

stopping hard, for a girl

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can **sexual decadence** lead to extinction?

sex plugs a man into a feminine system

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Venus in Furs

a Hero saves Helen from blame - so condescends

can **sexual decadence** lead to extinction?

decadent sex is sex de-linked from Fitness.¹

decadent sex: a pea-hen's preference that rewards maladaptation.

in pleasing her, the peacock's reward is carnal & immediate - a throbbing in the gonads.

his progeny shall fade & wane, alas: from splendorous to non-existent.

in **decadent sex**, the cost of pleasing peahen is **species extinction**.

¹ Richard Prum's useful definition. i learn from his discussion on **the After On podcast**. [Ep 33: The Evolution of Beauty. July 16 2018]

objections

o1

a peacock's tail *is* adaptive. it fits him to his **niche**, which includes **her preference**.

the tail makes him apt to reproduce. the tail is like our talking tongue: it helps him get the girl.

response to **o1**: if *that's* what she likes, his niche is a death-trap.

o2

his tail outsizes his functional self; yet his species, in the Aves class, is **an outlier**. his tail is a *personal* encumbrance yet the *Pea-bird* perches small & light in the Tree of All Birds.

this bird is *expected* in the history of Selection - of *healthy* Selection.

response to **o2**: good for the Aves, bad for the Pea-bird!

o3

pure beauty - "excessive" beauty - draws the eye of possible **stewards**. Sultans keep peacocks *for* their extravagance, an extravagance thus *useful* to the bird. it preserves them late into the Anthropocene.

as Tree outputs apple, peacock's tail gets *us* to defend & spread it - to [possibly, eventually] send it off-planet. peahen encourages a **conspicuous display**, in her suitors - which wins her species powerful patrons. she gets her Kind onto the Ark, into the Aviary, up with the spaceship.

likewise, lately, girls encourage **outdoor pagan music festivals** and **yacht parties in & around the artificial isles of Dubai** - lekking extravagancies perceivable by alien fly-by: perceivable thus by possible **saviours** she'd draw down among us to ensure *her* continuance - not unlike the primate-common **mid-coitus ululations** signalling her access to vicinity suitors.

o4

her preference for *that which pleases*, her love of what's useless: the female eye wisely seeks **a man done surviving**: a man with whom she'll live above the daily grind a godly leisure.

SHE KNOWS : a Bloorcourt alley's air-brush-mauve space-devi: a nine-foot-tall Afro-futurist icon

SHE KNOWS : affirmed in an under-image scrawl. She felt it all along: **Pleasure is a Final Cause** that draws us up & out of earthly struggle.

SHE KNOWS : that heaven is what Life is *for*; and pleasure was its early feeling.

beauty is useless, or worse: it's for survival. yet what is *survival* for? she implores us to **our post-functional Future**: our post-historic heaven of **a stable, everlasting bliss**.

sex in Paradise, *after* Selection, could be wholly functional: a **Final Cause** that draws all life to its Transmutation.

pure ornament would *signal* nothing. it's simply what she likes: a psychologic primitive. it doesn't even say "i've got what you like" - it's simply what she likes.

our power to perceive primitive value - intrinsic value - is a gift from Life to we the Living; or, let us say, with pride: we've *earned* intrinsic value thru Selection & strife.

Eden may be [morally] unstable till we've earned it.

Paradise is *after* life. you can't skip history and go straight to Heaven.

sex plugs a man into a feminine system

sex plugs man into a feminine system. his **copulations** link him to her **feminine expressions**. his copulations causally insinuate him into *her* body.

in sex, a man is synched with **a bodily complex whose obvious output is her ooh-/aah-ing, her exquisite squirming** - and unless he's necrophilic, her **feminine expressions** please him. his *hetero* pleasure is pleasure thus of *his* will turning into *her* exuberance, *her* free passion.

sex lets him feel her from the inside. why not say **sex lets him feel like a woman?** his actions convert into *her* excitations, *her* body.

in sex his will is feminized - and *he loves this!* he seeks it out, compulsively returns to the site of his Inversion: in youthful ardency, waning virility, in dying remembrance.

[mutatis-mutandis for **women**→**men**?]

[and **bully**→**victim**: the bully loves eliciting **expressions of weakness** from their victim. the bully's aggressions *complete* in their victim's collapse & capitulations.]

stopping hard, for a girl

turning onto Bloor off of Delaware: i had to stop hard, for a girl.

lucky she was easy to see: a blonde lit up like a streetlamp. her happy sway said *thanks*, i think, as she crossed the street before me.

she was show-stopping sexy, a living pornography.

a few pedals east, i had to stop again. this time, for a girl they call **plain**.

kindly or maliciously, they say **she has a pretty smile, doesn't she?**

she curled her three small fingers at me, slow as her sidelong smile: her thankyou, goodbye, & hi.

she was

- hard to see, shadowed by the SUV she waited half-behind
- hard to see, so harder to stop for,

thus harder to win a smile from.

my memory's sweet for either girl - *and* for their Sequence! they
blend into a single smile, long as Bloor.

Venus in Furs



Venus in Furs is Venus in a mirror w/ her fur fallen open to her navel.

Venus In Furs is fur coming off, in mammal history.

her hand is at her chest, affirming her exquisiteness. she's catching her breath at the sight of herself. she marvels at the swath of erogenous surface.

we're witness of the first unveiling: the discovery of **skin**.

Venus in Furs is women taking fur off, repeatedly.

mirrored in our gaze, encouraged by our longing, she re-enacts the primitive Unveiling.

she takes it off, and puts it on daily - for thermo-regulation. to shield her lovely skin from the winter wind.

Venus in Furs is sadism, clearly. to strip again, she flays a million underlings. this portrait is a palimpsest: of her self-pleasure imposed on a screaming mother coyote, a rabbit twitching on the abattoir hook.

her fur is a composite: a patchwork cloak she commands from her smitten slaves. they pile at the feet of her reposing person the plunder of Centuries.

she's a fat Queen, unmoving: matron of the Hudson Bay Corp.

she's Gadhimai, goddess of the sacrifice that feeds her self-regard.

sadism, clearly: the thrill of her exposure can't be un-cathected from the cruelty she requires. the animal's agony mixes with our lust.

she does it to herself, so it's **masochism**: she flays her wider mammal self.

if *you* are a lady in sensible leather - a lustrous skin they pulled from calves to cover up your own cracking foot, you poor thing - if *you* are a lady and miffed at what i've written: first, i'm smitten, since you're lovely when displeased; and i ask if you're indignant i've written **what's true**, so denuded you unwilling - and again.

who does Cruella / the Queen resent? the strong young man who spurns her, yes, but more the young *whore* he spurns her *for* - the pseudo-ingénue, Snow White.

for she wears fur, too - but long ago outsourced the skinning - then outsourced the knowledge it was outsourced - to keep her ingénue's rosy hue. objectively, she's guilty, yet she's innocent, epistemically. she's outsourced the murder, and the murder's *mens rea*.

fashion fills her wardrobe like capitalist magic, an enrichment gifted like Cinderella's coach & ball gown.

Cruella grows ugly with age; and ages by her knowledge & her labour.

she labours **to** stay young, **so** she ages - isn't life cruel, to Cruella!

the UHN a leader in face repair

a face-burnt urchin, i propose, as clickbait for cosmesis they'll try out **second** on a tony inner circle of Doctors' wives & Donors, a Rosedale clique whose cracking faces facial nerves of rats were severed **first** for.²

they got you to click, and she's linked to your PayPal now, morally.

² building, say, on studies like this: Gregory Borschel, **A new model for facial nerve research: the novel transgenic Thy1-GFP rat**. Arch Facial Plast Surg, 2010

a hero saves Helen from blame - so condescends

your chivalrous war saves Helen - from **blame**.

you answer to the Charge that **the war is all a Whore and a cuckold**.³

the Damsel & her Captor: this tale you tell is her own Propaganda.

the effect of your chivalry is sexism, the same, in that **you underestimate women** - *half* your Enemy.

³ paraphrase of **Troilus & Cressida** II.iii

your language misleads you: by 'lordship' you imagine a Bilderberg archon, an aging crypto-oligarch. pay more mind to the girl in a white-fur miniskirt & pussy-pink lipgloss haughty at his side, whom you ogle, are *distracted* by.

i sympathize with Thersites' reductionism, w/ a Cripple's keen cynicism.

for Thersites there's nothing but his poetry: his under-breath commentary, his little-read InCels' blog, ingenious. he's a black-pill Reducer, weary of war for he repulses soldiers & girls. his poetry is fueled by semen he's transmuted into bile, & bile into words that sputter in his puny chest.

though War may not *reduce* to **a cuckold and a whore**, war is often a *sexual enhancement*:

- [i] the raiding Khans gain access to the City's besieged.
- [ii] the besieged get to undergo a gorgeous, tragic romance. War lends its losers' love an intensification, the infinity of impending death.