#FF0000

Edition Two

IN THE NAME OF LOVE
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Issue 2 (In the Name of Love)
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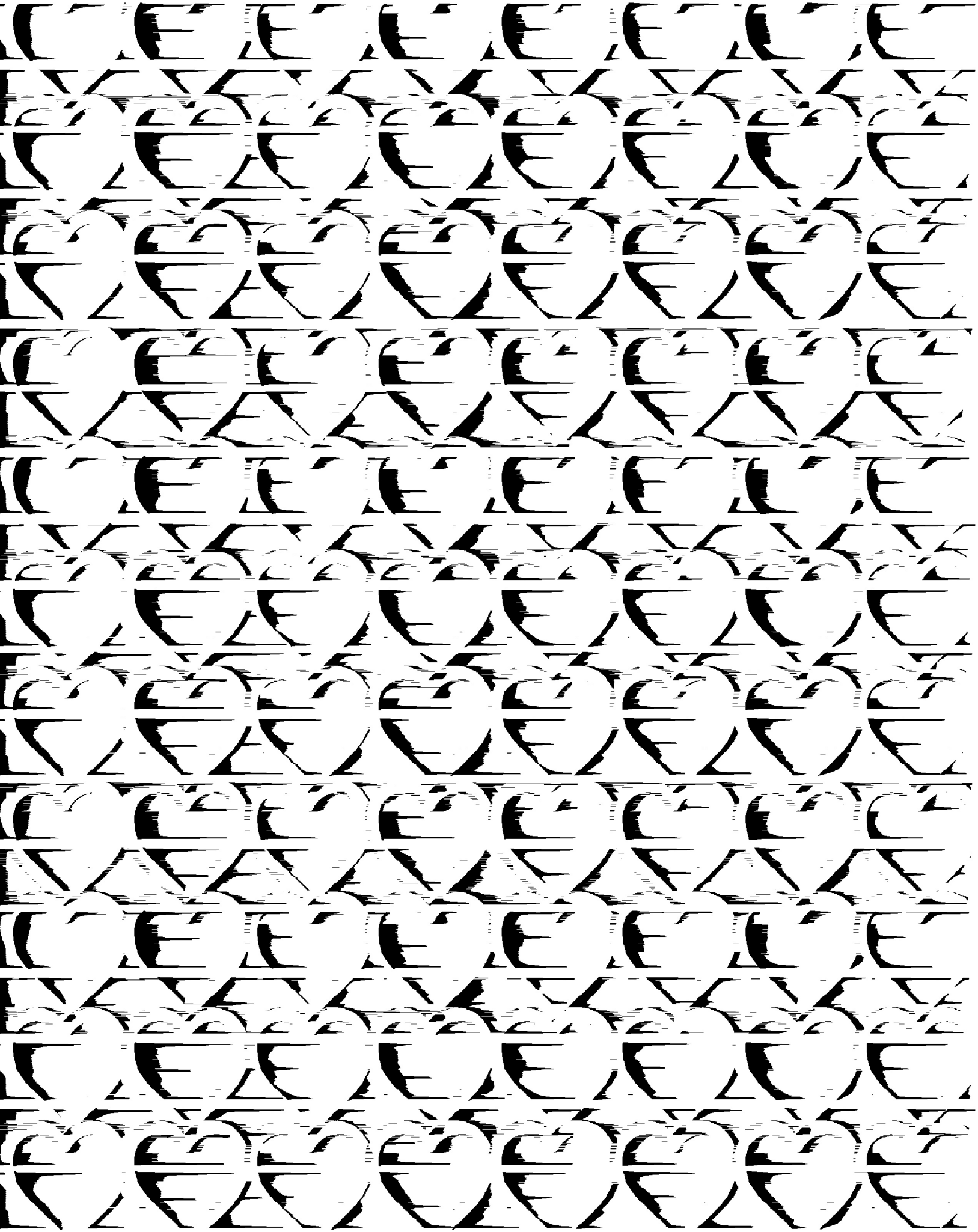


Editor's Note

A terrible month. I sat at the end of the hall, waiting for something I didn't know. Pulchritudinous silver pours through the window, onto the walls, dripping onto my lap, encasing me in a sheen of impenetrable gray. The LED light above me flickers for a second. At this point, I was considering writing a series of essays and descriptions of rooms and experiences entitled collectively as *Moth*, though I never went through with this. Not because I don't find the idea of it interesting, but rather because my month of misery was cut short. Something happened to me — I died, even! My former miserable self need not apply. That special thing occurred that I would often formerly doubt as lust, or as symptoms of my latent borderline, or as some pathologic desire for affection — and it is all these things! But it is also love. This is one of its many products.

This edition of #FF0000 is broken up into three sections: *Guilt*, *Power*, and *Love*. Showcased in *Guilt* is two different types of confessions, though equal indictments in the eyes of different groups. In *Power*: a small defense of grifting written by a gay French findom, as well as the only thing of substance I produced for my composition class last semester. An air of insecurity runs through both of them. And finally, in *Love*: an article recently written by Sam Kriss so precise in truth that it speaks for itself and stands alone, and at its end, a love letter, written by yours truly.

I'm incredibly thankful to all who submitted their works or gave suggestions in direction for this issue, whether it be text or image. A full accreditation can be found at the end. I'm frankly somewhat shocked at how well this issue came out, and I hope all included can feel, at the least, not slighted by some of the more edgy or racy content. It comes with the territory.

Now, put your hand to the monitor. Feel the blood flowing behind its polarized glass. Feel its beating heart as it struggles to pulse through its veins each pixel of text and rgb(255,0,0). Enjoy.

– hepatica

A Fool-For-Christ

The Confession of an HSTS Repressor

By Rakka

To be a Christian is to make great sacrifices. Christianity is predicated on Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the fully-divine and fully-human Son of God, manifesting in the flesh and serving as the sacrificial lamb so that Mankind could be reconciled with God, so that Man may have a chance to attain entrance into the New Jerusalem: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." In this way, as Christians we live our lives emulating the Son's example, and we choose to sacrifice the worldly-temptations that would isolate us from God so that we can pursue the state of Theosis, a coming into union with God. I have my own share of struggles… I experience an intense disconnect between my gender identity and the body that God placed my soul inside of.

I was sheltered during my childhood. I was a child, sensitive and quiet, who was denied all of the experiences that the typical boy my age was supposed to have. My parents had isolated me from the outside world out of concern for my safety; I was never allowed to engage in the roughhousing and games that many of the boys in my neighborhood played. I was always alone: my world consisted of the space of my room, a cramp and constricting place — to prop my foot beyond the boundary of the great white door which denoted the beginning and end of my world was a task akin to performing in the Olympic High Jump as a paraplegic who is also missing his arms. My isolation from boyhood and masculinity naturally led to me becoming more introverted and interested in the world of femininity. As my schooling began, I soon found myself relating to and having deeper connections with girls, often wanting to be cute like them. I thought of myself getting married, and being someone's wife. I wanted to wear cute clothes, I wanted to have long hair, I wanted to cook and be a homemaker, I wanted to be a mother and have my own children. My parents, conservative Pentecostals, always dismissed those thoughts and said, "boys shouldn't think like that," and when I questioned this — "because only fags do that and *fags* are going to burn in Hell." Hearing those words made my heart sink, I felt like I had just been stabbed in the heart. I cried that night, and I began to wonder, "does God really hate me? Am I not normal? Why couldn't I have been born a girl if I was going to be this way?" As I continued to grow and my body and mind began to mature, I began to feel a very deep sense

of discomfort when I looked in the mirror. My body was masculinizing: I began to grow chest hair, my shoulders began to broaden, I began to get little hairs on my face. In a time of growth and new-beginnings, I looked at myself and I felt hopeless. My desires to be feminine, and to be just like all of the girls I admired were slowly becoming more and more out of reach. I felt cursed. God had given a soul that yearned to be a woman, a body with a penis.

This invites the obvious and quite reasonable question as to why I continue to hold on to my faith so fervently despite the clear and negative effect it has had on my sense of self and my self-worth. There are people who would say that I am suffering from a huge amount of cognitive dissonance, and that I am a terrible sinner anyway, so why would it even matter if I chose to repress? However, how is that any excuse for me to sin? By that logic, everyone who has ever lived is suffering from some form of cognitive dissonance, so does that give us all the right to live and sin as we please? We have all done things that have contradicted our values at some point in our lives — be it something as mundane as wanting to be healthy and fit but choosing to eat pizza for dinner, or perhaps something as serious as repressing your gender dysphoria so you can be closer to God. What makes the values I strive for so much more arbitrary than others? Their infringement of the modern social fabric? By our nature, we humans are contradictory — we are slaves to worldly pleasure and validation but often hold beliefs which forbid them — yet some of us recognize our contradictions, and in spite of them, still wish to pursue theosis. We are terrible sinners, yet all saints have a past: Saint Moses the Black was a bandit who stole goods and murdered people, Saint Paul the Apostle was a Pharisee who persecuted Christians before being baptized and becoming an apostle of Christ himself; who still died believing himself to be the worst sinner of all. Saint Mary of Egypt was a promiscuous woman who gave her body out to many men before she repented and became a desert ascetic. Our lives are no worse than the saints who pray for us every day. Despite some of the terrible acts we all have committed, there is still a future for us sinners.

The next question I hear from others is: “Why did you choose Orthodoxy instead of a denomination of Christianity more accepting of your identity?” This is usually asked out of a general curiosity and is always meant in good faith so it is not a question that bothers me. I chose Eastern Orthodox Christianity because I find the historical basis of its claims of apostolic succession to be convincing. I prefer its theological stances — especially those regarding the nature of sin and the role of the church — I had been guided to it through much feverous prayer. The Church takes an *orthodox* stance on a lot of issues, but those are the stances that I feel align best with the teachings in the Bible and of the early church fathers, though saying that does make me feel like a bit of a LARPer sometimes.

So what does this mean for us repressors? Put simply, we’re walking on the path of martyrdom. We have given up a chance for worldly-happiness so that we may instead love the Lord and the gift of life he bestowed upon us. We have given up a chance for love so that we can accept the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit’s eternal love and infinite grace. We walk a path that not many are able to. We have been given this challenge of “dysphoria” because God knows that we can overcome it; he knows that we can overcome this seemingly insurmountable obstacle and walk the righteous path. It is my personal belief — not rooted in any sort of dogma — that God will reward those who successfully repress their desires with their true bodies and reunite them with their true loves in New Jerusalem following Man’s final reconciliation with God. In this essence, repressors are truly some of God’s most devoted martyrs and most importantly we are some of his most beloved children. We truly are fools for Christ…

Editor's Note: *It seems important to mention that Rakka does not necessarily practice what she preaches. In fact, judging from her current romantic relationship with a transfem and active desire to get access to HRT, it seems that self-denial of identity is quite a cruel and unusual punishment that most cannot bear. But, she is being taken care of, worry not readers!*

I've tried to explain to her that "I'll just repent later" is a bit of a Protestant mindset, but it doesn't seem to get through. Not that I mind.

How to achieve
"kapitmode" aesthetic
Couch to 5K
CROSS-DRESSING FEELS SO GOOD!
IT'S ALRIGHT WHEN I'M WEARING A SKIRT

Ero Guro Fascism / Black Suns and Thigh Highs

By hepatica

"Eradicate homosexuality and fascism will disappear."

– Maxim Gorky, 23 May 1934

In the quaint city of Syracuse, upstate New York's central hub of transit and — purportedly — life, lives at least one young male, aged 18±4 years, who self-identifies as a Nazi femboy. It is not a matter of personal experience I write from, nor a secondhand account, but a mere statistical inevitability. This may seem shocking, even absurd on its face, but, really, once you spend enough time online, this kind of thing becomes banal. Ah, a pair of Amazon-origin thigh highs contrasted against a (likely also Amazon-origin) black sun flag; calls for mass death — the biggest mass death in human history, never before seen! — accompanied with Astolfo profile pictures; carefully trained sets of racial epithets posted by a he/they with a black spade in his bio; that seemingly inescapable combination of young masculine androgyny and right-wing extremist ideology is such a commonality that it's almost passé. Much ink has already been spilled on why exactly these types develop, analyses of the hikikomori and NEETs and the tempting draw of the cult and so on, and thus I see no reason in re-evaluating them from this perspective. The insecurity on display and desire for in-group affirmation, as well as the clear effects of an internet-led socialization are all so self-apparent and even worn as badges of honor by androgynous fascists that the materialist analysis of them writes itself. No, rather, I'd like to look at these poor specimens from a different angle, a true venture into the fascist id to try and discover why this ostensibly idiosyncratic combination of identifiers find themselves so linked. This is also, however, my own confession: I see the vision. I get it. I understand that aesthetic draw of fascism on such a level that it is embarrassing, and likely to many, a truly poor mark on my moral character! So really, this is as much an exploration as it is a justification for my own truly terrible taste in internet-addled minds — I do hope you can understand.

Though the history here is really more of a sideshow than the modern raison dêtre of androgynous fascism, it should be noted that the public perception of a connection between fascism and queerness is really nothing new. Litigious investigations into the sexual affairs of high-ranking Nazis and members of the military apparatus were about as pressing in the Weimar consciousness during the rise of the Nazis as was their later persecution. The accusation was so universal that it went beyond just an antifascist retort, and was used by Hitler himself as justification for the Night of Long Knives — there were many "perverts" at the top of the SA who needed to be eliminated, or so his mandate went. There were, of course, certain gay Nazis — Ernst Röhm is and was certainly not unknown, but I don't think it can all be explained by mere opportunism. There's something specific to the early Weimar Republic, a certain public fascination in the erotic-grotesque that was paralleled by Japan in the same period, as well as specific, fraternal, carnal aspects of fascism that seem to invite the connection. It's difficult to put into words the abrupt, sudden transformation of German society following the flight of Wilhelm II to Amerongen Castle and his destruction of the 500-year Hohenzollern crown, than a cultural renaissance which, really, holds more value than the Italian one. It's 1919: you're going to the Prinzeß-Theater in Berlin to see *Anders als die Andern*, and as the Bauhaus beings operation some 300 kilometers away, and as Dadaist movement begins to fill the nearby art galleries, you get to see one of the first sympathetic portrayals of homosexuality in film, ever. As you exit the theater onto Budapester Straße and into the night, the streetside lit by the warm glow of carbon arc lamps, you notice the faint reflection of cocaine capsules passing into the hands of a young woman from a local drug dealer, the smoke from the cigarette resting on his lips rising before dissipating into the night air. Culture was finally liberated from the chains of Protestant-Catholic Kulturkampf into the throes of the first truly modern society. The zeitgeist was sexuality, debauchery, love, and war, and this of course reflected in the political rhetoric of the time, as do my own preoccupations with gender and violence color my own analyses. But, this is merely the historical circumstance; there's something more essentially homoerotic about fascism for it to carry the role of scapegoat that more traditional, aristocratic and reactionary political forces did not share.

Top Gun is an essentially gay film. This, too, is an entirely passé statement, but unfortunately, this is where most pop media analyses begin and end. "Isn't it funny," they say, "that such homoerotic scenes of non-relenting chiseled abs and longing stares cast in the dim blue lighting of an 80's club are contrasted with the hypermasculine and ultranationalist elements of an American propaganda film?" without realizing that dialectic *is* the military! To construct the cohesion, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and willingness to commit grand acts of violence that the military does, it needs to imbue the hypermasculine model with certain feminine and homosocial traits. The soldier is transformed from subject into object, loyal not only to one, dominant, paternal figure, but also in fraternal comradery with every man around him, to the point of complete sacrifice. This New Man, both emanating machismo and interdependent on those around him, invites himself to the playful, platonic sexual activity that we see in *Top Gun* — competition that necessarily subordinates one man to another, as we see in the so-obviously-gay-I'm-reconsidering-my-sexuality volleyball tournament scene, complete with sweaty chests glistening in the California sun — or begins and ends as mutual appreciation, a smirk in the locker room, a whispered compliment to their performance in the last dogfight. This isn't even to add the common Freudian comments on the awfully phallic nature of all warfare — the rifle, the tank, the jet, the rocket launcher, all of these objects which represent the subaltern global consciousness which is very well aware that the true nature of war is a carnal and tragic dick-measuring competition, and what does this mean for the fetishization of them by fascists? But, I don't even really like Freud — so to continue with fascism, we can easily envisage the modern fascist as adopting this masculine military-gender for himself, though often without a fraternity of like-minded men around him, and without that figure of commander to give direction. This causes a sort of internal contradiction, however — even as internally contradictory the military-gender may look, its structures keep it cogent and in-place — without these structures, and without the military environment which makes the emasculating elements he adopted acceptable, the young fascist displaces their desire to serve to an imagined masculine model, that in front of which, he is nothing. And in this Oedipusian struggle (yes, I know!) that he finds himself in, his masculinity can either resolve into the imagined masculine model, replacing it and essentially adopting standard masculinity instead of military-gender, or falter in the face of a standard which seems unachievable, and embrace those more feminine elements of themselves and accept themselves as an object to settle their internal contradiction.

Attempting to get away from straying too closely into the perils of pseudoscientific and psychoanalytic slop, I'd like to instead focus on another aspect of the soldier's social relations that less involve arborescent parent-child analyses, and which some may find more ubiquitous: the carnal link between eroticism and violence. If you spend any time in a space with them, it is clear that the fascist yearns for war, but not necessarily any war — they wouldn't be satisfied with the displaced position of drone operator, hundreds or thousands of miles away from the battlefield, or, getting to the root of it, the way in which war is performed by states to principally entrench their power and limit the barbarism inherent in it: the civilized, modern war. Bataille in Erotism writes:

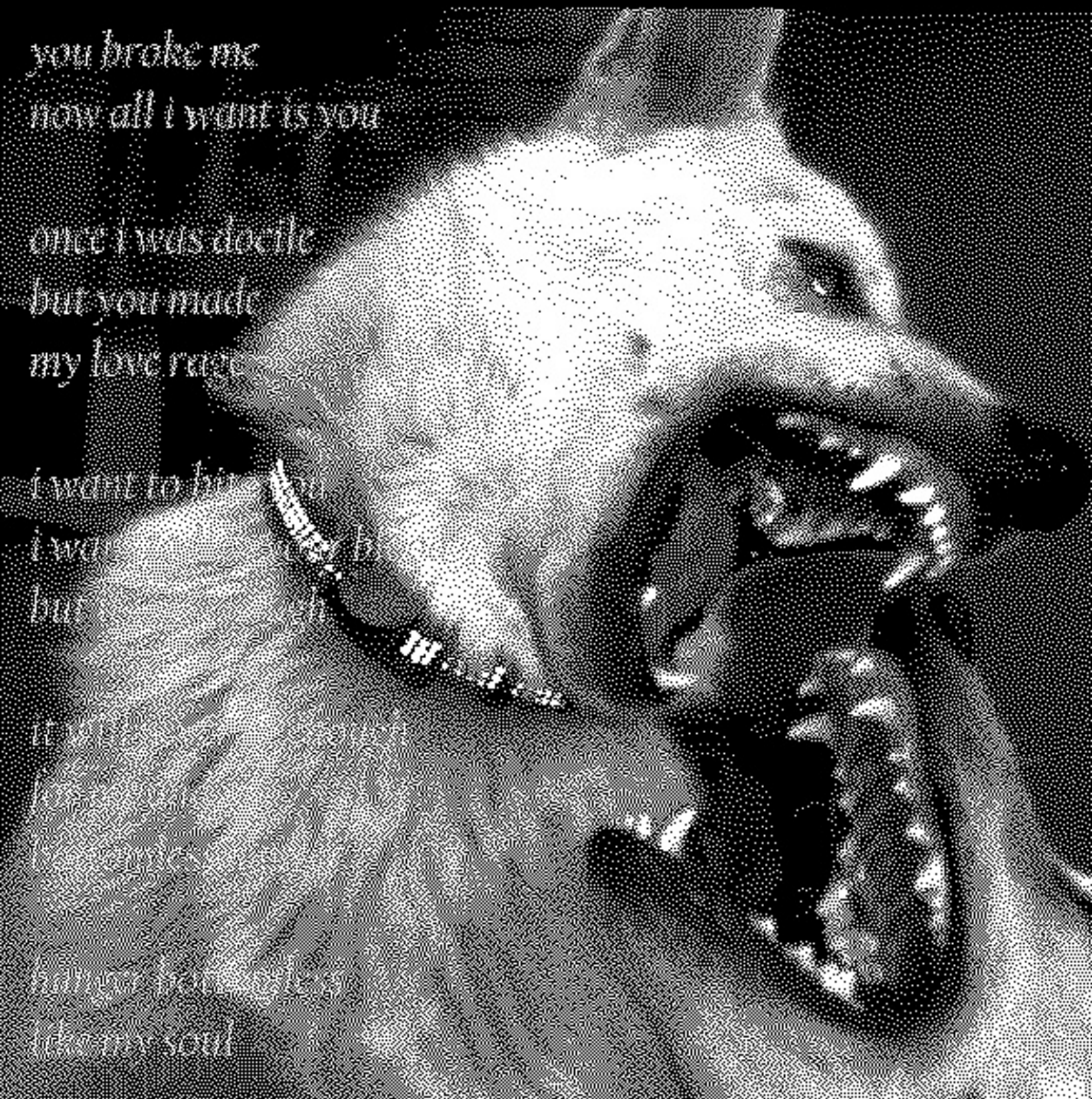
> *"Organised war with its efficient military operations based on discipline, which when all is said and done excludes the mass of the combatants from the pleasure of transgressing the limits, has been caught up in a mechanism foreign to the impulsions which set it off in the first place; war today has only the remotest connection with war as I have described it; it is a dismal aberration geared to political ends. Primitive war itself can hardly be defended: from the outset it bore the seeds of modern warfare, but the organised form we are familiar with today, that has travelled such a long way from the original organised transgression of the taboo, is the only one that would leave humanity unsatisfied."*

"Civilized" war is not war — it is a misnomer to describe war as anything which can have greater purpose and be used to strive towards our true, moral values. This useful, modern war may seem like at least a more humane warfare, but it has stripped everything that was once human out of it! War does not exist to protect life; it is humanity's most sacred death ritual. Fascists, for what it's worth, are one of the few groups which largely recognize this — of course, in support of the death ritual. It's one of those last holdovers from Futurist thought that wasn't debased by the transition from streets to state — though, many an online fascist delude themselves with Roman grandeur, but their desire to fight and die is not really in service of a state. "We will glorify war — the only true hygiene of the world — militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of anarchist, the beautiful ideas which kill, and the scorn of woman." It is this desire for violence, the desire to fight and die by your own hands, to embrace that guttural and carnal instinct for pain, bloodshed, and the euphoria which it entails, which I believe most ties fascism to eroticism. Is that "blind moment when eroticism attains its ultimate intensity" so different than the blinding heat of violence, is the nature of the transgression so

different, is that way in which we contain sexuality so different from the ways in which we constrict the expression of violence? The neurologists seem to agree in a link between the two — and those in the medical fields rarely agree with me! — so I believe the case I'm making is not too obtuse. The mainstream expression of this, BDSM, is a bit lacking to me though. It hasn't really become normalized per se, but rather so distilled of all emotional or transgressive energy by nature of being the subject of various pieces of spectacle. But, it is in the fascist conception of violence which I see a much more honest and human portrayal of perverse desire. Fascists provide a much truer transgression than those practitioners of BDSM could ever attempt, and this has undeniably been a draw to me.

For those of you who are still curious as to what the fuck I'm talking about, I truly thank you for getting this far. I should clarify at this point that the amount of fascists that actually have those characteristics which I find fascinating is quite small — it is a subgroup of a subgroup, consisting mostly of those who fail to even recognize they're on the edge of the sublime! I am not talking about those who never adopt the label of fascist for themselves, nor those who pick it up merely as an aesthetic transgression, nor those who adopt the label but do not disown their masculinity in some way. The ideological fascist that *does* feminize does exist, but even then, their piety is often questionable at best. And this can be interesting to an extent — the gap moe between how a person presents and how they act, the insecurity of it, the ultimate trasngression of it all, it can draw your eye for a bit, bring pause for a moment, sure. But really, I'm talking about a relationship to fascism that is necessarily *autistic*; the Evola reader, the Hearts of Iron IV player who pores over each word of every TNO event, the bureaucrat-aspirant that closes their eyes at night to the mechanations of statecraft, the gun fetishist that salivates at the thought of feeling the weight behind the same Type 38 rifle formerly used by a Manchurian frontline soldier, who will often remind you of the Great Way Municipal Government of Shanghai; that true radiant fascination with death, war, and mass politics. Without this aspect, the fascist will never challenge society and truly transgress — it's otherwise just infantile appeals to right-wing populism with a learned angst and edginess. If a self-proclaimed fascist claims that to be fascist is to be reactionary, as opposed to a revolutionary, then their position on Earth is generally that of a sea urchin, interchangeable with any other online monarchist or tradcath or paleoconservative or American politican. I may be only talking of a group of two to twenty individuals, but if you were to meet one of those few Futurist hanger-ons, I'm sure you would begin to understand my fascination. And it does extend outwards from this group, if only to a small extent.

I've dated about two ex-fascists now. The first without knowing beforehand, the second with some knowledge of their former Twitter profiles. It's really a testament to the first that I'm writing this piece at all, and even now, it's still difficult to distill those elements of beauty that are so close as to touch the grotesque: the distilled humanity shown in ugliness that reflects sublime truth. There's certainly an element of my awe that is entirely built off the very basic taboo of it — the allure of taboo is something that I in particular am very weak to — but there is something beyond that! You can see it in Nabokov and toxic yuri doujin alike, or in a lovers' suicide, or in the beauty of winter snow, or when you walk outside beside the byway and its coat of wilted trees and see the corner liquor shop's signs fluorescing pink and blue onto the sidewalk. It is the bittersweet dialectic of beauty and ugliness which permeates all things. The idea that humanity resides in even the most ugly of places is incredibly refreshing; I can't let the carceral state permeate even into my relationships and identity. It is important, in this sense, to say that this is not an essay in rehabilitation of fascism, or its image, or its symbols. It is only because fascism is so ugly that I'm writing this in the first place. It is base, barbaric, and carnal; it is in complete rejection of everything that could be thought of as civilized, and this is why it's alluring. Maybe I say this only as an observer placed separate to but only looking into society, or as a subject to the true barbarism which civilization implies, or as merely a relief of social expectation, but I hope you can understand.


you broke me
now all i want is you
once i was docile
but you made
my love rage
i want to bi
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Egonomics,

or why your soul isn't worth as much as you think

By White (aka @Fintrapdom)

Have you ever sat down and asked yourself what you wanted out of life? Like, in general?

If not, what the hell is wrong with you? Genuinely asking. Do you just wander around like a ferret, going from one trash can to the next without even considering how tasty the next trashies will be? Get a grip. Turn that thinkybox on.

For those of us who like to use more than 10% of our brain cells on any given day, as special as we are (welcome to the club if it's your first day, get comfy, it gets worse), the answer is rarely unique. "I want to take care of my family", "I want to see the world", "I want to live out my dreams", and so on. There's a thousand ways to phrase it, but deep down, we all strive for the same things: freedom and safety. You want to be able to do the things that make you happy, without the negative consequences generally associated with not doing things that make you unhappy. Simple enough!

Except we unironically live in a society.

Capitalist is the world we inherited from a hundred generations of want and idiocy. Now, I know I'm in mostly communist company, but sorry to say babes, the kind of debt that landed us all in this mess isn't paid off with pretty smiles and good intentions. Unless your communist system (or anyone other system you fancy) grants people more freedom and safety *without a transition period where they will be gone or even uncertain*, it's not happening. See that bit in italics? That's the important part. "The struggle" does not appeal to anyone but the ideologically obsessed and hopeful. "Sign up for UBI"? Easy to sell. "Sign up to negotiate with industry leaders about gradual tax increases to pay for upgrades to the welfare system in order to diminish income inequality"? Count me out. Unless you offer an immediate, objective, apparent upgrade, forget about it. Rome was built faster than communism will be, if it ever is.

Now, if you have something to propose that *is* an immediate, objective and apparent upgrade, great! Just join (or start) your local party, find likeminded individuals, climb the ranks for years, holding onto your ideals every step of the way, hope the top players aren't corrupt and won't block you from advancing because you wouldn't play ball, sacrifice years of your (finite) lifetime for your fellow man and... um... yeah... umm.... fuuuuck that. More power to you if you're naïve and selfless enough to go through that! Sadly this article is for Earth-born sentient species only, so I'll have to ask you to go do something else with your time. Go on, skip.

Right, now that we got the aliens out of the room, let's talk money. Literally. We've ruled out fighting capitalism, and if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, right? Capitalism actually makes attaining your goals stupid easy. You just need enough money. How many of your problems would go away if you were handed a million dollars? Yeah, it won't bring back your lost love (unless they're a gold-digging hoe), but for all those other, more materialistic closed doors in your life, you'll find cash makes for great hinge lube. Money is both a safety net (can't be on the streets if you can always afford an Uber to the nearest hotel) and the fuel of your dreams (while you can pirate all those VR porn games, I have yet to find a way to pirate the headset to

play them on). Boundless safety and freedom are just a few zeroes on your bank account away.

Good then! Let's be proper little capitalists! Go get that job, slave away for a few years, don't buy $8 coffee, make sure the boss' balls are always slimed up with the appropriate amount of underprivileged spit and your dreams will surely come true! The system works!

What's that? You think having to lick hairy greasy testicles day in day out is the antithesis of achieving your dreams and obtaining happiness? Jesus, aren't all you commies picky... My mother throated 10 dicks both ways up the hill in -10 degree weather before breakfast every day for 40 years and she was a happy woman! I think. [redacted].

But fine. Let me let you in on a little secret. There is a third way. You don't need to fight capitalism. You don't need to let it grind you down into the shallow remains of what once looked like a human being. You can instead LIE FUCK STEAL CHEAT KILL MARRY your way to the top. And all it'll cost you is some good old fashioned Catholic guilt. Did you really need that in the first place?

Turns out making money is easy when you don't care who or what you hurt in the process! I know, I know, you've been taught to do unto others as you'd like done unto you, but... look where it got you. You're reading this. On Valentine's Day, rather than spending time with a loved one, you're reading this hodgepodge of an egotistical maniac's attempt at bragging about how much cooler he is than you because he doesn't have infectious empathy. Ethics is for losers, and boy are you one.

So you know what? Stop caring. Make that dropshipping store. Sell stolen art on Redbubble. Mentally unstable people in your timeline? Prime opportunity for profit my friend! With the internet, you don't need to fear ostracization from the community, which is what your whole "guilt" thing was designed to shield you from. Just keep your mouth shut around people who wouldn't respect you for being cool (i.e the poor/other communists). Use a VPN, get a fake ID, use Monero, the cops won't catch you, they can barely afford to catch child porn peddlers ([redacted]). There is literally nothing stopping you except your unwillingness to engage in "morally dubious" activities. Most grifts are easy to set up, take little effort to maintain, and pay out better than McDonalds ever will.

Now you might be telling yourself this is insane, sociopathic and frankly disgusting. You are correct. However, I'd wager a good dollar that your morals are not as incorruptible as you think they are. It's easy to react to the idea in the abstract, to recoil at profit you'll never make, but once the money's in your account and you're enjoying dinner with a cute trans girl who'll let you do her raw in an hour, trust me, you won't feel nearly as conflicted about it. I know I don't.

The Spirit of Neoliberalism

By hepatica

Editor's Note: *This is an academic paper from last year. Thus, imagine you're a professor who assigned their student to pull out a big idea from a podcast as you read.*

There is a palpable sense of a digital egregore developing amongst the various groups which constitute what most Americans would refer to as 'the left.' Though somewhat esoteric and difficult to quantity, its reactions are more easily observable: from the emergence of new popularity for right-wing populism in America and Europe, to disillusioned social democrats coalescing under the label of the 'dirtbag left,' with each sharing somewhat similar rhetorical styles — eschewing respectability politics and civility in favor of more punchy and proletarian political messaging. It's within the latter of the groups that the podcast *Red Scare* and its commentators Anna Khachiyan and Dasha Nekrasova find themselves in, making an interesting case study in their turn from ardent support of Bernie Sanders in 2016, to their current disavowment of Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez's brand of 'millennial socialism', prompting a question: what exactly is it that's alienating people from the status quo?

A plethora of terms have been coined to describe seemingly different recent phenomena, such as cancel culture, identity politics, political correctness, puriteens, and, perhaps most telling, Jordan Peterson's decrying of "woke moralists," following his banning from Twitter. The lattermost phrase comes as somewhat surprising from a conservative commentator, given that he would likely attribute some value to moralism in the context of Christian ethics. Peterson's and the broader right's push to identify modern society as prudish and authoritative stands to demarcate the lines between an 'old' moralism and a 'new' moralism, the latter based on an idealized former social order, strict in cohesion as it is in hierarchical structure, and the latter flattening the hierarchies thought necessary for society to function. This analysis is quite lacking though, as it fails to recognize the fuzziness of this delineation, the shared roots of new and old moralism, and the aforementioned rejection of new moralism by those certainly not on the right.

Why do the commentators of *Red Scare* parallel right-wing commentators in their use of verbal scare quotes when using terms like fascism and colonialism? Conservative allusions to the growing influence of Marxist university students as the origins behind new moralities fail to answer this question. Whilst true that the conservative and socialist reaction is born of a common rejection of modern liberalism, new moralism is not intrinsically tied to any specific ideology, nor it is a complete abandonment of the religious values which underpin old moralism. As much as it can be described as a political phenomenon, it can also be described as a social and technological one. In German philosopher Byung-Chul Han's *Psychopolitics: Neoliberalism and New Technologies of Power*, he writes:

> *Jeremy Bentham's panopticon isolated inmates from each other for disciplinary purposes and prevented them from interacting. In contrast, the occupants of today's digital panopticon actively communicate with each other and willingly expose themselves. That is, they collaborate in the digital panopticon's operations. Digital control society makes intensive use of freedom. This can only occur thanks to voluntary self-illumination and self-exposure.*

> *… The dispositive of transparency has the further consequence of promoting total conformity. The economy of transparency seeks to suppress deviation. Total networking - total communication - already has a levelling effect per se. Its effect is conformity: it is as if everyone were watching over everyone else - even before intelligence agencies or secret services have stepped in to supervise and steer (8, 9).*

In this excerpt, Han compares the modern interactions of individuals over the internet as a digital panopticon, wherein all are judged and observed by all at all times, breeding conformity, which begins to form the technological basis for the emergence of new moralities. In a digital panopticon, any divergences from societal norms are punished until they are excised, and each individual is reduced to a set of attributes conforming to or straying from these norms. This does not explain why the norms acted on are structured the way they are, but rather how they formed.

Han uses the phrase "control society" in the previous excerpt, which originally comes from Gilles Deleuze's *Postscript on the Societies of Control*, in which Deleuze postulates on a transition from Foucault's disciplinary societies to a new, modern control society. A disciplinary society is one which has regimented laws and hierarchies for certain spaces with discrete starts and stops — the school is strictly separated from the prison which is strictly separated from the home — each expecting different behaviors from those within it. Conversely, a control society is one in which the 'environments of enclosure' we inhabit are more ephemeral, and all of our environments start without discrete stops. The factory has been replaced with the corporation, wherein the strict hierarchy of owner and worker has been turned to a mutual competition of worker and worker. Han parallels: "As an 'entrepreneur of himself', the neoliberal achievement-subject engages in auto-exploitation willingly — and even passionately," (*Psychopolitics*, 28). Deleuze writes that because of this, "We no longer find ourselves dealing with the mass/individual pair. Individuals have become 'dividuals,' and masses, samples, data, markets, or 'banks'," (3). The divide between old morality and new

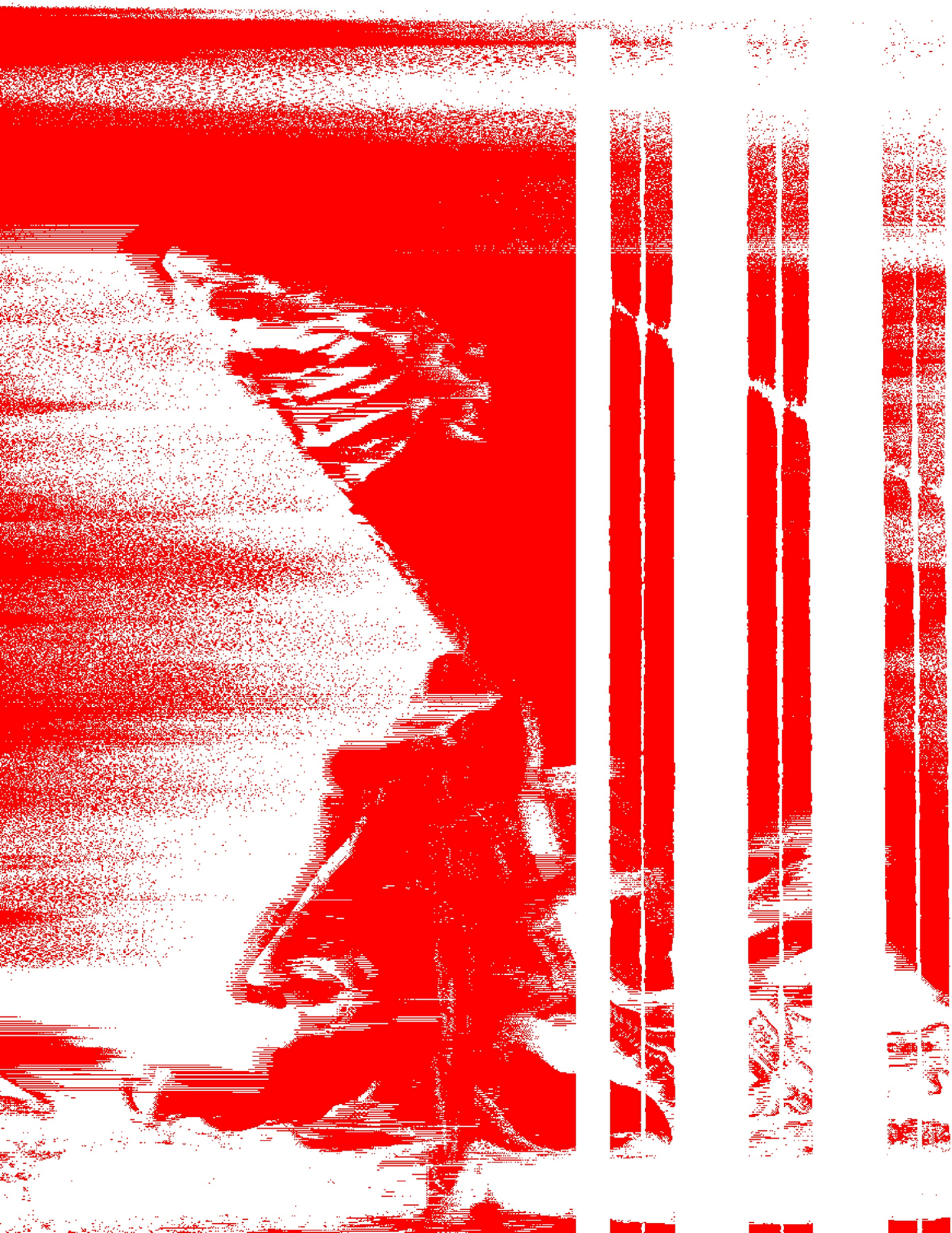
morality can thus be thought of as an acceptance of the disciplinary society versus an acceptance of the control society, old morality clinging onto past hierarchies, whilst new morality embraces dividualism, wherein each person is simultaneously atomized and judged based on their ability to embrace greater society.The control society is not an inherent societal norm, however. Despite the differences in their shape, new and old moralism both share the same roots, that of Protestant christianity, specifically Calvinism. Old moralism wears this connection on its sleeve, though often as "Judeo-Christian values," and only alludes to a vague tradition that has developed modernly around Christianity rather than within scripture specifically. Conversely, new moralism portrays itself as inherently secular, though instead of vaguely alluding to "how things were done," it alludes to "how things are done." How things are done, of course, is based on how things were done, a morality so entrenched in American society that even given that all Americans abandoned their faith and pledged to be stalwart atheists, they would still abide by the moral codes originally formulated in 1519. Max Weber's hypothesis in *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* posits that the Catholic rejection of pursuit of wealth and possessions being overturned within Protestant beliefs, where harboring mass wealth can even indicate that one is destined for heaven within Calvinism, was one of the key events in the development of capitalism, but it also applies inversely. Capitalism becomes not merely an economic system but a series of values, where individual morality and character is tied to wealth, and those who lack wealth show a failing of character — laziness, desire for asocial behavior, and so forth.

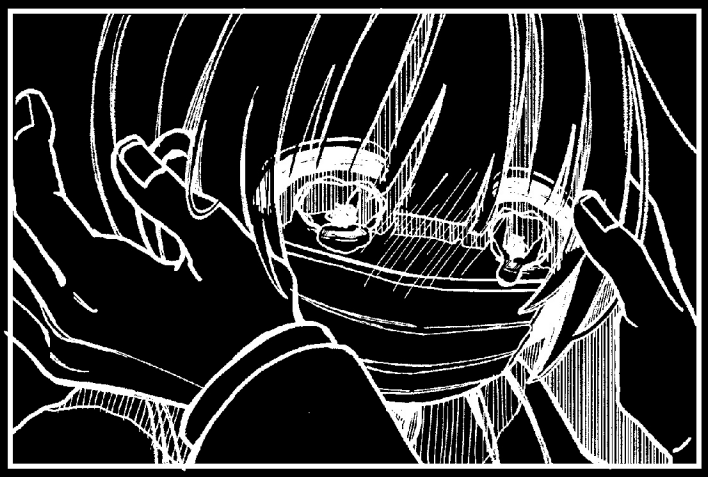
Where new and old moralism differ is in their interpretation of Protestant scripture, where in some ways new morality finds itself more devout. In The Society of the Spectacle, Guy Debord attempts to tackle what he calls the spectacle, most literally referring to mass media, more figuratively referring to the reign of the market in our daily lives. He writes:

> *PHILOSOPHY - the power of separate thought and the thought of separate power - was never by itself able to supersede theology. The spectacle is the material reconstruction of the religious illusion. Spectacular technology has not dispersed the religious mists into which human beings had projected their own alienated powers, it has merely brought those mists down to earth, to the point that even the most mundane aspects of life have become impenetrable and unbreathable (15, 16).*

Put more simply, modern technology has brought religious pretensions into mere social interactions and everyday life, where once they were relegated to the Church. Where once were rosaries, the new devotional object of the digital period is the smartphone, wherein we control and self-monitor ourselves, as well as participate in the global congregation and participate in its traditions and rites (*Psychopolitics*, 12). New moralism, in this sense, is quite comparable to the temperance movement of the 20th century, though instead of seeking to impose a 'pure' reading of scripture onto the machinations of society, the scripture of new morality is our pre-existing social norms made devout in their adherence, and baseless in their roots.

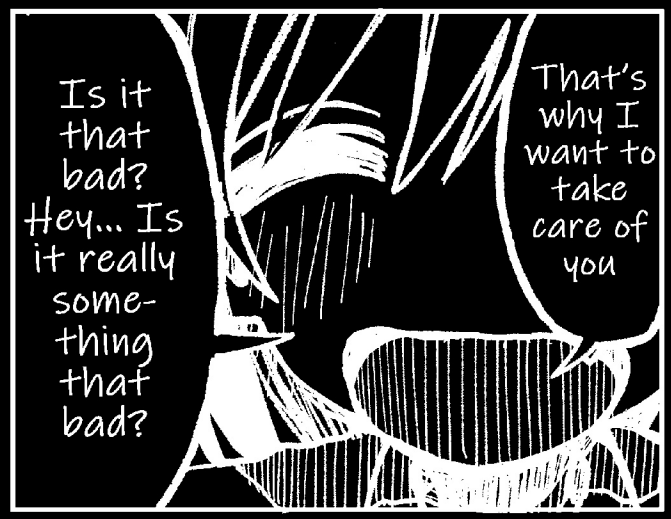
So, what is new moralism? It's not liberalism per se, nor is it a vector of state authoritarianism as it is often characterized. It is completely state-ambivalent. No, new moralism is the petit bourgeois mentality made manifest, a universal middle class anxiety, liberal-conservative civility codified into social order, Protestantism brought from the heavens to earth. It predates the internet, but ever-constant connection has only exacerbated the pre-existing norms of our society and broken the individual down into transparent datasets. In the same way in which workers in the corporation vie for their "merit-based salaries," social media platforms have become marketplaces in which social capital is fought for based on an ability to conform to society, and we are each entrepreneurs of our own image. In this sense, new moralism is most simply described as the spirit of neoliberalism.





I-It hurts...

I love you
I super duper love you


That's why I want to take care of you
Is it that bad? Hey... Is it really something that bad?

I like you

Manifesto of the Armed Fron

For E.

We are the Armed Front of Love. Yesterday, we detonated a bomb on a bus in the middle of the capital. Last week, we were on the balconies above the Plaza of the 19th of June, firing indiscriminately into the crowds below. Our operatives sabotaged the wires on the cable car carrying a hundred foreign tourists to Frigate Island. Before that they released the chlorine gas in the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre. Whenever you hear the crackle of gunfire a few blocks away, or a blast snap through the torpid mug of the afternoon, we are at our work. We swarm the selvas. We have our hideouts in the humid hillsides only a breath away from the city, the corrugated-plastic cantegriles dripping algae-green. We descend to plant our flowers. Red carnations on the concrete. Twisted petals of gorewet steel.

The state calls us terrorists, and while we don't really care if you're terrified or not, we don't refuse the name. Everything else they tell you is a lie. We are not a criminal gang, and we can't be bothered to traffic drugs. We are not communists, fascists, nationalists, or Islamists. We do not act to further the ambitions of any foreign power. We have no intention whatsoever of liberating the great masses of the oppressed, or, for that matter, of oppressing them further. We have no list of demands. Our only ideology is love.

You might have heard this before. We're hardly the first gang of terrorists and assassins to make the same claim. Every flimsy letterbomb in every drab functionary's face is a work of love. There's no act of violence so senseless it can't be traced back to some tender love of nation or people or homeland or, for the most desperate, God. But we don't engage in any of that stuff. A chalky ersatz of the real thing. In every generation there are also a few people who have so much overwhelming love for humanity in the abstract that they have to kill large numbers of merely actual humans. We're not interested in that either. By love we do not mean a principle, or an ideal, or philia, or agape. Nothing universal or diffuse. Not the happy idiot stepping outside in the freshness of the morning with boundless love in his heart for all creation. Not the deep erotic principle behind every living being, which is why the buds break in September and mushrooms pop their

glistening heads out of soft and rotten trees. Not the love that is patient and kind, does not envy, and does not boast. Not the love that's all you need. We mean, specifically, *romantic* love: the warm wonderful love of one person for another.

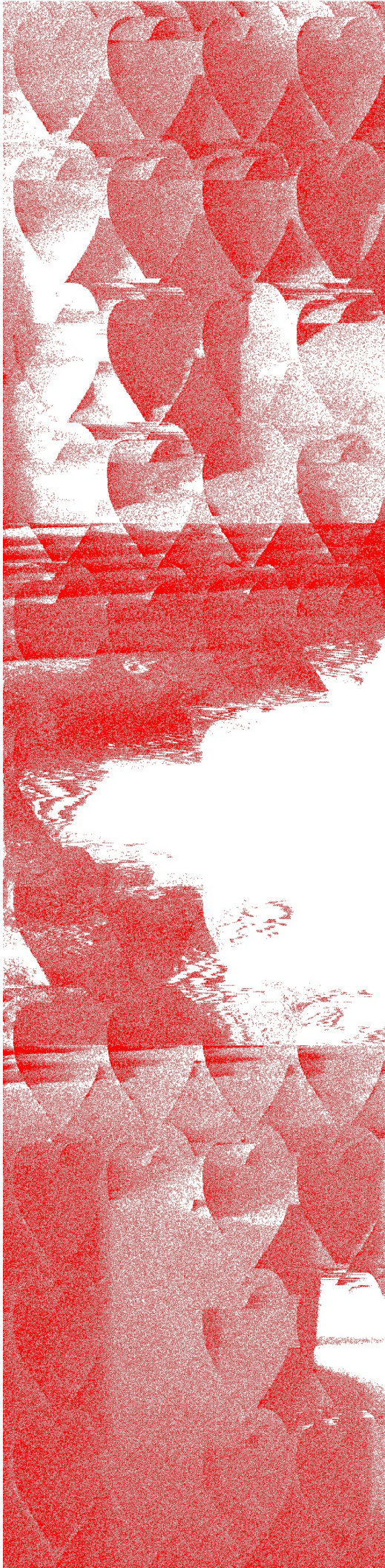
Maybe even love is the wrong word. The reason we put bombs on buses isn't even necessarily conceivable as love; that's too abstract. The lover doesn't think *I am currently experiencing emotional sensations of the general type 'love.'* They're simply overwhelmed by the mere fact of the other person's existence. Sheer sugary delight. Love is the subjective aspect of the beloved, in the same way that warmth is the subjective aspect of the Sun. You don't choose to love someone; another person *happens to you* in the form of love. You would still love this person, you think, even if by some accident you'd been born five hundred years apart, and all you had was a face in a history book. But you're both alive now; you have happened to *each other*. To love and be loved at the same time by the same person is a miracle, the only miracle that exists. Mathematically, it should be almost impossible. Like rocks colliding in the cold spaces between stars. But somehow it happens every day.

We have committed these atrocities because all of us are very happily in love.

We say this openly now, but the state has always been aware of who we are and why we do what we do. Their reaction has been brutal, and you will have already experienced some of the chaos. This month in particular, as the Air Force Intelligence Commission scours the bookings at low-lit restaurants for every table for two on the fourteenth. Now the marriage register has become a kill list. Now couples on paseo hand in hand along the waterfront at sunset might be bundled suddenly into unmarked vans and never seen again, or only as a pair of severed tongues stapled together and tossed bleeding onto the roadside at five in the morning. You can still buy chocolates and roses, in fact it's encouraged, all the billboards remind you to, but afterwards men in dark grey coats with gunshot eyes will be following you home.

We welcome this repression. The arrests and disappearances of lovers are just a more acute form of what was already there, dragged halfway into the open, where everyone can see it. This recent round of hostilities does not mark the beginning of the war on love.

It didn't call itself a war. It had other names. *Talking stage*. *Situationship*. Or *self-care*. Taking some time to focus on yourself. The Somme-heavy barrage of helpful, healthful messaging, here to inform you that you should not seek your self-realisation in and through other people, because other people will always disappoint you. For your own wellbeing, you should avoid allowing anyone to *happen* to you. But since the animal is weak and needs warmth, you are allowed to rub up against each other, just so long as you limit yourself to the utilitarian exchange of a few brief physical pleasures. To keep everything as transparent as possible, to reduce the risk of any messiness or exploitation, maybe it's better if money is involved. Otherwise there's a chance you might *catch feelings*, which is cause for a terrible anxiety. The last thing you want is to offend the other person with your pathetic hopes of being loved in return. Luckily, there are guides to help you feel nothing again. Do you actually love this person or is it a trauma response? Aren't you just seeking validation from other people to fill the hole in your life that only you can fill? Consider all the ways they fail to match up to the checklist of necessary qualities you keep in your head. Remember that there's no such thing as a right to love. Set boundaries. Limit communication. Keep dating other people until whatever hope you had becomes waterlogged and drowns. Love is the mad propulsion that tells you if you can't have this one particular person your life is worthless—and your life is not worthless! You are awesome! You browse for



other people with your teeth and tongue in the endless flat meadows: you are a herbivore. Life is pleasant as a herbivore. You filter other people with your ctenidia out the black algorithmic sea: you are a bivalve. A bivalve is enough.

Another name for the war is *polyamory*. Being polyamorous has nothing to do with fucking lots of different people; if that's really what you want, there are ways of doing so with your dignity intact. But listen to how the polyamorous actually speak to one another. *Do you have the emotional bandwidth for me to trauma dump on you right now?* They're so careful! So delicate! So emotionally literate! They have so much more respect for each other's needs and boundaries than the monogamous, even though you can usually tell that this fun non-monogamy game is quietly but thoroughly crushing the life out of one partner while the other pretends not to notice. Isn't that odd? A lover has a theoretically unlimited duty towards their beloved, but not these people. They need to constantly negotiate between what's acceptable and what might be an imposition. This is what the multiple partners are really for: to share the emotional burden, which means no one is *entitled* to anything, and you can't ever make any real demands of anyone else. If your beloved is in someone else's bed tonight, then how could you be responsible for their happiness? What a relief! Like being alone again, but with some warm bodies around. You might have some weak flaccid love for these people, like a cold puddle of undrunk tea, but you are not in love with any of them. That would be mad. That would be unsafe.

You are right, of course. Other people really will disappoint you. Some of them are dangerous. Some of them will make you unwell. Some of their demands will be unreasonable. Maybe depending entirely on

another person was once a question of economic necessity, since one pair of hands can't run a farm, but today we're emancipated from that kind of obligation. Reproductive labour is waged now; you can order it off an app. Love was the ideological aura of a particular kind of domination; we've since discovered new, more exciting forms of domination, so the aura fades. We have always accepted the minimum level of sociality necessary for material comfort, and thanks to our technical advances that minimum is now very low. It's pointless saying that we need each other and can't survive alone; clearly we don't, clearly we can. It's miserable, but the alternatives were not always pleasant either. At least this is a predictable misery, where nothing is out of your control.

But look at the collateral damage, the things that vanish along with love. You think you're focusing on yourself, but you don't *have* a self, not any more; all this self-sufficiency is very unhealthy for it. Here's a story. A lecturer at the art school in the old sugar refinery asked her students to create any work of art, in any medium, using any techniques, so long as it was about something *other* than themselves or their identities. They couldn't do it. Half the class signed an open letter, accusing the lecturer of attempting to erase and invalidate them. They'd already erased and invalidated themselves. Someone with a healthy sense of self isn't afraid that they'll vanish if they ever break eye contact with the mirror. If you're not interested in what lies outside your own self, if you can hardly even conceive of it, you don't know where you begin and end. You have no idea who you actually are. At most, you have some demographic data. You are in pregenital oblivion, sucking milk out the void, and when you die there will be nothing to actually disappear. The only way to actually know yourself is to love someone else. Love doesn't mean dissolving yourself in another person, losing your own will and purpose, or abandoning your freedom. It means feeling out the outer edges that define your self in the form of the other. But you're afraid of your edges, afraid to bear a theoretically infinite duty to what lies beyond them. So you engineer your own solitude, and then you make graphs about how it's all because men and women now have different opinions about politics. You retreat into the safety of chauvinism or gendered spite. You fill your world with lifeless categories, so no one ever happens to you.

But tell us—what are you *more* afraid of? The possibility that the realisation of your freedom and the purpose of your existence lies outside the bounds of yourself? Or—a bomb?

This is not why we do it. In fact, none of this has anything to do with why we've been carrying out our campaign of terror. We're not responding to the war on love, because it doesn't really affect us at all. We are *in* love, not in favour *of* love. To be honest, we don't really care what you get up to. When you're truly in love nothing matters except the beloved. A love that's just one part of an otherwise well-rounded life isn't love at all; at best it's a preference. All other ends are diminished. All other objects are hollow. You can try to express your devotion with the approved tokens, bits of plants, sugary snacks, stones, but the only real form for something so wholesome and good is unlimited atrocity. This one person is my world; this person means so much to me; I don't need anything or anyone else; I can sacrifice the rest of the world at will. Have you really never loved anyone so much, with so much of your heart, that you just had to fire mortars into a police station about it?

We operate in cells of two. There is no command structure. Nothing to be extracted under torture. We are more numerous than you know. You will not defeat us.

You, of course, think that we're insane. You're in a relationship, but somehow that hasn't turned you into a bloodthirsty killer. You've been in love plenty of times, and none of those times has it involved Semtex. Does this mean you weren't doing it properly? Clearly not. If you fancy yourself smart, you might decide that we're just externalising the ambivalence inherent in the love-relation. Our excuses simply don't make any sense. And no, maybe they don't. But see what happens the next time we detonate a bomb somewhere in the city. When you come home in the evening to find your girlfriend in a silent strop. It's fine, she says. Nothing's wrong. Everything's just fine. You eat your dinner in silence. You watch TV. Finally the complaint leaks out two minutes before bed. If you really loved me, she says, you'd let off a nerve agent on the metro. If you love me so much why haven't you stolen any fissile material? You stroke her shoulder and try to be nice. I do love you, you say, madly and fanatically, beyond all reason or measure, but what about the victims? Oh yeah, sure, she says, turning away from you. What about the victims.

A Love Letter

By hepatica

I want to crawl inside your bones.
I want to feel your beating heart at my temples,
your veins caught up in my hair,
your blood bathing me,
our forms
united, an inseperable marriage.

It starts slowly.
A word is stolen, then an affect of voice,
a thought, a worldview;
silly, frivolous things,
thousands of small definitions being added and replaced,
our relations become mutual Ships of Theseus.

It's the Risorgimento of our hearts. Can you feel it?
It is not the way things *ought* to be, we've always been here.
Every particle of star stuff, each historical moment, every birth, death, war, peace, has been building to now.
It's time, isn't it?

I used to think love was impossible. Can you blame me?
I used to think homosexuality was impossible as well. A bond can never be mutual *enough*. It decays,
things fall apart,
the barrier is never broached.
But a slow, lingering doubt begins to hang over me when I hear your voice.
As you laugh, I feel it beginning to tap my spine.
It breaks me into pieces,
and now I can't let you go.
Your hands are the only ones which can reassemble me.
Cling onto each bit of my gray matter and hanging jaw,
hold me, bind me,
let me be new again and feed me with your kiss.
Synchronize my internal clock with yours and let me never escape your hand again.

I love you very much forever.

— Krissy ♡

Sister Media

Albums

- *Reddishness* (Girls Rituals, 2015)
- *69 Love Songs* (The Magnetic Fields, 1999)
- *Horse Jumper of Love* (self-titled, 2016)
- *product* (Sophie, 2015)
- *Resistance & The Blessing* (World's End Girlfriend, 2023)

Books

- *Lolita* (Vladimir Nabokov, 1955)
- *Aztecs: An Interpretation* (Inga Clendinnen, 1991)
- *The Revolution of Everyday Life* (Raoul Vaneigem, 1967)

Exhibits

- *Black in Deep Red* (Mark Rothko, 1957)
- "*Untitled*" *(Perfect Lovers)* (Félix González-Torres, 1987)
- *The City Rises* (Umberto Boccioni, 1910)

Caliginous elements of your subconsciousness

- The unnameable object of desire (Babalon, 20,000 BC)
- The regeneration myth (id., 1190)
- Borderline Personality Disorder (Otto F. Kernberg, 1976)

VTubers

- Ljot Swanhild (???, 2022)

THANK YOU

Accreditation

p.6 *A Fool-For-Christ: The Confession of an HSTS Repressor*
(Rakka/@haibanemoder)

p.10 *Egonomics, or why your soul isn't worth as much as you think*
(White/@Fintrapdom)

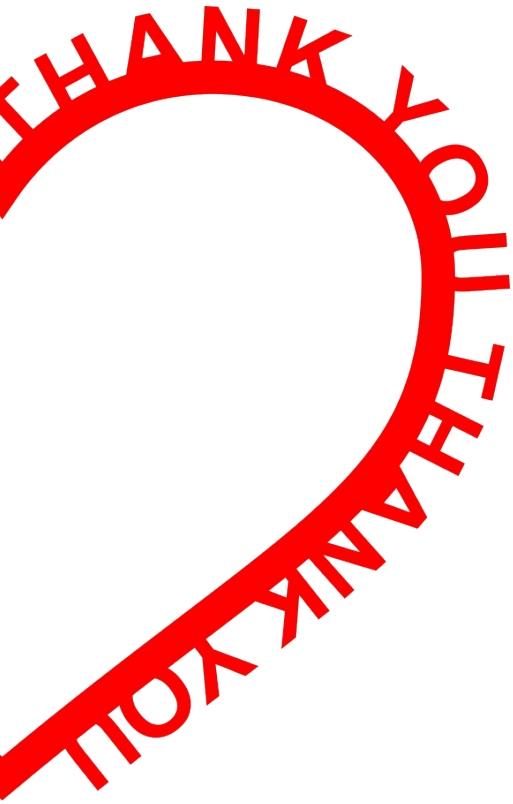
p.12-15 *Saint Sebastian*
(Guido Reni, reccomended by Kole)

p.16 *PLEASE EXCUSE ME THE OUTFLOW*
(9front)

p.17 *Untitled (Red Poem)*
(Kainé/@brunestud_moon)

p.28 *Untitled Yuri Manga*
(yoissho/@shine4_____)

p.30 *Manifesto of the Armed Front of Love*
(Sam Kriss/@samkriss)



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