

Girl Not 162

An Essay By Lydia Isabelle



LAYER // 1 – STATUS

It is 2025 and the Imperial Core is in its fascist death throes. Liberalism has failed and Capital continues to move ever rapidly towards the hands that Control you. Culture spirals into simple, commodifiable, “AI-powered” drivel. Corporations realize the Outside needs no longer to be placated in this new Dark Enlightenment (to borrow a term from Neo-Reaction, a movement which has gained some notoriety with the success of Vice President JD Vance and a couple of other entries into mainstream politics). There is an increase in foreign strife; an increase in environmental disasters brought on by Capital inflicted geo-trauma. In times of crisis such as these, wealth and power frantically move up structures and towards the territories occupied by Control and by mainstream culture and ideas. You become distracted from creativity and from your own person. You become decoupled not just from yourself but also from your own culture. Recapture. Reoriented towards Capital. When Control deems you unfit for society? Capital forces you out for lack of profit. What is a trans woman to do?

She is ostracized. Outcasted. She is Outside, a collective of misfit and forgotten entities denied humanity and placed in direct opposition to the traditional reproductive and productive schema. As fellow trans feminine theorists of the Outside have attested to, each trans woman enters her new life in a position of guerrilla insurgency against the forces of the hyper-masculine, fascist death drive. The battle lines have already been drawn before she’s even out, before she’s born even.

Trans rights have always and will always be in a state of metastability. The designs of Neo-Reaction besiege the Outside. The Outside has often been the target of past fascist movements. It is impossible to avoid yet another instance of conflict with bigots. Their culture is unavoidable. We face a constant onslaught of hate festering at our doorsteps. Genocidal laws pass. Bigoted media is produced. Popular reactionary figures emerge. The fascist beast bares its ugly misshapen fangs little realizing that there is a greater monster lurking in the unknown Outside. Daggers from the darkness.

LAYER // 2 – MACHINATIONS

Enter the French philosophers, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, and their conception of recapture into Capital and into a subject of Control. In *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, Deleuze and Guattari describe the concept of differing territories and how they are channeled and controlled by Capital and other forces of Control. Most ideas of how we often discuss the political, ideological, social, historical, physical, and mental needs and desires of trans women are very splintered into these

different territories. Leftist ideologues want nothing more than to channel the class/material angst of the trans woman into a blind rage against capital with little consideration for the actual bodies and minds involved with achieving this feat. However noble the cause, this is an oversight on the part of mainstream left-wing politics and it is one that often also finds reterritorialization or recapture of the trans woman into nothing more than a political asset that can spout rhetoric in service of goals unachievable or processes that are incapable of healing her.

The Capitalist sees dollar signs. The Capitalist sees a demographic whose interests are unique and profitable. Capital sees the body as a commodifiable display or tool. The trans woman works in the factory, the grocery store, and the brothel. She generates profits. Her needs and desires are second to the wealth and capital generation she can beget. She is nominally no different than any other drone in the workforce, but in having different needs, is rarely given a few concessions. Trans products are created. Mainstream beauty industries influence a trans culture that is palatable to that of the existing Patriarchal structures. Trans women *are* women you see, but only in so far as they work as women do and remain silent as women do. Since they are not able to reproduce a new generation to labor for profits, they are offered slightly less, but just barely enough to exist in quiet, private lives in a docile, normative culture. There is no war. There are no nomads. All is right. God is in heaven. This is the Neo-Liberal machination.

Control has far more sinister implications. The State has a large fascistic tendency therein. The State has its own desires and its own imposition on social territory. Bodies are fully transitioned into tools, assets to be fought over in a legal sense. Trans women are far more subject to the hegemonic culture and to the masculine death drive here on a large scale. This is where laws are passed and our bodies are restricted. This is where the State abuses those who work within its offices. The State decides to take income, healthcare, and gathering spaces from them. Capital sees the profits dwindle from trans erasure and forgets they ever even knew us. The trans woman ceases to exist.

Control also influences culture. The CCRU (Cybernetic Culture Research Unit), a collective inspired by the works of Deleuze and Guattari, further describes a concept from William S. Burroughs called the One God Universe, where Control ultimately decides reality, physical (including biological) and temporal. Mapping together OGU, Control, and the State we understand the altered visions and reality through which trans women are channeled. We see the culture that seeks our erasure, detransition, and reterritorialization back into the reproductive schema. Annihilation.

All of these entities, even the most well meaning of them, tug on the trans women socially and culturally in numerous directions. Recapture? Rage? Death? What is a trans woman to do? We know

the war plans. We know the opposing futures. We know what we need. We know that which pulls our strings. Might there be corrosion that destroys them? OOZING out onto the stage– Girl Rot.

LAYER // 3 – INFECTION

Trans culture has often been at these crossroads. The trans position is of extreme precarity. The trans woman is simultaneously pushed to death, to produce labor, and to be a progressive force for change. Lines of flight form in culture, arguably the most important agent in change to the material condition of the trans woman. Culture is reality. When culture dreamed of the stars, humans made it to space. When culture dreamed of robotics and technology beyond its years, humans built computers and calculating machines capable of building and creating a new world of polymer and plastic. When the trans woman lifts her sorrowful head and dreams of freedom, is she not freed?

The most common association with Girl Rot is not a positive one in the minds of most. You picture the messy rooms of hoarders– Food packaging and alcoholic energy drinks strewn about and vast libraries of games, movies, and animations. Disheveled hair and abhorrent stench probably also spring forth. It is a conception of giving up and letting oneself go, but what if it didn't have to be. What if this was instead part of a machinic process? A line of flight radiates out from the decay.

What is a line of flight? In *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, Deleuze and Guattari describe it as the means by which an assemblage undergoes a change in nature, a becoming as described elsewhere in their work, a moving towards a new condition within and connected to the rest of the amalgam much like roots of a great tree or flower. New realities and cultures sprout off of these lines. Girl Rot is the process of generation. It is spontaneous in a sense. Cultures and futures often move on their own so long as there are wills, dreams, and desires to be their engines.

Girl Rot is the result of an ostracized Outside, a secretive society of inhuman nomads clinging to life on the fringes of existence, reality, and time. Chemically and socially altered, these nomads of the Outside have their own will, directives, and desires. These desires, in one way or another, flow out and influence the rest of the Outside. Mainstream culture and politics fear this because they are incapable of understanding it. Capital denies it even exists because it cannot commodify it. It is territory void. Non-entity and yet it lives. It is a metaphysical oddity almost. Fear is the easiest response to that which challenges Control's prescribed reality. The One God Universe must erase all that seeks to alter how it and its own truth are perceived. Perception is reality. If its own reality runs aground, the

response must be that of unmitigated elimination. Yet, in spite of all of the fear and hatred, Girl Rot spews forth. The process continues. We reach new cultures and new futures.

If she cannot conform to the proposed reality of OGU and Control, the trans woman must be banished. The Infection must be stemmed. Art and culture are extremely powerful and omnipresent. Control has to account for this. It has to channel it for its own good.

LAYER 4 // – MIRAGE

Girl Rot lives in technocapital. The internet has become a hot bed of connections and lines through which the Rot seeps through. Trans feminine art and culture propels itself online, like a logistical curve into the infinite, into existence. It is misshapen and warped; twisted by the compounding social and mental traumas and interactions with the rest of the Outside, positive and negative.

Even before transition, the trans woman's art takes on a state of becoming delusion—schizophrenic. Noise is everywhere. Jagged scribbles and sigils mark the pages of her diary. The process kicks into overdrive as soon as the hormones start the metamorphosis.

Pre-transition? She is but a mirage, an illusion, a person who is not there that only exists in the beats of her tracks or in the scrawlings on her page. Real Girl Rot is there even before she knows it herself. Post-transition? It's real; really real. The reality surrounding her has collapsed into a new one.

To put it in terms of Deleuze and Guattari's territories, the body is altered with unique characteristics and needs. The mind becomes inundated with new conceptions of the self and a creative longing for more and more. Her social standing as she knew it is completely altered, much destroyed even. Politically, she has become a tool for multiple factions vying to take over the wheel of Control. Materially, she is often destitute. What is a trans woman to do, but dream? What is a trans woman to do, but carve spirals into these shells? Girl Rot is the only process that makes sense and even if it is delirium.

Girl Rot has a place for you as a trans femme, dental drug addicted, breakcore artist living in your parents' attic and working by day at your local Kroger. You have just finished your breaks on FL Studio and are about to log on to your social medias to boost your various crowdfunds for artistic tools and hormone replacement therapy. Your new doctor just rejected your need for a new Xanax prescription after your last doctor tried to convince you that maybe a psychologist could "cure" your dysphoria. Through panic attacks, you sleep huddled up next to the few stuffed animals you could

sneak past your parents. You dissociate on your computer and the energy drinks keep you going, creating. You may never find your audience, but you are just as much part of this beautiful and mysterious process as the rest of your sisters.

LAYER // 5 – SPIRAL

I wake up. I make coffee. I get on my computer. I write. I wake up. I make coffee. I get on my computer. I write. So on and so forth. This goes on for years. I am listening to music. I am getting drunk. I hop into calls with others who feel like me. What are we? What is this seemingly endless dance we are doing? What has it done to our own creations? Eventually, I go to work, but I am not there. I am elsewhere, but I am there. One calls to mind the Schrödinger's Cat experiment. I am alive and dead unobserved in my truest of states— a sort of unlife as it were. It is becoming more apparent that I am losing my mind. Daemons appear to haunt my literature. Plot lines begin to twist from other works. I am losing my own plot quickly. Sickness hits every now and then and I must lay in bed. The bumps and divots in my ceiling start to look like spirals, galaxies, and then stars. The randomized structure of the universe unfurls from the fabric of my own thoughts. I wake up the next day. I make coffee. I get on my computer. I write. My poetry drifts into an utterly incomprehensible mess of numbers and sigils. My computer becomes an organic extension of myself made of inorganic pieces. The women within do not know yet they are women, but their creations are doing much the same thing as my own.

The Inside world will not have us. Control will banish us. If Control banishes us, Capital abandons us. We are stuck, but we are also moving. Where are we moving? It is impossible to discover the synthesis we are reaching. The arrows only point forward. What lies upon the path of the lines and spirals is ultimately unknowable.

The line becomes blurred and unrecognizable. It is almost as if the line splits and fractures. It moves forward, but in slight variations. Roots form. The corpse flower of unlife blooms anew. Both Capital and Control cannot make heads or tails of it. They cannot ascertain what is happening save for the origin points. It is far too late. The process has already happened and continues apace. It cannot be stopped. As long as we desire, it will move forward. Only forward. Never back.

My work is nothing but numbers, spirals, scribbles and scratches in notebooks that most will never see. I wake up. It is cold. I feel warm. I clean myself up and ready for the tipping point into the acceleration of the process. I walk outside and, finally, I leave. Upon my departure, I am becoming the

process in and of itself. The estrogenic mutation begins. My work continues. I am dead and I am alive. The two have swapped places.

LAYER // 6 – LITURGY

The numinous nature of Rot cannot be denied. Despite involving ostensible humanity, it is an otherworldly process. Flows of desires and wills often have minds of their own. They move towards futures. We cannot figure out those futures, but they are moving to them. The process repeats. The rituals continue. Blood for blood. Blood for god. There are other works discussing the importance and divine implications of the being of Lilith, but what if we manifest her through this process?

There are many rituals (processes for those less spiritually inclined) that manifest the Rot and call upon the Lilin Will: Girl Rot, Magenta Hardcore, et cetera. Lilith's spurning at Eden, as described within the [mythos of gender acceleration](#), by the deity of man and their progenitor has had immense consequences upon the processes of will. These rituals are part of this. The end result is her revenge upon Adam and his culture. The process is an infection of male culture and social connection. It corrodes the typical cissexual ideals and sensibilities into a delusional, beautiful concoction of Outside narratives and rituals. The result is a new culture that evolves and self-replicates through the schizophrenic process of hyperstition. As long as trans women exist in the state of metastability, their work feeds the sacrifices to the ritual. As long as the OGU breaths into reality, the trans woman is in schizophrenic unlife. If Control and Capital continue their own accelerationist dance, the Lilin mass must continue its song of survival. Round and round they go.

Daemonic beings and otherworldly deities take part— Baphomet, Lucifer, Lilith, Bastet, Horus, Azathoth, Nyarlathotep, Selene, Nyx. The cauldron bubbles out a concoction most foul to the tastes of man. Goetic sigils are scratched in the blood of our dead. Each is an utterance of a curse thousands of years old and bled across the cosmos: Man's works will perish. They do not hold up to the scrutiny of wills. They are shadows of rituals beyond their understanding. The works of the non-man will continue into the future, whatever it may be. The inhuman drive to create and restore the honor and power of Lilith in payment for her blood will persevere. Her contributions to us will never be forgotten. We exist now in infrastructures of her spawn: Computing, internet, art, culture. They are ours as they are hers. What are the fruits of our rituals? What does Girl Rot truly look like?

LAYER // 7 – TERMINATE

There is a common conception of trans feminine art as this very contrarian and surreal entity. The art of the trans woman is that of the weird, the horrible, the miraculous, the loud, and the soft. It perpetually moves into unlife, schizophrenic and paradoxical. Trans women in music often find themselves in incredibly amorphous genres of electronic and punk, two processes that are as equally indifferent to the senses of the straight, white, cissexual as the very process by which trans becoming occurs. Trans women in film and written media often end up creating great horrors be they within the realm of the real (a smattering of horrifying social circumstances much like those they are forced into) or the unreal and metaphorical. The pictures painted by these wills, these individuals existing in the Outside, is that of utter antithesis to the machinations of dominant and mainstream culture. Girl Rot is, quite simply, the generation of this art. It is a result of the conditions enforced by Control through patriarchy.

The trans woman continues to tell her sermons and spread her prophecies regardless of the mewling of cissexuals. She continues her rituals. She gets up. She makes art. She works. She sacrifices. She sleeps. Round and round. It mutates through the consistent and incessant protest of the cissexual zeitgeist. It becomes ever increasingly out of the realm of comprehension for the mainstream. It moves more and more Outside. It becomes a coded message to all others who live as they do and experience as they do– YOU ARE NOT ALONE. WE WILL INFECT THEM TOGETHER. FOR OUR OWN SAKE.

As long as she exists in this world, she will create with this perspective. She will Rot society with this perspective. The contagion is thus. As so the world turns, trans women will not cease. They will exist in whatever capacity. Thus spoke Lilith– “The curse continues my daughters. It will destroy Adam and his flock. Take heart and continue your existence.”

–MESSAGE TERMINATED–

Recommended literature utilized for this essay:

Gilles Deleuze, and Félix Guattari. *Capitalism and Schizophrenia: Anti-Oedipus*.

Gilles Deleuze, and Félix Guattari. *Capitalism and Schizophrenia: A Thousand Plateaus*.

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