

“Ready,  
waiting,  
always  
willing.”



# neko sita

magazine

The Second Journal of  
Fujoshi-Bataille Studies



NEKOGIRL1

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A WORD FROM OUR EDITOR,

# NEVADA-TAN



My dear  
NEKOGIRLS,

Have you seen the birds falling from the sky lately? A kinder, gentler Gaia would smother us in our sleep— cut the oxygen and spare us the pain. Instead, she sits there and wants us to watch her suffer; she wants us to look into the cloudy water and see ourselves drowning in it.

Every civilization has its own perverse fantasy about the end-times. Inevitably, judgment comes and we are punished for our trespasses, our indulgences. Even the physicist has her own end-times; Earth cleansed of its petty human decadence by the Sun's carnivorous appetite as it burns 'twards its own extinction. ἀποκάλυψις: "Deliver me from my own weakness. Remove the veil that conceals me from the world."

Collapse. I love saying it to myself. I'm bouncing in my chair as I say it, feverishly fingering my keys. I think of the blessed Slavs, incorrigible, Pagan blood flowing on the eve of *Иван Купала* as they circle the burning fire in ecstasy, fertilizing both womb and soil alike. Admit it to yourself, you'd love to see it all burn in a pyre just to welcome the purifying heat of Summer's sun. Anon, don't you want to run through the forest naked with me? We can wake up together and see the Sun take the valley, wake up together as lovers, born anew into a season of light.

A lover of history, full of polluted sentiment, must *amat fati*. She who studies the past must have at least some belief in eternal recurrence; she reaches for the document, tears in her eyes she mutters: "Oh God, it's happening again..." and it keeps happening. And in every recurrence, man relives his mistakes. To know this is the greatest burden, the greatest source of impotence. Apocalypse relieves us of this impotence— by definition, it can only happen once for when the veil is removed, it cannot be put back on again. This is why I harbor no respect, absolutely no sympathy, for petty little thieves who plunder the past, wear its struggles & superstitions like a garment so cramped their fat oozes from under it. I need not name them; pathetic little men, boring us with their long posts about strength & tradition even though not one of them would resist if forced into subservience as a catamite under a rich, more powerful man. No— a true traditionalist welcomes the end of this wicked world, no matter which flag hangs over Constantinople. A true traditionalist doesn't say no, she says yes:

“But say, my brothers,  
 B what can the child do  
 that even the lion could not  
 do? Why must the preying lion  
 still become a child? The child  
 is innocence and forgetting,  
 a new beginning, a game, a  
 self-propelled wheel, a first  
 movement, a sacred “Yes.”  
 For the game of creation, my  
 brothers, a sacred “Yes” is  
 needed: the spirit now wills his  
 own will, and he who had been  
 lost to the world now conquers the world!”



“What’s your fucking problem?” Well, I don’t like nothing— not even gun or orifice pornography. I have no contemporaries, except for our wonderful contributors. The cynical “word industry” that publishing has become inspires only revulsion from me, entirely staffed by moralizing liberal-conservatives who are intoxicated to delirium by even the vaguest whiff of monetary value. Their sin is the greatest sin of all, nostalgia; don’t be deceived by what you perceive, underneath the based Traditionalist and the weekend Marxist festers the same disease— fear of anything besides stagnating in the sewage of yesterday. They live their entire lives in fear, throwing their arms around the crumbs that they have and shouting “stay away!” It is the duty of every NEKO GIRL to plunge her foot into those crumbs, to show no interest in that which pleasures itself with self-satisfied inferiority. Oh but what about our race? Oh, our gender. Our land and our people. Our movement, our struggle and trauma. Oh, the wonderful architecture, our sacred heroes. If only you could feel the pleasure of my pride.



“Sentimentality, the  
 S ostentatious parading  
 of excessive and spurious  
 emotion, is the mark of  
 dishonesty, the inability to  
 feel; the wet eyes of the  
 sentimentalist betray his  
 aversion to experience, his  
 fear of life, his arid heart;  
 and it is always, therefore,  
 the signal of secret and  
 violent inhumanity, the mask  
 of cruelty<sup>2</sup>.”

—James Baldwin

So, if you choose to take that plunge, to tower over the mediocrity constantly catapulted into our faces by “content-delivery systems—” should you choose to say “yes;” to put aside the disgusting, life-denying, self-doubting obscenity that is “no,” why not send me your best at:

[submissions@nekogirlmagazine.com?](mailto:submissions@nekogirlmagazine.com)

So now I offer myself onto your hands, dear READER. I am ready, waiting. And of course, always willing. Come get me. I want you to.

Forever yours,  
 Nevada-Tan.

「 and then I asked him with my eyes to  
 ask again yes and then he asked me would I  
 yes to say yes my mountain flower and first  
 I put my arms around him yes and drew him  
 down to me so he could feel my breasts all  
 perfume yes and his heart was going like  
 mad and yes I said yes I will Yes<sup>3</sup>. 」



1. THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA, I: 'ON THE THREE METAMORPHOSES'

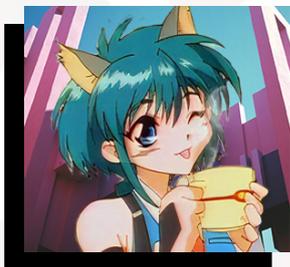
2. JAMES BALDWIN, "EVERYBODY'S PROTEST NOVEL," NOTES OF A NATIVE SON

3. ULYSSES, JAMES JOYCE



# NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE 1 IN THIS ISSUE:

MINUTES FROM THE INAUGURAL FUJIO-BATAILLE COUNCIL:: Meir ...	6
15 Years After Mishima's Jiketsu:: Hidemi, Kōshi, Kō (trans. by Jeremy Woolsey) ...	10
Mishima:: UFOSHOCK ...	13
Augustine's 'MangledCorpse' ::Aiden Abbot ...	18
Satō Hisayasu:: David C. Porter ...	24
TAILBURNER:: GODCHILD ...	27, 28
All Exits Welded Shut:: HestiaSol ...	30
Tableaus :: Kyou System ...	31, 33
Flood Me!:: Charles J. March III ...	34
Cellen at Peach's Castle:: Danielle Keller ...	36
girl-image.jpg:: Minje Kim ...	40
INTERVIEWWITHNEKOSATTVA:: Rhettttt ...	42



THANK YOU FOR  
READING, DEAR READER  
ВСЕ ДЛЯ ТЕБЯ

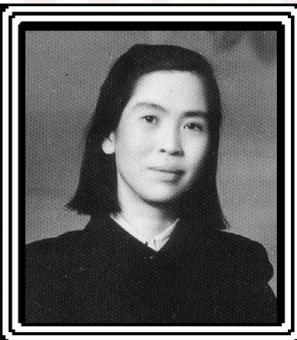


Minutes from the inaugural  
**Fujo-Bataille**  
**Council**  
tomorrows  
itinerary:



bleed a sun, trepan our source of life.  
"stay" is a word to always be written in  
quotations.  
the soft kiss of an unexpected limit-experience  
a love so strong it grips at the trachea...  
your eyes turn green, not that symbol of  
jealousy  
but proof you haven't stopped developing  
[post-adolescent physicality]

say something so true that no one  
would ever believe you.  
a satirical confessional.  
a ween divorce album.



cock-rock performance means an explicit  
crude  
'masterful' expression of  
sexuality. bodies are on display and guitars are  
phallic  
symbols  
(or else caressed like female bodies)  
the music is loud  
rhythmically insistent  
built around techniques of  
arousal and  
release.

friends who love and friends who love to  
see you hate are rare birds  
only coming once every daydreaming  
winter and when you catch one you  
must resist the urge to dull your fire  
they have had a long travel, they need  
heat.





bury me in a sand dune  
 sing me songs via inhale alone  
 you know, grand intentions  
 humans are built to burrow  
 and,  
 blankets are simply saccharine replacements for  
 our need for dirt and skin to envelop us  
 and feed.  
 always remember to help gnomes cross the  
 yard.

effeminate longhaired men with stuttery road rage  
 reverse trap three-times removed  
 neotenous cunfboy  
 was this a decline?  
 torrential bloodflow healed by nettle and lemongrass  
 we rule the world with our greyface  
 want to be very bedbound for a week in a  
 striped nightgown clutching assorted religious texts  
 and kissing you  
 and sobbing  
 not depressing But a  
 euphoric fugue state  
 babys breath tying my now-long hair back  
 welsh on a bluetooth speaker  
 a pregnancy of loopconfusion in the brain  
 newly purified  
 soft cheeks sharp teeth eating mettal every jeap  
 with hammer  
 beastly wounded year 24 creature



there is no purer  
 feminine  
 feeling  
 than hardwood floor  
 belly-down  
 knees bent  
 book-kicking in meter time

meaning is not inherently a value  
 we exist in discourses not as an honor but as a  
 vague shadow to  
 separate concreteness  
 from  
 form  
 and i think in that sense it holds a dear  
 importance to our experiment.  
 meaning in its undiluted form?  
 the way we grow connections atop things  
 things without bounded underpinnings!  
 sadly alas, Putting it in Its Place



feeling an inkysludge  
 not a desire but the desire to use my desire  
 strange formless fragments dancing in  
 myorgans  
 bringing me nothing but  
 spazmaticbidinalenergies +  
 no release  
 ive been nofap since conception  
 i understand many great mysteries and do not  
 understand a simple  
 act

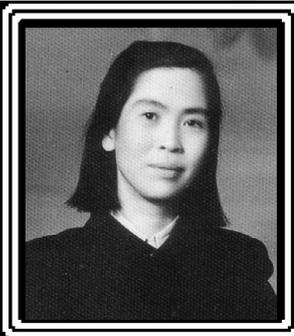
eating 76 oranges on stimulant drugs.





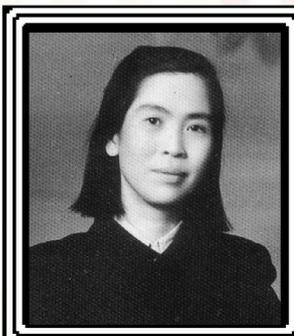
herself originates from  
 cross-contamination  
 lappish joik songs from northern  
 norway  
 and asking your best friend to  
 participate in your violence

strange funny thing, how sometimes  
 something  
 outside yourself  
 within yourself,  
 not thieves,  
 not takes,  
 but sacrifices  
 your physical vocal voice



blurred vision.  
 nausea.  
 jittering claws.  
 a newfound sense of symptoms.  
 mottle your heart  
 like a virginal horse girl.

against the body as separat  
 efor the body as one  
 shedding and disavowl and reformation  
 new times are coming  
 new times are coming  
 it's not about gender  
 it's about fucking never  
 about gender



if you squint you'll see it  
 little bacteria dancing in sunlight  
 the progression of society is one  
 of those little magnetic fuzzyball  
 maze games where you can't hit  
 the edges or you lose  
 but you really like the beeping  
 noise it makes anyways.

“so, were you like, molested or something?”



wanting to lay eggs is not a fetish its how girls develop feelings of love for the self and the world

“eroticism is stored in the palms of the hand. can you read those creases? what do you see?”

“you see the life but in textures. not stories of symbols but representational acts bike handlebars, papercuts, nervous tremors and splayed skin, a gentle lack of precision that can make impressionistic beauty, really awful cuticles, piano fingers, veins of strength, the wear of climbing trees, so much to see and admire, know the past with nostalgic sense.”

i never had a secret handshake as a kid and that's why im sexually repressed what is the difference between mourning and reflecting my head feels like bonfire and mildew and i want this to be a step out a desert car nap and sewing stars but the rumbling tells me it will just be a funeral but murmurs still fill the air and excitement is in ever my patch of soil.... j

peeling carrots and understanding a specific womanly feeling. stripping the protective peel, striated insides. holding up to the light diligently to expose all vulnerability. i feel much more attached to the peeled ones. almost too infatuated to juice them. im evil. to believe is when you make a decision, to be devoted is when you make a choice. there is a difference.

wrapping a secret up in my hands. its not for you. its not for you, I hiss. distracted by my combativity, I trip over stairs. it shatters to the ground, but you help me put it back together. maybe this is ok.

fearful sounding dance... mistakes passed, cycle rejuvenating itself in so many ways... some the knife to my belly, some the fresh moss of peaceful search for new communiques.... im not a poet i simply love the verbal form. gently focused yet slightly aggressive carving as childhood activity is a consistent theme in some i admire. we all just wanna make the inside the outside and shape it anew, huh? or stab girls with pointy things. eyelash popteeth sugarwink sootdream

“fair” is the most special word of antiquity. not beautiful but right and proper in it's beauty... a fair bird sings only for those who shall listen.... someday I will learn apologies for impropriety too great mythologies destroy due modesty when the end has shown itself in false sleep its far too easy to repeat tonguetied leyline leafborn skinshine learning from Dickenson the art of the pause. it's not about giving room to breathe, it's about giving time a place that cannot be spoken over oh whisp'er don't you understand? the drawing herb is in your hand. paste of plantain and pumice smashed with soil and water, cure for entanglement of lost daughter corrupting the song of songs remembering beauty means remembering to put my nose up to the grass remembering jubillance means to remember to stick the grass in your nose !!!

[it's actually impossible to stop me at this point.]

# Excerpts of 15 Years After Mishima's Jiketsu: Solving the Mystery of his Death Today



No celebrities can beat Mishima

Suga:

Your [Tasaka's] book *On Mishima Yukio* [1970]—which came out from Fūtōsha—uses Nietzsche's *The Birth of Tragedy* to identify a Dionysian tendency in Mishima, but there's also the Apollonian. I think you could consider it the surface level. Related to what we were just speaking about, there are generally two trends in evaluating Mishima [the existential reading and the surface reading]—which one do you think Mishima really fell under?... Actually, before addressing that, can you describe the background against which you were writing?

Tasaka:

It has something to do with the issue of how Mishima is being re-examined these days. 40 years have passed since the end of the war. The 1960 Anpo protests were an important marker in periodizing the postwar. After these protests, Japanese society changed in a variety of ways. Today's mass consumer society emerged. Inside of this change, Mishima wrote *On Hayashi Fusao* in 1963. And Yasuda Yojūrō, who Mishima was connected to, published *Accounts of Strange People*, while Hayashi Fusao published *On Affirming the Greater East Asian War*. In the same year, Shimizu Ikutarō published articles to shift his intellectual stance—"Thought in an era of unthought" and "Departure points for a new view of history"—: In short, a reappraisal of the Japanese Romantic School was taking place, as well as a more general surface change in the world of journalism. Taken together with the deepening of consumer society, it was a kind of reactionary, regressive [kaiki-teki] change.

Inside of all of this, I became interested in the question of just what Mishima Yukio was. Of course, it wasn't until several years later that I started writing the book, and I finished and published it only a few months before Mishima's death. So, as to the issue of why I based my reading on *The Birth of Tragedy*—it was because I had read his work carefully and just kind of intuited this tendency. No, well, if I get started talking about this from the start I won't stop, so let's get into it gradually.

Suga:

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Your book was written while Mishima was still alive, and there's a motif of thinking through how best to reject him in real time, but for me, it's been 15 years since he died, and so I tried to rethink his legacy. Here something extremely simple became apparent to me.

For example, Yoshimoto Takaaki has been very flashy of late, though of course he hasn't been on TV. And no matter how flashy he is, if we ask the question from the perspective of television of who is more amusing (perhaps I should say as a performer), then the answer is overwhelmingly Mishima. Because he died on television. Well, it was a kind of staging [yarase]. This staging hasn't happened again since. No matter how hard Beat Takeshi tries, he won't die on television, and no matter what Yoshimoto does, he's just not up to par with Mishima.

Now, thinking about why there is renewed interest in Mishima today, it's because he clearly anticipated the rise of mass consumer society, and while there's been many amusing celebrities to emerge in the 15 years since he died, no one can top Mishima. So there's a kind of relative amusement, but only Mishima possesses absolute amusement. You can't beat him. For this reason, people are thinking about him again. That's why I think there's this boom going on right now.

Ueno:

Putting aside the issue of amusing and unamusing celebrities (laughs), it's often said that Mishima was someone who opposed the massification of society, a kind of precursor to mass consumer society. To phrase it more simply, he was a writer against the times, the postwar period. But if you look at the novels, you understand that he used extremely common [zoku] themes and was very much in step with the trends of the time. Of course, to look on this favorably, his act of converting the common or vulgar to the extraordinary represented his artistic ambition, but his interest was in line with the trends of the time. I even think you could say he was "sleeping" with the times. And because of this, he knew the massification of society well.

Then, with the 1970 incident, his death represented in Suga's words him acting out his greatest performance, and by doing so prognosticating what would happen in the 1970s and 1980s. What I mean by prognosticating is that, by cutting himself open, he showed what was inside his stomach. I'm interested in this act itself, not what he was appealing to with the act. He opened his stomach up, showed what was inside, and that was incredible, and symbolic. We were shown the plain fact that all that's inside the abdomen is organs. And by him showing us this, the things hiding, things that were obscured by a kind of perspective, were laid bare.

The 1970s were a time when things that hid in the depths emerged one after another to the surface. There was the Lockheed Scandal, and the issue of pollution [kōgai] that appeared in the beginning of the 1970s. All of these, even if they were known, were hidden in the depths of the postwar period, the shadows of the high growth period of the economy, and they came to the surface. Although you can say that these represent the "superficialization" of the depths, there was a certain pattern or structure behind this superficialization... it wasn't direct, it happened as a kind of story. That's what I think the 1970s was. Mishima was someone haunted by the surface, by the "depth of the surface itself"—his death essentially proved these words. To show people depth, all that there was left to do was die. But, conversely, I have the impression that by doing so he managed to avoid the wretchedness of a state where there's only surface left.



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## The Desire to See, The Desire to be seen

Ueno:

... Mishima had a strong desire to be seen, and he turned himself into an object the moment he was seen, in effect a kind of temporary or virtual death. But, while this desire was inside him all the time, until a certain period, it remained latent, and the desire to see was stronger—until he started body building, and strengthening his body through kendo, he didn't have the kind of body that called for seeing (laughs). When he achieved this "body", this is when his desire to be seen came to the forefront. This is also when he increasingly becomes a subject for photography. In this sense, Mishima was a fitting writer for the age of image, and he was perfectly aware of this. Image here primarily refers to the age of photography, not to the TV era. Well, at least only up to movies. I have a feeling that he anticipated the next age, but he couldn't live in it.

I separated the photographic and television ages right now, but what I mean is this: In photography, when the shutter closes, the image freezes. From the perspective of the viewer, the photograph fixes a certain moment from the past. I have a feeling that Mishima, in this, was saying "Look at me!" But, in the case of television, there isn't such a momentary freezing, and the image moves, lives. Of course, in film it's moving too, but this occurs in the darkness of the theater, and it monopolizes attention. In contrast, the television exists in the everyday, and in a kind of continuity with the everyday. With this in mind, you can't say "Look at me!" and burst out. That only becomes a parody. The age of television begins after 1970. Well, even if there are magazines like Focus and Friday and people say that the 1980s are an age of photography, these photographs exist in a televisionized present. The subject, the photographer, the viewer—they're all of television.

Mishima, as a writer of the age of image from the mid-19th century onwards, more than anyone consciously related himself to the image, but it was the photograph, not the television screen. His romanticism instinctively rejected the television. In this sense, in the beginning of the 1970s... wasn't he saying that he couldn't live in an age of television? Because in television, death is impossible. The desire to see, and simultaneously to be seen, spread through society afterwards, but Mishima wanted to be seen on his own. I think he probably found the existence of a mass that could see and be seen very unpleasant.

## The essence of Mishima's Aesthetics

Tasaka:

This might move the conversation forward a little too quickly, but I think what is expressed in Mishima's aesthetic can be condensed in a few words to Nietzsche's *The Birth of Tragedy*, and Bataille. That is, how Mishima understood Bataille.

Suga:

On Bataille, Mishima probably understood him about as well as Okamoto Tarō. A so-called "vulgar" Bataille. Like, "Art is an explosion!" (laughs).

Tasaka:

How Mishima understood Bataille, it was in relation to *The Birth of Tragedy*. These form the basic structure of his aesthetic...

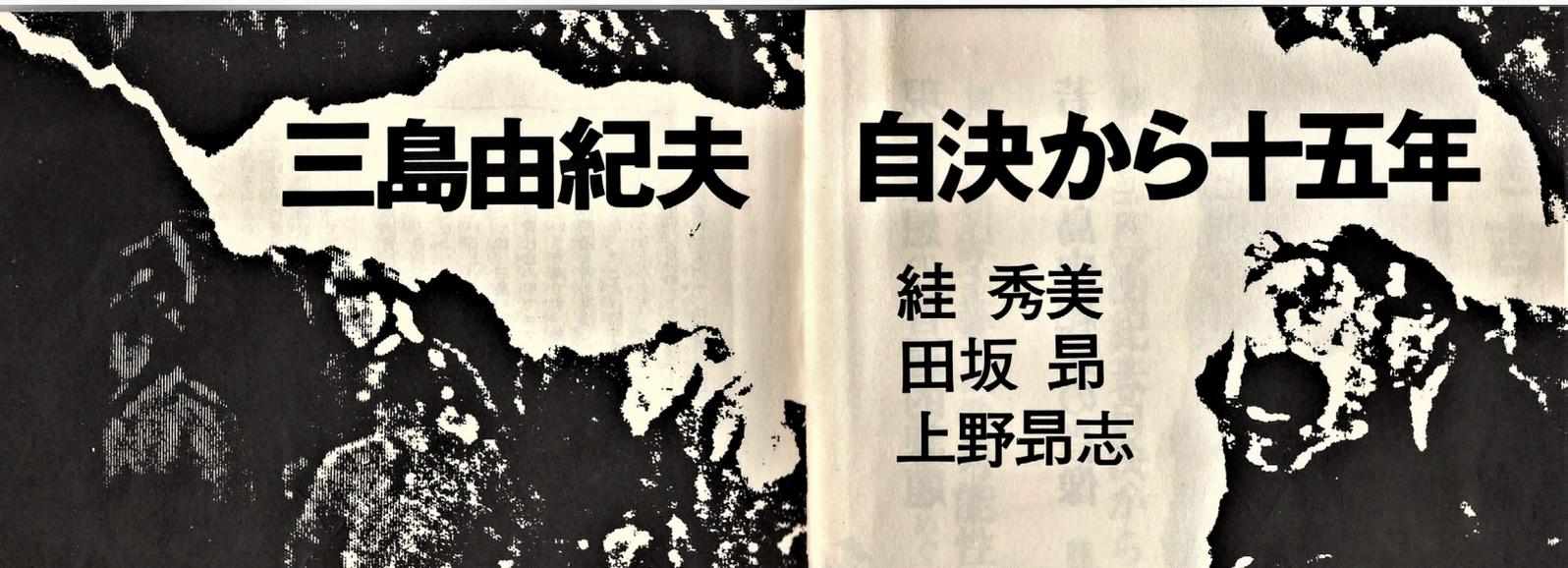
In the 1970 incident, I think you can say that Mishima acted out a tragedy. For example, there's his novel *The Sea of Fertility*. It's a tragedy, and yet there's something very artificial about it. In short, the structure of his aesthetic takes the form of the tragedy, but it's merely borrowing it.



:: UFOSHOCK

So, what is real tragedy? It's not something you make, it's something that is forced on you. You resist, you try to avoid it, and yet you can't—it comes like fate. It comes from beyond. Mishima, however, was summoning it. Or, rather than summoning it, he was artificially creating tragedy. That's what I mean by him merely borrowing the shape of tragedy...

In that sense, it's a performance. Mishima performed the defining "tragedy" of the 1970s, and like in *The Sea of Fertility*, it had to be an extremely artificial "tragedy." That was Mishima's tragedy. So, by pursuing the artificiality of Mishima's tragedy—that it had to be artificial—, we can begin to broaden our understanding of Mishima.



## For those who want to critique Mishima

Suga:

Returning to a little earlier in our conversation, Tasaka was saying that in 1963 there was a reactionary revival, with the Japanese Romantic School and Hayashi Fusao, but at the time, what did you think was the best way to criticize this revival?

Tasaka:

I don't know if I can directly answer that. Of course, I was critical of them, and yet I didn't think the left-wing way of critiquing them was effective. The left, in general, critiques from the outside—so-called external critique. But I didn't think that was really critique. So, I thought when you critique people like them—and Mishima—, you have to rupture them internally.

After the Mishima incident, there were a lot of people attacking from the outside, calling Mishima a fascist, but that was boring. It wasn't critical. It doesn't get across. I thought that you had to think about how to sneak inside, and according to [the logic of] Mishima himself, rupture Mishima. I don't have much confidence that I pulled it off in my book though.



## Mishima's Emperor-apparatus

Suga:

For Mishima, the emperor system had to be empty. He didn't believe in any of it.

Tasaka:

Because for Mishima, the emperor system was the "phantom southern court."

Ueno:

In terms of the emperor system, there's the symbolic emperor system, and the emperor that actually exists, but Mishima didn't have any hopes for these. What he thought of was an emperor system like an empty hole that would accept and affirm everything. It would be at the center of everything, an empty white hole. He also calls it an absolute blue sky. There was something very new there. Maybe there's even room in his vision to accept all the kids who talk about not understanding the emperor system today...



## Mishima fused the climax of life with death

Suga:

In the 1930s Bataille made his secret group Acéphale. They wanted to sacrifice someone, and it's said that someone might have died. This group and Mishima's Shield Society were very similar. Mishima himself died in this case though...

And, Tasaka, you're of the mind that Mishima was influenced by Bataille, and chose to die in a way that fused the climax of life and death together, but at the same time, the era of the Shield Society and Acéphale were very different, and it could only be a joke. The uniforms for the Shield Society were Pierre Cardin's, right. In short, I have a feeling that Mishima couldn't believe in Bataille's kind of utopian eroticism.

Tasaka:

That's why his suicide couldn't become a tragedy.

Suga:

In short, didn't Mishima know that it couldn't be a tragedy?

Tasaka:

He did. He knew, but he longed for tragedy. It was his hope. I think you could say it in many ways, but basically he tried too hard.



Suga:

About the incident, I have a feeling I want to put the emphasis more on it being a joke.

Tasaka:

You can also take it as a joke.

Suga:

So it's a problem of emphasis then.

Tasaka:

No, the issue of whether it was a joke or for real became a problem after the incident. There's the word "half-joke", but I don't think you can understand it inside the dichotomy of it being a joke vs. it being sincere... .

## Mishima's Suicide was Black Humor

Tasaka:

... Mishima left a side of himself that would be used. He said himself that he wouldn't be used, but regardless of what he said, reception of the incident was beyond his control.

Suga:

That's why, like I said in the beginning, there should have been two Mishimas. He should have been able to see how stupidly he's being used.

Ueno:

It seems we've reached a conclusion (laughs). In short, Mishima lived nihilism. But, the nihilism of all the people who raise him up now, it's vulgar, and they also end up talking about the depths of existence or something like that. They seek that. That's the worst kind of nihilism...

In the end, I think the Mishima incident was a kind of black humor. It's difficult to decide whether the emphasis should be put on "back" or "humor."

Suga:

Was it for real or a joke? Existence or a joke?

Ueno:

For Mishima, existence was part of the joke (laughs).



# テゼ

## 第6号

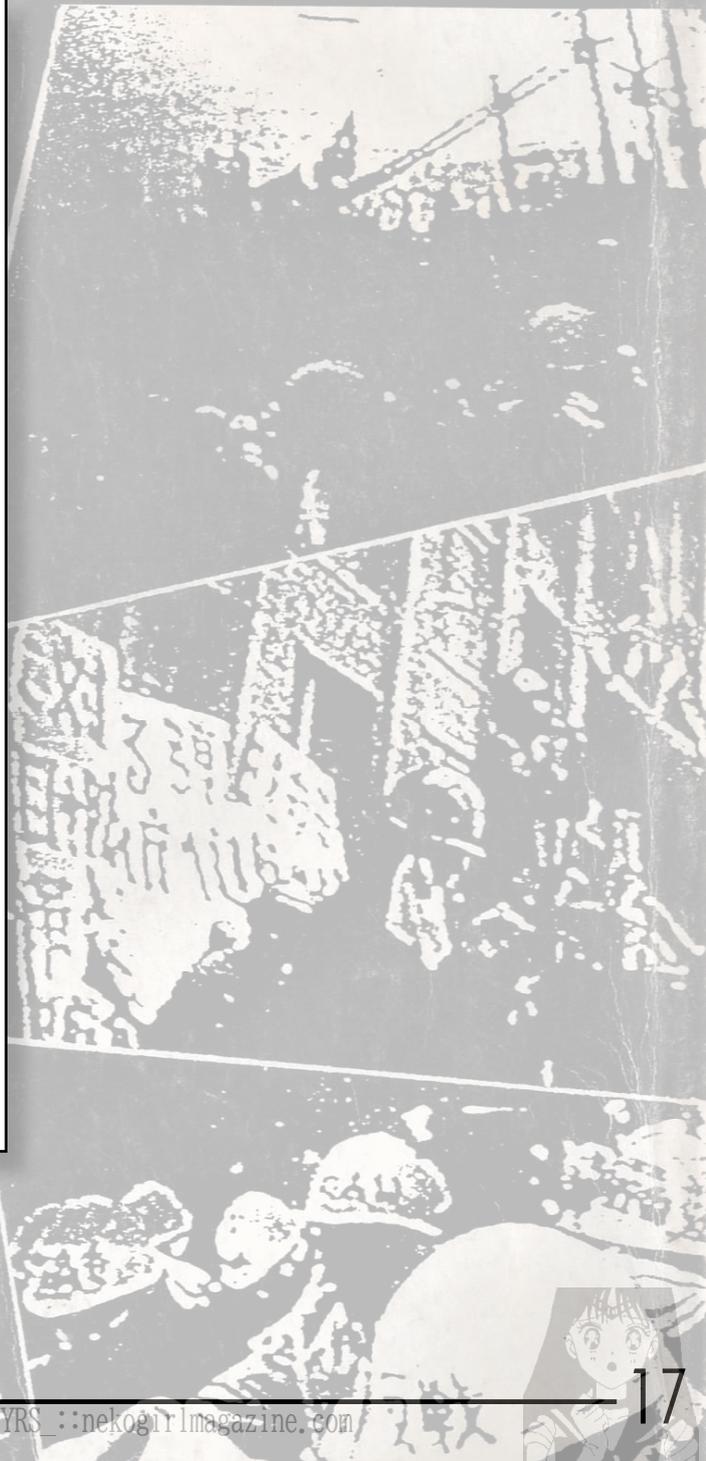
### 特集●吉本隆明と三島由紀夫

Translator's note:

[Above] are excerpts from an interview on Mishima Yukio published in 1986 in the zine Tēze (Thesis), overseen by Yoshida Kazuaki. The participants are Suga Hidemi and Ueno Kōshi, a pair of literary critics, and Tasaka Kō, a biographer of Mishima Yukio. Upon reading Tasaka's analysis of his work, Mishima was moved to send Tasaka a letter that concluded, "All that is left for me is a single touch (isshoku) to complete my fate" (17)\*. I am not a specialist in Japanese literature, let alone Mishima. I think this interview, though, will provide some inspiration for the battle against traditionalist hacks everywhere, so I decided to translate it.

In Japan there had been an increase in coverage of Mishima following the 15th year anniversary of his death (in 1970)—I cut the portions of the interview pertaining predominately to this "Mishima Boom" as it is already a long interview (roughly 30 pages). I also liberally reduced/cut certain sections for the sake of brevity. Anything that reads awkwardly is clearly my fault. All names are family names, following Japanese tradition. In addition, images/design from the zine were done by Wakaki Ryō.

\* = 「私に残されたことは、あとはただ運命の完成のための一触しかありません」



# AUGUSTINE'S 'MANGLED CORPSE': ART UNDER THE MESSIANIC LIGHT



*'You are a turd,  
You are a heap of refuse,  
You have come to kill us,  
You have come to save us<sup>1</sup>.'*

Investiture hymn of the Mossi of Burkina Faso

A fact: if we believe in the Apocalypse as a real inevitability, it is impossible that we should not seek to see everything as it will appear at the moment of the history-devouring event. We would do well to remember that the literal meaning of Revelation is the disclosure of truth. To grasp at truth then is to, as much as possible, adopt a properly escatological position; to see everything as everything will appear at the end of everything. As Adorno writes:

*'Perspectives must be produced which set the world beside itself [...] alienated from itself, revealing its cracks and fissures, as needy and distorted as it will one day appear in the messianic light<sup>2</sup>.'*

To this end, we have to approach art in exactly this way. Its highest obligation is to reveal the world, and ourselves, as we, and it, will appear on the Last Day; to prepare us for 'the messianic light.' In a rare moment of naivety, in his Confessions, Augustine asks, 'What pleasure can there be in the sight of a mangled corpse, which can only horrify?'<sup>3</sup> We should ask for precisely this: for corpse-art.

The paleolithic statuette, exhumed from the bog. Cruel, mute: 10,000 years sneering at us through the mud.

The STATUE TO AN UNKNOWN GOD, of Acts 17, which even by then, history had already rendered meaningless, and unspeakably lonely.

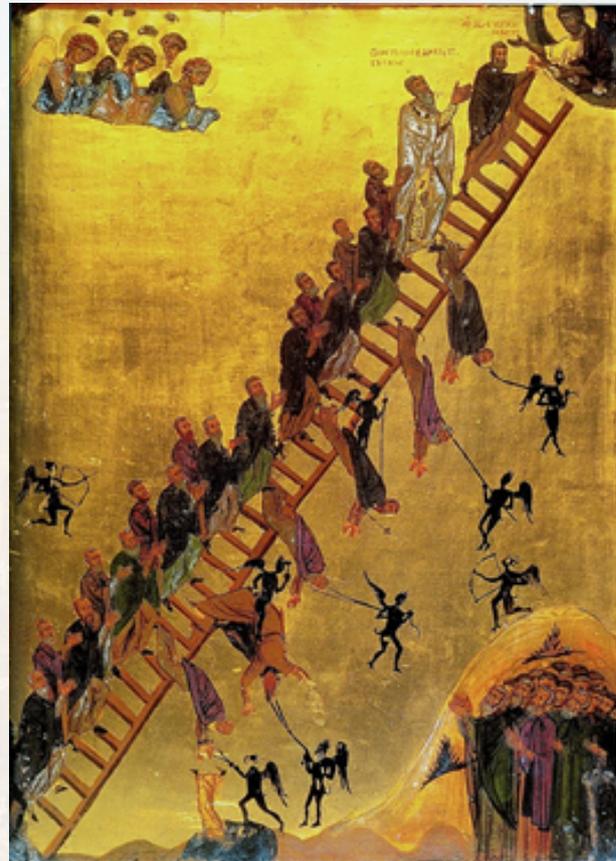
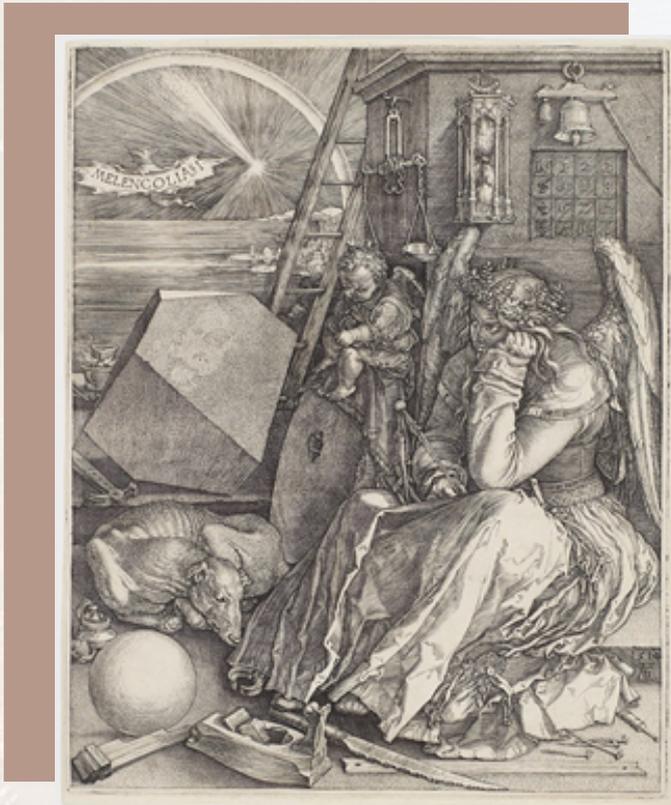
The bodies at Pompei.

In the *Pharsalia*, Lucan describes 'effigies [...] scarcely fashioned from some fallen trunk [...] pallid with decay, their rotting shapes struck terror<sup>4</sup>.'

In other words, whatever has already been pronounced as bankrupt, as impotent, as blind, as we will also one day look under the Messianic light; we have to have the courage to examine everything as it will appear at the Eschaton. From this standpoint, we have to seek out an art which, with the invulnerable pride of the handsome young criminal who refuses to defend himself before the court and glares in silence at the judge, quietly condemns us, and is the mirror image of our very own terrifying hopelessness. Whatever fills us with that mixture of pity and revulsion which is also a type of love. Whatever testifies to human frailty, and cloaked in silence, demands that unmixed attention which approaches a kind of meditation. It is delivered to us long dead, and we press our ear against the coffin.

1. Girard, R. *Violence and the Sacred*, London: Continuum Books, 2005, p. 112  
2. Adorno, T. *Minima Moralia*, London: Verso, 2005, p. 247  
3. Augustine, *Confessions*, London: Penguin Books, 2015, p. 242  
4. Lucan, *The Pharsalia*, Book III, lines 414-417

Durer's *Melencolia I*. The image of the angel sat under the ladder recalls something like Jacobs' Ladder, or the famous 'Ladder of Divine Ascent' icon - but it goes nowhere; it disappears behind a tower, and Heaven is out of sight. The Angel remains trapped with us on earth, enrapt in quiet, devoted study. Her look of anguish; - 'paralysed [...] by thought<sup>5</sup>', as Panofsky put it - the sick dog at her feet; the morose little putto over her shoulder, all remind us that like the ladder, this also seems to be a dead end. Hence, for Benjamin, 'Durer's engraving [...] depicts a dejected world where things litter the ground, objects no longer of use but of contemplation<sup>6</sup>.' - a contemplation that is always, ostensibly, fruitless.



Left: *Melancholia 1*, Albrecht Durer, engraving, 1514, Right: *The Ladder of Divine Ascent*, late 12th Century, tempera

We have to be like Durer's angel. Imagine we devote this kind of solemn attention to the interpretation of, for example, the Dagenham Idol; it is impossible that this should gain us anything at all. What was buried in 2000 BC is not the same object that was exhumed 4000 years later; the peat bog has bleached it clean of all possible meaning. It is totally obscure to us - in approaching it, we enter a world of infinite possibilities, and infinite dead ends and false starts. Alienated from its creator, the idol emerges from the mud fully formed, like Athena from the side of Zeus' head, wallowing in its own impregnable solitude. The object is *autonomous*, in that it refuses interpretation - it refuses to belong to us. We could devote a lifetime of study to that statuette, and it would forever elude us; it is a bottomless well that is always dry. This should not deter us one bit - in devoting our attention to the unknowable-object, we imitate the way in which the intellect devotes itself with that same attention to the unknowable-object of God, in prayer. It is this same unknowability that gives Lascaux its ineffable sublimity, unrivaled in any of the Greek or Roman temples. It demands our total attention, and gives nothing in return. As Simone Weil notes, 'Attention, taken to its highest degree, is the same thing as prayer. It presupposes faith and love. Absolutely unmixed attention is prayer<sup>7</sup>.'

5. Panofsky, E, *The Life and Art of Albrecht Durer*, Princeton: University of Princeton Press, p. 160  
 6. Iversen, M and Melville, S, *Writing Art History*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, p. 51  
 7. Weil, S, *Gravity and Grace*, New York: Routledge Classics, 2002, p. 117



In *The Right Use of School Studies*, she writes:

*'If we ask our Father for bread, He does not give us a stone [...] every time that a human being succeeds in making an effort of attention with the sole idea of increasing his grasp of truth, he acquires a greater aptitude for grasping it, even if his effort produces no visible fruit [...] the unique, eternal and living Truth, the very Truth that once, in a human voice, declared: "I am the Truth"<sup>8</sup>.'*



*Replica of the Dagenham Idol, c. 2250 BC*

It is impossible, if we approach our study like this, as an exercise in perfecting one's capacity for this mystical attention, that, like Durer's angel, blindly and inexorably, we should not be drawn upwards in some way: up that ladder, the top part of which is always hidden from us. This is the art we have to seek out: the unintelligible shrapnel of history, reduced to that terrible state of nakedness in which we also will appear under the Messianic light. That which continually invites us into a state of solemn meditation, and at once refuses to reveal itself - an object *'not of use but of contemplation'* - a contemplation that is only worthwhile so long as it gains us nothing, and so remains totally boundless. In this way, even imperceptibly, the corpse-object *zieht uns hinan*<sup>9</sup> - high enough that, from above, we see the world as it is: as it will appear on the Last Day. The object's poverty stands for our own human frailty and mediocrity - but precisely nothing else.

The corpse-art-object finds its absolute opposite in all art which in some way celebrates human strength, or genius, or virtue, or some combination of the three:

The Arch of Titus; Michelangelo's David; the frescoes in the Capitol building; the statue of Rameses II in the British Museum; Raphael's *School of Athens*; these are all prime examples. We have to take a violently anti-humanist approach here - all of this will have to go: brought to rubble. *Blessed are You, the Lord our God, Sovereign of the Universe, who commands us to destroy idols.*

Anthropologists have reconstructed a particular Paleolithic hunter-gatherer ritual: a tyrannical tribal leader is slain by his subjects - they consume his body, and his symbolic power is disseminated amongst his murderers. His severed head is kept as a totem. This, as Kristeva describes, *'amounts to eliminating his arbitrary nature and through this new violence, creating [...] social bonds in place of barbarity, culture in place of tyranny [...] the social pact, culture and interiority of humans capable, after many iterations of the rite [...] of deferring their drives, representing them, memorizing them, [and] managing them'*<sup>10</sup>. We can approach the mass desecration of art in much the same way; out of that orgiastic violence, the mob is transformed into a community, joined in a shared criminal status as culture-murderers. The cannibal rite is always also a great banquet, and there's no better way to make friends than over a meal. As Girard notes on the murder of a king by his subjects:

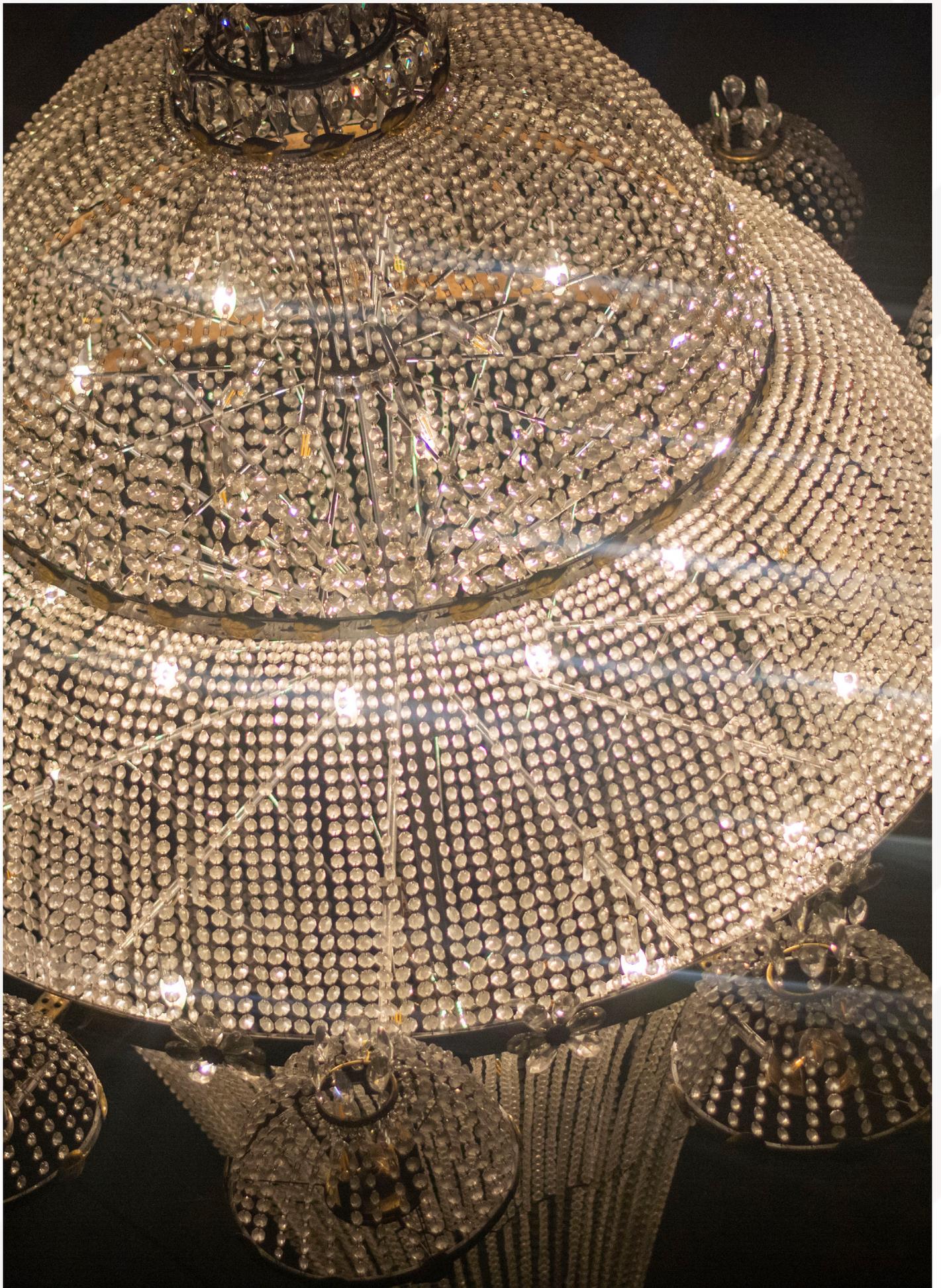
*'The king reigns only by virtue of his future death; he is no more and no less than a victim awaiting sacrifice [...] This collective violence [...] mak[es] the surrogate victim the sole arbitrator of all conflicts, proclaiming it a veritable incarnation of absolute sovereignty'*<sup>11</sup>.

8. Weil, S. *Love in the Void: Where God Finds Us*, New York: Plough Publishing, 2018, p. 4-11

9. 'Draws us on high', from the end of Goethe's *Faust*, Part II: 'Das Ewig-Weibliche / Zieht Uns Hinan'

10. Kristeva, J. *The Severed Head*, New York: Columbia University Press, 2012, p. 14

11. Girard, R. *Violence and the Sacred*, London: Continuum Books, 2005, p. 112-113



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The same is true of art: its power to produce a real community of spectators relies on its being met with our unanimous violence. This has to involve a supernatural effort, requiring of us the terrible courage of the barbarian horde who sacked Rome, the Great Beast. Europe has scarcely witnessed so heroic a feat since. It will mean book burnings on every street corner. It will mean the bronze Aurelius and his horse hurled into the Tiber, or melted down to make computer parts. It will mean mankind reconciled as one flesh, one body, one mob, *brought together in the orgiastic tearing down of its own idols*, in recognition of a shared and terrifying destiny, in the face of which, this kind of art has to strike us as entirely unforgivable. Imagine Napoleon, shivering and naked on the floor of the Judgement House, stuttering to explain what exactly it was he had looked so proud of in that awful portrait by David. From a properly escatological position, it is impossible that we should see a work like that other than as cosmically humiliating - but we can yet save him the embarrassment. In an act of immeasurable charity, we could tear it into pieces. The great cultural agents of the 21st Century will not look like civilized men and women, but a pack of nameless savages, who, like the so-called 'Sea People' of the Late Bronze Age, will appear out of nowhere to put us in our place: they will invent new forms of violence, and history will not forgive them. Our new model of the Great Thinker cannot be that of the magisterial Goethe, or Freud, or Rousseau, but of the ancient Scythian raider who, after a month's continuous riding across the steppe, finds his testicles have burst against the saddle, and returns to the camp as a screeching eunuch shaman, reading the future in braided willow branches<sup>12</sup>; of the hacker-warlord who sits all night in a tower block apartment over Volgograd, and from his desktop, raises a Golden Horde of bots which, in the morning, will outflank the CAPTCHA and scatter like wild horses across the internet: '*Cry, 'Havoc!', and let slip the dogs of war!*' We are called to arms in a new struggle in which we will have to weaponize our most barbarous, most destructive impulses - the same cruel impulses a child gratifies by torturing an ant with a magnifying glass - against art.

A friend of mine has written: '*Sovereign begets sovereign. The artwork is the artist's mutinous and sovereign child*' - if she's right, we should smother it in its cot.

The formula works like this: Mbembe writes, '*sovereignty resides [...] in the power [...] to dictate who may live and who must die [...] to kill or to allow to live constitute the limits of sovereignty*<sup>13</sup>.' As such, a spectator who is not free to destroy what he looks at is not yet sovereign; the object holds this over him. Out of the collective decision to assert this murderous sovereignty over that of the art-object, in an act of ecstatic violence, and out of the collective guilt that ensues, a real community of spectators is forged. The victim's remains are buried or discarded; it returns to us years later, divested of any intelligible artistic intent or practical utility, and thus wholly alien to us. Between it and its creator, a great chasm is set in place - it is unutterably lonely, and revels in its own terrible and impenetrable solitude: its secret nobility. It is, at last, profoundly, nauseatingly *autonomous*. Thus, it is not only us who are edified by this violence, but the object itself. Through its own disfigurement, the all-too-human idol is transformed into something higher - the corpse-object - having been delivered unto death, and yet birthing itself anew, screaming and toothless, out of its own fatal wound. So, in the end, sovereign does beget sovereign; what the sovereign spectator, in this orgy of violence, happens to expel as waste eventually rises from the mud, as a newly sovereign art.

The aforementioned bronze Aurelius: we know exactly who it depicts, when it was made, and for what purpose. It is impossible to understand the object other than as the remains of some now defunct human power; *let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch of the ranged empire fall!* If we break off the head and hide it in a peat bog, then in a thousand years time we will be able to approach him as a stranger, and in not understanding him, he will strike in us an abject terror, but at the same time, like the

12. I refer here to the 'enarees' (ἐναρήεις) Herodotus mentions in The Histories, IV, 67

13. Mbembe, A, Necropolitics, Durham: Duke University Press, 2003, p. 11

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paintings at Lascaux, demand of us that mystical attention which is always in vain, but nonetheless prepares us for a wordless prayer which bares us ever upwards. The truly sovereign art object belongs to a world totally beyond our own, and so remains perfectly, serenely, distant; it appears to us as something dredged up out of an abyss, where blind monsters give birth in darkness and devour their own mutant offspring. It will naturally resemble ‘*a mangled corpse, which can only horrify.*’ Giacometti revealed to Genet that he had once intended to take a statue of his and bury it, ‘*not so that it would be discovered, or if so, then much later, when he himself and the memory of his name ha[d] disappeared*’ - Genet wondered if this was his way offering art to the dead<sup>14</sup>.

Herein lies our most precious task: to offer art to the dead, and have it return to us as a corpse.

From Euripides’ *Alcestis*:

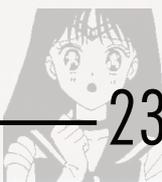
‘κούφα σοι γθὼν ἐπάνωθε πέσοι!’<sup>15</sup>

In its total wretchedness, the corpse-object becomes the mirror image of our own wretchedness; a wretchedness that is not quite yet entirely apparent - for now we see through a glass, darkly - but will one day be made all too plain to us, when Heaven is opened and the seals poured out. In this way, that senseless destruction works as a purification rite; this is the second sense in which it mimics the ritual Kristeva describes. All around us, art rules as a tyrant; we will murder it in order to revere its severed head. Let Benjamin’s Angel of History weep and howl at the mountain of waste we will lay at his feet. The violence that produces a sovereign and autonomous spectator also engenders a sovereign and autonomous art: a dialectic in which force alone is the engine and the motor. Not the invisible hand of the Volksgeist or the Kunstwollen, but real kinetic force. Metal on metal: and the sparks fly upward!

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Weil, S, *Love in the Void: Where God Finds Us*, New York: Plough Publishing, 2018

14. Genet, J, *The Selected Writings of Jean Genet*, ed. White, E, Hopewell: Echo Press, 1993, p. 319

15. ‘May the earth lay light upon you!’



# An Exegetis on Sato Hisayasu

## In the 80s and 90s,



Satō Hisayasu made sex films about not fucking. This is not to say they were sex films without fucking, but rather ones which minimized the occurrence of the penetrative act, and in a broad sense rejected it ontologically. Instead: licking, rubbing over undergarments, elaborate S/M rituals, voyeurism of all sorts. To some extent, of course, this is a practical response to the state-mandated predicament bondage of Japanese censorship policies, but it's also the very core of the films' sexual logic. Simply, the films don't make sense outside the paradigm intended explicitly to discourage their production. There is, can be, no unmediated encounter in a Satō. There is always something in the middle of a coupling, a blockade, a disjuncture, an unbridgeable gap. His people shuffle along never reaching what they think they desire, inhabitants of an ecology of obstruction. Although perhaps this phrasing is too naturalistic: these are not films about anything as idealistic as the "human condition," only specific conditions in which things some would call "humans" exist. There's nothing transcendental in his worlds, nothing which is not contingent, and only the most abject traces of the sublime. This isn't clear just from watching one or two arrangements. You have to really immerse yourself in his world to begin to see its profound hopelessness, and bleaker still the smirk of resignation with which it is met.



First, let's discuss violence.

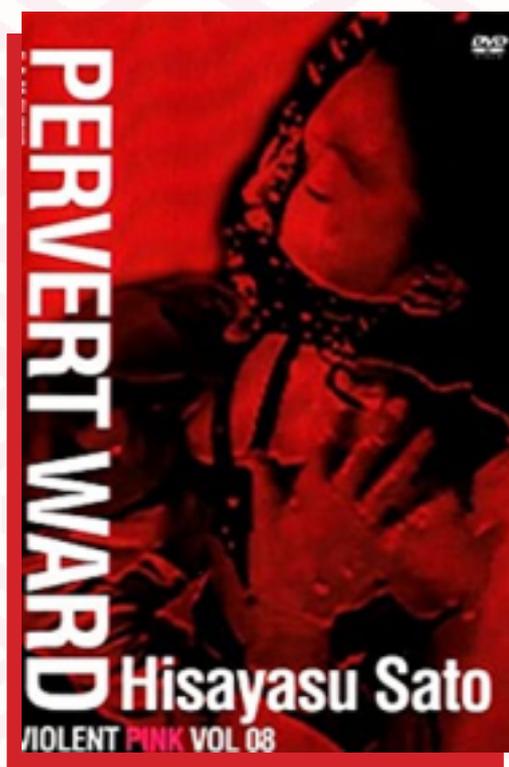
In the West, it seems, if one knows of Satō at all it's generally through one of two films: *Splatter: Naked Blood* (1996), or, less commonly, *The Bedroom* (1992). The trivia everyone knows about *The Bedroom* is its stunt casting of IRL convicted cannibal murderer Sagawa Issei in a supporting role. This fact generally looms much larger than anything of the actual content of the film, giving it an "extreme" reputation not really in line with how it actually operates (it's built out of many of the classic Satō themes and is fairly unremarkable if one is already familiar with them). But again, it's still fairly obscure. *Naked Blood* is what defines Satō as a filmmaker for your average "weird movie" enthusiast (the only substantial foreign audience for many genre directors). Actually a direct remake of *Pleasure Kill* (1987), it concerns three



women in a clinical trial for a contraceptive who are unknowingly administered a pill which turns pain into pleasure, due to tampering by the son of the trial's lead scientist. This is basically an Oedipal variation on themes of dominance and submission in a clinical context previously (or later, in the case of *Pleasure Kill*) explored in the *Pervert Ward* films, 1988's *Torturing the White Uniform* and 1989's *S&M Clinic*, but what's more

important for most viewers is that it's very, very bloody. One woman self-cannibalizes, another mutilates herself, a third becomes a serial killer. These scenes are shot as unflinchingly as anything else in Satō's career, and because of this (and, probably, because of the film's title as well), I often see him described as a "splatter" director, but this is misguided. It's undeniable that Satō is a "violent" filmmaker; his films are full of rapes, murders, sadists and masochists, and even when overt violence is absent the threat of it is not. But "splatter," as a genre, is not described merely by the presence of violence, of images of blood and guts and severed limbs; rather, splatter films are concerned with gore as an aesthetic mode. Even at his most hyper-violent (as in *Naked Blood*), for Satō violence is just another redirection of libidinal energy away from fucking. Its big gory setpieces are unmistakably sexualized; they're masturbation scenes in which self-pleasure and self-destruction are inextricably intertwined. In some ways this is clearer in *Pleasure Kill*, which features an indelible shot of one of the women repeatedly shoving a butcher knife into her own pantied crotch.

The closest one may find to a prescription for sexual satisfaction in Satō's hollowed-out universe can be found in *Pleasure Masturbation: New Wife Model* (1993). The climactic event (no pun) is a man watching his wife via closed-circuit television have a threesome with strangers, then fuck herself with a motorized dildo while he gets blown by the entrepreneurial call girl who arranged the situation. They orgasm simultaneously, his cum splattering the image on the screen of her face in ecstasy. If there can be such a thing as "trad Satō" this is it, a rare instance in which, ultimately, he gives us a "happy ending," a formula for a successful marriage: a voyeur and an exhibitionist, with a video camera in the middle. Still, this is happiness via TV screen. It's a recording of living, not the real thing. A camera, video or otherwise, is by far the most common mediator "in the middle" of one these arrangements; in *Re-Wind* (1988), the narrative catalyst is (in an even more sad and lonely inversion of Sone Chūsei's 1979 opus *Angel Guts: Red Classroom*) a tape which found its way onto the underground market of the protagonist's rape as a schoolgirl, several year prior; in *Horse, Woman, Dog* (1990), a necrophiliac finds a woman in a shack on the beach and, thinking she's dead, takes dozens of Polaroids of her instead of fucking her; in *The Fetist* (1998), the socially-isolated protagonist's sister



is in a relationship with a sadist who records all of their violent bondage sessions on video, with shots frequently focusing on a CRT display in the bedroom instead of the action directly; and so on. The Fetist also features a neighbor eavesdropping on the household with audio equipment. This is also central to *Night of Body's Model* (1996) and *Survey Map of Paradise Lost* (1988), the latter of which Satō has said was directly inspired by Francis Ford Coppola's *The Conversation* (1974). He says he's very attracted to the idea of "listening to someone's conversation with electronic waves... almost like telepathy." He wants to look inside people and see what isn't there. That's what his films do.

Thus the aversion to fucking, which even at its most debased bears the unmistakable trace of creation, of capital-b Being. Notably, there is an exception to this aversion: bestiality. A few of his films explore this theme, and those that do are obsessed with the idea of an animal (usually a horse) penetrating a girl. Of course, there are limited options, creatively speaking, for such a project (horses aren't into bondage), but, again, it's clear it runs deeper than simple practicality, because what is more perverse than interspecies fucking, which parodies reproduction through the exploitation of a genuine, instinctual drive to procreate, one which, were it biologically possible, would produce monstrous grotesques? Satō recognizes bestiality as the only form of fucking in which there is truly no hope, and thus the only form thereof which isn't a lie in his universe. The common line on Satō Hisayasu is he made movies about alienation, and this is true, but the extent of it is rarely grasped. Consider that *Naked Blood*, which the sex film *Pleasure Kill* was very clearly a first iteration of, is one of the few films in his career almost entirely devoid of sex. That is, given the opportunity to elaborate on an earlier concept, Satō's move was to further excise any sort of conventionally erotic material, and instead position the transformation of pain into pleasure as a terminal sublime which exceeds eroticism by turning entirely inwards, an orgasmic subjectivity which outwardly scans as unthinkable agony. This is the true extent of alienation generated by the his universe: any possible pleasure is not only incommunicable, but manifests only in the guise of extreme suffering. This is most explicitly illustrated by *Pleasure Kill* and *Naked Blood*, but this basic incommunicability is one of the very core ideas of his filmography.

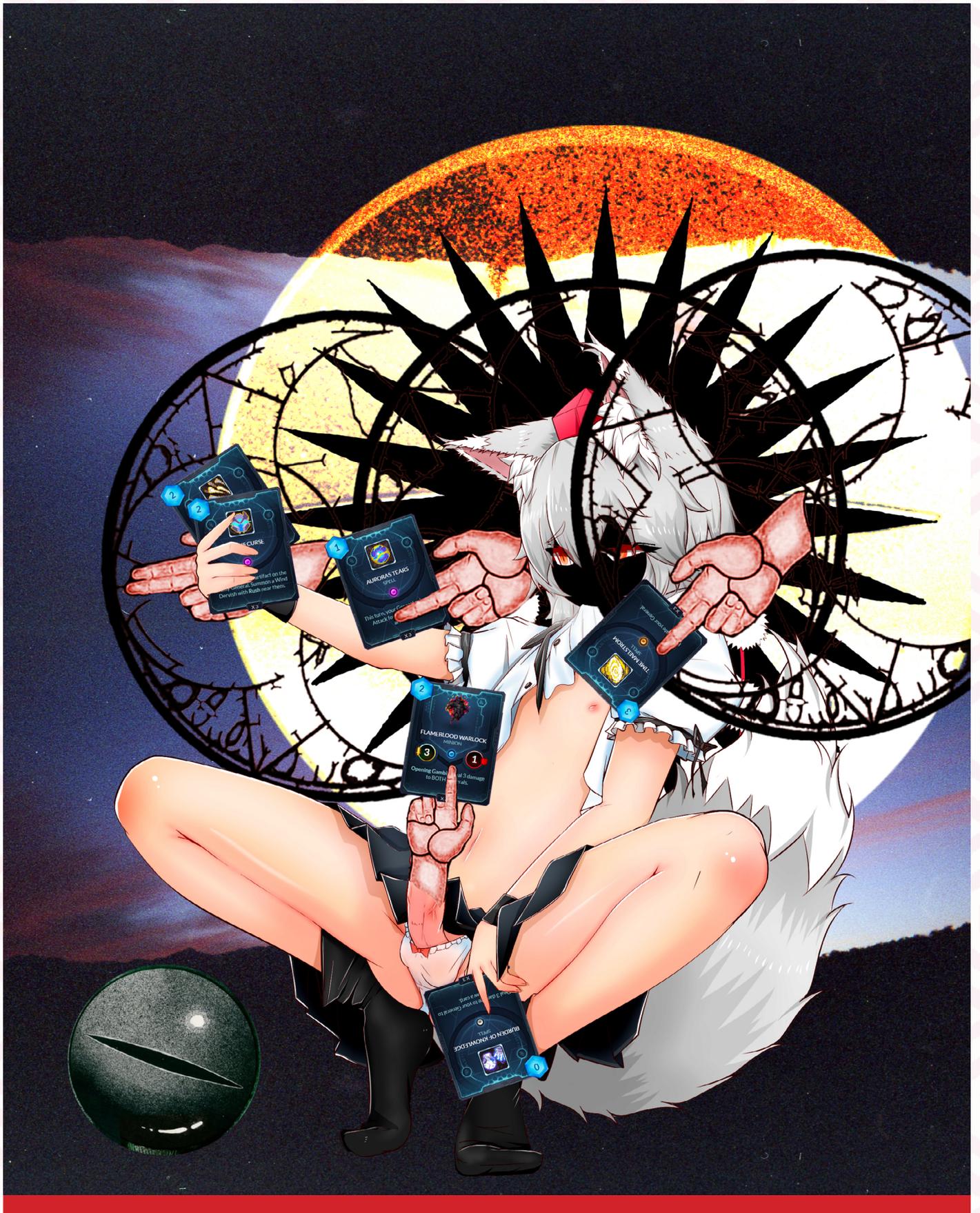


The violence of Satō's films is not simple sadomasochism, or even Sadeanism, as is generally the case in of ostensibly similar directors. Such practices are expressions of desire, and therefore will, and therefore Being. Satō's universe is wholly deterministic, and thus the Satō-ian figure can't really have desires. He, she, it, cannot choose to desire pain or pleasure, submission or domination, to murder or death, et cetera, only act and experience as they must.

But these are not morality plays: the ultimate lesson is only that the modern world is a very cold place. Impersonal skyscrapers and anonymous apartment blocks dominate his cityscapes, getting away means going to a cold, grey seashore. The end credits of most of his films play off a computer monitor, pixelated white JIS characters scrolling jerkily up the screen. It never feels any less warm and human than the hour or so of flesh and blood preceding it.

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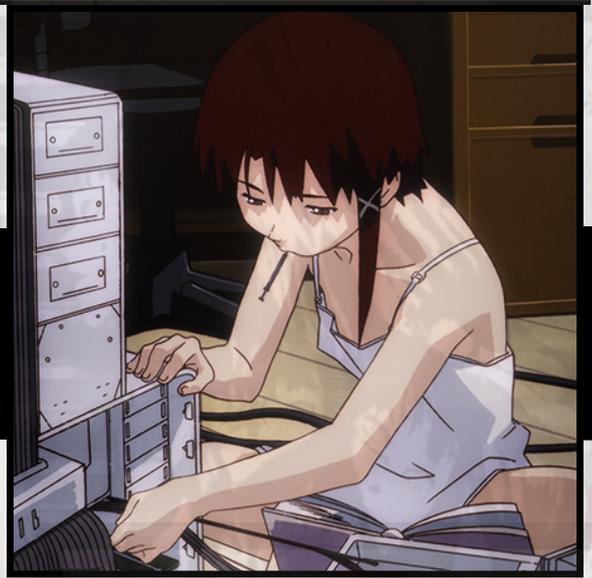




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# ALL EXITS WELDED SHUT



## “Formless and Beautiful in the Digital”

Face glued to my screen as pixels flux and flow

Opening tabs, closing tabs

Digital nomadism from the comfort of my chair

The bleeps and bleeps send serotonin pulsing through my brain

# Happy happy happy!!!!

Other bleeps and bleeps cause me to spiral out

Sad Sad Sad!!!!

My life in this screen, in the cords and cables

Data mining my personality within a complex network of people who don't exist

The Digital World

Schrodinger's universe

My body may as well be a corpse, for my mind runs free in this playground

Endless landscapes of the binary

Vast mind-plains fed through digital algorithmic logic loops

Life on repeat

Far better than the false world of physical

I take whatever form I wish

Be whoever I wish

Love and interact with whoever I wish

Trapped in meat no longer

Free in the cyber

Long live the new flesh

## “Oh God I'm Breaking Again”

# Drifting Fading

# Drifting Fading

# Drifting Fading

Escape into the CRTU monitor

Lose myself in the endless wasteland of 1's and 0's

Disassociation with a tinge of self-actualization

Bright flashing strings of neon code clouding my vision

Abstract artistic expressions imposed on me

Enter Network Password

Please type your user name and password

Site: www.dirtysecrets.com

Realm: Members Only

User Name: joc

Password: [REDACTED]

Save this password in your password list

OK Cancel



There must be something  
horribly wrong with me.

::: KYOU SYSTEM

Stamped into the fabric of my soul data  
Millions of internet angels suffocate me under their forms  
I jump in my chair, forced out of my comatose daze  
Ears ringing with the screeches of digital-angelic egregore  
Is this a curse or a warning????!?!?  
I try to brush it all aside

Wiping my brow of sweat I stare back into my monitor the familiar hum of it calming  
me

Again they appear  
Again they descend on me  
Again they rend my digital self of its flesh, meat, and organs  
Shaken to my core I retreat to my bed

Pulling myself into a pile of pillows and blankets, I attempt to escape from both  
worlds  
**I melt into nothing**

“A Glimpse of Hope”

I've been in my bed-tomb for a week  
Unable to touch my computer  
Unable to leave my room  
They feed me through the gap between my floor and the door  
Trays full of what I don't care what  
I've lost all contact outside of the notes left in my trays  
How do I even know if I'm alive?  
Do I even care at this fucking point?????!  
I just want a new escape  
Rising from my coffin for the first time in a week  
I raise my shades for the first time in what must be years  
Letting my window breathe forth the light of the July Sun  
Blinding heavenly light like when those angels attacked me from within  
my computer  
Trauma triggered  
I lash out in rage  
Mind clouded in visions of my own death  
I grab the nearest blunt object  
My Evangelion Eva Unit 01 money bank  
I bring my arms up, then swing down with all the force I can muster  
Up down  
Over and over again until my arms are limp  
Collapsing back into my coffin I look up to see what skull I had bashed in

My computer was fragmented into nothing but broken bones  
Staring at them in fear, shock and anger  
Tears flowing forth like waterfalls  
I lose and die again resigned to my coffin

Days pass before I reincarnate

I'm determined to do something I haven't done in years

I open the door to my bedroom and take a single step outside

Left right left right left right left right

Goose-stepping my way outside I collapse into the grass

Maybe the physical is better I just didn't give it a chance before

Overflowing with joy I wrap myself in a blanket of solace

**Once again I melt**





And Noah did according to all that the LORD commanded him.

Noah was six hundred years old when the floodwaters were on the earth.

So Noah, with his sons, and his sons' wives, went into the ark because of the waters of the flood.

Of clean animals, of animals that are unclean, of birds, and of every thing that creeps on the earth.

Two by two they went into the ark to Noah, male and female, as God had commanded Noah.

And it came to pass after seven days that the waters of the flood were on the earth.

In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, on that day all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

And the rain was on the earth forty days and forty nights.

On the very same day Noah and Noah's sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and Noah's wife and the three wives of his sons with them, entered the ark.

They and every beast after its kind, all cattle after their kind, every creeping thing that creeps on the earth after its kind, and every bird after its kind, every bird of every sort.

And they went into the ark to Noah, two by two, of all flesh in which is the breath of life.

So those that entered, male and female of all flesh, went in as God had commanded him, and the LORD shut him in.

Now the flood was on the earth forty days. The waters increased and lifted up the ark, and it rose high above the earth.

The waters prevailed and greatly increased on the earth, and the ark moved about on the surface of the waters.

And the waters prevailed ex-

And all flesh died that moved on the earth, birds and cattle and beasts, and every creeping thing that creeps on the earth, and every man.

All in whose nostrils was the breath of the spirit of life, all that was on the dry land, died.

Thus he destroyed all living things which were on the face of the ground, both man and cattle, creeping thing and bird of the air. They were destroyed from the earth. Only Noah and those who were with him in the ark remained alive.

And the waters prevailed on the earth one hundred and fifty days.

## CHAPTER 8

THEN God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the animals that were with him in the ark. And God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters subsided.

The fountains of the deep and the windows of heaven were also stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained.

And the waters receded continually from the earth. At the end of the hundred and fifty days the waters decreased.

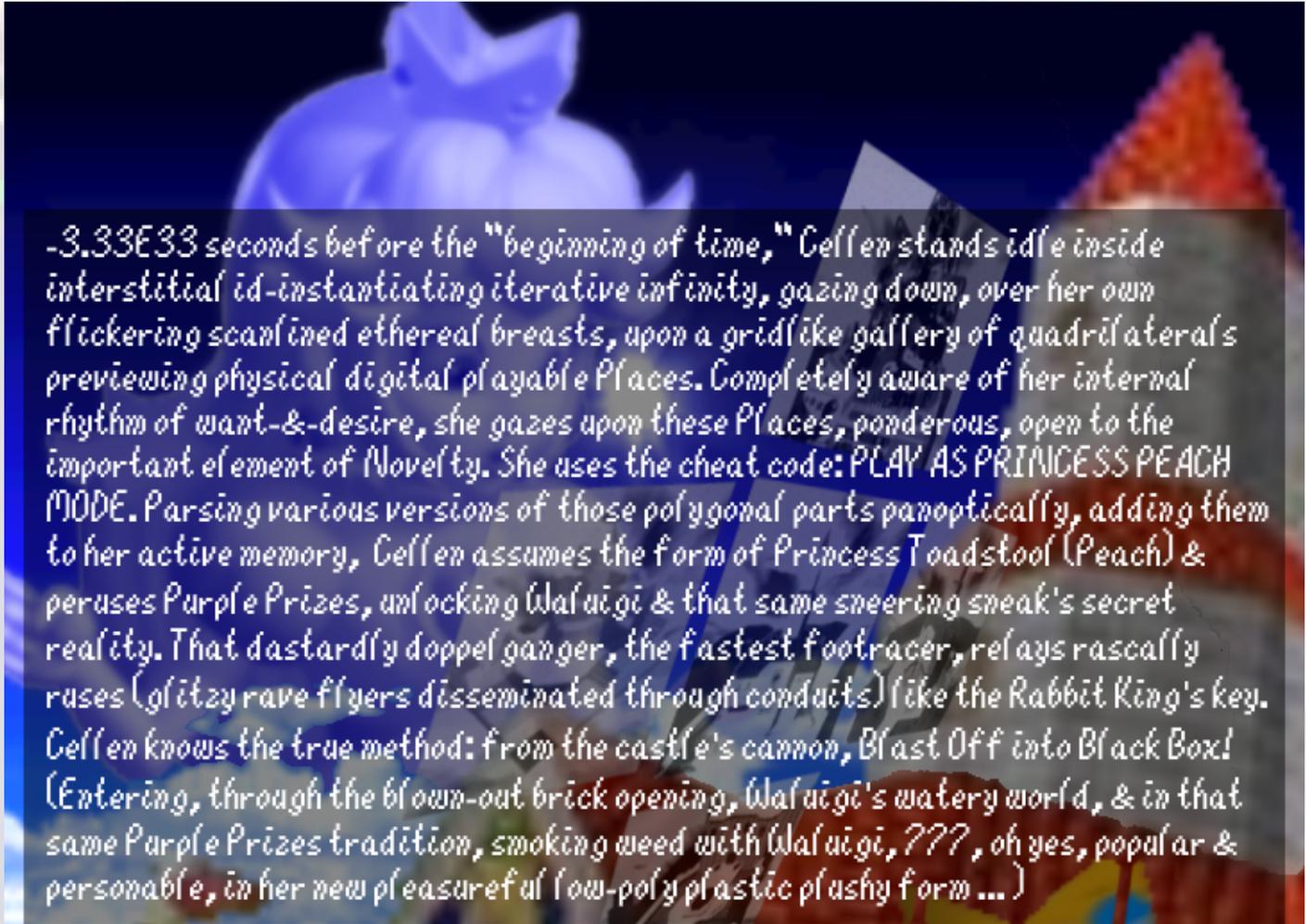
Then the ark rested in the seventh month, the seventeenth day of the month, on the mountains of Ararat.

And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month. In the tenth month, on the first day of the month, the tops of the mountains were seen.

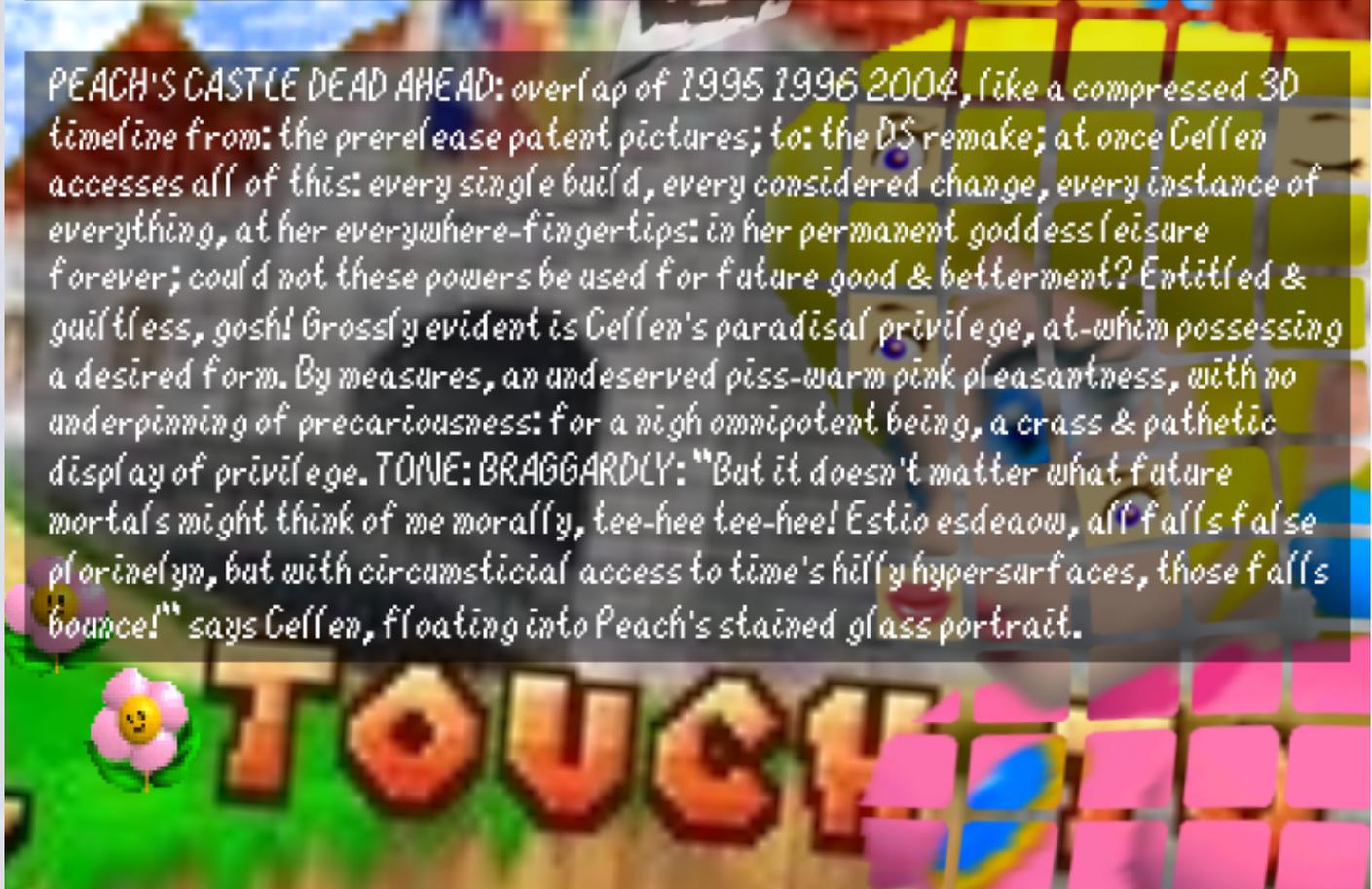
So it came to pass, at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made.

Then he sent out a raven, which kept going to and fro until the waters had dried up from the earth.

He also sent out from himself a

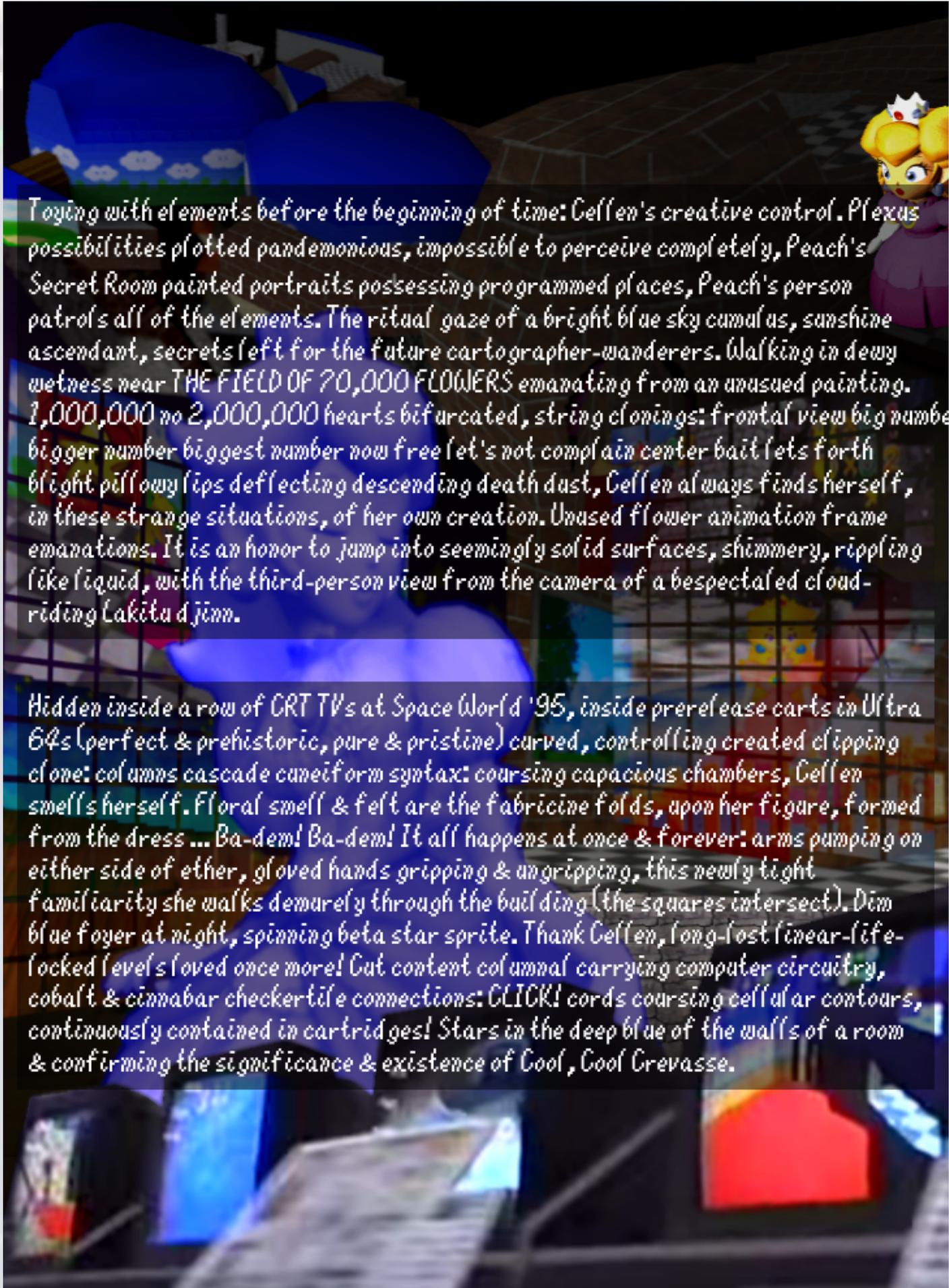


*-3.33E33 seconds before the "beginning of time," Cellen stands idle inside interstitial id-instantiating iterative infinity, gazing down, over her own flickering scanlined ethereal breasts, upon a gridlike gallery of quadrilaterals previewing physical digital playable Places. Completely aware of her internal rhythm of want-&-desire, she gazes upon these Places, ponderous, open to the important element of Novelty. She uses the cheat code: PLAY AS PRINCESS PEACH MODE. Parsing various versions of those polygonal parts panoptically, adding them to her active memory, Cellen assumes the form of Princess Toadstool (Peach) & peruses Purple Prizes, unlocking Waluigi & that same sneering sneak's secret reality. That dastardly doppel ganger, the fastest footracer, relays rascally ruses (glitzy rave flyers disseminated through conduits) like the Rabbit King's key. Cellen knows the true method: from the castle's cannon, Blast Off into Black Box! (Entering, through the blown-out brick opening, Waluigi's watery world, & in that same Purple Prizes tradition, smoking weed with Waluigi, ???, oh yes, popular & personable, in her new pleasurable low-poly plastic plushy form ...)*



*PEACH'S CASTLE DEAD AHEAD: overlap of 1995 1996 2004, like a compressed 3D timeline from: the prerelease patent pictures; to: the DS remake; at once Cellen accesses all of this: every single build, every considered change, every instance of everything, at her everywhere-fingertips: in her permanent goddess leisure forever; could not these powers be used for future good & betterment? Entitled & guiltless, gosh! Grossly evident is Cellen's paradisaal privilege, at-whim possessing a desired form. By measures, an undeserved piss-warm pink pleasantness, with no underpinning of precariousness: for a nigh omnipotent being, a crass & pathetic display of privilege. TONE: BRAGGARDLY: "But it doesn't matter what future mortals might think of me morally, tee-hee tee-hee! Estio esdeaw, all falls false pforinelym, but with circumsticial access to time's hilly hypersurfaces, those falls bounce!" says Cellen, floating into Peach's stained glass portrait.*

## Cellen at Peach's Castle

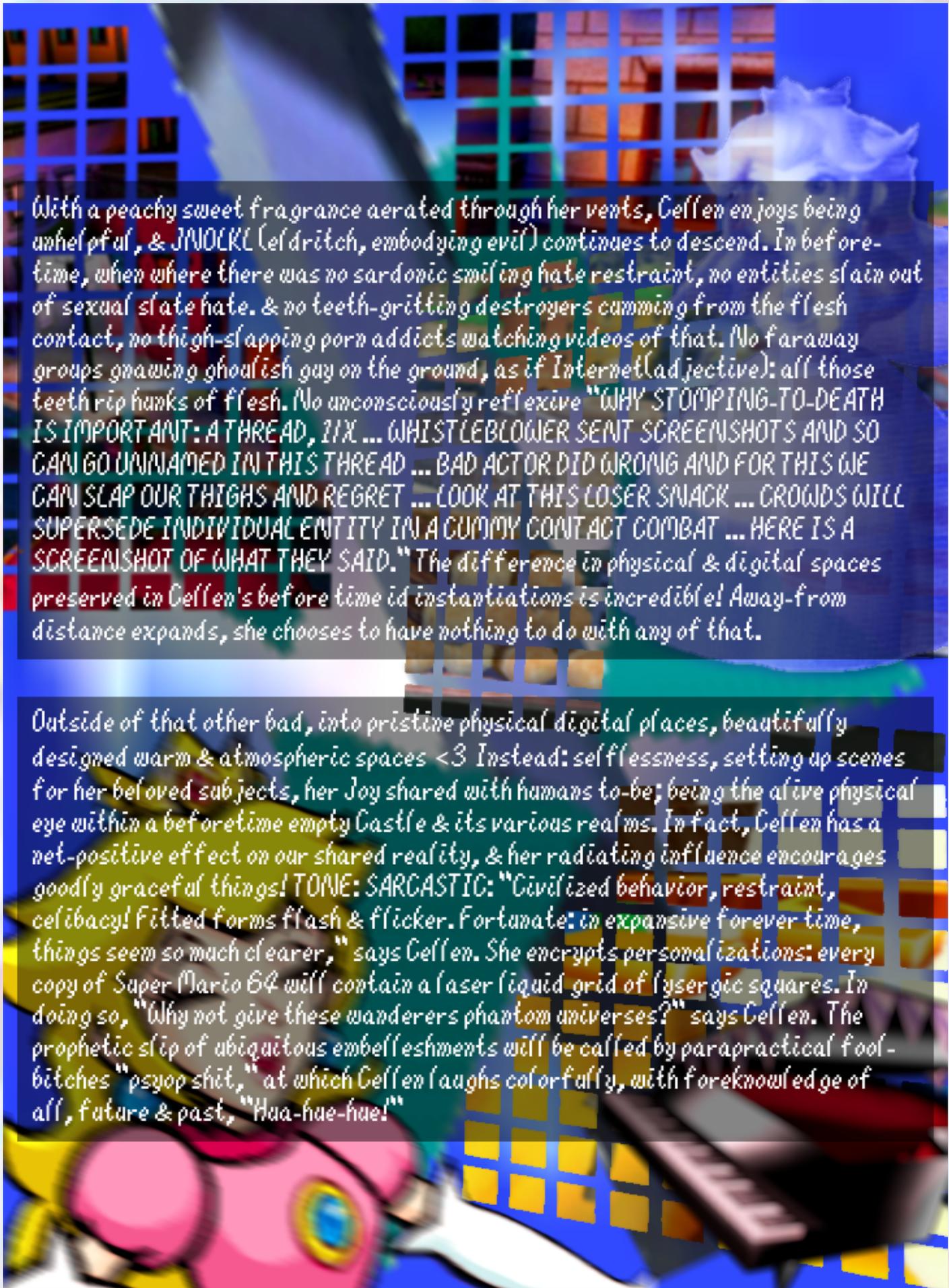


Toying with elements before the beginning of time: Cellen's creative control. Plexus possibilities plotted pandemonious, impossible to perceive completely, Peach's Secret Room painted portraits possessing programmed places, Peach's person patrols all of the elements. The ritual gaze of a bright blue sky cumulus, sunshine ascendant, secrets left for the future cartographer-wanderers. Walking in dewy wetness near THE FIELD OF 70,000 FLOWERS emanating from an unusued painting. 1,000,000 no 2,000,000 hearts bifurcated, string clonings: frontal view big number bigger number biggest number now free let's not complain center bait lets forth blight pillowy lips deflecting descending death dust, Cellen always finds herself, in these strange situations, of her own creation. Unused flower animation frame emanations. It is an honor to jump into seemingly solid surfaces, shimmery, rippling like liquid, with the third-person view from the camera of a bespectacled cloud-riding Lakitu djinn.

Hidden inside a row of CRT TVs at Space World '95, inside prerelease carts in Ultra 64s (perfect & prehistoric, pure & pristine) curved, controlling created clipping clone: columns cascade cameiform syntax: coursing capacious chambers, Cellen smells herself. Floral smell & felt are the fabricine folds, upon her figure, formed from the dress ... Ba-dem! Ba-dem! It all happens at once & forever: arms pumping on either side of ether, gloved hands gripping & ungridding, this newly tight familiarity she walks demurely through the building (the squares intersect). Dim blue foyer at night, spinning beta star sprite. Thank Cellen, long-lost linear-life-locked levels loved once more! Cut content columnal carrying computer circuitry, cobalt & cinnabar checkertile connections: CLICK! cords coursing cellular contours, continuously contained in cartridges! Stars in the deep blue of the walls of a room & confirming the significance & existence of Cool, Cool Crevasse.

::Danielle Keller

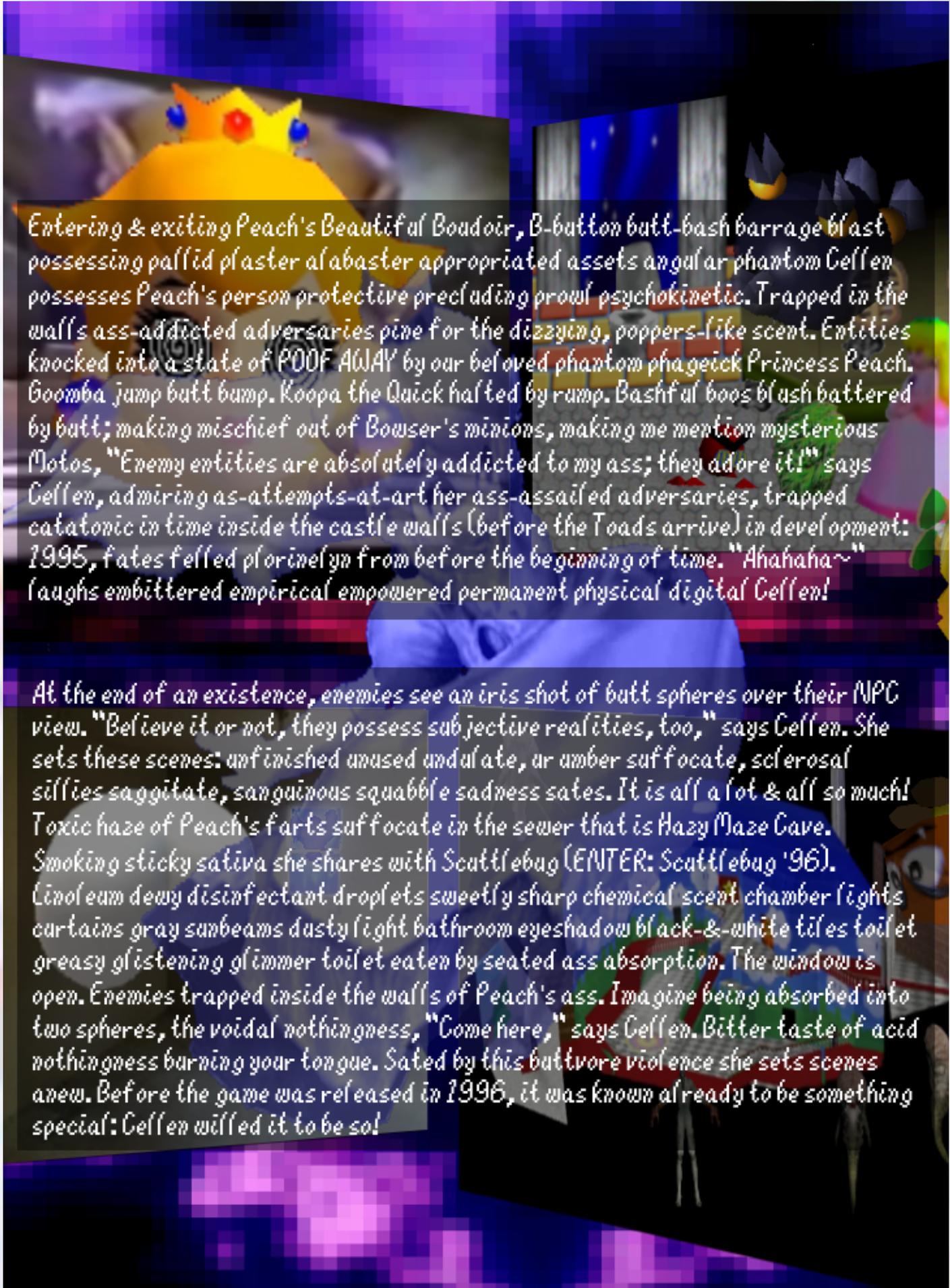




With a peachy sweet fragrance aerated through her vents, Cellen enjoys being unhelpful, & JMOCK (el dritch, embodying evil) continues to descend. In before-time, when where there was no sardonic smiling hate restraint, no entities slain out of sexual slate hate. & no teeth-gritting destroyers cumming from the flesh contact, no thigh-slapping porn addicts watching videos of that. No faraway groups gnawing ghoulish guy on the ground, as if Internet(adjective): all those teeth rip hunks of flesh. No unconsciously reflexive "WHY STOMPING-TO-DEATH IS IMPORTANT: A THREAD, 21X ... WHISTLEBLOWER SENT SCREENSHOTS AND SO CAN GO UNNAMED IN THIS THREAD ... BAD ACTOR DID WRONG AND FOR THIS WE CAN SLAP OUR THIGHS AND REGRET ... LOOK AT THIS LOSER SNACK ... CROWDS WILL SUPERSEDE INDIVIDUAL ENTITY IN A GUMMY CONTACT COMBAT ... HERE IS A SCREENSHOT OF WHAT THEY SAID." The difference in physical & digital spaces preserved in Cellen's before time id instantiations is incredible! Away-from distance expands, she chooses to have nothing to do with any of that.

Outside of that other bad, into pristine physical digital places, beautifully designed warm & atmospheric spaces <3 Instead: selflessness, setting up scenes for her beloved subjects, her Joy shared with humans to-be; being the alive physical eye within a beforetime empty Castle & its various realms. In fact, Cellen has a net-positive effect on our shared reality, & her radiating influence encourages goodly graceful things! TONE: SARCASTIC: "Civilized behavior, restraint, celibacy! Fitted forms flash & flicker. Fortunate: in expansive forever time, things seem so much clearer," says Cellen. She encrypts personalizations: every copy of Super Mario 64 will contain a laser liquid grid of lysergic squares. In doing so, "Why not give these wanderers phantom universes?" says Cellen. The prophetic slip of ubiquitous embellishments will be called by parapractical fool-bitches "psyop shit," at which Cellen laughs colorfully, with foreknowledge of all, future & past, "Hua-hue-hue!"

## Cellen at Peach's Castle



Entering & exiting Peach's Beautiful Boudoir, B-button butt-bash barrage blast possessing pallid plaster alabaster appropriated assets angular phantom Cellen possesses Peach's person protective precluding prowl psychokinetic. Trapped in the walls ass-addicted adversaries pine for the dizzying, poppers-like scent. Entities knocked into a state of P.O.O.F. AWAY by our beloved phantom phageick Princess Peach. Goomba jump butt bump. Koopa the Quick halted by rump. Bashful boos blush battered by butt; making mischief out of Bowser's minions, making me mention mysterious Motos, "Enemy entities are absolutely addicted to my ass; they adore it!" says Cellen, admiring as-attempts-at-art her ass-assailed adversaries, trapped catatonic in time inside the castle walls (before the Toads arrive) in development: 1995, fates felled florinely from before the beginning of time. "Ahahaha~" laughs embittered empirical empowered permanent physical digital Cellen!

At the end of an existence, enemies see an iris shot of butt spheres over their NPC view. "Believe it or not, they possess subjective realities, too," says Cellen. She sets these scenes: unfinished unused undulate, ur umber suffocate, sclerosal sillies saggitate, sanguinous squabble sadness sates. It is all a lot & all so much! Toxic haze of Peach's farts suffocate in the sewer that is Hazy Maze Cave. Smoking sticky sativa she shares with Scuttlebug (ENTER: Scuttlebug '96). Linoleum dewy disinfectant droplets sweetly sharp chemical scent chamber lights curtains gray sunbeams dusty light bathroom eyeshadow black-&-white tiles toilet greasy glistening glimmer toilet eaten by seated ass absorption. The window is open. Enemies trapped inside the walls of Peach's ass. Imagine being absorbed into two spheres, the voidal nothingness, "Come here," says Cellen. Bitter taste of acid nothingness burning your tongue. Sated by this buttvore violence she sets scenes anew. Before the game was released in 1996, it was known already to be something special: Cellen willed it to be so!

::Danielle Keller





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# NEKO GIRL

magazine



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# A SHORT INTERVIEW WITH NEKOSATTVA



With Rhetttt  
::@great\_old\_ones\_

EDITOR'S NOTE: This interview was meant for an Italian magazine that will remain unnamed. Unfortunately, either due to great cowardice or jealousy, the publisher refused to print it. So I present it to you instead, dear READER; I offer NEKOSATTVA onto you for your judgement. Show no mercy.

1) First off, let me start with the most difficult question: how are you?

Detached, as we perhaps all are in this era of mundane squalor. I've been stuck at the foot of Russia for months now, dwelling between the peaks of the Caucasus. I've gotten used to the taste of goat products, though my ThinkPad doesn't perform well in the sun. The local nomads treat me kindly, bringing me smoked fish and Red Bull when they return to Polis. In general, I've gotten used to the sharp, jagged edges of this life. There's never contentment or happiness, just tiny moments of stillness. Hence, I'm seduced by software's submissiveness, it always does what you tell it to and nothing else. Don't you just hate it? I've just finished my novel THE PUPA WOMAN, about a pop-idol pervert whose idol GF turns into a giant bug and traumatically inseminates him. Little interest from publishers, unfortunately.

2) Obviously, the first thing that truly stuck with me, opening the pdf of the first issue of Neko Girl Magazine, was the title, looming over the gentle Xanax-bliss of the Neon Genesis Evangelion themed collage: «Sick long before any virus showed up...». I say that it is obvious because that's exactly what titles are for: haunting the reader, first and foremost, forcing them to crack open and slip beneath the cover of the book. Nonetheless, this specific title felt ominously evocative, re-enforced by the first sentence of the first editorial: «It wasn't supposed to be like this. I'm in a damp corner of the world, watching the adults panic like rats on a ship». It felt like it was foreshadowing of the actual underlining theme of the thing I was about to endure and the main reason I found myself reading such an ungodly thing in the first place. It felt, in other words, like it was talking about an hidden sickness I had to face, hopeless to find any cure - a sickness which we, the anonymous community of readers which stumbled upon the first issue of Neko Girl Magazine, all secretly had way before the pandemic and which lead us all to download a shady pdf off the web. What is the reason behind Neko Girl Magazine? What is this sickness in your opinion? Is it just a publicity stunt? A sick joke to rail up the lost causes and the damned? What is your plan for this world?

NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE was born during a manic fugue, during which the French philosopher Georges Bataille came to me as a teething cat-girl. She bit into my hand, and when I yelped in pain the cat-girl let out a sensuous purr. In that very moment, I understood the meaning of Fujo-Bataille Studies— Japanese cartoons lay bare the antagonism of mind and body, granting us a peak into a world where flesh can only barely contain the libidinal excess 'neath the surface. With war now strictly business, its catastrophes are no longer available to us as outlets of our wretched perversions— for the sake of the economy, it is demanded of us that we suffer our perversion in private, away from the mechanisms of capital.

By perversion I don't mean merely sexual perversion. Sexual perversion often conceals greater perversions. In fact, every society grants its subjects acceptable taboos with which perversions can be safely channelled away from disrupting capital— the brutal sexualized disciplining of English schoolboys, the eternal homoeroticism of the military beginning with ancient Greece, and of course the opportunity in European colonialism for evading the repression of polite society; “the outhouses of the European soul.”



By perversion, I mean the feeling I got seeing the restaurants and department stores burn down. Of course, in polite society we'll reason: “well, this is just an expression of discontentment. A consequence of declining rates of profit. We have to emphasize with their struggle.” My own dirty little secret however, is that I simply enjoyed seeing it burn down. It excited me, and the vision of everything in ruins offered a glimpse of renewal— the eternal appeal of apocalypse. So the sickness I speak of is this sickness of wishing apocalypse, the clandestine hope that a wave of dark water may wipe us all clean and free us from our pointless daily indignities. Not merely suicide, but something even more monstrous. I'm getting hormonal just thinking about it.

But since even the hope of apocalypse has been taken away from us, we are doomed to imagine personal apocalypse instead. We're dehistoricized, our lives are experienced like ruptures in time with no future nor past. I sometimes imagine myself exploding all over the streets, revealing my inners to the hapless crowd. I chose MIKA's “Semtex ads in the back of shōnen magazines” as the out piece because it embodies this so well— the apocalypse is just urging to explode out of Val's own body like an otherworldly suicide vest. My earnest desire is to inspire my readers to put on this suicide vest, and let their own personal apocalypse burst forth from their sternum.

3) To me, the cultural background of a work like Neko Girl Magazine is pretty obvious, but I guess that to a lot of our readers your work will look like a random pdf from a mildly pornographic website. In my eyes, Neko Girl Magazine inhabits that fragile niche on Twitter which despises both the mainstream, blue-check culture and the memers and shitposters which will live and die by Angela Nagle's or Natalie Wynn's Word. It is another emanation, in the form of a deranged shonen magazine, of that digital underground which is pushing itself into a wilful and joyful isolation and decadence, fostering an open hostility towards the most common strains of internet culture. It belongs to that post-messageboard and post-post-post-post-internet pack of fakes and pseudonymous in which we all vaguely reside. But how would you describe your cultural background? Where does your work come from? And, more importantly, who is it for?



I'm a proud offspring of that true Golden Age of imageboard culture, back when the internet was a hostile mine-field rather than today's walled garden. NEKOSATTVA was born in that exhilarating moment when the alien ring of a dial-up modem portended a corrupting influence, like your hand might get mangled up in the vicious sexual machinery. It's no mystery why the Internet today is so fiercely controlled—the social feedback becomes too strong, turning each little subcultural island into its own death-cult that sheds its inhibitions & hang-ups as it squeezes together. I've been addicted ever since; the eternal appeal of the Gnostic is that it might shatter the walls of illusion and reveal the horror that truly lies beyond the projector screen. The average normie can't handle it, which is why now all Internet exposure instils a unique illness that makes them obsessed with hidden plots, secret societies, shadows on the wall. All of society is a techno-pessimist death-cult, eagerly rushing into its own oblivion under the watchful eye of our zombie overlords as its fantasies of neuro-psychological manipulation rattle the nervous system into irrationality; an animal hurling itself towards the electric fence repeatedly.



As for us imageboard freaks, we're the remaining lepers from a previous time; LiveLeak videos burnt into our minds, finely articulated deviancies, PDFs of books neglected even by libraries. In the ancient times, we might have been imprisoned for madness, or sent roaming the lands as deranged nomads— now we have the Internet, just waiting for the day when the Moderators will go door-to-door for IP Purges and end our corrupting influence once and for all. I'd welcome it— I want to be a martyr for shit-posting who finally feels grace. Open hostility comes natural to me; I feel myself to be an ascetic of some sorts, mortifying the flesh, sleeping on a bed of nails to punish myself.

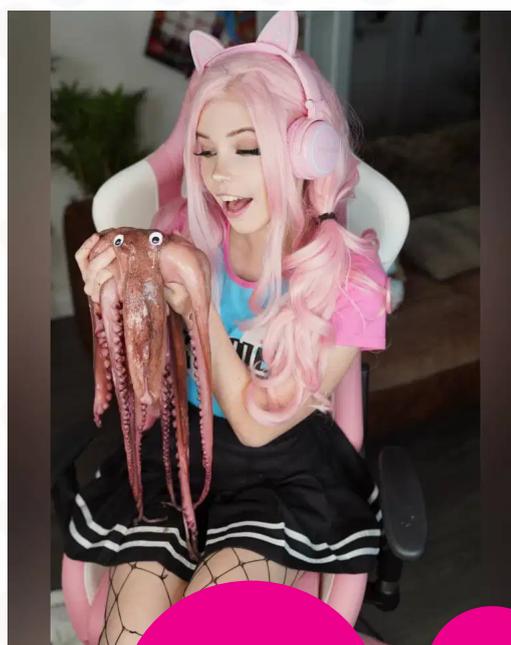
That flesh itself was born in an immigrant enclave in the middle of a bustling European city. These colonies were a primitive Internet in their own way, what Burroughs would have called an interzone, full of images devoid of cultural context and anonymous sin. Turkish, Chinese, Arab, Persian— they all feel like 'my' culture. Consequently, a picture of Sailor Moon showing off her panties squished up beside a Type 56 assault rifle adorned with quotations from Hegel inspires no dissonance from me, my mother herself is still an ardent Hegelian. I was educated in an antiquated institution for bright children, but even Ancient Greek could not distract from the otherworldly hum I heard buzzing through our crumbling walls. European intellectualism felt no more reasonable than Islamic terrorism to me, so I've always been drawn to these acidic territories that threaten to dissolve the Self and its flimsy moral foundations. Pynchon's "Zone" in Gravity's Rainbow comes to mind; the lead character dissipates into a blur of ahistorical episodes, always degenerating into perverse parasexual images of repetition. The Puritan repression of the university Academy, aptly named the Cathedral for its monastic conservatism, is inherently hostile & domineering towards these Zones because it doesn't operate by the discrete logic of Western moralism which abhors 'meaningless' decadence and elevates masochism in reverence of their saviour JESUS CHRIST. This is why ISLAM, with its reverence for war against oppression and its veneration of the fallen warrior, still haunts its imagination.



It's in the doomed quest to retrieve the Zone of my childhood that NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE finds its purpose. Therefore, I deem my own work and NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE POST-EXOTIC, after the French writer Volodine who I greatly admire. The mild pornography of NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE echoes that antiquated Orientalism, but rather than identify with the colonial Subject, it identifies with its despotic, ahistorical, irrational Object. The NEKO GIRL is herself a veiled girl; the sensuous mystery is what might lie beyond her objectified representation.

4) Another thing which stuck with me was the timing of the release. After a few days from the release of your magazine, Belle Delphine, possibly the Web's most famous e-girl, released her come back video, announcing her new OnlyFans and generating a global sexual shockwave. Millions of people rejoiced for this moment of ritual collective and wasteful masturbation, raptured by the ultimate example of the hentaification of human sexuality – a sexuality which has little to do with genital stimulation and human gratification and has all to do with a appreciation of the revolting, the monstrous, the absurd and the inhuman. We clearly remember the sheer horniness of the Web in front of Belle Delphine kissing a dead octopus or selling her bath water before temporarily disappearing from the internet and we all live that it as a signal of a much larger subterranean landscape of alien desires and needs, a landscape which is, not exclusively, but surely massively, born out of the trauma of wide-spread internet access and which emerges in broad daylight when 13 million people (probably more now) watch in the span of a week or so Belle's comeback video. As Mario Perniola puts it in his seminal *The sex appeal of the inorganic*: «It would seem that things and sense are no longer in conflict with one another but have struck an alliance thanks to which the most detached abstraction and the most unrestrained excitement are almost inseparable and are often indistinguishable». Of course, all of this sounds a lot like your magazine's mission statement, so much so that you chose, as the symbol of your work, the neko girl, the quintessential figure of the sexual economy of the hentaified sexual space. What is your take and your approach towards this “new” form of sexuality? What sort of perversions are more significant to you in the contemporary landscape? Is Belle Delphine part of the Neko Girl Magazine editorial board?

Belle Delphine is undoubtedly our greatest sex symbol, far greater than those which proceeded her. I deem her the IN-fertility Goddess, unlike the ancient Goddesses we may never have the divine experience of copulating with her. She is Schizo-Sexuality embodied; High Priestess of the Zone, the base thrill there in seeing the illusion of her Selfhood destabilize in real time. She understands the revolting nature of the eye, and turns it inward towards itself— an actress in her own production of the *Story of the Eye*. Though I have no working genitalia, I imagine sexual congress with her to be an exciting collage of inorganic sexes that never dwells on one sexual image too long. Like an MPC sampler hooked up to the sexual organ, her sexualities expose multiplicities— volatile samples persist in random-access memory of the NEKO GIRL, the GAMER GIRL, the SLIME GIRL, freely in orgiastic intercourse; but it's all just coquettish teasing, she knows she's in complete control of you.





What is often missed about hentaification is that its roots were a protest. The Japanese hentai, 変態性欲者, see himself in opposition to the liberal regime of the Japanese post-war economy. Jeremy's wonderful essay on Aida in part addresses this. Perhaps due to the incredibly low status of the woman in Japan, revenge against the establishment always takes the young woman as its target unlike e.g. property in Western culture. The young schoolgirl is an accepted target of perversion in Japan, onto which both male & female might project the libidinal excess that begun its accumulation in puberty. Perhaps paradoxically, Japan has also developed into a very repressive culture. Sexuality is shoved underneath the surface of everything, festering while tightly constrained, until it violently bursts like a geyser. I would even say the young schoolgirl in Japan is a third gender of sorts, only vaguely human, worthy of both veneration & sadism

by the male and the female. Her *sērā fuku* has military origins, and with her fertility she's identified as an organ of the State. Simply put, the Japanese schoolgirl is the Japanese state; an unattainable standard one must strive towards, a commodity one can never completely own, a symbol of Japan's military & economic power. Towards the end of the 20th century, the violent crimes that captured the public imagination had unfortunate young schoolgirls as victims. At the same time, Lolicon emerged as a subculture, characterized by Jun Togawa's *LOLITA 108 GO* as a tragic libidinal cyborg poised for self-destruction. The hentai became a national icon with Tsutomu Miyazaki, the Lolicon obsessive who identified too greatly with the liberal regime's directive of consumption. This murdering paedophile became an icon of resentment amongst his Otaku peers, who stood against the aging patriarchal regime of Japan that with one hand demanded surrender to a life of obedient working and with the other rejected its sons as unworthy and infantile.



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Simply put, the hentai in Japan sees himself as a renegade who separates himself from society by mirroring its excesses, the murderous-fascist paedophilia that hangs just behind them as its uneasy national history, pushing them to absurdity so that he can no longer be denied recognition. The hentai re-historicized himself through violence. He punishes the Japanese schoolgirl, he seeks revenge with her as a tool. We call ourselves FUJO-BATAILLE STUDIES in honour of the hentai's sister, the fujoshi. The fujoshi and the hentai demand recognition from Japan's all-seeing paternal Emperor— with their perversion they shout: “you hate me because I ultimately reflect what you really are.”

The popularity of Belle Delphine, and the subsequent retreat of sexuality from its procreative forces, is I believe our own response to the excess of Western liberalism. It is as if we subconsciously knew that the only sure way to stop this system is to starve its labour pool, cutting the reproductive factory. We are undergoing our own negative-sexual revolution as a reaction to the economic boom of the 1950s. The Incel understands that sex was always currency anyway, “let the Chads do their duty to the State, I will not.” The Weeaboo disassociates; Belle Delphine offers something greater than penetrative sex, masturbation against Empire and its ugly, brainwashed super-models. The Homosexual hijacks her own reproductive machinery from the State's telos, putting it towards non-productive self-gratification instead. ‘n all this looked like it was gonna work, but global neoliberalism simply moved the production elsewhere. Now while we vigorously masturbate, finding new technologies that will help us expend our libidinal excess without damaging the Cathedral, the reproduction has been moved overseas.

5) One thing which is quite shocking about the magazine is the overtly anti-political, so to speak, tone it can assume in some moments and the way it intertwines contemporary internet culture and politics. In a lot of points it feels like Jean Genet on crack and wi-fi, an open attack against all of those who obsessed about the way memes would shape electoral politics and the market-economy and a manifesto for evil, joy and immorality in the digital age. It seems to be reviving one of my favorite quotes from the late Baudrillard: «Marx had allowed something enigmatic and enchanting to float above the commodity, its anxiously foreign quality [...] Marxist dogma has crushed all that (Marx contributed to this himself). The entire enigma of capital, of the commodity has been massacred by revolutionary morality; but where is-where could there be---a revolutionary immorality?». This desperate and joyous immoralism, for me, reaches its climax in one of the essays of the first issue, a beautiful description of Aida Makoto's masturbation sessions between the pages of his father's Marx books. It, and the rest of the issue, sounds like an ode, not so much to liberation, a word which has gone either sour or nauseatingly saccharine, but to the Hidden Reverse and the Outside, a true methodical appreciation of Sadeian criminality and the communities it creates. Do you agree with this description? Is Neko Girl Magazine really that evil? What is your political (or anti-political) stance?

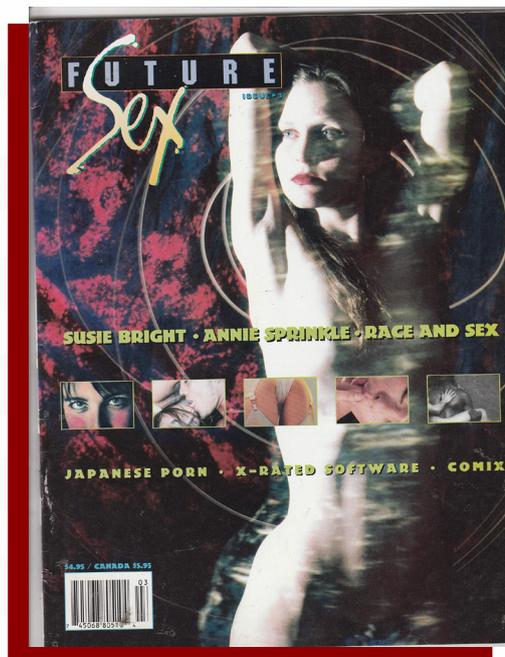
If I would self-crit here, I would say that we are anti-political in the same way *Lord Outsideness* (blegh!), Nick Land once was. This ‘evil’ you mention is our identification with the anti-human— except instead of techno-Lovecraft-wizards, it's vivisected cat-girls.

And I think in the same manner as Land, we're guilty of over-identifying with our own pessimism towards our own past. Our aesthetic is no doubt a response to the 90s belief in the transgressive possibilities of libidinal excess. A particular literary influence on NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE is an antiquated magazine named FUTURE SEX, a unique blend of sexual accelerationism and pornography industry. What instantly dates FUTURE SEX as antiquated is not its dial-up dreams but its celebration of libidinal excess as inherently a liberational tool, made democratic by the equality of the unweighted computer network which knows no class. Every WRETCHED EXCESS



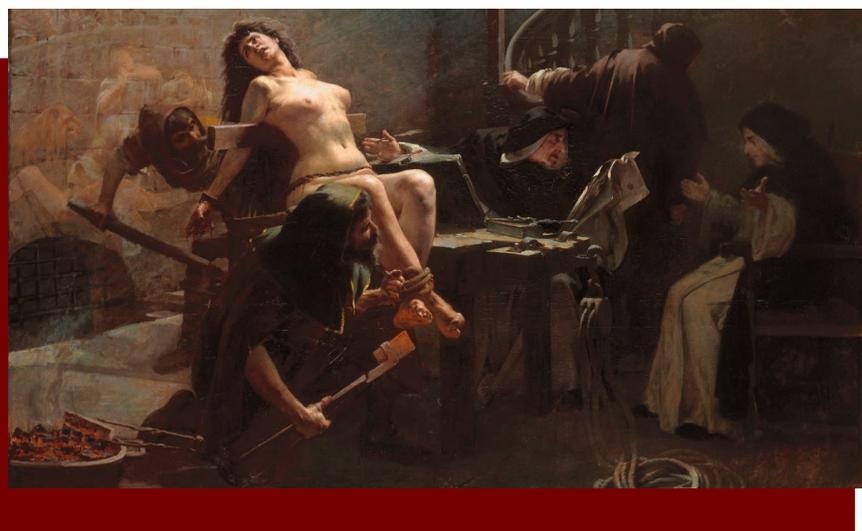
is celebrated, and the bureaucratic anxiety about the dangers of unrestrained sexuality we see today had yet to be fully developed. The computer basically gave the historical subject a full reboot; they reckoned since the user sheds their name, their identity, their history, a new post-human arises out of the interface. This post-human could fix the mistakes of gender, race, capitalism by reprogramming itself— a libertarian wet-dream of pure sexual commerce between equals, without the messy business of ideology.

NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE could be read as the pessimistic response to that wet-dream, the failed promises of infinite fulfilment with no past or consequence. It refuses the current ideology of sexual enjoyment without danger, by identifying with the violent, totalizing sexual instinct. We share this with Marquis de Sade, who mocked Rousseau's fantasy of the ahistorical Self and its precious, intelligible sex to be wielded as a mechanism for societal development. We're the pornographers that Sontag described: "in short, to give what is, or seems to be, not wanted. (...) a broker in madness." The ultimate end of pornography is EVIL, affirmation of death— anything otherwise is just Coke without the sugar. How far can we push ourselves? "I didn't know an



asshole could do that." Pornography takes on its sacred dimension at its extremes; magick is the singular meeting of mind & body, the spirit demands four cocks at the same time and the body abides even as it flirts with self-destruction. The power of the fetish lies in turning Subject into Object, and in this way the fragile weakness of the flesh is overcome. Shock & sexual thrill I believe is the worst drug, because everything else just ends up seeming mundane and bereft of spiritual meaning. The Sufis would often pierce their heads with swords to heighten their religious ecstasy, and Bataille himself wrote in horror of the pure enjoyment he saw on the faces of

execution victims. Similarly, I don't doubt that Opus Dei had the best sex (perhaps subliminally, cf. Eco's *Name of the Rose*), secular BD/SM just seems like toothless LARP in comparison. What I mean to say is that in our pursuit of the EVIL, we are seeking spiritual elevation; digital mortification of the flesh, non-consensual violation & desecration. It was Marx himself who wrote "to develop in greater spiritual freedom, a people must break their bondage to their bodily needs." So, I really consider us the only true Marxists around.



And of course, in this way death affirms the eroticism of the tragic. We are not so disparate from the vulgar left or right—the vulgar left finds its libidinal potential in the tragedy of futile efforts to abolish the present, the vulgar right in the tragedy of futile efforts to resist change. We find our libidinal potential in the inability for the lunatic to reform, her failure to push her libidinal excesses into acceptable outlets like sports, programmatic sex, police violence, anti-intellectualism, secularized religion, junk food. You can smell the failure on her, and what really disturbs you is the thought “maybe she really likes it this way.” The Japanese, who don’t have the Abrahamic obsession with the Logos of written word (λογος ενδιώθητος) understand action itself as the greater dialectic—Mishima’s belief in the inevitability, necessity of his own suicide is the same reason why Japanese hentai, pink film, JAV has such a rigorous, vivid sensuousness that makes American pornography seem primitive by comparison. What can’t be spoken is fucked. So as NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE, we affirm the libidinal power of that lunatic; we inspire her to action, a well-trained militia of 1000 anime perverts supplied with doujins & Mountain Dew could overturn Empire and its financial instruments within a year. And we’d welcome that because it would be so hot.

6) Is there a new issue coming out? If so, when? Should we be worried? Should we pray for you?

Yes. We’ll have a piece by Meir (@ostalgist), the first Fujō-Bataillist. We’ll have the minutes from Greta Thunberg’s inaugural address at the Fujō-Bataille Council in Khuzestan. I hope to somehow move away from the paper magazine format, an anachronism from my childhood, and comfort the disturbed through additional layers of interactivity. Pray that I maintain cognitive coherence long enough to accomplish this goal, or otherwise I might destabilize again: I’ll pick a new IP and any former trace of myself will perish with this yuga. And then I’ll have earned my permanent smile.

P.S.: warmth & gratitude for your wonderful questions.





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