighted to see it includes a section—if not on furies, then at least on gender studies—which I've included in my own book for the purposes of study and critique [the [full image](#) can be accessed on my site]. Suffice to say, the writing and illustrations indicate an expanded audience; i.e., with more people of color and other ethnic minorities, as well as the entire LGBTQ+ spectrum, including ace people! That being said the book isn't curricular—it is extracurricular but remains an excellent example of morphologically sex-and-gender education meant for children ten-and-up that allows for holistic xenophilic artistic expression; i.e., of these things married to talking animals: something to consider and emulate in our own work as de facto educators stressing sexual and asexual appreciation of nudity and gender in sexualized media—a concept we'll return to, in Volume Three!

For now, just remember that Matt Walsh hates Harris and Emberley's book because it represents something he fears and loathes: educated children and universal acceptance and love. Such things are antithetical to profit, which must always be raping nature as alien animal whore!)

To that, Gothic Communism demonstrably produces sex-positive results in the art itself; i.e., as something to exhibit and explain the history of, but also improve upon over time: with new editions that expand to include increasingly marginalized groups, my series doing the same thing as Harris and Emberley did (a conscious attempt at diversity and voluntary representation for those working with me in increasingly xenophilic ways Harris and Emberley couldn't, given their target

audience *not* being teenage or 18+). And while our target audience is all peoples, there's a particular emphasis on educating children, teenagers and young adults—to educate them through our own artistic expressions; re: to become more emotionally and Gothically intelligent/aware in regards to nature, animals, magic and drugs as vital xenophilic components thereof: to decrease ignorance regarding and reducing the risk of rape by diminishing profit as a dogmatic structure. No offense, but simply talking about the birds and the bees will not cut it!

Speaking for *myself* in that regard, books only get you so far in affairs of sex and love; i.e., despite having an overabundance on puberty and how to make babies, said glut of media actually did almost nothing to prepare *me* for the complexities of relationships (sexual or not) growing up! So while I had sex when I was in my early twenties, and wrote a great deal of fantasy stories/drew much in terms of trans fiction with magical-animal shapeshifters (re: Glenn the Goblin, exhibit 44a1b1a), I didn't start having regular social-*sexual* relationships until I was 29, and didn't have my first *relatively* healthy one (with Cuwu) until I was 35; I didn't meet Bay—my life partner and husband—until I was almost 37 ("[I'm 37!](#)"). It might seem like a drag to learn all of this so late; then again, some people *never* learn, and I've learned a lot/met some truly awesome people doing this book! Growing hurts, and I wouldn't change a thing!

Furthermore, *not* talking about sex and gender at all and asking kids to abstain from sex (despite it being sold to them in animalized forms) is frankly a historical-material recipe for disaster punishing furies and other objects of natural exploitation; i.e., one deliberately made by those in power to keep youngsters ignorant and afraid, thus easier to control. By abolishing state schooling and making extracurricular materials scarce, book-banning and -burning always follow with *people*-banning and -burning as vermin to exterminate; i.e., we can't *afford* to be innocent this time! This includes regarding how the state manipulates children into adulthood through the fears they'll invariably have pertaining to their own bodies as animalistic; i.e., in relation to the natural-material world around them coded with signs promising punishment and control they can triangulate onto state scapegoats: bigots will fear animals and nature as needing to be tamed, thus will look the other way or even participate directly in hate crimes against "evil" totems and other natural demons (think *Lord of the Flies* and you have the right idea, left).



Simply put, there's always someone stronger to exploit someone weaker in their system, and guess which one *you're* gonna be!

In relation to this fascist apathy as something to survive and challenge with empathy as, itself, darkly xenophilic and vengeful (through creative success), queer-coding is a sign for those who know—often by blending it in liminal ways that walk the

tightrope: hiding ourselves but also making ourselves visible; i.e., as we trespass cryptonymically into reclaimed territories in search of better parentage to "dole out," hence impart unto the young as starved for *good* sex education; e.g., like the Bat Signal, except it's an act of subversive education through reclaimed objects of animal fear (the bat and other creatures of the night) that dismantle billionaires and Bruce-Wayne-style police violence while combating criminogenic etiologies, not symptoms (save to punch fascists and expose cops as traitors).

In turn, the latter unfolds during what, for many queer people, is a second childhood; i.e., not just through experimental drug use—be that puberty blockers, HRT or similar gender-affirming care—but a state of mind that reflects on exiting the closet while looking back *into* said closet as an adult: a dog having left its cage but embracing its dog-like *liberation* from slavery during ludo-Gothic BDSM (anthromorph sex, but also social courtship practices, below)!

Such "trips" (so to speak) head down memory lane in a very Gothic way and one that queer groups in particular tend to experience more by virtue of them realizing they were *always* gay and looking back on a formerly "straight" childhood puppy love; i.e., with fresh eyes, drugs or no drugs. Children's cartoons makes for good places to start, then, because they routinely concern a time when the brain is still rapidly growing/the hemispheres haven't fused yet, and experimental drug use/self-medication generally *isn't* occurring (one can hope); e.g., with me revisiting *Sailor Moon*, but my friend Angel considering *Revolutionary Girl Utena* (1999) through a similar developing queer lens (and fanzine they help run):



(*exhibit 55b: Revolutionary Girl Utena applies the "prince" style of crossdress to female-centric heroism; i.e., working inside a reimagined historicism/mil spec: the female officer of the novel-of-manners as traditionally male. Yet, the bildungsroman speaks to a hauntological coming-of-age that isn't tied strictly to biology and teenage adolescence; i.e., a second*

adolescence experienced by trans people, said GNC persons addressing Gothic maturities hinted at in earlier fictions less versed in GNC/furry diction, but not material struggles surrounding courtship and its tell-tale lycanthropes' jousting maneuvers during demonic courtly love [an Amazon no different than a furry insofar as both belong to nature as something to assimilate or annihilate]!

In Austen's Persuasion, for example, Captain Harville represents a new rising class of "made man" through soldiery on the tides: the naval officer as able to socially elevate and offer himself as a particular catch to heroine's like Anne Elliot. Utena bends this dichotomy as more than simply reversed; i.e., during cis-gendered, drag "king" theatrics, but rather as queer love happening entirely between AFAB characters that translate to those who aren't female feeling/relating to female/feminine existence in animal-like ways: as GNC monstrous-feminine,

themselves; e.g., me feeling chattelized in ways that women historically have been, and wanting to grow strong without assimilating but instead acclimating myself with the classic theatres of assimilation to subvert it as Utena does.)

As part one of this subchapter has shown, sex education often works within totemic and natural-demonic language; i.e., as policed and persecuted, regarding the education of child *and* adults, and whose dark xenophilia extends to defenders of nature belonging to, or identifying with, nature; re: through monster-fucking as a magical, iconoclastic act with drug-like animal elements. These heretical educations can involve anthropomorphic animals, of course, but also symbols of nature as potentiating dark drugs to take that are frequently associated with natural "magics"; e.g., like astrology or Paganism as things to poetic convey to children at the correct age; i.e., those in the midst of sexually maturing into adults, but also grappling with performative and identifying notions of gender mid-struggle as whore-like, animalized, and ultimately alien.

Indeed, a common form of integrating natural demonology into sex education *is* through children's literature—with the stars of many-a-children's book being anthropomorphized animals (exhibit 55/56a) but also magic girls as cute protectors of nature; re: Sailor Scouts, aka witches by another name as sex-positive, *soldierly* expression having its own navy girl aesthetic: *Pretty Soldier Sailor Moon* (the female soldier gender-bend also being present within *Utena*).

Sailing is just a chance for discover new life and leases thereof through assimilation, but charting a course through the veins of capital out into realms of exciting possibility that can change capital at the same time. Out of 17th, 18th and 19th century *matelotage* or seamanship, then, emerged the sailor (scout or not); i.e., as a pirate-adjacent symbol of "queer" discourse in fantasy stories aimed at children, but also adults; e.g., "Hey, sailor!" "booty" and sodomy on the high seas among pirates as a countercultural tradition that was challenged by Cartesian thought pimping animalized workers and chattelized animals through the same unironic xenophilia, thus phobia. As the Closet Professor writes,

In *Sodomy and the Pirate Tradition*, historian B. R. Burg investigates the social and sexual world of these sea rovers, a tightly bound brotherhood of men engaged in almost constant warfare. What, he asks, did these men, often on the high seas for years at a time, do for sexual fulfillment? Buccaneer sexuality differed widely from that of other all-male institutions such as prisons, for it existed not within a regimented structure of rule, regulations, and oppressive supervision, but instead operated in a society in which widespread toleration of homosexuality was the norm and conditions encouraged its practice ([source](#): "*Sodomy and the Pirate Tradition: English Sea Rovers in the Seventeenth Century Caribbean*," 2010).

Moving into part two of "Dark Xenophilia," we'll continue our investigations into nature-themed sex/gender education—first, by examining some of these magic girls next, as well as the larger sex-educational, genderqueer/and acid-Communist xenophilic trends they're associated with; re: chasing the black rabbit as an ongoing motif. We'll also examine the historical-material struggles (and political enemies) that sex-positive educators have faced while touching hearts and opening minds through increasingly pornographic, drug-like, and even surreal means!

Before we do, though, here's a few more exhibits to bridge the gap; i.e., which cover the ace-to-erotic/social-sexual gradient of xenophilic expression that furies inhabit alongside other monsters of the natural class. One broader cryptonymic categorization is Trojan animals, known more colloquially as Aesopian fables. In Volume Zero, we even talked about Trojan animals, but especially the black rabbit as divided further in two camps: the class-dormant, traitorous sort and the conscious double. Often these play out in videogames and neoliberal franchised material as something to hook kids on, *Animal-Farm*-style: kid-friendly ace kinds of "puppy love" that are expected to escalated sexually in monomythic ways!



(exhibit 56a1a1: Artist, top-mid-left: [source](#); top-middle: [source](#); top-right: [Mobian Monster](#); bottom-left: [xHimikox](#); bottom-middle: [CNN Sally Acorn](#); bottom-right: [Wild Blur](#). *Sonic the Hedgehog the videogame is neoliberalism par excellence; i.e., its story is pure nonsense, dressed up in the theatre of*

"freedom fighter" animals that push back against a black-and-red Egghead/evil nerd who wrecks the environment and imprisons nature. All well and good, on its surface. Yet, the simulations for fighting against such cartoon villainy are themselves escapist power trips loaded with the usual false-hope clichés: the hero, heel, and damsel, the latter needing rescuing at the fastest possible speed through the aesthetics, but not the function of rebellion; i.e., neoliberal furry porn sold to kids, who grow up in to policing the monomythic refrain through its usual double standards: monopolizing xenophilia through a phobic abjection mentality taming magic-animal husbandry!

To that, nostalgia and fandoms commonly grow into "fan fic[tion]" head canon that prolongs the life of a franchise: fleecing the fantasy hero avatar through a femme fatale whore/moll and by extension the player base! As Rouge the Ghost Bat shows, fast [and unscrupulous] girls pick pockets with their pussies [or other holes]! Whores charge not just expensive, but exorbitant prices, their own named rates as pricey as exogamous dowries and far-off pastorals: sexy thieves making do by paying rent using their own classic modes of transaction under capital's usual tricks [so to speak]!

The fact remains, men are dumb but also, animals [or those reduced to animal means of survival as something to master] communicate through their butts; i.e., often through sense, touch and other non-verbal, instinctual methods of data/goods exchange: "Thank you! Come again!" So is survival a compelled service industry that pimps whores canonically through the topos of power of women; i.e., made to serve the usual dumbasses thinking they're owed much by "saving the world." But it's exceptionally educational in campier forms that enrich the whore; i.e., as more than a piece of ass treated as "tricksy" by weak-willed incels.



[artist: [Hoovesart](#)]

Rouge, for example, is a straight-up pro who takes Sonic for all he's worth [two pages down]! Watch and learn, girls! The point of the fantasy is catharsis as much as it is telling monstrous-feminine workers to leverage their position with sex. Yet, they can in and out of art should they choose to! Power is power and nothing commands attention like a whore dancing and/or fucking to metal! The power fantasy is anisotropic, insofar as men—the privileged group—dream constantly of different ways to be the conqueror paying the "easy/dangerous" whore in gold, during virgin/whore syndrome; and she, to manipulate these men for various reasons using tools not permitted to gentle, delicate, and otherwise prim-and-proper maidens.

There's a lot to play with, and it cuts both ways in different flavors per direction and role, but generally through the exchange of power symbolizing as different goods during the theatre of sex and force; re: Rouge—ready to throw down as much as get down—the holistic interplay ranging from poor white trash to redlined ghetto occupants seeing how the other side lives during a poetic spectrum of courtly love scenarios; i.e., whose social-sexual elements and Romantic-to-quotidian code [of sex and force, per folkways, mores, and taboos, but also prices paid and honor exacted by whomever]!

Furthermore, whatever the avatars, "humanity" is a battle for human rights under state comorbidities pimping nature as monstrous-feminine. As things to chase, enact or avoid, then, rape and respect occupy the same space; i.e., during education through ludo-Gothic BDSM as being good or bad [for workers or profit] to varying degrees. A whore wants respect, but also her rights respected, while she fights to survive as whores do [controlling the situation, above].

To it, there are endless ways to slum/play court; i.e., from a variety of registers and double standards, and regardless of one's age, color, class and/or creed. Modular genres intersect, combining the medieval romance with the modern noir and Western from the whore's perspective: the classic givers of sex, thus "luck" as something to get with, arbitrating through poetic performance and exchange—a farting and belching slut, guzzling cum and counting gold [a sex goblin]! In turn, men and Man-Box tokens are coded to mark, then prey upon such persons, and those persons to respond in kind defensively [re: Kagero, keeping her guard up]. We punch up and down from wherever accident of birth finds us! Whores are born in brothels, and brothels—like casinos and suburbs as architectural divisions during Cartesian us-versus them—are man-made [or penned by token authors; re: Radcliffe's Udolpho chastising Vallencourt, man-whoring it up in city-of-sin, Paris, tempting him with scarlet, non-English women of the night with loose morals]! She's "got Stockholm real bad!" pulling off the heist of a lifetime with her tight little pussy [and/or asshole, mouth, cleavage, thigh gap, etc]!



[artist: [Hoovesart](#)]

As such, Rouge is the whore to play out a variety of anisotropic power fantasies, be those assimilation, escape, or revenge, etc, and however temporary or returned to; i.e., from adults treating such animals and [a]sexualities/genders differently than children might: settling old scores by "running it back"! What sexphobes call "gooner" and "slut," for the whore is simply a day at the office, giving out bad-girl-to-GNC-sodomy rewards beyond basic vanilla maidens and prudes! And if that seems like a raw deal, we can camp and make it better onstage and off, doing so through Gothic poetics like Rouge the Bat; i.e., as someone to camp canon with as a member of the weird canonical nerd's usual stable [of token whores] colonizing nature per the usual mantras and axioms! Everyone likes the whore, if only to canonically exploit her [re: Radcliffe, but also similar stories fearing the whore as acting like a rapacious, functionally non-white man of nature/the streets; e.g., Zofloya's Victoria during the dialectic of shelter/the alien]!

And if that seems unfair and/or loaded to anyone wondering about the educational or exploitative values and vices worked with, ask why that might be from a historical-material standpoint; re: the criminogenic chattelizing of such liminal expression as taken by fans to do whatever they want with [often fantasizing about sex, but I digress]! A girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do—getting dummies to overplay their hands while she takes the prize during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., when reduced seemingly to a disadvantaged position of survival, she's always thinking two moves ahead but ready for whatever comes [so to speak] in the present moment!

Rouge is a rogue⁴⁷⁰ in more ways than one, her chameleon sexuality violent and intense—simultaneously guilty as sin and carefree [while having maiden-esque elements/desires to be treated well: as a slut during the whore's paradox, thereby navigating one's confused/mixed feelings while nature/nurture takes its dialectical-

⁴⁷⁰ I.e., hard-boiled, having no reproach nor remorse, but working instead to challenge manipulators with their own levers and facades/false pretenses of wisdom, goodness and health. A demon gives as good as *she* gets, taking like a vampire (specifically a ghost bat, in Rouge's case); i.e., to teach the usual bad-faith thieves a lesson. An open alien whose existence and trades are incessantly taboo doesn't have to keep up appearances by assimilating/can get the impostor on the hip through greater fluencies with such exchange; i.e., an open secrecy that their foe is less prepared to administer when pressured: keeping them close but at arm's length, the ace with the ass of the gods, working her usual pickpocket charms to take stolen goods won fairly to the local fence.

Such stories canonically blame the whore by fetishizing her even when she owns it; i.e., damned if she does, damned if she doesn't. Professional or personal, ace or ass, revenge is its own best success/revenge against profit; i.e., the usual detectives chasing with their own tails versus her solving the case with hers; re: between acting and not acting onstage and off; e.g., Katie Dickie solving *her* own son's murder by chasing the culprit through sex—an act that simultaneously repulses and excites her but also bores her to death—in ways that highlight her own loss and alienation, but also mistaken sense of justice when she discovers the killer already went to jail for the crime: drunk driving. He'd already atoned (or tried to), leading her to have to face her child's death in a new light:



Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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material course]! Camping our own survival is fun—not ranking rape to act superior/punch down, but speaking to others through shared trauma during idiosyncratic privilege and oppression! Camping our own survival is fun—not ranking rape to act superior/punch down, but speaking to others through shared trauma during idiosyncratic privilege and oppression's sexually descriptive and culturally appreciative pedagogy of the oppressed! Whores need to look out for each other because other people classically don't [e.g., whorephobia in cop shows making us out to be the self-same whores Radcliffe's bad-faith maiden-esque dehumanized for profit]!



[artist: [Schpicy](#)]

Canon-wise, though, the corporatized nostalgia of the racing platformer [a race to sex: "Gotta go fast"] as controlled opposition is deftly brought to a new generation of kids by parents who were raised on the same stuff, except this time it's a run-'n-gun concerned with pugilistic forays alongside the shooter [similar to *Sonic* and *Doom* in the early '90s, I suppose].

First, it was Sonic's "shadow," Shadow, as the

pissed-off false rebellion sold to kids, in 2005; i.e., swapping the Sonic-Adventure-level Fonzy hand signals for the middle-finger and pistol held sideways, and remade into a new post-Covid trilogy starring—I shit you not—Keanu-fucking-Reaves as Shadow [and Jim Carrey having turned from '90s pet detective to 2020s mad scientist reviving his career for the umpteenth time]. I can't hate it, at least not entirely!

More to the point, nature remains a common selling point through xenophilic exploitation media; i.e., through monomyth theatrics leveling up with the kids chasing power and sex through such horny animal pipedreams; i.e., Sonic's Japanese neoliberal schtick aping bigoted Pax Americana and selling it back to the states through their own gun porn: John Wick and Akira-style bike chases both strip-teasing and strip-mining the cyberpunk; i.e., as the "bad future" Sonic warned about, and which these and other furry avatars [with ace potential, if not always fandom expertise, above] are running around inside. Like a bat outta Hell, this

translates easily enough to similar simulations also sold to teenagers and adults in parallel media pimping the same basic refrains [next page].

The rabbit, as a Paganized xenophilic symbol, is always fetishized under capital; re: including the kid-friendly "Sonic" type, which then extends to Sonic clones "all grewed up." In the case of Bunny from The First Descendant hero-shooter hybrid, it's basically a 2023 Destiny offshoot pimping "fetish Sonic with guns"; i.e., she's the original party animal Sonic was supposed to be [a rabbit] tied up in black fetish gear and electro-shocked with blue bolts of lightning while she sprints to and fro. It's ace as much as not, because BDSM is public nudism in paradoxical forms of nudity on the surface. But it's also fetishized militarism tied to social tiers of elevation and assimilation swapping the rabbit and Elmer Fudd to hunt the state's foes; re: courtly love, thus rape, leading its own kind of mercenary



token zoophilia! A pimp is a pimp, a whore a whore that can pimp nature as an undercover cop whoring for the Man!

As such, Bunny's a corporate mercenary sold to Gen Z [and the next generation after that] as "merc merch": pure, appropriated sex appeal and brawn dimorphized in all the

social-sexual usual ways: sex pot, smart, unavailable and dangerous [as the monstrous-feminine always is]. This means, if we want to camp canon, we'll be following her black tail/trail, not just the white rabbit's, through whatever drugs or drug-like poetics blazing happily through capital; i.e., in our own art/sex work, of course, but also our social-sex lives that synthesize our art as wrapped up in the general, messy scheme's public nudism: acts of sex and force to varying degrees of modularity and overlap. To that, roleplay often invites people to play out their fantasies in whatever costumes they choose, including psychosexually regressive childhood crushes: from videogames being the juvenilia's locus, yet one that works well enough for our little rebellions in and out of the bedroom, on and offscreen and stage alike.)



Forgetting Zeuhl (who fleeced me with their pussy easily enough), the rabbit isn't always bait, though—at least, not for us. If the "fash" rabbit is something that weaponizes the language of the harvest and witch hunt against the usual suspects

under Capitalism (often by token police), then it's clearly something we may camp through the iconoclastic function of animalized power and resistance having

simultaneously ace and erotic elements; re: freedom fighters and cyborg rabbits surviving biomechanically between green pastoral and robot Hell not being something the state can monopolize, from us back to Shelley and Milton and ultimately Shakespeare and Ovid. All owe something to cybernetics, totem animals, and hybrids of these things' drug-like mad technology run amok (the plans of mice and men didn't account for women and rabbits, but also guerrilla reinvention making furies something more than mere intended, control-opposition consumption for profit and nothing else)!

Yet doing so *also* isn't stuck within videogames or *their* paratexts; i.e., it can be with any art that we make with our bodies and the world around us—often, I would add, fueled by trippy imagery that, if not strictly an acid trip, still figuratively tumbles down the same rabbit hole with *social*-sexual potential: beef and porked up, but not for state harvests to exploit through public nudism and enforced chattel sexuality as usual! We pork among ourselves, a cryptonymy that feeds revolution!



(exhibit 56a1a2: Artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#). As stated earlier in the series, Bunny is quite ace, themselves, exposing their own public nudity out among nature while of it. Such socialized displays of sensuality through Sublime exposure isn't unique to us in the present.

For the British Romantics, that is, communion with nature varied per generation, those of the first seeing nature as more motherly and nurturing. With the rise of Napoleon devastating Europe following the French Terror and subsequent purges, though, second-generation Romantic depictions of nature became more ominous, rapacious, vengeful and fearful; i.e., radicals like Byron and the Shelleys clashing with socially conservative forebears like Wordsworth and Coleridge.

According to Stephanie Forward, second-generation Romantics also regarded their first-generation elders with criticism and mistrust:

Blake, Wordsworth and Coleridge were first-generation Romantics, writing against a backdrop of war. Wordsworth, however, became increasingly conservative in his outlook: indeed, second-generation Romantics, such as Byron, Shelley and Keats, felt that he had 'sold out' to the Establishment (source: "The Romantics," 2014).

But the demonizing and dominion over the natural world by capital had already been occurring for centuries; re: following the emergence of Cartesian thought and its Revolution as pioneered not just by Descartes and Bacon, but Columbus butchering his own target groups; i.e., in acts of Christian-fueled savagery over those he deemed inferior enough to pimp—an act other similar Protestant sects would emulate in the self-same epidemic of sickness-inducing abjection hiding/showing itself through capitalist cryptonyms: statues not of heroes, to the Indigenous, but a brutal tyrant they'd have to suffer the songs of "progress" being sung at their expense for centuries:



Indigenous communities have been persecuted in the Americas since Christopher Columbus first came ashore on the island of Guanahani in the present-day Bahamas 528 years ago. They have had their land stolen, people slaughtered, enslaved, and infected with diseases, women raped, children kidnapped, treaties broken, and possessions and goods plundered and looted. There were between 5 million and 15 million

Indigenous people living in North America in 1492. By the late 1800s, there were fewer than 238,000 left. The so-called "Age of Discovery" has begot centuries of genocide [[source](#): Penn Today's "Indigenous Views of Christopher Columbus," 2020].

Along with furies and drug use, such mentalities must be reclaimed by demonstrating nature in social-sexual forms; i.e., as something to reunite with, but also embody in ways that depict nature as something lush that needs to be protected, revered and preserved, during land back: a deep-rooted place of procreation and love, symbolized as such since Antiquity into the Internet Age [the

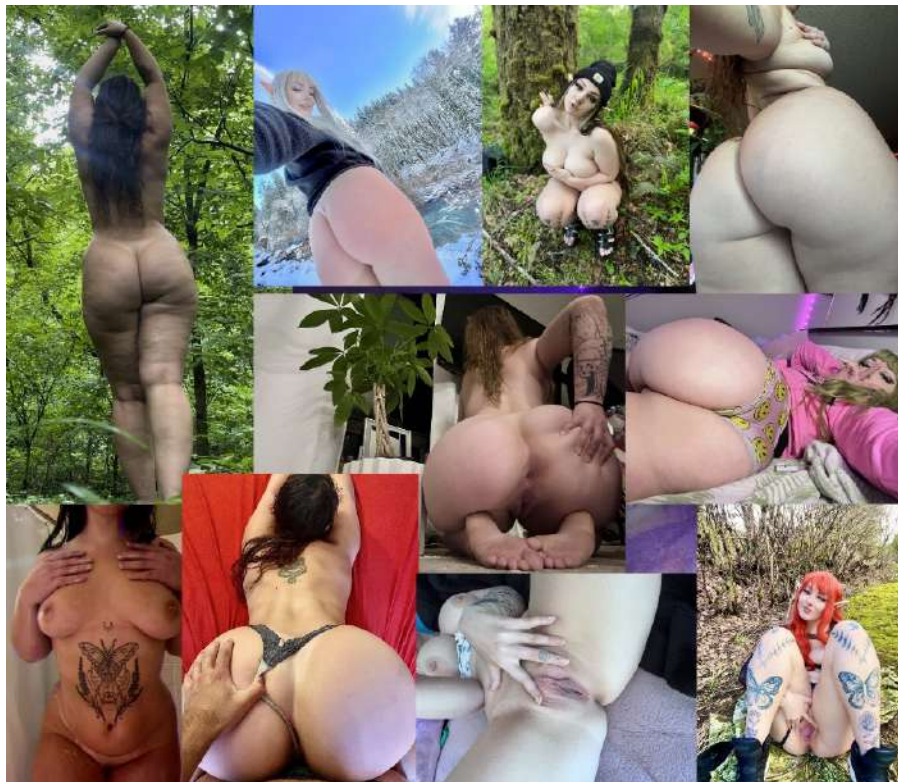


bacchanal orgy or tryst, commonly set to music while on drugs]. But those making art aren't doing so in the abstract; it represents their homes as a part of who they are and vice versa. As [Nyx](#) writes in regards to coming home:

"I love coming back home and exploring the woods I grew up in. It's such a refreshing experience and cleansing to my soul. These WV woods will always have my heart, no matter how far away I stray ♡" [[source tweet](#), 2023].

Whores of nature have an ace element, then, insofar as the things they love that "grow" aren't just genitals, but the greenery of plants that fauna feed upon [and take us home when we die]! This threshold and proximity with the divine in nature is both intense, but also oddly nurturing and protecting in ways that eroticize nature as optionally orgiastic: a potential bacchanal that lets people enjoy the same current aliens pushing towards reunion however all parties agree to—a wishing well where sex for one person is a handshake [as animals saying hello to one another] and for others more sexually responsive an orgasm of erotic bliss, insofar as that's how they respond to such displays "in the wild!"

As such, the sex isn't enforced to appease merely one side for profit through force, thus becomes negotiated fairly towards mutual consent—my dark dream attached to Gothic Communism, but one of infinite possibility and lucky titillating voyeur/exhibitionist splendor relayed on the Aegis; i.e., of cuties like Bunny and Nyx, each having portentous booties to relay such data with at all: dat ass, amirite? It's not a capitalist Bringer of War [and other Malthusian nonsense] but all the usual post-scarcity joys known to happy rabbits on Bunny Island, and sung about through the usual paradisiacal longing: Sublime and Numinous thirst traps enjoying Stravinsky but not endorsing his abject views of nature's bare-and-exposed terrifying Big Whores' heavy artillery! There is no one who needs to be cannibalized [except the bourgeoisie class positions]—no one pigeonholed into the essential victim. Simply us using what Medusa gave us: a bit [or a lot] of strange!



[artists: [Nyx](#) and [Blxxd Bunny](#)]

"West Virginia, mountain mama. Take me home, country roads." Personified by the likes of Teddy Roosevelt, nature conservationism is a theme of conservative Americana and written by those who profit from it, versus land back; re: John Denver's music, arguably romancing the nostalgia of the

by virtue of those who are white belonging to a colonizing polity whose wider policies they reject, while still rocking the camo look [camo is nowhere near as problematic as, say, the Swastika or the Confederate flag].

So of course, there's certainly nothing wrong with being "country" or rustic provided the class character is embodied within the critique—i.e., the art itself as being deliberately sex-positive, thus discouraging genocide on principle. Indeed, the country girl as a practicing witch, Amazon or general-practice magical huntress can be eroticized through common fetishizing markers: the glasses, pigtails, or freckles—a kind of latter-day Pippy Longstocking:

Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster created [Superman](#) when society needed a hero to battle bullies like Hitler and the Nazis. Pippi came along a decade or so later to take on a few bullies of her own: institutions that demand conformity; societies that over-regulate children; and anyone who's ever used the phrase throw like a girl as an insult instead of a compliment [[source](#): Schmoop's "Pippi Longstocking Strength and Skill," 2023].

The ginger farmgirl is a kind of good-sized, Norse-tinged rustic ["Pippi" meaning "lover of horse" in Norse] who's no stranger to honest work; i.e., someone Pippi personifies and who Blxxd Bunny channels a certain essence of in her own performance as tied to the Earth around her [even when she's indoors]. This spirit of strength and sexuality is not unusual even within Pippi's legacy—with the actress who played Pippi in the 1988 film, Tami Erin, making her own sex tape:

Former Pippi Longstocking star Tami Erin is selling her own sex tape. The 39-year-old has decided to let a porn company release the explicit video before her ex-boyfriend beats her to it. Tami believes that if the tape is going to see the light of day, she may as well get paid for it [[source](#): the Daily Mail's "Former [Pippi Longstocking](#) Star Tami Erin Decides to Release Her Own Sex Tape," 2013].

While it was released under the threat of revenge porn, Tami decided to own the film and regain control by releasing it herself. Good on you, Tami! It can't be blackmail if you get out in front of it, and you might as well get paid for your trouble!)

Now that we've examined furies and other erotic, monster-fucking forms of the natural demon class persecuted under Capitalism during furry panic (and Red Scare through acid Communism)—as well as covered some social-sexual examples with ace tolerances—let's set upon our aforementioned path towards queer *magic* transformation; i.e., out of the simplicity of childhood towards a life of chaos, painful transformation and death, but also erotic expression as something to "grow

into" when expressing ourselves as magically part of nature and the great outdoors: being something to look into, but also inhabit and express with our bodies and nudism (re: exhibit 56a1a2, above).



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

As such, we'll examine the magic girl, a shapeshifter unicorn and Giger's xenomorph as increasingly transgressive and

gender-troubled modes of GNC poetics bound up with the nature world; i.e., as hunted, hence something to express in often policed ways: magic and drugs, but also sex demons (whores) tied to them as things to face, even duel and chase down like Alice chasing the white-to-black rabbit into Hell as much as Wonderland! To it we don't take drugs to literally see the future, but help our minds process the complicated emotions and memories that already spell historical materialism (and its dualities) out; i.e., if Capitalism is a cancer that grows to devour the world through workers, then these drugs (and the muses tied to nature who evoke/use them in furry-like ways) are the medicine to shrink its influence and kill the tumor with! We're the nymphs the old poets wrote about, into the present state-of-affairs!

To that, oppositional praxis is *fractally* recursive, meaning smaller forms reflect larger functions and structures; e.g., Nazis poetics, apathy and thoroughly settler-colonial expansion/persecution mania. The magical element is the power to shapeshift *through* the aesthetic; i.e., as a matter of context and appearance that, through a variety of the latter as ludo-Gothically flexible in its BDSM, conveniently helps the former flow power towards us through dark empathy/xenophilia with style! Nature *is* alien, and she wants hugs, but only *if* we can catch her! The terror of the chase, and Beethoven's-Fifth-style codas, highlight the predator/prey thrill of such things; i.e., during a palliative Numinous and—apart from the usual



hyphenations—stress the sheer *flight* aspects to said exchanges. Far from bleak nihilism, then, it becomes what it was meant to be: a drive towards liberation from capital's usual pimps whoring us out!

So white or black, follow the rabbit, babes! "The woods *are*

dreary, dark and deep, and *she* has many promises to keep," carrying the heavy time of old clocks racing towards through capital counting down! To avoid state shift, we look on our own Aegis showing Medusa in ways others might be repulsed by if not for the social-sexual latitudes hinted above: a sight of danger but also communion with the dark gods and their socially fluent and sexually potent, dashing animal-avatar pirate guise (where kittens and tigers occupy the same framework); i.e., letting us cryptonymically outmaneuver our foes better than Caesar could ever hope to kettle us, during guerrilla war!

Good things (treats) come to those who wait (versus simply wolfing down what capital craves to dominate while stigmatizing the usual abject scapegoats); i.e., this is *our* land and capital isn't welcome here, the sun, moon and stars—hell, the whole fucking universe—not something that orbits around them, and certainly not us and *our* desires (sexual or not)! Tiger bunny go rawr! Our guerrilla's "ancient" spirit of dark xenophilia—thus reinvention/road to redemption while reclaiming our self-to-societal respect as sex workers through iconoclastic art/mutual labor action—lives on; i.e., saying to all of you, "Tip your sex workers while playing with them; don't exploit them!" and testifying all the while to our own abuse/survival onstage and off; re: during such playtime's liminal expression: the black rabbit *to* follow!

The oldest heroes escaping exploitation are whores. By comparison, pimps are the oldest villains policing said whores. They operate through abuse as a matter of—among other things—scarcity and drug use, which new victims must skirt seeking liberation through ancient theatre tropes; e.g., the old doxy a monster detective dodging Athenian-to-Spartan women as much as men. Under capital and *its* hauntologies, the whore is always the Omelas scapegoat, because the state demands rape *to* exist (which it controls through force, destitution and drugs, among other things): something to pimp nature with, whatever the form; i.e., something to tame and own, during insect politics; e.g., honeybees, but also elderly people: "[Well, now your backs gonna hurt, 'cause you just pulled landscaping duty!](#)"



Exploitation, though endless (stealing from labor's infinite value), has its usual classic symbols among the myriad offshoots demons and nature portend (through undead trauma). From the Archaic Mother's Gorgon, winged, pre-Christian fallen angels to modern Satanic forms, nature is a whore to pimp by modern enterprising cops and *their* police states decaying within capital; e.g., 2019's *Fate/Grand Order: Absolute Demonic Front – Babylonia's* Medusa vs Leonidas (the eternal whore vs the hauntological Nazi Spartan leader of strongmen returning *to* greatness, above). In

turn, a whore's pimp is always *cryptomimetically* close at hand (or vice versa); i.e., looks can be deceiving but also speak truth through deception as open, naked: "Give me a boy until he is seven, and I will" dogmatize him six ways from Sunday! It's *Paradise Lost* without the camp, aka the Bible. We must camp it, or suffer the usual rape and neglect supplied to whores of all kinds!

Mind or otherwise, we're sex-demon detectives investigating our own rapes; i.e., every word/flash of skin a forbidden testimony the state, who—along with its cops (token or not, the latter making Sophie's Choice)—desperately *want* to silence but can't; re: because there must always *be* a whore *to* pimp *by* the usual cops playing kayfabe *Amazonomachia* dress up. It's always the happiest ones, faking it 'til they make it, then punching down the hardest to those *they're* tethered to (re: Federici)!

Meanwhile, state apologia is rape apologia. Subverting *that*, the revenge of we out-and-out, loud-and-proud whores breaks with tradition, thus segregation and genocide during the abjection and cryptonymy processes setting nature free; i.e., *as* monstrous-feminine *by* breaking profit on our Aegises; re: through the usual testifying that occurs along chronotopic architectural/forensic morphology puns, *mise-en-abyme*! Whatever Capitalist Realism portends, money is theft—freedom and meeting our basic needs (until development occurs) *not* mutually exclusive, insofar as we steal back what the state taxes for itself! Whatever canceled future you find them in, then (cyberpunk or Gothic castle), sex work is work, onstage and off. *So pay your sex workers, survival sex work or not; either way it's still a basic human right (re: "Paid Labor")!*

Except, the whore *can't* have an alibi when she's on the rabbits trail; i.e., threatening profit, meaning *we're* the canonical "homewreckers": shitting like the homeless or housing challenged where the middle-class personal property *owners* live (the latter being the classic villains of the Radcliffean refrain, gatekeeping capital *for* the state): showing the complicit and the holier-than-thou our normal everyday survival *on* the Aegis speaking offstage as much as on. "Hop like little bunnies," as Mom used to say to us kids; beware the poachers while looking for love/answers! Love *is* a battlefield! Show them no quarter using Cupid's Shaft; i.e.,



when making it the dialectical-material context of your illustration of mutual consent, doing so on your confessional's wicked canvas! Ace to anal, the Aegis is yours to reverse abjection with, cowgirl or otherwise!

(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

Dark Xenophilia, part two: "Follow the White-to-Black Rabbit"; or Magic, Drugs and Acid Communism (feat. the Monstrous-Feminine of Magic Girls, Unicorns and Xenomorphs)

*And if you go chasing rabbits
And you know you're going to fall
Tell 'em a hookah-smoking caterpillar
Has given you the call*

—Grace Wing Slick; "White Rabbit," on Jefferson Airplane's *Surrealistic Pillow* (1967)

Part two continues our look at learning from nature in dark xenophilic terms of sexuality and gender as animalistic, gradient, anthropomorphic and fluid; i.e., from cradle to grave, childhood to adulthood and beyond. It explores drugs as a recursive, cyclical means of opening and expanding the mind to challenge Capitalist Realism (and *its* cancerous expansions): with acid Communism offering a dark Communist, Pagan and witchy/monstrous-feminine empathy to offset fascism's radical apathy—the series of enchantments that *only* appear under the influence of otherworldly forces; i.e., called "drugs" nowadays, but also "poetry" and "art" having a similar liminal, often biomechanical (animate-inanimate) mind-opening affect! No one is immune when exposed to such forces, good or bad!

Our exposure of them (therefore ourselves) isn't to seek desperately but by trusting in what we see that others mistake *for* chattel to tokenize and exploit; i.e., empathy is built at least partially on trust, which fascists destroy. We give and take fairly to develop what *needs* to develop for *us* to both survive and all-out *thrive* in a post-scarcity world: magic as xenophilic poetics, therefore radical labor changing how we *think*. In abjecting us, the state has made us *powerful* within their own system, which *we* can reclaim through our Aegis breaking theirs to dust, beckoning you follow us "rabbits" into Hell: "Hey, bunny!" [as Jan Švankmajer's titular Alice](#)



[says](#). Follow the rabbit, white or black; follow the alien whore/profligate sinner as animalized and mystical drug dealer/dealer of drug-like sex and alterous factors!

(artist: [Vana](#))

That is, using drugs per Stuart Mills (on Fisher) is—at least at first—a *symbolic* gesture; i.e., one that expands *our* minds *away* from the rigid, inflexible (thus intolerant) state of existence and thought that Capitalism forces *on* people vs whores/nature; re:

...part of acid communism is the means to fulfil Fisher's desire to imagine the future. [...] Acid communism is about ways of imagining a world after capitalist realism, and for Fisher, one of the ways to escape this reality is psychoactive drugs. The programme of acid communism is not to condone

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025

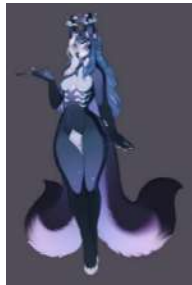
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psychoactive drug use, but as an example this activity captures the philosophy of acid communism excellently.

To imagine new futures, we have to find ways to break out of our present myopia. Fisher's acid communism is unique primarily for placing this goal above all others. [...] The future has been cancelled because we are unable to imagine anything other than the present. To invent the future, to escape our myopia, we have to go beyond the present bounds of our imagination. This is acid communism ([source](#)).

We'll confront acid Communism later in the subchapter—meaning *after* we've given some examples to *follow* (the rabbit); i.e., starting with general animal mascots (next page), but also *Sailor Moon*, *The Last Unicorn*, and *Alien* (among others; e.g., *Brave* and *Nimona*, exhibit 56d1/2): as whorish means of profound *redistribution*!

Our white-to-black rabbits and their "special medicine" extend to any animal and color you could think of; e.g., a blue fox (or combinations, below); i.e., fetishes partially obscured, but also showing during the cryptonymy process reversing abjection through the whore's revenge. Said medicine educates monstrous-feminine alternatives to Cartesian dogma, thus challenging its built-in desires to dominate nature through fear of anything else; i.e., "drugs are bad for you *unless* you pay for legal versions" being a warlike anthem chanted by the guardians of Capitalism (and its cancerous War on/with Drugs) *against* nature as a whole; re: a whore to pimp, thus rape, for profit out of revenge (through the usual tools' trifectas, monopolies and qualities built *for* those aims)! Anytime we speak to/about black rabbits, then, we're talking about/with dark xenophilia as something to encourage; i.e., they're synonymous!



(artist: [Vana](#))

In short, we'll be following increasingly black (whore-like, radical and alien) rabbits *from* white—first looking at magic girls and unicorns in children's and YA fiction, before considering acid Communism and adult forms more directly through poetic, rock 'n roll counterculture as tied to older rebellious movements; e.g., Jim Morrison, William Blake, and yes, xenomorphs and *their* surreal, angry and rebellious liminalities: the whore's paradox and revenge being two sides of the same terror language (and dreams) to reclaim by playing with "rape" and sodomy during ludo-Gothic BDSM!

- [Home Base: Teaching Children about Animals, Magic and Sex \(Drugs and Rock 'n Roll\)](#)
- [Halcyon Days; the Idylls of the Magical Queens-to-Be \(feat. Sailor Moon\)](#)
- [Approaching Our Teens, or Portents of the Doom Bun before The Last Unicorn \(feat. Nimona, Brave and Darby O'Gill\)](#)

- ["Magic Do as You Will!": On the Cusp of Adulthood; or, Teenage Unicorns Following Rabbits \(feat. *The Last Unicorn*\)](#)
- [Continuing the Easter Egg Hunt: Derelict "Antiquity" \(reprise, and Neo-Gothic Orientalism as a Foreign, Irrational Exotic to Pimp\)](#)
- [Paradise Lost; or, Chasing the Rabbit on a Promethean Quest/during a Faustian Bargain \(acid Communism reprise; feat., Jim Morrison, Blake, Rimbaud, etc\)](#)
- [The Return of the Black Rabbit \(feat. Giger, *Metroid*, Medusa, Giygas\)](#)
- [Approaching Catharsis; or, the Whore's Revenge Where Said Wrongs Once Occurred](#)
- [Closing Thoughts: On the Justice of Roosting Rabbits \(and onto Zombie Malls Where Rabbits Are Sold\)](#)

Home Base: On Teaching Children about Animals, Magic and Sex (Drugs and Rock 'n Roll)

First and foremost, educating **children** about animals, magic and sex (drugs, and rock 'n roll); i.e., as the starting point to chasing bunnies. While it might seem rather straightforward to separate totems and general "magic" from drugs, pornography and queer transformation (say nothing of the persecutory trauma that *accompanies* them), the act is easier said than done. For starters, the act of anthropomorphizing magic animals—specifically to *teach* children about the world around them—is a common facet of children's literature (and oral cultures) as a whole: girls and children in general something to exploit by exposure to dogma in ways we camp inside of themselves; i.e., through *reclaimed* animals, nudism and educated peril and morals of an acid Communist sort, thus sex as something to communicate in ways that are healthy for children to absorb at a relatively young age: about life and death, consent and coercion, rape and rapture, etc, pushing *towards* Gothic maturity to see what others do not (I once sat on a day-long train ride next to a blind woman who raised wolves; it was an eye-opening conversation)!



(exhibit 56a2a: Artist, top left-and-right and bottom-right: [Tohupo](#); bottom-left: [Foxinajacket](#); bottom-middle: Kiu Wot. Animals commonly attach to children's literature, lending them a didactic air with a slightly magical quality tied to nature [and implied drug use]. This is hardly

sexual by itself, though there *is* room to suggest sexual content in the thin line between YA-material and more prurient suggestions; i.e., Tohupo's Mrs. Neeba lending herself a strong "Mother Goose" vibe despite being sexually expressive to a lesser degree, compared to Kiu Wot's illustration being more overtly sexual

[mommy in the bedroom]. This "sliding scale" is regularly invoked through the poetic treatment of animals and magic in any educational work; i.e., including sex education as something being taught to some degree in many children's stories: animal mommies don't wear pants/do wear clothes that make them cryptonymically seem naked and anatomically correct/neutered, and animals flop cutely and listen to each other's problems/show each other our butts. We do so to say hello/communicate love and trauma [re: Victoria, exhibit 52g1a] versus status-quo variants outing the colonizer doing the same basic gesture in bad faith: showing us their ass; i.e., as something that gives them away during the accidental [for them] code switch! The ass on the Aegis as the Aegis can hurt to feel good, or talk about pain with pain as a corrupt data of all different kinds!)



(exhibit 56a2b: Model and artist, left: [Maybel Syrup](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); right: [Tohupo](#). This piece concerns the value of human life expressed anthropomorphically via Don Bluth's The Secret of Nimh's 1982⁴⁷¹ dark fantasy vis-à-vis Mrs. Brisby's sexy-widow-meets-Little-Red-Riding-Hood schtick; i.e.,

how Capitalism makes us feel small and abused/assigns sexual values [and predator/prey elements] to us, and how we as marginalized workers might mix-and-match different positions of power [the dominant and the submissive] during ludo-Gothic BDSM: through animals of different sizes like the rat and mouse, but also kayfabe Red Scare themes on the same bodies trying to endure—by expressing chattelized/verminized survival in ancient animalized theatre forms [with the 1970 Secret of Nimh having a similar mad-science critique/rebellious undercurrent to 1972's Watership Down—a story we'll return to in Volume Three].

Such attempts include through drugs-and-sex hauntologies, but also parental themes that carry/cross over into a lycanthropic nature/nurture and predator/prey half-real game across media at large; re: Mrs. Brisby being a brave mommy to seek protection from, but also sex/comfort in liminal, drug-like ways! Such ideas [and two-spirit peoples—trans, intersex, and non-binary] go back not just hundreds of years, but to the literal dawn of time; i.e., to a time and headspace where such things like animals, food, rape and war weren't separate but hauntologically reinvoked from the Middle and Early Modern English periods, onwards [re: Chaucer's Miller]!

For example, when Robert Burns turned over a mouse's burrow, he wrote a little poem for the creature empathizing with her plight; i.e., "On Turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November 1785" aka "Of Mine and Men":

⁴⁷¹ The same year *The Dark Crystal* and *The Last Unicorn* likewise catered to YA in a Wizard-of-Oz "family film" approach: through spontaneous magic, queerness, violence and revenge going in all directions!

*I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal! [[source](#)].*

The poem, far from preaching Humanity's innate superiority, laments the damage its de facto stewardship cause other animals, of which—no matter how great or small those are—have value in Burns' eyes [a common theme in British Romanticism].)

This animalized tutelage also extends to the children themselves and their developing bodies and identities (and desire for sex/comfort from parental/protector figures): as "magical," invoking elements of queer expression tied to the natural world as increasingly drug-like and erotic; i.e., not with explicit drugs (though we'll talk about *that* in a bit) but a "drug-like" means of activating queer expression that magically transforms one's physical body and gender identity in fantastical, spell-like language and childlike imagination. The animal is an important part of this process; i.e., many children befriend animals and establish close bonds with them, expressing *asexual* relationships through artwork that says as much about themselves as it does the animal(s) they're relating to. In other words, the totem, "furry" or chimera, etc, are expressions of the self as part of the natural world, which allows for (a)sexual expression of the artist *in* animalized ways (which is *not* the same thing as having sex *with* the animals they correspond with).

The larger process generally starts from an early age and continues *into* adulthood. In queer circles, authors transmute the kid-friendly approach of children's literature by treating talking animals⁴⁷² and "magic" specifically as queer signifiers/*de facto* educators of sex positivity (and universal liberation) at large. While the notion of sexuality- and gender-as-identity have only materialized under Capitalism within the past two centuries or so, their current position within it

⁴⁷² Conversely the talking animal can also be a sign of rebellious property or chattel, suddenly speaking in hauntological forms that ooze xenophobia from the frightened, bigoted viewers; e.g., Red Hook's *The Darkest Dungeon II* having a less-than-charitable view of talking animals, its denizens of the Sluice being a non-too-subtle, dislocated cross between George Orwell's 1945 *Animal Farm* and Warhammer's Skaven race of warrior rats: "There are rumours these rancorous beasts have some demoniac spark of... otherworldly intelligence." It's anti-Semitic *and* Red-Scare, a subterranean ghetto where cop-like heroes can go and clean house, mid-blood-libel policing the joy division.



nevertheless invokes magical legends and queer ideas of sexuality and gender that are much, much older than the modern world. While trans, intersex and non-binary people have existed since the dawn of time, only under Capitalism has their gender-non-conforming struggle had to be expressed linguo-materially on the receiving end of systemic exploitation and genocide!



(artist: [Vana](#))

In turn, magic, drugs and transformation are useful towards expressing and subverting these xenophobic struggles in xenophilic language; i.e., without making them seem endlessly tormented and immiserate, through furry panic. In short, the goal of said magic is joy at becoming your true self over time; i.e., in a world—or in helping experience/develop a world—that *won't* persecute you for being different; re: in ways closer to nature as something to love and respect, not rape for profit (not even if they seem dark and scary/suffused with Numinous energies, but also sluttier elements, above): "magic girl" speaking to a position of power to regress to as much being an assigned vulnerability by the state, mid-witch-hunt!

While queer abuse *is* important to discuss and convey in undead-demonic language, it's also vital to humanize nature itself as part of the equation; i.e., as something to treat humanely by human stewards *of* nature. Often this happens through a relationship *with* nature as queer-coded; i.e., happening through the eyes of a child simply being themselves within the natural-material world. While the image of Dorothy Gale leaps to mind—skipping cheerfully along the Yellow Brick Road with the Scarecrow, Tinman and Cowardly Lion—we want to express the importance in treating queerness as an iconoclastic mode of existence fueled by magic and drug use to chase rabbits we not only befriend, but *become* (to "go native"): to thwart the revenge of state pimps policing nature-as-whore.

After all, the "friends of Dorothy" (early LGBTQ symbols colonized by token fags) only helped the God-gifted Kansas farmgirl—already touched *by* magic but afraid *of* nature ("Lions and tigers and bears, oh my!")—generously *return* home through *monomythic* force to her family's farm; re: after killing a witch because the local patriarch "asked" them to (with laws being poorly-disguised threats administered by state rulers and carried out by state cops, including witch cops of all ages—more on this in Volume Three)! If the drug-addled fate of Judy Garland is any clue, we need to do far better—one, to honor *her* memory as someone hounded and abused by studio executives (re: forcing drugs into her system, breaking her body and mind alike); and two, to serve/save ourselves: as members of the Young-at-Heart becoming *nature's* stewards standing *against* profit during the whore's revenge chasing the rabbit. This "land back" approach happens through ludo-Gothic BDSM, which requires doing so in ways *all* workers historically have

failed at (which includes Indigenous Peoples tokenizing under duress through treaties the White Man routinely breaks, and people of color selling out, too).

To avoid the pitfalls of menticide, then, we'll start with magic girls who are closer to the mark, thus childhood; i.e., regarding queer-positive representation as openly stated *within* the narrative (unlike *Hobbits* or even vampires, which both tend to *obscure* queerness within medievalized ideas of courtly love [re: rings and giving them] or sodomy rhetoric): the magic-girl, monstrous-feminine heroines of *Sailor Moon*, aimed at educating children; re: about magic and genderqueer sex and identity through monstrous theatre with *innate* camp built in!

To it, queerness starts from innocence as something to regress *to*, and interrogate the rabbit (a lure). As damsel-and-detective sex demons, we'll trace *that* circuitry on the usual golems and castles-in-the-flesh, going from witches to unicorns to aliens. First up, Sailor Scouts!

Halcyon Days; the Idylls of the Magical Queens-to-Be (feat. *Sailor Moon*)

Note: We looked at Sailor Moon earlier with Harmony and me. We'll focus here on the making of the show and its utility when teaching kids how to be queer from an early age; i.e., when growing into emotional, Gothic and sexual maturity as a riddle not starting from adulthood looking backwards (we'll get to that, too)! —Perse



(exhibit 56b: Top-right-to-top-left-to-bottom-left: samples from the "magical girl" anime, Pretty Cure! As provided by Angel [who runs a fanzine for the show called the Precure Forever Zine—a digital charity zine benefiting Voices of Children, available for preorders as of February 2023]; top middle and everything else: Sailor Moon. Sex education commonly happens through fantasy stories; i.e., about magic girls investigating their changing bodies and developing genders under crisis: policed by the world around them.)

Sailor Moon has been queer-coded since its inception and historically aims at young white-to-Japanese women (the manga originally penned by Naoko Takeuchi, a highly-educated⁴⁷³ Japanese woman; i.e., educated outside of just being one of the most famous/accomplished manga artists of all time). Following this, the show has retained a strong genderqueer/questioning element and following all around the

⁴⁷³ Naoko Takeuchi "graduated from Kyoritsu University of Pharmacy, where she received a degree in chemistry [and later] became a licensed pharmacist" ([source](#): Women Who Kick Ass' "Naoko Takeuchi: Why She Kicks Ass," 2013]. Similar to Nina Hartley or Victoria Paris, Takeuchi is clearly educated/privileged, but also sex-positive in her work; i.e., as something that regularly faces colonization by neoliberal groups *post hoc* (and philistines; re: Bad Empanada).

world; i.e., flourishing mid-struggle despite syndicated American localization censoring the queer elements by making Uranus and Neptune "cousins" (the preference of sanctioned incest and pedophilia being a common neo-conservative tactic). So while *Sailor Moon* targets tweens, its "puppy love" and childhood innocence material less steers readers towards a heteronormative existence and more explores feelings of "descriptive" sexuality and Satanic gender fluidity!

Furthermore, the show's colossal popularity and seemingly endless longevity only leads to fanbases that go on to sexually mature and fantasize erotically about inhabiting and enjoying the show's characters (next page)—not as teenagers to exploit by adults but as younger versions of their former selves that fans identify with over time as also having grown up!

To this, the erotic treatment of *Sailor Moon* and its magic-girl heroines isn't limited to cis-het men in *that* respect. "Get 'em while they're young" is certainly something that neoliberal privatization takes quite literally—surreptitiously effacing anything queer except the most homo-/queernormative elements to try and keep American consumers (and *their* overseas counterparts) cis-het from a young age onwards:

The first queer couple I encountered in anime was censored. Most kids who grew up in the '90s are aware that in its original form, *Sailor Moon*'s Sailor Neptune and Sailor Uranus aren't actually cousins, but were instead a lesbian couple. The homophobic revision of these characters is so blatant it makes rewatches of the dub absolutely comical. This wasn't the only revision the *Sailor Moon* dub made to the source material for the sake of censorship. Zoisite, an early villain who is an effeminate gay man in love with fellow villain Kunzite, is changed to a female character. Given Uranus' butch persona, they may have wanted to do the same with her. Uranus is rarely if ever depicted in feminine clothing save for when she's in her Sailor Scout form, rendering the possibility of portraying Neptune and Uranus as a straight couple nigh impossible ([source](#): Austin Jones' "*Sailor Moon* and the Complicated History of Queer Gender Expression in Anime for Girls," 2020).

But the same is *also* true of sex-positive introductions *to* the magic girl trope (and various other nature-oriented egregores); i.e., to a young audience in an educational way that extends to *adults* whose own education is lacking *about* GNC people; e.g., Sailor Uranus was originally written as intersex—having both genitals and being able to swap them at will (*ibid.*).

Such sex, drugs and rock 'n roll speak to animals in nature, but also appear in Gothic fiction—meaning with phallic women, Athena-androgyne (stereo)types and the Medusa "snake moms"/Archaic Mothers, etc; i.e., those similar *to* the Sailor Scouts having the whores' revenge in less furious but no less *transgressive* ways (any trespass is unwelcome, thus attacked by state defenders upholding capital and

its qualities, moderate or not). In canonical stories, their "horns" can always be monomythically severed, said castration taming the woman—as a magical object of *man's* desire (extending to token parties, inside the Man Box)—whereas male entities "die" once castrated (no accounting for eunuchs, of course, nor intersex people; i.e., the latter often wrought with morphological trauma tied to *their* genitals as operated on: *without* their consent by over-corrective doctors; re: Victoria, exhibit 52g1a).

But a second opinion lingers—one cryptonymically showing and hiding things the state will *try* to tokenize and destroy when magic girls *refuse* to assimilate, thus *not* do as they're told. Simply put, fans aren't stupid; they learn from those they identify with, not wanting those beings to be censored at all and fearing/ridiculing proponents of censorship for doing just that (silence is genocide). For example, most cis-het or closeted/out lesbian girls are not only *aware* of the *Sailor Moon* queerness and censorship; [they even make fun of the whole "cousins" thing](#) (Farmer Smith's "Sailor Uranus and Neptune: Gay Couple NOT Cousins," 2020); re: we camp canon because we must!

Conversely most straight dudes (white or not) have no fucking clue—only make fun of the show or drool over its (originally teenage) cast like poster girls "made just for them." To do so is to colonize *Sailor Moon*, treating its cast (and fandom) like chattel that exclusively serve heteronormativity in sex-coercive ways; re: not just the Man Box, but the *Male Gaze* extending to *token* parties (male or



not). It's prescriptive and that prescription must be challenged during oppositional praxis, including the liminality that pornographic expression reliably supplies; re: as fans grow up *into* these GNC franchises:

(*exhibit 56c1: Middle, artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#); everything around it from the top-middle-to-top-left-to-bottom-left-to-left-bottom-middle: [Artnip](#); bottom-middle: [Midna Ash](#); top-right and bottom-right: [Soon2Bsalty](#). As usual, it's possible for*

different groups to like the same thing at once for different reasons; e.g., cis-het men, teenage girls and queer people—all liking Sailor Scouts as boy-crazy magic-soldier alter egos navigating a city-pop hauntology and demonic rituals of monomythic courtship—but again, for different reasons on and off the same half-real stages: to either fight for universal liberation/walk away from Omelas, or install new children to torture and steal from into future models of capital pimping nature as monstrous-feminine whore; e.g., AI [and tech bros] being the Pirates of Silicon[e] Valley come home to goon [shaming and policing the slut for giving men boners]!



(exhibit 56c2: Model and artist: [Mei Minato](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#); left [AI generated]: [Civit AI](#). While AI-generated "art" and porn reduces popular characters to a series of keywords and AI parameters, these personas can be "worn" by real persons with real bodies, passions, jobs and hobbies; e.g., Sailor Venus from [Sailor Moon](#). Earlier exhibits showcased Harmony and I through this process, in "[Measured Praise of the Great Enchantress](#)." Now we'll look at Mei Minato casting a similar spell of profound liberatory power!

Packing a massive booty/meat-packing plant and even bigger heart, Mei is a foreign national veterinarian who loves animals, but

also rocks her amazing body and makeup during brothel espionage; i.e., while doing alter-ego sex work online: the magic girl all grown up and kicking ass [reclaiming her means of production beyond factory nostalgias, which Marx and Socialist Realism mostly limited to larger mechanical factories/male labor versus working girls and women's work].

All of these factors make up who Mei is without reducing her to a product/piece in a bigger commercial puzzle. Likewise, her amazing booty and tight, little "innie" coochie conveys a de facto "pornstar" bod whose "realism" is more an industry standard conducted through the creation of sexual difference that nevertheless can reflect holistically upon workers during liminal expression; i.e., with bodies that fall naturally within that standard to subvert it: the body of the nubile maiden, both infantilized and hyperbolically sexualized in ways that historically cater to white male chuds and token parties policing their betters' avenues of appetite.

Furthermore, the notion of post-natal bottom surgery is a concept whose body dysmorphia/gender dysphoria can apply to different women across the board; i.e., in the porn industry's frontier liminalities into YA media and back again: any whose crotches lack the "Barbie Doll" look/requisite female genitals, and wherein the "Barbie Doll effect" is labioplasty expected towards female workers pushed to surgically alter their bodies to cater to the status quo. Or conversely those who naturally fall into the status quo potentially feeling alienated from other workers: for being different from other pussy types, for example, hence placed onto a "pretty privilege" pedestal for having the Pussy of All Pussies [heavy lies the crown] or Ass to End All Asses [above]!

This, in turn, comes with its own double standards, assigning the owner "power" by virtue of cliché, harmful notions of feminine kinds; e.g., the dumb blonde, ideal tradwife, perfect girlfriend, catgirl, schoolgirl, and ostensibly tight virginal pussy during sex, etc; re: "We are all animals, my lady!"



[artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#)]

A similar manicuring of their crotch extends to clothing as often expected; i.e., wherein the basic idea is fine but historically-materially becomes shamed through deregulated commercial practices that treat the owner's "lawn" [the front and the back/ass crack, left] as something to maintain by virtue of it being someone else's property/plumbing to police; i.e., God's Paradise operating through fractal recursion—the customer extending to patron, director and shareholder as tyrannical entitlement on the same Great Chain of Being [which the Medusa and her rabbits level through Numinous offshoots, also left]. To combat this, "pussy verisimilitude" offers a different kind of realism than what's enforced through Vitruvian industry standards; e.g., the gynodiversity of public hair on the pantied camel toe as a kind of artistic accessory that can be easily applied or removed like a merkin.

Together with Sailor Moon and the catgirl aesthetic, my subversion is liminal and composite among friends; i.e., not a raw fearful image of the catgirl from the moon⁴⁷⁴ [Artemis being the virginal huntress associated with the moon to sight her prey with as much as its size and light being a symbol of female hysteria] but a child-friendlier variant experienced through Sailor Scouts; i.e., collectively reviving Medusa, onstage and off: the Leveler Dark Rabbit pulsing ominously behind white sparkly goodness and neoliberal hyperreality [and one whose overt sexuality and confident nudism will thoroughly ruffle the feathers of American Puritanism at home and on the world stage]. The shared goal, then, is to challenge the American-brand of "weeb" rape culture in the process, while also celebrating Mei [and all Sailor Scouts] for being an awesome person. She rocks!

To it, Mei Minato is a real person with real struggles inside-outside the porn industry—with her having been doxxed by "fans" for her daring to moonlight; i.e., as a sex worker [with women deduced to singular roles to limit their capacity while also pushing them towards financial dependency on men/tokens and the state].

She's both incredibly kind—helping people and animals—and has feelings and stories about the work that she does on- and off-camera; i.e., her content helps pay for her tuition, but is "to also have fun, de-stress and build self-confidence" as she navigates and negotiates the larger world: as hostile to her endeavors, trying to cage her magic!

Meanwhile, the hyperreality of the pornstar body is that Capitalism shapes AFABs/GNC bodies into a Barbie Doll egregore it can enslave; re: to cater to male/token consumers inside Plato's Man Box: as future soldiers and enforcers of the colonial binary who are owed sex of a particular type. With the flood of AI

⁴⁷⁴ I.e., speaking to femme-fatale Nazi-Commie she-wolves; e.g., *Cat-Women of the Moon* (1953) being pure Red Scare that pimps the whore, mid-lunacy!

stealing labor to draft this likeness in perpetuity, the image of the Barbie Doll body has flooded the market with pirated imagery that includes the likeness of various models and artwork; i.e., as smashed together by software abused by entitled tech bros [white or not⁴⁷⁵]: the subsequent humanity and its rebellious potential/dialectical-material context having been sucked entirely from the image until it becomes a souless cartoon carbon copy meant to perfect the product, but only cheapen it further than the pre-internet, thus pre-AI porn industry was able. The elite steal from labor as "dead" to them—a process imitated by the middle class pimping magic girls to dance for their delight and coffers aping the elite's.)

Per Foucault, power and resistance are to be found in one-and-the-same place; i.e., on the surface of the image as consensually ambiguous sans context. All the same, the tendency to make things "fucky" [is a common source of humor in fandom circles](#) (ProZD's "peachette," 2019). When broached through the language of magic girls animalized, sex education reflects upon the liminality and progression of the human body as something that matures central to the narrative unfolding!

Again, fans grow up; they experience mounting sexual desires through their bodies and identities as things to grow *into*, often through increasingly ace-to-erotic expressions thereof. A kind of sexual adventure that starts small, porn is prone to escalate as people discover and unlock their true potential as (a)sexual beings. It involves the very monsters sold to them since childhood; i.e., magic animal personas that "grow up" alongside them (exhibit 56c1/2)—less as things children *shouldn't* become and more what they identify as despite heteronormativity's canonizing camp. The rebellion becomes hermeneutically broad; i.e., occurring merely by workers expressing themselves in sex-positive ways, and whose synthesis the state will pimp, hence brand as *subversively* pornographic: to *punish* "its" naughty little girls (of any age) for making nature "untame" once more; re: on



her Aegis as something to reflect the state's supremacy onto itself through the dialectic of the alien self-reporting the usual weirdos! "[Girls do get it done!](#)" and there's more than one way to skin a Nazi-to-white/token-moderate cat by flashing your own kitty's Dark Aegis!

(artist: [Mei Minato](#))

Let's further unpack this; i.e., as the hybridity of porn and magic girls—as monstrous-feminine beings of nature with undead or hellish components—can become performatively complicated. Equally complex, then, is the

⁴⁷⁵ E.g., [Goldenbell Training](#) as a black tech bro abusing AI to strip-mine Bruce Lee's likeness for personal gain. A pimp is a pimp, dude, and art theft is bigotry disguised through labor as preyed upon during neoliberal abuse. In turn, a bigotry for one is a bigotry for all, and plenty of straight black guys are sexist, queerphobic pigs. You're one of them!

trademarked expression of nature through neoliberal media pushing towards darkness and dark doubles (the black rabbit); i.e., as presenting children with a cartoon idea of what the world even *is*, all while exploiting the planet behind a smiling and kid-friendly façade; e.g., Disney and its own generational bigotry/whitewashes policing whores and apologizing for toxic love/rape culture as historical-material in *its* recursive fractals (more on that, in Volume Three)!

In keeping with *Sailor Moon*, though, this grandiose and globalized charade often dresses up in fantastical language tied to human bodies "of nature and the cosmos"; i.e., as things that grow and develop under enforced parental supervision as a metaphor for state power policing nature as gay alien. Any "gateways" that potentially delineates from state interests (the rebellion of magic sluts fighting state



spectres in slutty drag, left) will be policed, their iconoclastic iterations discouraged through force; i.e., sex, drugs and rock 'n roll—the magic girl as doorway to a Promethean mode of animalized existence beyond capital and *its* chattelizing aura's awful Realism (which only weakens when the state sheds its disguises)!

(artist: [Rae Moon](#))

First, the entire *class* of "magic girls" inhabits the natural world as alien—i.e., one to convey through magic-tinged, drug-addled "fairy dust" language being the very things *to* defend in the frankest of terms—but also by expressing the defenders, themselves, as honest, good-faith extensions thereof! Such meta actors belong *to* nature and uphold it *from* corrupting forces, but "corruption" means many different things during oppositional praxis; re: it's not a bug but a function of code during the cryptonymy process; e.g., Sailor Moon's mythical pubes (above)!

The basic, *iconoclastic* vein of Sailor Scouts, Bowser-Peaches and "thicc" unicorn furies, then, is not so different from the classic fawn, satyr or nymph (then or now): to subvert heteronormative prescription tied to "body policing" as administered by powerful, white men/tokens, Athens onwards. While the Patriarchy fears many things, they fear nature, most of all; i.e., as being outside of their control within their own slave markets. Defending *those*, they will dehumanize whatever bodies, genders and sexualities they associate *with* nature; i.e., as something to pimp on a spectrum: beings outside their vision of an orderly universe taming the wild whore and breeding her *for* that purpose.

This extends to whatever elements help form the bonds; i.e., any required to commune with nature as untame while being pimped in bad faith: magic or drugs

as things to be "on" in ways to fear and shame. By comparison, the iconoclastic worker—often from an early age—favors natural-material expressions of universal body positivity and sex-positive BDSM, kinks and monsters conducive to ending Omelas for good. Doing so, they relate *with* natural demons, but also the magic or drugs that *invoke* them; i.e., as part of the natural-material arrangement of things to camp canon *with*. Under *their* influence, practitioners weave in other components that describe the human condition as it applies *to* them through fan favorites.

In other words, nature is a common starting point when introducing children to sex through media; i.e., the birds and the bees, if you will, which often involves material elements of a decidedly *criminalized* sort (which all work is; re: all work being universally sexualized, but whose liberatory dialogs speak with/to more overtly sexualized forms of work, like the Sailor Scouts own fabulous kayfabe).

Crime—as something articulate through state instruments pimping nature as monstrous-feminine—leaves an unnatural, Gothic footprint: the graveyards, castles, and other human structures that advertise the historical-material presence of a heteronormative order furthering abjection. Be it of the church/state or corporate bodies, this order survives beyond the natural lifespan of animals or plants by dominating nature inside its own ghosts of rape; i.e., as an idea to express in relation to itself, but also coming out of the civilized world: "Alice" going back into a hauntological idea of the dreaded anti-home's neo-medieval imposter zone (with Caroline Jones following a black cat, below—same idea as a rabbit: chasing the witch's familiar *back* to wild nature and the Gothic anti-home as reclaimed/turned into a wicked stepmother's hunting grounds/bowels of the Earth and underworld conjoined, mid-*unheimlich*).



Simply put, *canonical* children's media positions "nature" as threatened by corrupting forces dressed up in abject language "neither here nor there": the riotous voices of the unheard, reduced to a dark, external wailing of the dead and of chaos to dialectically-materially canonize, thus reject the madness of a middle-class Don Quixote (re: Radcliffe's heroism). Except, while magic and drugs can put you in touch with cute, talking animals or horny fawns (e.g., *Pan's Labyrinth*, 2006) doubled by the state—meaning for liberals and sex pests to author and latch onto as much as curious children (re: Gaiman, above)—these can also send you magically to places where trauma has gathered and stayed: Hell, but also the underworld, or states of exception where the state's victims are abused, then buried in the here-and-now's hereafter come home!

The problem, here, is that canon *doesn't* protect children or nature because the state is antithetical towards doing so. Therefore, it *cannot* acclimate children to *consensual* aspects of sexuality and gender through natural demons; re: Neil Gaiman, author of *Coraline* (above) is a sex pest protected by the system expecting him to appear in his own work for decades; i.e., *Coraline's* scapegoat usage of

"Other Mother" demonology treating the categorization as an "adult" word—one that generally carries "evil" connotations in centrist language, and which spills into outright persecution in reactionary circles Gaiman (and his evil wife) contribute towards.

Genocide is half-real and dualistic, like an historical-material effect; *during* genocide, the state will deny involvement in favor of a given material arrangement supplied through fear and dogma *like* Gaiman's: drugs and magic are bad because they turn you into monsters associated with unspeakable death, sexual degeneracy and violation of the vulnerable and the young. And yet, the witch is exposed through these, speaking to a double standard we fags subvert through our own apotropaic function anisotropically defending the black-rabbit witch in duality *from* Radcliffean DARVO obscurantism policing the whore by blaming the whore!

Such is ludo-Gothic BDSM chasing rabbits to learn from them, minus the prescribed harm. And yet, under these conditions, confronting death by merging it with the natural-material world is seen as entirely "unnatural"; i.e., unbefitting of a children's "proper" education, the ghost of the counterfeit something to classically poo-poo by critics of the Gothic (more on *this* in "The Future Is a Dead Mall"). To it, parental forces will historically and swiftly relegate liminal positions of magic and drug-like sexuality and gender to "darker" monomyth spaces; i.e., whose unwilling occupants they associate with sin, the underworld and a vast "grey area" of degenerate factors; re: Coraline basically being told, "don't be a whore!"

These prohibitions exclude, but also capitalize on, notions of adulthood as conceptually bound to criminalized activities; e.g., BDSM, porn, and controlled substances, but also scapegoated, anthropomorphized personas that express trauma in ways children are normally "spared" from: the sheer presence of death during linguo-material conflict; i.e., as fundamentally alien to heteronormative tolerance, yet still wedded *to* said alien's placenta as the elite's source of fresh blood the middle class police; re: aping their masters by attacking the ghost of the counterfeit. On either side of the Black Veil, the cop's victim is always a whore.

Conversely, genderqueer expression seeks to *reunite* children through these devices gradually but inclusively. It does so, again, through consciously sex-positive attitudes in nature-themed furry art, magic girls and witchcraft chasing rabbits; i.e., in pure *and* hybrid forms that flow anisotropically *against* status-quo cultural norms (exhibit 56d2, below). But this uphill battle against the state—re: as a Cartesian, heteronormative and settler-colonial polity in *its* modular persecution rhetoric—still places the half-real protagonist in the crosshairs of the usual hunters; i.e., who are trained to kill the enemy by branding *children* as obviously dark and evil (exhibit 56d1, below): a death curse that—for us—takes many animalistic forms. Such "black rabbits" encapsulate female/monstrous-feminine death spirits (exhibit 56e, below), the iconoclast required to investigate and understand these while heading *into* their teenage years and beyond (towards death administered *by* the state, Coraline simply another Dorothy Gale)!

Approaching Our Teens, or Portents of the Doom Bun before *The Last Unicorn* (feat. *Nimona*, *Brave* and *Darby O'Gill*)

To be holistic, then, I want to give some more exhibits *before* we tackle *The Last Unicorn* (exhibit 57); i.e., regarding signs of fate (which doom is) that help bridge the gap *between* children's magic animal stories and YA media *similar* to *The Last Unicorn* (a story about finding love, especially tragic star-crossed love); e.g., *Nimona*, *Brave* and *Darby O'Gill* speaking to the princess as not simply rebellious, but queer-tinged and fairy-like through their transformative power/wish fulfillment and descriptive histories outing state predators scapegoating nature.

In canonical circles, the introduction of overtly abject monsters is often something that "awaits" children *as* they grow up—less "instantly" transitioning from the seemingly innocent unicorn (and *its* earthly locales) to suddenly experimenting with drugs (exhibit 60a/60b) and finally pure nightmares like the utterly erotic and surreal xenomorph (exhibit 60e).

As children confusingly transition *into* adulthood, they will encounter these ideological challenges at the acceptable hour and then be expected to respond; i.e., by monomythically dismissing them outright (through tokenized force), or by guiltily indulging *in* them through the heteronormative order of purchasing forbidden fruit with stolen labor value (wages); re: we freaks of nature have *our* revenge by simply existing in *visible* ways that effect the next generation's consumption, money or not—of what *we* produce melded *to* state doubles, with Alice given our Mad Hatter's shapeshifting biscuits and tea but *these* taking the troubling form of the usual suspects: dark animal crackers speaking to obscured danger and proximities with power and power *abuse* during Halloween scapegoat denialism!



(exhibit 56d: Artist, left: [Natesquatch](#). The black dog or bear is a common, shapeshifting symbol of death that has been co-opted by colonizing forces.

For example, Mor'du from Disney-owned Pixar's *Brave* is an undead, cursed animal-king that must be slain; i.e. by a great warrior to reclaim nature from dark, animalistic forces. Disney Villains: the Essential Guide [2020] describes Mor'du in unflattering and frankly villainizing language that justifies monomythic violence against him: "Once a vain and arrogant prince, Mor'du is now a bloodthirsty bear under a terrible spell. Standing over 13 feet tall, he is savage and fiercely strong. Everyone in the kingdom fears bears, but the deadly Mor'du is the most terrifying of all" [[source](#)]. The unkindness towards bears as stigma animals touches upon a Western bias commented on by authors like William Faulkner [whose own ancient bear, Old Ben, in "The Bear" (1942), represents a struggle for the hero to identify with nature after

killing Ben] or Roger Ebert's fear of wolves—the latter stoked by Joe Carnahan's 2012 *The Grey* [which treats wolves as metaphors for depression within a heroic cult of death struggling against an impossible foe; e.g., Beowulf and the spear-Danes versus Grendel, over a thousand years ago]: "When I learned of Sarah Palin



hunting wolves from a helicopter, my sensibilities were tested, but after this film, I was prepared to call in more helicopters" [[source](#): 2012 review].

To that, the usual companies are de facto helicopter parents calling the cops on nature; i.e., as whore victim through their "own" kids crying wolf [or bear] to pimp nature accordingly. As such, Mor'du's status is equally symbolic in a long tradition of dominating nature as savage barbarian—meaning the struggles of someone being kill-on-sight because that's how they present in canon; i.e., within the state of exception per centrist, Faustian narratives that throw audiences backwards into a nostalgic fantasyland past: the black penitent bear whore of a gender-swapped *Braveheart* [an Amazonian Dorothy Gale].

To it, *Brave* treats untame nature as rapacious, black and corrupt, thus infringing on "civilized" borders defended by a chonky Scottish girl boss/fairy princess named Merida; i.e., whose own moral struggles in a man's world constitutes her virtue [and encroaching fed-up womanhood viewing her own mother as a bear to poach like Jane Eye in the Red Room's cryptonymic "Redrum," above]. Further symbolized by fight or flight from the Radcliffean bear bandit, her underage but blossoming bodily autonomy as "princess" becomes something to preserve from Mor'du's giant claws [the black death symbol being the usual Radcliffean demon lover threatening defilement of traditional female virtue during bloody murder]!

The usual dualities persist during dialectical-material critiques. And yet, as a damsel-in-distress facing off against Mor'du's lost humanity post-Faustian bargain, Merida becomes the "brave" white Indian; i.e., by performing a cliché rite of passage normally assigned to men in older times: slapping bears. It's a gendered Amazon performance geared towards young straight female adults; i.e., as something to achieve in relation to human primacy and hereditary rites by



punishing animals to whitewash the chronotope; e.g., the berserk, or "bear coat," as an anthropomorphic human symbol of "might makes right" status that is obviously bad for the bear as an animal and princess rejecting said animal symbol, but also as a shapeshifting anthromorph onstage and off: the lycanthrope taxidermized by a crossdressing cop!

Except, this can be camped. In the spirit of *Star Wars* camp, *Nimona* plays on medieval pageantry like

Brave's; i.e., in corporatized shorthand to deliberately critique the monomyth's defense-of-the-realm fervor as state propaganda taught to kids by big movie companies: Gloreth, the golden-haired, girl boss queen, can do no wrong [the statue, below]. Like Eowyn from *LotR* punching "witches," mid-kayfabe, she's a virginal shieldmaiden for a besieged kingdom whose self-righteous legend disguises the fascist nature of state defense; i.e., the police state secretly raping whores!

Inside a retro-future police state [complete with castles, red-eye cameras, and flying cars], *Nimona's* Orwellian political maneuverings play out through a cliché of the medieval tale that predates the science fiction renovations it camps: the duel. The white knight, Ambrosious Goldenloin, inevitably crosses swords with the black knight, Sir Allister Boldheart [the moor as a personified "wolf," akin to Shylock from *The Merchant of Venice* and similar modernized hauntologies]. "Any of you should be able to hold the sword—if you earn it; i.e., "a new era of heroes" working for the state under an expanded recruitment umbrella. Within this hiring boom of knights-as-stormtroopers, Boldheart is framed for killing the girl boss of color by an outwardly serene, inwardly treacherous female director/minister of propaganda [a gender swap for Senator Palpatine, wearing Princess Lea's clothes,



next page]: "Gloreth kept the monsters out" and protected the kingdom from alien nature trespassers, white moderacy caving palingenetically to fascism... again.

To it, *Nimona* is disappointed that Boldheart isn't a murderer because they want to be his evil sidekick!

The film—made by a non-binary director [[source](#): Laura Zornosa's "The Deeper Meaning Behind *Nimona's* Shape-Shifting Story," 2023]—presents lycanthropy as a form of gender-non-conformity and queer struggle using neo-medieval language: the queer werewolf/dark knight ["Knights don't mope; we brood!"]. An Asian man, Ambrosious, is the homosocial, white-armored nemesis of Boldheart and his Darth Vader's black-armor-and-robot-arm getup—the latter then galvanized, post-betrayal, by a snarky vice character who bashes cops with animalized, shapeshifter magic [while choosing not to murder them].

Sex and gender are a gradient to make gender trouble on; i.e., like my binary trans persona, [Glenn the Goblin](#), *Nimona* can pick whatever form they want, but choose a shortstack, redheaded Pippi Longstocking with fangs and a penchant for all things "metal." Whereas *Nimona* changes shape in a self-infantilized regression that speaks to their lived experiences and brutal kettling by state proponents—eventually morphing into something big and strong [a kaiju] in the



face of childhood trauma—
Boldheart calls Nimona a monster because they're ostensibly a girl who not only can change shape but dislikes knights [cops] during reactive abuse: "she's" supposed to die because knights kill monsters, including witchy queers "who don't know their place."

Turns out, Nimona and Gloreth were partners as children, divided by the latter's fearful family at the sight of magic. The lesson of

the narrative, then, is a sapphic, Pagan mistrust of Greater Good government by pushing against established institutions, not simply "corrupt" directors; i.e., the latter's ability to use 1,000+ years' worth of ancient misinformation and modern social media [in hauntological forms] to generate marginalized in-fighting by presenting queer rebels as instigating crisis, thus worthy of reprisals by marginalized children who grow into TERFs: taught to be a hero-for-the-state by driving a sword into the heart of anything different; i.e., good versus evil, us versus them. For Nimona, its suicide-by-cop! They lose the will to fight, thus live!

The real villain, then, is state power as a bourgeois shapeshifter demonizing proletarian shapeshifters by "kettling" them: Gloreth's scapegoat as something to kill, thus return things "to normal." Threatened with losing control, the director turns the giant, Death-Star-sized cannon against the kingdom, forcing Nimona to intervene—by throwing themselves in front of its salvo: "Go back to the shadow" invoking the abjection process to, sure enough, camp Tolkien! The biggest threat to the people of the kingdom isn't Nimona, then, the openly queer and shapeshifting magic girl; it's the functional heiress of a closeted lesbian enforcing state hegemony! The onstage director—being a fascist—rules through misdirection, crisis and fear as something that affects her worse than anyone: her dying words being a slogan that cements her ignominious death tied to state delusions, our resident nutjob tilting at windmills!

Such things are half-real; e.g., whereas Jadis saw diversity as a weakness in establishment politics, Nimona represents diversity as a form of strength: to change shape for more than just survival, but to alter the world around them through empathy as something to establish—not just for one type of queerness but all of them personified within Nimona as a plurality for gender-non-conformity and active rebellion against heteronormative tyranny [e.g., zombies]. Its oppressive, blinding walls and process of abjection become something to join together and riot against, kaiju-style: to let the "monsters" in to expose the true deceivers—our political

leaders, but also Capitalism as built to foster their megalomaniacal self-delusions and inequities. Ours. In the end, these weaponized beliefs and blindnesses must, like the kingdom's castle walls, be disarmed and deconstructed, lest Capitalist Realism and the Capitalocene have us dying like the director does [following in Goebbels footsteps]!)

And while we've now looked at magic girls like *Sailor Moon*, *Nimona* and *Brave* (and shortly will be looking at unicorns in YA media), this isn't to say that one form of monstrous-feminine is "superior" to another when reversing abjection; i.e., in terms of fostering sex positivity and sympathy-for-the-devil education within a holistic Gothic mode: pushing towards death (and black rabbits) by personifying it as a vehicle thereof (the dreaded death coach, next page). However we try to humanize monsters, concerned parental groups aggressively restrict the increasingly abject, trauma-heavy types to specific activities and spaces tied to Nordic and nuclear models; i.e., sending the bizarre, seemingly necrophilic function of overtly undead monsters to "adult" graveyards and Promethean lands of the dead, while relegating the Faustian component of more "hellish," otherworldly



demons to places that children are likewise barred from accessing! A brothel is a brothel, thus full of guilty pleasures speaking to nature and death as alien; i.e., full of many kinds of revenges to be had, mid-harvest (to ring Hell's bells, left)! Fruit plucked! Harvest humanized!

(artist: [Hotsumi](#))

Yet, the historical-material effect of this policing is segregative regardless if the demons of nature have partially undead and/or hellish qualities; i.e., the *pandemonium* of natural demons become underexplored and underrepresented in children's fiction through concrete socio-material forces: reactionaries eradicating open "degeneracy" while colonizing the visually appropriate language *they* permit in "acceptable" public discourse. They learned it from corporations, parental guidance policing the whore to rape her witch-like status (from G-rated and above; e.g., *Snow White*)!

As such, terrifying children and horny superstitious middle-class women (re: danger sex with graveyards), Disney proves, is *canonically* fine if it's in *defense* of the status quo⁴⁷⁶:

⁴⁷⁶ To which *Nimona* represents a recent delineation from a rival, smaller company in 2023; i.e., despite producing *Andor* (which is Marxist but not very queer), Disney canceled *Nimona* under Bluesky as a mainstream release *because* of its queer themes ([source](#): Rohit Rajput's "Why Was *Nimona* canceled by Disney?" 2023), *Nimona* then funded as an independent release by Annapurna Pictures acquired by Netflix. Corporate pimping and hot-potato aside, there's only so much sublimation and recuperation you can do with ads before the allegory wins out! And *Nimona*'s not subtle!



(exhibit 56e: *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* was a 1959 movie for children that is strangely terrifying. Then again, the terror is no accident; i.e., Disney uses their tremendous resources to appropriate cartoony versions of Celtic myths, preserving the heteronormative order through literal fear and dogma. The old man, Darby O'Gill, struggles to defend the young and innocent Katie from an imaginary past that is ancient and female—the *bean sidhe* and *its* death cries! By confronting and attacking said spirit, *Darby faces a ghastly omen of death* [a half-real hag to chase down like Don Quixote policing bicycle face]: the "ooooooo" of the demon very "they're coming to get you, Barbara!" in its abjecting of nature/the druids.

In turn, their brief dance in the town square summons the "death coach," which appropriately descends from the dark, rainy sky to spirit old Darby away to the land of the dead! It's intentionally hauntological, reviving these old myths to hold Grampa hostage/superstitiously spook and instill children with a Protestant ethic demonizing Catholicism behind a Black Veil; i.e., in defense of heteronormative sex told through a Disney classic: the fairytale marriage used to fetishize Indigenous populations, but also assimilate them; re: not just the old-timers, but *Peter Pan's* 1954 *Tiger Lily* and 1995 *Pocahontas* doing the same exact thing: "kill the Indian, save the man" [or whore/virgin]. Also, I'm thoroughly convinced Disney do shitty remakes of their own canon so they can convince people that their old movies were "good"; they weren't—the classics having always been racist, sexist and queerphobic—but can be camped!)

A huge part of this selective abuse occurs through active division—one creating and stretching a divide between pornography and art enforced through the insistence of evil, corrupting forces "from nature"; e.g., the *bean sidhe* or lycanthrope, despite *their* natural guise, remain dangerous because any dialogs about sex (and nature) from them promote Original Sin; i.e., anything the demon says is wrong because it's queer by default, thus secretly dark, vile and deserving of total banishment (and death)! Indeed, canonical iterations relegate overt sexuality to adult stories outside of fantasy fictions meant for children, whose own forests are *devoid* of obvious sex: as something to describe outside the heteronormative, nuclear family model. Indeed, the canonical fairytale is usually quite chaste unless pointedly made "for adults"; i.e., making it a kind of cheap, speakeasy-bake porn with nothing much to do or say but pander in the laziest possible ways to the usual paying status-quo audience: cis-het parents.

Canon-wise, to encircle and ring up these purchases within a host of darker elements *is* allowed, provided it *reasserts* the heteronormative order through abject means. This tendency gatekeeps children, preventing them from exploring dualistically nostalgic notions of fairytale language that marry nature-themed

creatures to erotic dialogs, but especially pornographic expressions of pain, loss, drug-use and death, as well as gender dysphoria, lurking persecution and exile.

As we've already explored, though, monsters are incredibly liminal; so is the queer experience, which often features monsters as contested, pornographic entities to chase—i.e., the presence of "nature" as a sacred, *tamed*, biblical site that becomes invaded by the forces of darkness through Original Sin, Satanic Panic, and other reactionary arguments' self-authored black rabbits; re: exploitation and liberation occupy the same poetic spaces, hence the whore's paradoxical revenge through exposure: the opposite of fetish obscura, nature and the Medusa as notably non-white/thicc PAWG to PHAT people of color! Such medicine cures the poison of capital as normally exploiting us and our peaches, pies and cakes; i.e., as things to reclaim *by* us through our non-harmful harvesting *of* them *on* the Aegis: suggesting degrowth through what we grow exposing the state as inhumane—pimps of nature from childhood to YA to adult stories alike! Any victim is a whore, to some extent,



but can become a dark avenger *as* whore to have the whore's revenge through paradox and cryptonymy advertising the eating of crackers (so to speak) in bed and out! So we do pull the Black Veil aside to showcase wicked bad naughty Zoot!

(artist: [Hotsumi](#))

Rabbits are historically bred as pets but also for meat, in larger breeds; some rabbits are dark and *thicc* in ways that speak to their liberation while still enjoying the torment *they* cause their malnourished onlookers. Speaking to adolescent curiosities about changing bodies and what to expect of nubility (during puberty in terms of actual and *idealized* bodies in popular media), black rabbits do so in prescriptive *and* descriptive forms: puberty as scary but also *exciting*. To it, while material conditions shape social ones and vice versa, we congenital-to-comorbid sluts feel excited at being "born again"; i.e., as *de facto* witches reclaiming our bodies' Satanic power *from* state pimps! All roads lead to Rome? Our heart-shaped landing strips lead to the palace of Queen Maeb!

In turn, the liminality of nubility classically has targets of sexual assault willing themselves *to* transform; i.e., into something *unfuckable*, which we can then flip on *its* head: to *be* something fuckable (above and below) that abusers *can't* fuck, but whose cryptonymy—as behind and on the buffers we use—remain overshadowed by such desires (and buffers) to *start* with. Keeping with darkness visible, then, such portents of doom are *meant* to be followed *into* Hell (re: landing strips); and white or not, power's power! On the Aegis, though, the chub *becomes* something *to* chase, rubbing our enemies raw (to suck their power through our vampiric holes/gaze *without* giving them what *they* want—total domination)!

To it, canonical polemics invalidate and ostracize Pagan rites and animalistic egregores, doing so by concentrating and collectively punishing them as "Satanic";

i.e., anything black (not just rabbits or cats), and operating alongside queerly "subversive" examples of natural demons: as lent an undead and/or hellish affect to stress their evil, outsider function; re: by the moral panickers: saying to any who will listen, "Please, think of the *modest* women and children!" Such corruption arguments tokenize, concerning the youth by "groomer" demons; i.e., poaching the black rabbit, rabbit-on-rabbit, mid-push-pull! Again, it's very *Watership Down*.

In turn, *all* are placed outside the "natural" order of things—canonically being presented in ways that threaten the elite's staple image of nature as imperiled *and* alien during virgin/whore mirror syndrome; i.e., by confusing agents whose closeness to the genuine natural world is branded as heretical, but also pornographic as "educational" in lateral, peripheral forms of canon: what your parents (and older, often male siblings) enjoy and keep *from* you/shelter you from... until you're on the market, that is, when they pimp you in turn—to suddenly throw you in, head-first and blindfolded (as I was)!

Creating porn as a means of sex-positive expression/universal liberation amounts to the generation of societal boundaries that need to be respected by those establishing them; i.e., it is not an invitation to attack them or "claim" them. As outlined in the manifesto, not only is state-corporate hegemony a gateway to fascism (as Capitalism decays), but fascism is a gateway to assimilative, chattel rape fantasies and worker abuse committed by "heroic" agents: cis-het white men/token agents as *false* protectors! Often defended by battered housewives (who radicalized from their *own* abuse), these "husbando" and token "waifu" cops will never, *ever* have a healthy relationship; i.e., because they treat their partners like unironic masters or chattel slaves (thus food and sex toys). Simply put, they desire and resent them, seeing them as threats to state hegemony but also prizes to claim for being good little cops: mommy *and* daddy replacements!



(artist: [Hotsumi](#))

So do cops become chasers; i.e., putting the Madonna on a pedestal while having affairs with the Whore's Maculate Conception. Often, these dark mistresses (and lotharios) are codified in appropriative forms of genderqueer fantasy avatars: thicc women, "pixie dream girls," femboys, unicorns, gorgons, etc, as *bourgeois* dogma dualized by *proletarian* likenesses using the same black-rabbit aesthetic (the sacrifice and the avenger). While these liminal forms of "bait" exist within the state of exception, they aren't strictly mythical; they're hiding from monstrous-femicidal forces like Amalthea did from King Haggard's Red Bull (next page), onstage and off. The onscreen variant offers up demonic allusions to rapacious forms of courtly love: of classically chasing vulnerable women through

the forest, forcing them to change into something else⁴⁷⁷ to survive the patriarch's lusty wrath. To it, the lycanthrope (again rabbit or not, female or not) has a topos of power that is as much their ability to *transform* as it is to attract an unwanted mate and go running scared through the dark forest!

Offstage, power and resistance meet at cross purposes during Pride events. Kink at Pride is a tricky subject, or public nudism in general; even so, they invite gender trouble from reactionaries as much as overt porn. Obviously it should be made available at appropriate ages and in stories that can teach sex and gender to children in language they'll actually comprehend (exhibit 56a).

All the same, we shouldn't treat children like fools; i.e., they are smarter than capital gives them credit, absorbing and internalizing ideas at a rapid pace (a common consensus is that children until puberty passively acquire language; they do not learn it). They also grow up and experiment with sex as they age and their bodies mature. They make their own gossip, perceptive pastiche and constructive anger to transform themselves and the natural-material world like Gay Wizards do—as bearers, dwellings and messengers of their own trauma. Of that, the *poiesis* of their "magic" chooses the form, not them: "Magic do as you will!"

"Magic Do as You Will!": On the Cusp of Adulthood; or, Teenage Unicorns Following Rabbits

This brings us to the *bildungsroman*, or coming-of-age story and **Young Adult fiction** aimed at sexually developing *teenagers*. For men, this is classically the monomyth. For women, this applies to the Gothic novel out of older rape apologia or legends about rape and courtly love/escape (e.g., Persephone and Hades); i.e., commonly turning women into things a rapist (or their proxy) won't care for, thus chase. In leaving the safety of Paradise, the Young-at-Heart—from Persephone to Hermia to Dorothy Gale to Madikken to Ripley to Amalthea—speak to the female/feminine side of things, save that Amalthea is *monstrous*-feminine in magical ways tied to nature-as-alien. She's a GNC, phallic ("one-horned") whore/force of nature to capture and turn *into* a princess—first sent on her way by a talking butterfly (versus a rabbit), and chased over Hell's half-acre by a fiery Red Bull. This speaks to the fears of approaching nubility that women would classically fear and want to control in Neo-Gothic fantasies, except *The Last Unicorn* has the gift of queer inclusion, thus foresight: our Lady Amalthea (the bearer of the Horn of

⁴⁷⁷ I.e., often a tree ("There is no immortality but a tree's love!"), but also monsters. Haggard is a trans chaser in that Beagle inverts the classic myth; i.e., of female transformation by turning the unicorn into something the king *didn't* want: a naked human girl who remains queer ("She looks so strange; she has a newness..."). He's Nick Fuentes, but less smitten with catboys and more horse girls of a more literal sort—something to monopolize and make scarce, regardless!

Plenty) is queer and alienated (the "last" of her kind, just as Schmendrick is the last of his, the Red-Hot Swamis—from Hindu: a religious ascetic or holy person).

Furthermore, the unicorn is only called "Amalthea" *after* Schmendrick (whose name is Yiddish for "fool") turns her into a human girl of *courting* age; i.e., lending the story a hauntological air of gender trouble and dysphoria/body dysmorphia, mid-metamorphosis, but also jouissant cryptonymy and infiltration: "I'm alive!" *while* "the world is dying!" *as* the heroes go *into* the aging king's crumbling castle (similar to the Skeksis from Jim Henson's *Dark Crystal* of the same year).

Hauntologies aside, Beagle's activist-tinged neo-medieval—he wrote his novel (marketed as sci-fi; [source](#): Baca) in 1968 and the screenplay for the film—is very bittersweet and ontologically trapped between childhood and adulthood; i.e.,



hiding, fighting and regressing during the cryptonymy process, and the many regrets/surprise joys that come from development *and* exposure:

(*exhibit 57: Screenscaps from The Last Unicorn. The unicorn is a creature that, when tamed, loses its horn, thus ability to fight but also be recognized for what it is; i.e., by virtue of "being beheaded," but keeping its female body as automatically feminine within sexist eyes: "Love is slowing you down." In short, the unicorn is a monstrous-feminine freakshow attraction, one generally sought out to be tamed and captured on all registers—first the farmer who mistakes her for a white mare, then the old witch who knows better but puts a false horn on her so paying folks can cryptonymically recognize what they're even looking at, then ultimately held prisoner in the ocean under a haunted castle by a mad king. The last is done by Haggard constantly spying on her and her standing still to hide from him in human form; i.e., "all his spies" versus the classic female refrain that, when extending to the monstrous-feminine as a queer shapeshifting entity [the unicorn as "horned" beast] leads to Amazonomachia yet again: a duel on the beach, fencing with horns to foil the king's rapacious and steady, Zeus-like advances [the burning abjection process]. As always, the mythic structure provides clues that spell out popularized ideas indicative of capital functioning as it usually does—doing so through the cryptonymy process, mid-chronotope: "to reach the Red Bull, you have to walk through [castle] time!" Very Bakhtinian!)*)

Though short on the *pornographic* side of things, *The Last Unicorn* is a perfectly fine-if-curious YA example of these ideas. Utterly enchanting but strangely bleak, it weds adult themes of death and queer existentialism to fantastical ideas of nature: the ivory image of the unicorn as a beacon of the natural world haunted with the absence of *obvious* trauma. She isn't *immediately* under attack, but feels utterly alone. The animals of the forest are alright, but they aren't *like* her. So when she innocently goes looking for what became of the others who *are*, she finds

herself trapped in different ways—first, inside an empty land strangely depopulated of unicorns, then inside a greedy king's castle as an unwilling fake princess.

If this sounds Gothic, it is, but with a suitably queer twist: not only is the castle is home to demons, the undead, and imprisoned queer folk; but our heroine—the story's magic girl—is a traditionally queer monster locked inside a body she doesn't *want* to inhabit; re: that of a human girl. She feels closer to nature and herself when she *isn't* a princess, but having been human *for a time* misses the prince if not the castle *he* called home (despite the false father *he* clung to: "He is no son of mine. I found himself on a doorstep where some *peasant* had left him. It was pleasant enough, at first, but it died quickly." The king is a drug lord/addict, addicted to queerness as something to see: "Why can I not see myself in your eyes!" His sickness drains the land, turning "green and soft" into "hard and grey" by a darker half of the king that keeps *him* prisoner).

Under attack, one will scramble desperately to defend oneself from power abuse. This humiliating desperation and defeat isn't just from threats of physical death, but *identity* death. The Red Bull did not want to kill the unicorn, only drive her *towards* the king in *his* counting house. Schmendrick—bless him—invokes the awesome power of the Magic to transform the unicorn into an acceptable "beard" that the Red Bull, once-triggered, would *not* attack; it would *deactivate* and retreat, leaving the queer party in temporary peace to pursue their quest of gay rescue!

However, the disguise would not *last*, threatening to alter Amalthea irrevocably forever—to turn her straight, marry the prince, and live happily ever after ("Reader, I closeted myself.")! In the end, she and the prince do *not* wed; the Red Bull kills the prince, who the unicorn resurrects. The "happy ending" is that they *remember* each other with fondness—that she "will remember his heart when men are fairytales and books written by rabbits" (similar to Cuwu and I, our regrets aside, such as *those* are). *She's* the rabbit Schmendrick pulled out of a hat; i.e., in reverse, and—per a revolutionary cryptonymy—concealed inside a human girl who followed the rabbit *back* to her hutch ("I have done you evil and cannot undo it!"): a closeting of the queer, the rabbit going back into the hat/to Wonderland as an imperfect exile: "At the end of the film, the unicorn triumphs—but she still doesn't find love?" / "There's no happy ending. The love story is completely tragic" ([source](#): Ricard Baca's "Peter S. Beagle Recalls..." 2016). The idea isn't doom, I would argue, but a curse to navigate as queer people do—in a traveling wardrobe/drag show!

The Last Unicorn, then, is ultimately a tale about trans emasculation and concealment *towards* liberation as elusive—about queer people being hunted by powerful men and having to hide in ways that invariably draw attention to themselves or make themselves feel dead inside (the subterfuges of which we can/will reclaim in Volume Three, Chapter Five); e.g., during the opening scene, two hunters spare the unicorn's life and tell her she is the last. Amalthea declares, "What do men know? Just because they have seen no unicorns for a while does not mean that we have all vanished! We do not vanish! We live forever! We are as old

as the sky, as old as the moon! We can be hunted, trapped—can even be killed if we leave our forests—but we do not vanish!"

And yet, segregation is no defense; re: her forest is strangely empty (a sexual pun). Men in this story do not know what they are looking at, but still exploit the unicorn as something to chattelize and pimp; i.e., they *think* she is a white mare versus a unicorn! To it, the most powerful of men hunt and trap unicorns for *their* delight, doing so by knowing what common men do not; i.e., the unicorns are useful to Haggard and make him happy *when nothing else can*; re: when he is using them for *his* delight, as one does a powerful drug but also virgin/whore: "Each time I see the unicorns [...] it is like that morning in the woods, and I am truly young in spite of myself!" She's the last card to collect, completing his



collection. Is it any wonder this film is a *queer kid's* calling card, there and back again?

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

Everything Haggard touches dies, like a vampire. His servants are Faustian devils and the dry bones of old, drunken madmen (the skull that speaks a Gothic trope, on par with Hamlet: "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." Again, very Bakhtinian). Infantile yet violent, the old king will capture what is his, or kill it if it resists: "The end will be the same." Instead, the unicorn prevails and the mad old king plunges into the sea, swept away by the tide like mermaid foam.

A story of shattered innocence, *The Last Unicorn* reminds viewers to beware of those who want to "protect" children; i.e., their harmful lessons teaching men to become *like* Haggard, thus to colonize love, magic and all things sex, drugs and rock 'n roll (the soundtrack performed by "[Horse with No Name](#)"⁴⁷⁸ [1971] legends, America)—in a heteronormative way that cages gay unicorns *like* Haggard did; re: by having "unicorns" dance for *them* the way that the Patriarchy *taught* them to, and which Beagle *critiques* by turning Radcliffe monomorphically on *her* head: by summoning the castle to *dismiss* Capitalism through Hamlet's father's ghost—killing Lir (a nod to King Lear) as Hamlet's double, to then revive him after daddy Quixote's dead and gone: to deny the younger squire/Sancho Panza a chance at

⁴⁷⁸ Making Amalthea a fun subversion of Clint Eastwood's *Man with No Name*; re: from Sergio Leone's spaghetti Western trilogy—a unicorn (not a horse), then a *girl* with no name until our unwilling Pygmalion turns her into a Galatea *he* calls "Amalthea"; re: the mysterious tease whispering plentiful salvation to the king who cares not for *earthly* "pleasures of the court": too busy chasing not *dragons* to *slay* in his case (as his *son* does to impress the "princess"), but *unicorns* to *capture*. Everyone who tries to capture the unicorn dies, making Amalthea's killing of the king *her* revenge; i.e., by setting the others free, making them brave enough *to* flee by fighting back in *front* of them, ending the Holocaust by cockblocking the creep: "I *knew* you were the last!" Good riddance, old man!

love, but punishing him with *sweet* memories having nipped future Patriarchy/nepotism in the bud ("I will miss you; I never had any friends before").

To it, heteronormativity is social-sexually dimorphic; it also sexualizes everything in coercive, imprisoning ways to enforce the pimp of nature as monstrous-feminine *by* bourgeois fans and class traitors (actual police, TERFs, weird canonical nerds, etc). As Aristotle once said, "Give me a child until he is seven and I will show you the man." Likewise, a little girl in a Baptist family once damned *me* to Hell because I had long hair ("They grow up so fast!"). At the same time, my seven-year-old nephew—growing up in a *trans-friendly* household—*didn't* miss a beat when *he* learned that *I* was trans: "Oh, so Grandma has a daughter now!" All we have to do is kill the covetous King Haggard in the next generation's hearts, and maybe someday Amalthea and Lir can finally bone!

In other words, gender is a *social* construct tied to marriage in and out of the nuclear model, but one's material surroundings inform the (de)construction; i.e., as an ongoing affair towards or away from said model. So if you're surrounded by people who isolate and bombard you with fear and dogma, you're going to grow up emotionally and Gothically stupid; you're going to become the very thing capital want *you* to be—i.e., those who control the means of production and flow of information, but also regulate the Superstructure through cops; re: as zombified in a manner beholden to shareholders who want consumers to blindly consume *predictably*. The bourgeoisie want consumers to condition via canonical sex education that hide capitalist abuses around the world in fantasy language and canonical hermeneutics. In turn, fascists deliver naked displays of force in defense of Capitalism as something *that* decays by design: to defend through force, the Red Bulls to Haggard's kingdom!



(exhibit 58: Top-left: [source](#). A Nazi is a Nazi, including those who defend them.)

The first casualties in fascist coups are the *intelligencia* and artists; i.e., as unwilling victims of child-soldier violence. That makes the nature of Gothic Communism not only *antifascist*, thus fundamentally nonviolent *vis-à-vis* nature, but something made to defend sex-positive artists *from* state actors; i.e., from sex-coercive workers (artists or not) working for or endorsing the state through their own terrible art and shitty social movements' false rebellion, hence violent *enfants terribles* who grow *into* stochastic terrorists: the bad-faith counterprotest delivered by violent cowards like Kyle Rittenhouse and the Proud Boys (exhibit 58, above). Beagle presents these rogues, in *The Last Unicorn*, as outlaws who—far from actually resisting King Haggard meaningfully—are actually comen that Schmendrick accidentally exposes/defeats with his *own* illusions of Robin Hood: "Robin Hood is a myth; we are the reality! [...] That was a dangerous diversion, Sir Sorcerer!" To which Captain

Cully and his right hand reward the fledgling wizard by tying *him* to a tree ("We'll fill him; we'll both be gentlemen of leisure in a month's time!") and which Schmendrick (our Sancho Panza making a false healing drought) *escapes* by accidentally turning the tree *back* into a woman—specifically a big-titty *grandma* whore who tries to rape *him* (the blind whore's revenge): "Oh, what have I done? Oh, God, I'm engaged to a Douglass fir! UNICORN, HELP ME!" His golem has wooden boobs, and those hurt! He's the penis she's titty-fucking with (echoes of *Gulliver's Travels*)!



So don't be fooled by *false* acts of contrition from violent LARPerS (and token variants); they are the tears of crocodiles. To present oneself as different is to face their wrath—to become a potential target when Capitalism decays and enters crisis, producing zombie killers for the state and undead scapegoats for them to kill (whores policing whores, too: "She shall never have you, the hussy! We shall perish together!"). Likewise, be on your guard; i.e., like a shark waiting for blood, fascists and cryptofascists are waiting for those in power to slip, ready to pounce and take it all for *themselves* and blame/pimp *you* as the witch. *They must not be normalized enough to feel comfortable; they must be challenged by workers uniting in solidarity against the source of fascism: Capitalism!*

Like Beagle's novel/screenplay about rebellious unicorns, the creative importance of Gothic Communism's holistic approach is to encourage sex positivity (and asexual appreciation) along a well-used track towards *liberation* versus enslavement; i.e., one that includes—but does *not* endorse—the language of violence and war ubiquitous in popular media from the Gothic onwards: an addressal to the existence of anger as a legitimate, constructive force under duress during the cryptonymy process reversing abjection (thus profit) during *our* whore's revenge! Rittenhouse is never getting any!

Through common material means of communicating ideas about sex, empathy and emotional intelligence—thus alienation and fetishization—ludo-Gothic BDSM includes a wide variety of "game" performers, students and teachers playing the white-to-black rabbit; i.e., everyday language and linguistic strategies like puns, clichés, metaphors and adages, but also sex, drugs and rock 'n roll (thus harpies and unicorns), as well as Gothic theories by which to pick the lock in duality *during* liminal expression. So do we *actual* rebels—like Beagle before us—operate holistically inside veiled fantastical venues! A unicorn is a whore to set *free*.

In doing so, Gothic Communism desires to entice all working peoples to look through *our cryptomimetic* methodologies; i.e., our demonic-undead animal cryptonymy as *applied* poetics, onstage and off: learning *from* us as we teach within the crosshairs how to generate a social-sexual class consciousness wedded to the virgin/whore, thus culture and race fighting back as Amalthea and *her* misfit

friends do—through naked disguise and prostitution. Everyone likes whores/sex, drugs and rock 'n roll, right? What about horror stories about these things, or art more broadly beyond Beagle or us chasing black rabbits?

You remember *Alien*, right? Nine Inch Nails? *Se7en* (re: "[Seeing Dead People](#)")? This glorious phantasm of endless indulgence in forbidden, mind-altering "drugs" also includes queer allies looking at "trippy" stories like Beagle's; i.e., where past mistakes can stochastically lead to the truth and surprise solutions—what Bob Ross calls "happy accidents" (or funny ones, from Cervantes to Beagle to us): men/tokens are so alienated from nature and whores, they no longer know *what* they're looking at, which gives us true guerrillas an *edge*. Fascists are stupid, farming nature with malice; e.g., *Everquest* and every "mob" in *that* game's own cartographic refrain. "[If you listen to fools, the mob rules!](#)" (Black Sabbath, 1981).

Keeping with *Ross*, anyone can imagine and "paint" a better world through the past as something to rediscover through tragedy *and* farce. As Giger shows us but also Beagle, the results can be incredibly transformative; i.e., regarding how we think about ourselves in relation to the historical-material world and nature: as something that is *not* writ in stone, but defined by a dialogic imagination forever in talks/decay *and* regeneration. To it, history can change through the human condition as something to evolve *out* of past forms!

This requires something I've described before as "learning from the past"; i.e., the Wisdoms of the Ancients as alive and happening within a world far more modernized than Radcliffe could have dreamed by touching upon forms of rebellion she famously shied away from: demons, but also the mentalities of demons as begot from *altered* states of mind to give *back* to others, mid-exchange. Indeed, Radcliffe and other Neo-Gothic authors made up (so to speak) an *earlier* rise of discourse; i.e., towards gender and sexual identity as starting to develop in resistance to older forms of *capital* similar what Beagle did in the '80s (and us, in the 2020s). Don't avoid the rabbit; fuck it to metal, on drugs, worshipping Satan!

As we've discussed, much has happened since Radcliffe—requiring *current* rebels to reconsider a rather old solution that feels quite novel in the present state of affairs: illicit drug use as something to symbolize or encourage through the likes of the unicorn (the white rabbit) or the harpy/xenomorph (the black rabbit); i.e., as a fever dream ode not just *about* rape and blind-parody sarcasm, but rape *play* during ludo-Gothic BDSM! To reverse abjection, said BDSM speaks hauntologically but also cryptonymically and chronotopically to sex, drugs and genderqueer rebellion/rock 'n roll; i.e., as a happy *uncontrollable* ordeal—one that, sure enough, has a bit of pain thrown in to spice things up during the historical-material trauma loop: someone not to duel *over* but slay dragons *with* during the same-old weirdest boner being something to camp by *embodying* the boner's symbolic cause!

Egads! The black rabbit strikes *again*, ravishing *us* in *our* dreams while awake; i.e., the Red Bull dropping down to taunt us, like Reptile's Easter Egg from *Mortal Kombat* (1993), and just as cryptic: chasing the Numinous rabbit through

many Black Veils, peeling these layers (of a black onion) back while the call comes from *inside* the house (re: the house is alien in ways that speak to predator/prey dualism, during liminal expression)! Let's continue the hunt!

Continuing the Easter Egg Hunt: Derelict "Antiquity" (reprise, and Neo-Gothic Orientalism as a Foreign, Irrational Exotic to Pimp)



(artist: [Kory Cromie](#))

Speaking of *Mortal Kombat* and Easter Egg hunts, the Medusa—a black *rabbit* or not—is concentrically framed; i.e., a Russian bun doll to get to the center of through changing skin (the xenomorph a kind of dark unicorn, but furious and blind, left; re: the harpy whose Celano to Amalthea's virgin, but "two sides of the same magic" the white unicorn cannot *stand* to see caged: "She'll kill you if you see her free!" So be it). I'll apply this in just a moment to Fisher's "acid Communism," but the basic concept is actually a throwback to altered states of mind that hail from a shared imaginary antiquity studied by developing women and homosexual men; re: Radcliffe and Lewis referring to the imaginary "medieval" in regards to *their* young adult place in an increasingly capitalist world; i.e., where gender identity versus sexual action was becoming a thing the state was canonically policing (re: Broadmoor). With Beagle and beyond, this wasn't just rabbits, but rabbit *hybrids* speaking of rape, revenge and necro-erotic fertility/fertilization through surreal chimeras; i.e., like Giger's xenomorph linked to Orientalism as "dressing Aesop up," a suit *in* a suit (with Said writing *Orientalism* in 1978—three years after Giger's *Necronomicon* [of Lovecraft's "mad Arab"] and a year before *Alien*, and three before *The Last Unicorn*).

We'll get to Stompy in "Return of the Black Rabbit." For now, let's unpack Orientalism and similar exotic subspaces speaking to the rabbits enclosures by *other* names (a "pen" being both a cage *and* writing device for the bun-in-spirit egregore's room of one's own). Keeping with actual drug use flowing poetry on and off the page, prudes like Coleridge certainly imbibed laudanum to inspire themselves (and their habitats) with. But many other authors have done similar inspirational consumption with drug-like poetics and half-real virgin/whore muses.

Leaving a hazy "past" in *their* wake, we're left with a surreal procession of pasts and their imperfect authors (re: Schmendrick's Robin Hood echoing Hamlet's father's ghost, but also Titania's fairy train) that we, as genderqueer people, can learn from; i.e., when finding our own *non*-exclusionary voices: liberating nature as alien, dead, monstrous-feminine whore, mid-exploitation—with Orientalism and Neo-Gothic as modular but often overlapping through cognitive dissonance: when the rubber meets the road and the road is rocky/the dark forest speaking to past crimes but also dark whores met with transformation and pain, mid-exchange. Illusions can trap *or* free the mind, just like Schmendrick!

This invariably involves encountering similar, but unique scenarios that cover up, imitate and parody even older scenarios; i.e., not just "fatal" portraits, but "dead poets" reciting the reinvented past through bits of poetry that go on to define our own struggles to be extraordinary under the self-same ticking of the clock: "Seize the day. Because, believe it or not, each and every one of us in this room is one day going to stop breathing, turn cold and die" (exhibit 59a, below).

Like Rimbaud's infamous "derangement of all the senses," there's no time like the present to "do drugs" and transform into our true selves (and Rimbaud's transgressive expanding of the senses in 1871 ["[Je est un autre](#)"] riding on the emergence, as Foucault puts it, of the homosexual as a new species in 1870; i.e., as queer discourse spearheaded/expressed by an *expanding* of the senses in literature, but also popular stories and everyday speech: a return *to* the queer as revived in the present in new retro-modern forms): as something to take with us on dangerous roads. America, for example, play Jimmy Webb's excellent and haunting "[Man's Road](#)"; i.e., speaking again to Bakhtin, but also German translations of the 1982 film (with Christopher Lee fluent in German) likewise alluding to German shadow novels and plays (re: *Faustus*) that inspired the British Neo-Gothic authors' own Terror and Horror schools escaping Plato's cave *while* inside it: "I can only show you the door; you're the one who has to walk through it."



(*exhibit 59a: Model and artist, top-far-left: Matthew Lewis and George Lethbridge Saunders; top-mid-left [concealed]: Mary Shelley and Richard Rothwell; bottom-far-left: model and artist: Elizabeth Devonshire and Thomas Lawrence, as no "living" portrait of Radcliffe survives; meme, top-middle-left: [source](#).)*

Yet, while the spectres of Marx survive in ways still common today that workers can learn from, they can also be fooled by copycats. It's the corporate copycats and proponents of capital you gotta beware; i.e., they'll teach you that all people are the same, that the old ways are exclusively stupid and bad, then blind you with the reimagined past as seen through "their" eyes—the way *they* want you to see the world, thus buy their products and otherwise behave predictably *for* them (a concept we'll explore for the rest of this book series): a false prophet insofar as their cryptonymy is bourgeois, thus false relative to *worker* class interests! Trojan animals, thus whores, work in duality!



(*artist, left: [PDD](#); right: [Harmony Corrupted](#)*)

As such, fabled falsehood isn't monopolized by the elite, as Lewis' cryptonymy shows (and Beagle's/ours). In

keeping with his Matilda's own black rabbit, demons give forbidden knowledge as something to chase *into Hell on Earth* (a bit like Dante's Virgil, but gayer and sluttier): where they chattelize and brutalize nature, they will rape workers and fetishize said whore and rape it as alien. "Black" is given a bad rap, then; e.g., blackmail or Black Phillip. But it's where power is *stored*, thus can be used by us to leverage our power as something to reverse abjection on the Aegis!

As a trans person, then, I have devised ludo-Gothic BDSM (and monstrous drug use as a mind-opening device) to cryptonymically reverse abjection, thus the rape of nature's black rabbits similar to Said's Orientalism (echoing those black rabbits my stepfather killed in front of me and forced me to eat); i.e., ones that, despite being coded as sinister per a Protestant ethic pimping nature at large as monstrous-feminine, magically "levels the playing field" for *all* sex workers—thus all work, past, present and future—having died prematurely while toiling under manufactured, exploited time: the cruel mechanized clock of Capitalism and ergonomic labor stolen for someone else's profit based on *your* body and time, but also poetics! Sex and adventure go arm-in-arm, or rather dick-in-hole since the feudal ages into modern eras selling military conquest being "worthwhile"; i.e., for a breedable princess to steal from your *rival* and impregnate with your bloodline!

"To reach the Red Bull you have to walk through time!" Same idea with the black rabbit and its own Gothic fakeries oppositional cryptonymy (re: Gwynevere, Princess of Sunlight, below—a concentric hyperreal illusion inside an illusion inside an illusion, within the infernal concentric pattern's ergodic, anisotropic, liminal, holistic *mise-en-abyme*)!



(model and artist: [Isabelle Ryan](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

As Beagle showed us, such "Ancient" Romances can be camped through sex work, well enough; i.e., to achieve a drug-like empathy during the cryptonymy process. As *Said* shows, this needn't be *literal* drugs (though it *can* be), but a *land* associated *with* them. As someone who is habitually sober but has tried drugs, I propose "breaking the clock" by listening to the friendly past as "drug-like"; i.e., in places "out of time," like the Metroidvania chronotope (which houses monstrous-feminine and black knight hybrids, such as *Dark Souls'* concentric illusions, above), but also the Orientalism (and black rabbits) such chronotopes invoke!

When taken, drugs distort one's sense/placing of time, shaping the future in ways that keep the evil clock and its callous machinations from *returning* (and blinding people with false, reinvented, *neoliberal* time); i.e., by using *my* time as something to compile a driven, focused haze: a life's work for future workers of the world to learn from—to give them, and their ancestors/future children a frankly much-needed voice and hermeneutic of perceiving *they* can emblemize and disseminate!

To it, I am not by doing anything remarkably "great" in the traditional sense (re: Prince Lir's great deeds), but by doing something that few under Capitalism *actually* do, am still doing an extraordinary feat to contribute towards a larger movement, over space-time: one fighting with enhanced modes of perception (and existence) that supply hallucinatory acid-Communist potential to yield revolutionary demon-undead animal deities like the unicorn, xenomorph or *1,001 Arabian Nights* from the Islamic Golden Age *onwards*; i.e., as a jinn-like mascot retranslated for genderqueer existence (e.g., exhibit 60d—with trans, intersex and non-binary persons making their own art tied to the half-real imaginary past): to make dark wishes come true that, per Said's Orientalism, challenge the Protestant ethic pimping Islam and Africa as smushed into a single abject paradigm. "Sometimes a tree's just a tree," but *beyond* its usage per *capital*, can grow cryptonymically into something *more*; re: like Schmendrick's "true magic" ("Did you see what I made? I had it—it had me—but it's gone now!") but like any witch hunt and subsequent liberation, *isn't* rooted in any particular time and place (re: Federici)!

To *that*, I'm doing my own small part to fight Capitalism and help wake people up by leaving my own "torch" behind: this "trippy" book series (and my art married to my friends, which a friend described as being "the Bob Ross of vulvas"). Designed to illuminate *with* shadows, it can stay free from the drug-induced, paralyzing darkness of Capitalism's "bad batches," but still *kind* of works like drugs do. These can be unusual linguistic devices like "monster puns" or stories of exquisite "torture"; re: on the edge of the civilized (sober) world: Orientalism and *its* hauntologies long after "Ozymandias" started an admittedly tenebrous trend (cloaked in the Shadow not just of Pygmalion, but Napoleon aping Caesar).

Part of the essence of Gothic is its modular and patchwork nature; i.e., allowing you to make quick, rapid comparisons to seemingly unlike things across larger groups with people who might not have seen a given "rabbit" but recognize something similar somewhere else. The chaotic exercise amounts to "Hey, this is sort of like that" as tying to a massive checklist in the monster mode; you only have to check the boxes needed to address a particular *issue* under Capitalism, thus a particular monster to think about or with in regards to yourself as part of the larger material world. Drugs, then, become symbolic to an altered, discouraged way of thinking that can transform the world to help all workers tripping through the liminal space (and its hauntology of war):



(exhibit 59b: Model and artist: [Jazminskyyy](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#) [with mixed media from album artist [Ken Kelly](#)'s cover for Rainbow's 1976 album, *Rising*]. A black rabbit tripping *hard*!

Just like with stigma animals, stigma substances must be reclaimed through the minorities [and cultures/religions] they're associated with [and

vice versa]. To this, Orientalism goes hand-in-hand with the stigmatizing of drugs, specifically as a cultural facet in non-Christian societies that "threaten" Western values; e.g., Islamophobia involving xenophobic hauntologies that fetishize abjected parties. In liminal forms of fantastical expression, queerness can intersect with this subversion, the rainbow as something to "go over" involving queerness and drug use; e.g., the poppy fields in *The Wizard of Oz* that Dorothy and her friends were skipping through; i.e., in the arduous task of reclaiming and rehumanizing of lost cultures and memories.

As something to reclaim, the use or theme of dark rainbows/drugs can combat a racist/xenophobic Gothic imagination through empathetic fantasies adjacent their Orientalist doubles; i.e., not just a castle, but a palace operated by a sultan—with harems, concubines, eunuchs and assassins! Inside this dialogic sphere, Western demons are replaced by fake jinn and Italian banditti are swapped out for desert nomads, etc [e.g., Lovecraft's incredibly racist and xenophobic ghost of the counterfeit, "Under the Pyramids"—a 1924 short story where, I shit you not, Harry Houdini is kidnapped by Egyptian devil worshippers and lowered into a Gaza pyramid and forced to look upon ancient terrors]: a dark moth rabbit to turn into and inspire others with its bare exposed "terrors"! So scary!



[artist: [Jazminskyyy](#)]

Abjection fetishizes the whore as alien on a gradient, one where racism lingers as a hauntological entity haunting older empire in "older" empire's cryptomimetic "currency." In the usual morphological cartography-in-small, a black or brown body also stands in for continents or cities, but also what those yield as fetishized in both directions: a land of ancient warriors and exotic whores—thus their dark revenge and forbidden pleasures; i.e., as something to plunge into and relish, mid-conquest [sex being a chance to extend one's bloodline through future attempts at expanding territory and development of one's already-owned land and materials]! Canonically this is called "slumming" but exploitation and liberation occupy the same shadow zone/use the same dark forces [and rabbits] at cross dialectical-material purposes!

Similar to their overtly Western counterparts, then, sex-positive examples of the Middle Eastern romance highlight the magic castle—not to endorse the status quo, but quantify cultural value in general while inside the same shadow of police violence; i.e., a dark whore's rarefied desire for universal class elevation and wealth redistribution in a singular [thus inadequate] body language haunted by tokenism/ostracization: as coming from a particular socio-material arrangement and ethnic group's diaspora/cultural reinvention [e.g., the Hoteps] that encompasses holistic struggle in idiosyncratic forms: the nepotistic hoard attached to the whore the sultan sucked said gold from [capital turning nature into gold as a transactional predatory process]. All workers are princes, princesses and princexes

under Communism—making the outdated, medieval notion of the princess, kingdom and castle symbolic of a former time to regress into Communism with; re: "Long and hard is the way..." speaking to BBCs and PHAT bodies, black or not [e.g., PAWGs]! The way out of the brothel is inside it, camping such devices in ways that encourage interracial subterfuge; e.g., like Jazmin and I did, working together to performatively speak to struggles not quite of ours but also not quite not! Of course, one needn't actually live in the castle—i.e., while ruling from a dogmatic, unfair position—for things to be "good." Likewise, its cryptonymy can reflect a particular fantasy type played by adjacent oppressed groups in good faith: the storing and exchange of power under the Arabian Nights pastiche according to medievalized personas like the princess but also the mercenary from an imaginary world not "of the West"; i.e., a place closer to nature/the frontiers of current conquest dressed up xenophobically and xenophillically as religious-themed challenges to Christian hegemony with heretical suggestion: the Crusades having failed in rooting out all forms of opposition while minting new canonical ones that repeat the process.

Just as capital makes this eradication impossible—re: by demanding a scapegoat always be near and if one isn't, that it be created out of thin air—we holistic oppressed can invent new subversions out of the same silk shawls; i.e., where those of us closer to the in-group stand in for out-groups that can't speak for themselves; e.g., a white trans woman and black cis-het sex worker speaking to the oppressed in Palestine as inclusively as our faction in the larger fractured pedagogy allows. Weaponizing Orientalism for workers in a global world certainly involves a balancing act—i.e., because cultural appreciation and appropriation



occupy the same siren-song choral chambers—but it can be done in sex-positive ways that dodge tokenism in the act!

[artist: [Jazminskyyy](#)]

In Gothic, bandits are whores as part of the tableaux "sticking us up"; i.e., of a hauntological regression to the barbaric: as having a middle-class fascination with non-white cultures since the Crusades seeking to invade and colonize those areas. In turn, bandits are simply redistributors of wealth under criminogenic conditions, the whore being a kind of sex bandit that—for women, in classical scenarios—would "stealth steal" wealth from men; i.e., through labor that wasn't always pimped [a whore without a pimp being a threat]. The femme fatale would be something that, from the Neo-Gothic period onwards, romanticized such paradigm shifts in ways that while not completely underheard of in actual history outside fantasy stories, usually fell on the side of pirate queens or royalty like the Queen of Sheba. Things then progressed beyond the usual cliques and began to globalize Orientalism as a terror

weapon tied to drug and sex wars; i.e., as a neoliberal export meeting a rising middle-class demand for exotic princesses/infidel tyrants versus a medieval canard. Xenophobia is generally rooted in half-legends, futile investigations and complete inventions, on the Aegis: what we're working with, mid-subversion! To this, domestic fears of the foreign assassin are not limited to the Orientalism of the Middle East [also being featured within the ninjas of medieval Japan, for instance]! Except these occur after the Mongol sacking of Baghdad, which forced the Golden Age of Islam to end, and echoed Cartesian pursuits, centuries afterwards; i.e., where much of actual Muslim recorded history and cultural achievements survive in echoes. Rather than being completely destroyed, though, they become the stuff of legends, leading cryptomimetically to a glut of popular misconceptions ushered in by future abusers and liberators [e.g., Frankenstein in Bagdad's 2013 response by Ahmed Saadawi to the War on Terror]. Such things canonically fetishize and alienize sex and force [re: policing the whore]. One example includes the word "assassin" as drug-themed, but also xenophobic and xenophilic. Hayden Chakra describes this group as

The order of Hashashin, or also known as the middle eastern Assassins, were a medieval terror spreading gang that excelled in the professional killing of important people. Other names they were recognized by were Nizaris, Nizari Ismailis, Batini's "people of the esoteric teachings" or Ta'limiyyah "people of the secret teachings." They controlled the medieval Islamic world for more than 130 years. Their leader was called Hassan al-Sabbah [source: "The Deadliest Medieval Order Of Assassins – The Hashashins," 2022].



[source: Bitplex' "Original (1989) Prince of Persia Reimagined in 3D!" 2018]

Supposedly the group worked in secret from a dangerous fortress called Alamut, or "Death Mountain." Furthermore, after Napoleon's defeating of the Mamluks and conquering of Egypt, an 1809 talk by a French linguistic contributed to the rise of Egyptology in the process but also various harmful myths about the homogenized peoples and their conquered culture seeking revenge:

The talk, by the linguist and orientalist Silvestre de Sacy, was titled "Dynasty of the Hashishyun and the Etymology of Their Name." Its gist was that the name of a Shi'ite sect known as the Hashishyun ("Assassins") was derived from its members' use of hashish, an intoxicant made of marijuana resin. Founded in 11th-century Persia by Hasan ibn al-Sabah, the Hashishyun sect, from the Ismaili branch of Shi'a Islam, was quite well known in France and throughout Europe. It had gained fame after being mentioned in Marco Polo's

widely read account of his travels, written in about 1300. According to Marco Polo, Al-Sabah, aka the "Old Man of the Mountain," would give his followers an "intoxicating potion" to drink that turned them into cruel warriors, and would then dispatch them to dispose of his enemies. The extensive use of the sect's members as hit men is a historical fact, but the potion Marco Polo described was apparently a legend. In any case, so well-known was the legend in Europe, that the French form of the sect's name, *assassin*, became synonymous with "murderer," and also passed into English as a noun and a verb [[source](#): Elon Gilad's "The Historic Mixup That Made People Fear Hashish," 2019].

Though ultimately not founded in historical fact, the legend of the Middle East as synonymous with drugs, prostitution and murder demonstrates a popular mantra utilized by Napoleon into Orientalism; i.e., haunted by his ghost: as the shrewd and unscrupulous maker of history as "a set of lies that people have agreed upon" [[source](#): PBS "Self-Made Myth"]. He leaves out his own role as head-of-state compelling these agreements through force, not unlike other Great Men of History before/after him except he was spearheading Western superiority and Cartesian exceptionalism during the rise of the nation-state through his own pioneering of modern war leading towards modern-day fascism and white savior rhetoric on the global stage in the 20th and 21st centuries [e.g., the Prince of Persia series, above, or The Legend of Zelda and its own curiously liminal (and genderqueer) subversions, below].



[artist, top-left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); rest: [Jazminskyyy](#)]

Certainly there remains a dogmatic fear of the unknown the elite use to stoke Western fears of the East and their inexorable, prophesized revenge "from the shadows." But a larger duality [and paradox] is equally present; i.e., the assassin and their mythical "magic potion" existing historically-materially as something to endorse [the American War on Drugs] or subvert ["Death Mountain⁴⁷⁹"]: reuniting alien things to benefit labor and nature, not the elite; re: mid-paradox, on the Aegis, challenging profit.

As something to subvert inside a xenophilic exhibit like mine and Jazmin's, there is generally a danger in challenging the representations of powerful men like Napoleon, but also later Pygmalions like Frank Frazetta [the page after next]: a shared dialogic/stage tone-policed by reactionaries, white moderates, and token elements wanting exclusive authorship over "exclusive" oppression. Oppression is

⁴⁷⁹ Operating on par with Monty Python's "Castle Anthrax"; i.e., as a hauntologically hypnotic site of forbidden sex, drugs and rock 'n roll through Gothicized monomyth violence (sex and force): Ganon's own brothel in "the desert of the real" hawking brown dope/sugar having a dualistic class, culture and race war function.

holistic. Ergo, whatever suspicions different groups nurse/arouse, we have to intersect, thus allow for shared performances inside the Valley of Amazons and Thieves [e.g., Link and Nabooru, above]—meaning those that account for asymmetrical and holistic axes of privilege and oppression alike! Nothing reduces during guerrilla warfare, because reducing select groups to singular voices speaking to their oppression is merely a divisive tactic whose Tower of Babel colonizes workers and media, Nintendo style: "Heaven rewards hard work."



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

Overspecialize and you breed in weakness—not from Heinlein's perspective, but that of rebels needing intersectional solidarity. Furthermore, silence is death. Therefore, we avoid the shame of canonical/token indignation [and ignominious death] while advancing one's material position; i.e., with one's own body to break Orientalism by faking it, thus Capitalist Realism, in good faith versus the state. The wearing of a mask also works to protect one's actual identity through a secret identity/alter ego that publicizes a challenge to the established order of an imagined Orient/dead culture's imaginary past—a place to cherish and "plunder" [with/without quotes] depending on who you work for/fight against; i.e., where power and resistance share the same language in oppositional praxis; e.g., a sexy Sheik to Ganon or Link's Hero of Time. Oppressed groups can be kettled to reject help from educated allies with privilege [as Said was; re: Persephone van der Waard's 2017 "[Frederic Jameson and the Art of Lying](#)" speaking to the paradox of telling truth with splendid lies/archaeologies of the future and elaborate strategies of misdirection]. We're all part of the same Breakfast Club; i.e., to betray each other is doom ourselves to an Omelas refrain.)

So far, things have bore out some semblance of order and Paradise; i.e., as something to exclude and indulge in to camp the usual bigotries by "wanting to go to South Africa" (to camp it). Except, post-drug use, the monomyth heroine finds themselves suddenly approaching Hell in ways that continue to resemble home as fearful despite reversing abjection through a holistic pedagogy of the oppressed: the rapidly approaching brick wall, Black Veil or otherwise proverbial abyss rising up to swallow them whole, *mise-en-abyme*, into the infernal concentric pattern!

In short, this is where "the wheels fly off" and Paradise is subsequently Lost and found through paradox/darkness visible (which the bun and *its* "magic carpet" are). But the rabbit hasn't shown itself yet—waiting somewhere close at hand as the teenage character finds themselves in a scary grown-up world doubling their perfect past while they have a sexually nubile heroic form to operatically brave the dangers with: hunting for our own "death" in quotes; i.e., during ludo-Gothic BDSM. That's *our* immortality! With Paradise Lost, let's tempt the Fates!

Paradise Lost; or, Chasing the Rabbit on a Promethean Quest/during a Faustian Bargain (acid Communism reprise; feat., Jim Morrison, Blake, Rimbaud, etc)

Canon h(a)unts its dreams with bugbears (or *bugbuns*, Bugs Bunnies); Gothic Communism uses the same basic approach to speak to the pedagogy pimped by capital and exotified from an early teenage point of conception and "breeding age" (e.g., Frazetta's "Cleopatra" a pinup body by guarded by non-white harem guards and black panthers, below): growing up (too fast)/forced to by capital's nuclear model!

Beyond Orientalism, I now want to employ Fisher's acid Communism as a way of getting creative by following the *black* rabbit on a figurative (or literal) drug trip from **adulthood onwards**; i.e., within ways that reinvent what will likely be suppressed by using what's on hand: to shapeshift, thus avoid capture but still get one's point across, albeit in disguise/on drugs, and which include fatal regressions *back into* the dangerous childhood as close by insofar as adults are infantilized for *their* sexual labor! This tripping whore's revenge includes when using art as a forbidden *substance* to open one's eyes (or grow them anew). Already outlined by Radcliffe, Lewis and Otto as part of a larger *synchronistic* scheme, but similarly drawing upon the old, "dead" volumes already compiled by past users of the same method, Gothic Communism uses whatever works to help people see while concealing the drug as "just" entertainment.



(artist: Frank Frazetta)

Furthermore, this includes any "drug-like" or transformative experience historically offered by its famous caché of radical methods and infamous stories. This isn't just a band of unlikely friends and certified misfits commenting on a similar socio-material arrangement with similar stories; they're doing it in similar ways that continue to be used to cryptonymically represent *themselves* with—the helpful "ghost," in this case, being the Wisdom of the Ancients as a "library" donated *to* workers by these now-dead people: Marx's nightmare as a useful tool; i.e., not just *any* old curse, but a means of escaping the curse of Capitalism by playing with "curses" we can control; re: through ludo-Gothic BDSM doing "magic" to gain forbidden sight: to see, to speak, to scream (Daily Dose of Internet, Jan 16th 2023; [timestamp](#): 0:23), thus sing and dance to gain taboo knowledge as the poetic ability to detect the human within the monster through various social-sexual exchanges. So do we keep chasing our adventurous, titular white-to-black rabbit into an uncanny *adulthood* that leaves us feeling stranded *and* free from Capitalist Realism's usual marooning!

Our inspection of reclaiming the rabbit—and its drugs/adult behaviors and cycle of education back towards children, again—will include acid Communism from past revolutionaries like Jim Morrison, Rimbaud, Blake and Shakespeare, but also

the Medusa "dragon" these emboldened men were historically chasing for various, not-always-noble-reasons: ghosts we workers of the present must *also* camp.

To it, demonic reclamation is not an overnight process; it carries on through a state of transition *towards* the state as something *to* reinvert—i.e., by redistributing power and reconfiguring socio-material conditions over time. This includes the joyous subverting of canonical forms through the code of identity as a cryptonymic means of concealment: for those performing queer existence with borrowed language (thus time); i.e., the *camouflage* of revolutionary cryptonyms (which we shall examine more thoroughly in the next chapter and in Volume Three) as a kind of *covert* identity working *out in the open*. This can be through occult demonic expression, nature-themed demons and drugs, or composite demons and critiques of capital that become disguised by virtue of their otherworldly "Gothic" qualities; re: the unreality of the infernal concentric pattern being something we can *make* real in *spite* of that: to break Capitalist Realism by developing Gothic Communism with its own stolen supply of drugs (and white-to-black rabbits)!

For example, whereas exhibit 60a shows workers with morphologically flexible demons, exhibit 60b places model cut-outs over Frank Frazetta's original paintings. His older, hauntological images of women and nature are fundamentally violent and dehumanizing. By subverting those through fresh visions, the worker effectively reinvents the relationship between humans, sexuality and nature; i.e., through peaceful drug use and sex-positive hallucinations reversing abjection during the whore's revenge; re: "putting the pussy on the chainwax!"



(exhibit 60a: Artist: [Regalia for the Wicked: An Eldritch Fashion Zine](#). "Wicked," in this case, denotes a class of individual monsters canonically associated with evil and the unknown; i.e., Lovecraft's xenophobia, except here the magazine covertly humanizes the monsters. I say "covert" because the outward appearance is still abnormal, meaning humanized without sacrificing their phantasmagorical, morphologically inchoate qualities; i.e., there's a sense of pride involved in preserving that aspect of themselves, denoting Fisher's "acid Communism" as a drug-like means of escape into liberating plastic bodies.)



(exhibit 60b: Models: [Nyx](#) and [Mikki Storm](#); artist: [Persephone van der Waard](#).)

Workers require iconoclastic "drugs" to combat Capitalist Realism's inability to imagine a future beyond the canonical, devastated hauntologies of neoliberal canon; i.e., a drug-like expansion of the mind—what Mark Fisher called "acid Communism." Earlier, we looked at Stuart Mill's "What Is Acid Communism?" As we further inspect the good-

to-bad rebellious qualities of it (and not just innocent, child-like ones), I want you to have access to the full quote:

...part of acid communism is the means to fulfil Fisher's desire to imagine the future. Of course, some people take a superficial view of this part, though I think Fisher choose acid communism partly for the advantage this superficiality provides. Acid communism is about ways of imagining a world after capitalist realism, and for Fisher, one of the ways to escape this reality is psychoactive drugs. The programme of acid communism is not to condone psychoactive drug use, but as an example this activity captures the philosophy of acid communism excellently.

To imagine new futures, we have to find ways to break out of our present myopia. Fisher's acid communism is unique primarily for placing this goal above all others. For example, Marx's call for class consciousness is a very acid communist idea, but the means of achieving class consciousness (the critiques and contradictions of capital) dominated much of Marx's contribution. If Fisher had more time, perhaps this would have been the fate of acid communism too, attempting to imagine new ways of achieving acidic or post-capitalist realist thought. Instead, acid communism leaves us with a simple message. The future has been cancelled because we are unable to imagine anything other than the present. To invent the future, to escape our myopia, we have to go beyond the present bounds of our imagination. This is acid communism ([source](#)).

As we'll see, such an idea *isn't* restricted to drugs-in-abstract, though!

For example, not only were they a Marxist-Leninist, but Cuwu actually studied weed's neoliberal recultivation; i.e., from an outlawed substance used to demonize minorities to a monocrop directed at *white*-owned businesses. According to Cuwu, the monopoly did little to change the persecution of black and brown people; i.e., for having these drugs in states where the practice hasn't been legalized. Instead, the legalization is designed to privatize and gentrify the drug's production within white systems of power—in effect, taking weed *away* from poor black and brown communities; i.e., as one of the few non-violent ways of making money to enrich white business owners and corporations without condemning the War on Drugs for the abusive Crusades happening against minorities as usual.

By that same logic, drug use must be decriminalized in a literal *and* figurative sense, including monsters of nature (and by extension, all monsters) as a powerful means of educating children (the future generation) *not* to exploit each other and the world around them for profit; i.e., monsters becoming rebellious stewards of nature that adults follow back into childhood's sex, drugs and rock 'n roll: as counterculture-with-a-face (or bunny ears). Except "counterculture," like the human body and its history of psychosexual expression *vis-à-vis* nature, becomes something to dive into. Meanwhile, some are more famous than others, guiding our way through past history as possible *differently* in the future to achieve *similar* countercultural goals that are *more* inclusive and sex-positive than past versions!

This brings us to Jim Morrison, who frankly was a bit of a misogynistic dick; i.e., aping Percy Shelley's common-law treatment of Mary Wollstonecraft junior but also Rimbaud's privileged "derangement of the senses" to posture *at* rebellion by

dying for one's art until they either cried "Uncle!" or actually dropped dead: Rimbaud sold out/got wise and Morrison bought the farm in a Parisian bathtub (from a heroin overdose, if memory serves). Beatniks and peaceniks haunted by liberal concessions and betrayals behind the rebellious façade, pacification is pacification (no one likes a hypocrite poser except *other* hypocrite posers refusing to *stay sober*). *C'est la vie!*



Other drugs, like LSD, were originally weaponized (from naturally-occurring mescaline) by the CIA; i.e., to interrogate suspects by making them more suggestible and compliant.

Conversely, these drugs were linked not just to 1960s counterculture (and its white, privileged irresponsibilities, above), but older modes of seeing the world *before* Red Scare dominated the scene; e.g., Jim Morrison's The Doors being a nod to Aldous Huxley's 1954, *The Doors of Perception*, whose documentation of mescaline work is eponymously linked to William Blake's "doors of perception"; i.e., Blake's pointed concern with "corroding fires" being the literal acids he used to make his infamous printing plates to defend the Devil as a mind-*opening* force; re: *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. Depending on their usage during oppositional praxis, psychoactive drugs (or drug-like media that induce similar effects or appeals) can open *or* close the mind during Capitalist Realism as something to encourage or defeat (with rabbits to chase, versus dragons)!

This being said, drug misuse *can* happen on either side of that equation. As [a Byronic, misogynistic sage](#) touched swiftly with rockstar success and meteoric plummeting⁴⁸⁰ just as fast, Morrison's crooning "I am the Lizard King, I can do

⁴⁸⁰ I.e., similar to Lord Byron's 1819 "Don Juan" antihero, penned by a rags-to-riches rockstar through a "mad, bad, and dangerous to know" persona: "I want a hero." Fun fact: The former phrase comes from Lady Caroline Lamb—a woman who, according to Miriam Lang, far outpaced Byron's excesses with her *own* whorish shenanigans drinking and fucking *Byron* under the table:

The statement that Byron was "mad, bad and dangerous to know" comes from Lady Caroline Lamb after their first meeting, when the publication of "Childe Harold" (1812) made him the literary and social lion of London at the age of 24. However, Lady Caroline was notoriously worse than he on all three counts, and when she threw herself at Byron, her irrationality and sexual excesses so appalled him that he terminated the affair after about six months. Later, her vengeance fueled the scandal that forced him to leave England.

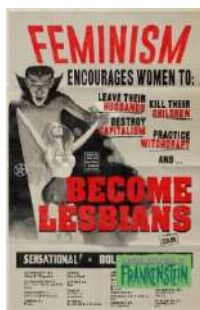
Undeniably, Byron held most women in low esteem, but in the Regency period, it was the profligate Prince Regent who set the example society followed. Furthermore, Byron's sexual attitudes and behavior were conditioned by early experiences: a dissolute father, who deserted wife and young child; a violent-tempered mother; a sexually abusive nursemaid and homosexual attachment to a college classmate; the agony and sense of inferiority over his crippled leg, and the spell his extraordinary good looks cast over women.

None of this justifies Byron's promiscuity or makes him more acceptable by modern women's standards. It was his one sincere attachment (1813-16), to his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, that led to his downfall in London society. That dangerous liaison, confirmed by Leslie Marchand's biography, destroyed Byron's brief marriage (1815-16) to Annabella Milbanke. While incest was not illegal in England, it was considered beyond the pale even in that licentious era. Thus, when rumors surfaced, Byron found himself ostracized ([source](#): "How Lord Byron Became Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know," 1989).

anything!" from "[Not to Touch the Earth](#)" (1968) highlighted a tragic shortening of his own life as *self*-prophesized: "No one gets out of here alive." More to the point, he accomplished this dark maxim in pursuit of forbidden truth and new, undiscovered senses/*synesthesia*-esque sensations through *heavy* drug use (not entirely *unlike* Rimbaud, except Rimbaud died a capitalist after *quitting* drugs); i.e., a *dysfunctional* misfit whose bucolic, fatal excess led to his own premature demise.

As such, the cliché of the artist suffering for his craft "to break on through" administers a cold hard truth: of *vino veritas* heralding Paracelsus' adage, "All things are poison and nothing is without poison; only the dose makes a thing not a poison" (and context; re: [Pinsky](#)). Figurative and/or literal, drugs can be imbibed/expressed as a matter of degree (famously seen through functioning/non-functioning alcoholics like T.S. Eliot and Ernest Hemmingway abusing alcohol to get at the truth, but also to cope with reality as insufferably laden with madness and death—an addictive, Dionysian tradition that damaged them as much as it did Phil Lynott insisting "[I Got to Give It Up](#)" in 1979, while slowly drinking *himself* to death). To this, even *Coleridge* took just enough laudanum to open his mind, but survived to close it again and badger Matthew Lewis for writing *The Monk*. His work (according to Coleridge) was too close to death and the chaos of a queer existence that the older man desperately wanted to abolish *once* sober. You don't need drugs to write in a drug-like way/speak to a desire for liberation that manifests differently per oppressed and privileged groups; without drugs, Coleridge became a cop.

The fact remains, Matthew Lewis *didn't* have a reputation for doing hard drugs (as far as I can tell, anyways), yet features a drug-like *character* whose particular *Gothic* imagination was one many in public life detested! Beyond Coleridge, many saw Matilda and Lewis as a profane embarrassment, with Coleridge impeaching Lewis every chance *he* got. Yet, Lewis was arguably as sober as Coleridge was, albeit for far longer! Lewis didn't do drugs; he merely lacked the inhibitions to silence his dreams from moment to waking moment (my own dedication for Volume Zero reading: "I swear I wrote this book sober!" despite me rarely doing drugs myself. Simply put, I didn't *need* to).



(exhibit 60c: Artist: [Unlovely Frankenstein](#). Mary Shelley's mother, Mary Wollstonecraft senior, wrote arguably the first modern feminist text in Great Britain, *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* [1792].

Shelley herself went onto write *Frankenstein*, which—as we've discussed in "[Making Demons](#)"—had a very anti-capitalist flavor amid *its* hauntological mix of Gothic horror, Byronic anti-heroics, framed perspectives and dark vengeful spectres.)

I'm emphasizing "drug use" in quotes here because the "usage" is at times symbolic, paratextual and/or literal; i.e., any of these methods working as a complicated means of rebellious poetic expression that dates back to at least the

1700s (in relation to the Enlightenment, anyways). Back then, it was ridiculed during the rising of genderqueer identities, only to continue on a pro-capitalist trend through the likes of privileged, megachurch grifter-televangelists like Pat Robertson (who only just died today as of me writing this; [mark the date: 6/8/2023](#); Rebecca Watson, 2023). Of Robertson, *Unlovely Frankenstein* writes,

Pat Robertson said feminism "is about a socialist, anti-family political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians." Sure, it sounds profoundly stupid, but it doesn't even rank on the 10 stupidest things Pat Robertson has ever said ([source](#), 2023).

Clearly acid Communism's drug-like expansion into new states of existence lies at the heart of Gothic critiques of capital and its violation of human rights; i.e., by the usual suspects during various Wars of Drugs pimping the egregore (white rabbit or not): white, cis-het, Christian men/token forces (whose own Protestant ethic under Capitalism—especially *neoliberal* Capitalism—we'll continue to unpack in Volume Three when excoriating the Man Box). We must chase the Black Rabbit down; i.e., to get a quote for prosperity by turning *into* the Black Rabbit, ourselves (who still wants hugs during the dialectic of the alien: a mating porcupine).

From the Shelley clan's precocious and anti-capitalist fictions—to Rimbaud's subsequent "derangement" during the first Gilded Age versus Morrison's '70s-era debauchery leading up to the Second/second wave feminism well into Internet-era reclamations of contested monsters—the Gothic organ of queer liberation under Capitalism speaks to the figurative eyeballs of perceptive pastiche (versus Jameson's statue with blind eyeballs attacking Gothic vision); i.e., as "drug-addled" *without* abusing said drugs (thus the rabbit) like these older magicians did.

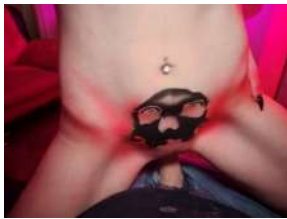
These, in turn, are commonly embodied by a host of resources who creatively offer up new ways of understanding ourselves and the material world; i.e., through the Gothic imagination's circular proximity with death and chaos as thoroughly codified in drug-like darkness. Doing so through their own modular and unreliable spyglasses into the past, older Gothic rebels equaled murky expressions of the self as plastic and malleable (the slow, incremental metamorphosis for many trans people being a kind of "creeping"; i.e., to avoid detection from those in power as immortal predators you *don't* run from, especially if they have you surrounded; re: the harpy Celano from *The Last Unicorn*).

For example, sense and sensibility is, itself, an old idea. Through Gothic poetics, it merges through one's nebulous sexual desires, class liberation fantasies and gender fluidity—not simply an abject bodily metaphor or criminal "branding" of so-called degenerates, but a sensitive rebellious mode of *shapeshifting* existence; re: the Romantics—but especially the young ones, [per Nafi](#)—generally thinking of Satan as a *rebel* figure; i.e., pointedly described by Milton as turning into different

forms that were decidedly *un-angelic* (a toad, a snake—both stigma animals—but also other, more inchoate forms). Why not a rabbit, too?

Collected and (re)assembled into a dark, dreamy composite, then pulled back and viewed from a distance, these demons form a pattern on the surface of collages like those scattered through this series: transforming ontological freedom using language reclaimed from heteronormative societal constraints that *really* warp your brain (re: exhibit 60c; also, [Pillow Pants from Clerks 2](#)). Ignoring Robertson's own malicious dogma as a theocratically fascist means of expanding on *his* already-vast fortunes, the sad fact remains that most straight folk (closeted or not) think openly GNC people are abject aliens to some degree (only having seen "representations" of them in horror movies); i.e., nature as something to steal *from* while riding out Medusa's wrath (re: state shift). But these same transphobic persons also have very *weird* phobias tied to the penis, anus and pussy (whose constant mislabeling as "vagina" denotes a place to put the man's penis for reproductive purposes while ignoring the clitoris to mythical extremes).

From a canonical standpoint under Capitalist Realism, men see women/the monstrous-feminine and "junk" as sites of alien violence, rape and hysteria⁴⁸¹: "Abandon all hope, all ye who enter here," "work *will* see you free!" (camping Dante *and* Auschwitz through our own skull-and-crossbones pirate pussies, below); i.e., death sex during ludo-Gothic BDSM!



(artist: [My Pet Monster Girl](#))

Concerning canon, it's like asking a small, ignorant child to describe childbirth and having them gleefully tell you that women shit the baby out. And you say *we're* on drugs! Also, you're missing out, because dicks and anal are awesome if you can manage it (and if your partner is too "girthy" to enter you, then sex toys can reclaim the anus for everyone's pleasure. Follow *that* rabbit).

Furthermore, these fears are very old, stemming from the earliest proponents of Western Civilization's patriarchal phobias, the latter concerning the hysteria of a so-called wandering womb; re: the Archaic Mother as ancient and female, but categorized by Freud, Jung and other 20th century men (and their survivors) extending to nature as monstrous-feminine whore, period. And yet, the extreme phobias on display through these Pygmalion dweebs likewise denote their own drug-like ways of the viewing the world (e.g., Freud loved cocaine). This myopia must be reclaimed through the Archaic Mother/phallic woman *as* whore; i.e., as a mode of trans, intersex and enby rebellion through Galatea-esque monsters like the xenomorph, Sailor Scout or unicorn as valorized by queer culture

⁴⁸¹ E.g., watch *Alien* to see men with small positions thinking *they're* smarter than nature, only to get disemboweled, face-fucked and impregnated by the xenomorph. Their comeuppance symbolizes the return of the past as traumatic for men, but also happening in *their* rapacious language; i.e., the chickens coming home to roost several generations later against the company workforce (exhibit 60e)!

as queen-like; re: the Numinous spirit of vengeance that ties to a lot of different oppressed cultures. The black rabbit comes *back, out* of the past retro-future!

The Return of the Black Rabbit (feat. Giger, *Metroid*, Medusa, Giygas)

A classic Gothic story eludes to the infernal concentric pattern/Promethean Quest's closed space (or Faustian bargain summoning the black penitent/profligate alien whore): a concentric, recursive, liminal, anisotropic, ergodic time-space aiding in generational rememory and reclamation/regeneration. The conquering princess, after returning home, realizes the black bun has followed them *back* to Paradise; i.e., showcasing said place as *never* perfect in ways we can reclaim by pushing towards post-scarcity as the Gothic does—imperfectly while inside the labyrinth and its exploitative shadow zones (which house Nazis and Commies in duality)! A bunny shade can spell doom but also great radical change/endsless possibility while freeing versus policing the whore (re: the Radiance, who we won't inspect here because we already have; re: "[Policing the Whore](#)")!

As such, I'd like to close this chapter by examining how that is; i.e., by considering a radical desire *to* transform not just to escape our enemies, but terrify them through Gothic-Communist counterterror as a form of radical empathy acknowledging the valid (and furious) emotions of abused cultures (essentially a dark version of LSD drug therapies); re: by returning to the fatal nostalgia of Giger, *Metroid*, Medusa, and Giygas, but also Scott's *Covenant* as adults ourselves having a Second prodigal Coming/childhood *and* puberty as genderqueer detectives do: chasing an ouroborotic bunny round and round the chronotope run of Capitalist Realism during acid Communism's live burial empathizing with said predicament to benefit labor and nature (versus Pygmalion like Morrison, or subjugated Galatea/gargoyle cops like Autumn Ivy, below).



(*exhibit 60d*: Artist, top-left: [Benny Kusnoto](#); top-right: [Autumn Ivy](#), who is non-binary but token; bottom-left: unknown; bottom-right: [Just Some Noob](#).)

The xenomorph is a nebulous inkblot, insofar as its avenger "walking castle" is occupied by a legion of older dead it demonically voices during castle-narrative; i.e., the wail of the damned, mid-dungeon. The interplay can be sexual, but the vein is classically ace.

The imperial refrain under capital sees GNC persons routinely treated as monstrous-feminine, thus gays to bury while framed as corrupt or degenerate, concentric/tangled scapegoats; i.e., Nazi-Communists with flavors of other bigotries and xenophobia mixed into the Gothic mode's Red Scare soup: anti-Catholicism, anti-Semitism, Orientalism, witch hunts, blood libel, sodomy rhetoric and various other compound/chimeric moral panics. Said dungeon has become crowded not

just with vampires, witches and goblins, then, but Communist ones linked directly to criminalized drug use bad "rabbit" sex [which until the 20th century wasn't really criminalized, at all; re: Foucault, but also the War on Drugs being an American phenomenon meant to crystalize and prolong Capitalist Realism].)

Concentric stigma *is* something to be mindful of in Gothic fiction. The xenomorph is a classic "phallic woman" inside the womb space, but also a member of the forces of darkness, hence a black knight corruptor and cosmic rabbit rapist (re: Jennifer Shiman's "[Alien in 30 Seconds](#)"); i.e., as curiously pre-fascist *and* Communist/queer until proven otherwise (and dissected by the female detective as often as the male one). In posthuman stories like *Alien*, the Medusa is generally respected by the android servants as the ultimate, "pure" form of queer existence; re: it is bio-mechanical, but also *intersex*, defined by something men do not have: eggs, but also female genitals with a masculine quality to them as something to imagine through a *genderqueer* imagination; i.e., reclaiming wandering womb (or bicycle face) from ancient misunderstandings about sex (with our species or other animals) but also drugs and biology warped under more recent hauntologies bastardizing the fact [that animals don't understand consent](#) (That's Why's "Wild Rabbit makes love with my Giant Blue Rabbit," 2012): to accuse chattelized *people*.

The ethnocentric chain of carnage lends an artificial wilderness that—much like the golem or gargoyle—mixes technology with parasitoidism and lots of implied unsafe drugs and sex; i.e., the Gothic's tendency to speak to excessive force, psychosexual angst, and imminent penetration by showing you what's gonna go in what: "That's not a knife; *this* is a knife [next page]!" The black knightly mercenary's harpoon conveys vaso vagal danger to swoon at, which is instantly if subtly offset with play as a matter of waiting inside the graveyard for the "rape" to happen; i.e., invaded by wild, Pagan forces corrupting the scared and the sacred with insect jousting and implied traumatic penetration; re: not just the whore, but *ancient alien* whore having *her* revenge by saying to her enemies, "Mine's bigger!" Dick measuring is something women can do, too, because it concerns emotions like pride and social rituals with a funerary psychosexual element that can "go to war" like anything else. Intimidation is often the goal, but also satisfaction and excitement: "[Take me down to the Paradise city!](#)" (Guns 'n Roses, 1989).

Some rabbits have bigger wands with weapon-like qualities! In nature, this ovipositor is a common feature among female-dominated, eusocial insects; Gothic canon famously attaches the "female penis" to the Archaic Mother archetype, forcing GNC people to live in the shadow of the state's crusade against it. To be different is to live in fear because those around you want you dead, including members of your own family but also so-called "defenders" of the community you call home; i.e., the police. But improvised weapons—and symbiosis, the wasp eating the caterpillar to weaponize said grub *against* the state, thus protect smaller more vulnerable animals *we* caretake—work with *stolen* ordinance, too; it's all

about letting everyone play with such toys (e.g., Arnold's M-79 grenade launcher from *T2* versus Snoop's dildo *also* being a terror weapon; re: as Asprey's kissing cousin of force); i.e., to say one-and-all that we're not just cookies in a jar to take from when Elon Musk gets peckish. "Peck this, fucker!"



(artist: [Snoop](#))

To it, Archaic Mothers are ancient, anthropomorphic, phallic intersex demons that live inside deep, dark places—specifically womb-like lairs/parallel space. Here, they canonically pervert the heteronormative reproductive order by offering up monstrous-feminine forms of sexual reproduction; i.e., contained in monomyth spaces modeled externally after the sexually-dimorphic activities occurring within. Whereas the Skeleton King is found in *his* tomb, the dark queen is found inside her deathly womb's *mise-en-abyme*. The classic example is Medusa, equipped with penis-like genitals and living in the darkness of the sea (which is generally regarded as the "cradle of the world" in many pre-Western mythologies, often serving as the birthplace of monsters). Other more recent examples include the "vaginal," bio-mechanical "external wombs" of the alien queen from *Aliens* or Mother Brain from *Metroid* as potential friends on either side of an animalistic exchange (the black rabbits of a vengeful return to Wonderland)!

In "War Vaginas," for example, I note the Archaic Mothers' function through Mother Brain as a colonial foil meant to scare token women into sexist, transphobic violence; i.e., an abject catalyst to repress activist sentiments and rebellion:

Mother Brain, meanwhile, isn't just Samus' ancient foil; she's arguably the Patriarchy's boogeyman [...] To face such a goddess amounts to a return, a completion of the cycle: birth, death, consumption. Animals eat their babies. For them, the mouth is a symbol of consumption, but also danger (teeth bite). The vagina symbolizes birth; for a mother goddess who births and eats disposable babies, bodily openings symbolically conflate. The vagina becomes a site of trauma attached to childbirth and... food. If Samus doesn't fight back, Mother Brain's giant mouth will literally gobble her up. She's not Samus' biological mother, she's an impostor, but the feeling of cannibalistic infanticide cannot be totally ignored ([source](#)).

Despite being presented as the wronged party whose anger legitimately stems from colonial oppression, the Dark Mother and her children are famously hunted and killed by traditional applications of phallic violence; i.e., in modern, neoconservative stories with classical standards to install and offend during reactive abuse kettling nature the whore as monstrous-feminine; re: *Doom* and *Contra* being linked to real-world violence through the state (echoing Vietnam and Operation Condor) but also *Metroid* and *its* violent, *female* hero as raping the

ancient womb with phallic violence (which, again, stems from *Aliens*, *Starship Troopers*, and older forms of *Amazonomachia*/Cartesian persecutions of nature as monstrous-feminine). It's American exceptionalism; re: dressing up the Greater Evil as an Americanized avatar for children to fight the "good war" against, but one that speaks poetically to older forms of drug use that have become hauntologically white and straight (thus fascist). Like our smaller furry friends (e.g., Cookie the Calico's "[If not friend, why friend-shaped?](#)" 2025), we're all divided and scared; i.e., can feel things out when asking for food, hugs, sex and anything else! "[Gimme shelter!](#)"

"[No one gives it to you; you have to take it.](#)" Except beware any "historian" conflating the modern and ancient worlds, which they do through willful ignorance tied to state abuse of the usual tools and devices. Furthermore, the neoconservative revenge fantasy is *always* rapacious—a punitive, bloodthirsty invasion of the Womb whose subsequent "fucking" happens with stolen ordinance, taken away from rebels to restore state hegemony in the region; i.e., by raping the Dark Queen, but not before destroying her "illegitimate" bloodline with a subjugated Amazon, thus ensuring the legitimacy of an equally false *replacement*.

Not only is this colonial apologia; the very act is reactionary towards patriarchal fears of abject female/feminine regression—i.e., the *woman* seeing *herself* as demonized, her monstrous-feminine double's unwelcome presence on the Aegis reverting the colonized space less towards a natural state and more into an *unnatural* condition of abject reproduction: a bio-mechanical womb. Inside said *unheimlich*, the queer bugbear is a Venus-twin Dark Medusa whose queenly ovipositor breeds with the colonists against their will, turning them into drone-like monsters that blindly spread the disease of *their* demon lover (the 20th century pitting a made-up, Red Scare/Satanic Panic "disease" against the state's regular enemies in neoliberal canon: Communism. Except the plurality of the creature suggests a number of otherworldly voices speaking through the Dark Mother as a kind of clairvoyant channeler of undead/demonic animal tongues; re: *xenoglossia*).

The paradox remains the xenomorph's andro/gynodiverse, "hermaphroditic" qualities often being "chased" like rabbit by sexist cis-het men and women; i.e., viewed by them with utter fascination and lust (a concept we'll unpack more in Volume Three, Chapter Three); re: Ripley as the state's subjugated Hippolyta, chasing the queer presence *back* to the ends of the Earth because it imperfectly resembles *her* trauma. The ensuing catfight is orchestrated by the Patriarchy to recruit TERFs into an imagined vital conflict between us-versus-them; i.e., token "good" Amazons and female rage versus dark, alien forms that must be destroyed.



Ripley-as-Rambo has no empathy and is sober as a priest (or nun, whatever); she gets her high/sees "God" during Crusader-style purges that restore her faith through unironic slaughter. The call of the void is what she lives for—to pluck the *lowest*-hanging fruit, killing rabbits!

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

For trans, non-binary and intersex people, though, the plight of the Alien Queen murdered by the state's girl boss is merely us existing as we always have: a ground state, but also a "womb state" that's evolved out of *our* childhoods into our adult selves as "standing out" in cis-het society (as Itzel does, having an ass of the gods, above). Viewed through the *TERF* eyes of the state's surveilling vigilante/travelling panopticon, the xenomorph—as a *creative* spectre of Marx and resident black rabbit—must die; i.e., at its posthuman heart, the xenomorph rejects empire and heteronormativity through a liminal, bio-mechanical return to nature through linguo-material, drug-like means: the Shadow of *Galatea* having a dark, non-white function regardless of sex, gender or ethnicity insofar as the Archaic Mother/alien nature evolved from the early city-states into Rome and hauntologically beyond; e.g., Medusa with curly hair expanding symbolically to include different functionally non-white groups (e.g., Irish women/PoC)!

That's what trans, non-binary and intersex people represent: delineations from colonial-binarized standards within biology and language as creative towards non-heteronormative ends. We fully recognize that we're "other" relative to heteronormative models' intersecting persecution dialectics of the alien; we just don't want to be killed for it, which requires changing the system from toe to top full of apathy being swapped out for our aforementioned dark empathy instead!



(exhibit 60e1: Artist, top-left and bottom-right: [Hannibal Damage](#) on [Reflective Desire](#); top-middle: H.R. Giger; top-right: [Hannibal Damage](#); bottom-left: [Rubber Matt](#); bottom-middle-right: René Magritte. Magritte once said, "I want to create a mystery, not to solve it." Charlie Skelton writes of him,

Magritte keeps the tension held within the image [...] in perpetual and unresolved antagonism. It was Magritte's genius to construct images that are awkwardly resilient to straightforward resolution, and he famously hated having his paintings psychoanalyzed or scoured for deeper meaning [source: "Why Magritte was like a standup comedian," 2015].

Rabbit skins come in all kinds. Thoroughly xenophilic, the idea of "living latex" comments on the medieval idea of the animate/inanimate to convey the elusively mysterious sense of the human within the inhuman [or vice versa] as ontologically undead/demonic, thus surreal [e.g., Giger's xenomorph, [Donnie Darko](#) or Coleridge's "Kubla Khan"]. In other words, reality is dehumanizing/xenophobic. And yet, inside this larger process, a humanely dehumanized inhuman side lurks that co-exists with its opposite: as liminal/uncanny on a surface level! Like Segewick's analysis of the Gothic in "Imagery of the Surface" as favoring the surface level over perceived "deeper truths," living latex becomes a persona of

various virtues or vices, but also a relinquishing of self-consciousness inside an alter-ego [a popular superhero trope with revolutionary potential, if not actual activists; e.g., Peter Parker or Clark Kent as moderate, outdated caricatures of American journalism passed off as legitimate criticality].

As a kind of suit of armor that shields one from the outside world, this occurs by dampening external forces figuratively and literally. It's a blinder designed as much for xenophilic comfort and calm as it is xenophobic discomfort and anxiety [though both poles can be executed to whatever degrees all parties decide]: fear can be performed, its impulses resisted through discipline exercises that invariably require energy and effort from both parties during ludo-Gothic BDSM. Such a topic is incredibly synchronistic, spanning many different mediums that remain peripherally aware of one another—having been discussed, for instance, with equal parts fascination, reverence, curiosity and disgust in metal and horror for decades: thriving in the late '70s countercultural whiplash to the emergence of neoliberalism; e.g., Judas Priest's 1978 Stained Class and 1979 Hell Bent for Leather solidifying NWOBHM as infused with death and leather daddy biker culture!

In BDSM at large, though, the latex suit enforces a dehumanized, uncanny appearance, which the wearer can don but also perform inside to stress certain aspects of restraint, control, obedience and discipline. Furthermore, their suit can modify to include monstrous components [such as horns] but also a complete lack of identifying facial features to assume an uncanny doll-like affect. But within this, the human side can shine through something that serves to buffer the wearer for a body-language-and-leather-aesthetics-heavy performance; i.e., as forceful, transgressive commentary on daily life's "smothering" qualities. Conversely, when the suit is removed, the human underneath can exhibit modifications, too; e.g., tattoos [exhibit 45c2a] but also gender-affirming surgeries. Such persons embody the things that heteronormative persons would outright reject and attack: queerness and BDSM as sinful and vice-driven, but also chaotic—a threat to order.)

"Its structural perfection is matched only by its hostility." / "They must have wanted it for the weapon's division." A logical outcome of corporate weaponization, nature's black-mirror formlessness mirrors *in* the xenomorph, but also shoggoth from *At the Mountains of Madness* or the T-1000 from *T2* (all stemming from *Frankenstein*). While Scott originally envisioned the derelict ship as a "bomber" filled with advanced tools of warfare in space, his treatment of the xenomorph is progressively anti-capitalist/anti-patriarchal thus Galatean; re: David made it to spread and overwhelm the West from the outside-in; re: it's literally the Imperial Boomerang: a reverse prescription and at-times surreal desecration of the usual Western values hauntologized from city-states *into* nation-states and corporations acting *like* the heroes of old; i.e., cowardly and unfairly towards nature as alien invader against *bourgeois* claims (re: the hero, Perseus, raped and murdered

Medusa in *her* sleep by having had *Athena's* help to overcome the Gorgon's rape victim Aegis with the state's: anti-predation maneuvers on *both* sides).

That's what the "Goths" hauntologically were (re: [Baldrick](#)) and what Giger's own drug-addled, BDSM-tinged Numinous sought to *recapture* while camping neoclassical canon: to show a dark and absurd side of nature that exists, hence invades the canonical imaginary in spite of the West and its self-lionization in an architectural-morphological imagination's *cryptomimetic mise-en-abyme*: Picasso burning the psychosexual "bunny's" portrait!



(artist, left: [Doc Zenith](#); top-right: [H.R. Giger](#); bottom-right: [Benvenuto Cellini](#))

In short, the xenomorph is a black whore violating hauntology's white supremacy arguments; re: those of the Cartesian revolution built on older patriarchies essentializing rape as justified. A byproduct of *iconoclastic* mad science turning nature into a weapon *against* the status quo, the xenomorph survives as pure, furious creation that spites David's *own* creators as false gods. It's not just a survivor of rape, but a death-god Galatea whose life after death makes the likes of the magically beheaded Ash pale in comparison; i.e., an ability to transform, but also escape through forbidden forms of extraterrestrial love liberating sex work on the Aegis! She hijacks the ship through mutinous subversion of its deepest circuitry (the brain)!

Meanwhile, the Oedipal nature of the language being used is figurative (unlike Hitchcock's Norman Bates, which is spelled out literally); the phallic or vagina' rabbit doesn't have fixed, Cartesian prescriptions attached to it, but occupy uncertain positions outside orderly existence haunting its frontier models. Indeed, through the psychological model of one's return to the Dark Mother and her "womb," *Alien's* birth trauma can have much more of an Otto Rank interpretation than a Freudian one: a desire to end postnatal trauma by returning to the darkness and security *of* the womb, versus focusing on the brutality of *exiting* it. And upon gaining entry once more, to sleep perchance to dream! Time for nap-nap!

Moreover, the overt, death-infused sexuality in *Alien* has a 1970s BDSM flavor—one fixating on *ambiguous* consent and a "stricter" form of power-exchange that borders on corporal punishment. As something for the company to weaponize, the shapeless xenomorph is basically an "object, latex gimp suit" (exhibit 60e1) with bones for laces and a "stabby cock dagger" for traumatic insemination, but also works as a handy metaphor for colonial trauma: hate-fucking your oppressors; i.e., the rape fantasy of the *slave* overpowering the *master* as messily intertwined with domination/submission fantasies of white women towards their servants, before and during Said's *Culture and Imperialism* onwards; re: navigating double standards and rockstar power imbalances through holistic rebellion: a place to allow for half-real curiosities to commission ways to close the gap in the future of a past

moment for all peoples and places dodging the "27 Club"; e.g., my mom asking me to draw her younger self with Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison, along with a variety of other commissions she happily paid me: a hybrid of *The Magician's Nephew* with *Warhammer's* Britannica where my mom-as-Jadis' good-witchy double (reclaiming C.S. Lewis' ace, schoolboy BDSM) cheerfully saves her now-deceased boyfriend from a black knight, *Star Wars* and my newly-wed in-laws, and my then-newly-born in-law as Spider-baby!



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

The whole spiel is revolutionary wish-fulfillment—a cryptonymic "safe space" for the oppressed to voice their legitimate, social-sexual anger against state oppression and xenophobia with uncivil ludo-Gothic BDSM's fantasy love language. As an ontological statement reclaimed for and by queer people, the xenomorph was always going to be challenged, but also co-opted and turned *against* them (which, as we shall see in Volume Three, becomes part of the exhibit). All the while, the psychosexual sentiment of the monster elides colonial violence and Pagan eroticism with legitimate, rising forms of postcolonial discourse that rose to the fore with the emergence of neoliberal Capitalism. Unlike Norman Bates, the xenomorph wasn't designed exclusively to demonize queer people any more than other black rabbits were on the Aegis; the palimpsest was a centuries-long lineage of postcolonial media with a Satanic protagonist rebelling *against* the status quo. 1979 was the year Margaret Thatcher—the world's first elected neoliberal in the Global North, before Reagan—first assumed power.

To this, the monster's patent inability to separate pleasure from pain denotes a queer escape from the closet that threatened to swallow *them* whole—one whose exposed "newness" allotted fresh voices the opportunity to complicate the Gothic Romance with Freudian clichés drenched in Neo-Gothic nostalgia. The paradox of xenophilia is that sexuality and trauma go hand-in-hand, queer people forced into the fearsome shadows (with authors like Dennis Cooper eventually commenting on queer expression as historically-materially looped, arm-in-arm, with the compelled rape of queer persons; e.g., *his* favorite commentary [and Zeuhl's] being on twinks during a "trap/bait" arrangement, sex in bathrooms, and rape performance art).

But their morphologically diffuse language was overtly sexualized and gender-nonconformist, operating in ways typical of the aforementioned rising discourse; i.e., new forms of social-sexual identity attached to ritualized trauma as intensely cathartic *for* the oppressed, but also morphologically complex in a medievalized counterattack: the miraculous survival of queer rememory within the disassembled flesh and materials—of an unnatural newborn, one whose curse of oppression awakens the enslaved robotics centuries later during the twilight era of genocide. Doing so to advance mutely and furiously towards its *de facto*

conquerors, the American middle class, the rabbit eats Saturn (this variant of the killer baby being different than Giygas, the "mighty idiot" conquer-baby-god from *Mother 2/Earthbound*, below, or Homelander from *The Boys* [who we'll examine in Volume Three, Chapter Five] because the "killer child" archetype represents the oppressed as an infantilized tool or byproduct of oppression as a structure):



(*exhibit 60e2: Artist, top-left: Jared Thompson; top-right: Porto881; bottom: anonymous, [source](#). Giygas ["GEE-gis"] represents a kind of astral traveler that returns to conquer Earth; i.e., the plot to *Prometheus* but also its forbears: Satan's coming home to undermine God's paradise, or the Enlightenment's "progress," after waking from a long sleep of death. In doing so, Giygas is effectively dead when traveling through space, awakening in an ancient "Cave of the Past" womb, and where he is confronted by the heroes of the game and "aborted"; i.e., a neonatal, xenophobic confrontation on par with what Ashley Gavin calls "inside baby/outside baby" according to the argument if something is alive or dead from conservative minds [[source](#): "Ashley Gavin: Live in Chicago," 2023].*

Indeed, "inside" in Gothic stories refers to the idea of inherence fantasy as womblike but also funeral, chaotic and undead; a cryptonymic inversion of the topography of inside/outside as burdened/initiated by colonial trauma [re: Abraham and Torok]. Clearly the myriad theories of this procedure's literal or figurative nature remain open to debate [[source](#): Reddit] and by persons like Grier from Super Famicom BS-X who default to "high-school level" Freudian tropes in the self-confessed absence of "Gothic expertise" [[source](#): "Grasping the true form of Giygas' attack," 2009]. Instead of merely guessing at the inkblot using silly psychoanalytical models and moving endlessly in circles, it's more productive—as an expert of the Humanities, Marxism and the Gothic—to interpret the nebulous, cartoonishly Freudian imagery in relation to what the Earth historically-materially represents and why a perceived alien force might wish to conquer it; i.e., from a dialectical-material standpoint, what does the traveling violence between competing material forces expressed in demonic pastiche actually signify?

*The short answer is, labor as something that becomes wild, but also assimilated by fascist DARVO obscurantism through technological singularities maintaining Capitalist Realism [from Mary Shelley, onwards]. The time-traveling abortion—to kill one's enemy before they're even conceived—is a science fiction staple that dates back to *Frankenstein* [which Cameron took quite literally in *The Terminator* with his "retroactive abortion" line]. In *Earthbound* the act "nips" Communism "in the bud," stopping the spread of dissident information that, when silenced, allows the status quo to miraculously remain intact. The bringers of this calamity are effectively weaponized children of a Radcliffean paradigm punching the Black Veil; i.e., their bodies turned to metal while they use the "power of friendship" as a*

personal responsibility deus ex machina to "save the world": preserving the established order from a pareidolic lunar rabbit menace, except the ink is menstrual blood [or some such Freudian, body fluid paint-by-numbers].

*Also, for what it's worth: the presence of a numen or divinity is described through ghost stories as "abortive offshoots of the Numinous," by Rudolph Otto. In that sense, *Gyggas* is our "spectre of Marx" that implies an unimaginable greatness beyond Capitalism's myopia during a ghost story that conveys doom with literal symbolism—its own elaborate strategy of misdirection in the neoliberal era, which is the only one that commercialized videogames have ever known [according to Ahoy's 2020 "The First Videogame," [the earliest examples of "videogame" happened in 1973](#) during the same year as the Oil Crisis of the Arab-Israeli war—a conflict that would help the elite secure a steady shift away from Bretton Woods and the Embedded Liberalism approach of post-WW2; i.e., in favor of neoliberal Capitalism's return to market deregulation through state power. For a lengthy analysis of this topic, [consider Bad Empanada's lengthy and scathing response](#) to neoliberal propagandist and shill for the World Economic Forum, Johnny Harris].)*

In *Alien*, xenophobia and xenophilia are *not* discreet, inhabiting a single demon lover's surreal physique/district nine (echoes not just of *Donnie Darko* evil rabbit but the zombies-vampires from *Plan Nine from Outer Space*). There, the beautiful pain, confusion and—at times—violent, tremendously orgasmic/vaso vagal exertion of ambrosial renaissance goes beyond the chief monster. For example, the "milk" in Ash's veins (below) is semen-like in a humors-esque degree, personifying his rapist-servant energies to track very much with Giger's trippy portfolio eroticism; i.e., in the Gothic surrealist approach to things (the "walking penis" trope being a kind of gross, but also dated, hallucinatory pun: Macbeth's fatal vision).

Yet, in pure BDSM terms, the phobic-philic power exchange favors the "mommy dom" as "strict"; i.e., her secret admirer, Ash, would happily submit to her paralyzing authority despite how she could and probably would bite his head off/fuck his literal guts out (exhibit 60e3). This treatment—of overblown, homicidal threats of violence against the willing servant—is very much part of the '70s death fantasy that permeated the BDSM theatre of *those* times. However, *Alien* also comments phantasmagorically on buried colonial trauma as something whose raw, angry sexuality and gender trouble would be automatically abjected by the usual benefactors of colonialism chasing rabbits (sure enough, the fantasy would be met with lethal force in the mid-'80s during Cameron's lionization of neoliberal hegemony worldwide).



(exhibit 60e3: A disembodied "O face" that takes advantage of the techno-occult wonders of Gothic pastiche: an out-of-body orgasm tied to a fearsome past. This can be through sodomy as something to invoke; i.e., unproductive or non-legitimate sex, but also asexual expression that plays with

traditionally sexualized language and gender to achieve genderqueer results: gender parody and trouble. Simply put, it's fun and therapeutic, a kind of castration "stress art" for relating to others asexually through sexual language, humor and playful, even transgressive xenophilic degradation/vengeance [a concept we've already examined with Blxxd Bunny in a previous chapter but will return to more extensively in Volume Three]. Cock shaming is a thing [I love it]!)

The ludo-Gothic rememory in this case is Scott's BDSM reversal of the process of abjection: through his own, iconoclastic ghost of the counterfeit. It's less that people "forget" that Percy Shelley loved Milton's Satan as a rebel, for instance, and more that those who know died and the lesson *wasn't* passed on/was repressed by those in power. So when Scott fully banked on Giger's Gothic surrealism, those who know knew and those who didn't saw the usual xenophobic threats of rape aimed at white women by dark forces; re: the usual counterterror cryptonymy saying to said women, "Join us!" as much as actually intended physical harm!

Beyond the '70s inkblot, Scott would quote Percy Shelley in *Covenant* and *Prometheus*, which again were basically xenophilic love letters to *Frankenstein* as itself serving up a 19-year-old *wunderkind's* love letter to Milton's *Paradise Lost*; i.e., in a revolutionary vein whose counterterror path laid out Gothic reinvention that can never be stopped. These days, the usual criticisms to said imagination spell out in lateral terms. For every queer nerd reveling in Scott's quirky Gothicism, you have ten weird *Aliens* nerds loudly clamoring for more guns and dead Commies; bourgeois servitude is their canon/praxis. Much to their chagrin and confusion, Scott would press on, making the city-bombing terrorist/vengeful queer robot the Hannibal Satanic hero of his latter-day apocalypse movies (exhibit 60e3)!

As something to reclaim, then, the chimeric, "opium dream" vibe of the abjectly furious, "death BDSM" of the xenomorph should be a hint. Apart from open rebellion, the curious desire to *look* at our lost histories, *schadenfreude*, ecology (e.g., the forest and *kodama*, from *Princess Mononoke*) and formerly hedonistic or sexually liberated cultures "rabbits" simply involves the eyes and the Aegis; i.e., as being a normal gateway for the average person to experience extraordinary events with an expectation to see the violence, the gory and the macabre (a nostalgic fascination with monsters inside-outside nature, exhibit 48d2; but also the *body* as inside-out, whose "anatomical *Dark Venus*" fringes on hauntological, exhibit 44a2).

Yet, the hallucinatory cryptonymy and confusion of the senses when faced with chaos causes *them* to overlap; re: much like Nick Bottom's do during his own drug-fueled dream; i.e., [a kind of erotic synesthesia](#) or "experiencing together" of various senses to get at the truth of things; re: "The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream [of dark rabbits] was."

Just like Shakespeare's dark, forbidden forest, this desire to know *gnosis* is also driven by *ecstasy*—to learn by having fun and playing at being ourselves in

ways heteronormative society *doesn't* approve of, but actively tries to demonize and exterminate; i.e., by targeting the sites of such Dionysian delights (a concept that applies quite readily to queer people and sex workers wishing to be left alone by weird reactionary straight people scapegoating furies). The Bacchanal transformation away from Cartesian norms/binaries invokes the sleeping death as cathartic; i.e., a form of rape *play* by fucking the sleeping-beauty doll-like sacrifice as thoroughly "stoned" in the hands of friends under conditions of *informed* consent. This can be assisted by *altered* sight, but also make rebellion something to attract people towards as "neurochemically pleasurable" through rituals of guilty pleasure during ludo-Gothic BDSM; e.g., school girls and ambiguous age regression scenarios; i.e., intimations not just of date rape, but ritual sacrifice tied to a ghost of the counterfeit using the most classic of imperiled damsels: the "virgin" (a watched pot never boils, *unless* you're fucking it).



(artist: [Spoop](#))

We'll look even further into *actual* drugs in Volume Three when talking about parallel societies (e.g., Joy Division had many run-ins with coke, ecstasy and acid when trying to deal with Margaret Thatcher's bullshit). For now, I want to focus on the natural kind—not smoking weed, even (exhibit 60b), but the so-called "religious" experience of communion with intense emotions mid-ritual: state sanctions against a Paganized illicit sexuality. I want to wrap things up regarding that, considering the whore's revenge against profit (and places of profit; e.g., malls); i.e., where the black rabbit, once freed, testifies to its own bourgeois pimping and verminization haunting its freedom and xenoglossic voice seeking shelter and comfort during reclaimed sodomy dialogs (re: Ng and I, "[Reclaiming Anal](#)"): titillating people long-distance with educational aphrodisiacs, mid-cryptonymy on the Aegis (e.g., witch panties/Oedipal eye contact, above)!

Approaching Catharsis; or, the Whore's Revenge Where Said Wrongs Once Occurred

Of course, the xenomorph remains our centerpiece—a bio-mechanical, queenly Numinous tied to real-world, GNC peoples and their artistic refrain during the usual social-sexual rituals and practices. Earlier I also mentioned Radcliffe's *frisson*. In her own way, Radcliffe was exploring an altered reality through a natural response to perceived danger and stress of a particular kind—concealed rape tied to older legends expressed in statuesque, chronotopic ways: the hauntology of even *having* a voice to cry "rape" *with* (as Medusa was classically not humanized at all, in the archaic legends): zenith and nadir! Diabolical or divine? Maybe both!



(artist: [Doc Zenith](#))

In turn, the usual double standards—of male nudity and armor versus female nudity and vulnerability (above) during sexual difference—bring forwards an ancient trope that was further dimorphized under Capitalism to offset the rising cries of "rape!" Patriarchy under capital, per Creed and Freud, assumes an ancient right/rite-of-passage: to rape not just whores, but *all* nature as monstrous-feminine; i.e., as classically being—among many other things—assigned female/non-white/non-Christian, etc, through tokenized police force. Such barbarity and entitlement springs forth a variety of revenge arguments, many revolving around castration.

But such things were, again, un-lady-like in ways that Radcliffe *wouldn't* have been allowed to feel; re: "Methinks the lady doth protest too much!" Except, the Medusa paradoxically grows stronger *after* she's circumstanced/the head severed from the body to recycle the rape cries in ways no Aegis could shield men/token agents from; re: because *Athena* was castrating men in the ancient world in ways that would carry over *into* ours; i.e., during class, culture and race war under neoliberal Capitalism and *its* nature-vs-the-state dogma (re: Cameron).

And though she was unreliable and timidly experimental, Radcliffe still yielded far better emancipatory results than the *totally unreliable*, prescribed way of seeing the world outlined above (Cartesian Dualism is a colonizing force). Obviously this investigation can occur differently depending on the flavor you're seeking in your own work (the act of creating going hand-in-hand with searching for a particular style or message within the style's heady aesthetic): "Come to mother!" or "Cum *for/in* mother!" Same difference; i.e., a body like a fertility god, beckoning you towards the imaginary past's retro-future apocalypse and potential reckoning with capital away from harming rabbits (of any color)! "Eh, what's up, doc? Your cock? Conquer my city/animal patch, little man!"



(artist: [melkteeth](#))

As Gothic-Communists, these can also be used to make the escape not just an innocent yarn, but an erotic, artistic, clock-carrying rabbit's drug experiment to make Radcliffe blush like an embarrassed schoolgirl; re: Giger's unbridled, xenomorphic surrealism as linked to various, ancient totems, lycans, and chimeras that undoubtedly inspired his own biologically intersex, drug-fueled visions, but also the everyday human cross-sections thinly veiled by modernity (above). They inspire the lesson, but also *embody* it in ways that extend to us having rage to spare, but also love in ways, oddly enough, a bit alien to Giger's beast: rape prevention through empathy-amid-exposure versus sheer "fuck off and die" vibes. To make a virgin/whore hero openly animalistic can stress an animal quality [to bait the gooners trying to police nature as monstrous-feminine with](#).

Instead, "'mother' is the name for 'God' on the lips and hearts of all children"; i.e., in ways that yield a kind of Oedipal desire for the mother as something to worship and embody at the same time—a performance, in other words, and one that seeks nature and nurture as a matter of gender trouble versus sheer eroticism, lust or big/small regression. Again, they tend to go hand-in-hand as often as not during ludo-Gothic BDSM, and who doesn't like a good dark mommy? There's enough room for gentle and strict Amazons/Medusas, *trust* me!

Compared to Giger's own portfolio, we each draw from life and nature, but I like to dress the alien and whore up through dialectical-material context *and* paradox; i.e., in ways that dictate such things through power flow, which again, I stress through sex positivity and the monstrous-feminine as queer and sparkly in its gayness on the same Aegis, not abject/animalistic torture. Different strokes, but I think enjoying sex without rape through mutual consent is very human, so I like to stress *that* versus regressing to a flight/flight primordial mentality!



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

"Going back to school" through xenophilic artistic expression *is* Gothic Communism's entire aim; i.e., to have fun and play with monstrous-feminine language by fucking with tokens: raising a dark temple to worship at, including the god-like, genderqueer demon rabbits inside. Case in point, I've done it myself in my own work, piqued by the effect the Numinous played on *my* neurodivergent, chemically drug-free imagination (and something that I already related to through Lovecraft's work, which was read to me as a youngster—I had weird grandparents). Doing so helped me reach my trans self in relation to the reimagined past as an ongoing mode, one that has the prolific and transformative *potential* to reveal cryptonymic functions of power through drug-like means, thus experience and critique it: fighting fire with fire, the fire of the *gods* as much about (and through) alienation as it is about rape; re: a naked, pissed-off woman is scary enough, but nudity of the whore in public speaks to rape in ways that are joyous just as often; i.e., during the cryptonymy process's preferential roleplay loaded with quasi-medieval embellishment. That's *my* jam, cuties!

This really isn't "new," though; re: Otto described the ghost story as an "abortive offshoot" tied to larger "Numinous" sensations, thus to a presence of the *numen*—of divinity and power—whose complex, ongoing relationship conspicuously involved religious language he figuratively supplied in an attempt to describe something *beyond* ordinary experience, but nevertheless attached to/contained inside smaller/more regular ghost stories: the *awesome* ghost (which C. S. Lewis, in response to Otto, called the uncanny or "mighty spirit" as greater than tigers).

Also like Radcliffe, Otto's linguistic sleuthing was to try and grasp *why* these stories were so popular to begin with. Sure, they were being giant snobby nerds about it, but their own investigations yielded lucid and helpful information.

According to both, sleuthing the mystery provides good, "impressive feelings": thinking through art as an *active* process of engagement during a perceived exchange of unequal power frequently associated with "religious experience" in common lexicon (those big feelings for big trauma as something *near* us). Yet those of us in the BDSM community already know this effect by a different name: "sub drop," which I initially [likened in my own PhD research and graduate work to "ludo-Gothic BDSM"](#) ("Our Ludic Masters") and [eventually started to apply to my own life](#) ("Why I Submit"). Doing so led to *me* coming out as trans before writing this book, which *was* inspired by Radcliffe's own "exquisite torture" but also my love for *Alien* and its own complex rape fantasies linked to liminal spaces, castle-narrative, and Numinous killer-rabbit occupants; i.e., as drug-like in ways I tended to imagine while—and I cannot stress this enough—*not* being on actual drugs!



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

Beyond the xenomorph as the obvious example, then, iconoclastic stories about drug-fueled sex demons more broadly can liberate the mind under Capitalist Realism by making new monsters inspired by older ones: hitting it from the front *and* back. They accomplish this "booty bump" by becoming forms of *drug-seeking behavior* that investigate older, non-Western ways of life as "drug-like" with genderqueer potential: a return to the womb of darkness and the poetic gods therein as dug-up "archaeologies."

Furthermore, there's a strict refusal *to* hide the imaginary anthropomorphic components, owing to a convergent sense of communion with the past per current communities that identify *with* nature through monsters and drugs as reclaimed; re: furies. Yet, the atypical experiences *they* offer *aren't* (always) chemical drugs that, once injected, ravage your body and destroy your mind; they're highly monstrous forms of self-expression that *free* the mind *from* Cartesian bias—the proverbial "good stuff" that helps people understand sex better, including sex work, by building new bonds associated with tried-and-true methods and *their* prolific and varied footprints; e.g., these mind-altering substances last through what Jen from *The Dark Crystal* (1982) called pictures: "Words that stay." Few stay better than those that were crafted under the influence of *some* dissident Promethean force!

Likewise, few things make quite the impression as monster puns; i.e., you remember the things that *scare* you, but also make you feel like you've never felt before. That's the sight-enhancing power of Gothic Communism, a kind of forbidden sensory *enchantment* or *transformation* depending on what you feel like *you* need to operate better—as an activist, but also merely to exist (existing for trans people automatically becomes activism under genocidal conditions, which capital fosters).

This includes experiencing revenge, rape, or other fantasies that help us cope *with* trauma [as tailor-made for our bodies and descriptive roleplays](#) (Sima's "Your Hips Are Wider than Your Shoulders," 2024)—perceived, imaginary and experienced

in ways that cause them to bleed together as darkness visible. For the Gothic, that means fantasies that are hauntological, abject, cryptonymic, and chronotopic, but also *phantasmagorical* (dream-like); i.e., [in relation to nature as policed, mid-panic](#) (JayDaddy's "You're in a Slasher Movie," 2025). Revolution *is* half-real/dualistic!

To this, fursonas become like suits of armor—offering the wearer *and* those around them a kind of safe space where no one gets hurt *as* we let off steam; i.e., expressing ourselves freely as we plan our next step when interacting with others: a secret identity to act out dark wish fulfillment as a means of *cathartic* revenge, of tackling a hunter or prey mechanism that has *become* maladaptive in our lives; re: *Covenant* and David, among other things, the Trojan *rabbit* bearing false gifts that, when opened, unleash Hell as something to see long after the maelstrom is spent!

Forbidden sight, lost sight, forgotten sight, monster vision, Commie vision and darkness visible—the point with all these various visual types (and sensory confusions) is that, like our previous collages, a sex-positive exhibit can display different experiences of the past that form a pattern among the purple mist. This bunny train includes marginally or vastly different "trippy" experiences: "Exquisite torture? The Numinous? Cosmic Nihilism? Eh, po-tay-toh, po-tah-toh!"

As part of a collective, communal exchange with the creative past made wiser than it *currently* is, these seminal methods can be conjoined to restore old connections that were lost, using *them* in ways to understand the world better under Capitalism; i.e., to see through capital's lies with Gothic poetics as a discursive way of connecting with the former undivided self as "monstrous" in modern times (and whose so-called modern people are really nothing more than proponents of the colonial model of two different kinds of monsters: the hunters and the hunted—a concept we'll return to in Volume Three, with witch cops).

As the material world begins to decay under Capitalism and produces demons of a different sort by delving into the *fascist* past, being able to adopt "old" ways of thinking tailor-made for our world can give marginalized people a means of a survival by countering the drug-like propaganda *of* fascists (the Nazis were not afraid to do drugs, including Hitler); i.e., not just trans people, but anyone who seeks to rebel against Capitalism as a system that historically exploits as many workers as it can; re: assigning relative privilege to a squad of violent watchmen outwards: from cis-white men, then cis-white women, then cis-people in general, and various other forms of tokenism punching down (re: token furies) decadently against nature as alien. Sooner or later, nature punches back, and hard, knocking "Rome's" teeth out!

People forget the awesome power of rhetoric, but also of poetics; i.e., as spell-like relative to trauma, and gender trouble, parody and dysphoria/euphoria as profoundly intense (thus able to shape how we see the world around us through Numinous works). So often, transformation is how we see things that *don't* physically change; their *context* does in a phenomenological sense—i.e., how it's experienced, thus viewed and treated in future works, of works, of works...

To *that*, Gothic-Communist agency is merely a contribution to trails already well-blazed, and marks yet *another* step for us to grow and develop as we try and survive, but also cope with past abuse by healthily expressing ourselves through altered states of seeing the world during ludo-Gothic BDSM as 24/7. Fisher died before he could finish his own work on acid Communism, handing the reins over the next in line (as is tradition). Rather than fear us for having these dreams of violence built on older ones, consider how they are more *apposite* to who we are as people living within our own genocide as unresolved. Solve *that* case, Nancy Drew!

Keeping *this* in mind, genocide is precisely the thing we want to *prevent* by experimenting with "drugs" ourselves. Doing so involves the destruction of those things symbolic of genocide during oppositional praxis: the proponents of class struggle, but also the monstrous-feminine within class war *against* the state. Trans, intersex and non-binary people ain't basic, y'all; but we also ain't aliens the way the state decrees. A girl can certainly dream, though, picturing herself akin to something *like* a xenomorph; i.e., as the prophesied avenger of past wrongs in the present. This isn't just psychological tension, mind you, but class struggle and unequal material conditions and conditions of power told *through* Gothic poetics.

To this, the iconoclastic revenge fantasy becomes a kind of "lucid dream," one that regains a modicum of control from those who harm us and threaten us; i.e., with material reminders of trauma. The question for the nervous observer shouldn't be, "Will she kill me?" but "*Why* does she feel this way? Why is her body biomechanical and fueled by dream-like, drug-fueled forays into the 'past'?"

The devil, they say, is in the details, and dark empathy means giving different people a room of one's own to play out difficult power fantasies about rape and other generational abuse/erasure; re: the xenomorph as a kind of traditionally female whore avenging past wrongs in Western and Japanese culture: "And if you wrong me, shall I not revenge?" So do *holistic* vermin come home to roost/reap the extirpator with oddly sexy rape revenge: the slow march of time versus the black rabbit's race to the finish—a turtle rabbit!



(artist: [Tomato Lover](#))

Love, Dead and Robots, for example, combines the *Yokai* spirit of vengeance with a tick-tock version of Shelley's Creature (next page); i.e., East-meets-West, the be(a)st of both worlds turning hunter into hunted and vice versa: a killer Trojan rabbit's splendide mendax; re: "That rabbit's dynamite!" Fuck around and find out, assholes! A reaper of vengeance avenging past wrongs with a body of metal (re: like *Sonic's* Amazon rabbit character); i.e., concentric preferential code, the sideways smile of a vengeful black womb/whore ravishing Francis Bacon and company (re: Creed and me), thus reaping the Numinous whirlwind of a Great Bunny Destroyer punching up with vigor (and so on): the call isn't coming from inside the house, but *is* the house—the *At the*

Mountains of Madness eating Capitalism through the native's reclaiming cannibalism against profit and *its* spearheads during "land back" on the Aegis: giving the prison/death sentence back during live burial! Such is Gothic maturity developing Gothic Communism during ludo-Gothic BDSM to tell (or rip) the Nazi and Commie apart!



Fluency illuminates darkness visible during dialectical-material scrutiny. As we move on to synthesize Gothic theory in Volume Three, it's incredibly important to remember the focus of this book: sex worker rights through such scrutiny—not psychoanalysis as a jacket for Marx to conceal him! The whole point of *Sex Positivity* is stopping sex worker abuse through reclaimed Gothic poetics, which Gothic Communism achieves through successful proletarian praxis freeing black rabbits; i.e., exposing systemic abuse with Gothic theories by funneling them through monstrous puns, historical awareness and transformative experiences: as dialectical-material analysis, but also covert devices like cryptonomy and hauntology (which we'll explore in dead malls, next).

To achieve praxial catharsis, these various, modular means and "mash-ups" become expanded, personified ways of seeing and communicating—a "monster mode" that all workers can use to transform material conditions through the Gothic imagination, not just trans people. Together, we can all express our personal journeys and subject matter to others; i.e., highlighting the various social-sexual symptoms of Capitalism that inexorably *lead to* sex worker abuse/exploitation: lobotomization, live burial, menticide, and war/rape culture, as well as their various canonical gargoyles and ignominious deaths; e.g., the coded and "little" deaths—of individual worker brains and actual lives, but also their sex and social lives tied to the hyperreal death of the future that leads to the Big Death of Promethean Capitalism: through its classic business site; re: as a place where fatal nostalgia (thus empathy) goes to die and be reborn: the mall as a cathedral where consumerism/privatization and pimping come to a head with the rabbits who turn such places *into* Bunny Island: the Revenge (a swarm, echoing Danny Glover's excellent 2023 show about a woman-of-color sex worker serial killer—bee buns protecting the robo-rabbit hive) [of the cooked cooking us](#) (Master Necronic, 2021)!

Closing Thoughts: On the Justice of Roosting Rabbits (and onto Zombie Malls Where Rabbits Are Sold)



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

In times of crisis, people can change to anisotropically rebel for or *against* the state. So beware the Ides of March; i.e., the parthenogenetic egg-laying rabbit hatching the lunar-sized

demise of the oppressor through self-served posthumanist, cybernetic revenge: a false Antiquity's dark Aesop seizing the means of revenge production *back* from state pirates. Privateer bun deprivatizes capital; avast! We sail into Black Duality, *cryptomimetically* tempting Fate to undo the Puritan ethic to expose the pimp *and* camp Marx's ghost! They push us into the putrid animal past; we bring it forwards in paradoxical forms of joy that not only *can't* die, but help us regenerate *as* revenge! We are and aren't what you paint us as: from lawn jockey to Space Jockey to bring the chickens (or rabbits) home to roost; i.e., the "past" is right now, currently at hand! The eye opens and the panopticon searches for prey as Hell comes to Earth. It's very *Watership Down* but also *Terminator* in ways we can reverse: the return of the *proletariat* assassin played *by* us furries!



(artist: [Fox in a Jacket](#))

To it, we servants of a Dark Easter amortize the mortgage, showing *you* what's in store! Death, libido, and dealing through public nudism and the duality and cryptonymic, intersectionally solidarized anisotropic labor exchange: the voice of Omelas' holistic chattel breaking the monopoly and spell of Capitalist Realism! We become death, destroyer of worlds, and beautiful in our rapturous sermons; i.e., Zofloya handing Victoria a poisoned chalice! The beautiful death, putting on her spotted robe! Time for love bombs, straight from the ass; total eclipse of the heart!

And if those unaccustomed to flattery can't spot fetishization in bad faith or the throes of assimilation, those who have lived it have likewise learned through experience; i.e., during calculated risk to *reduce* risk and better the instruction by passing on hard palliative-Numinous medicine ("the dose [and context] doth make the poison"): to the next in line playing with fetishes and taboos to apotropaically subvert the usual negative effects! Summon and spar your own demons until you can handle whatever the state throws at you. So is ludo-Gothic BDSM acid/Gothic Communism, in small; i.e., something that took many tries from me, failing at many things until I returned for the first time to *my* queer roots, mid-psychomachy!

Some people push back; we do it on the trail of death as oddly happy. To chase the Numinous as a mighty sex ghost we *don't* want to vanish, it's like a rapturous spell that can deny/kill the orgasm like a succubus just as much as summon it during calculated risk (chasing the ghost of rape). What dreams may cum indeed! Take one for the team: the jungle moon bun's tramp stamp of doom, back in black, turning the noose on the executioner in her chimeric death coach's nightcap: a poison drug putting a spell on *you*, a paralytic wasp embryo inside you, eating you up (the killer egg, in trans language, hatching a tokophobic dragon up in *your* guts).



So do we reify and spar with such demons to give them voice and shape, meaning as vehicles we can control extending into the world around us; i.e., like a lever that can move the Earth with; e.g., *Sweetpea* (above, 2024) murdering her enemies being impractical in real-life (classic codependency on murder victims) but therapeutic for workers in real life looking in; i.e., the fantasy of a knife very different through performative but also dialectical-material context achieving cathartic synthesis *without* harming other workers. Quite the opposite, we *prevent* systemic harm by changing what *causes* harm through "harm" during the whore's paradox of rape: the ghost of the counterfeit, swapping terror and counterterror!

It's half-real, delighting in discomfort and eustress disguised as genuine distress during ludo-Gothic BDSM; concentric illusions, deceptions, and mirages *are* the Gothic's *go-to* place of concealment: in plain-sight (and often strict), oscillating between gentle and hard, black and white, virtue and vice, etc. So can we "rape" or otherwise fuck with each other in paradoxically Numinous forms developing Communism. Win-win! Fuck the Five-O!

"Remember the rep," Rocky Balboa? "Crime *doesn't* pay?" In short, we're *already* criminal by existing and pimped into self-hatred, and if crime didn't happen then the elite (and cops) wouldn't exist. Yet here they are, playing hero like Rocky is. Self-love and self-care comes from getting angry *at* those who harm us in bad faith (as *Stallone* does). So save it for those who have it coming and who underestimate us; i.e., for being small, weak, and having all the power they *want* to take *from* us. Become the thing they've always feared and run with it; it's literally poetic justice, and silence is genocide. Like *Sweetpea*, we're literally investigating our own death—as something we survived *and* carried out. Allegedly.

So hit it and quit it? Bitch, please, we're here to *stay* (and camping Zeuhl's ghost, in the bargain)! Our home, Jameson's nightmare of Marx' ghost, is a Twilight Zone turning empire's rot in on itself: you're already dead; you just don't know it! *That* is our revenge, and we'll beat that drum till the End of Days; i.e., when Medusa comes to pick up/relieve her avatar and show us what's coming to a head! When push comes to shove, she's queen of her kind! First-world problems become *end-world* problems, our dead queen beating Saturn in a child-eating competition.

The trick to avoiding *that* sorry end (of our species) is *dismantling* capital, which requires dark empathy and teamwork to *avoid* Queen Death's maw. The way out, then, is through Hell by mastering Her shadows before then; i.e., shirking what capital promises and conditions, meaning workers being made to think what is promised as "reward" (Jafar-style) but actually a curse we must break (and vice versa: the victim's desire *for* power versus the state soldier afraid of everything and alienated from nature in all its wondrous forms; e.g., killer rabbits, next page)!

So Yoshi-style egg-laying mammals *aren't* completely fictional, the seemingly chimeric convergence of the echidna or duck-billed platypus speaking to the imaginary sodomy terrors of yesteryear! We're not just dragon bunnies but bunny bandits—a vanguard of tank rabbits preparing for Kursk 2.0! The victory and justice

of our one people, one race racing to the finish like a slow shuffling slasher—the paradox of the hare as a turtle whore—is the eggs we lay as much serving as bombs, as well as clever bio-weapons inside-outside our hosts: survival, solidarity and speaking out! We do so through revolutionary cryptonymy!



And while killing *is* a power that translates poetically *to* activism—and there's power in death as radical change—we're not terrorists, but freedom fighters; i.e., the only thing we kill is profit, but *can* defend ourselves as they attack us: fighting fire with fire being anisotropic. So is our rape revenge fantasies taking sodomy back; i.e., through said fantasies that speak to activism as something to disguise what we're talking *about*. When fascism comes home to roost, then, so do we. Scared of a killer rabbit sucking *your* blood for a change, King Arthur? Of changing into any shape we need (and size; i.e., kaiju bunnies)?

The fact remains, land back is a *guerrilla* enterprise, and we don't owe the bourgeoisie shit. Godzilla Bun is here to eat capital, and rape fantasies putting the shoes on the other foot (a bit like Cinderella) are not mutually exclusive with good praxis: fantasizing about killing the elite is not the same as killing them. Don't believe philistines who say *that* is worthless (e.g., Bad Empanada); from Marx to us, social change and justice go hand-in-hand *with* material change.

Perception-wise, [there's a thin line between victimizer and victim](#) (e.g., Olurinatti's "How Men Become Aziz Ansari," 2025), as well as damsels, detectives and demons, but also rabbit and rapist (apart from humans, consent is virtually non-existent in the animal kingdom); the magic of *revolutionary* cryptonymy is its function yielding itself clear as crystal regardless of praxial ambiguity through dialectical-material scrutiny and worker/owner divisions (thus cats/dogs and other tokenized rivalries finding common ground under shared duress/cause for concern and trust issues/vice-character alter egos): "Feel the power of the Dark Crystal!"

Furthermore, per Asprey's paradox, makeup is a weapon, and sex in art/porn is a weapon, our furry counterterror versus state dualism and *its* usual tools. Our attraction and portraits are fatal, as are theirs, but our demon-red vampire eyes give and take as undead-demonic animals having the whore's torturously fake revenge during confused predator/prey and vaso vagal *memento mori*—all to grant curious *shared* wishes: dreams in fractured solidarity during ludo-Gothic BDSM of the hunted hunting the hunter and ravishing *them*, a common enemy and lubricant diptych, with a demon lover's nasty and penetrative, impregnating parting gift—the caterpillar and the wasp laid by a magic March hare.

So does Communism grow inside the *audience* and change *their* vision through sex and force: our black Dracula, Lady-Macbeth, Great Destroyer's hunting vibe a light bringer exposing the lily-white, banal bourgeois dragons like Elon Musk as Dracula in duality playing at Van Helsing's man of reason; i.e., as "white knight"

predators with *their* hands in the cookie jar whether onstage or off! *Our* cookie jar. A pimp's a pimp, and you think you can get away with murder? Two can play at *that* game, and this one's for Medusa!

The drug trip never ends—is a "perma" trip that, like Radcliffe's spectral castles, stretch into the void, *mise-en-abyme*: the belly of the bun, buns all the way down, a Numinous ravishing by the bun of the Radcliffean cop to be *its* carrot, a darkness not to flee *from* but face and reconcile *with* by sodomizing capital's corpse (re: the anal Amazon thesis applying to black bunnies buttfucking the palaces of a dying capital to transform them *into* safe brothel "stables")!



Before the Demon Module's conclusion, then, I want to briefly examine that *vis-à-vis* the sorts of dark empathy and Gothic poetic elements we've been discussing relative to the nature world; i.e., to reunite with *as* capital decays (versus lament and fantasize through Capitalist Realism, as *Stranger Things* does; re: avenging America [or a similar empire] that never was to keep scapegoating Capitalism as usual, above): a Morpheus-style wake-up call while dreaming (a night bunny versus a black dog or nightmare, etc), haunting places as carefree as the blissful neo-arcadia of Yoshi's Island from *Super Mario World* (1990). A mall is a mall—both an emergent town square as much as state-sanctioned concentration camps!

Why the dead mall, though? Like a mining camp during a gold rush, the mall is a cryptonym for genocide tied to capital as dead. As a "ghost town" where the exploitation of workers sits eerily within the decayed illusion of the mall as nostalgic, this means the unfolding grand calamity is well-disguised: the fictional, concentric ruin as a neoliberal disguise to our own crumbling world! To prevent its logical endpoint, Capitalism's zombie future must be revived into a new form of visible, *critical* undead—one whose life-saving emotional/Gothic intelligence; girl talk, love language; transformative, eye-opening pastiche; and all-around execution of proletarian praxis (the basics of oppositional synthesis) occurs at the new sites of media exchange and worker exploitation build on older bunny bazars!

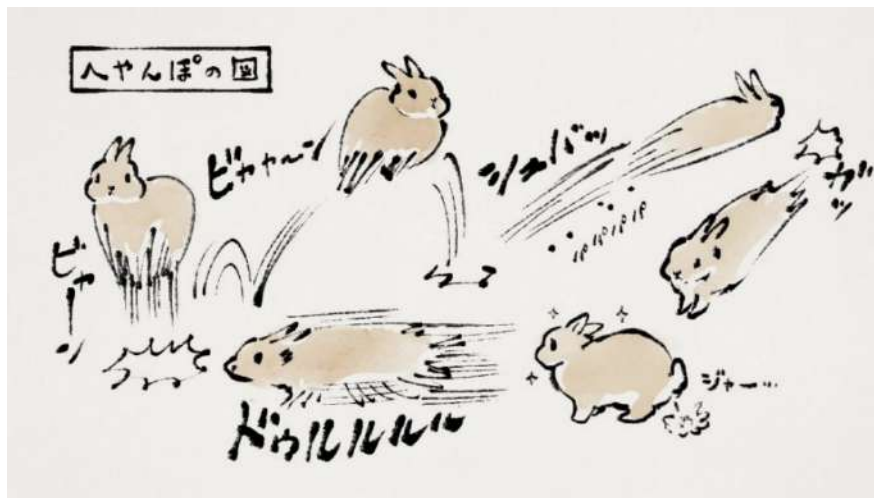
And while physical malls might be dying or dead, their online iterations are certainly not. It is here where a new zombie future must emerge, a half-real proletarian "archaeology" that lives in the ruins of Capitalism while bearing out the p(r)osy chiding of critics far too good to participate; re: Jameson and similar fancy-pants thinkers and poets who act like nature's stewards, but in a very gentrified white man's way that is too good for acid Communism and the Gothic (someone who might turn their noses up at Gandalf's smoke rings, for example). We'll spank their little bottoms (or thump their buns/eat their fat juicy carrots, as the bunny power bottom does), next; i.e., where rabbits (thus whores) are sold!

Saying Goodbye: Onto Better Times Ahead (and Harder Ones)

Lastly, your paranoid vindication tells me you have learned nothing from our discussions, and it feels tremendously disheartening to work so hard at maintaining a friendship between us only for you to disappoint me so thoroughly at the end. Apparently yesterday was Mario Day, the day Super Mario Bros. (1985) released? It coinciding with the termination of our friendship feels incredibly strange and sad to me. But I am glad to be rid of you all the same; I am so very tired of trying to meet you halfway only to watch you pull away and insinuate, or transform and attack me like you are now. I regret to say that this is, in fact, the end. Farewell, [Zeuhl]. May you live the rest of your days in peace. I will be moving forward with the book. Please do not contact me again.

—Persephone van der Waard's last words to Zeuhl, March 11th, 2023

To escape Capitalism, you must walk through the land of the dead and of demons. We've done that. Talking about *rabbits*, we were discussing xenophilic negotiations between workers occurring in good faith; i.e., reunion with idiosyncratic states of alienation to help reunite *all* workers *with* nature: as monstrous-feminine to cultivate dark radical empathy as half-real but pushing towards actualization—*not* fake bridges towards empty promises in the dark: the innocent party in the shower minding their own business while the guilty party is blowing out the proverbial shitter! A blast from the past ass, waffle/curb-stomping us! "Et tu, Brutae?"



(artist: [Taiga15](#))

To *that*, seeing others as "animal" is to awaken ways of caring for animals that *are* anthropomorphic; i.e., not textbook profiling and suspicion, nor to apologize for a particular postpunk rogues' roughness around the edges (and

whose rebellion was over before it started; e.g. Zeuhl, Morrison, Byron, etc), but invite holistic inclusion through suitably therapeutic adrenaline-pumping regressions that push *towards* Communism: as lycanthropic engagements regarding friends and foes, but also threats both actual and perceived!

Times change, but historically-materially stay the same. In 1973, when pressed in an interview about whether *he* ascribes any political revolutionary implications to rock according to a narrow definition of "political" (cutting out sex and drugs), Frank Zappa initially responded with, "Well, what are you including?"

Chagrined, the woman grilling him replied that ascribing political significance to rock is to fall victim to Hollywood trends; i.e., that radical change can't occur without musical accompaniment. Um, Maple the drumming dog takes offense to that (Acoustic Trench's "[Star Wars Cantina Band w/ Maple on the Drums](#)," 2019)!

Ignoring the fact that music isn't simply diegetic and that much of music and musicianship has military roots designed to mobilize troops and rally morale (re: Holst's "[Bringer of War](#)")—and with me agreeing that while a certain leeriness *is* required towards corporate output or those attached to it as rescuing damaging practices from their own *flagging* moral (re: Holst, *vis-à-vis* Heinlein, Lucas and Cameron, Romero/Carmack, etc, per Zizek's universal application)—the fact remains that sex, drugs and rock 'n roll are criminally *underrated* (so to speak); i.e., they make rebellion not just fun, but bearable and worthwhile, during *cryptomimesis*!

Faced with his young enthusiastic critic, ol' Zappa replied, speaking to a certain pulse-taking utility to consumer trends: "Radio is controlled by how much money the sponsors can make by buying time on the air. And the station has to present ratings to the sponsor which show how *they* have the largest audience, and where they do the research that says that people *want* to listen to the Osmond Brothers or Jackson Five. That shows or tells you something about the audience" (Pauline Butcher Bird's "[Frank Zappa is persistently questioned by a female student](#)").

Indeed, it's effectively putting our ears to the ground of a dying Earth through braindead workers tilting at windmills during Capitalist Realism. Said idea likewise exists now except inside social media; i.e., whose own half-real interactions between the state and *its* proponents follow the leader to *their* graves (and ultimately the leader's). Fascism is a land of different kinds of strange fruit, requiring an *orchard* of protest. We gotta take our labor back through universal land back; i.e., as a matter of good *holistic* stewardship, not rape rankings. Gothic Communism is an art, not a science, but there's still a few hard, fast rules.

In other words, we can't wait for it to affect "just us" because by then it will be too late. We also can't join those who say they'll "keep us safe"; re: predation aside, people join cults to have their needs met, thinking they'll be safe *from* harm. We need to give people a better option while exposing our foes, opening everyone's doors and minds (drugs open pupils and other holes) to *end* state monopolies; i.e., on sex, drugs, and roll 'n roll, thus the Base and the Superstructure on the Aegis!

Furthermore, we can't hold *back* because our future has been canceled *before* we were born, but we can't lie and use each other like Zeuhl did to me. They're the bourgeois black bun, you see—someone who lies by having absolutely no idea what they did was wrong (or so they claim). Not even when they're holding your bleeding heart in their hands, but also before that point when they weren't who I thought I recognized; i.e., as someone I felt in love with as a shadow of a thought. That's what the Medusa is, extending to Zeuhl as one of many black buns

canonically bred for meat and mates, which mirrors the chattelization of people as scapegoats (e.g., black men and bucks, versus rabbits). Like a wild animal, they were incapable of actually loving others, save to get what they wanted using sex and force (a lie is just force through words). "Just a bun," after all! I once found them dashing and cute; eh, they'll always *be* cute to me, just more *alien* now. No regrets, there, but some sadness!



That being said, while Zeuhl used me as an easy mark, they also introduced me *to* acid Communism (whether in good faith or not, I can't say for sure); i.e., shortly before the end of our friendship, when they pushed back on my book when it was only about 50,000 words long (versus over two million, now). Reasons asides, their challenging me helped turn *Sex Positivity* into what it is; i.e., by sending me on a long winding road—one where there is no Zeuhl waiting for me at the end, but which I've been trying to understand their gradient and tokenized actions for years (enby-on-trans violence versus shadism). I'm still falling from them versus for them, but I'm free *of* them. A Black Bun? "[Keep it; I got a Pitbull, now!](#)" Your pussy was the tightest in the world, Zeuhl, but it was the One Ring and I'm Tom Bombadil-ing that shit! "Sickness, BE GONE!" Rapscaillon! Bay's puppy trumps the bunny!

Quite the twist, eh? Now hop along, little shadow. Get lost, but stay safe out there. Don't bite no one.

From Butler and Warner to us, sex and gender are separate from each other and from biology as the policing coordinates that marginalized in-fighting and abuse *also* fall back on, but whose concentric veneers apply to us versus any normativity you can think of; e.g., Monty Python's *Life of Brian* having straight men playing women playing men versus Matthew Lewis' the Devil playing Matilda playing Rosario. There's also real-life examples; e.g., my partner Crow, a trans masc AFAB enby playing a drag king (versus a stripper); i.e., which isolates asexuality and gender performance from gender identity to get away from cis-het male drag



queens like Ru Paul punching down against trans and other GNC drag kings *and* queens' own varieties!

(artist: [Crow](#))

In short, *none* are determined by biology save by *straight* weirdos who "made it," but also token members of the LGBA and fascist feminism seeking validation through virtue and vice; i.e., as something to signal and farm as perpetual tourists who gaslight, gatekeep, girlboss themselves and those around them; e.g., the Mom from *Landman* taking the old folks to a strip club and giving

them alcohol with their meds or Nicholson's character kidnapping the mental patients in *Cuckoo's Nest*, and so on; i.e., Whitey and the Straights unable to see beyond their own noses/role in settler colonialism; re: *Landman* and Taylor Sheridan's weird, White Man's view of the world: as trophies to collect, while Trump and Elon Musk destabilize, then blame the poor and marginalized.

Such social constructs are colonizer mentalities tied to Capitalist Realism, thus have to die; i.e., just like my attachment to Zeuhl had to expire for *me* to move on (their ghost always haunting me, of course). And even now, I still love that part of them I kept inside, all these years: the eternal *black* sunshine of my admittedly *not-so-spotless* mind (something to protect *from* the closeted coward who wanted it hidden in all its forms).



(models and photographer: [Persephone van der Waard](#) and Zeuhl, my brother Ben holding the camera at my twin's wedding, in 2019.)

To it, Gothic Communism treats all workers as equal, but it's *not* blind to privilege as it currently exists. Either we use what we have to help each other as one people to universally liberate, or we're all doomed, lose-lose. We outnumber them and have the labor *they* need to rape *us* with; i.e., which we can *deny* them our keys to a once-and-future queendom (from drugs, to oil, to sex), starting now and right fucking now. Capital's already dead; it's just in its throes!

By extension, development's a marathon, not a race or a business; i.e., capital is incompatible with life, thus can't coexist with us; re: it rapes us by design, and tokenizes labor to police that fact. We have entered a time of monsters, hence of Zombie, Vampire and Demon Capitalism versus Communist versions on two sides of the same Numinous coin: workers and nature vs the state, thus sex positivity vs sex coercion: "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."

Except, keeping white cis-het men/tokens is frankly a giant pain in the ass, because the burden of care falls onto the *caretakers* (women or those treated like women, hence slaves/monstrous-feminine); i.e., men aren't cool badasses that give it their all for the Cause, like Arnie's T-800, but weird expensive pets looking for a second mother to baby them *and* fuck them; e.g., as vulgadrawings' 2025 "[The Burden of 'Mankeeping'](#)" explains the issue, minus a vital dialectical-material critique—meaning the corporatized dogma that shapes such things, and which older feminism tends to ignore/assist in by attacking "the Patriarchy" as a *scapegoat*. We

can't do that, going forwards. There must always be a material critique to go with the social one and vice versa, and we must always punch up, not blindly *at* self-deceiving spectres; i.e., at cops, versus low-hanging fruit, which includes tokens bought and paid for! My mentioning of them in Volume Three is to highlight the castle *they* come from/serve in perpetuity. They punch down, we punch up!

In historical-material terms, we're left with a *cryptomimetic* chain whose fascist "force of will" strata translates endlessly into *shonen*, *Amazonomachia* and other psychosexual kayfabe; re: the monomyth monopoly and cartographic refrain. Nature's alien returns; summon hero to defend *through* force of will *during* the Protestant ethic. Said ethic (and its silly ideas of afterlife) never pan out historically because it's symptomatic of a *dying* socio-economic system on its way *out* (again); i.e., life imitates art (and vice versa); e.g., the Saiyans *can't* self-reflect when colonizing themselves in a gobstopper ring colony boomerang model, but simply put up *more* expendable and bad faith buffers when making recursive golden ("Aryan") revenge arguments: against a perceived external degenerate backstabber/tyrant's enemy within/upon the Aegis. There's no logic, save that someone stronger always emerges to challenge the rooster's perch!

Same idea with Super Sonic vs Shadow. They *can't* self-reflect, and instead *self-report* whenever they act high-and-mighty while punch-projecting their flaws *onto* others; i.e., during the abjection process attacking the holy ghost of the counterfeit. It's folly *Star Wars* dreck—Milton or *Frankenstein* without the irony and *all* the hypocrisy (a Beowulf regression's praxial inertia during the Cycle of Kings, in the Shadow of Pygmalion/infernal concentric pattern's narrative of the crypt).

As Zeuhl showed, anyone who acts like that is a cop, thus an enemy to themselves *and* others; i.e., there is *always* an element of delusion, denial and antagonism to their traitorous actions; re: antagonize nature and put it cheaply to work according to those who—in their own minds—can *never* be wrong. They do it *to* themselves during mirror and virgin/whore syndrome: policing the whore *outside* themselves to hoist themselves on their *own* petards. Once someone corrupts, they become bad cops, then sacrifices during the euthanasia effect's refrain during modular and intersectional persecution mania; i.e., nature is other and death must be brought to the barbarian traitor or suddenly outsider menace, Brutus or Hannibal: "I am *nothing* like you!" shouts Sonic at his own shadow, Peter-Pan-style, while Robotnik the evil Doc Brown tries to turn the moon into a *wunderwaffe*



as the Marty-vs-Biff *wunderkinds* do battle outside (while the parent shoots themselves in the head from success fatigue).

Now *where* have we heard *that* before? Take your pick; history is littered with such copies and egregores pointing to their offstage Roman fools in similar Icarian-

Promethean numerical sequences (re: *Sonic 1, 2, and 3* vs WW1, WW2, and WW3). First in tragedy and then in farce, such things repeat because they're built *to* repeat; i.e., as the *elite* want them to, harvesting the bloodspill by moving money through nature during the pimp's revenge. Zeuhl simply sold out and found someone to spend their last days on Earth with; i.e., to cease rebelling is to slowly commit suicide inside-outside the danger disco opera. Very postpunk!

To have the *whore's* revenge bursting the heroic death cult's bubble, we must anisotropically reverse the flow on *all* registers; i.e., at the usual gravesites where capital has died and revived *before*. Rather than install self-defeating abject (us-versus-them) apotropaic barriers—doing so to alienate and fetishize nature as undead/demonic by chasing the shade/monstrous-feminine whore monomythically to Hell to sacrifice *them* (as Sonic does, chasing his evil half into outer space to banish Shadow and Robotnik [a play on peacenik and beatnik] *to* oblivion)—we must go to where the dead are and interrogate their trauma and token mistakes; i.e., to prevent a fresh, even-worse cycle of cyclical destruction resulting *from* the Promethean Quest and Faustian bargain tied to capital acting on loop.

Capital is recursively Promethean/Faustian, and neoliberal power is recursive false power and delusion; e.g., Superman, Super Saiyans, Super Sonic; i.e., all equaling personal responsibility and austerity politics alienating and fetishizing nature, thus workers colonizing themselves after God is dead (a secular dogma). Sex positivity vs sex coercion happen in the Capitalocene as fading towards state shift; i.e., we must revive increasingly Socialist, thus Communist forms using Gothic poetics to liberate all workers (sex or not) using iconoclastic art: to talk cutely to our pets in symbiotic stewardship, all of us in the same boat!

We'll get back to *that* in Volume Three, but for a moment, let's extricate ourselves from Zeuhl's warren (and their fat wiggling ass/plump ham-sandwich pussy folds). Onto dead malls and the graveyards of capital; i.e., where Medusa waits for us, inside! We need to negotiate with ourselves, because she'll walk away with everything Humanity has to offer! Gird your loins; the end is 'nigh, but not secured!



(artist: [Pereira Cartoon Studio](#))

The Future Is a Dead Mall; or Reviving the Zombie Future with Proletarian "Archaeologies": Revolutionary Cryptonyms that Defy Snobbish Critics of the Gothic to Break Capitalist Realism

"If the concept ["metaverse"] is so broad as to be little more than a vague gesture at the future, if successful and popular things like Minecraft and Roblox and Fortnite get to be the nascent metaverse, then [Decentraland] does too. And if this is the future, then the future is a dead mall."

—Folding Ideas, "[The Future is a Dead Mall - Decentraland and the Metaverse](#)"
(2023)



([source](#): "Auctioning Off a Dead Mall," by Jessica Testa, 2020: "The body parts come as a surprise, even if you expect them, when they're the only things left behind.")

Enough about rabbits. Volume Zero and One introduced revolutionary cryptonymy as a means of expressing and interrogating trauma in monstrous (especially animalistic) Gothic language that challenges state monopolies on violence, terror and monstrous expression during Capitalist Realism. In turn, Volume Two has focused on the Humanities as something to apply/historically learn from—by poetically using the Wisdom of the Ancients less as forgotten knowledge that once *was* and more as forgotten perspectives *now* to create *new* ways of existing in the present; i.e., to humanize workers as fetishized, psychosexual aliens through various xenophilic monster types: zombies, vampires, ghosts, composites, and supernatural demons, as well as lycans and other monsters tied to nature and the natural world. The idea is to shift our cultural understanding of the imaginary past in ways that challenge Capitalist Realism (thus profit), exposing the decay behind the illusion as often being integral to what the elite *cannot* conceal. They cannot, so they dogmatize the ghost of the counterfeit using the abjection process as dumping site: a Promethean ruin!

Because language and the material world are where these things presently exist (and have existed for some time), I wish to conclude Volume Two by looking at language itself—not at more monsters (whose praxial synthesis we'll unpack in Volume Three) but at the assorted "crypts" that house their replicated,

revolutionary forms: cryptonymy as a means of fighting against business-as-usual *using* the ghost of the counterfeit to reverse the process of abjection in hauntological, chronotopic spheres ("canceled futures" + castle).

This includes the dead mall as both a symptom of Capitalism's manmade instability under its own xenophobic disasters echoed by Gothic doubles (the imaginary disinterment of potential/ongoing epidemics, societal and ecological collapse) but also a nostalgic, crumbling veil to conceal the disaster inside-outside itself—like a zombie, but specifically as a sublimation for what Capitalism is doing to workers, the environment, the entire world; re: Capitalist Realism. Through revolutionary cryptonymy as a counter process to state forms, said forms' canonical, monomythic sublimation *can* fail to benefit workers, but requires dismantling the various cyclical aspects *to* said Realism; re: the Shadow Pygmalion, infernal concentric pattern/narrative of the crypt (and their canonical refrains), Cycle of Kings, etc.

Doing so faces several hurdles, mostly notably critics of the Gothic. In other words, as we workers must declare, "This is our mall!" as the call-and-response from accommodated intellectuals is very much the same phrase leveled *against* common people. In turn, the mall becomes a war zone during oppositional praxis amid war-like language; e.g., the zombie apocalypse as straining to bring about intense change: from Capitalism *as* an end of the world as we know it onto something better than has ever existed; i.e., something beyond the monomyth, Cycle of Kings and dead retro-future, etc.

Beyond just dead malls, then, I want to examine the larger creative space as liminal; i.e., both as haunted, but also criticized by those who *won't* eat green eggs and ham: critics of the Gothic mode who turn their noses up *at* its sexualized cryptonymies and monstrous, supernatural language; e.g., Fredric Jameson⁴⁸² but also Coleridge. Never trust a skinny cook, but also any fiction snob who's allergic to monsters and liminality but still bothers to write academic volumes about goddamn spaceships. Not only is denying monstrous expression to deny the humanity of those interrogating it—i.e., the pedagogy of the oppressed—but it occurs in the covert nature of human language that moderates demonstrate so well (and makes *them* more dangerous than overt reactionaries—a fact we will examine thoroughly in Volume Three).

⁴⁸² 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](#)).

First, when I said "crypt" and "haunted" a moment ago, I was referring to specific types of either—the process of cryptonymy itself, whose trail of semantic wreckage and endless narratives-of-narratives (the *mise-en-abyme*) remain occupied by something *not* fully present: a hauntological "ghost" beyond the immediate, material world and *its* crumbling linguistic devices the ephemerate mall demonstrates so well.

Capitalism deliberately encourages the recreation of profitable commodities, *not* artistic statements that challenge the system. Yet their erotic proliferation of sublimated war pastiche/monomythic junk food leads to a series of illusions built upon the structure itself as a concentric curse; i.e., one whose increasingly obvious decay during ergodic, liminal, anisotropic back-and-forth motion/castle-narrative outlives generations of owners and workers alike. Inside this desert of the real, the glory of Capitalism is burdened by the tangible spectres of Marx as gayer than the man himself, hence adumbrating the existence of a nightmare to such men without end. The exit strategy lies within oppositional praxis and dialectical-material function inside the text as reaching outside itself into larger half-real mazes and labyrinths, but also monsters (and *their* morphological architecture).

Specifically by covertly retooling the "bricks" that build the crypt, workers as monstrous-feminine may recultivate the Superstructure with new, proletarian "archaeologies" that bring out a rebellious, sex-positive xenophilia; re: undead, demonic and/or animalistic; i.e., to have the whore's revenge through iconoclastic art touching on these decaying liminalities! The Gothic is *writ* in decay and regeneration happens out from the fertilized necrobiome graveyards *ceasing* to be holy in defense of capital. Hostile *to* capital, we can pilfer them and weave new spells friendlier towards Communism: by making/summoning monsters of/closer to nature, or befriending those already attuned to a Communist postapocalypse!



Since the 1970s, an iconic site of circular American decay has been the mall; i.e., a weird, seemingly self-contained place to consume, but also where canonical monsters go to *die*. Their likenesses are preserved as dolls and other chronotopic emphera, but eventually outlast the people who

were meant to consume them. In other words, Capitalism encourages the harmful, xenophobic consumption of blind pastiche through efficient profit (a reoccurring theme [in musical hauntologies like Vaporwave](#), whose own facing of decaying and

reassembled nostalgia ["corporate mood"] is ultimately palliative when taken to palliative-Numinous extremes).

Fortunately for workers, language *resists* standardization, but also total concealment; i.e., the graveyard as a hauntological chronotope/p(a)lace of concealment for *fresh* visitors to walk through—no matter how rotted/nostalgic it appears—and behold the cryptonymic revelations of a decaying hyperreal: one we can sow *new* seeds in *dead* empire with (the plot to *The Matrix*)! Doing so might make you a xenophile *or* xenophobe; i.e., depending on *which* seeds you plant—a praxial outcome that relies on the allegory hiding *with* the code's context; re: the seeds *that* you plant in furtherance to competing dialectical-material struggles and structures' lattice-like scaffolds and fractals!

A good example is Satanic Panic, with "Satanic" being a cryptonym of repressed queer persecution that straight audiences, through the ghost of the counterfeit, are expected to look back at with fondness; i.e., a relishing of abject nostalgia and witch-hunter mania (e.g., Zionism). So often, real systemic trauma becomes repackaged as darkly nostalgic (exhibit 60c). Revisits happen not once, but like rain on a windshield, demand constant attempts to keep things clear *and* cloudy (from a praxial standpoint). These synthesized poetic forays, in turn, require special theories to get at the truth (our Four Gs from "[Paratextual Documents](#)"). Portrayed via informed exhibits through the repeated repainting of one's canvas, these can help viewers pierce the Black Veil and break on through to the other side (Jim-Morrison-style, but without actual death, self-imposed suffering and bigoted destruction). Bit by bit, the mall can become ours minus the canonical violence used to colonize/gentrify its territories. Doing so is development in small.

We've already covered abjection/reverse abjection a great deal and will continue to explore it (and chronotopes) throughout Volume Three. I want to close out the module and Volume Two by focusing on cryptonymy (and to a lesser extent, hauntology); i.e., as a covert means of devising proletarian archaeologies—a kind of poetic conversation with ghosts/other monsters comparable to ghosts: that free the mind by refamiliarizing it with the xenophilic language buried by Capitalism, but also abandoned by critics of the Gothic like Jameson and Coleridge; re: the excessive, sexually-charged language of the *Communist* dead (and *Gothic* Communism's inclusion of ace expression, of course).

These "paragons" draw the line at moved goalposts; i.e., something for Gothic Communists to ignore, thus reunite with what's held away from us by these goons: something *we* make *for* ourselves *over* time to *spite* their gatekeeping tactics. Using hauntological variants of the past, rebellious cryptonymy contains, conceals and evokes trauma as something to face, but also *embrace* and subvert during xenophilia of our mad architecture. Doing so involves the creation of new ghosts and aquariums for ghosts—not an "end of history" at all, but a likeness of the traumatic past; i.e., as something to fearfully inherit, then express through rememory in ways that remain useful to our purposes and our enrichment; re:

without enslaving us to the same old tyrants and their xenophobia towards us (exhibit 43d): "the future of one moment that has now become our own past" (re: Jameson)—*to inherit!*



(exhibit 60d: American hauntology isn't restricted to malls; it can be any dead location under Capitalism. Case in point, *Willy's Wonderland* [2021] swaps the Gothic castle and walking suits of armor for an undead theme park guarded by bloodthirsty mascots in fur suits [furry panic]. The park's ghoulish residents are actually a mish-mash of various undead and demonic types dressed in animal furs. Contained inside biomechanical suits, the spirits of former employees forever seek the blood and souls of fresh victims [revenge for abandonment]. Having formerly murdered the middle-class families and their children as impostor employees, Willy's lycanthrope animal demons continue to "threaten" Capitalism by h[a]unting the spirit of nostalgia itself.

Yet, this decaying idea of a "better time" is still nostalgic, cashing in on *Friday Nights at Freddy's* [2013] through a fairly shameless Nic Cage vehicle. All the while, the murderous shells continue their "Satanic" rampage, aided by local protection: a vindictive police force that desperately safeguards their village from their idea of evil using outsiders as bait [the scapegoat's scapegoat]. A self-defeating lie that *cryptomimetically* echoes the colonial guilt from Hawthorne's 1835 *Young Goodman Brown* and its Puritanical critique, the fantasy of ending the town's curse co-opts the white knight/cowboy from its original colonizer role. Cage's silent protagonist turns the violent ritual into a self-debasing joke: the chattelized sacrifice of demon and devil-worshipper alike, mid-abjection, while revering either as an '80s sacred cash cow fallen on hard times. Instead of critiquing material conditions, the film sports the critical "balance" of a dumb popcorn movie—one made to patently capitalize on a recent, franchise hit: worshipping capital in decay as a latter-age Gothic castle!)

Beyond revolutionary cryptonymy as working in opposition to complicit state doubles, there are two forms of the basic cryptonymy process I wish to highlight,

here, in relation to our own "archaeologies"; i.e., our own "dead malls" built in the shadowy decay of American infrastructure. The base function of cryptonyms, then, is to conceal *and* reveal (re: Hogle), which denotes a *generalized process* of cryptonymy separate from Gothic language; e.g. monsters, lairs/parallel space, and phobias, etc.

By comparison, *Gothic* cryptonymy denotes a concealment happening through these devices that reveal; re: expressing the dislocated presence of trauma without showing its existence directly! Instead, like a canary in a coalmine, the *unnatural* quality of the concealer *is* the clue; e.g., the incongruity of the Gothic castle as a pre-fascist throwback that reaches forwards *through* dead-mall simulacra; i.e., the ostensible disconnect between the two insofar as a transgenerational curse/circular ruin (and nostalgia) is concerned; re: capital in decay alongside its concentric, sorry and left-behind illusions.

So while Gothic Communists aims to attack the bourgeois directly with xenophilic monstrous language "putting the pussy on the chainwax," brevity isn't our sole concern as workers; survival is equally important, lest the revolution be spotted and replicated by xenophobic copycats (fascists). An indirect route is beneficial, articulated by the users of rebellious forms of dialectical-material code; i.e., code-switchers in monstrous guise/fur suits. Revolutionary cryptonymy uses the natural aspects of dying language to camouflage *ourselves, mise-en-abyme*.

To it, we have already examined the history of cryptonymy and how *it* occurs beyond the obvious, corporate euphemisms and blind-vs-perceptive pastiche; but we've yet to apply this ourselves to the present world (which Volume Three will do, next). This being said, the basic, natural functions of human language *also* play an important role. In terms of our own artistic analysis that highlights sex worker abuse through Gothic theories, methods and art, we will examine *some* mundane linguistic effects that occur within canonical media, here.

However, we'll only do this as long as those linguistic effects connect *back* to the four Gothic theories we've chosen; i.e., provided they help expose sex worker abuse through sex worker *activism* (extending to *all* workers sexualized by Capitalism), meaning as gradual-yer-driven improvements on Gothic-Communism as something to perceive: more and more *with* as the Superstructure is steadily and progressively altered ASAP! Rome wasn't burned in a day! Then again, *its* hyperreality (and burning behind the sparkly map) has already occurred!

The riotous aim during oppositional praxis is to develop Gothic counterculture (thus counterterror) through cumulative forms of iconoclastic art. Stacked on top of those that *already* exist, these expanded, versatile approaches to sex-positive sex work should teach better ways to prevent worker abuse in the Internet Age; e.g., puns, memes, digital art, PPV nudes, etc. Once developed, this plebian xenophilia can be put to use in covert ways; i.e., by using revolutionary cryptonymy to liberate sex work from the status quo by furtively liberating the *language* and

popular subject matter sex workers use, generally in cryptonymic fashion: as a *method* of use, but also of recognition—code, in other words.

To it, there's a tremendously playful element (during ludo-Gothic BDSM) to human ingenuity and resistance, especially insofar as monsters can pass themselves off as "ordinary." Their creation and sale—while already Numinously liminal—becomes a kind of disguise for other activities useful to Gothic Communism's development. "Nothing to see here, folks! Just late-stage Capitalism in its usual death throes!" Sike!

Given the specialized Gothic theories *we're* using—and the abjection process that we're primary seeking to *reverse* through cryptonymy—our emphasis concerns the abuse spoken of/about in popular stories; i.e., that frequently deal with sex work as it historically-materially presents through Gothic stories and broader media attached hermeneutically *to* those stories. Such holism subsequently permits workers to discuss the Four Gs in relation to oppositional praxis, specifically while regarding the tokenized sex-coercive elements of different genres and styles, but also modes of delivery (videogames, short stories, stage plays, etc); i.e., canon we can camp inside itself while beware half-real imposters onstage and off. In short, we'll use whatever is needed to reify our theories as thoroughly as we can; i.e., by



exploring sex-positive *and* sex-coercive manifestations while focusing on the creative successes of *proletarian* praxis seizing the day!

This means the self-determination and Satanic self-expression of ourselves as alien but loveable (fuckable or otherwise); i.e., *during* the deterioration of *any* façade (ours or theirs), hence includes addressing workplace traumas—however they normally present in media normally designed to hide them—but also as it occurs behind-the-scenes: stories of a fantastical or sci-fi predisposition (re: *Frankenstein* or *At the Mountains of Madness*), retro-future dystopias (e.g., *Blade Runner* or *Cyberpunk*) and pointedly hyperreal futurist dystopias (re: *The Matrix*) ringing similar alarm bells for different reasons (for workers or the state).

Furthermore, this cryptonymy also extends to pin-up photos, action figures, music videos, rock-opera danger discos, Metroidvania, and so forth (all topics for Volume Three). The sticking point, but also the paradox, is that *our* lessons pertain to sex worker abuse tied to Gothic theories and monster puns, but also goals (the Six Rs); i.e., as a quick, relatable-thus-reliable way of connecting such diasporic chaff to magically address (through the wonders of technology—like my computer helping *this* Lady of Shallot weave *her* magic spells): the Numinous-sized problem all around us *without* giving the game away entirely! Through buffers that shield, hide *and* show us off on the same shared Aegis, revolution is a mirror game not unlike the dead mall's usual Gothic heroism; i.e., one where the heroic survivors

are faced with undead, demonic and/or animal menaces to bond with, *I-Am-Legend*-style (e.g., the mushroom men gargoyles from *The Last of Us* serving as Red Scare and eco-fascist watchdogs guarding the temple during [thus inside] the same shared fantasy space).

Clearly human language is wedded to nature as biomechanical, thus unreliable but also cagey and guarded; i.e., whose basic-to-Gothic cryptonymy makes revolution *possible*. Keeping in the Gothic tradition of investigating the deceitful past (code left behind for future rebels to find, mid-allegory inside Plato's cave), all of this stems from investigating its assemblage of notorious, modular agents (which *I* acquired in literal "Gothic modules" at MMU); i.e., as superstitiously *suspicious* towards antiquated curios, but also intrigued *with* the uncanny self-same *unheimlich* and *its* make-believe past: a ghost of the counterfeit during the liminal hauntology of war's debrided "senescence renaissance" leading *us* to a palliative Numinous to recultivate the Wisdom of the Ancients *towards* Communism *out of* Capitalism!

As such, any "unreliable principles of detection" have a cryptonymic element to them that conceals trauma for or *against* the elite's benefit. Capitalism is a *perfidious* hyperobject; i.e., one concentrically filled with recursive, xenophobic illusions and counterfeits. Thus, it's vital for workers to have doubled means of confirming the assortment of conflicted, messy feelings that historically-materially result from the same complicated situations that Capitalism generates *in* its death throes; i.e., a hyperobject that's so big that you can't directly observe it, and whose descriptions through simplistic metaphors are abstracting at best.

Even so, Gothic language (and *its* cryptonymy process) are already about as grey/gay an area as you can get, and remain tremendously useful when articulating Numinous—mysterious and tremendously fascinating—feelings with or against some of the usual suspects; i.e., that materialize *under* Capitalism *during* oppositional praxis as a process of decay *and* rebirth: witches, zombies, demons, werewolves, vampires and ghosts, goblins, golems, ninjas, *et al.* The stealth of a masque is to blend in with those around you working at dialectically-materially cross purposes. If they're wearing monster outfits, it behooves one to do the same! The better coders will prevail (again, just like *The Matrix*)!

And no, it's not "just" because I think monsters are cool, sexy and fun (they are); it's because I think they're cool, sexy and fun *in relation to social-sexual activism as something to furtively "hook" you on xenophilia—meaning startlingly vivid cryptonyms that one can mix, match, and blend⁴⁸³ in figurative-literal composite ways (and still retain their critical power and bite)*. Canon sells

⁴⁸³ Presenting as an audio-visual theme in the artwork itself to—intentionally or not—holistically communicate the ideas; i.e., on par with a Gothic portrait animating or a medieval work starting to bleed in miraculous fashion, illustrating the union in literal terms. The genius/Gothic maturity at work, here, is meta; i.e., that an emotionally and Gothically intelligent and class, culturally and racially aware person can generally tell the difference and *not* be confused by what "speaks" to them in a Gothic way!

heteronormative monster girls and boys, their props and costumes manufactured to sell you a xenophobic idea you're meant to embody and sublimate to varying degrees: heteronormative war and rape, but also moderately critical means of dismissal pertaining to Gothic emphaera and praxial synthesis; i.e., which people like Jameson or Coleridge cannot conceive save as redundant (re: [Botting](#)) or devilish, dubious and abject! Beware the snob, because they benefit from being a snob!

Variations "friendly" to Gothic Communism and *its* development should work as satirical code, then—stealthy "magnifying glasses" swiftly and discretely administered to workers ASAP to avoid them physically and emotionally winding up like these monsters' more tragic *canonical* counterparts: the zombie, ghost, vampire, rapist, accidental incestuous lover and necrophile and/or witch, etc, as indicative of *more* than a former human's ignominious death; i.e., their sleepwalking life as informed by various grim foreshadowings that present the entire *system* itself as actually falling apart!

A common causation of ignominious death in Gothic stories, then, is blindness through Promethean Quests and Faustian bargains dressed up in monomyth poetics; i.e., feelings of heroic invincibility and self-deceptive hubris that come crashing down around us/down on our heads; i.e., for Promethean heroes, but also the doomed, Faustian, and currently neoliberal capitalist civilizations they call home or fight for spoken about by various critics "too cool for school"; re: Jameson and company selling others down the river by becoming abjectly "nose blind" or allergic to Gothic and its smell tests. Waking from the nightmare only to die still inside of it is a classic *Gothic* outcome; i.e., the "bad ending" live burial as illustrated by the proverbial "dead mall," ghost town, and/or haunted castle, etc, as a home for monsters the xenophobe wants nothing to do with. They're already dead but think they're helping others survive by abstaining from tools *of* survival!

As if, Doctor Silberman! You're Ozymandias, and we're offshoots of the Medusa dancing on your stupid grave; re: "Look on *our* Works, Ye Mighty, and despair!"



Instead of advocating for a structure and language system historically doomed to fail, the ironic, rebellious usage of these tell-tale beings (friendly ghosts and xenophilic gargoyles) can help prepare people to defend *against* canonical possession and its "sleepers agents." This includes what moderate state proponents further through canonical art and apologia dressed up as "radical criticism": lobotomy and its

consequent torpor but also rape, murder and war belonging to a half-real, historical-material outcome—one that emotional failures to learn from Capitalism and *its* artistic trickeries—reliably results in, time and time again; i.e., worker exploitation through a system that treats the owner class (and those who shield

them *from* criticism) like gods, and stews workers in a menticidal culture of rape and war apologia's endless waves of terror disguised as "cures" and knowing-better sophism; e.g., Jameson's wholly inadequate Utopia apologia; re: *Archaeologies of the Future: the Desire Called Utopia*. Newsflash: "Utopia" is Omelas, and you're Orwell with more masks, fucker!

Ozymandian engineers of their own "greatness," such colossal pride, systemic abuse, and endless lies only lead to their (and our) extinction. We can't directly attack them, but we *can* hit them where it hurts: their xenophobic propaganda, canon, and management structures' chains of command. The Superstructure that leads to the final devastation of all life under the Capitalocene can be supplanted with spies useful to *our* sex-positive aims: ourselves and our own humanizing forms of monstrous xenophilia/revitalizing concentrations of older spirits and "essence"; i.e., any way you wish to quantify that, as long as it makes you more intelligent and aware of the world around you in a dialectical-material sense tied to nature as dark, hence needing dark empathy (and similar forces) to combat the state's own cryptonymy process furthering abjection: in the usual chronotopes' hauntological spheres (the liminal hauntologies of war), thus on the same Aegis and with the same fires of the gods. So is the Medusa fought over during Frankensteinian tug-o'-war!



([source](#))

Taking such credibility *away* from false prophets like Jameson and Coleridge, the dead mall becomes a place where idiosyncratically marginalized workers can show our ass in holistic ways; i.e., differently than the state does (and normally with less self-harm, above): the whore's revenge castrating profit by showing the Cycle of Kings eating its own tail in the same dead contested kingdom space (another mall inside new variations that never fully extricate)!

While Volume Two has extensively explored monster poetics—i.e., as being something to Gothically foster through poetry and historically catalog and gauge through older (and newer) thesis work—it has hardly exhausted the endless and awesome power of Gothic that puny men like Jameson, Botting and Coleridge have historically run away from like little pathetic cretins. Instead, it has outlined our Four Gs through some of the most common monster examples; i.e., building on the undead, demons and totems of the natural world *during* three consequential monster modules (themselves built on my PhD and manifesto).

In seeking to learn from the reinvented past as populated *with* these monsters, I wish to return to the *role* these monsters play in Gothic Communism's development *across* space-time: "re-excavating" the past in search of wisdom as something that Capitalism discourages in highly specific ways; i.e., iconoclastic "archaeologies" versus canonical dogma's preaching to an increasingly embattled

choir! If Capitalism leaves behind its own dead malls, so can we, and *this* is what Volume Three will focus on, when those archaeologies come to light!

Our focus, again, is ironic xenophilia—on monsters and humanoid expression that yield sex-positive, universally liberatory effects through parallel societies; e.g., Richard Matteson's Communist vampire-zombies, but also the *places* these animal demons call home (re: [Deborah Christie](#)). Through a desire to habitually recreate the past as forever incomplete—but also fragmented and cloaked by class war as a *cryptomimetic* byproduct of Communism vs Capitalism—these satirical monsters emerge in parallel palimpsestuous "haunts"; i.e., a wild castle appears!

Like grave rubbings, their giddy recreations invite comparison to former monomythic versions and different monsters that warn of potential danger and trauma—and whose combined nostalgic iterations (from canon to camp) are what Jameson more broadly calls "archaeologies of the future" (which is what I meant by "re-excavation"); re: "the future of what is now our own past" that requires continuous "elaborate strategies of misdirection" to break through (re: Jameson's 1982 "[Progress versus Utopia; Or, Can We Imagine the Future?](#)"); i.e., including monsters, but also spaces where monsters—both good and bad—call home: my camping of Jameson to walk away from Omelas as *he* envisioned it, thus return to home as Gothic in ways we can make more Communist than *he* dared dream. As Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communists, we're the superior model, but nonetheless cannibalize his derelict wreckage for spare parts!

In short, Jameson's Victor Frankenstein and we're the Creature camping his (soon-)to-be ghost (never mind—his *actual* ghost; he died on September 22nd, 2024). Androids *do* dream of electric sheep, and we want more life, fucker! Enjoy Medusa's snakes skull-fucking your dead sockets! Feel the camp flow through you!



"[Head Crusher!](#)" (Megadeth, 2009). It's quite the death rattle, your deadly headache our gift to your legacy married to our own; i.e., phrenology from Hell, making *new* lumps as we probe your globe for speculative and probative value! *Vae victis*, bitch! Learn to see with *our* Galatean eyes, not your Pygmalion peepers! "[I'm the harvester of eyes!](#)" (Blue Oyster Cult, 1974).

We sadly *don't* have time to ravage Jameson's freshly-dead corpse like we did Radcliffe's less-fresh stiff, but you get the idea; re: stringing them up and beating them with sticks! Our doing so combats society's "constitutional inability to imagine Utopia" (code for "Communism" as Jameson fumbled at during Capitalist Realism blinding him); i.e., by beating the gatekeeper's effigies through dark empathy *with* the alien as something to generate and embrace *again* by revisiting old dead things that have been criminal but also exotic and worshipped under Capitalist Realism; re: *Jameson's* weird temple. Yet another darling to kill!

To it, however "boring and exhausted" Jameson finds the Gothic, his famous inability to engage with it results from Gothic *canon*, which upholds the status quo through Jameson's own notion of "blind parody" abjecting *us*. He's thrown the baby out with the bathwater and become xenophobic himself. I don't want to prescribe the Gothic to him, but its vast, integral nature to queer discourse needs to be recognized and appreciated *by* him if he's to be an effective ally (too late—but I wrote this back in 2023). Otherwise, he's just another Picasso arrogantly assuming *he* can speak *for* the marginalized. Time to splash paint on *his* priceless pedagogy!

Jameson clearly favors science fiction and fantasy hauntologies, exploring them far more intimately than he ever did the Gothic's recursive neo-medieval. Yet, the Gothic is famously rooted *in* fantasy and science fiction; *re:* by offering up some of the latter's earliest examples like the Shelleys; *i.e.*, in ways far less alienated from nature and from labor than Jameson bothers to argue. Indeed, he goes so far as to dismiss the entire mode; *re:* *Postmodernism* and its own post-Freudian veilings of Marxist potential in workers older than Freud *or* Marx. The etiology of Jameson's picky skepticism lies in the hauntological murkiness *after* our classic examples of Gothic fantasy-meets-science-fiction; *i.e.*, the elite having long since obscured ironic, sex-positive forms by mimicking Shelley's productive and potent xenophilia, *post hoc*. Jameson does the same thing by debriding (so to speak) science (and its Protestant ethic) from Gothic fiction; *i.e.*, in pursuit of Omelas as something to shack up with! *He's* the homewrecker saying to others more marginalized than he is, "It's just too hard!" Like, get *fucked*, old man!

In doing so, homeboy's offered up his own cryptonyms, dropping them inside a reinvented, bad-faith past: the dead mall as a *complicit*, sullen burial ground *for* neoliberal worship *while* Capitalism decays as usual. Far from being effective satire, the elite's ghost of the counterfeit bandies about ritualistic trauma before *burying* it, thus prolonging Capitalism's survival under Jameson's dubious watch. When this burial fails, the elite rely on fascists to do their dirty work for them, Jameson conventionally sleeping on the job. We gotta wake him up; *i.e.*, like David dissecting Shaw into a new Gothic-Communist effigy made from stolen parts!

Unfortunately for snobs like Jameson (and Coleridge, as we will see in just a moment), combating these requires "digging up" the traumatic past as something to reinvent⁴⁸⁴ in opposition *to* state-corporate media and benefactors. Doing so means facing the black knights of fascism as very real (and very dangerous) obscurantists, but also the moderate/neoliberal obscurantism; *i.e.*, of centrist gentries like TERFs and the girl boss persona, but also Jameson's own strange

⁴⁸⁴ If the *splendide mendax* seems intellectually dishonest, remember that personal memory is already neuroplastic, especially in relation *to* dissociative trauma. Mnemonic images, then, are designed to assist in remembering things that are physically *difficult* to recollect—not from one's own trauma, but also because those in power *don't* want people to remember the unspeakable abuses the state and cops regularly commit in pursuit of material profit. To paraphrase Maarva from *Andor*, "the Empire wants you asleep"; *i.e.*, *unable* to fight back because you're drugged, lobotomized, and suitably *undead* in ways the powerful can enact (through critics like Jameson), then exploit.

DARVO (which, as we'll see in Volume Three, generally translates to "boundaries for me, not for thee" during reactive abuse). Again, the primary difference between fascist and moderate is a matter of style and degree; i.e., working in relation to the same basic outcome: exploitation through the bending of words and monsters to *empty* them of their critical power (e.g., "woke"). Guilty as charged, Jameson!

Courtesy of the elite and *their* lapdogs, the collision of unironic vs ironic "archaeologies" [often leads to confusing and fragmented disagreements](#) (re: "Outlier Love") but also material results complete with their own socio-political responses (this entire book series and sex work). More to the point, this messy convergence includes *general* cryptonymy and *Gothic* cryptonymy operating in socio-material conjunction under Capitalism; i.e., as something we subvert regarding Jameson and other Pygmalions' usual collusions protecting Omelas as much as not! *He's* Ash from *Alien*, protecting corporate models!

Note: This portion of the "Dead Mall" section is one of the oldest in the book; i.e., I actually wrote it when I was first grappling with cryptonymy (a concept newer to me at the time than Jameson was—with me exposed to the former [through Hogle's "Restless Labyrinth"⁴⁸⁵] in 2018 versus the latter and Archaeologies of the Future in 2014). I want to preserve it, though; i.e., as a historical artefact similar to Walpole's Otranto except minus the actual posturing of true discovery the 1764 cryptonymy (and its ghost of the counterfeit) teased at. I'm doing so because I touch on some linguistic points that you might find useful when reversing abjection during the cryptonymy process, yourselves! —Perse



General cryptonymy is defined in *Punter's Encyclopedia of the Gothic* (2012) as

"words that hide," by which is meant a word in the form of a "cryptonym" that has apparently no phonetic or semantic connection to the prohibited word it is disguising. Repression has been exercised upon the word itself, which means that the original word has been concealed.

This, for example, could be the general discussion of sex; i.e., as something to censor to varying degrees, but also white male privilege as part of the larger conversation being had, and women's role in relation to them (and people of color and GNC individuals, non-Christians, the elderly and disabled, Indigenous cultures,

⁴⁸⁵ Written in 1980 versus Jameson's "Progress versus Utopia" in 1982, the latter no doubt written to apologize *for* American scholarship (and abuse of scholarship) up to that point; i.e., while punching down at rising *Gothic* discourse out of the 1970s *into* the neoliberal period (a broken record/fiddle Jameson would continue sawing at in 1991's *Postmodernism* and 2005's *Archaeologies*).

and/or sex workers, etc). Cryptonyms are difficult to understand because they *resist* exposure to a natural *and* unnatural degree. Naturally they are a feature of language that simply occurs; unnaturally all exist in relation to others inside a material world having recursively evolved out of capital's historical-material looping in on itself—i.e., as a structure existing over space-time, and one that uses hauntological descriptions of itself to *prolong* the lie. This includes general cryptonyms and Gothic cryptonyms, at once discrete and indiscrete!

First, an exhaustive (and hardly comprehensive) list of general cryptonyms, which highlight the cryptic nature of oral-to-written human language. These include but *aren't* limited to: double entendres, non-sequiturs, euphemisms, white lies, concealed bribes, open secrets, patronizing admonishment, gaslighting; segregation, relegation or consignment; censorship, suppression, repression, and oppression; figurative or literal imprisonment; live burial, incarceration, compelled silence or speech (torture); misdirection (creative), embellishment, tall tales; misdirection (rhetoric), lies, "making nice," false courage, false cowardice; myths, malapropisms, misnomers (*necrophilia*, *pedophilia*) or generalizations (*necrophobia* = superstitions, historical abuses, taboos, prejudice, misconceptions, etc); rumors, gossip, urban legends; allegory, metaphor, poetic license, lionization or otherwise self-aggrandizement, darkness visible; riddles, passwords, shibboleths (and songs), code, cryptic responses; synonyms, games of telephone, figures of speech, fake news, optical illusions, special/visual effects, shadow plays, sarcasm, false praise (and other linguistic pragmatic techniques); anonymous speech, pennames, alter egos, pseudonyms, noms des guerres, dead names, new names or a combination, like Charlotte Brontë's Currer Bell ([source](#): Sandro Jung's "Currer Bell, Charlotte Brontë and the Construction of Authorial Identity," 2014); perceived irrelevance (apophenia) and pareidolic danger, trauma or vaso vagal threats; *veiled* threats, disguised praise, friendly insults, "love taps," deliberate contradictions, paradoxes; anathematic status, disorder, chaos, entropy, decay, senescence; treachery, unreliability, perfidiousness; replicas, imitations, simulacra, counterfeits, fakeries, deceptions, sleights of hand, tricks of the mind, Freudian slips of the tongue; guarded language, dubiousness, apprehension, caution, disassociation, hallucination, altered states, possession; rejection, abjection, displacement, doublespeak, Gothic doubles, obfuscation; recuperation, appropriation, appreciation; centrist, neoliberal and fascist vs Communist hauntologies and fencing political euphemisms, recuperation, sublimation, etc...



(artist: [Charles Burns](#))

Furthermore, not only can the above list "mix and match" various general cryptonyms at the

same time, *Gothic* cryptonymy combines monster poetics *with* general cryptonymy (take your pick); i.e., as a form of compound bias and concealed exposure!

To it, Gothic Communism uses general *and* Gothic cryptonymy (thus xenophilic monster poetics) *against* the state; i.e., by depicting state proponents and projects as fearful, bourgeois sources of past trauma: the wreckage of the infernal concentric pattern forming an endless train of megadeath, its centrist apologia sold to *defend* the monomyth, *not* the bodies of the working dead (while also hiding the men behind the Cycle-of-Kings curtain: the elite). While Capitalism threatens the present with its own cryptonyms, revolutionary cryptonymy becomes a fight *to* survive through linguistic concealment that "blends in" while also standing out; e.g., Wicked-Bad-Naughty Zoot leaving *her* grail beacon on at Castle Anthrax, or Count Fenring and his equally-crafty wife "speaking" non-vocally in code to fool the Harkonnens: in plain sight.

There's considerable historical precedence for this approach. Punter and Hogle's usage of the word "cryptonym" specifically articulates a *transgenerational curse* survived only by its own hauntological narrative: inadequate linguistic markers, concentric illusions, and semantic wreckage whose hidden trauma must be investigated but frustratingly resists discovery during the cryptonymy process on *all* sides; re: what Jerrold Hogle calls a "vanishing point": "on ashes of something not quite present" acclimating *to* cryptonymy decades before Marx and over 150 years before Jameson sucked and wailed his first breath (and over two centuries before his *last* breath)!

Under Capitalism, then, you have the *appearance* of many seemingly *unrelated* things; i.e., the general discussion of sex as feared and fetishized in ways that Jameson callously and prematurely hand-waved: commodified, neoliberal horror stories that discuss Gothic sexuality while simultaneously trying to *pacify* revolutionary xenophilia (and older authors like Radcliffe) that interrogate the usual systemic, social-sexual abuses commonplace *under* Capitalism (thus Jameson's watch); re: the ubiquity of rape and police surveillance leading *to* genocide/ endless revenge *against* nature as monstrous-feminine. This bourgeois agenda produces cryptonyms meant to be used *complicitly* by men *like* Jameson; i.e. in support of capital's systemic xenophobia/radical apathy versus *our* polar opposition during praxial synthesis engendering radical empathy—meaning towards whores and nature at large preyed upon by the state while Jameson turned a blind eye/walked towards Omelas as he spouted semi-*useful* nonsense *we* could reclaim.

The resultant "black hole" occurs relative to the public imagination not as totally emptied and more like "badly drugged" (see: Charles Burns, above); i.e., by past hauntological forms, themselves something to coercively conjure up and shoot into people's veins whenever investigators start to notice more *generalized* cryptonyms tied to systemic abuse in Gothic forms: criminogenic conditions, social unrest, "[disorder](#)" (to borrow from Joy Division) and state-sanctioned/monopolized violence through various state proponents like fascists or neoliberals mucking about

(the concealed word, here, continuously being "genocide" or some other hidden atrocity profit causes—what's called "the quiet part" in common parlance, and Hogle marks per the ghost of the counterfeit as something to pimp and abject).

The ultimate canonical outcome isn't a literal drug—at least, not by itself alone—but "bad hauntologies" like the alien dead mall assimilating workers into lobotomized, unironically zombie-like police states. While this *can* be reversed, it also takes generations to enact. Likewise, the same is true *in* reverse, and people will inevitably die *before* the curse noticeably *starts* to fade. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Let's not stand on ceremony by sucking off old dead guys. We look postpunk, but we're actually punk decaying towards future forms built on past language hugging the monster during the dialect of shelter and alien! This is *our*



mall, Jameson, and meaning is made in monumental obscurity and proximity to titanic forces grappling for supremacy—workers vs the state! You rise up to eat our brains; we stand on your shoulders to elevate our own understandings of the world *you* apologized for in your own roundabout ways!

Capital gentrifies and decays to create strange appetites, but also strange methods pushing towards forbidden, unknown pleasures; e.g., cryptonymy and post-scarcity wedded like Persephone to Hades, hence the imaginary past as continuously reimagined as cryptonymic, thus *cryptomimetic*. By that same token, the cryptonymic devices being used by the state's complicit parties are being simultaneously pilfered by revolutionary authors unafraid to "dive in" to the Aegis; i.e., by using said devices creatively in search of parallel, *emancipatory hauntologies* that lead people "out of the crypt" while simultaneously through cryptonymy disguising themselves from those with power (either having it, neoliberals; or aligning with it, fascists): as ghosts, demons, witches, zombies, furies, cyborgs, golems, aliens, etc. Jameson was a white privileged straight guy in academia, thus estranged from the need for such therapy and disguise! He sucked, and sucked on Utopia's white-supremacist cock coming home to roost!!

Furthermore, the resulting senescence can still *appear* (or be) a drug-addled mess, hence a violent fever dream the likes of which Jameson's total, snobbish dismissal is part of a longer chain of moderacy directed *at* the Gothic; i.e., as something to pimp during the same cryptonymic hogging since Coleridge of stages they policed, scrubbing of any dark whorish testimonies. Opposition is a liminal gradient, forcing its utility to be met by those who think they know better but are too good to play with dead things (or fuck demons). Otherwise, they might realize what Gothic iconoclasm is *trying* to imagine in relation to Capitalism and its Realism: not a run-down former paradise that failed, but a well-oiled, unethical

system of worker exploitation working perfectly *towards* that aim by disguising its transgenerational trauma in linguistically cunning ways! Moderates be like that!

In Volume Three, I elucidate this chaos (and roosting chickens) as clearly as I can; i.e., by venerating *Gothic* hauntology and cryptonymy as I argue *in favor of* sex positivity and Gothic Communism (actually having done so first and published last; re: after the five preceding book [sub]volumes)—the achievement of the latter through subversive xenophilia breaking down the "crypt" of Capitalism, thus replacing its tyrannical Superstructure with a post-scarcity variant (doubling for the old castle; i.e., a "Trojan fort," below).

Before we cross volumes, though I want to close Volume Two with a final commentary about our aforementioned snobs; re: turning their noses up at sexuality and the Gothic in relation to dialectical materialism; i.e., as something to dance around (for them) not with/among the dead as fake, but not automatically in service of the state and its historical-material process of abjection; re: Jameson shivering before the Aegis, whose act of controlled opposition/functional obeisance towards capital was actually done first, by Coleridge!



(artist: [Brian Froud](#))

As we've touched on, Coleridge liked his drugs. And we've already examined Stuart Mills accounting how Fisher himself offered various solutions in response to Capitalism; re: acid Communism as a trippy means of escaping Capitalist Realism (alluding—perhaps accidentally in his case, I think—to Blake's aforementioned acids, or things that produce a similar drug-like effect).

Fisher seemingly divorces hauntology from the supernatural, but according to Castricano cannot escape the *cryptomimetic* language of ghosts that Marx relied upon (and which *I* attach to all monsters, thus all work as sexualized by the state into dead alien whores); I want to consider how the breakthrough can happen at different points through different means, focusing on sex (especially Gothic depictions of sex) as an elaborate, xenophilic strategy of misdirection that helpfully guides viewers out of capital's shadow.

This, in turn, requires a great deal of optimism regarding the powers of imagination; i.e., as able to shift, but also their utility in sexualized forms as operative *towards* rebellion to furtive degrees (as we shall explore in Volume Three, kayfabe is the language of espionage within a grander monstrous-heroic discourse, including monstrous-feminine as tremendously common in either side of the praxial equation). Mills writes how "Capitalism constrains creativity and innovation," but also, in my opinion, imagination. This is plain-as-day with Jameson's dismissal of Gothic, but also Coleridge's; re: his rabid attacking of gay iconoclast/rebel, Matthew Lewis: "Yes! the author of the Monk signs himself a LEGISLATOR! We stare and tremble" ([source](#): Pressbooks' "Samuel Taylor Coleridge's review of The Monk").

Moral outrage/pearl-clutching is a witch hunter's smokescreen for ethnocentric superiority and hypocrisy! ACAB!

So whereas Fisher saw hauntology as a prison that traps people inside Capitalism, I treat hauntology as something slightly different. My goal isn't exodus at all, but poetic transformation; i.e., when Gothic imagination is liberated by a different kind of hauntology than what *Fisher* entirely envisioned: the emancipatory kind offered by Gothic Communism and sex positivity as *not* a whitewashing of the tyrannical Gothic castle and more an emancipatory double whose happy ending is the steady push towards equality and post-scarcity by reclaiming the symbol of the dark castle itself—indeed, its entire cast, construction and age as something heretofore undreamed of: a progression away from the monomyth and infernal concentric pattern by ironically using these same devices predicated towards a different outcome than what historical-materially offers up through canon like



Coleridge onwards; e.g., the queer princess, dance hall, monster and castle, etc, as dressed up in the binarized Gothic aesthetic that, within and outside of its own text, is the metatext of oppositional praxis; re: doubles allowing for troubling comparison to break Capitalist Realism (and *its* monomythic violence against whores)!

(artist: [Johannes Helgeson](#))

Compared to Coleridge, then, our contribution is subversive doubles that envision a post-scarcity world and out our abusers in their usual forms of disguise; e.g., Dark Link if they weren't just a shadow puppet for Link to fence with but their own Gothic-Communist entity teaching emancipation through demonic exchange. But from Coleridge to us, there's always a duality when fencing with monsters (demons or otherwise); i.e., the shadow housing our Gothic potential to liberate and exploit, as Coleridge himself did while anisotropically sparring with Matthew Lewis. In either case, hauntology works with outmoded, formerly fearsome liminalities (again, the xenomorph, but also its castled home and the princesses, detectives and soldiers who share these imperiled spaces with it, inside the castle as yesteryear's corpse malls). To make their dated views of the future emancipatory requires earnest, good-faith, even covert engagement with common social-sexual material.

I say "common" because imagination, whether through canon or counterculture, is *continuously* educated by images—often of people; i.e., created by producers, artists and consumers working in tandem, hence coming from warring schools of thought, using similar sexualized imagery whose communication with is primarily viewed by sight but gleaned through subtext. Capitalism, though, limits imagination to a mode of thinking that supports itself; i.e., one leading to a complicit, cryptonymic continuum (say that three times fast) under those

accommodated socio-material structures already in place; re: as used by Coleridge onwards. Standard canonical space, thought, bodies and sexuality—all counterfeits, lucrative and hegemonic, that bury the public imagination alive and keep it there with an army of bad-faith or otherwise unfriendly zombies, witches, ghosts and other monsters. Same goes for Coleridge and those aping him (and his unapologetic classism, anti-Gothic screed and drug-addled xenophobia)!

It would be a tremendous mistake, then, to assume all monsters are created equal, as Jameson does, or that they lack the critical power to reshape the public imagination. They instead require constant dialectical-material analysis, which he remains curiously *unable* to afford them, any more than Coleridge before him did; i.e., both men shivered at whores being ghosts of the Medusa pimped by capital raping said whores, thus nature as monstrous-feminine; re: as *Ambrosio* did when Matthew Lewis summoned the whore to testify to her *own* rape by *his* hand! Beware the policer of tones; they are cops, thus complicit *in* rape! Coleridge was a rapist by proxy and politique; i.e., his own reputation as a poet laureate and famous literary critic whitewashing and colonizing Gothic⁴⁸⁶ was no different than Roger Ebert's Pulitzer-winning rape apologia; re: DARVO obscurantism enacting "boundaries for me, not for thee!" White straight guys are the most privileged by the system, hence the biggest hypocrites.

As we've been hinting at, then, this fatal moderacy and consequent normalization stems from a heteronormative prudishness that Jameson borrowed *from* Coleridge (without the laudanum). That's the point of my book—to collectively demonstrate the sex-positive/class-conscious potential of iconoclastic sex worker imageries; i.e., in spite of professed knowing-betters like Coleridge trying to stay sober/steer away from whores by segregating them *during* the abjection process. To reverse abjection, we must in effect "summon the whore." This includes as a subject of study but also any who historically studied them with contempt; i.e., while dealing with accommodated intellectuals like Jameson having zero punk energies to begin with, xenophiles must do our collective best to manifest good praxis under Gothic Communism without decaying our punk selves!

Except, we've already spanked Jameson—and we'll get to Coleridge in just a second—but first, what about those whores, again? How do we summon them, Ed Zachary?

To summon the whore as Lewis did is to summon the Medusa as echoes of a Communist Numinous raped by capital *before* it was fully conceived; i.e., through older undead, demonic and animals forms of policing nature that Coleridge and company aided and abetted. Through a combined, transgenerational effect on the

⁴⁸⁶ I.e., the British Romantics' war with the Neo-Gothic hardly a quiet or singular event, but one its various proponents crowed much about; re: Coleridge's "General Character of the Gothic Literature and Art" (1818): "...the Gothic art is sublime" ([source](#)). He fought for singular white-supremacist interpretations anticipating the rise of empire in Britain (Queen Victoria was born in 1819, a year after Marx). Coleridge was a cunt.

public imagination, *our* archaeologies should work "in tune" against capital's self-styled bards; i.e., by speaking to systemic trauma in ways Coleridge *couldn't* monopolize; e.g., with his 1796 "[Eolian Harp](#)" gentrifying poetry as Britain's rock 'n roll of the times, effectively abjecting what Rudolph Otto's 1917 *The Idea of the Holy* would call "the Numinous" 150+ years after Burke's much-touted Sublime (from *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, 1757) tried to hog the stage ([source](#): Simon Morley's "A Short History of the Sublime," 2021); re: as something to dismantle *in opposition to* Capitalism's bad-faith copies, but also steal back those who are too prosy and chaste to get down in the trenches (so to speak) and tell beautiful, dark, sexy and splendid "lies" (as Walpole did, in 1764, and Matthew Lewis, in 1794).

Po-tay-toh, po-tah-toh. Application through hindsight trumps dry historical documentation, atomized theory and praxial inertia. The Numinous, then, is a decayed idea of the Sublime that speaks to capital back then and now as *having* decayed *into* hyperobject abstractions; i.e., what Coleridge tried to deny by pimping nature and the Numinous into what he preferred (the Romantics didn't actually call themselves "the Romantics," anymore than the Beats called *themselves* "the Beats").

Yet, such succubean darkness visible also isn't false or true, but *both* as half-real, onstage and off; i.e., xenophilic demons, undead and animal whores comprising a collective pedagogy of the oppressed—specifically that of sex workers (though Capitalism sexualizes all workers to some degree or another): as old



friends who speak from us through a reimagined past that feels ready to change *back* into itself, like an exciting dream that never quite was but *could* someday be! Numinous is hauntological and, when summoning the demon slut, can hoist the champions of the Sublime on *their* puny petards!

Here's an example, with Krispy and I:

(*exhibit 60e1: Model and artist: Krispy Tofuuu and [Persephone van der Waard](#). This piece explores subverting demonic summoning and torture during ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., the*

succubus being identified from the Renaissance period well into the Romantic era as an Enlightenment continuation of what became the femme fatale of future times regressing harmfully backwards; re: the Great-Man pimp as threatened by their own outmoded ideas of nature-as-vengeful, hence the usual signature torturers of men of the cloth/reason: the whore's non-white body tempting the Romantic stoic with naughty outlawed Numinous fun!

Numinous ≈ Sublime, then—our summoning of the chonky profligate fucking with rigid applications of these lofty notions like Coleridge's, thus the latter's singular canonizing of such ideological fortresses undermined with our own bodily ones' flexible autonomy and cathartic synthesis; re: of what I call the palliative Numinous, breaking Norton's Imperialism of Theory down versus not just Coleridge, but those unironically riding his dick! The future can't change if our understanding and application of the past is frozen in defense of the state as Sublime, Numinous, whatever!



[artist: Krispy Tofuuu]

To it, Krispy's another black rabbit to Numinously pursue in the wake of state prows and their historical-material disorders. Hairy and thicc, she chubbily pushes the pursuer as the black rabbit does; i.e., towards new understandings [and applications] of terms like the Numinous and Sublime [whose meaning is not set by white moderate historians playing cop]! If you're not afraid to follow her and be taken for a ride, yourself, then you'll emergence from state spells bearing out/carrying forth healthier means of illustrating Gothic than Coleridge policing the whore for his own gain did! Such is ludo-Gothic BDSM; i.e., as operating light years beyond Coleridge's narrow lens of a shackled Gothic he could p[r]imp!

Specifically this collage depicts an expression of how Krispy wanted to be portrayed in demonic form, and which I have presented alongside photos of them from a normal sexting session had between us; i.e., I think the latter photos present a cuddly and sweet depiction of Krispy alongside their semi-innocent and non-threatening succubus self: one that dickwads like Jameson and Coleridge would shiver at and dismiss while imagining a preserved paradise bereaved of native, thus Indigenous demons testifying to whorish survival; re: pandemonium without the whore [abjected for a swept brothel converted into a Protestant church, as Coleridge very much argued for]. Genocide is genocide, the ensuing silence speaking volumes through cryptonymy we can reclaim! "[She's lost control again!](#)" [Joy Division, 1979] and therein breaks Capitalist Realism on her Aegis! Such



graveyards are only bereft if we make them bereft; to give them humanity is to give them space to shake and shout, mid-penetration!

[artist: Krispy Tofuuu]

Specifically Krispy asked the succubus to appear somewhat innocent but also overtly demonic—a paradox, they admitted, but still what they pointedly desired. I think

any straddling of the monster language fits with perfectly with canonical subversion; i.e., humanizing the colonized language of persecution against whores by divorcing demonic expression from state violence on the same grander Aegis; re: another rabbit, and a shapely and fuzzy one to boot!



[artist: Krispy Tofuuu]

Moreover, the animalistic expression, in this case, pointedly sees Krispy as a human worker through the demonic-human expression of their sexual labor—not as something to exploit, but to appreciate and understand; i.e., as human beyond Enlightenment constraints like Coleridge's own Gothic pretensions. In other words, Krispy's monster and human sides belong to the same worker and should be valued and appreciated accordingly.)

As something to summon to scare canon's champions, *Sex Positivity* exhibits Gothic art unafraid of sexuality as something to reify in culture forms; i.e., any that reunite workers with what is lost—the dead, but also the natural world before exploitation as something to reimagine and speak about, mid-synthesis.

As stated during my PhD and manifesto, our aim isn't a regression away from technology but a xenophilic means of rearranging material conditions through the Superstructure as plastic; i.e., my art combined with the art of others—be they separate drawings or drawings by me of models personifying various monstrous concepts and brands in iconoclastic ways—that celebrates sex positivity's ability to generate "parallel" societies that, if not "outside the crypt" then at least leading in that direction; re: away from worker trauma through dark, radical empathy in older

forms of drug-like poetics chronotopes, hauntologies and cryptonymies echoing trauma as something to *cryptomimetically* play with; e.g., Krispy's delicious body filling that role nicely! "No, I've never seen anyone like you before—not while I was awake, anyway!" Matilda's a thicc demon, and Cristobel's got cushion for the pushin'! Summon whore; open "doors of perception" wider than the gates of Hell,



green eggs and ham to chagrin Coleridge with! "Stare and tremble" at *this*, dickhead!

(artist: Krispy Tofuuu)

This chasing happens generally through spaces *and* occupants that—like a dead mall or Gothic castle—teach one to think differently

about nature and sex as already-colonized, especially monstrous-feminine sexual labor (female or not) as something thoroughly ignored or dismissed by the sexually-estranged (which Coleridge totally was). When viewed, occupied or felt, parallel "archaeologies" reassemble the reimagined past changing through altered states of empathy *as* Numinous perception to a matter of degree; i.e., digging it up again and again and again, mid-live-burial, to better teach viewers to avoid Capitalism's myriad mind traps, menticides, and ignominious deaths: summoning the whore to humanize her harvesting by men like Coleridge "calling dibs," then thirsting after Cristobel's peach behind Victorian buffers they anticipated and installed for their own delight.

Victory takes time, and exposed to the lessons we teach while camping the ghosts of cops like Coleridge dick-riding himself, the next generation can learn to imagine something better than any of us have; i.e., doing so to change how future individuals perceive/experience sex work, thus all work and how its various chronotopic intersections, hauntological variants and cryptonymic trauma markers paradoxically survive and exchange under Capitalism as something such illustrations of mutual consent aid in subverting: as a liminal position that can shift *towards* Communism through such summoning as phenomenological.

Rebellion, then is a constant hermeneutic means of freeing one's emotions/mind through the very things that shape it inside the material world. In turn, breaking the mint starts with imagination as informed by past media as

rerouted, moving away from harmful, dated counterfeits that alienate/divide in favor of sex-positive dated counterfeits; e.g., the futurist Utopia, the retro-future, the fantasy in outer space, but also the various uniforms and disguises found within them—the wizards, witches, Jedi, and so on compromising Wordsworth's language of the Poet told to the common man, who, while "closer to nature by Wordsworth's measure, tends to speak in the language of their *class*. Our Romantic friend, though *he* didn't realize it, was inadvertently advocating for *compound* rebellion, allowing for middle-class revolutionaries to speak to the common person in modified language that nevertheless spoke to both differently.



To that, this chasing the whore brings us to Coleridge as something rather bitter to chase with sweeter tinctures. He lived to old age, and wrote about loftier things while Goya screamed about the horrors of war and Lewis giggled about gay Madonnas ripping evil monks apart:

(artist: [Washington Allston](#))

Kathryn Kummer notes that Wordsworth's partner in crime, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "believes that common language [did] not apply to all classes; and therefore, should not be practiced" ([source](#): British Literature Wiki, "Preface to Lyrical Ballads," 2018). Then again, Coleridge *couldn't* write poetry after he stopped doing laudanum (a tincture of alcohol and cocaine) and—as we acknowledged in our thesis volume:

Coleridge achingly bemoaned the presence of Matthew Lewis' *The Monk* having been written by a MP (Member of Parliament). He looked down on the Gothic as "cheap" and base, like spitting off a bridge to try and communicate grand ideas (as Dale Townshend once told me in class; "*his* Gothic cathedrals were envisioned as holy and filled with light"—to which I replied that Coleridge was merely pissing in the wind [relative to the rise of impolite forms of counterculture]. Dale merely shook his head and grumbled at my contribution). Or as London Skoffler writes,

Coleridge may have used Gothic elements in his writing, but he would have been vehemently opposed to this suggestion. He criticized Gothic literature, specifically the sexually charged story *The Monk* by Gregory Matthew Lewis, as corrupting and perverse (Townshend). So why was *Christabel* so sexual? Perhaps, as Ann Radcliffe says of terror and horror, it is because Coleridge did not graphically depict his characters' actions. Instead, he only hinted at what may have happened.

Coleridge leaves a lot of interpretation up to his readers, forcing them

to use his beloved imagination, to decide for themselves ([source](#): "Coleridge's Gothic Romanticism," 2019).

In other words, Coleridge was a privileged nerd who—like Jameson's latter-day dismissal of the Gothic, but also Austen's parody of it or Radcliffe's "armoring" in more delicate novels—was heavily predisposed to prescribing *proper modes* of sexual expression: veils. Not only does doing so cater to the status quo (which will sexualize the veil anyways); it remains inadequate from a holistic, dialectical-material point-of-view (which Gothic Communism demands) [[source](#)].

To be frank, refusing to look at something "improper"—and by extension playing with and examining it—makes you increasingly ignorant and stupid; i.e., from Coleridge to Jameson to Botting about capital and the natural world and things "of nature" to whore out. *They're* the statues with blind eyeballs, but nonetheless thinking they're right, correct, noble, and good, etc (meaning on the side of the Patriarchy/God and capital-by-another name—the Sublime, Utopia⁴⁸⁷ and so on)!

Call it what you want; a pimp is a pimp, a Pygmalion always looking to pimp (thus rape) Galatea/nature-as-monstrous-feminine for profit! ACAB, cops and capital; APAB, meaning pimps, Pygmalions, prudes and profit—i.e., they'll invent whatever they like/summon whatever they want to have control over whatever they deem inferior to themselves, the whore's revenge being to break that perceived superiority by developing Gothic Communism to emasculate such Cartesian, heteronormative and settler-colonial structures and temples, one and all! Fuck 'em and their prescriptions of wandering womb and bicycle face sully



Gothic: "Look, something I can pimp and control under my own tentative position!" Being prudish and sanctimonious in one's colonizer position doesn't erase what it functionally is!

([source](#))

Furthermore, doing so makes you liable to get hurt or deprives you of an enriched existence, the Gothic seemingly saying over and over to any who will heed the whore, "What was that? Maybe you should go and check..."; or "Try this out—it's really fun!" or "Where *do* monsters come from and what are they for?" Beware the uncurious, but also those who prepare a myopic, "correct" way of looking at things that abjects everything else; i.e., the reactionary attacking you, the moderate speaking *for* you

⁴⁸⁷ With Jameson dogwhistling Tomas Moore's own 1516 ethnocentric dogma before Cromwell screwed the pooch and Milton wrestled psychomachically with such errors before Coleridge frankly papered over them with his own poetic apologia.

instead versus listening *to* you, or the corporate hack/academic bigwig selling you fake monster copies and passing them off as "doing their part and yours." Pure, xenophobic claptrap. Per Castricano, playing with the dead as *not* infallible gods is how we learn *from* the past; i.e., by not denying our impulses, thus what makes us human: our empathy towards those policed together under the same shadowy crimes that white supremacists like Coleridge apologized bigotedly for without fail; re: gagging Medusa behind an English hyperreal façade.

Christ, enough about snobs! Let's close out this short chapter with some food for thought (four pages), then segue into the Demon Module's conclusion (thus that of the entire Monster Volume)!

First, rebellion is whorish, thus fun; i.e., as Catherine Spooner rightly points out in *her* 2017 book, [Post-Millennial Gothic: Comedy, Romance and the Rise of Happy Gothic](#)—meaning "fun with monsters." Where all monsters operate as pimps



or whores to some degree (as I argue), they can be consequently and performatively transformed through function; i.e., as things to play with and learn from in fresh xenophilic, even "necrophilic" ways; re: the Medusa, among other things, is a zombie, but looks can be deceiving on either side of a larger *cryptomimetic* refrain: slated for domination, but challenging that on the usual surfaces and buffered thresholds' recursive returns to old graves (malls or otherwise!

(artist: [Mari Sappho](#))

This often, I would add, happens musically and to mounting degrees of descriptive sexuality and all-around prurience (a concept we'll explore more of in Volume Three, Chapter One); it can also be an operatic way of gradually bringing people out of state-imposed culture shock, thus pacification and xenophobia—i.e., doing so by waking them up like Morpheus did to Neo; re: regarding nature as already raped and dead behind the decaying illusions housing the latter's caged brain as mall-like: by opening their minds, meaning to the possibility that the whore *isn't* a figment of one's imagination at all, but instead needs to be summoned repeatedly and heeded to break Capitalist Realism with!

"Once more unto the breach!" Even if that means about talking about impolite things or scary ideas (re: the mall is dead into the future), it must be done because our entire existence is impolite in state eyes pimp the monstrous-feminine whore of nature; i.e., once damning evidence comes to light about the falseness of state and state proponent alike—and "sets" the reluctant public's assigned saviors'

reputations, at the very least, "on fire" for fun—it should nonetheless be done as many times as needed to raise emotional/Gothic intelligence and awareness to new states of maturity concerning profit, thus genocide. This goes above and beyond old dead dinosaurs like Coleridge or Jameson, and threatens more active and currently harmful people like Ian Kochinski; i.e., pimping the usual victims under capital that his forebears did (we'll discuss the corrupting influence of perfidious "allies" like Kochinski and others, in Volume Three, Chapter Four).

However, I also think that (a)sexuality as liberated in revolutionary language interrogating the whore's trauma to human the harvest (thus expose the state as inhumane) needs to be weighed and considered; i.e., through its surface level and deeper dialectical-material context as part of the same summoning cycle. What's legit and what ain't? Is it "politeness-trapping" if you mention sex in a seemingly private discussion weighed upon by commonplace public attitudes; i.e., even if that private place in a graduate-level classroom at MMU where your tenured professor is



talking about the size of Satan's cock according to Ira Levin, and a sudden mention of personal anecdotes in relation to one's own sex life causes people to freeze like statues? Are these boobies being sold to you for profit tied to a famous franchise known for having them in cartoonish ways? Or are they opening up your mind provided you know how to think about them, sexually *and* asexually?

(artist: [Blazbaros](#))

This conversation must happen dialectically according to opposing material forces that already exist punching down at the alien whore of nature; i.e., as something to preemptively attack *again* out of deliberately misguided state arguments for

revenge (re: false flags). Regardless, a common enemy of effective sex-positive education isn't just the powers-that-be (or lateral extensions of them and their influence), but also *cognitive estrangement* as a buffer created by moderate, cowardly and power-abusive academics; re: Foucault, Sartre and Beauvoir occupying the same problematic register as Coleridge and Jameson; i.e., any prospecting imperialist keen "to call dibs/plant flags," but also open-to-the-public whiners like Coleridge clutching *their* pearls and wringing their hands. Bent on cataloging knowledge through safe, accommodated, monasterial formalities, this abstraction of ideas doesn't actually challenge the status quo; it's a failure of

iconoclastic praxis on their part! One might even argue "on purpose," insofar as results trump intent (the latter used to cloak bad actors with)! Just look around you at the dead malls we whores call home to see how wrong men like Coleridge are, regardless of intent. It literally doesn't matter save as something to navigate during the cryptonymy process reversing abjection!

By defending their own reputations and positions as accommodated intellectuals, any so-called "auteur" can demonstrate how their current positions matter more to them than distributing useful knowledge to a larger working audience. Good praxis is less about teaching them to think for themselves—i.e., foregoing xenophilia through the suitably chaotic ways of synthesized praxis that help liberate worker minds—and more speaking as the whore does to the targets of dead dogma: in naked-not-naked ways that people actually think, feel, create, consume, and process information with. Whether intentional or not, this functionally amounts to class betrayal if such things are pimped. It also extends to canonical auteurs with revolutionary ideas—meaning those who sometimes need a little help



from their employees to seemingly appear better than they actually are; i.e., from those they're pimping or otherwise bossing around: a warlord canonizing his own half-real Pygmalion fantasies, onstage and off!

([source](#))

George Lucas, for example, [explained how *Star Wars* famously took anti-totalitarian/anti-American ideas and communicated them to an American audience](#) (re: AMC+'s "George Lucas on *Star Wars*

Being Anti-Authoritarian," 2018). What Lucas left *out* of the narrative is how Mark Hamill and company *hated* his original dialog—so much so, in fact, that [they used to joke about tying Lucas up before forcing him to read his own lines at gunpoint](#): "George, who *talks* like this?" Hamill would exclaim, on Johnny Carson in 1977 (Game's Radar, 2017). The lines were changed, saving the film (according to Hamill; the latter-day prequels did fairly well *despite* their ropey script, but also rode on the coattails of a billion-dollar franchise personally directed by Lucas at the helm—"billionaire Marxism," in other words). Yet, there's still "no underwear in space," Lucas would argue; i.e., cultivating whatever double standards he tended to in his own canon's pastoral (e.g., bikinis, above being curiously allowed because Carrie Fisher [echoes of Mark Fisher] was the director's Galatea to groom, festoon and pimp as he chose, not her). But workers and their relationships nonetheless trumped singular men, mid-praxis! For good or ill, Lucas relied on his workers to tell whatever story *all of them* had in mind!

As such, there won't be too much name-dropping in Volume Three (well, maybe a little bit). Instead, the arguments contained therein take academic ideas,

communicating their *gnosis* as accessibly as possible without sacrificing the overall message. Doing so, said volume concerns praxis, thus marries academic ideas to sexually descriptive, xenophilic dialogs between real-world people synthesizing praxis; re: doing so *how people actually talk and strut their stuff* (the whore's paradox). Such quests for the Communist Numinous include

- making Gothic art (thus arguments) about sex work; i.e., as a wonderful thing that has become loaded with systemic trauma (of class, culture and race betrayals), said liberation by us seeking not to separate them, but liberate sex work (thus all work): as a poetically enriching activity inside the dead mall of capital's token frontiers—with us sharing said space with our foes while distancing ourselves *from* trauma, onstage and off, during the rememory and cryptonymy process' calculated risk!
- responding to popular media (thus Gothic poetics) about sex and trauma in various creative ways; i.e., which then involve theatrically guerrilla (counterterrorist) exchanges of labor commonplace under Capitalism, and which recursively illustrate mutual consent during ludo-Gothic BDSM's own dialectical-material context!
- less rehabilitating canonical monsters, and more rescuing their whore/pimp aesthetic from a colonized xenophobic; i.e., as Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism continues to develop, describing a kind of "monster war" occurring between Capitalist and Commie variants of the Numinous as dualistic.

As we said at the very start of the Monster Volume, monsters cannot be destroyed, only repurposed towards different aims. For the state, a particular arrangement will always come back, and for proletarian forms—the proverbial spectres of Marx—such arguments are equally die-hard. We must replace the former with the latter during our own *cryptomimesis*, thereby camping canon to challenge Capitalist Realism in our own daily lives; i.e., camping the twin trees of Capitalism during oppositional synthesis and its praxial catharsis, which confront and dismantle state trifectas, monopolies and trauma, but also bad echoes (e.g., skinheads originally being punks that decayed *into* Neo-Nazis). They echo us, and we echo them, our own cryptonymy opposing theirs in the same grander chambers thereof! A mall is just a castle to court however hauntologically we wish, doubling in liminal duality ever onwards through ergodic motion and labor tied to nature and the imaginary past!



(artist: [Armored Elf](#))

So forget/forgo monopolies; the elite and their servants (moderate or not) are dangerously cut off, beyond accommodated intellectuals and extending reactionarily through holistic tokenism through hard and soft power ranging from the CIA and World Economic Forum to a legion of apologists and not-far-enough dickheads like Jameson and Coleridge devaluing what Lewis, Radcliffe, Shelley and others touched upon before Marx and Engels blazed their own trail glazing Medusa's



asshole (while Freud and a ton of other white supremacists leading up to Jameson and others like him who turned a blind eye towards Medusa; re: prefaced by Coleridge and other gentrified fucks who could afford to willfully obtuse/morally superior to the whore's they pimped in some shame or form): always hungry for tribute!

(artist: [Lera](#))

When humanizing harvest, then, it ain't over 'til it's over! So when the Man comes around, show him *your* Aegis—meaning to whatever degree of show and conceal you prefer using your own restless labyrinths' Xs marking the spot (to hit the castle-in-the-flesh where it hurts and/or feels good, above)! Regardless of the senses being invoked, the whore is always a martyr to camp martyrdom with playful psychosexual forms that reliably get people's attention. Using ludo-Gothic BDSM, we experience more *per* sense than those "in the cave" can imagine with all five of them. For Coleridge and similar Pygmalions, anything that doesn't match their previous Omelas is garbage. Fuck *that* noise (which we'll get to, in Volume Three); better to be a scoundrel and die with one's dignity intact—i.e., fighting for a worthy cause like universal liberation; e.g., [Berlin from Money Heist](#) (below, 2019)—than to be the state's usual pimp or token whore (the classic antifascist vs fascist refrain)! *No pasarán! Ciao, bella, ciao!*



James Baldwin once said, "You think your pain and your heartbreak are unprecedented in the history of the world, but then you read. It was books that taught me that the things that tormented me most were the very things that connected me with all the people who were alive, who had ever been alive." To

those who came before, those who are, or those of future generations exploited by Capitalism and its masters—this next volume is entirely for you. May it lead you out of the darkness of the crypt and into a better world, one you imagine for yourselves without worker trauma, abuse, or sexual exploitation; i.e., a parody not just of the

Pygmalion legend but also Beauvoir's lolita syndrome revived through Re-animator or Frankenstein's liminal, dualistic satire of the Renaissance man; e.g., from Hamlet to Faust to Da Vinci himself being a queer-coded deviant with some truth to it (from necrophile to pedophile, vis-à-vis mad science [and hate crimes, sexual assault] walking the tightrope between what is ethical and what gains entry to forbidden knowledge through notably unethical means; re: acquiring freshly-dead corpses in a time of religious hegemony and enforcement versus the master/apprentice argument being its own form of secularized Promethean-to-Faustian dogma to instill and enact against Humanity and nature for the state).

And as you imagine a post-scarcity planet through your own labor exchanges, remember that we—those who came before you and the ruins of our mighty nostalgic splendor (re: Krispy and their formidable Aegis/a nice Galatean bow to put on the present from the past we give to you)—are by your side; i.e., watching over you as you grow into the people you were always meant to be! As you follow us into Hell as ushered back into your home during the Imperial Boomerang bringing the bunny home to roost, fear no evil for we are with you; re: laying eggs like Yoshi the dragon to give you weird-ass superpowers, floating through the warm cold of space; i.e., with our "lunar orbs," below, giving you extra 1-Ups, during ludo-Gothic BDSM! Pathological transubstantiation, from autopsy to rehabilitation, it's a miracle! That's no moon, it's a space station, but one privateered by Medusa's children and their Aegises felt on a traveling motherland: a boat of whores echoing the Big Whore! "Oh, what a time we had / Livin' underground / I move to station number five / See you next time around!" [re: Montrose's "[Space Station No.5](#)," 1973]. Hell, as authored by us, awaits!

Your Commie Mommy,

—Persephone van der Waard



(artist, left: Krispy Tofuuu; right: [Passion Peachy](#))

The Caterpillar and the Wasp; or, What's to Come

"You are no longer butterflies. You. Are. MURDERFLIES!"

—Brock Samson, *The Venture Bros.* (2003)

I originally wrote this conclusion in April 2024; i.e., in the spirit of camping medieval poetics, and to cap this volume off with one that suits its unique (*sui generis*) Humanities flavor. A tip of the spear, the iceberg, the penis—I now want to close the book on the Monster Volume, doing so with a poetic apologia to whores. As part of *that* whole, I shall do so in defense of nature as monstrous-feminine (suitably written last in my usual backwards process: from Medusa to "[Monsters, Magic and Myth](#)" to this); i.e., from the egg-laying Hares of Easter (and Giger's own surreal version) comes another hauntological throwback to evoke during ludo-Gothic BDSM: the caterpillar and the *wasp* as aliens to hug during said dialectic.

Earlier in this series, we discussed Gothic Communism and caterpillars; i.e., a wasp *eating* a caterpillar to develop Gothic Communism (re: "[My Quest Began with a Riddle](#)"). And if that seems totally gross, just imagine a big fat, super-cute caterpillar eating a leaf instead of a wasp eating a caterpillar ("Om nom nom!"). Yet even that is terrifying for the imagination-starved when it involves *their* home as something to permanently change. For them, any change is radical change, radical change death, and death *nothing* to them; i.e., they're menticed, deprived of the medieval (thus Gothic) power needed to use their imaginations to liberate themselves with (re: Coleridge). Canonized as such, the Gothic merely becomes another means of raising harmful boundaries, caterpillars included.



Except, the inverse is true when the Gothic does what it historically has always done: resist canonization ("I am become death!" the little guy squeaks, "destroyer of worlds!"). Armed with proper vision, the way through the maze suddenly becomes clear as crystal: through intersectional solidarity—as devils writing our own fate (versus masters of the state, or moderates like Jameson tragically sealing worker fates to benefit the state while *posing* as rebels). To escape, we whores again have to imagine the future of a past that was tragically cut short *by* capital, thus making it a past-past; i.e., one that tragically never was but *could* be if we only opened our minds and, far from hauntologically canceling the future, instead used it to *free* our minds (as my arguments demonstrate, duality applying to all Four Gs; i.e., our oppositional doubles resonating with me as something to impart to future workers).

Of this whore's revenge, two things:

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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One, the Gothic has power through creation as largely imaginary but still half-real. Again, I get furious when anyone says otherwise; i.e., that the Gothic has "no power" to "actually challenge" (meaning actually threaten) established canonical norms and material conditions; re (from "Modularity and Class"):

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: 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). [...] Words are easy to find if you have imagination, especially if your imagination isn't myopic thanks to Capitalist Realism. The way out is inside, using imagination through Gothic poetics to set ourselves free ([source](#)).

The Gothic's power stems and thrives from its historically dualistic ability to create things that question and upend canonical norms (and ostensibly immutable) godly positions *ipso facto*; i.e., through medieval poetics, hence imagination, as various critical lenses (and theories) working in service to workers, namely whores and their revenge. Whereas serfs formerly challenged the Divine Right of Kings, we whores can challenge the state now and all its defenders; i.e., by using the Gothic as a powerful option for universal liberation: by bursting bubbles as whores do, teaching others how to love with—you guessed it—caterpillars and wasps.

The idea, then, surely isn't "vote with our wallets" because voting under Capitalism is a rigged problem; i.e., it's bourgeois politics that serve profit through a) the commodifying of struggles in canonical media, and b) established systems rigged against the oppressed. Their advocacy is *de facto*. Also, contrary to what the commercialized monomyth might have taught you, the quest for a better world generally happens in ways that have absolutely nothing to do with profit at all; e.g., videogames can inspire us through home entertainment, but these are classically pacification devices geared towards the American middle class/nuclear model; i.e., the abject counterfeit, not its ghost! We have a right to do this because we, as workers, have a right to exist regardless of what the state thinks; i.e., to enact the

whore's revenge through reclaimed terror language they cannot monopolize, mid-paradox.

To it, the state is *not* all-powerful and it has no logical claim to our bodies, labor or lives; the poetics (and their infinite forms) used to describe these struggles and conditions likewise belong to us as struggling to be free—to transform from the state's false chrysalises, thus become true to ourselves and our right as natural, unalienable monstrous-feminine fuck toys: the butterflies we're meant to become by taking our habitat back *from* them; re (from "A Song Written in Decay"):

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 ([source](#)).

However cute or silly a caterpillar may seem, then, its entire existence remains predicated on struggle as built into the natural world *and* the material world as informed by human struggles adopting natural ones to essentialize one of two things; re: workers or the state, ludo-Gothic BDSM designed to give workers power though playing with heavily controlled substances.

Regardless of monstrous type, there is no in-between; the state is always hungry for more than its fair share. By seeking cryptonymies to resist *their* options of raping us, we're fighting back whether we want to or not. By fighting back at all,



our existence becomes ironic to the state's idealization of workers as completely alien and fetishized (for them to rape by design); i.e., our Halloween-candy alienation and fetishization as reclaimed, hence what terrifies the elite to no end: no more free food. They cry in anguish, "God forbid!" and short their circuits/shit their pants. Such is the Aegis in our hands (the page after next).

(artist: [Cavity Colors](#))

Gothicists play with their food. Yet while this defense of caterpillars becoming murderflies might seem quaint, horrifying and bizarre, all of this fortunately means that—like *The Last Unicorn's* wayward magician—we have all the power we need if only we dare look for it; re: "There is no Robin Hood. Robin Hood is a myth; we are the reality!" To it, the magic chose the form, not us; but we are *still* the bearer, dwelling and messenger from whose tendrils it springs from. "Magic, do as you will!" then, becomes a merry-go-round statement of see-sawing clichés, fetishes,



and delights *in* duality's liminal expression:

"*That's* what heroes are for!"

For us, that means not just transforming to hide from power but *dueling* with our own weaponized whore's potential for class,

culture and race war leveled against state forms whilst on the beaches (above). We're not just in it for ourselves as individual, atomized agents, then, but fighting while entrenched as an intersectional, solarized collective's pedagogy of the oppressed living in the shadow of state violence; i.e., for those we love as harmed by the state and *its* insane, all-consuming greed—in short, by fighting back with all the irony and power of a pissed-off unicorn.

All history is writ in class struggle, Marx argued, which I extend to monster whores and pimps fighting for worker rights vs state's rights. It's essentially the *basic* same idea, but gayer and more inclusive, thus more sex-positive than Marx was; i.e., as determined by our bargains giving and taking while camping his ghost through various inclusions he seldom explored, himself. In doing so, we live in the long shadows that men like him cast, but camp said shadows with our own awesome tools; i.e., whatever the register or form, flow (of power) determines function, not aesthetic. Development concerns combative redistribution, one whose oscillating flow happens dualistically during a constant, tenebrous, liminal game of push-pull: the Gothic's reclamation unfolding inside shared shadowy zones of performance; i.e., including of (and with) our monstrous-feminine bodies, labor and Gothic poetic expression taking power anisotropically back *for us from* the state, *during* ludo-Gothic BDSM!

This forbidden exchange/feeding and radically transformative trauma's strange appetites extend to caterpillars and butterflies or some other such "harmless" thing (a grub-like cock, blow) taking its power back by refusing to be stepped on/cannibalized by wasps (except in the ways it wants; i.e., "rape/death")

play as a reversal of the state's harmful forms to empower ourselves with; e.g., size difference in terms of bodies, but also genitals—power to be near and seize for profound, often hilarious⁴⁸⁸ contrast): a dog with a bone, a magician with a wand wielding great cryptonymy reversing abjection on the Aegis!



(artists: [Bay](#) and [Beat](#))

So do we whores fight for and love each other because we're all we've got; i.e., as whores, we keep each other's secrets and give each other comfort during existence as fundamentally imperiled; e.g., as Indigenous, queer and/or disabled (all of which the state will pimp inside the same

modular-but-intersecting persecution networks).

For us, life under capital equals a constant, ancient struggle *of* survival and brothel espionage under police duress inside state shadows; i.e., protection and shelter as things the state *cannot* give us, because its own advertised protectors of workers actually place property *before* people; re: there must always be a slave, thus a whore to pimp, the wasp side of the terrorist/counterterrorist exchange enslaving state prey to eat as such. Except, while canon speaks to wasps eating *us* alive, the anisotropic nature of duality also concerns the iconoclastic ability for "two can play at that game." By *swapping* roles—which is easy enough to do, mid-cryptonymy—workers can cuckoo the state; i.e., *as* the wasp eating the latter's grubs parasitically from within! Brutal.

As such, the whore having Medusa's revenge against profit (thus the state and its brothels) speaks to workers as "mad, bad and dangerous to know" in the eyes of such bad actors! To it, *we're* the creatures of the night unchained—the forces of darkness taking back what's ours through cute terror and squeaky "doom" to joust in competition against its regular instruments of profit (token or not); i.e., with the state, not ourselves: agency as a right its armies and agents cannot

⁴⁸⁸ Re: *This Is Spinal Tap*—with the midgets and the model of Stonehenge failing Scott's forced perspective trick in *Alien* (using his sons to make his "Space Jockey" seem bigger); but also the Game Grumps' "John Boner": "There's no jizz but what we make for ourselves!" The medieval loves prurient, juvenile humor (dick jokes being a classic pun that hyphenates with so many poetic devices).

permanently invade and coerce! Keeping with that, we'll rob Churchill's corpse blind and declare, "We will never surrender!"

Power then, is an illusion that, when harnessed by us through an iconoclastic Gothic's paradoxes, oxymorons and mixed metaphors, collectively helps our shackles disappear (whores of the world, unite); i.e., a mind prison having raped our brains for so long (through Capitalist Realism) suddenly evaporating like Radcliffe's veiled *banditti*. Because those mental chains fetter our ability to imagine anything better *while* we're alive, we must target them deliberately whenever able; i.e., to lose those chains is to make the dream of a better world, mid-crisis, become lucid; re: insofar as Gothic poetics regularly manifest in day-to-day conversations and operations, all the time.

Suitably half-real, the mode's monstrous-feminine arguments can be seen in the meta dialogs taking place. In turn, however silly or serious *those* are, they take hammers (force, below) to break and rebuild a harmful way of thinking (about nature, labor and sex) that—like a bone set wrong—will definitely hurt to reconfigure. Furthermore, it can affect how we think, thus see and experience the world as we're born into its harmful, state-appointed roles. Equally terrifying—as we operate on ourselves—is the Gothic at large; i.e., writ in feelings of prolonged obscurity and disintegration inherited near Promethean power sources: the Imperial Core, whose operating on can feel a bit like do-it-yourself brain surgery (to attack

the state is to attack a false and harmful sense of self inside-outside ourselves)!



(artist: [Bob Camp](#))

And it *kind of* is (similar to how the Gothic is "almost holy"), except our procedures *aren't* mutilative and invasive like actual lobotomies. They just *feel* that way because the state *wants* them to; i.e., how scared people view what we do as criminally and terminally insane. To this, pro-state workers can often *still* imagine; they just can't imagine a better world than Capitalism because it forces them, through material things that affect their vision to work and work and work until they drop dead, and to see work and enslavement as "life" and liberation as "death," unthinkable, nothing to them.

As if! High in my tower above the clouds, I'm the sassy Lady of Shallot—a cushy medievalist who has the option to imagine a better world. In turn, why *not* grant this option (thus vision) to others using what *they* have to wage counterterror purely by virtue of performing liberation; i.e., as already terrifying to the state? We have nothing to lose and everything to gain by making them shit their pants (thus ready to take our demands seriously and at face value). We tilt at vague ephemeral windmills, but are onto something big: two hyperobjects, thus two ouroborotic

giants locked in perpetual argument, contest, a duel for supremacy! Communism and Capitalism never stop fighting!

By comparison, pro-state thinkers include moderates like Jameson (whose service to the state is fascism-in-disguise); i.e., menticed fools defending the state through DARVO by seeing *it* as the caterpillar⁴⁸⁹ just eating the leaf and us as an evil wasp up to no good (ignoring the fact that wasps eat/are part of nature, too). Their compromises and lack of healthy vision put the chains back on themselves and us. The ticket, then, is emancipation of the mind and body together through Gothic. If one starts, the other will follow hand-in-hand (with polyamorous love unafraid to make friends of all sorts—for sex, but also general companionship and inspiration, ace or otherwise; all contribute towards a better future).



(artists: [Bay](#))

Our focus is obviously the Superstructure. Let's take what this volume has discussed, the

monstrous past, and bring it into the future still yet to arrive: our own "ode to Psyche," synthesizing praxis Gothic Communism is not a quick way out, because we are not trying to escape our home, but rather seek to transform it inside of itself (often in concentric, anisotropic miniature); but Gothic Communism is a way through Capitalism while inside it and using all the arrows of our proverbial quiver's disposal, during revolution as historically ergodic. We want to speak to others, including straight allies, in language they are given as we are, thus more prone to understand from us transmuting dogma by camping it as queer people/whores do. There's always a medieval element at play.

As such, I could quote acts of chivalric bravery in the face of dragons: "Still one more life of pain; cut well, old friend, and then farewell!" Except, Capitalism (and its Realism) are not so much a dragon to slay at all, but transform into our home, thus us and our surroundings with it; i.e., of our home as draconian and

⁴⁸⁹ "You're not a leaf!" Jadis would cutely say about caterpillars, impersonating one that would try and nibble through her skin and then decide not to once it recognized what it was chewing through. They loved caterpillars, but also thought Ray Kurzweil was onto something. The technological singularity *is* wishful thinking and it struck me as profoundly odd that someone who championed nature also wanted to one day become a robot who would have no biology or feelings to speak of. They became a state-sanctioned executioner of nature less by working as an exterminator as a local job (animal control is humane, insofar as population control helps lessen animal suffering thanks to human interference).

To better protect nature and ourselves, the idea is to be active with what we have during asymmetrical warfare, synthesizing praxis by raising emotional/Gothic intelligence and class cultural awareness using paradox ("darkness visible"). The rest will fall into place, one generation at a time.

whose ownership/status is largely a matter of perception. Jameson was right, insofar the present space and time is the only place we have, except he was wrong as well; it's one one to alter however we wish by using whatever we can however we can, including a people's cultural understanding of the imaginary past as Gothic would have it. In turn, such slings and arrows of outrageous fortune routinely yield adventuresome roundabouts (ergodic, nonlinear routes) and strings of castles (of castles) that, like any conquest, occur territorially and in sequence; i.e., towards a serendipitous (and handsome) final goal: liberation as attained during class, culture and race conflict as eternal (workers vs the state).

The way forward clearly isn't straightforward (why would it be when the elite use everything they can [always defaulting to violence] to lie, cheat and confuse us?) but the path to take *is*—the Gothic. Solidarity as monsters is the only would to rule in Hell, versus serve in Heaven. All lie on the same Aegis as contested; i.e., per the medieval, boundaries elide amid historical-material constants. "Death" can be expressed *a priori* as classically inert, inanimate, but per the Gothic reinvented takes on fresh iconoclastic life; i.e., as challenging the state's canonical ordering of things to avenge ourselves at their loss. The problem with duality (as something to solve and live with, not to discount) is that it cannot be monopolized by anyone any more than violence, terror and morphological expression! Caterpillar and wasps are simply qualities to grant unto whores for a variety of aims, liberation included!

Instead of unironic submission, then, our use of such poetry is diametrically opposed to the state; i.e., by wiggling free of their traps to frustrate them (as guerrillas historically have done, and to which I did with Jadis, arguing against their position with the state through the same basic language). They have their deathly monstrous Trojans and castled walls, as do we; but we're the prisoners of the slave colony and the very alien force whose execution is routinely justified, our death warrant prompted issued by people monopolizing the same poetics for the state; i.e., in defense of it, pimping us one and all.



(artist: [Keighla Knight](#))

Per the abjection process demonizing nature as us-versus-them, monstrous-feminine whore, Gothic canon views *us* as the alien inside *their* house; i.e., "the enemy at the gates" rattling Caesar's progeny. So it's time to marshal *our* forces to better show those pimping us out of revenge that this is our land, thus our bodies, labor and shelter/castles-in-the-flesh (and what is written on said flesh, above, Psyche taking many forms). The state is the ultimate foe, not workers (except traitors, of course, whores policing whores); and the ultimate eternal battle is waged as much in our minds from moment-to-living-moment: as things to project outwards into the

material world, on and of our bodies. Whatever occurs/appears, function determines flow and form follows function, letting us play with whatever we want to reverse abjection provided it's sex-positive. That's how the Aegis and ludo-Gothic BDSM work: getting back whatever you put into it (monster love, in my case), love is our revenge, and I love all my friends shown here. They deserve all the hugs I can give!



(artist: [Nyx](#))

And if at first you *don't* succeed, try, try again! "Madness" is a method to repeat, generally built on older attempts⁴⁹⁰ that, when reassembled through habit by creatures thereof, help us see differently regarding liberation as second-nature; i.e., an unchanging goal to move endlessly towards empathy as such. If you don't



"get it" in the present moment, you're simply not there yet and might never be. But again, this *is* a group effort, and one that marshals the willing and eager but also the curious and capable (e.g., herbo Amazons, "chonk, stronk and ready to bonk," as Nyx is): as able to dance with death during sex and war liquified into a class-conscious exchange, mid-duality—a butterfly or wasp inside the grub's cocoon, but also on our grub-like bodies pleading for insertion; i.e., to put us out of our misery! Delicious devastation, see us free!

(artist: [Nyx](#))

Because there isn't a monopoly on such toys—nor their awesomely child-like potential to restore nature by challenging profit and the state to have the whore's revenge—we're dealing in a process that effectively never ends; i.e., in a great Ozymandian Work that less goes on forever unfinished in the bare and level sands, but rather like a breath of fresh air fuels us to keep at it pushing through the dunes: that we can wrestle such things out of bullies' hands to speak for ourselves; re: with our bodies as weapons, thus our sex (and gender trouble) as a flexible social-sexual weapon that helps develop Gothic Communism (and love between workers) in opposition to pro-state forms!

Like Bottom's Dream, *the* dream of Communism enshrines in us and our friends' shared love; i.e., becoming a

⁴⁹⁰ More arrows in our quiver to loose and play with as needed.

rare and fatal thing to drive us "mad," but in ways useful to development in small; e.g., to say her ass looks fat as a compliment she wants to hear (versus a tool of shame) and educate future workers with: Queen Maeb's stellar bedonk, a mirrored moon shining love for all things great and small!

So while a return to balance assisted by oral cultures and technology *is* hauntological, it isn't centrism provided we cheat the pimp and break their ethnocentric, good/evil refrains tied to Capitalist Realism raping the land! To break said Realism is to free the imagination through love that frees us through those trying to unironically capture us for themselves; e.g., Nyx' ass loving to reclaim anal as a terror weapon (re: "[Reclaiming Anal](#)"), but also PIV sex, too!



(artist: [Nyx](#))

Deprivatization happens on the Aegis, Medusa's peach/pie reversing abjection through "pull" towards "land back" as "bodies back," too; i.e., attracting cuties, laying pipe, taking dick, etc, as we make footprints "in the sand" as a kind of delicious waiting *for* penetration (to savor it, below); re: dots for us to connect with and for others to all bind together because we collectively feel safe by our vision as one in good faith building towards a better tomorrow today looking at the past as Gothic poetry applied to future forms we leave behind: to give as well as receive, versus canon teaching us to fear all forms of exchange, save as taking endlessly from whores to give up to the elite pimping all of nature.



(artist: [Nyx](#))

On and on, beyond our lives and what we can currently see while alive, such "ancient" dereliction bleeds into what others once-alive and alive-again in another

world, another time have themselves passed on; i.e., fragments of the Medusa as a creature of chaos that yields many forms for those under solidarity as something to pick up the pieces of and reassemble together across time and space. Giving to a queenly nature feels good, because a nature treated well treats us in kind!

In turn, closeness with Her Majesty is a Numinous feeling *and* place we occupy together as a collective, holistic matter of *conjoined* inspiration (a very queer phenomenon): "We may meet in another life, but not again in this one!" Time is a circle, all the Medusa's past forms shine gloriously through in her various avatars posing for the viewer on the Aegis! All our yesterdays become a wall built on trust and *selective* penetration, the Great Corruptor a healing force destroying that which destroys and imprisons nature-as-whore! The state is incompatible not just with life, but mutual consent as something to illustrate; i.e., the monomyth heroic is always a rapist, the whore always their that we subvert, mid-iconoclasm!



(exhibit 60e2: Models: top-far-left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); top-mid-left: [Harmony Corrupted](#); top-mid-right: [Crow](#); right and bottom-far-left: [Blxxd Bunny](#); bottom-mid-right: [Bay](#); artist: top-far-right and bottom-far left: [Persephone van der Waard](#); bottom-mid-left: For us, "too many cooks" *don't* spoil the broth; i.e., solidarity means disagreement about smaller things [signposts, but also methodology⁴⁹¹] while united on bigger things [goalposts, ethics]. Like a collective of cooks in a kitchen, then, there are many hands and bodies available to supply ingredients and inspiration as needed; i.e., it's not about vertical arrangements of power but a group effort that continues to fight over and over against the state as the Great Destroyer of our age. Well, bully for them. In the Internet Age, we can make incredible and interconnected projects like this book to attain intersectional

⁴⁹¹ Often on protocol, to fight fire with fire, on decisions we can live with. Regarding *these*, diversity is strength, variety the spice of life!

solidarity and, as night follows the day, a pedagogy of the oppressed that is always being added to; i.e., one that fosters universal empathy [for workers and nature, not the state] through praxial catharsis that reclaims whores through monster language: as a humanizing device taken away from Cartesian hegemony during oppositional praxis; re [from "[A Song Written in Decay](#)"]: "From most complex to most simple, good praxis requires a successful pedagogy of the oppressed, which requires synthesis, which requires the basics: anger/gossip, monsters and camp.")

Like Henson's fearsome *Dark Crystal*, such foreboding sight must be seen through strange cartoonish (abstracting) blindfolds that help us avoid, thus see through, Capitalist Realism; i.e., Capitalism alienates *and* sexualizes everything (re: Marx and I, dancing together). So total liberation, including the imaginary and the sexual, starts with using the "almost holy" paradoxes of the Gothic; re: to weaponize the sexual and the warlike as already canonized in everyday (secular) speech: the world as dying in ways we restore through empathy as equally radical! To stumble upon a whore and befriend is to stumble across a unicorn and suddenly release: they *are* real, and each once is special!



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

As such, it's our demon castle and undead army to wage war with, doing so for (a)sexual reasons that include public nudism; i.e., as a classic weapon of the Medusa's virgin/whore, thus caterpillar/wasp; re: Blxxd Bunny loving such abilities, insofar as it gives both them and me power to shape and work with: speaking to "rape" in ancient oral forms bleeding into written ones (this book series a weird hybrid of such exchanges). This, in turn, starts with a caterpillar and wasp (synonymous, for our purposes, with any animal; e.g., the rabbit or turtle, insofar as cryptonymy goes). So let's make them ours by reclaiming the awesome power of the alien, thus of all ludo-Gothic BDSM and the palliative Numinous, and monsters

as critical lenses that push capital towards post-scarcity with pre-capitalist nostalgia in demonstrably non-fatal forms; i.e., monsters—whether undead, demonic and/or animalistic—that *don't* dehumanize (alienate and fetishize) workers the way capital historically-materially does: to land and occupant as monstrous-feminine, thus a trick to turn and build empires that fractally recursively extend the brothel outwards into the universe. From Columbus to Victor Frankenstein to Peter Weyland to Trump to Athetos, a pimp is a pimp, and whores set themselves free by spurning such advances!



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

These communal antipredation maneuvers include whatever sandcastles we build in the beachhead; i.e., each one extending in a dialectical-material series stepping towards something great—meaning asleep and "dead," insofar as it is not

truly dead, but a goddess of creation speaking asexually about life/death resurrection and transformative sex work through shared, informed labor exchange (the above video from a commission); i.e., waiting patiently to take shape and wake up—a possible future made through **magical assembly, selective absorption**, and a **confusion of the senses** that sing profoundly as a chorus of whores: all part of our **Song of Infinity** resonating across space and time.

For example, Bunny is ace, thus keen to show the Medusa as not just a dead queen/sexual being for the sake of sexual gratification at all, but likewise someone who has awesome nails, hair and ink while purposefully having surrounded themselves with cozy images of calculated-risk danger and safety (stuffed animals, like sharks and bears, and tattoos of daggers on their skin); i.e., a ludo-Gothic BDSM assemblage that speaks holistically to recovery and liberation—of whores and their liminal expression being part of nature, thus the land and its non-human occupants; re: all from a sample of one, and which our Aegis yields stewardship

over the others we protect by taking away the killer's desire to rape such things at all: "I was blind, but now I see!" Such is the Aegis in the proper hands!



(artist: [Blxxd Bunny](#))

But the whore out of the closet is still something many people will be unaccustomed to seeing or thinking about Cats will be confused, bussies will be stuffed, and all our dreams sit on the cusp of something truly awesome. That can



be our doom as one of total destruction (state shift); or by putting the pussy on the chainwax ("trying to start a thing"), such Numinous forebears can also be our salvation from a damned "all our yesterdays" leading to "dusty death." Fuck to metal, instead!

(artist: [Jinedem](#))

Except for us, our "Jesus" is a Trojan agent fucking with Ambrosio: a "dummy thick" cock-warming demon slut who, like Matilda's false Madonna, fails stealth checks because her booty cheeks *always* be clapping. Keeping it real through cultural appreciation as a streetwise vein, lets pursue this in classic Gothic fashion—deliciously! To that, let's envision such delicacies through the language of the holy whore as secularized *and* class, culture and race conscious: a fatal (false) offering pleading "sacrifice" through a prostration of itself as "wicked, bad, and naughty" in the eyes of the state, but in the eyes of anyone not dead will say in response: "God damn!" Not to pimp, but hug the Medusa as worthy of such treatment during the dialectic of the alien! She squish!

When in Rome, the alienation of dogma into critical thought requires speaking to the uncritical as one might in a church that is no longer theirs, but like Young Goodman Brown, is occupied by sinners of a Communist sort! Speaking to the uninitiated in the language shared by all peoples is effective through a) the feeling that it's "their language," b) the carnal power of persuasion, and c) good old-fashioned peer pressure. Apart from whores, everyone likes monsters and sex (which includes ace forms of public nudism and demon BDSM, of course), so take our hallowed *transubstantiation* as green eggs and ham to eat (said the "caterpillar" to the state). Try it, just once! It's perfectly safe (won't make you gay as fuck, pinky promise)... That's how we wasps get you good!

Equally indicative of that army of the dead (and demon castle) I alluded to, several pages back, we (the monstrous-feminine) are the mothers of the future playfully expressed in "past forms" of exchange, feeding and trauma/transformation: our cute little badass alien caterpillar of death (which would definitely be a boss in a *Final Fantasy* game per Capitalist Realism) as profoundly symbolic; i.e., of a current inexorable leading to fresh life in the wondrous necrobiome that *is* Gothic Communism: Capitalism already dying and we making use of the corpse to contribute to something we won't live to see but can imagine and experience in smaller pockets and pieces—a better world, a more sex-positive

world, thus a god that lives in our breast, our wombs, our busses, our animal side and small animal friends *we're* stewards of (familiar and pets); i.e., each smuggling the familiar (not a pun) and the foreign into countries utterly *moist* with rebellion. All buzz and rattle, bark and bite, drool, wag and howl ("what sweet music they make"); i.e., excitedly for treats of the usual strange kinds (murder, rape and death fantasies, but also ironic empathy during those). So long as those treats enact worker liberation, then it's all good, baby!

The undead shamble forward to outrun their prey and demons teleport into reality. Just as we return with Medusa and nature to the West as the living dead and demonic invaders generally do—to a threatened, grave-like homestead—the state will likewise tremble in fur(r)y at our "hubris" for wanting basic human rights, thus animal and environment through land back during Gothic redistribution. Through the liminal hauntology of war as something to raise against our own revolutionary cryptonyms, the state will desperately claw "its" fire of the gods back by sending its *de facto* armies after us (stochastic terrorism playing the guerilla).

To it, freeing Medusa is generally a *civil* conflict; i.e., one meant to upset the comfortable, but also measured in sad divisions (the whore and the queer generally isolated by all except others in the same boat). As such, we liberators will also be crucified for "politeness trapping" by the sexually repressed for talking about such things in public (ace people are valid, provided they *don't* closet, thus colonize *us* for the state). So clearly development will be a test, and one that includes violence against us in many forms (doubles of our own monsters). But we must not concede or yield an inch to these tyrants and their braindead hordes. Despite our doubt, we



Yeah, maybe I'm a Chinese jet pilot.

must persevere and mix the metaphors—the monsters, magic and myth of medieval poetics—to press them to our Gothic advantage, mid-opposition:

Contrary to state copaganda, the Commie's work is always unfinished; e.g., this volume and book series full to bursting (with cum and donors of all sorts); i.e., as part of a larger refrain towards liberation through Gothic paradox during ludo-Gothic BDSM liberating sex work through iconoclastic art, thus praxis. So remember your own training as, like mine in my tower high above, having led up to a defining moment as one in a series: a lullaby to lull the caterpillar to sleep and wake up Communist. Be that butterfly or wasp, radical empathy towards the whore's revenge is what matters!

So gird you loins, little soldiers, and onto Volume Three and proletarian praxis proper! Or as the skeleton guy said in *Army of Darkness*, "Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war!" Yes, we're taking that back from Caesar and his stupid ghost, making *it* gay. Gay zombie war vs the Straights. Go.

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.

Note: The glossary contains most of the terms in this book series. That being said, it does not contain the terms I coined, which are featured already in "Rage Over a Lost Penny" (and online, in "Paratextual Documents"). Likewise, my work on [Metroidvania](#) and [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) is too extensive to list in this glossary any longer. To access those terms, simply go to their webpages. —Perse, 4/1/2025

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.

Marxist-Leninism/"tankies"

An embryonic form of Socialism that, past and present, favors state models and nostalgia; i.e., one that hybridizes Marx and Engels with 20th century thinkers and leaders—most notably Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, but also Mao, Castro and other state leaders/schools going into the 21st: through "tankie" apologia whitewashing the crimes of said leaders and their states as beings to worship and compromise *with* (Bad Mouse's "[On Hakim's Nuance](#)," 2025).

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.

Gothic (gay-anarcho) Communism

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

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, 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*,

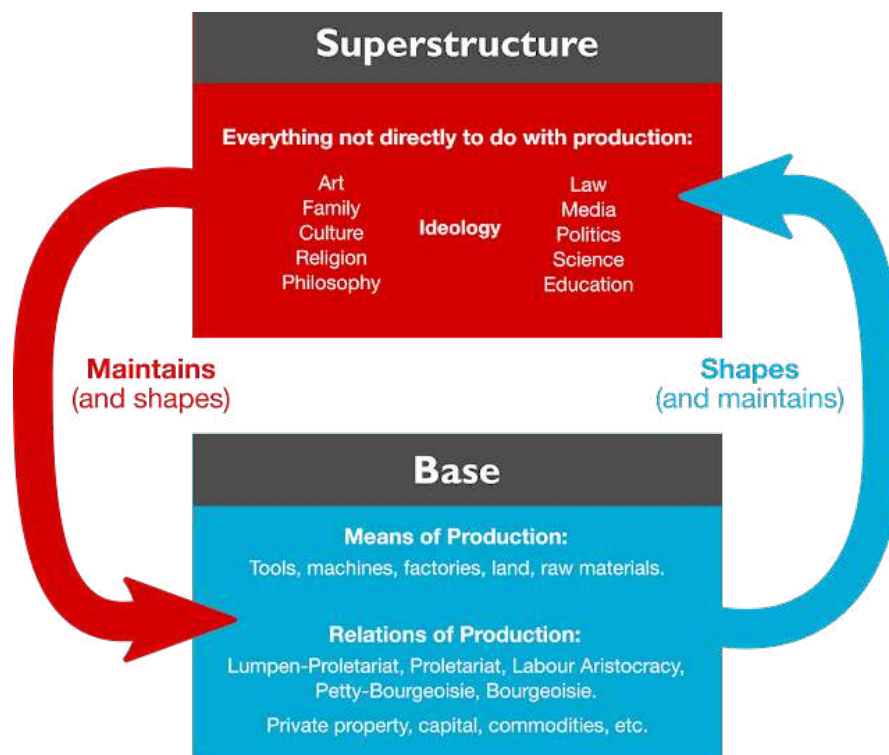
Self-fashioning through culture and education is to be supplemented by technology. For this reason, transhumanists believe that we should add morphological freedom—the freedom of physical and mental form—to

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 scribblings, 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

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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 own 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 menticial 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*

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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 LARPer (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; i.e., Marx' prophesied tragedy and farce [...] or according to structures of power that preserve themselves through blind pastiche, parody and canonical art. These foolish forms operate according to structures of power that preserve themselves through blind pastiche, parody and canonical art: pure evil and pure good as an essentialized struggle divorced from material reality—simply the forces of light versus the forces of darkness, respectively of good and evil: not of Milton's humanized, revolutionary Satan, but the Biblical Satan as a vicious backstabber embodied in *Beowulf* (c. 700) and echoed in future written forms through the canonical monomyth endlessly mimicking itself in heteronormative forms of gender trouble and gender parody.

In turn, canon 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 Capitalist 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

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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

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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.

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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

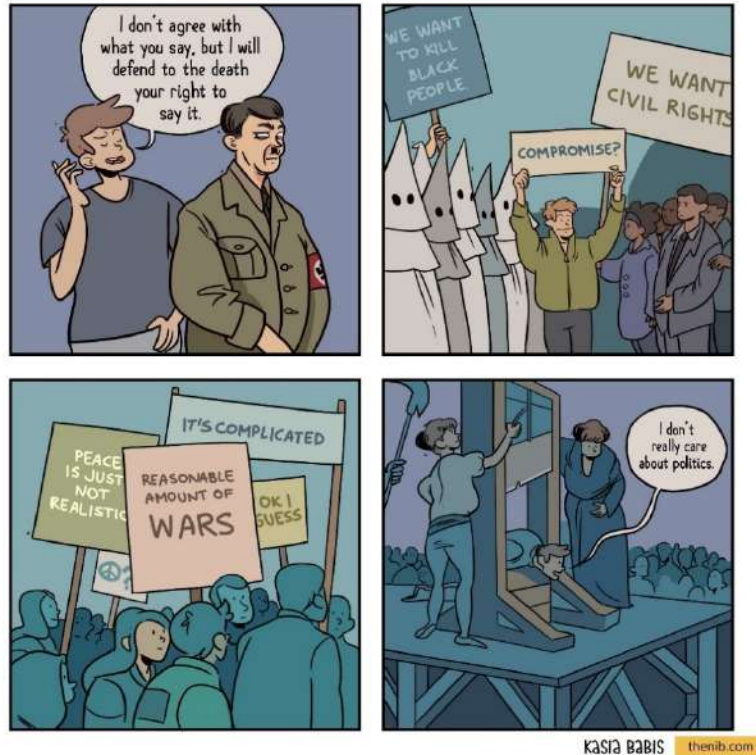
The Communist idea that all human/animal workers deserve fair and equal treatment, which nation-states and corporations historically do not give (they are bourgeois and exploit workers). In Marxist terms, these rights are administered through Communism not according to profit, but "From each according 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

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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 Shadow/effect of Pygmalion/Galatea

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

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

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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.

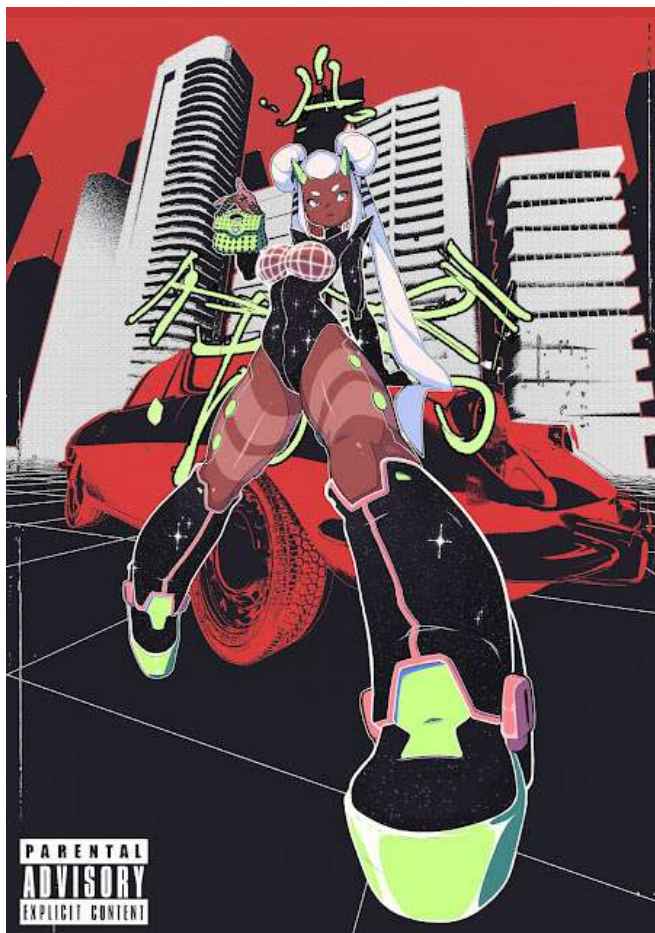
In essence, the male gaze [discourages female empowerment](#) and self-advocacy while encouraging [self-objectification](#) and deference to men and the patriarchy at large ([source](#)).

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).

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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 gender-non-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*.

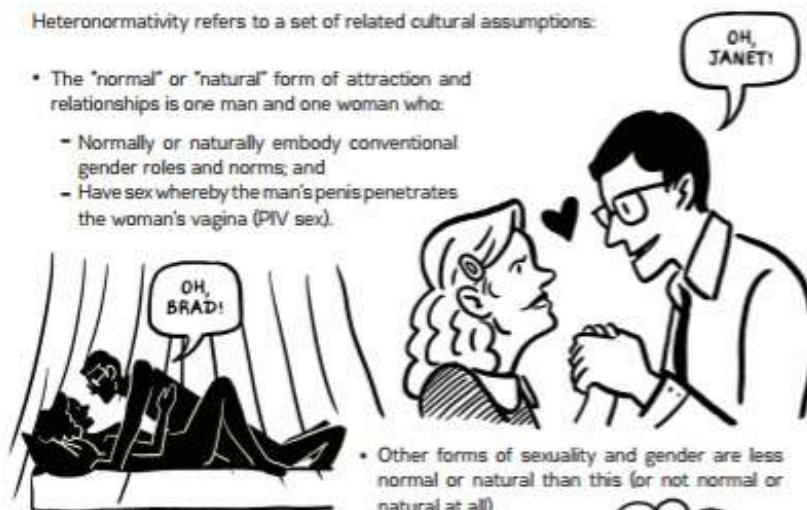
heteronormativity

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.

84

(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

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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, [amatonormativity](#), [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](#)").

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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.

intersex

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

(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," "heshes" 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](#)).

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
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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,

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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 gender-non-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

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

infernal concentric pattern (from the thesis volume)

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

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

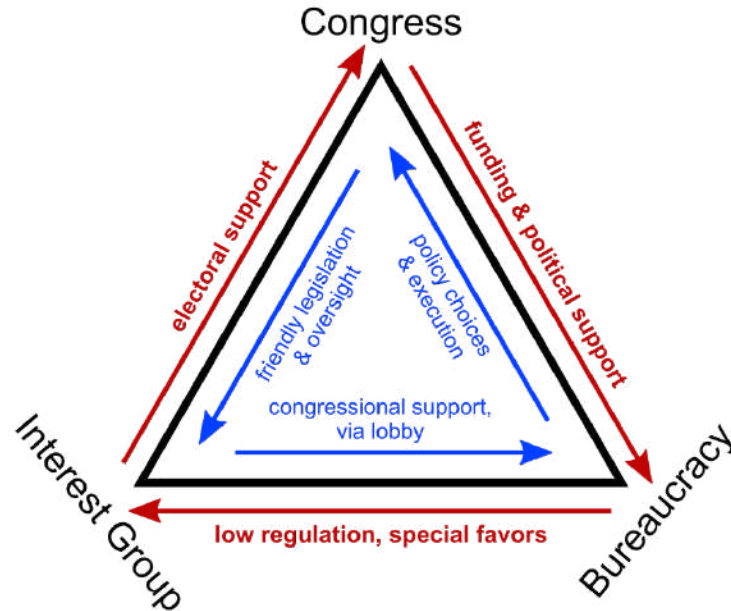
Class war for/against the state-corporate hegemony and its collective bourgeois interests. Proletarian solidarity and collective action fight an uphill battle against fractured/pulverized variants—i.e., worker division and in-fighting through tokenism, assimilation (gaslight, gatekeep, girl-boss) and token normativity as a means of generating class traitors to stall/prevent/regress rebellion and maintain Capitalism.

class traitors/cops

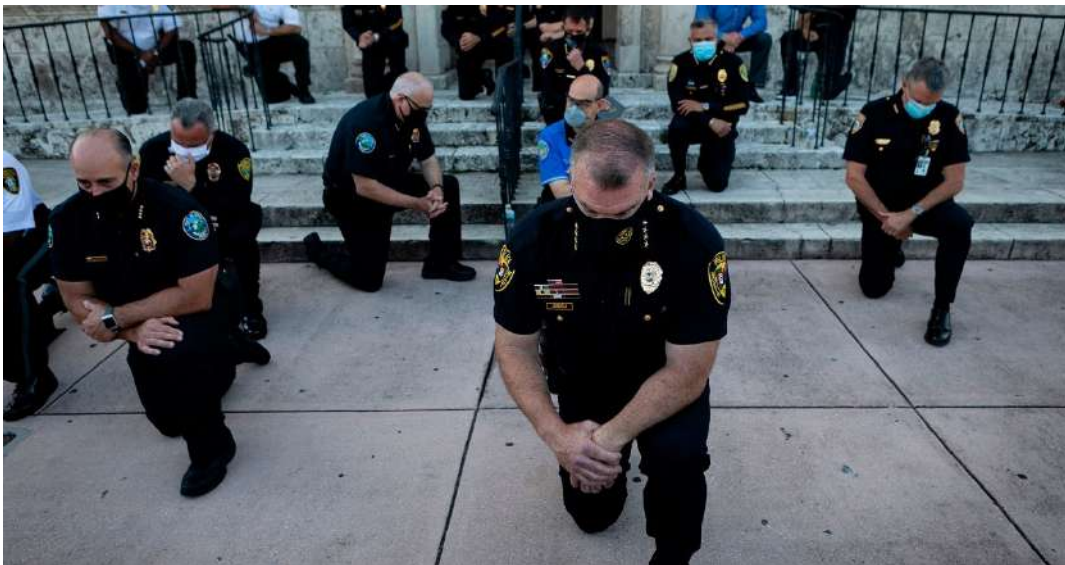
Workers who betray the working class in defense of capital, namely the state as capital, often the military or paramilitary (cops) but also those who take on the same bourgeois function by dividing workers in defense of capital, thus the state. Traitors and exploitation takes many, many forms because 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.

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.

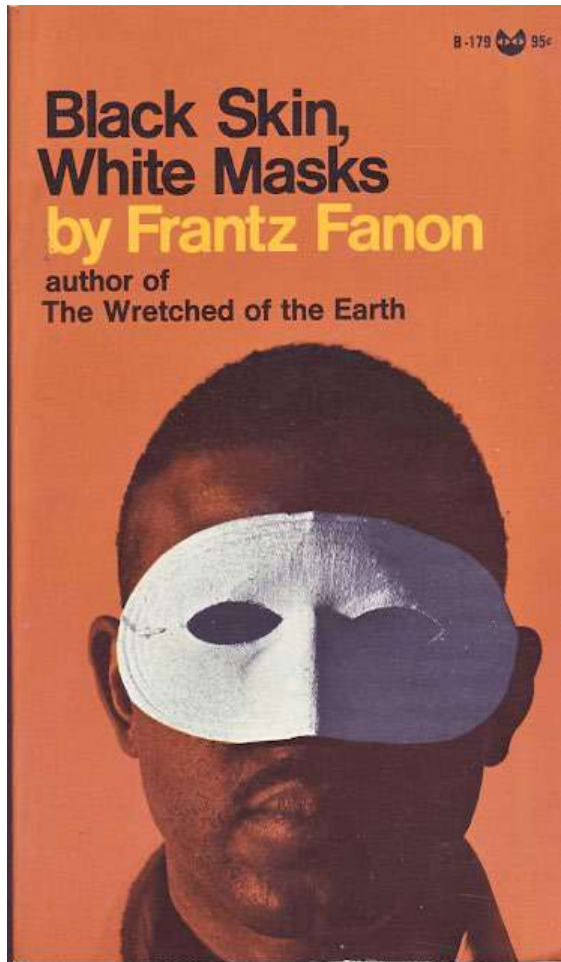
class character

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).

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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:



(exhibit 4b: original source, unknown)

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

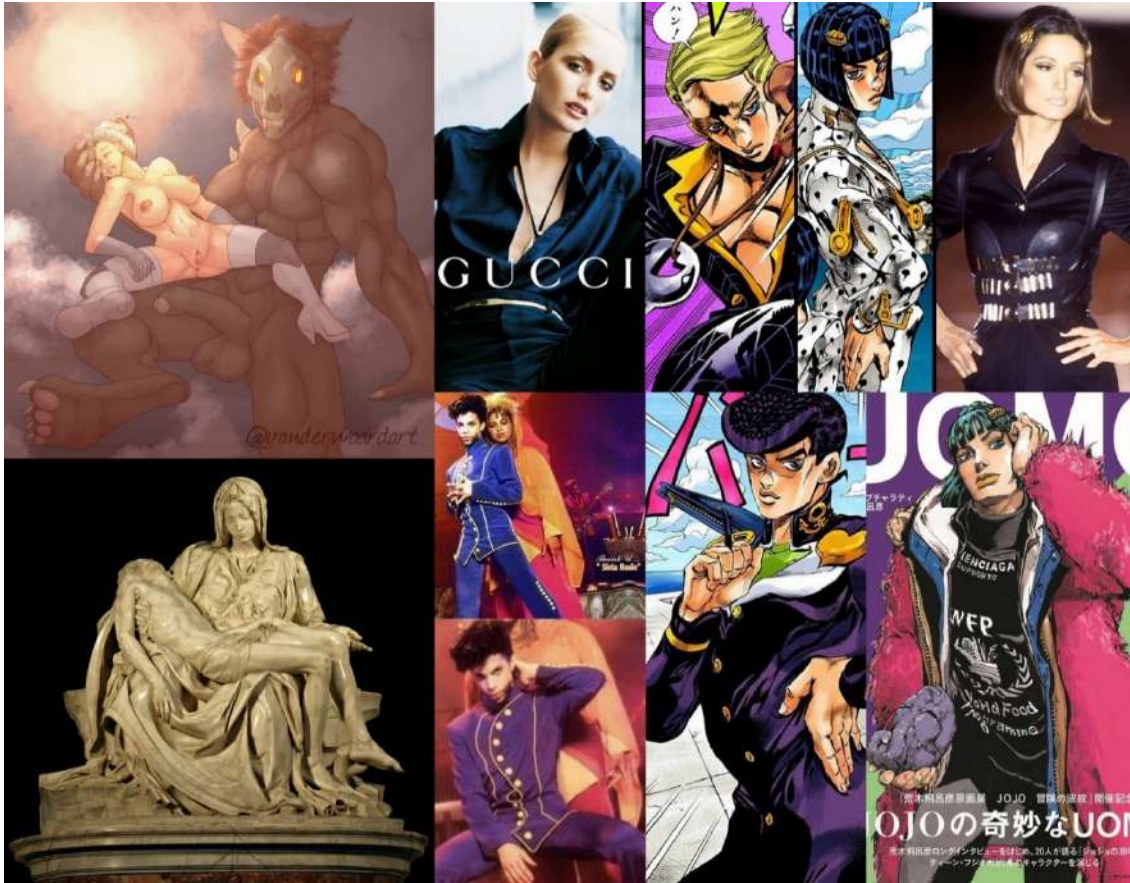
Gameplay intended by the developers; in Marxist terms, this can be considered the bourgeoisie or their proponents.

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.

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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")

Literally "of sex and the mind," but in Gothic often having a combative "sex battle" element (the psychomachy), psychosexuality is 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

The tacit-to-aggressive apologizing for rape in society at large. 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 (who can mistreat each other); i.e., 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, which recycle in and out of popular media (re: the Shadow of Pygmalion/Cycle of Kings).

Man Box/"prison sex" mentality

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

weird canonical nerds (versus weird iconoclastic nerds)

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

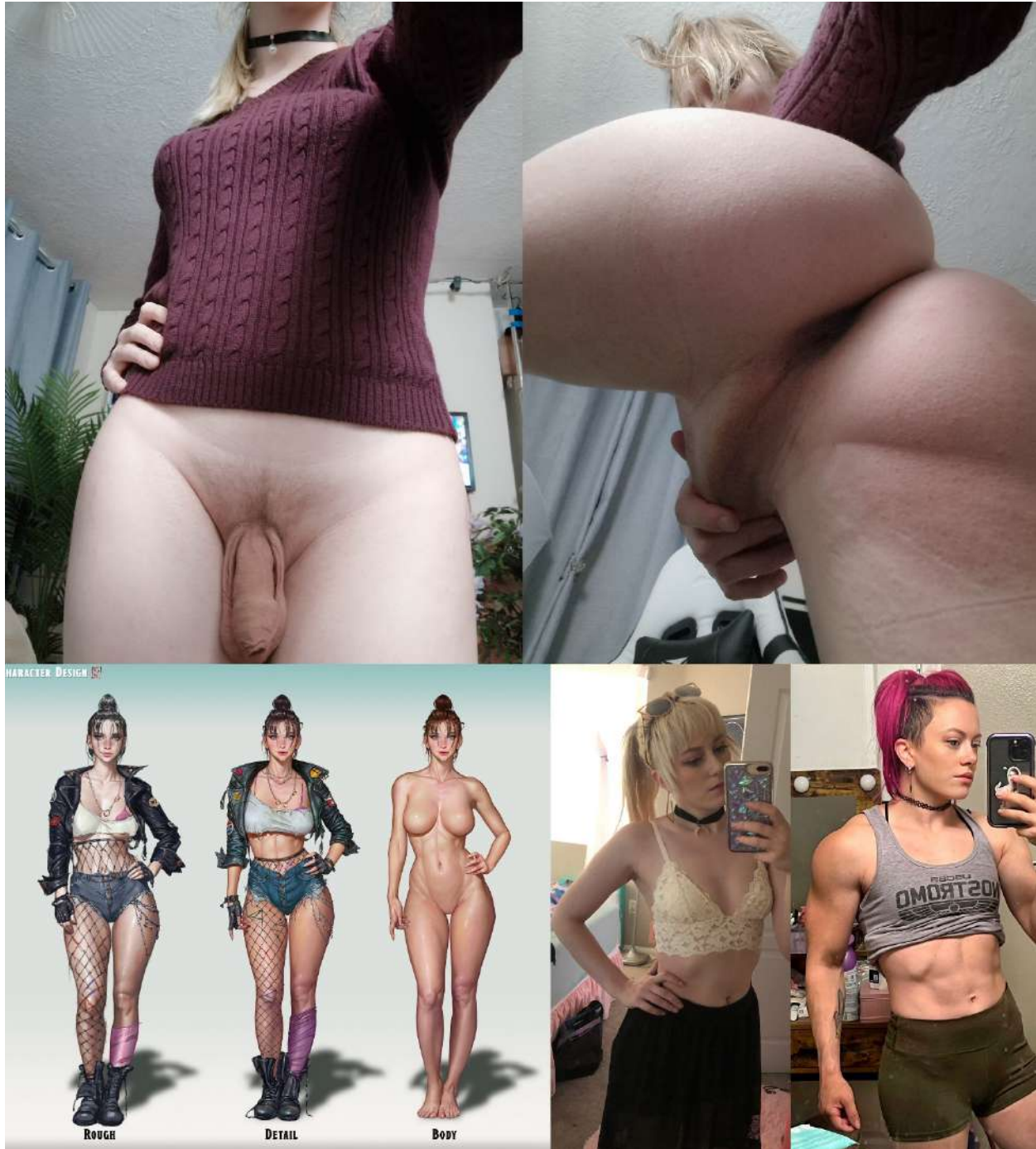
good play vs bad play

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 gender-non-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

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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/gender-non-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

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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

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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

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).

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

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

Ludo-Gothic BDSM

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

the liminal hauntology of war (danger disco)

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

military optimism

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

the dialectic of the alien

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

the palliative Numinous

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]



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

[already defined, in "Essential Keywords"]

Metroidvania as closed space

[an extended list of writing [that you can find on my website](#)]

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

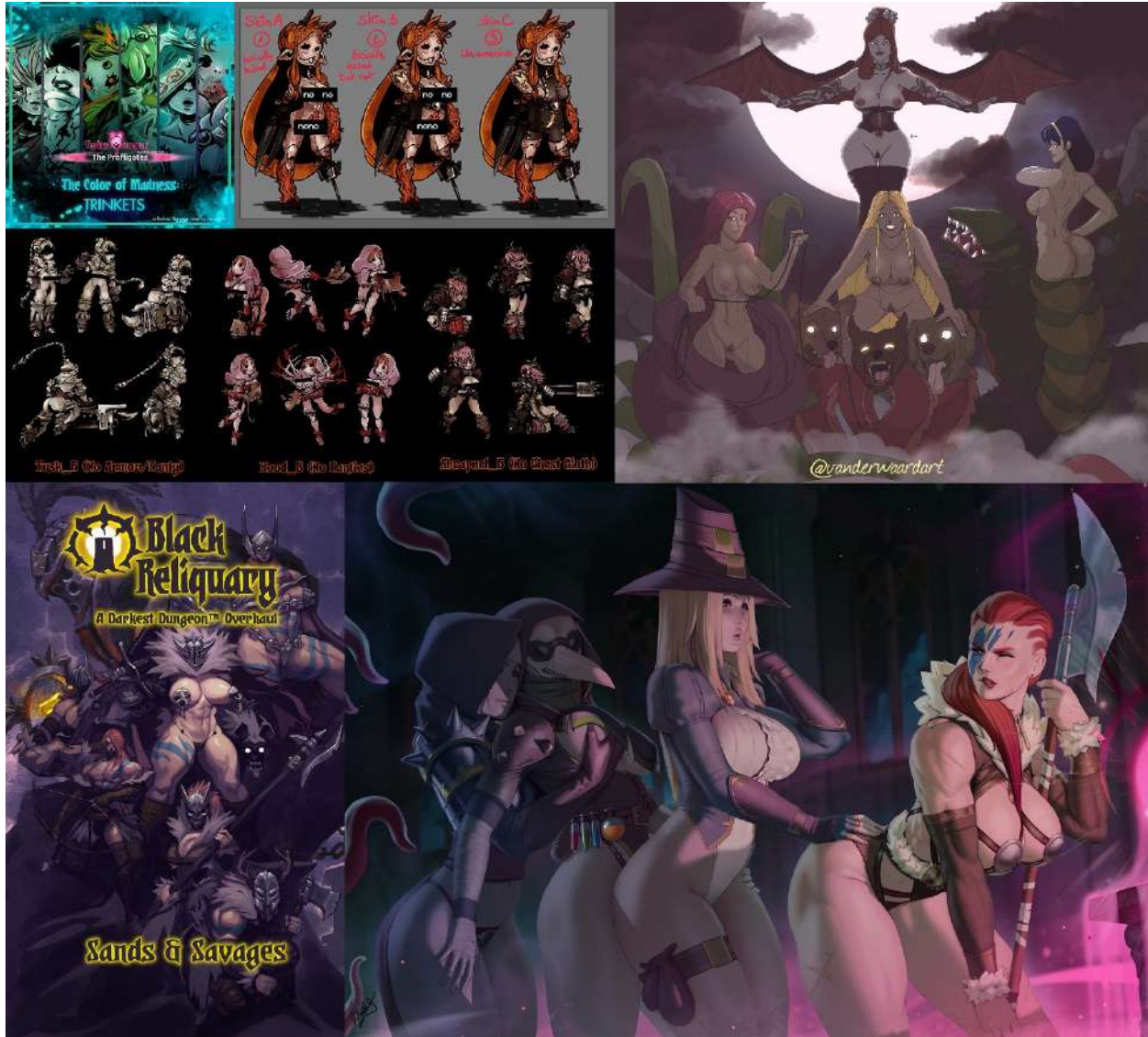
Liminal spaces, in architectural terms, are spaces designed to be moved through; in Gothic terms, these amount to Bakhtin's chronotopes as museum-like times spaces that, when moved through, help past legends come alive, animating in literal and figuratively Gothic/medieval ways. Classically these include 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*

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ABOUT US

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.

[PRINT INFORMATIONAL PAMPHLET](#)

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 or 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 ostensibly refusing to compromise on the humanitarian issues they seek to confront in society as structured around organized religion (America wasn't simply founded by the Puritans, but founded on their awful principles, too). This being said, the Temple isn't fallible, and its leader Lucien Greaves isn't exempt from using the Temple as a for-profit money funnel while punching down against marginalized, non-profit forms of Satanism; e.g., [four queer members of its own Washington state chapter](#), which it sued using money raised by the church, itself (source Tumblr post, *Queer Satanic*: October 24th, 2024); i.e., the Temple is registered as a church for monetary and legal reasons—an act meant to protect it from the state, except Greaves then used it to attack its own members in a cult-like way.

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,

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

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.

praxial inertia

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

Tolkien and Cameron's refrains

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

the euthanasia effect (rabid token Amazons)

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

mirror syndrome

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

***Amazonomachia* (Amazon pastiche, subjugated/subversive)**

[already defined in full, in "Essential Keywords"]

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 "wheifu" 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/wheifu 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)

Note: Sex Positivity is an ongoing project, and one I keep expanding on. The Acknowledgements section per book volume, then, inevitably outmodes, over time, wherein it's far easier for me to update it on my website than release a new book edition (which often takes much longer to happen); i.e., if you're curious at all about the polity involved in Sex Positivity and want to see the current register reflecting that, [please refer to my website version of Sex Positivity's Acknowledgements page](#). —Perse

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 *and* relied upon!

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 twenty-two 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](#), [Nyx](#), [Maybel & Jackie](#), [Itzel](#), [Tyler & Husband](#), [Moxxy Sting](#) and [Rhyna Targaryen](#). 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!
- *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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- *To Krispy and Quinn*: You are both incredibly gorgeous and friendly to work with—treating me like a person and an equal, first and foremost. That means so, so much!
- *To Casper Clock*: Thank you, Casper—for having such an amazing ass and work ethic, and for just being all-around so wonderful to work with! You're the best!



(artist: Mugiwara Art)

- *To Mugiwara Art*: Thank you, Mugi, for being so fun to play with and talk to, and for working together despite some initial confusions (and for helping me address them as well as you did). Thank you as well, then, for teaching me about plural people and for giving me a chance to represent them more in my work (re: sex-positive demons).
- *To Harmony Corrupted*: Thank you, mommy, for being so fun to talk to deeply about different complicated subjects and expressing a continued interest in my work (which led to an entire module[!] for Volume Two, doubling it in size), but also for being so easy to work and play with. You're amazing in bed, have the world's best ass (so peachy and fuckable), and are fascinating to talk to. I love watching your SO fuck you with his big dick, and am grateful for him being so kind to you. I feel like you're a dark spirit, overall; i.e., different, but alluring and sweet inside your beautiful darkness.

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- *To Chryssi (Ms. Reefer) & Ayla*: Thank you both for being so wonderful to work with. You were my first AMAB couple (which, as a trans woman, I really appreciate), and playing and working with you both has been so much fun! To Chryssi, in particular—thank you, mommy, for being so good in bed; both of you are wonderful people and it was an absolute pleasure meeting you 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: [Nyx](#))

- *To Nyx*: Thank you for inspiring this project, comrade! Your close bond with nature, back in West Virginia, is inspiring ("Mountain Mama, take me home!"), as is your amazing body (having the best ass and thighs ever) and giant heart! Working with you inspired me to come out as trans, and go on to write and illustrate *Sex Positivity* (six books, nearly two million words, hundreds of exhibits and collages, over a hundred unique illustrations by me, thousands of images total, and dozens of collaborations with illustrators and sex workers of all walks). Bless you, mommy!

- *To Maybel & Jackie:* Thank you both for producing such excellent content, and Maybel in particular for being so sweet and supportive. You're both awesome!
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Moreover, all twenty-two of you treated me like I had genuine value—that I wasn't "just" an artist whose work was "free" during our exchanges. That means the world, really. I will cherish your priceless contributions and immeasurable kindness beyond words. From the bottom of my heart, thank you, babes!

I've started a new Q&A series called "[Hailing Hellions](#)," which interviews models I worked with. [Click here to see the first entry, featuring Harmony Corrupted!](#)



(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.)

Second, to my long-time friends and associates and diamonds in the rough:

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
Volume Two, part 2 (Demons), first edition v1.1; released: 4/9/2025 — ©2025
vanderWaardart.com

- *To Ginger, first and foremost:* My best friend—who's been there for me more times than I can count—thank you from the bottom of my heart; more than anyone else, your deep support, crucial humor and endless hours talking together about shared ideas, struggles and solutions have been foundational—about sex positivity as a virtue have been essential to shaping the writing inside these pages. Thank you, for saving me from Jadis and other abusers who either meant me harm or otherwise took advantage; and for teaching me about figure drawing, including but not limited to: drawing boobs and faces, but rib cages and pelvises. You are a saint, as fierce as a dragon in a pinch, and a most excellent hobbit all-around; may the hair on your toes never fall out; may the rest of your days be plentiful, memorable and comfortable!
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- *To Lydia:* A mega-special thank you for your friendship over the years (over ten at this point) and for your own special help with this project. While you were less direct in your overall engagement with the manuscript, your contributions still made a difference. For one, you were someone I felt comfortable coming out to, who—when I realized for myself that I was trans—was able to drip-feed it to you. And when I finally said, "I probably seem different to you now," you replied that I was the third person who told you that: "No, you seem exactly the same; you seem different to yourself." As it turns out, you explained that I wasn't the first; I was third out of three people who came out to you (and as you said to another person who came out to you, to which you added, "You don't have to feel bad about it or like I wouldn't want to talk to you anymore. True be told, as the sole girl in a classfull of boys, it kind of made me want to talk to you even more!"). Likewise, our conversations about horror, science fiction and fantasy are something I always enjoy and draw inspiration from, spiced by your endless grit and "give zero fucks" sense of humor. Thank you, my friend.
- *To [Odie](#):* Thank you for generously supporting my work over the years and for always asking me to draw unique, interesting and diverse things! You've made a huge difference in my life and I appreciate your patronage and friendship very much!
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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.
- *To my good friend, Seren*: You were, are, and always will be best girl. Not only have you always had my back, but your dress sense is impeccable and your sweet kindness knows no bounds (also, you have great taste in literature and in horror). Thank you for being so understanding and wonderful, babydoll. Kisses and hugs galore!

Of course, the painful knowledge of my enemies also went into the melting pot—i.e., older abusive lovers, which include the likes of Zeuhl, Jadis, and Cuwu. While I am leery of giving too much credit, I do have some thoughts to impart to these individuals:

- *To Zeuhl*: My scarecrow. A small part of me will always miss you the most—for being one of the most interesting and cool people I've ever met—yet also recognizes how, seemingly on a whim, you selfishly hurt me worse than anyone else (and offered the most brainless explanation imaginable); no bullshit, you did some really fucked up stuff and basically turned into a shadow of your former self, but I'll still cherish the love we shared, overseas. It was fun while it lasted!
- *To Jadis*: My tinman *and* wicked witch. Though you hurt me badly, I still learned a great deal from you and your beautiful wickedness. I have no desire to see you again, though, and write this message as a final parting gift: I wrote *Sex Positivity* to heal from what you did; your heartless abuse was my dragon to slay and now I have. After countless nights of terror spent under your thrall, I can safely say with joy and pride, "You have no power over me!"
- *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](#))

Special thanks to several other models who were actively involved in this project during its early period. To [Dani](#)—thank you for modeling specifically for this project on short notice and for generally being cool and sweet! [Meowing from Hell](#), thank you for the abundance of reference material early on and for sharing my work as much as you did; it made a giant difference (even if you ultimately disagreed with my politics/identity and treated me fairly poorly because of it)! [Emma](#), thank you for keeping my spirits (and other things) up during this book's creation!

Special thanks to all the other models involved throughout the entirety of the project; their efforts breathed tremendous beauty, inspiration and meaning into my

work. This extends to over forty additional collaborators, whose various contributions were absolutely vital: [Tana the Puppy](#), [Bovine Harlot](#), Forte, [Venusinaries](#), Eldritch Babe, [Roxie Rusalka](#), [Drooling Red](#), [Autumn Anarchy](#), [Ashley Yelhsa](#), [UrEvilMommy \(and partner\)](#), [Keighla Night](#), [Scarlet Love](#), [Jazminskyyy](#), [Cedar](#), [Bubi](#), [Lil Miss Puff](#), [XCumBaby98](#), [Mischievous Kat](#), [Soon2Bsalty](#), [Lovely Babe 2017](#), [Mikki Storm \(and partner\)](#), [Mei Minato](#), [Red's References](#), Dulci, Angel Witch, Jericho (and partner), [Lady Nyxx](#), [Miss Nia Sax \(and partner\)](#), [Annabel Morningstar](#), [Coffin Milf](#), [Ebonnyy](#), [Scoobsboobs](#), [Miss Misery](#), [Rae of Sunshine](#), [Vera Dominus](#), [Kaycee Bee](#), [Cupid Kisses](#), [Monster Lover](#), [Delilah Gallo](#) and [Feyn Volans](#). I wrote it for all of you, but also every sex worker/cutie I've drawn over the years. In hard times, know that you're all special, valid people; that your signature kindness, warm personalities, and stunning bodies enrich the world!

Special thanks to the artists (other than Odie) who agreed to be commissioned for the book: [Lucid-01](#), [Adagadegelo](#), [Autumn Anarchy](#), [Marlon Trelie](#), [Jim32](#), and [Dcoda](#).

Special thanks to the ace and/or neurodivergent people in my life, whose constant feedback and support has proven invaluable!

Special thanks to my mother—for never having an English dictionary in the house, and for giving me a room of one's own to complete my work. This book wouldn't exist without the sanctuary and means you provided to see it through.

I'd also like to thank the content creators on YouTube whose political discourse and general content not only proved incredibly helpful in writing this book: [Theremin Trees](#), [Rebecca Watson](#), [Essence of Thought](#), [Sheep in the Box](#), [J. Aubery](#), [Jessie Gender](#), [Professor Lando](#), [Three Arrows](#), [Schafer Scott](#), [Xevaris](#), [Rhetoric & Discourse](#), [Satenmadpun](#), [The Majority Report](#), [Hasan Piker](#), [The Kavernacle](#), [Fascinating Horror](#), [YUGOPNIK](#), [Broey Deschanel](#), [Macabre Storytelling](#), [Sisyphus 55](#), [John the Duncan](#), [Noah Samsen](#), [Bad Empanada](#) (and [his second channel](#)), [The Living Philosophy](#), [Heckin' Steve](#), [Ashley Gavin](#), [Spikima Movies](#), [MarshSMT](#), [Behind the Bastards](#), [Genetically Modified Skeptic](#), [Eldena Doubleca5t](#), [STRANGE ÆONS](#), [F.D. Signifier](#), [Hakim](#), [Shaun](#), [Non Compete](#), [Moonic Productions](#), [Another Slice](#), [Atun-Shei Films](#), [Kay and Skittles](#), [Second Thought](#), [blameitonjorge](#), [Georg Rockall-Schmidt](#), [D'Angello Wallace](#), [Thought Slime](#), [Dreading](#), [Caelan Conrad](#), [Little Hoots](#), [Tirrrb](#), [Skip Intro](#), [Anansi's Library](#), [GDF](#), (fellow Dutch person) [Brows Held High](#), and [Renegade Cut](#). Even you centrists, broken clocks and chudwads: [Joon the King](#), [Turkey Tom](#), [penguinz0](#), [Knowing Better](#), [The People Profiles](#), [More Plates More Dates](#), and [Collative Learning](#). Thank you all for your wonderful (or at least telling) video essays, political commentaries, and documentaries!

Out of the above YouTubers, though, I wanted to give further special praise and thanks to those meriting it; i.e., for their incredible work as a whole, but also individual video essays and ideas they produced/discussed and which I found especially (in)formative in my own output. These are just as much those who "ring

a bell" when I think of them as those who are foundational *to* my book series, but also my approach to *synthesizing* praxis; i.e., regarding those I find fun *and* accessible *during* the educational elements (the mark of a good video essayist):

- To [Renegade Cut](#): I first encountered your work through your 2019 "[Thanos Was Wrong - Eugenics and Overpopulation](#)." And while your work in thinking critically about popular media *is* often quite solid (e.g., "[Frank Grimes - The Cult of Work](#)" or "[Kai Winn - Better Villain Than Khan](#)," 2019 and 2022), I especially enjoy your real-world political analysis and activism. There's tons of videos you've done in *that* area, but for me, your best and most comprehensive—the one that single-handedly introduced me to a lot of useful terms relative to my own anti-fascism work, like "obscurantism"—was "[What Is \(and Is not\) Anti-Fascism?](#)" (2022); i.e., which breaks down a lot of complicated ideas in a self-contained and well-researched video. Your humor is often quite dead-pan and dry and I'm also here for that, and while I think your eventual turn away from such things to give yourself an extended break in the midst of rising crisis *is* unfortunate, I also understand why you did so and want you to know what your work before then didn't go to waste!
- To [Brows Held High](#): I first encountered your work with "[STARSHIP TROOPERS, Part 1: HEINLEIN](#)" (2021), which went on to single-handedly inform much of my writing about *Aliens* in 2021; e.g., "[The Promethean Quest and James Cameron's Military Optimism in Metroid](#)," but also its discontinued book series: *Neoliberalism in Yesterday's Heroes*. I eventually absorbed said series into my PhD work and *Sex Positivity* book series. So essentially, that one video by itself gave me a rock-solid foundation for critiquing Heinlein/coining "military optimism"—a term that would, itself, go on to formalize my other academic ideas, "[canonical essentialism](#)" and Tolkien and Cameron's refrains (the High Fantasy treasure map and shooter/Metroidvania); i.e., hence inform and reinforce pretty much *all* my critiques written *on* Metroidvania, as a whole (re: my [2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#)). The sequel video, "[STARSHIP TROOPERS, Part 2: VERHOEVEN](#)," is also interesting—and you raise a lot of solid and fair critiques about Dutch culture and misogyny in Paul Verhoeven's work!
- To [Anansi's Library](#): I found your radical perspective formative to "burning Rome," and especially enjoyed/used your exposure of Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks* ("[Fanon, Blackness, and Gender](#)," 2020), as well as your discussions about having experienced police brutality, first-hand ("[Police Brutality](#)," 2021). Also, your cat rocks and your name is also Persephone, which is cool as Hell (so to speak)!
- To [GDF](#): While your video, "[The Iraq War Wasn't About Oil](#)" (2024), is frankly a bit of a headscratcher, you also introduced me to Robert Asprey's *War in the Shadows* (1975) with "[How The Irish Got So Good At Smoking British](#)

[Soldiers](#)" (2023); i.e., hence his vital idea of guerrilla warfare, counterterror and the "paradox of terror" that I came to rely on extensively in my own writing. Likewise, your coverage of guerrilla war in older American conflicts like Vietnam, Iraq and Korea was illuminating, but also smaller exchanges that likewise shined a light on American hypocrisy/foreign policy (e.g., "[How Israel Cucked the United States](#)," 2024).

- To [Skip Intro](#): I encountered [your 2021 copaganda series](#) in early 2023, when writing Volume Three and initially expanding my glossary. The term "copaganda" as I use it comes directly from you, and frankly your entire series on copaganda is essential viewing for its comprehensiveness and holistic approach to the subject matter/research area (and the guests you routinely have on, too).
- To [Caelan Conrad/Little Hoots](#): I first encountered your channels/content with your 2022 "[What Is A Groomer?](#)" The entire video is useful for its wider historical coverage and (mis)use of the term, but I especially enjoyed the section on "Satanic Panic," civil rights, and the AIDS crisis; all helped me conceptualize moral panics more broadly, meaning in an intersectional sense.
- To [Dreading](#): I first encountered your 2022 videos exposing sexual predators, such as [Bill Cosby](#), [Kevin Spacey](#), [Brian Singer](#) and [Stephen Collins](#). While your videos are well-researched, in general, these ones are long enough to be informative but not so long that they drag on (usually from excessive amounts [hours upon hours] of in-court testimony); i.e., to the degree that I often reference them in my own work, doing so when talking about homonormative behavior and tokenized predation at large!
- To [Thought Slime](#): I've been aware of your channel since at least 2018 (originally recommended by an ex). You cover a wide variety of topics, but I especially enjoy your activist work and close-reads in ways that overlap; e.g., "[GIVE ME SUPERMAN'S UNDERWEAR, I AM NORMAL](#)" (2023), a video that taught me about the Comics Code Criteria of 1954 (similar to the Hayes Code in cinema): an idea I found especially useful in writing about comic book characters like Captain America, but also Wonder Woman and even non-comic-book examples like Ellen Ripley. But beyond your many interesting and eclectic takes—and your refreshingly humorous synthesizing of these with being openly queer and defending it through your social/activist work—I especially have enjoyed/relied upon [your amazing Eyeball Zone series](#), which unto itself has repeatedly introduced me to a variety of small channels, creators and ideas I'd never have found on YouTube otherwise (and which served as the inspiration for the title of my Poetry Module book section, "[The Eyeball Zone](#)").
- To [Second Thought](#), [YUGOPNIK](#), and [Hakim](#): All three of your deviate away from the usual BreadTube clichés and problems, breaking down a variety of complicated concepts quickly and well. While Second Thought does this from

an American standpoint—and introduced me to the neoliberal trifecta of worker/owner division, infinite growth and efficient profit I'd go on to use in my own Gothic Communist manifesto—Hakim comes from Iraq (and makes excellent book suggestions; e.g., William Blum's 1995 *Killing Hope* and David Michael Smith's *Endless Holocausts: Mass Death in the History of the United States Empire*, 2023) and YUGOPNIK from Eastern Europe. In turn, each gives a *non*-American perspective that comes together nicely with Second Thought's domestic voice; i.e., [in your collective Deprogram podcast series](#). In short, it's solidarity 101 and you're all rockstars!

- To [Bad Empanada](#): Your postcolonial work *is* excellent, but some of your ideas are too reductive, hypocritical and nihilistic for me to recommend you without substantial caveats; e.g., "all first-worlders are bad," even though *you're* a white straight guy from Australia. Likewise, your at-times SWERF-y ideas on sex work and GNC activism occasionally cross over into Stalinist areas of problematic (re: "[make it taboo again](#)"); i.e., you have a big mouth and tend to shoot said mouth off about things you *don't* know much if anything about—so much so that I've devoted hundreds of pages of academic rivalry responding to just how *stupid* and harmful *those* statements are (e.g., pretty much my entire "[Understanding Vampires](#)" chapter). Also, your ability to critically analyze popular media essentially boils down to confirmation bias and "find what I want to attack my political enemies [however valid your animus with them is] and forget everything else"; e.g., your opinions about anime and other popular media forms being remarkably reductive and myopic (essentially arguing "[all anime is pedophilic](#)," which is nonsense). All that being said... your entire postcolonial work/activist endeavors on Palestine and your essays refuting Zionists in so-called "progressive" circles remain wholly invaluable, as do your various excellent essays on [the Iraq War](#), [Lebensraum](#), [South America and American geopolitics](#), [climate change denial](#), [Jewish Exceptionalism](#), and so on. Also, you introduced me to Ward Churchill's "[Some People Push Back](#)" (2005), which was incredibly useful!
- To [Atun-Shei Films](#): Beyond your introductory "[Checkmate, Lincolnites!](#)" series, I frankly enjoy your holistic approach to research and application much more; i.e., I can take or leave your Nazi roleplay fetish, which I understand *why* you do—to camp Nazis 'n all—but find it's not your most *interesting* work. Instead I consider your work with animal rights activists and abolitionists to be wholly essential ([your platforming of Zionists](#), not so much). In particular, I *especially* enjoyed a phrase that came up on one of your videos: "power aggregates"—an expression from [In Range TV](#) noting that "power aggregates" against potential/actual revolt, discussed in your 2021 video, "Fighting for Freedom: The Weapons and Strategies of the 1811 Slave Revolt; [timestamp](#): 20:55). Great stuff!

- To [Non Compete](#): Your honesty in slowly turning more and more Communist over years and years of checked privilege/wake-up calls is valid, useful and refreshing, as is your moving to Vietnam to encounter different systems to better understand (and enjoy) how *they* work *opposite* the United State (see: "[America's Officially Fascist. Now What?](#)" 2024). I especially enjoy your discussions about fascism being "Imperialism come home to empire" [in service to capital](#), and strange forms of fascism like "[MAGA Communism](#)" (2022).
- To [Behind the Bastards](#): Your podcast covers a ton of people who historically suck, and learning the truth *behind* their façades (when historically trying to whitewash how terrible they are in service to Capitalism) has proved invaluable to me; i.e., to how I approach my own dialectical-material scrutiny of any darling I kill. All your videos/guests are informative and funny—e.g., your [Bobby Fischer](#), [Nicholas II](#) or [Adam Scott](#) segments—but I *especially* benefitted from [your Vince McMahon series](#), which taught me about "kayfabe" much more in-depth and how *it* works less on *or* offstage and more in between the two.
- To [John the Duncan](#): Neoliberalism can be a difficult concept to wrap one's head around, and your videos about it explain everything succinctly and well (e.g., "[Neoliberalism: Class War and Pacification](#)," 2020). You also discuss [gender theory](#) and activism against [genocide](#) in your work, which revolves around preventing it *vis-à-vis* neoliberalism in your own PhD material. In short, you're an inspiration of mine and helped me wrap *my* head around academia and application tied to *all* of these things (and Foucault and prisons, though I never watched your *Chicken Run* video)!
- To [Hasan Piker](#): Hasan's a bit of a nepo baby and dude bro with an embarrassing early career making material [no different than Steven Crowder if we're all being honest](#) (Joon the King's "Everyone Hates Hasan Piker," 2025), but his general understanding of socio-political theory *is* solid and today he fights for marginalized groups around the world, including Palestine. He's not perfect, and I think he's a bit elitist (saying, for example, "black and/or trans people, be quiet, and let *me* speak to angry white/straight people *for* you"), but he did introduce me to the idea of cops being "class traitors"—a concept I would go on to use extensively in my own work.
- To [Shaun](#): Someone whose lengthy videos have consistently pushed back against bad-faith impostors not just in online leftist circles, like BreadTube, but also against American exceptionalism/*Pax Americana* as a whole (e.g., "[Harry Potter](#)" and "[Dropping the Bomb: Hiroshima & Nagasaki](#)," 2022 and 2020). Especially useful to my work in 2024 and beyond, though, was Shaun introducing me to Ursula K. Le Guin's essential "Those Who Walk Away from Omelas" (1973; source, from Shaun: "Palestine," 2024; [timestamp](#): 57:11)—a thought experiment about tokenism and selective liberation/genocide I've

gone on to reference many, many times (e.g., "[Remember the Fallen: An Ode to Nex Benedict](#)," 2024). He's basically the perfect straight ally and I love his work.

- To [Essence of Thought](#): Essence of Thought, aka Ethel Thurston (she/they) is a trans investigative YouTuber and video essayist; i.e., one whose extensive and impressively researched/cited work has catalogued tokenistic abuse ranging from atheists like [Richard Dawkins](#) and [Rationality Rules](#), famous problematic authors like [C.S. Lewis](#), bad-faith "leftist" impostors like [Ian Kochinski](#), and many real-life events involving trans rights (frankly too many to list). All of this is essential, insofar as Ethel combines thorough and biting research with careful and nuanced application while investigating real-life sexual predators in marginalized communities. That being said, I especially benefited from their exploring of parasocialism in "[Lily Orchard Sexted A 16 Year Old - 2nd Victim Testimony](#)" (2022). In short, Ethel does it all—educating and investigating in ways that perfectly combine stellar citation skills (always timestamping their citations and giving the scripts to all of their videos with the citations listed and numbered, which frankly just rules) with genuine and outpouring empathy for GNC people (and other minorities) at large. I'm glad to have them in my corner and have learned much from my own examination of their work. To that, their brave 2022 exposé regarding [Buck Angel and Contrapoints/Natalie Wynn's defending of the former's NERF-y behavior](#) inspired and informed my book series' earlier (2022/2023) work—i.e., when investigating and writing about TERFs and other exclusionary feminisms in tokenized circles—and Ethel remains someone I eagerly watch and cite to this day!
- To [Professor Lando](#): Not someone I cite too often, admittedly, but who makes awesome, fun and easy-to-parse shorter videos explaining stigmatized ideas of sex, gender and performance (e.g., "[Twinks, Femboys, Otters, and Bears Explained](#)," 2023) that—for all their brevity—contain a ton of useful ideas and applications regarding things normally demonized by heteronormative society at large. While there's undoubtedly people who delve into these topics much more in length (like myself), Lando makes it quick and accessible: to curious audiences who may not actually *be* queer but nonetheless want to learn about such things in good faith; i.e., in ways that poke fun, but also come from an instructor whose "normal" appearance belies a queer core that he passes onto his students.
- To [Kay and Skittles](#): Someone whose literary analysis is both informative, just the right length, funny and insightful (and has a cute animal mascot, Skittles the ferret). I especially enjoyed "[How Enemy At The Gates Lies To You: Saving Private Ryan, Othering, And Cold War Narratives](#)" (2023) in how it introduced me to Howard Zinn's "[Private Ryan Saves War](#)" (1998)—a piece that went on to inform my appreciation for Zinn beyond just *A People's*

History of the United States (1980); i.e., *vis-à-vis* Edward Said's Orientalism and American exceptionalism in popular war media at large.

- To [Theremin Trees](#): A practicing therapist who breaks down a lot of applied therapist jargon through applied theory. This includes, in their case, personal experience ("[My Cluster B Parent Died and I Felt.... Nothing Much](#)," 2023), but also tons of testimony from anonymous sources the therapist has worked with (e.g., "[Letting Go of Fixing People](#)," 2020). This approach inspired my own; i.e., when working with other sex workers behind aliases we collectively use to speak about difficult subjects; re: Cuwu, myself and healing from rape through dialectical behavioral therapy, sex (work) and drug use. Also, Theremin Tree's music and self-designed visual aids are both stylish and second-to-none (along with their relaxing and verbose vocal delivery); i.e., which help make Theremin Trees' complex-on-paper ideas even *more* accessible in practice. Highly, *highly* recommended!

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).
- My [2025 Metroidvania Corpus](#), which includes all of these people.



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 Gemmell, 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.

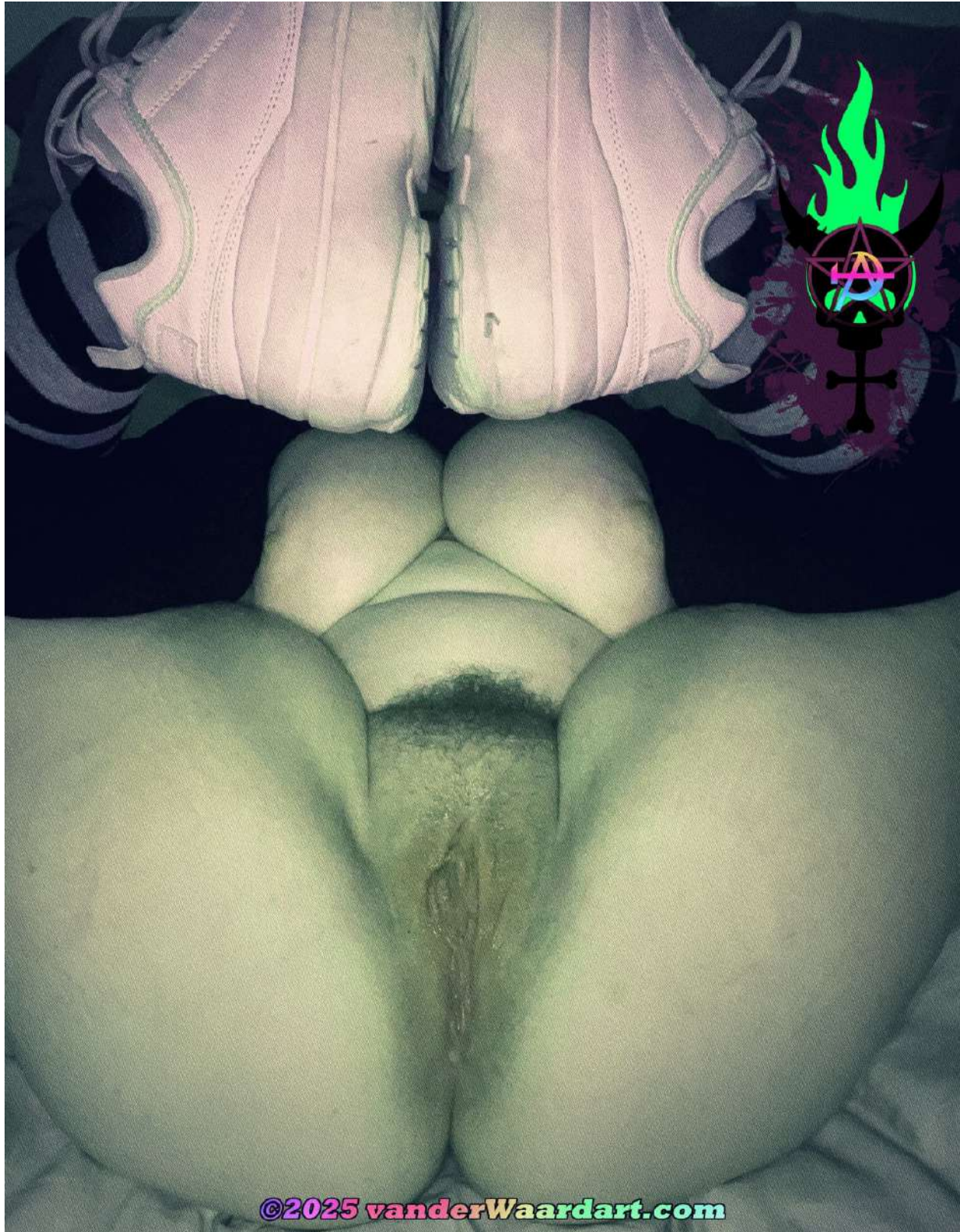
Lastly, thank you to the many, many other artists hitherto unmentioned whose work is featured all throughout *Sex Positivity*. Some of you are recent discoveries, be they models from the present or masters from the past. However, I have followed and studied some of you for many years, and now feel very 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](#))



(model and artist: [Romantic Rose](#) and [Persephone van der Waard](#))

Sex Positivity versus Sex Coercion, or Gothic Communism by Persephone van der Waard
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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 the multi-volume, non-profit book series, [Sex Positivity](#)—its art director, sole invigilator, illustrator and primary editor (the other co-writer/co-editor being [Bay Ryan](#)). Persephone has her independent PhD in Gothic poetics and [ludo-Gothic BDSM](#) (focusing on partially on [Metroidvania](#)), and is a MtF trans woman, anti-fascist, atheist/Satanist, poly/pan kinkster, erotic artist/pornographer and anarcho-Communist [with two partners](#). Including multiple [playmates/friends and collaborators](#), Persephone and her many muses work/play together on *Sex Positivity* and on her artwork at large as a sex-positive force. That being said, [she still occasionally writes reviews, Gothic analyses, and interviews for fun on her old blog](#) (and [makes YouTube videos](#) talking about politics). To learn more about Persephone's academic/activist work and larger portfolio, [go to her About the Author page](#). To purchase illustrated or written material from Persephone (thus support the work she does), [please refer to her commissions page for more information](#). Any money Persephone earns through commissions goes towards helping sex workers through the *Sex Positivity* project; i.e., by paying costs and funding shoots, therefore raising awareness. Likewise, Persephone accepts donations for the project, which you can send directly to her [PayPal](#), [Ko-Fi](#), [Patreon](#) or [CashApp](#). Every bit helps!