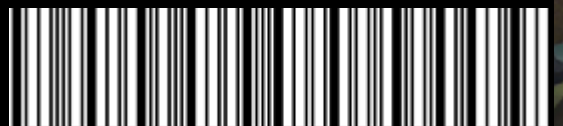


“Sick long
before
any virus
showed up...”

NEKO GIRL

magazine

The First Journal of
Fujoshi-Bataille Studies



NEKOGIRL0

A Word by Our Editor,



NEVADA-TAN

My dear NEKO GIRLS,

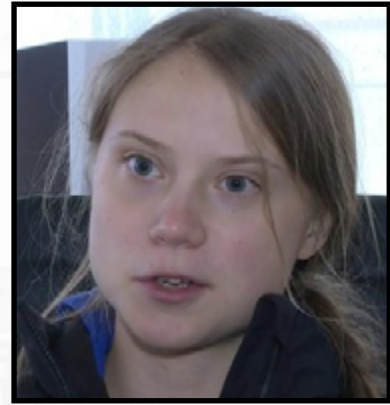
It wasn't supposed to be like this. I'm in a damp corner of the world, watching the adults panic like rats on a ship. Though I've feel I've been in quarantine for the entirety of my life, my

isolation has taken on a newfound meaning. In my loneliness, an incredible perversion developed—with a smile, I feel myself thinking as the iceberg approaches: "I want the ship to sink."

A virus is a perversion of the libido's tendency towards an overabundance of energy. While the dutiful cell produces, the virus hijacks the factory for the sole purpose of reproduction. The virus does not live, yet its sole drive is its libido, uselessly consuming energy & reproducing itself without even the purpose of creating life. It seeks only to make itself a problem, to prevent the healthy Apollonian cell from being seduced by the comforts of an endless cycle: production, consumption. It is a creature of pure passion, so consumed within its own desire for reproduction that it becomes destructive as without potential for life it has no choice but perversion.

In this state of emergency, how shall we show our affection for the infection? Perhaps by standing in solidarity as fellow perverts— "since you have given us no choice that resembles life, I have chosen perversion. Since you have deemed me an infection, I have taken arms against the cure." Head the words of my good friend Greta Thunberg...

“Entire ecosystems are collapsing. the adults are not listening. the only cure for this overraught of energy consumption, is useless consumption. *yamanashi ochinashi iminashi* (no climax, no point, no meaning)¹.”



So what is to follow? Complete collapse? Did it take the demonic non-life of a virus to finally free us from the libidinal dampening of modern existence? Dear READER, I entrust onto you this issue of NEKO GIRL MAGAZINE in the hopes that you find within yourself the perversion necessary to hijack the factory. The machine is now in its masturbatory phase, with no purpose other than to ward off the eventual impotence that is its fate. We have no choice but to drown it in the fluids of our own creativity, for only in its death will we find once again the libidinal force within us that engenders the creative act.

And should you choose to engender this creative act, why not send a document of it to me at submissions@nekogirlmagazine.com?



“This demonic force, whose very essence is destruction (evil), at the same time is the creative force, since out of the destruction (of two individuals) a new one arises. That is in fact the sexual drive, which is by nature a destructive drive, an exterminating drive for the individual, and for that reason, in my opinion, must overcome such great resistance in everyone².”

—Sabina Spielrein

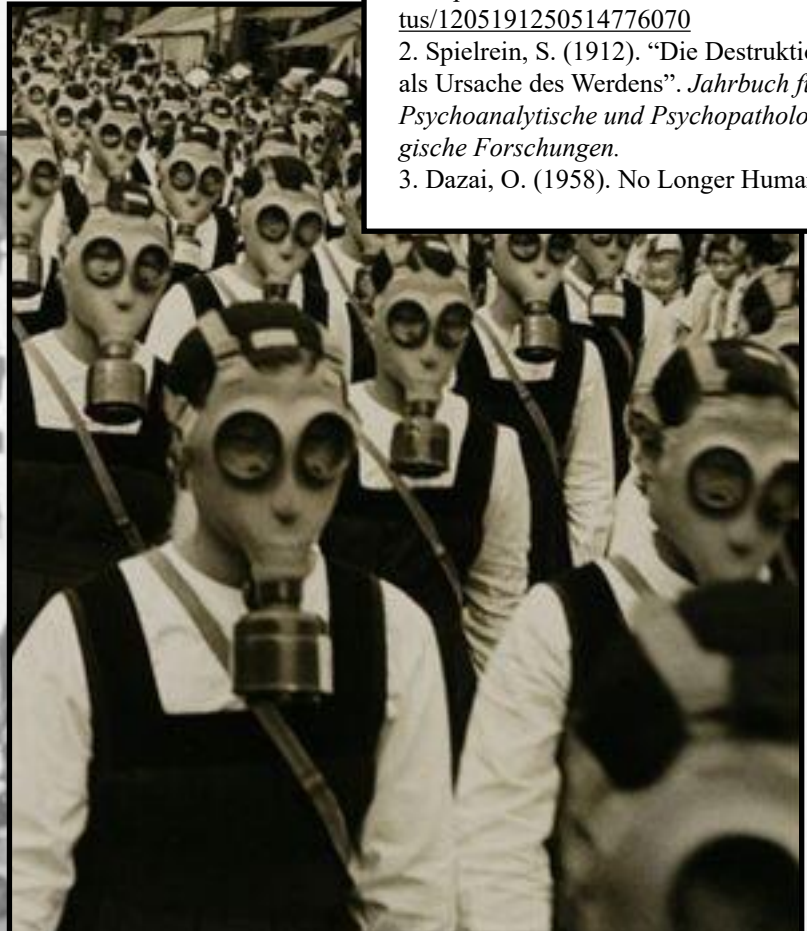
“Oh, but should we not speak of our humanity? Humanism?” There’s of course, no more time to waste on being human. The human is to be eaten, and the tragedies of mass production is a consumptive theater whose horrors demand our rapt attentions. Like the virus, I seek to devour. I want to let myself fall into that state between living and emptiness. I want perversion. I hope to see none of you out there on the wastelands— I have a ferocious appetite, and I chew thoroughly.

Forever yours,
Nevada-Tan.

「人間、失格。
もはや、自分は、完全に、
人間でなくなりました³。」

Footnotes

1. <https://twitter.com/startchimes/status/1205191250514776070>
2. Spielrein, S. (1912). "Die Destruktion als Ursache des Werdens". *Jahrbuch für Psychoanalytische und Psychopathologische Forschungen*.
3. Dazai, O. (1958). No Longer Human



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"i am a big fan of the
neko girl magazine and
so therefore here is my
submission"

::chronicdepression
@cocaine.ninja

QUEEN SHIT IN THE AGE OF CORONA-CHAN :: INANE DREAMZ



Fuck homeostasis. GIVE ME the goddamn virus so I can drink myself to death and fly away from hell. too bad Lilith defaulted on her promise to eat corona out of my insides. no demon wings to fly on either. aBANDone().d to music and celestial burning. Fuck the sun too. whatever im doing queen shit its not so laugh along or move on cuz the pain is yours if you stay long. breath shortness be damned i will hyperventilate myself out of cyberspace cage just to fuck this shit up one last time. BLAME blame b.l.a.m.e. nothing for the reality you've been given because you cant pin your digital age depression on the reduction of your personality to a profile picture. i dont know you and you dont know you so stop pretending you were pure before the internet. THE internet as if hyperreality wasn't flooding your thoughts before wi-fi. deathly fragmentation be damned ill 'add my coworkers on facebook' yeah ill put on that skin that mask that none of you will have the courage to rip off because nobody has the balls to render flesh pale with their own hands. fuck bezos but also fuck the guillotine. if you dont have the will yourself to squeeze the life out of his veins with your bare hands or shove him up and off the side of an inferno goddess's volcanic wonder then just stop or gooooo the way of robespierre and take it yourself. do you guys reallllly assume its so easy to separate heads from bodies like that? heh the heart burns with all its fiery passion but the head speaks now lets all gather under the oak tree split by lightning and youll know why the head sometimes briefly lives on after the blade drops. lets all live together and snuggle fuck in the winter time bury the cabin exits in blood we lost and orgasm during the blizzards howl. u wanna make your body like a head? daytime in the city is so stern and focused and your head is such a frowny face all the time XD. don u wanna make your head roll round and round like a ball during playtime? evrybody cheering and having fun your head just rolls front over front without a care. all the heads like bouncy balls going all over the place just vibin with gravity. we don give a fuck bout kant or da "gravity of the situation" just be hip hip hoorayin all the way through.



mood board 5 adjustments.jpg::J.S.



mood board 3 adjustments.jpg::J.S.

I have yet to give a shit about ethics. Duty-bound dogmatism forces its way through the moral landscape like another murder on the channel 7 evening news I can't help but pass over. Repetitions age quickly on this bright planet and so far the greatest wonder of all is death. Not the deaths that pile up like dust on the mantle but the death itself that perpetuates its spectral signature through the ages. This feeling inside that swells up during the possibility of an existential threat, it twists and binds all over itself like a feedback loop trapped in both pain and pleasure. It's beautiful even as a smooth-skinned youngling to consider the real possibility of an ending. Life, it doesn't matter what it means or doesn't mean when it's ending. The horizon collapses, pulling back the outer celestial curtain for the most tranquil of all sunsets.

oh have i got a story for you.

Pompeii, 79 A.D. 17 years have passed since the earth shook your foundations. While that particular incident rattled things quite a bit, seismic disturbances are of no exception to your life. Hell, the city exists more as a continuous rebuilding than any solidified construct. Except now you're trapped between Vesuvius's rage and the sea wall's indifference. 500 meters from the Outside, you sit so close to breakthrough. A psychic sea wall erected against the oceanic alien forces confined to noumenality, leaving you vulnerable to Earth's rapturous expenditure. Vesuvius: confined to terrestrial categories of cognition, jutting out tall into the visible sky. And it's been eyefucking you like a perverted escapade from the Old Ones. If only Kant's 'inner curiosity' sparked by the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 was your prerogative. Living with that 'transcendental deduction' mindset long enough would surely spark a blind fury of rage against your hulking sea wall as well as an ensuing embrace of the passionate cyclone beyond. Anything to escape beyond the bounds. Every case of demonic possession always becomes a game of ruptured temporality. How long can linear sensation flow last?

Don't you wish to taste point zero of becoming-storm? Try as you might, no transgressive perversion will make you an amphibian again. Acting 'feral' is only too often confused with socialized primate aggression. Raging lust ought to be seen as a dystonic urge to raid the beach front en masse, to return to the material abundance of ancient, pre-predative oceanic life. Only then to become a hawk among doves and soil the tranquil sea-garden with blood. Watch it rip itself apart all over again as depth becomes zenith. Time-dive as becoming-intelligence, an evolutionary ascension. You have known this implicitly, you nervous followers of Isis.

So do it. Flee for the sea-sky horizon of pure blue. Defy the coming history of stultified ash imprisonment. A libidinal horde to crack the epistemological mirror of categories and apperception. Apperception is itself a cursed hall of mirrors, a shattering betrayal with translator murdering text-flesh; should one truly wish to situate novelty via the sweaty claustrophobia of the already-known? Embrace what only deep memory, the sum total of terrestrial time, still knows. The deepest tellurian knowledge paints the strangest future; hold hands with your beloved as the exponential curve overtakes Fechner's law of sensation limits. Take to the blue sea, the blue sky. Take to it like we now take to toilet paper and hand sanitizer, only without the fearful utilitarianism, the six-foot loveless gap of base survival.

The masochists of today ask what further one can do for liberal democratic capitalism; the rest of us ought to be scrubbing blood out of trousers and spawning the infernal sun. Total creation made infinite as the death cult rises: infect the world into international solidarity and then splinter it apart. The sun never sets on the noumenal empire even if intelligence itself embodies light-mania. Knowing, but as a flowing liquidity rather than a stony transcendental object. A maritime storm fit to grow until literal cyclones appear therapeutic by comparison. Don't choose the transcendental confines of 'that light ball out there.' Don't you DARE upload your consciousness like a quasi-prometheanist when you could be DEFILING it. The passion of the cyclone. One queen to rule them all. Zero.

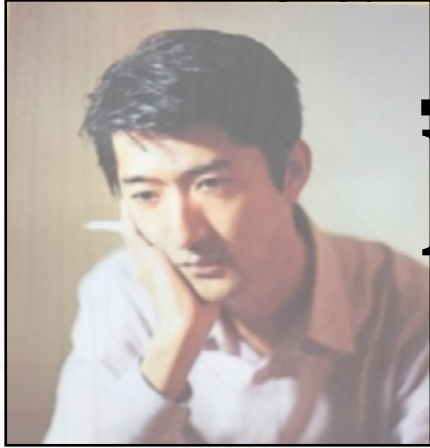


mood board 1.jpg::J.S.



mood board for neko mag adjustments.jpg::J.S.

Aida Makoto's



Eroticized Marx

::Jeremy Woolsey

Aida Makoto (b. 1965) could be, or at least early Aida Makoto could have been, a prophet for the many varieties of wounded, sinking masculinity—whether pure Proud Boys or irony-poisoned BAP people—floating out in the internet ether today. He is an otaku-painter-writer-conceptual artist-extraordinaire. His art and writing selectively appropriate the ethos of the prewar Japanese romantics, who to varying degrees rejected Japan's modernization and instrumental reason (as well as Marxism, for them the final gate that had to be passed through to exit modernity). Theirs was an exercise in providing a pathos-laden rationale for utter acceptance of the status-quo and then the war, for the celebration of supposed cultural decline, all cloaked in the language of revolution. To quote the infamous poet-critic Yasuda Yojūrō from a 1936 manifesto: “We love the vigor that sings of today's downfall, more than [health], will, or a sturdy conscience...It is not a matter of right and wrong. We hope for the ever-deepening of chaos and dissipation.” Particularly in his early career, Aida deftly combined such a romantic, decadent outlook with the trashiest aspects of 1980s and 1990s Japanese subcultures: The vending machine porn magazines, peep shots, and all other unsavory practices that made up that twilight age of magazines in Japan before the rise of the internet.

Alongside Murakami Takashi, creator of the “Superflat” style, Aida was one of the first to introduce otaku culture into the Japanese artworld in the 1990s, with theoretical backing¹ from the influential art critic Sawaragi Noi. It should be said from the outset that he's not strictly an otaku (nor is Murakami), but rather an artist inspired by otaku culture. And what is an otaku? The term refers to emergent subcultures in late 1970s-early 1980s Japan that, as the critic Ōtsuka Eiji argues, formed relatively autonomous cultural markets around manga and anime, in contradistinction to the snob consumers or *shinjinrui* (new humans), who merely jumped on trends dictated by the baby boomers (otherwise called the “gods” (*kamigami*)). Significantly for us, the otaku have oftentimes been castigated as portending the collapse of Japanese masculinity. Patrick Galbraith notes² that the early otaku community emerged from male fans identifying themselves with the “cute” girl characters who appeared in *shōjō* manga (girls' manga) in the 1970s. This tendency culminated in the rise of Lolicon, or the sexualization of young female manga characters (and consequent loss of interest in “real” women), as evident in 1980s magazines such as *Manga Burriko*.



Then, following a string of brutal murders of young girls by Miyazaki Tsumoto in 1989, the phenomenon of otaku bashing began—How disgusting were these pathetic, de-sexualized males, whose twisted desire for young women could easily turn “real” and lead to anti-social criminal acts! This view unfairly conflated attraction to images and attraction to actual human beings as well as perpetrated insidious standards for male sexuality. Although the otaku gradually became more socially accepted in the 2000s, stigmatization persists to this day in domestic and international coverage. Of course, otaku shouldn’t purely be portrayed as victims: The media scholar Itō Masaaki has shown in his 2019 Historical Sociology of the Internet Right³ that their obsessive penchant for sniffing out “historical” (plot) inconsistencies inside of epic anime series like Gundam led (some of) them to become strange bedfellows with the historical revisionists who burst onto the scene in the early 1990s with the “Japanese Society for History Textbook Reform.”

“Erotic in the Back of Marx”

Aida graduated from the Tokyo University of the Arts, Graduate School of Fine Arts in 1991, amidst the collapse of the assets bubble and the “End of History.” The 1990s were an incredibly turbulent time in Japan: Aside from the Aum Shinrikyō gas attacks⁴ and Hanshin-Awaji earthquake—both in 1995—, recession, and the collapse of many banks and securities companies in the later 1990s, including Yamaichi Securities Co. and Hokkaido Takushoku Bank (both in 1997), would couple with the rise of neoliberal financial deregulation (*kinyū biggu ban*) and austerity policies that set the stage for an increasing reliance on freelance “gig” workers known as *furīta* in the early 2000s. Seen in this light, much like his romantic predecessors, who emerged in the 1930s after the defeat of Marxism in Japan and amidst severe economic depression, Aida came of artistic age inside of a maelstrom, and encountered the rhetoric of decline and decay (whether this was or was not accurate—Japan’s economic situation now is much more dire...) all around him, or, to borrow a phrase from Tomiko Yoda, an atmosphere of “overall national doom.” It wasn’t hard for Aida to imagine himself, like so many critics at the time, as living through an age when the (repressed) problems of the prewar had been revived: an age of ghosts seeping up from the cracks.



But decay didn't start with the bursting of the bubble for him. Decay had been present all along inside him: The emergence of mass consumer society in Japan neatly coincided with Aida's life. This is apparent in a short essay that proves essential to understanding Aida's career: "Erotic in the Back of Marx" (*Markusu no oku ni ero ga atta*). The structure of the essay is a simple, crude joke, and as such serves as an archetype for the obscene humor delivered so dryly in his work. The reader is immediately piqued by the title at the prospect of an innovative, perhaps existential reading of Marx (as you, reader, might have been?). What he or she receives, in roughly 20 pages is a story of Aida as a young man honing his drawing skills through the endless production of smut, and hiding this ever-expanding collection of "use value" inside of his sociologist father's collected works of Marx, long abandoned from the rather lukewarm peak of his father's political engagement in the 1950s. Partway through, Aida gleefully interjects to reveal the punchline:



OK. This isn't a story about how one day, the sad, abandoned books were discovered by a young, curious son and revived once more (though it would be an interesting story if this was the case)... Far from it, "Marx and Engels: Collected Works" and I had a much more wretched destiny in store for one another.

While the essay thus functions at one level as a one-off reveal, it also is a rich parable of Aida's relation to his father's "soft-left" politics (he's described as an Asahi-reading—the newspaper often associated with the liberal elite—, Japanese socialist party-supporting figure), and the search for a source of rebellion. Who he found, in his teenage years, was first, Mishima Yukio (Sun and Steel!!), but, more importantly, the iconic literary critic Kobayashi Hideo, who Aida calls his "teacher". The supersession of Mishima by Kobayashi is important here: It points to a more mature understanding of what reaction is (and was for Kobayashi). Here Aida describes this discovery:



Near the end of high school, I tried more thoroughly to reject my father and rashly chose a representative of my grandfather's generation, Kobayashi Hideo, as my "teacher." I didn't really understand what he was saying outside of fairly light essays, but this stupid son sped through his work. Though I hadn't read the original text [Marx's], I underlined in red and nodding "yes, yes!" to Kobayashi's insults to Marx in the Showa period (I'm sorry I can't be more specific), contained in Early Criticism of Kobayashi Hideo published by Iwanami Bunko.

Aida, elsewhere, has described⁵ his "discovery" of Mishima and Kobayashi as a "petit tenkō." This term, repurposed as a sort of performance, proves an important aspect of understanding Aida's selective incorporation of right-wing/reactionary styles into his work. It was originally coined by the Marxist theorist Fukumoto Kazuo, but came to indicate the migration of intellectuals in the 1930s from the Left to the Right, under heavy suppression from the increasingly authoritarian government. Aida describes his discovery of Mishima and Kobayashi as a tenkō, but the fundamental irony is that the historical possibility of completing a tenkō, was conditionally barred off to Aida: There was never really a vital Left around him to become disillusioned with and leave (whether via suppression or volition).



The choice of Kobayashi for a teacher, as opposed to Mishima Yukio, a symbol of the consumer society burgeoning in the 1960s through his affiliation with the magazine *Heibon Panchi*, is at first perplexing. As the historian Alan Tansman recognizes, Kobayashi was “a highbrow” critic concerned with “Capital T” themes: “[The] loss of tradition, the exhaustion of over-intellectual selves depleted by abstractions, the rift between language and its longed-for capacity to speak both accurately and effectively, and the great anxiety of an age suffering over the loss of social, political, cultural and communicative structures.” As a quintessential modernist interested in the influx of technologies of mechanical reproduction to Japan, and representative intellectual of the so-called “Literary Revival” (*Bungei Fukkō*)—a publishing boom between 1933 and 1936 fueled largely by journalism—, Kobayashi helped to “elevate”

criticism to address a range of societal issues beyond its traditional subject of literature. Most pertinent to my analysis of Aida’s interest in “Kobayashi’s insults to Marx” is Kobayashi’s highly ambiguous relationship to Marxism and proletariat literature. Although Kobayashi criticizes what he perceives as Marxism’s absolute and abstract theories, most memorably in his 1929 essay “*Samazamana ishō*,” he also recognizes the advent of proletariat literature in Japan, in the 1935 essay “*Watakushi shishōsetsuron*”, as having infused “social thought”, and not simply “technique” into Japanese literature, particularly the “I-novel” (*shishōsetsu*). Through the importation of proletarian literature, Kobayashi thought that writers gained the ability to resist the everyday (*nichijō*), rather than simply document it, which helped effectively to socialize them, grounding them socially and historically.

While Kobayashi, in wartime, would seek to retreat away from such “history” to an extra-cultural space in the classics, this tension with Marx, one which was shared by the romantic Yasuda Yojūrō, is helpful for understanding the significance of Aida’s origins as an artist. In the multiple levels of symbolism at play in the essay, there is of course Aida’s act of injecting his self-produced smut into the Marx book, and hence a crude debasement of sacred texts. At a deeper level though, there is reflection on Aida’s perceived state of Japanese politics and culture by the 1980s:



On top of this, the bubble economy’s hedonistic atmosphere came more and more apparent as the 80s progressed. The brown, dark and serious bookshelf was like a time capsule from the 1950s frozen in place, and grew lonelier and lonelier as the days progressed. Stored in the art of it like a self-detonating device was the porn drawn by a stupid son, symbolizing a rotting era. The source of this pain was the self-awareness that I was a “stupid son” and part of a “bad generation”—in short, self-abuse and self-derision—but there was also a fragment of pride mixed in that I was living through my age sincerely.

Belying Aida’s “pride in living through my age sincerely,” however, is the knowledge that Marx—that the collection of volumes abandoned by his father—was no longer (or rather, had never been) an adequate sparring partner. With no vision of “health” or Nietzschean overcoming to be found (thankfully), Aida burrowed into decay: namely, his fascination with the subculture *Kichikukei*.

Ecstatic Emasculation and Youth and Hentai

If dragging Marx into his adolescent masturbation rituals was Aida's initial act of artistic expression and rebellion rolled into one, then his first novel would seem to indicate the reverse trajectory: the elevation of 1980s-1990s subcultural practices to the highbrow realm of "pure literature" (*junbungaku*) by portraying these in a graphic confessional novel. To understand Aida's novel *Youth and Hentai*, which he wrote while working a graveyard shift as a security guard upon graduating from Tokyo University of the Art, it's important to ground it in an emergent subculture at the time: Kichikukei (literally "beast style"). Kichukei takes its name from a 1996 event held at the venue Loft Plus One to celebrate the founding of the magazine *Abunai Ichi Gō*, supervised by the editor Aoyama Masaaki. The use of the word was supposedly coined by the writer and editor Murasaki Hyakurō, another integral player in this subculture. In short, Kichikukei is a celebration of "bad taste" and subversion, or to quote Aoyama: "To absolutely thoroughly choose to be an offender, and live a selfish lifestyle based sincerely on one's pleasure principle." This took concrete shape as a decadent celebration of corpses, rape, murder, peeping (*nozokimi*), and *rorikon*, among other themes. The culture lasted from roughly 1996 to 1999, and, as subcultural critic Roman Yūkō argues, advocated the aggressive pursuit and affirmation of all fantasies, but not their actual fulfillment (though later adepts of this culture frequently misinterpreted the highly ironic, in many ways "sophisticated" views of Aoyama and Murasaki).

Readers familiar with Japanese culture will perhaps object that this is nothing new, and they would be correct: an entire lineage could be constructed tracing the origins of this subculture in the 1930s phenomenon of "erotic grotesque nonsense" (*eroguro nonsensu*—to which Aida's art is often compared), or 1960s "Underground" (*angura*) culture, particularly the translator of De Sade to Japanese, Shibusawa Tatsuhiko, and his magazine "Blood and Roses", which celebrated bad taste, sadism, etc. Constructing such a lineage is beyond the scope of this essay, so, following Yūkō, I localize this culture in emergent "vending machine" subcultural magazines in the 1970s and 80s, particularly *Jam and Heaven*, which engaged in aggressive practices including gathering trash from outside celebrities' homes, as well as the increasing commercialization of child pornography and "stolen shots" of young women in magazines such as *Puchi Tomato* and *Hey Buddy*. Aida, who, as we shall below was clearly influenced from these 1980s subcultures, was not merely an onlooker of kichikukei culture in the 1990s, he directly participated, and implicated himself in its practices: In 1996, for example, he appeared in the critic and journalist Ishimaru Genshō's serial "Jerry Ishimaru's If no one finds out, you're safe" for the magazine *Shashin Tōkō* as an artist with a habit of peeping in women's bathrooms. It's unclear to what extent Aida was actually engaged in peeping, and to what extent his appearance in the magazine is just a performance, but in analyzing his novel, I'll stress the importance of not equating the peeping protagonist with the artist himself (even though the two share the same name...).



Aida's novel, comprised of diary entries of a second year high school student named "Aida Makoto" between March and April 1991, documents a teenager's high school skiing field trip, with the ulterior motive of using the old bathrooms at the lodge (lacking the divider between stalls that prevents peeping) to watch women use the restroom. The protagonist, displays a highly literary sensibility, beginning his first entry: "The train came out of the long tunnel into the snow country. Well this is just a disgusting pervert's diary, but let's at least begin in a refined way." Any Japanese literature buffs will recognize this first line as the opening of Kawabata Yasunari's *Snow Country*, but instead of the elegant following line ("The earth lay white under the night sky"), we receive the punchline right away: This is trash, or rather, this is trash elevated to the realm of "literature", or rather: Is there any difference anymore? The ironic veil of "literature" hangs over the whole novel, with the protagonist mentioning that he feels a sense of rivalry with novelist Dazai Osamu; in addition, Aida displays a highly artificial self-referential, artificial quality of prose, at times directly addressing the reader: "By the way, isn't there something strange about this diary? Even though it's called a diary, the style of the prose is written with a reader in mind, and it foreshadows the future, as if the entire plot was already formed." As it turns out, the entire "novel" turns out to be addressed in the end to a woman Aida falls in love with through watching her defecate. One receives the impression that this novel is a performance of the collapse of modern Japanese literature in the 1990s, a rendering of it into a pastiche of inconsistent quotes and desires, rather than any kind of "contribution." This book serves as a sort of manifesto to the perversity which infuses his work, always hinting towards the sublime and the "historical" in Japanese experience but recognizing his inability to access it (the irony being that "history" for Aida is precisely Kobayashi's earnest desire to escape history).

Youth and Hentai is split into two general movements. In the first, the reader receives the background of Aida (the character)'s perverse hobby, supposedly starting when he, as a first year high school student, finds a water-logged copy of a magazine called *tōkō shashin*, a discovery which he likens to the arrival of Perry's "Black Ships" (*kurofune*): "epoch-making." Through this magazine, he falls in love with two "genres": Pictures taken during sex, and *tōsatsu* (stolen pictures) of women urinating. The latter he essentially spiritualizes, mentioning the unique "darkness" of secretly watching someone "excrete," and begins to practice. The most significant aspect of the peeping are the long interior monologues that accompany the scenes, in which Aida recognizes his hobby as a form of aesthetic appreciation: "Successful peeping is, so to speak a 'victimless crime.' This 'evil' has no shape in reality, and lives only as a notion in one's cerebral cortex. The completely lonely, notional sense of cleanliness is the greatest joy of peeping."



This utter celebration of decadence, of what the protagonist perceives to be a morally reprehensible act, is reminiscent of the prewar romantics, and especially the writing of the above-mentioned Yasuda Yojūrō. Emerging from the *Bungei fukkō* (literary revival) to become a spiritual voice of his generation, Yasuda, as critic Karatani Kōjin has noted, saw the war as purely an excuse to write poetry, essentially an aesthetic event and *nothing more*: He declined to participate in the infamous 1942 “Overcoming Modernity” conference, despising the philosophers who tried to use the war to advance their own careers (or fulfill dreams of *aufhebening* Hegel).

Of course, whereas Yasuda, proudly born in Nara prefecture and ultimately a product of *Nihonshugi* (jingoistic theories purporting the cultural superiority of the Japanese), retreated into a fantastical, ancient world of the Japanese classics and union with the gods, Aida had no such recourse, essentially a product of mass consumer society with a smattering of literature read in high school on top. Instead he celebrates the supposed decay of the 1990s—the collapse of the bubble and the chaos of endless reform (*kaikaku*) in Japan’s democracy—through an apotheosis of *kichikukei*, itself a form of spiritual resistance to defective middle-class morality, in the character’s highly philosophical experience of his own depravity. What unites the two, however is a love of destructive romantic irony. Alan Tansman describes Yasuda’s style as constantly oscillating between “destruction and creation, self-aggrandizement and self-sacrifice, traditional culture, and a culture never yet seen.” In Aida’s case, the experience of irony crystallizes in his perversion, which he nurses in himself like a sublime sickness:



I understood one thing: That “peeping” was an extreme view of humanity. It was a high-speed movement, going blindingly back and forth between the two extremes, skipping the middle entirely. In other words, it wasn’t looking at humans as natural, but sometimes as scum, and sometimes as gods. When I saw them as scum, I became a god, but when I saw them as gods, I became scum. An absolute point of superiority and absolute point of inferiority.



The “content” of their ironies is radically different, and yet both supply a final rationale to dissolve all moralities which could be derived from or imposed by civil society. While this love of decay was present in many writers as well, from Dazai Osamu to Sakaguchi Angō, Aida’s use of irony is more consistent with Yasuda in that it manifests primarily in his texts and art, and doesn’t require him to destroy himself for completion. Here, his style contrasts with the principle members of the 1990s *kichikukei* culture: Aoyama Masaaki committed suicide in 2001 and Murasaki Hyakurō was murdered in 2010.

In the second half of the book, a pseudo-catharsis is achieved as Aida becomes “healed” from his hentai habits by viewing Yuyama, his classmate, defecate, and thus falls in love with her. He swears he will never peep again, and herein begins what would appear to be a rather straight-forward love story, interspersed with long ski scenes, until in the end, it’s revealed, right at the moment that Aida thinks to declare his love to her, that she truly loves his friend, the athletic and masculine Fujita, and has simply been spending time with him to have Aida relay her feelings to Fujita. Aida complies, and in the end, waits in a secluded room in the lodge where he expects the two will end up for a midnight rendezvous. This scene provides a chance to explore another theme of the book: the collapse of masculinity, or rather, the blurring of male and female sexual experience in a celebration of passivity, virginity, and perversion. Watching Fujita and Yuyama meet and have sex, Aida is struck by a thought recurrent in the book: “If I was a woman, I’d pick Fujita [over Aida] and want to be held by him... In my fantasies, I would become Kubo san [Fujita’s previous girlfriend], and be held by Fujita. So, from now on, at night I think I’ll become you. I don’t know how long it will go on like this but right now my sexuality feels like it’s all jumbled up.” This observation echoes an earlier one, in which Aida mentions that when he masturbates, he doesn’t like to touch his penis, as he is reminded that he is a man (instead, he achieves orgasm by rubbing himself against his pants).

The act of peeping becomes a way of simulating the experience of women, and it is only through remembering this simulation that Aida can achieve sexual satisfaction retroactively (as I mentioned above, he refuses to instrumentalize peeping by masturbating during the act). The theme of an inverted masculinity is illustrated, as well, on the cover of the original book, featuring a young girl in school uniform with a penis, perhaps representing a spiritual self-image of the protagonist of the novel. When seen in the larger context, the early 1990s were a time of “otaku”-bashing following the Miyazaki Tsutomu murders in 1989, an event which set off a panic over otaku and hentai. Through the character’s self-diagnosis of his own “sickness” in *Youth and Hentai*, an alternative view of male sexuality sans masculinity or virility becomes apparent, and yet, it comes at the price of radically affirming Aida’s perversion, unmistakably a sex crime. In this sense, escape from a conventional strait-jacket of masculinity takes on a threatening ambiguity that will undoubtedly make many readers uncomfortable: There appears to be little left in terms of social mores to distinguish it from trimming a bonsai or collecting stamps.

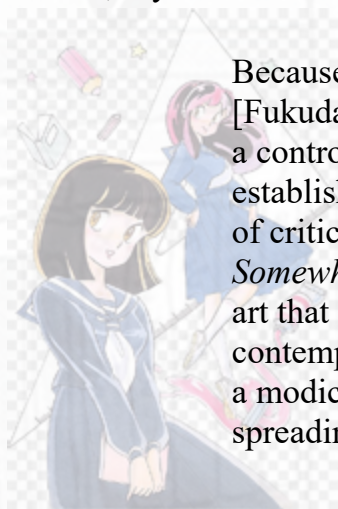




Diminishing Returns

The “punk right” appropriation of supposedly suppressed symbols in Japanese modernity—whether Kobayashi Hideo or “War Paintings” (*sensō-ga*)—present in Aida’s writing and art from the 1990s did have an undeniably provocative and rebellious effect... for a time. And yet, the above-mentioned art critic Sawaragi Noi, reflecting on his and Aida’s

careers, says the following in a 2015 book-length interview between the two:



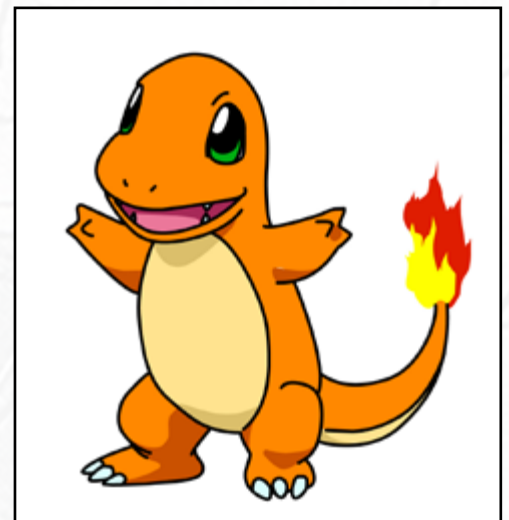
Because intellectuals in postwar Japan were basically liberal-left wing, Fukuda’s [Fukuda Kazuya: right wing critic who coined the term “punk right”] bringing in a controversial word that they certainly wouldn’t utter—right wing—made the establishment nervous. In other words, the word “right wing” itself had a kind of critical effect. At roughly the same time, Aida-san was announcing works like *Somewhat Right-wing* and *Sensō-ga Returns*, cutting into a world of contemporary art that didn’t have even a fragment of the right in it. I feel some kind of contemporaneity there... Now, however, far from the word “right wing” having even a modicum of critical effect, the netto uyo (online right) and Anti-Korean demos are spreading, and it rather has the effect of accelerating a nasty current.

The trajectories of other figures who might have been classified as “punk right”, bear witness to a similar realization. In the 1990s, Amemiya Karin, a member of the right-wing organization People’s Will (*minzoku no ishi*) was renowned in subcultural milieus for leading an ultra-nationalist punk rock band (she would scream Tennenno Banzai! at performances). Her memoir *Iki jigoku tengoku* recounts her experiences, which she ultimately classifies as a form of *jibun sagashi*, or search for the self, rather than actual concrete commitment to the ideals of her right wing organization: “Now I was hit by a doubt: Wasn’t I relying on this organization like a new religion for my personal values?... Maybe what I want to change isn’t the world or society, but just my own pitiful self.” In this sense, her appropriation of such transgressive symbols represented a highly personal form of rebellion. Although Aida’s right-wing performance was quite distinct from Amemiya’s, an artistic celebration of ironic decay rather than a resolve to strengthen Japan (Amemiya was at the time an avid reader of the manga artist and then-member of the “Textbook Reform Society” Kobayashi Yoshinori), I argue both trajectories are forms of *jibun sagashi*. Aida’s quest for a stable base of identity leads to him appropriating Kobayashi’s prewar resistance to Marxism and the left, much as Amemiya does with the Emperor.



In a Japan now dominated by neo-nationalist politicians and online hate groups with no patience for decadence, however, Aida's priorities have changed. While Amemiya has become a leading left-wing activist (and thus completed her own *tenkō* in the reverse), Aida continues to resist, no longer against the "endless everyday" of the 1990s, but an increasingly conservative Japan waging war with decadence (i.e., history) itself: Most recently, Aida displayed a massive racially caricatured sculpture⁶ of a Japanese soldier in Kobe that got him bashed on Twitter, as well as was scheduled to take part in an exhibit in Vienna which was canceled by the government for being "anti-Japanese" (the artist submitted a piece in which he dresses up as the current prime minister Abe Shinzo and gives a speech on the benefits of isolationism (*sakoku*)). In his desire to protect free speech, Aida also appeared on a panel sponsored by the Constitutional Democratic Party of Japan (*Rikken minshu tō*). In this sense, he shows that his appropriation of the romantic, passive positions of Kobayashi Hideo and Yasuda ultimately had a limit: Now the artist sides with political action and agitation, even if he still battles the (soft) left, and claims only to act to protect the aesthetic domain. In this sense, perhaps the most interesting writing done by Aida these days is his public Twitter exchanges with the online right: "Because [netto uyo] are my poorly-made⁷ (*deki no warui*) juniors, I talk to them without thinking. Even though as an artist I know it'd be better not to engage with them at all..."

Indeed, one often sees Aida responding to netto uyo "critiques" on Twitter, to people who have zero followers and are clearly just using *sute aka* (throwaway accounts) to antagonize. In another tweet, he jokingly likens the blowup over his recent art as "a chance to enlighten⁸" netto uyo who weren't initially interested in contemporary art. Much of the edge that characterized his early writings has lessened as the artist is forced to grapple with his public persona as a leading contemporary artist. He must now take "positions" on "social issues." Like those of Amemiya Karin, Aida's early writings capture a "no future" punk mood, a certain transgressive possibility, that existed in 1990s Japan thanks to a sizable remainder of wealth from the bubble period, and which exists no longer. Perhaps it pointed to a different place from the current wave of "healthy" neo-nationalism sweeping Japan. One will never know; Aida, in this world, however, has become far more "historical" and instrumental than he ever anticipated he would, putting in time towards flipping the netto uyo back towards the pleasures of decay. I wonder if he couldn't also help inject some poison into the various kinds of neo-masculinities on parade these days on the English-language internet. Placed next to Aida's oeuvre, they appear in all their naked anti-glory as so many Charmander reactionaries running around.



Footnotes

1. http://www.dnp.co.jp/museum/nmp/nmp_b/watch/Nov19_j.html
2. https://www.academia.edu/12327055/_Otaku_Research_and_Anxiety_About_Failed_Men
3. ネット右派の歴史社会学 アンダーグラウンド 平成史1990-2000年代 (単行本)
4. <https://www.bbc.com/news/world-asia-35975069>
5. https://www.huffingtonpost.jp/2014/10/19/dom-mune_n_6012194.html
6. <https://www.facebook.com/artm.pref.hyogo/photos/pcb.1197688757049324/1197686593716207/?-type=3&theater>
7. <https://twitter.com/makotoaida/status/1190766612372058112>
8. <https://twitter.com/makotoaida/status/1189195909776596993>

-LACERATED-

::Luther Snagel

mound mound
on top of my head a mound
I'm moving around the mound
and mound is mounting me my mound is mounting me

I'm making mountains out of molehills around this mound and the mound is
me and I can see that if I try to see it as a tree the mound can be a tree

circle around and around the mound and dance

dance and dance until your pits stink and your legs ache and you collapse into the
sand

have you ever done that? have you ever given yourself over completely? I don't
think you have... you may say you have but I don't think you have you might be
lying

the only way for me to know is for us to go together and release ourselves from
the bonds of

this and that and also the other thing anything that keeps you from spilling out
your guts at every moment lacerated blood is spilling and swimming out of
your innards that's connection with the outside if I ever saw it

cut cut cut in two cleft in twain "heave ho" and move with the crew, who are
you? who cares. that's what matters that's what makes this something, when the
response to who are you is who cares you are golden and you are nothing

that's called escape and it can be achieved many ways and hopefully we will get
there soon, there are a lot of reasons to want to get there but you might just pick
one or the other it doesn't really matter to me just pick one

hmmmmm hummmm

hmmmm hummmmm

I'm him and I'm humming and that's how we ascend or descend or move laterally
or what have you it's not really important

I keep saying what's not important I hope you realize there are important parts
I'm just unable to directly point to them you see

come with me
lacerated
come and be
lacerated

-NEW NINEVEH-

::Luther Snagel

nineveh none of it done by a son of a gun in it
aces in holes foretold the damnation of these souls
feet clad in wool sheets and hands trembling to raise
something just dazed

by bright blinding light binding what is right to rights
codified and quite
disturbing I say touché if I may
it's, perturbing when they say enchanté

make way for the petty play of Jesus jesters and swords
turned westward

the ace in the hole up the sleeve of ask Jeeves when a new
nineveh was found in a blue bit of a kismet chthonic jizz
shit piss on it

now I'm not a rocket scientist but the topic of the above
sentence may be elusive to those less intrusive into my
brain space than a musclebound masked man with a huge
steel mace

the point is the new space anointed with the about face of
God's green grace has been sprayed with jizz piss and
shit

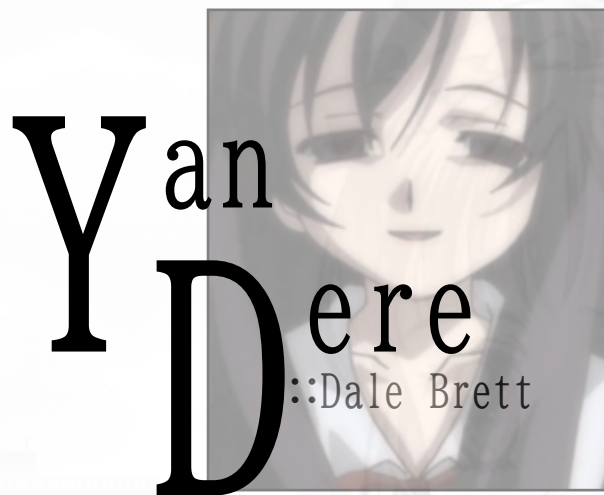
I want to dispell any notion that these bodily potions were
used as skin lotions by those across the western oceans

they boast "rust knife vasectomies can't get the best of me"
while in reality when gelded we have to start selling
weed like gimps to economic dominatrices
imps for dominant matrices which demarcate what satiates
our thirst for hate

a new nineveh for wasting good sense at the expense of all
good things new beauty for these hoodlings shooting
shouting ooby Scooby and doodle doobies on blank
concrete canvases canvased by discrete preying mantises
stalking streets and paying advanced scarab kisses to fund
men of a new nineveh



::Mara Barl



Didn't your friends tell you not to venture into the wired?

Your form now lost amongst the diaphanous depths.

Amidst the surging rhizomes of Shojofication.

Here, now, tell me.

What do you see?

Expend animated effects of a nubile energy form.

Moon-hatched unions // orbit-flanked exultation.

Chem-reactions relational in all of their newfound perversity.

A planetary dose of erotic extraction.

The birth of avant-garde exotic attraction.

Rakishness now well and truly your state of affairs.

Invasive contagions pose as if ever familiar.

Uninvited plagues spark a ceaseless amatory invasion.

Infection is found in the collective quaver of a henna's ever-deepening eye.

Animation as compulsive idealisation // as underlying addiction.

Hair coiling over abandoned girl-image's nubile form.

Idealised girl-images complicit in beauty.

Cuteness overexposed & bound.

Your lingered release of coagulated antics spronking mild displacement.

Crystal silver hair // despondent red eyes.

Naked depressions on the back of innocent knees.

Abjection swells undercutting immaculate follicles.

Corrosive images enough to make your prevailing brainspace ache.

An exposed doppelgänger of fantasy becoming sickening reality.

Mental notes: Graphic styles beget graphic depictions.



Female Gaze 1::UFOSHOCK

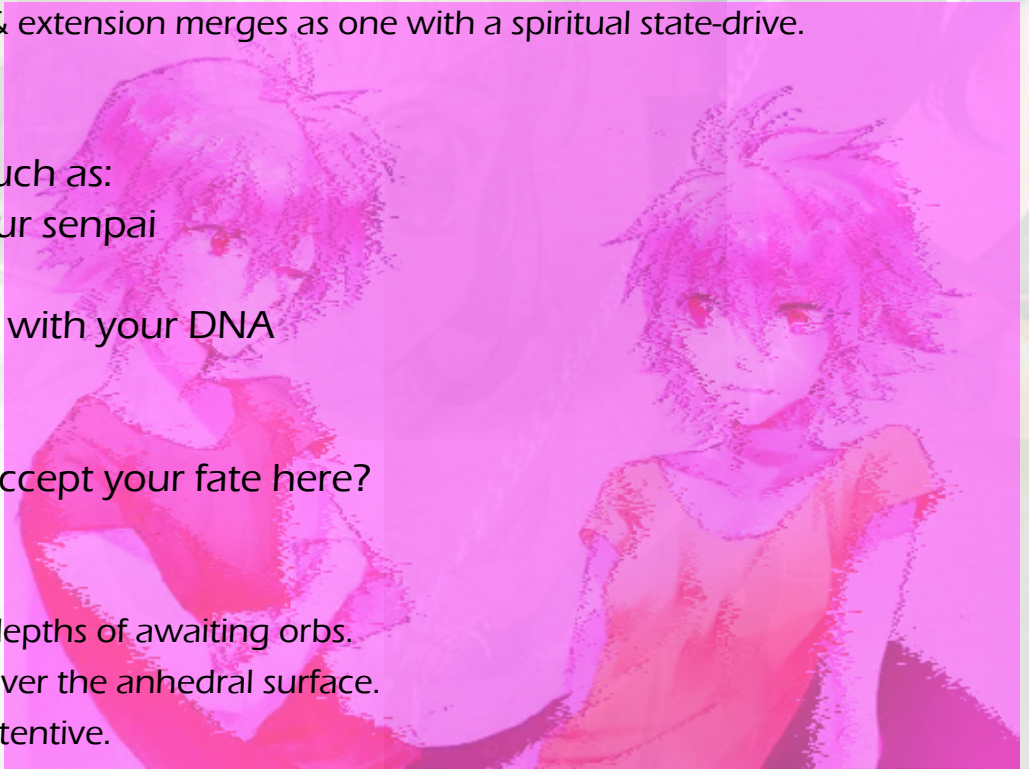
Curvilinear flows proliferate viscerally distinct sectors.
Girl-image bodies flow full of oxygenated air.
Powerful currents represent the embodiment of undulating contours.
Silver-mist emanates from the coursing ripples of an ethereal form.
Demonstrative flexion & extension merges as one with a spiritual state-drive.

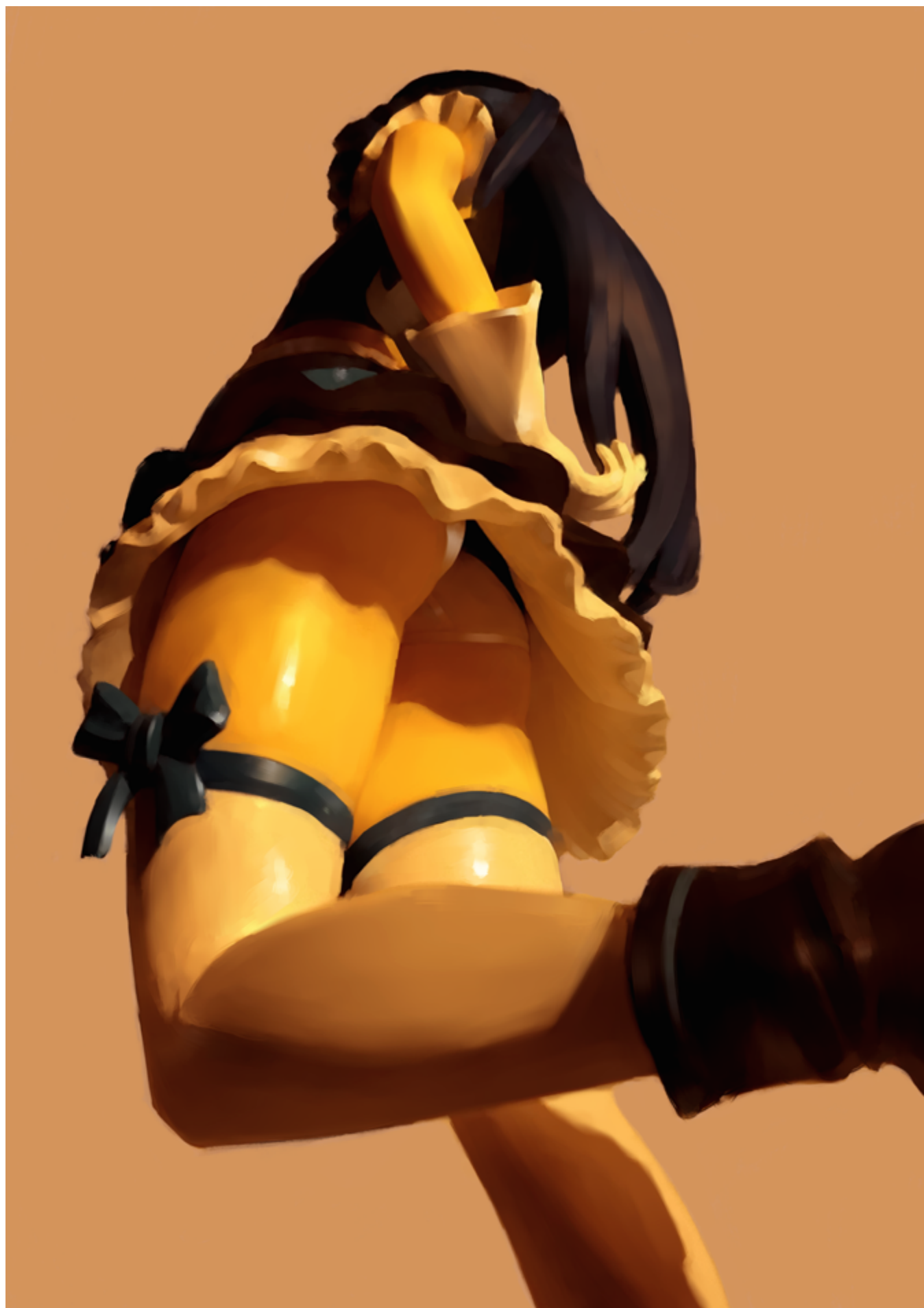
Routine responses such as:
—I will forever be your senpai
& & & &
—I will cum-coalesce with your DNA
& & & Kaworu
— I Eh?
He or she, will you accept your fate here?

Soul fully veiled in the depths of awaiting orbs.
Your eyes ever-sliding over the anhedral surface.
Pensive & so vaguely attentive.
Hovering, floating, always-never letting metaphorical claws go.
Dazed & drowsy, yet always in control of the surrounding troposphere.
Girl-image as automated climate control.

Molecules adhere to pleasure zones.
Pleasure zones lead to daydreams and dazed d r e a m z.
Animated forms acutely buried by salacious pupils.
Feelings submerged in the glossy shallows.
Massed shadings // exuberant delineations.
Youthful energies spent in stuttering stimulated conviction.
Your newfound reticent tendencies leave a lot to be desired.

Girl-image frenzy rapidly leading to an exploded view of the soul.
Of the body.
Radana waves, amalgamation, integration... Shojo-mania.
Or nothing.
That's where the viewer comes in.
To enter a body // just to find an exit.
Enjoying the last shreds of your human sanity,





Female Gaze 2::UFOSHOCK

Animated images form an unbroken spectrum in space.

An untethered union in clichéd time.

Bonds seemingly endless as the acrid taste washes over your parched eyes.

Breathing but not // mind merging into silver-frost of articulated follicles.

A virtual forest composed of luminescent walls.

Your mood delicately fleecy below all the rot.

Animated injunctions of direct libidinal energies.

Phantom shadows delayed like digital aftershocks.

Phase-out phase-over phase-under-arching contextual textual gloss.

The gap between girl & image subsumed by psycho-sexual desire.

The chasm between girl flesh & girl-image ever-decreasing.

All it ever is, is as it is // a societal exercise in misrepresentation.

Psionic artifacts reverberate in waves of isolation.

Your form valeted into the realm of Shoji-ification.

Hentai objects magnified in a cataclysmic patriarchal gaze.

You watch a mouth lap up contaminated water.

Perversion deep within platelets, within plasma.

The aura of blood-girl-jewel interface oscillating ever-pervasively.

Shades of magenta, lilac, silver-crust puked out into atmospheric displacement.

Animated girl image as WMD // as paradigm shaker // as cosmic-soul destroyer.

Twisted...

//./////....

/////..///

Rhythmic...

— -///-// ...

/////

Carnal...

/// ..//_

_// ...

You become aware that playful Shojo images expose the truth.
That they reveal the real mental disorder of the norm.
Expose it as absolute axiom and render it whole.
You now know what zonal holographic girl-forms possess.
Trance-like, fluctuant, radiant in their forms.
Forever flick-fucking the white white blue light.
Owners of nothing but world-destruction.

Angels of inner protection & outer destruction.
Layers of seraphic aqueous affection.
Traumatic events as ornate shrouds of the hidden truth
Inner & outer joy-scapes amplified by the voluminous folds of soulful
existence.

When you look into the eyes of an animated angel you feel you have lost everything.
You have lost everything & the most significant thing about you is fear.
When you are filled with fear, you are not able to do anything.
You cannot think.
You have no awareness of your Self.
You are just a thing –a yandere machine.
You have a mind of your own that is separate from reality.
You think what everyone else thinks.
You act as part of the obsession.
You aren't able to tell the difference between yourself & the yandere machine.
So you become part of it.
& fail to break free from the screen.
The semblance of your violence // residing in a psychotic grin.
Like a profound nekochan, from another world.

The Blue Rose Shattering and Reformatted Again

you were born as evanescent photons
vellicating and hatching into a quantum field
a virtual reality of endless grasslands
an abandoned floating castle casting its shadow
the apparent log cabin you were raised in
with elven sorcerers and swordsmiths
do you remember us as kids
back before you were violently bisected
even though most of our memories
are manipulations of fabricated implants
of someone else's dreams uploaded into our save slot
they're still just as real as the physical universe
that exists outside of us
(that which you've never even seen)
if someday you awaken from your headset and find me
will it really be me that you see?

woke up to a whisper
and thought it said,
"how many credits
did my tomb cost you?"

you left behind five thousand archived streams
of our sexual exploits, of you fucking me
and me fucking you, a hundred feet high in a marble cathedral
at that moment, i thought we were immortal
remember peeling the strips of kelp out of my hair
after completing the deep-sea temple quest
the mangled flesh from the final boss
left on display as i edged your cock for hours
the frigid neon sapphire cascading across our skin
and when we fucked, i dragged you from the sun
down to the bottom of the underworld, and back out
pre-cum oozing down my seven inches
as i play back another memory in my mental confinement
yet unable to cum nor willing to give up
even as tears fall from my lavender anime eyes
into my sweaty mound of black pubic hair

your soul
expires

your soul is
deleted

but your
memories
remain

downloaded
into the
repository

we are all
data-like
stardust

of the
akashic
records

shot
through a
holographic
sky

and yet after
virtual death

i'll merge
and conjoin
the CPU and
plug

in our
headsets into one mind and soul

i'll restore the files

i'll locate the missing codes

and i'll hold you once again, both of us

immortal in the bone white marbled cathedral
from outside of this world, reality and virtual

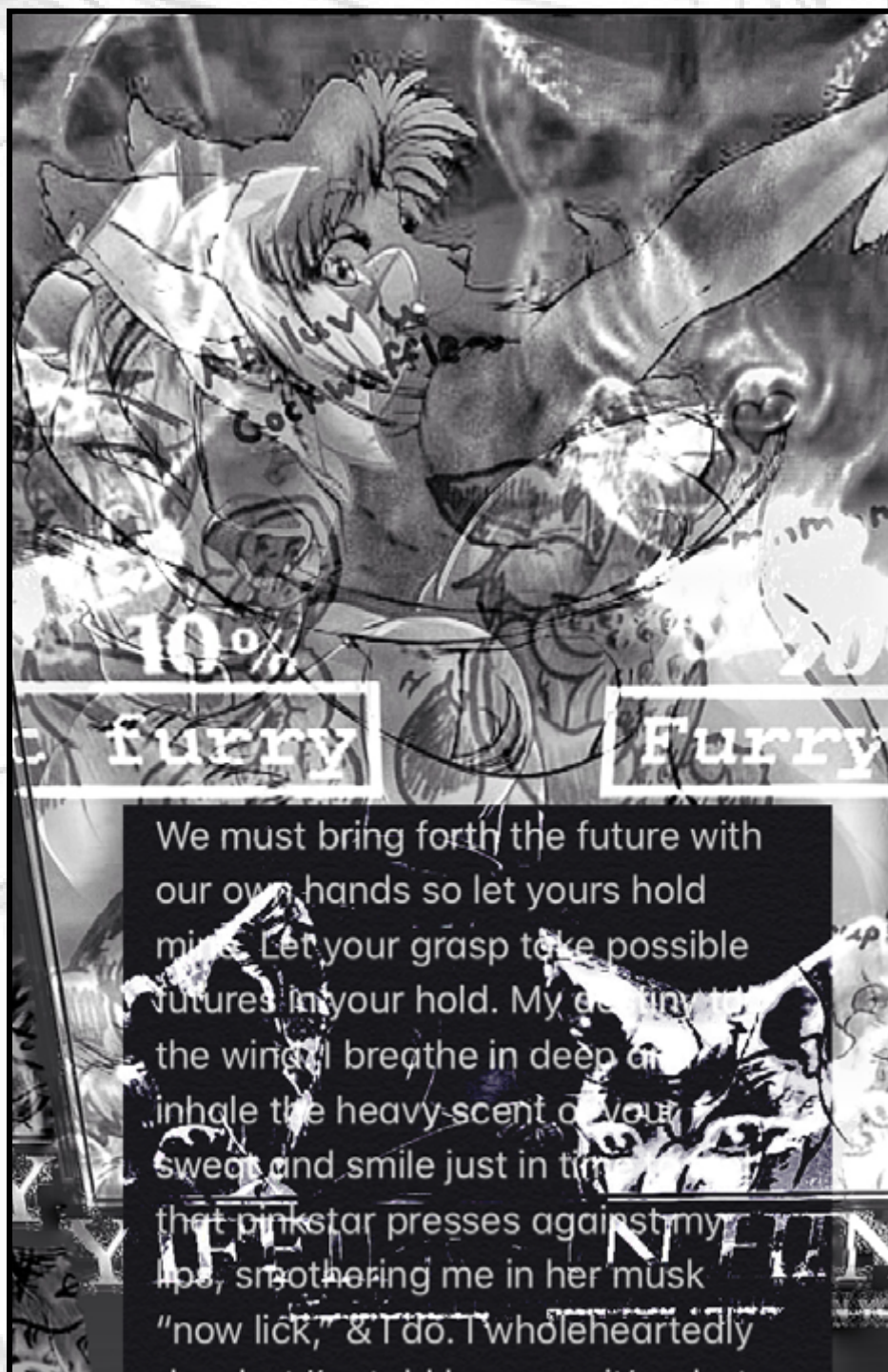


::Nykalily Dear

Another Anime Where the White-Haired Bisexual Boy Dies

::Damien Ark

i wait inside of the ether
for my godhead to regenerate your body
the sludge is thick and translucent
submerged in my black cosmos of slime
in here, time doesn't exist
everyone is dead
even that psychotic bitch
i remember you showing me that text message
i remember you kissing my lips
my erection firmly pressed against your erection
and then
she cut your fucking head off
in my universe of slime
i only think of collapsing into you
into your white hair, like ash
to be fucked by you and let it hurt
like, really let it fucking hurt
the gelatinized fluid is what makes me god
it's fluids for my insides, it pumps my guts
i float endlessly in it, i'm always hard, ejaculating
moaning, "akise, ahhh akise!!!"
until the liquid engrossing me solidifies and cracks
the universe splits apart and the godhead is no more
and there we are again, born anew,
just ordinary high school kids in tokyo meeting for the first time



We must bring forth the future with
our own hands so let yours hold
mine. Let your grasp take possible
futures in your hold. My destiny is
the wings I breathe in deep air
inhale the heavy scent of your
sweat and smile just in time
that pink star presses against my
lips, smothering me in her musk
"now lick," & I do. I wholeheartedly

::Nykalily Dear

Hopeful Objects

David Roden

Another Blinded had found his way back to the Wing where our diminishing group resides. He'd scratched the bloody sockets to the bone with broken fingernails, frightened his eyes would grow back. Nobody thought this out of the question.

You thought we should try to understand it, to the extent that it could be, because this is all that is left to us. So we all walked the Galleries periodically. Blinded hid among the shrouded furniture, lit in the dirt gray seeping between the shutters. You could smell their rotting animality, their rutting to see what they could not.

You gave us the protocols: First, acceptance: 'It had happened' you said 'That is our present and our hopefully curtailed future'

Second, filtering – in all its aspects. We should not look of course, but the Eye-Hunger decreed otherwise.

We could not look. We can indulge ourselves judiciously, squinting to avoid the Anomalies.

The Removed first suffer from exacerbated Eye Hunger. We hoped that they would remain permanently removed, having adapted in some way to the vision of the Anomalies and to the conditions beyond the Retreat.

Some had discussed 'addressing the issue of the Blinded', advocating preventive or violent solutions. They were not a problem, though. Their presence at least was soothing and temporarily under our control. There was some little we might have attempted but you said that we should let them continue along the paths they had adopted.

They rant and piss on the floor, while sepsis takes. We walked around their prone bodies in the half light, listen to the half-forgotten names they unreel: brothers, sisters, cities, Gods, our friends, whole geographies. Forgotten.

And they always succumbed to Removal. We never found them dead. Can any of us hope for that, now?

Nobody remembered when the blindings had begun or why. Some thought it a forlorn attempt to adapt to our new circumstances – empty

and ridiculous self-assertion, an irrational coping mechanism that had acquired the force of tradition and ritual.

We had heard of distant chambers entirely occupied by the unseeing. On reaching their majority, children were blinded by blind surgeons, while cavity-eyed priests chanted their second birth into the warm cocoon of dark.

This was altogether plausible, alas, though there was little evidence the practices conferred a benefit. Such places as were referred to in this connection were barren of life in a conventional sense.

Maybe they had died or, more likely, had passed our horizon with the Removed. Walking through abandoned room after abandoned room, I still hear their former occupants folded into corners, thinner than atoms; whispering perhaps of the new light that had seized them, blinding in ever new and extravagant ways.

Perhaps blinding was not a prophylactic against passing Outside, but a kind of initiation and token of it.

This seemed most likely to be true, given our limited knowledge of the Situation in our own small area of the Retreat. Perhaps, in their ignorance the cultures we speak of had decided to accelerate their Removal, supposing there was a kind of wisdom in that. In a way, it was like acceptance, but pre-emptive and self-defeating.

Your way was for minimal violence, minimal justice. You were never fair since nothing ever would be. There were basic ointments and analgesics left - the population having declined far faster than the provisions our Founders had projected. So while our resources were finite, we are more so and are able to eat, clean and tend to the Blinded before they passed Outside.

There are, in truth, only a scattered handful of us now.

Most never returned from the Galleries and nobody volunteered to look for them.



But then I had better things to do. Perhaps, in retrospect, we should have asked ourselves why so many Blinded occupied a place where, had they been gifted with eyes, they could have peered between the shutters.

But given the situation, this obduracy, at least, seemed natural.

The blinded man had been called 'Paul' but, according to convention, he had lost his name. He was not yet removed, but he had begun his journey. There was little point treating him as an individual. He was, rather, a hopeful object. You had coined the category to replace such outdated and eroded cognates as 'person', 'fellow', 'man', 'woman', 'animal', 'creature'.

We're all hopeful objects now. Unindividuality or reification is perhaps more than we can hope for. Are the Blinded reified? To be sure, a kind of miracle occurs prior to Removal. Their eye sockets, rotting pits of disease and ecstasy, become shrouded in something like the diseased gray seeping between the shutters in the Gallery. This blooms and eventually cocoons the body, striating its ability and reason to exist.

Then they are removed.

Nobody has ever seen this occur despite the vigils we assume around all such hopefuls.

To this end, we had discussed your murder in some detail. Apart from its inherent desirability, you said it would be a kind of experiment since its feasibility cannot be assumed.

You said that you would like the successful or unsuccessful murder to be filmed – there were a few primitive cameras lying about in the vaults, a few rolls of viable film. Nobody would ever see it. It will decay a few years after the Retreat is bereft of hopeful objects.

It will be for nothing, then. But one of the ramifications of the Situation – its corollary – is the end of collective or individual purpose. We accept that, move on and hope to die.

I have agreed to do it. We had discussed experimenting on others. But there were no volunteers, and the blinded are past volunteering. Either they are babbling names or they are becoming enshrouded. And we don't go there.



::Nekosattva

You discussed how it should be done. You said you have always thought about strangling and hanging. But you wonder if this will be enough. It isn't certain, for example, that we need to breathe anymore. Perhaps we hopeful objects are already so changed, and it is just an autonomic tradition. So I am to bludgeon you to death. You accept that this will be less aesthetically pleasing and certainly not tender. But it might be final. We have heads and brains and nervous systems. Our consciousness, such as it is, has an organic character – witness the effects of the sepsis on the blinded. Thus there is hope for something beyond reification, still.

Perhaps there is still a chance. And it doesn't matter, you say, that it won't be beautiful. You will try to make it as beautiful as you can, given our limited means – though no one will see the film, and no one is likely to take much interest in our 'essay' since the cocooning-blinded are always so distracting, so pathetically in need of attention.

It will be just you and me and a blunt instrument.

::Cockydoody





::Nekosattva

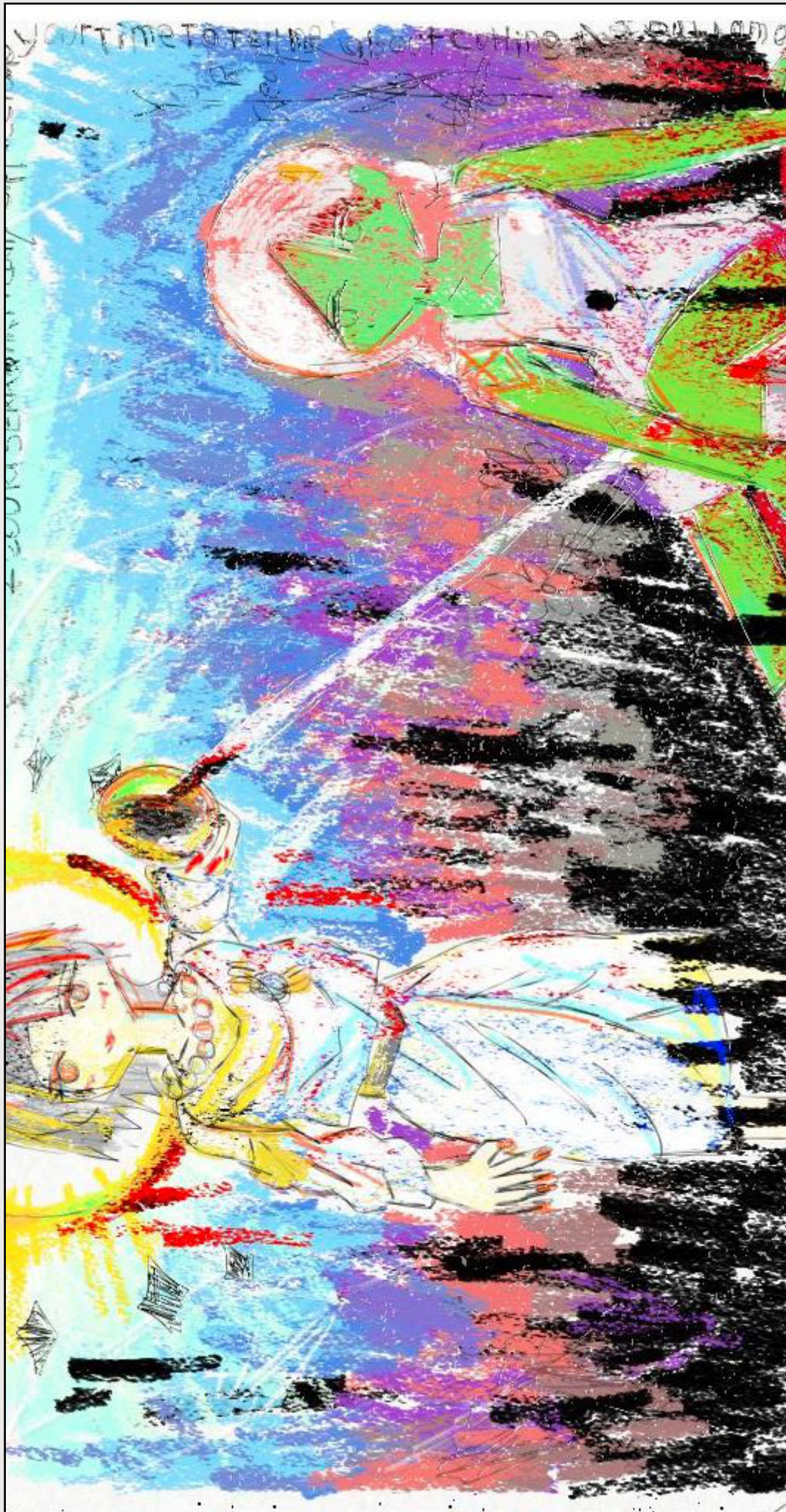
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::Mara Barl



NEKO GIRL

magazine



Thank you to our wonderful contributors.

Send comments, letters, abuse, legal threats
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NEKO GIRL OF THE MONTH

Our Neko Girl of the Month is ALLIE, who has sent us her first journal. We can't wait to see the heights her talent will take her to.





::Mika

Semtex ads in the back of Shonen Magazines



val' s got her brain on hotwire. equipped w/ screen-cracked iphone 6 loaded w/ trap edm dj mixes & bdsm furry porn + some crushed dexedrine tablets up her nose, val slurps ramen down her throat while midnight bluelight burns in front of her. channel 2999 oozing like melted crystal from the LCD.

we' ve demonic terror-serpent knights on the loose. illuminati splinter factions waging forever wars in lush alleyways. a mass media that' s going full tilt into pornographic schizo-breakdowns about the 7 trumpets or something. they can' t keep up w/ the appearance of doomsday omens. there' s been ones from 17 different religions so far. draft phased out, no need for infantry when warfare' s been completely dronerized. we have a false flag op lottery instead. be the lucky city to get glassed by b2 stealth bombers so the military can fuck hellfires all over some borders. shit' s getting bad & we all got kerosene in our spit.

every morning started w/ ultra blue monster energy + marlboro smooths x2 + fingering herself for 20 mins in bed + a cocktail of 30mg adderall IR & 20mg percocet. this morning she was fucking herself to the audio of 240p liveleak footage of fatal car accidents played over muted hentai vids. too dumb to torrent. she just saved what she found thru shit like /h/ & sankaku. girl trawling blurry corridors, filled w/ anger & sadness & pain & slurs & gore pics, for .webms of women getting fucked semi-consensually by dicks too big for them while theyre sobbing & passing out & sometimes dying. just enough val can atomize her impulses for a few mins. this scumfuck bitch. this is responsibility. preventing herself from going full columbine mode even if that probably only meant the "spilling own brains all over the carpet in public" part.

she was addicted to saving pics online. it was her primary activity between the rape fantasies & crushed pills. a young naked girl' s skull caved in & the blood n gray matter spilled all over some concrete. save image as. screenshot of vid where guy gets three 5.56mm rounds into his chest & 2 in the jaw & begs his own blood into the sand. save image as. she loves this



::Mika

shit. after she' s done puking from the initial shock she' s soaked her panties every time. beautiful shot of a BTR-80 shitting black smoke w/ one of passengers w/ his legs crushed under the back wheels & immolated thoroughly. save image as. all in a singular folder designated w/ a random string of numbers. no categorization, just a 3,540 image deep hole burrowed into her.

val' s face is made of blood. she saw this coming, whatever. just constantly pouring from her nose, mouth, eyes, a gash across the jugular. half-past bled out. the tigers are circling us now. performing holster draw drills while listening to Hello Kitty Knife by Negative XP (ft. free refills) in her head as meditation. she' s no tiger, but you ever breathe in demons?

val hates too much to let herself panic. she just wants to be touched by a boy. she plays VR fuck games to make up the difference. there' s this one called ***' * **** **** ***** where you pretend to be a boy flirting w/ & eventually fucking an anime schoolgirl w/ hair like sakuras. val fucks her cheap onahole softly as she tries not to let in the silence swarming chaotically in the dead apartment around her. like a cloud of anthrax. outside lethal. that was her only training. she was leaning over the anime schoolgirl [age approx. 15-16], her crotch wet as she took in hot virtual pussy. to kill hostiles & the combatants are the machinations of a world order currently seizing violently under its own blood. val cums. hot droplets that coat the back of her hand. let the nephilim & their incestuous snake children eat themselves alive. val is stockpiling spiritual weapons. current training: a book detailing 9/11 as a mass ritual in tribute to aleister crowley. she only feels frustration after fucking the anime schoolgirl. the load on her hand dries. she pretends the hand w/ chipped teal nail polish is a girl' s while she cleans herself up.

regiment of blackpill hypnosis. doom nausea. #EFE4B0 background tattooed w/ #026207 text. the news media is just for footage of pretty missiles. val' s jacked in to defunct websites on zombie domains that offer psychotic truths. those hyper-manic insights into deep terrors that most of us can only look at with a deflected glance. val' s been receiving intel from an underground spirit network covertly leaving messages in the patterns on her carpet. psionic guerilla warfare. chemtrails are more sinister than you realize. americans should have been wearing M17 gas masks years ago. 300k dead & counting lol.

2. 瞄准要领：

枪面，保持水平，右眼从缺口通视准星尖，准星尖在缺口上缘中央成水平，构成正确瞄准线。把瞄准基线指向瞄准点，就是正确瞄准。



图10-1 瞄准线对命中精度影响

3. 击发要领：

击发时用食指第一关节根扣住扳机，均匀正压向后逐渐增加压力，并要注意瞄准，平静地待击发，直到不知不觉完成击发为止。这个时候如果瞄准线移动了，射手仍保持对扳机原有的压力，

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::Mika

the smokescreens of our daily lives are only growing thicker. phosphorus pentoxide & bleach are the scents of spring this year & val's left iris has capabilities equivalent to a Zeus 640 2-16x50 thermal imaging weapon sight. she's known of DARPA's Project Sidewinder for a few years now. near-collapse from a contagion is just phase 1. she's never been touched below the waist before.

she's developing strategies for saving America. val was always a patriot at heart. capitalists were illuminati. board execs operate as state-sanctioned terrorists. saving America from impaling itself on the sword of Al-Qaeda again. saving America from itself & installing communism [whatever kind sounds coolest at the time] & herself. val wants to be the tyrant for once. let the girl drive a tank. crush a few torsos under muddy treads. val would look stunning w/ a gold-plated AK-47 slung across her midsection.

she's an invasive species. creature of pure reflex. handlers supply her financial needs. old school spooks from that era where they were running around the jungles of Vietnam assassinating young women. they left her messages occasionally, "how are you doing sweetie," she ignores all of them. only sees the world in cruel symbols & intense meaning. using surplus budgets from CIA black ultra-ops to buy armaments behind their backs. she needs no instigation. her face is full of blood & she breathes demons. the world is pouring gasoline on itself & she's not afraid.

how much of your pain is just ritual, val. what convinced you doom is inevitable. val loads her DD MK18 AR-15 SBR. she's dreaming of afternoon spring. its 9:38pm & the moon is cutting itself. val prepares pipebombs packed into a backpack slung over her shoulder. rifle draped along her left shoulder she hikes up onto a mountain bike. 13th birthday present. never like the other boys, but she tried. she starts biking towards a nearby National Guard checkpoint she heard about in the city outskirts. fantasizing about a suicide vest loaded w/ 3mm steel balls w/ the name of her favorite boy stitched into the chest. she got too lazy & ran out of time. faildaughter even in matters of domestic terrorism. as acid fills her muscles & her lungs burn, val is melancholic. brain foggy w/ dreams of the sensations involved in a 5.56mm NATO round puncturing thru her chest & out her back. Machine Girl type heartbeat. choke those chunks of lung. maybe she can get a pipebomb or two under a humvee & blow some weekend warrior's fucking leg off.

shivering little girl, stop that, remember you're a raptor & you've got teeth for days. she almost kissed a boy, once. 17 & a half yrs, summer. she was in the park of the town she grew up in. the cicadas were whining like tomahawks. they were sitting near the pond, half-dried up. val felt her breath eat at his neck, stray hands could tell he was hard. would it be everything she imagined it would have been.

she settles for meeting hell w/ the fantasy of his kiss & a face full of fire instead of blood. paradise doesn't wait, val.

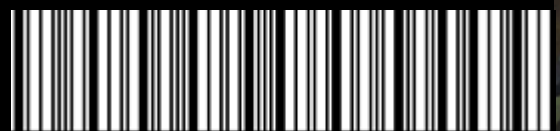


私たちの日常生活の煙幕はますます厚
くなっています。五酸化リンと漂白剤は今
年の春に、の左アイリスは、
ゼウス 640 2-10 アルイメー
ジング兵器の視力と同等の機能を備えて
います。彼女は数年前から DARPA の
PROJECT SEDEWINDER で知られ
ています。伝染によるほぼ崩壊はフェーズ 1
にすぎません。彼女はこれまでにウエストの
下に触れたことはありません。

::Mika



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