

Introduction: Pride Alone Won't Save Us

THIS TIME OF YEAR is as bittersweet as it is just flat-out shitty.

I can't take these fucking uppity rich gays demanding us to "be Normal." Fuck the LGBTQ-whatever bullshit — **trans people are still being murdered worldwide and everything is still standing unburned, unlooted.** And on top of it all, some piece of shit cis male gay landlord is calling me a "Sir" and taunting me about my womanhood, shooing me away from hailing the androgynous Almighty Baphomet right in front of the hate preachers.

I don't want a liberal alphabet mafia that actively disempowers me — I want a deliberate cell of feral dykes, fags, unknowable queers, goddess trans women and heroic trans men to rush into battle with me and make total freedom TODAY.

At this rate of sheepishness — we're fucking dead. The walls are genuinely closing in on all of our breathing room as the months go by: the GOP strategy for the coming election is as cutthroat as the tactics in Weimar and afterward, which itself is a harsh historical lesson to swallow. One which too many in the community haven't digested.

Statist anti-gun propaganda, in concert with liberal

civility politics, has **severely** hindered queer people's ability to sufficiently actualize themselves against all violence; to manifest sufficient deterrence for ever fucking with us. (White trash cunts love their "Fuck Around And Find Out" bullshit until **they** get the barrel-end of it.)

I say this with all respect to those who will never put themselves in this position. I can't make you do that. But I *can* tell you this: All of you who are willing and able need to **Brush The Fuck Up** on your firearms, knives, hand-to-hand and first aid/street medic knowledge. **Not** to go out and needlessly start some shit, but to **Properly Prevent People From Dying.** That is the sole objective in what I have just said. **Guns are not your enemy.** A gun doesn't go off unless it is chambered and triggered. Wise hands know how to properly handle and store them. **SNAP OUT** of the **Incorrect, Ignorant Idea** that a gun is ONLY a tool of the government, of the fascists, of deranged murderers. A gun is how you stand a chance against a bigot with a knife. A gun is how you get free.

If you fuckers want to be free, if you fuckers want to stop being harassed by queerphobes and police — **do something different.** If you want to writhe in your ever-receding rights and masturbatory "pride" that does nothing but sell some product or entice someone to slave away for you — have fun being useless to real freedom. "Pride Comes Before The Fall," they say. **Be the fall of this society!**

— The *Effrenatum* core editing/publishing team

Gender :

**Bitch-
Wolf**



I Willed It So

My Gender Egoism

I hear the somber roar of two distinct sounds.

The weeping of Life and the laughter of Death. How eloquent they are!...

But why does Life weep? Why does Death laugh?

— Renzo Novatore, *Spiritual Perversity*, 1922

Against all the strict names and rigid functions, we lashed out. We cut throats, broke hearts, desecrated truths, survived what was sure to kill us and became whole new people — while only realizing what was evident, deep in the vital experiences of the very same creature.

The nagging constancy of a sad, static world had inspired the blossoming of a truth to rival that of the god said to have full jurisdiction over the definitions of our bodies. This blossoming would spell his suicide.

A long sequence of awkward, discerning motions through the hallways of our inner labyrinths had led to a point where the disgusting configurations and conventions of the body and the spirit as mandated by the godly state and its ilk no longer suited our selfish longing for the richest possible self: A self that extends its focus beyond that of perfect “woman” or

perfect “man”, of perfect “human” or perfect “animal”, situating its contentment on *namelessness, unnameability, vivacious androgyny* and *passionate ungovernability in all spheres*.

The slimy lot of christian nationalists, white supremacists, delusion worshipers teem around the most vulnerable and least likely to hit them back. They want law & order enforced in the most intimate confines of living by the cruelest ways imaginable. They have a project to annihilate the most fabulous impulses of being alive and embracing one’s colors. But these are not demigods . . . these are hurt puppies.

They look upon our nihilistic black bloc of gender terrorists and shit themselves, screaming prayers and bible verses as rapidly as possible. They rush to their mob of college bros to come to their defense when just one of their bitch asses can’t take six or eight or twelve of us. Their diapered god-king writhes in his legal woes and cries “DISGRACE!” We cackle at all their desperate flexing of dying manhood, their urgent sense of bravado, their toothless tantrum for purity and submission.

Their world is ending. Their patriarchs are in hospice. Their white aryan dream is corroding.

Clammy palms, racing heart, defeat closing in — “WAR ON THE TRANNIES AND FAGGOTS! WAR ON ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE! ANYTHING TO SAVE OUR EMPIRE FOUNDED ON JESUS!”

Their sons are careless: Longing to prove their precious testicles, seething with unfocused testosterone. To them, we are the Antichrist. We gladly assume such roles. They have named the players. “God”, “Angels”, “Demons”, “Satan.” Let it be so!

Let us be the imps of hellfire and desecration!

Let our pride be the anarchic, demonic gala of being alive!

We win nothing by tagging along with liberal “acceptance”, “equality”, “visibility.” We win only the chains of a technologically streamlined hell-society seeking to make its walls a bit more colorful. I want iconoclast freedom, ownership of myself, and wrath!

As the sole anarchist of my life — my aim is joy, and my method is hostility.

Hostility to the mandate that *I* must follow someone else’s order.

Hostility to the pearl-clutchers bemoaning my freedom.

Hostility to the pundits seeking a one-sided “debate.”

Hostility to the politicians wanting to demonize or uphold me.

I am the apocalypse of liberalism and conservatism. In me is the spark of Lilith to devour the christian empire in flames.

* * * *

The nature of my gender egoism’s success for myself lies in its simple praxis: “**I do what I want.**” By extension, and by all my

negations of what is called “the truth,” I conclude “***I am*** what I want.”

None will find a dense tome of philosophical justifications rightly ascribed to me. None will find in me any extrapolated pleas to be “accepted” as a woman. They will find this treatise and one from my first inklings of myself. (*The She-Wolf And Her Own.*) They were born not from a need to be perfectly clear, but from a need to destroy everything around me with incendiary declarations.

I do not care — in my heart of honest statements — if “in truth” I am “in fact” *a male*. I know that I could never be a male . . . **because I don’t want to be one**. So I am ***not*** one! If this doesn’t satisfy you: *Die!* Yes! *Die!* Because you ought not be alive when this world lapses into dust!

You ought not witness the beautiful eclipse of the bright sacred sun of desperate reified truths coming to pass when the crux of submission is tarnished and burned! Already, our self-realizations are weaving the final push of civilization off the cliff by our adorable faggot limp wrist hands.

My justification to myself as a mangled bitch is that I did not choose to be this, but I chose to nourish the reality of who I am.

It is a choice to be oneself or to only steer a facade of a person for the rest of your life. Just as it is a choice to continue the slow death of breathing or to cease any further inhalation,

one chooses what one is to be: A pyre of living audacity, or a mere unit accounted for in society. Everything is a choice.

Such memories of early bliss. My life was meant to be precisely what it is now.

I remember being a child and wandering myself: Stealing bliss and excitement however I could. (Nothing has changed in my mid twenties. Nothing will change if I am to reach thirty or forty.) One day nobody was home. My urge was burning. Gnawing. I donned the white lace of my mother, relishing in the sin of it. I relished in the sin of being a girl by screaming desire, and only abiding boyhood for the convenience of stability. I knew early, that I am what I say I am. I knew then, the only truth is my own. I smirked when she came home, clueless. Her precious baby boy had reborn herself as a sinful libertine daughter!

How the pure do fall into the most delicious aspects of life! How the innocent virginity of life’s daring spastic orgasm leads one to the chambers of self-configuration.

I remember freedom at last. I remember my first abode to myself, my first wardrobe of fabulous outfits. Incense, cannabis, estrogen. All defining the scent of my becoming. All shaping the curvature of my honesty.

I remember the first time being treated like a girl, being respected as a girl, having fun and sinning as a girl. I remember the early bunches of sapphic loves that came and went. I

remember the honing of lonesome. I remember the purpose of solitude.

I remember the sublime rush of bliss when my breasts first bore milk. When all the facets of womanhood that called to me made themselves at home in me. When all the longings of self became real and irreversible. When my life had finally been shaped as I desired. When only the best of things were to perfect themselves in me.

Renzo, my beacon, says— *I know I am a luminous point that goes uselessly through the gloomy futility of all things. And it is this, my conscious desperation, this my awareness of the futility of being, that makes me deeply love Life. But don't you see, my friends, that my futile joy merges into your futile sorrow, so that later both will merge into the futility of Death?*

I am the vindictive spirit that simultaneously consumes this world and uplifts the sovereign universe of the individual.

I am the enemy of everyone who wants life to be a job, an allegiance, a creed.

I am the transfeminine spirit of destructive disobedience and intellectual iconoclasm.

My freedom is now, and my bliss is eternal.

HAPPY PRIDE, BEAUTIFUL DEGENERATES!

— Wulfinna

Gender Horror

I

We are beset by monsters,
And images of monsters.
They live in our heads,
And on the lips of our accusers.
They seduce us softly
With teratogenous bodies;
And taunt us nightly
With diabolical capacities.
We fear them,
We desire them,
We are them.
Dead undead,
Inhuman humans,
Androgyne abominations,
Ill angels only,
The sin made flesh.
We are prodigies
Of a bastard world.

II

We are monstrous in our own eyes:
We are unfinished and mutilated,
Sallow and scissor-fingered
Revenants stitched together
By mad doctors,
Auto-Frankensteins
Who dream of strange births,
Or shudder at the thought
Of alien infiltrations.
We are bodies without organs;
Rubbery appendages
And soft slippery matter.
We pull the dusty drape
From the mirror and see
Our dead twin
Staring back at us.
We uncover truths on hidden websites
That drive us insane.
We are dreamers
In a simulation of hell
Waking up into our true flesh
And screaming.

III

We are monstrous in the eyes
Of the voyeur, the prurient columnist
And the bourgeois novelist.
Chained to a pop-star's radiator,
We writhe silently
In illegal pornography;
Offering our hits for free
We tempt the good children
With bottles of Mexican pills.
Half-people, we inhabit a half-world.
We are the crime lords of Weimar
And the children of Midian.
Clad in leather and latex,
We are vampires in a nightclub,
Strange faces hissing
Under strobe lights
As we menace from neon shadows
We are pierced and scarred,
Pursued by Charles Bronson
With a scoped revolver
Through litter-strewn
Cities of decay.

IV

We are the monsters of the institutions,
Objects of the speculum
And the mirror.
We defy categories and forms,
We break the spreadsheets;
We have special files
That only the initiated may read.
Our records are all lacunae
And palimpsests;
Logic loops that crash the system.
Incurable, awkward, embarrassing
Screaming oaths from the attic
We are locked away
In strange corners of the hospitals;
The prison guards look the other way
As we are violated.

V

We are monstrous in the eyes
Of our abusers.
Doppelgangers, changelings,
Wearing human skin we
Slither through their nightmares.
Like witches
We seduce them in their sleep.
Hermaphroditus;
The female penis,
And the male vulva.
Snakes in Eden,
Neovagina dentata!
We infect them with a queer plague;
We turn their offspring into more of us.
We are the leper race;
They must put us back
Into our black boxes
Before our alien beauty
Compels them to defile us;
And then, in shame, to kill us.

VI

We are monsters to the despots,
The dead-eyed men,
The stranglers of the world.
We are uncontrolled;
Mutating and evolving.
We castrate their little soldiers,
And close up the wombs of mothers.
We must be outlawed, beaten,
Shipped away and killed.
We are the fall of Rome,
The fascist's nightmare;
We are a shadowy plot
Of the old enemy.
And though limp wristed;
Our victory is practically assured...
Which is why we must be wiped
From the surface of the earth.

VII

Yes, we are the monsters!
Outsiders and exiles,
Romantic, untamed, defiant.
We are cyborgs, werewolves,
Superhumans.
Evil powers behold us in dread;
And bend their will against us.
Witchfinders and perverted priests,
Sadistic doctors and corrupt inspectors,
False philanthropists and awful artists,
Conman preachers, tyrants, rapists,
Executioners and landlords,
Klansmen cops and tabloid journalists.
Actual fucking Nazis,
In actual fucking jackboots,
And skulls on their fucking hats,
And all of them are doomed!
Because we are coming.
Because we are here.
Because we are the future...

Because we are horror!

— Sydney Cardew

Know The Difference

LGBT – A collection of identities with fixed definitions

Queer – A mode of living characterized by non-identification with cisheterosexuality and the active social/political resistance to cisheteronormativity, assimilationism and the gender binary

— From *Towards The Queerest Insurrection*,
Mary Nardini Gang

Everything In Upset · A Short Rant

Morons think we're "confused" because *they* are confused, as is the function of queerness. It *is* to unsettle, to disrupt, to make noise and to bend, warp and shatter the imposed reality of norms, roles and functions. **Nobody at all should be comfortable in a disgusting system where we impose a caste on babies based on genitalia and then demand that they only love people with the opposite configuration.** At the end of the day, my labels, my pronouns are carefully laid gunshots escorting my trans/queerphobic foes out of the life they never once deserved, ringing in my fabulous entirety that neither the state nor medical institutions nor the average passer-by can aptly parse.

— Anonymous Anti-Everything Extremist



Parting Words On Pride

The First Pride was indeed a riot. It was a riot ignited in the late 1960s by trans women of color and stoked into flames by the trauma of lifetimes of oppression. It was a riot aimed at the cops, who ceaselessly brutalized gay bars and other welcoming spaces for queers in Turtle Island in the mid 20th century. It was a riot aimed at the abusive and fundamentalist parents. It was a riot aimed at childhood expectations. It was a riot aimed at heartache coming from all directions. It was a riot aimed at the tricks who never payed their sex workers. It was a riot aimed at the average everyday bullshit that stomps on us and twists.

Pride was not *just* a riot. It was a total rupture.

Now what is called “Pride” is a family event. Now pride is a *free speech free-for-all* where hate preachers invariably show up to harass festival-goers, blabbering bullshit about Jesus and hellfire and sadly never being shot in the head, **due to all the Lovely Rainbow Law Enforcement** showing up to beat your skull in . . . with a rainbow asp. How progressive and Good. A **sickening** departure from one’s roots, this contemporary “pride.”

Needless to say, we don’t go to these events. (Unless you’re able to show up armed and effectively oust the fascists and the bigots from hurting anyone.) They aren’t worth it unless you want to waste money or just generally be frazzled and annoyed. There was an attempt to do a Queer Liberation

march in NYC and other American cities a year or so ago, met with much heckling and harassment by police and liberals, still following the same orderly, embarrassing Demand and Chant model of typical American “civil disobedience.”

Nobody who has really studied the origins and nature of real freedom can have any truck with these orderly events, these progressive ideals, these simple feel good slogans and gestures. Real freedom comes from a stoic *doing* backed up by a stoic *understanding* that slices through **all of the obstacles** and goes straight for the target. Do you want to celebrate being a rainbow-clad subject to a society that **actually hates you no matter what?** Or do you want to pursue your genuine interests against all demands for a silent, sad life?

The word “Pride”, in the context of the christianity that still objectively dominates the world, should conjure images of a sinful disobedience against the norm, with intent to collapse the society and dogma that *name* “sin.” We don’t want a queerness that is simply attractive and exploitable for capital and carefully surveilled by the state, while the christian nationalists are in competition with feeble progressives for power. We want a queerness that is **the enemy** to every person with a knack for reducing everything down to its surface-level *simple “truths.”* We want a queerness that demonstrates the deep, unnameable complexity of organic existence as a mode toward complete self-realization against all sacred authority.

This *Negative Pride* has to become unshackled from liberal

“visibility” and “community” politics and become something far, **FAR** more *dreaded* by the homophobes, the transphobes, the essentialist simpletons, the progressives seeking to reduce and abuse us.

WE are those who inherit this burning, boiling Earth. WE are those who crush the skulls of our enemies. WE are those who negate the commandments of a drooling, demented “God,” pulling the plug on his life support. WE are those who End submission to religious stupidity. WE are those who live unapologetically, and with bite.

— The *Effrenatum* core editing/publishing team
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Untitled by Lilith

DO NOT PARSE ME by Anon

Metamorphosis by Feral Sketches

Submit A Work: effrenatum@proton.me

Instagram: [@effrenatum](https://www.instagram.com/effrenatum)

Mastodon: [@effrenatum@kolektiva.social](https://kolektiva.social/@effrenatum)

WITH **AUTONOMY** AND **DIGNITY** FOR **ALL**

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RESTORE THE LAND COMPOST THE COPS