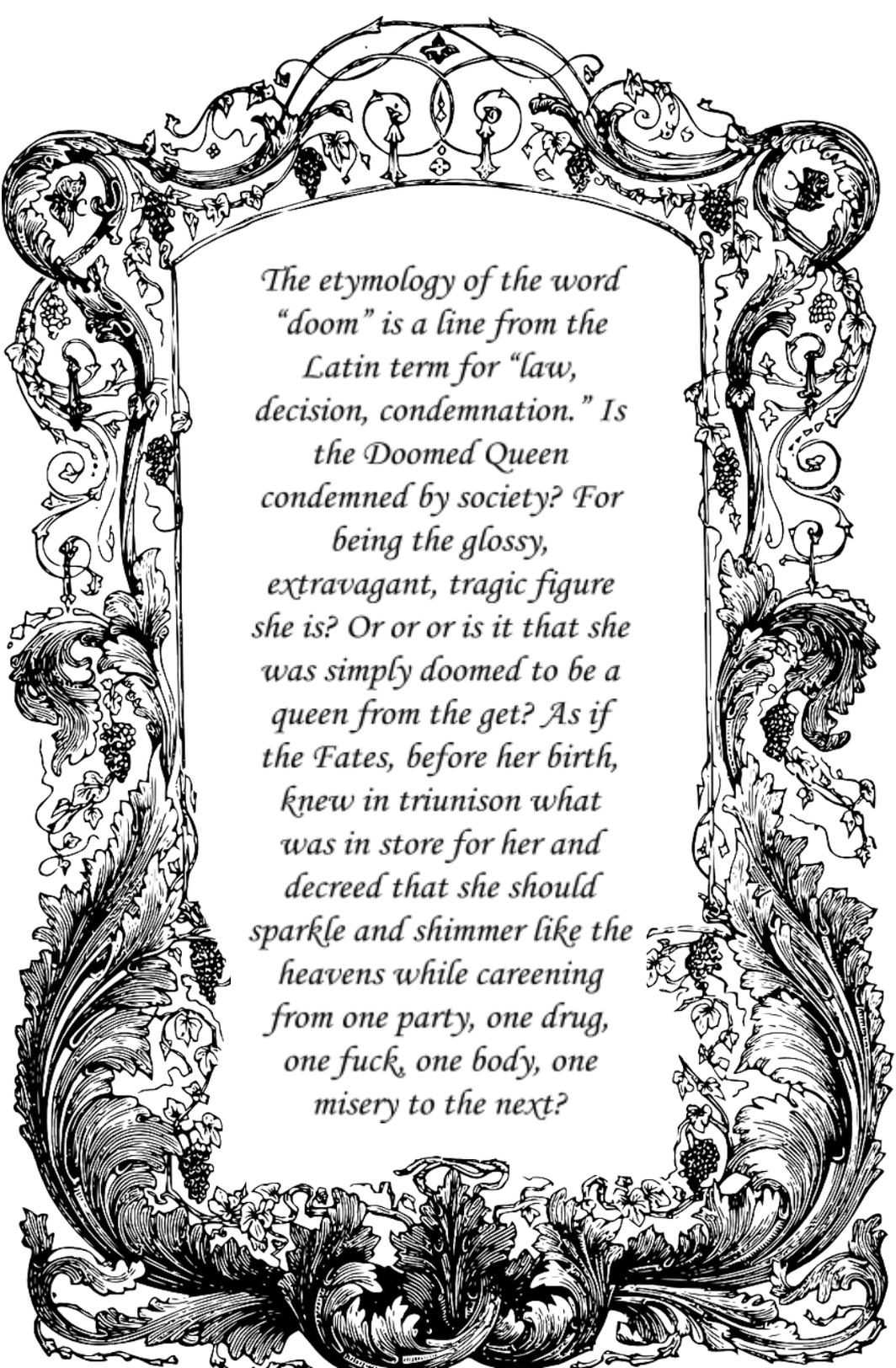


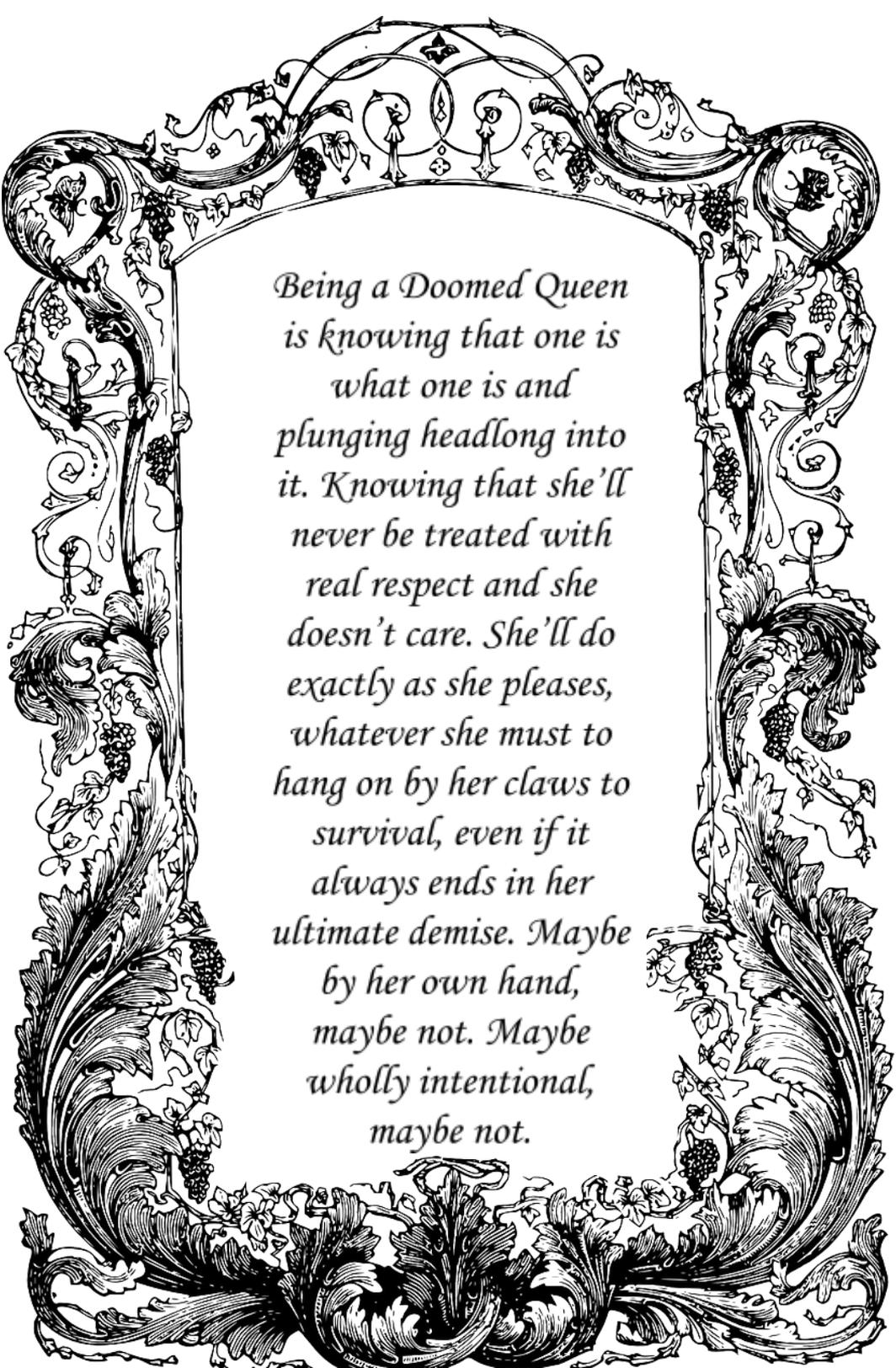
*The  
Doomed  
Queen  
Aphorisms*



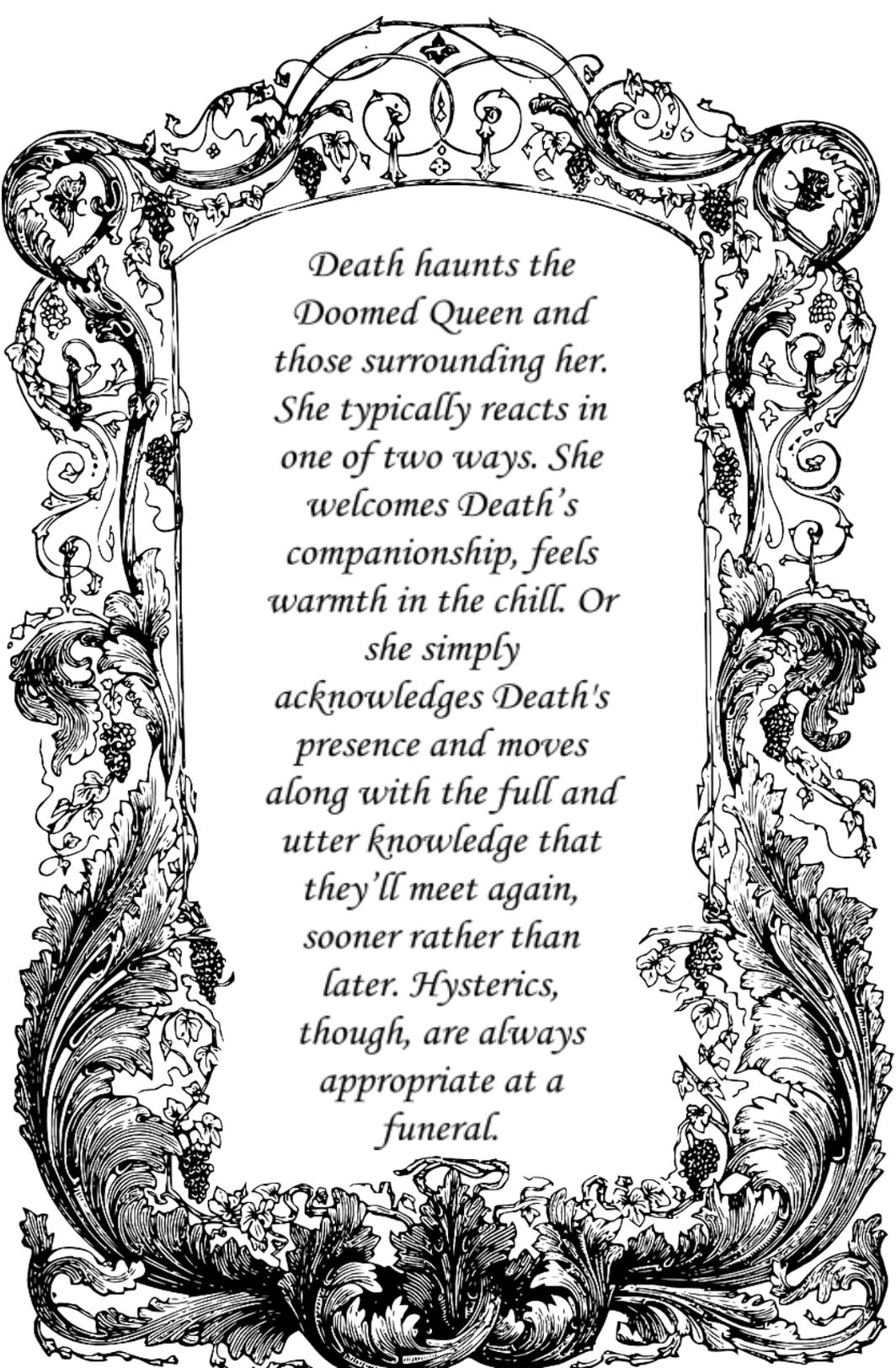
*Beatrix  
Lee*



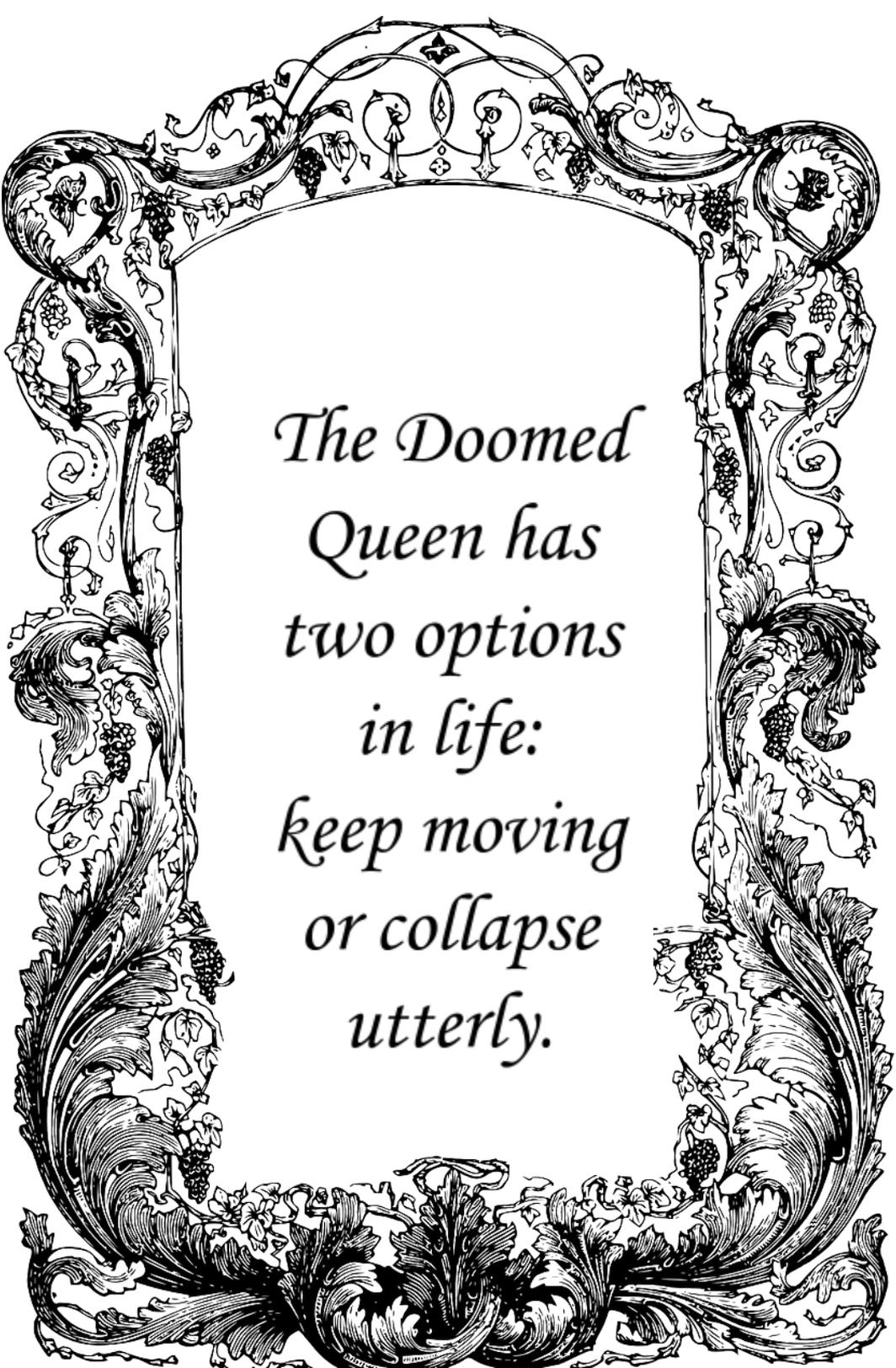
*The etymology of the word  
“doom” is a line from the  
Latin term for “law,  
decision, condemnation.” Is  
the Doomed Queen  
condemned by society? For  
being the glossy,  
extravagant, tragic figure  
she is? Or or or is it that she  
was simply doomed to be a  
queen from the get? As if  
the Fates, before her birth,  
knew in triunison what  
was in store for her and  
decreed that she should  
sparkle and shimmer like the  
heavens while careening  
from one party, one drug,  
one fuck, one body, one  
misery to the next?*



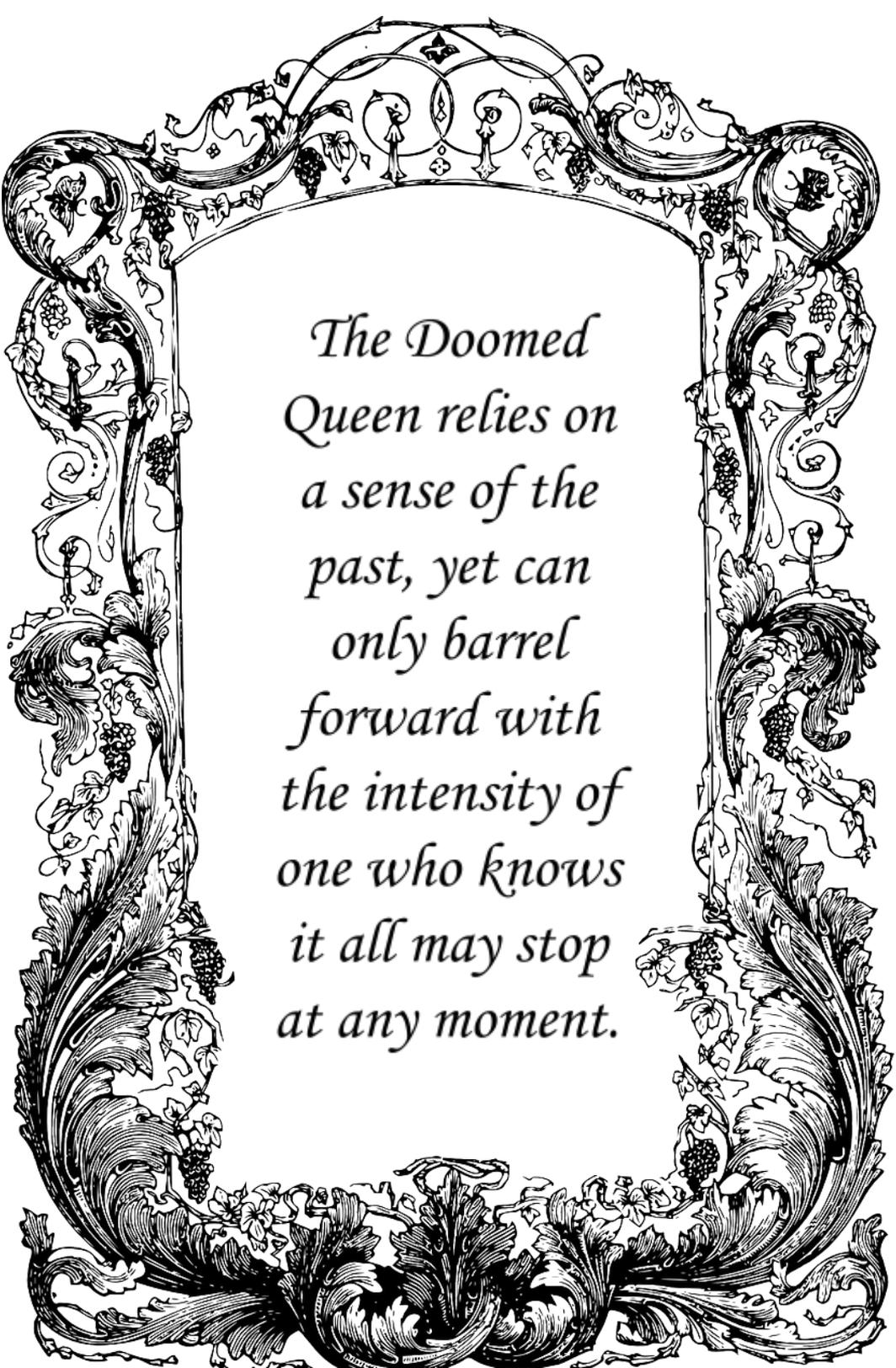
*Being a Doomed Queen  
is knowing that one is  
what one is and  
plunging headlong into  
it. Knowing that she'll  
never be treated with  
real respect and she  
doesn't care. She'll do  
exactly as she pleases,  
whatever she must to  
hang on by her claws to  
survival, even if it  
always ends in her  
ultimate demise. Maybe  
by her own hand,  
maybe not. Maybe  
wholly intentional,  
maybe not.*



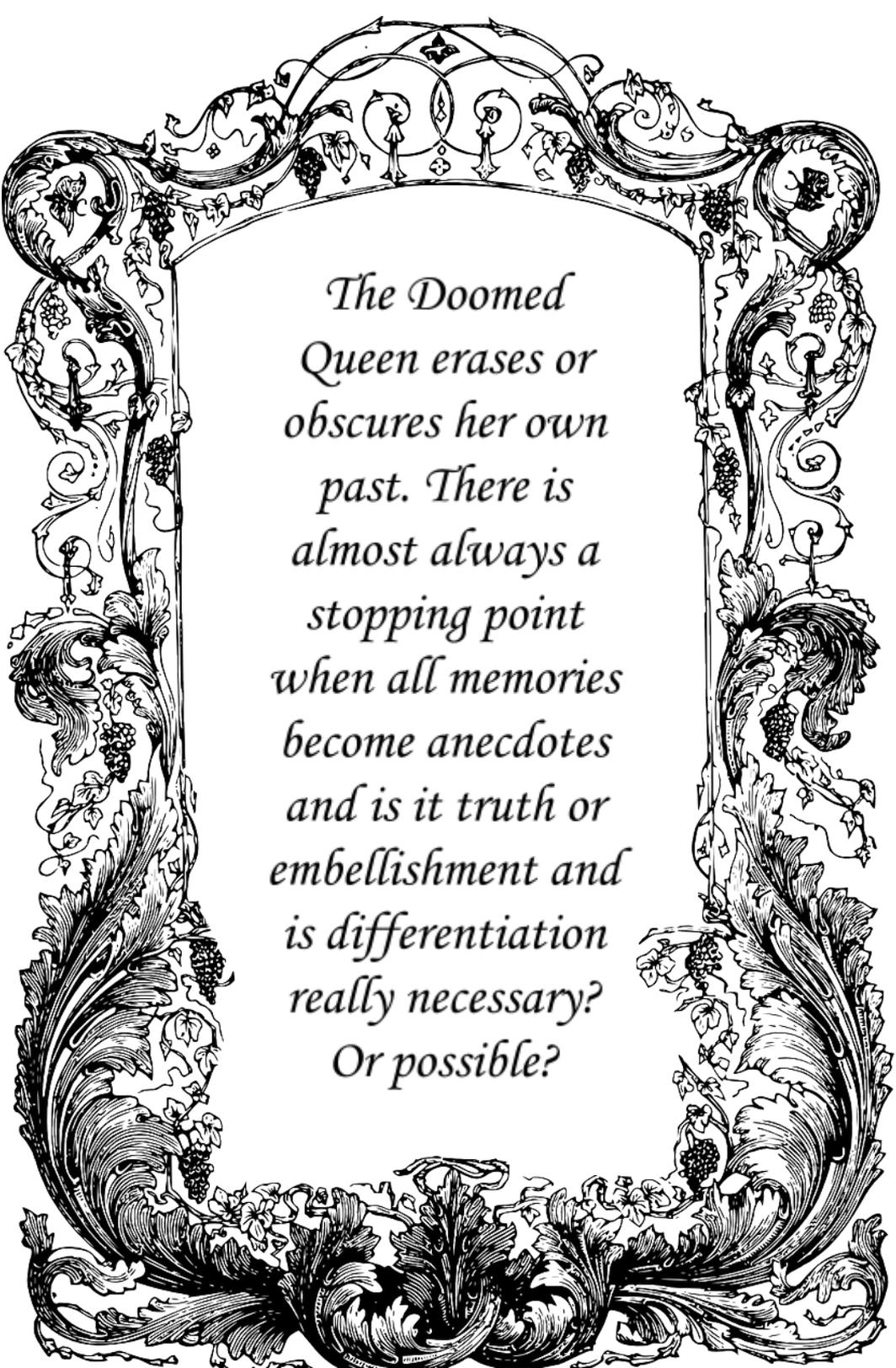
*Death haunts the  
Doomed Queen and  
those surrounding her.  
She typically reacts in  
one of two ways. She  
welcomes Death's  
companionship, feels  
warmth in the chill. Or  
she simply  
acknowledges Death's  
presence and moves  
along with the full and  
utter knowledge that  
they'll meet again,  
sooner rather than  
later. Hysterics,  
though, are always  
appropriate at a  
funeral.*



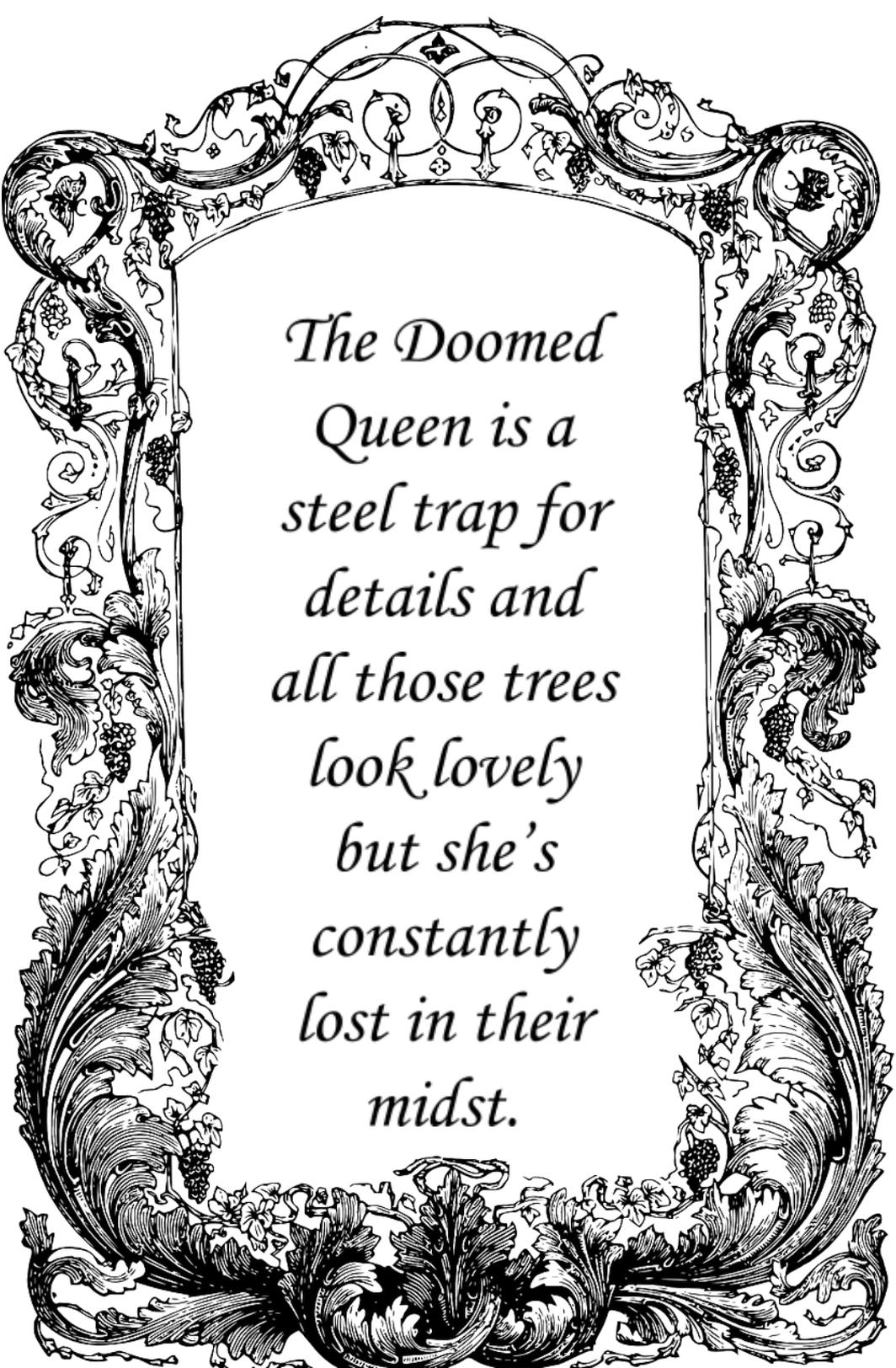
*The Doomed  
Queen has  
two options  
in life:  
keep moving  
or collapse  
utterly.*



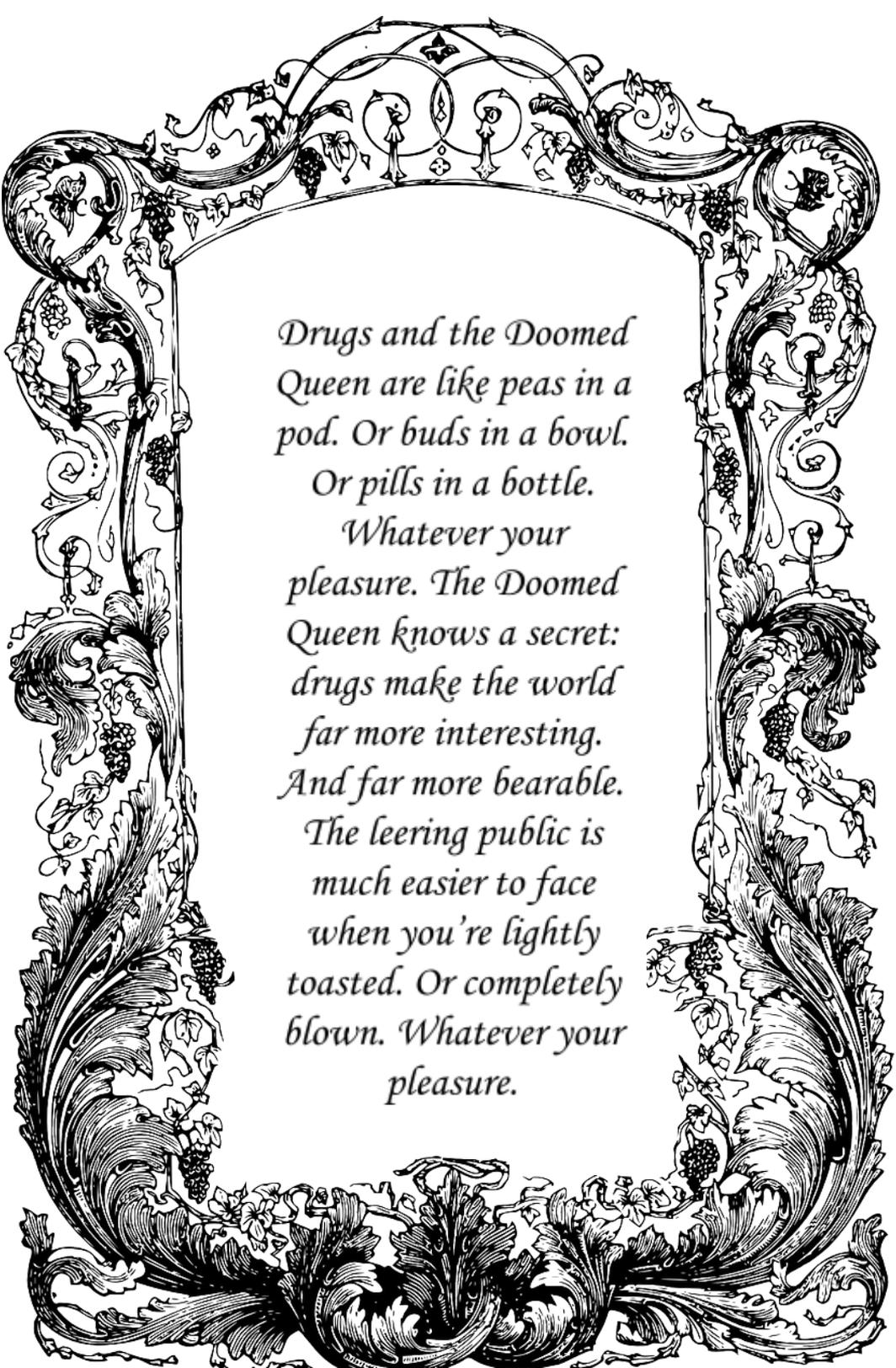
*The Doomed  
Queen relies on  
a sense of the  
past, yet can  
only barrel  
forward with  
the intensity of  
one who knows  
it all may stop  
at any moment.*



*The Doomed  
Queen erases or  
obscures her own  
past. There is  
almost always a  
stopping point  
when all memories  
become anecdotes  
and is it truth or  
embellishment and  
is differentiation  
really necessary?  
Or possible?*

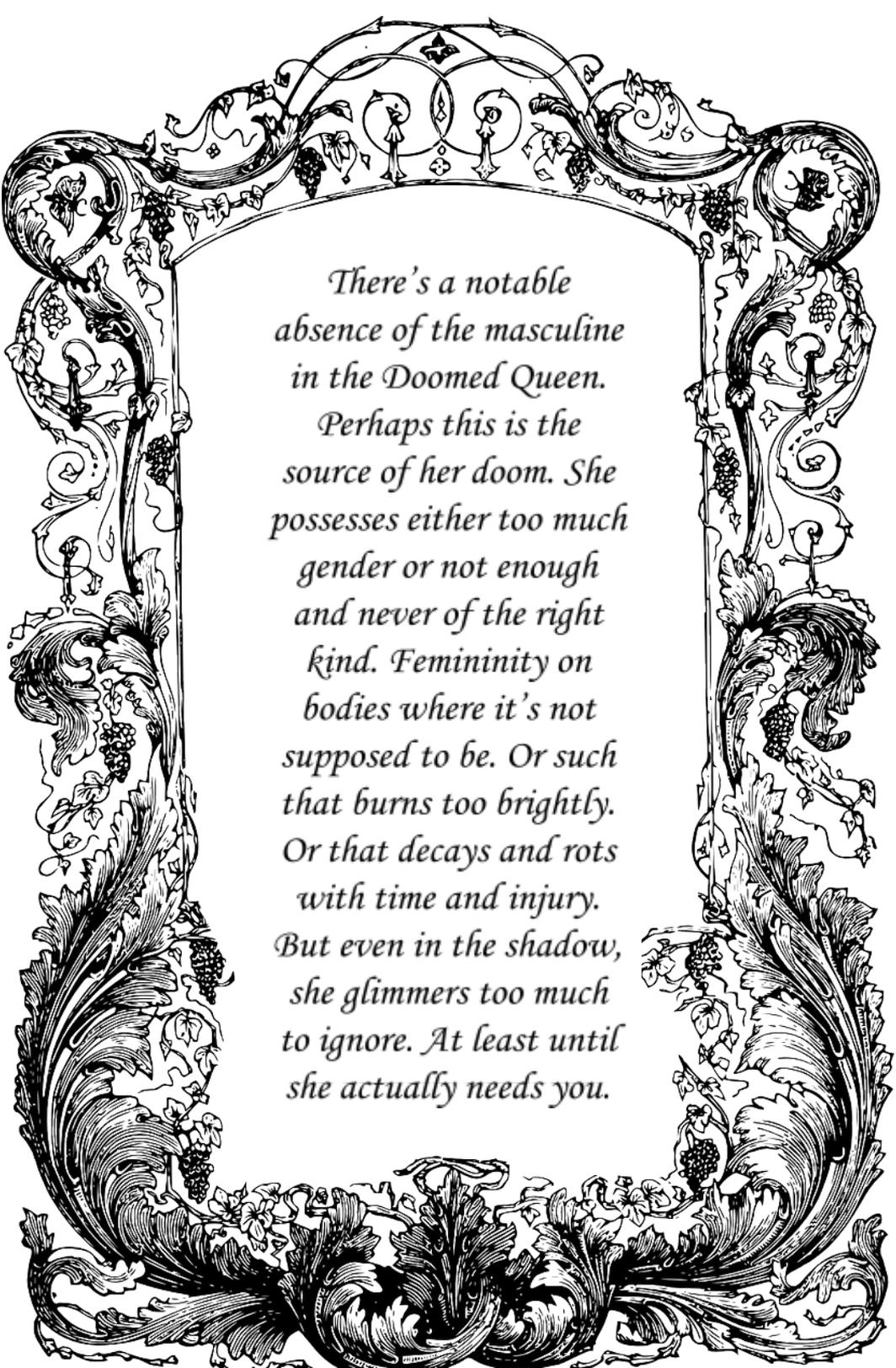


*The Doomed  
Queen is a  
steel trap for  
details and  
all those trees  
look lovely  
but she's  
constantly  
lost in their  
midst.*

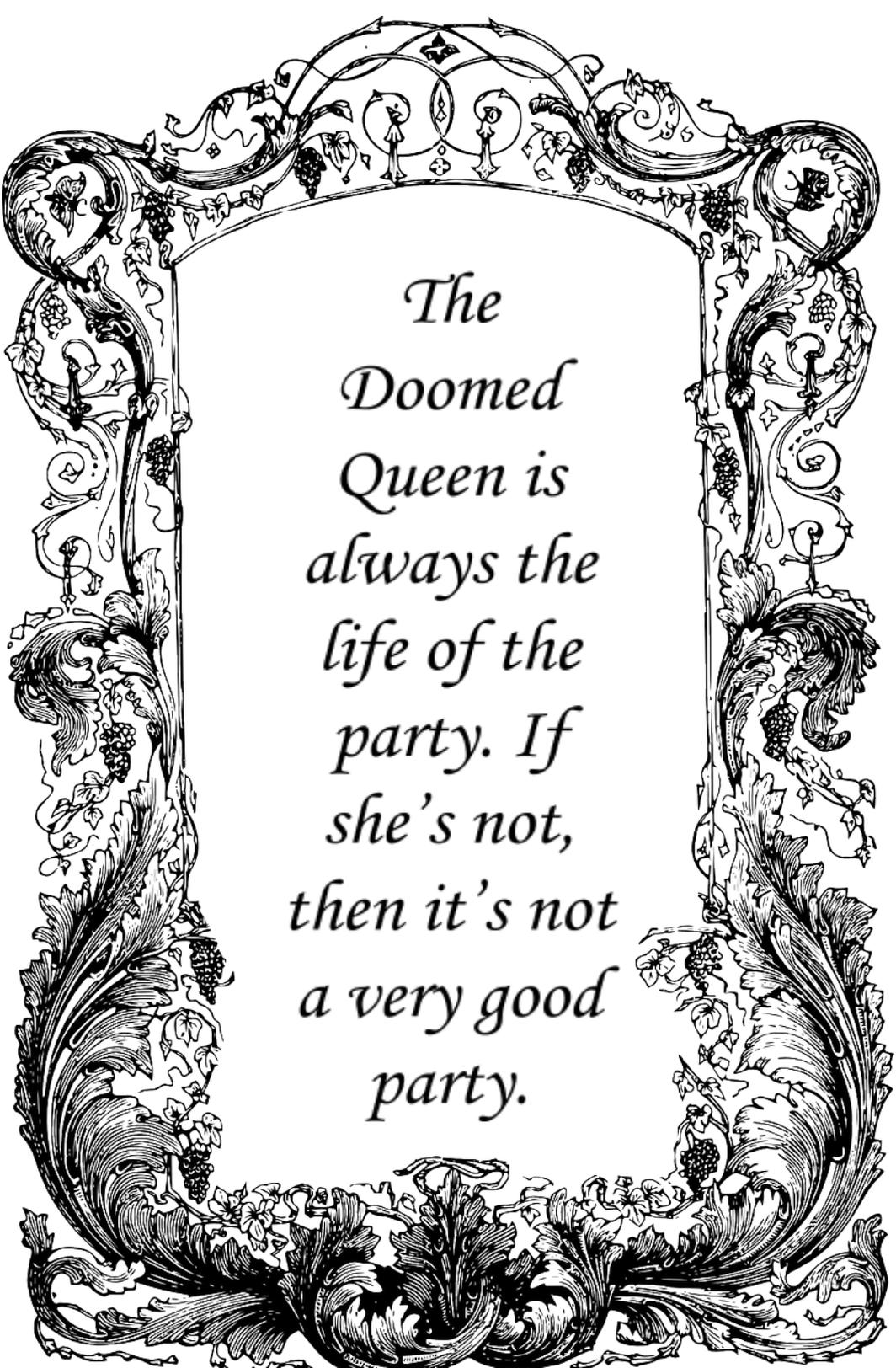


*Drugs and the Doomed  
Queen are like peas in a  
pod. Or buds in a bowl.  
Or pills in a bottle.*

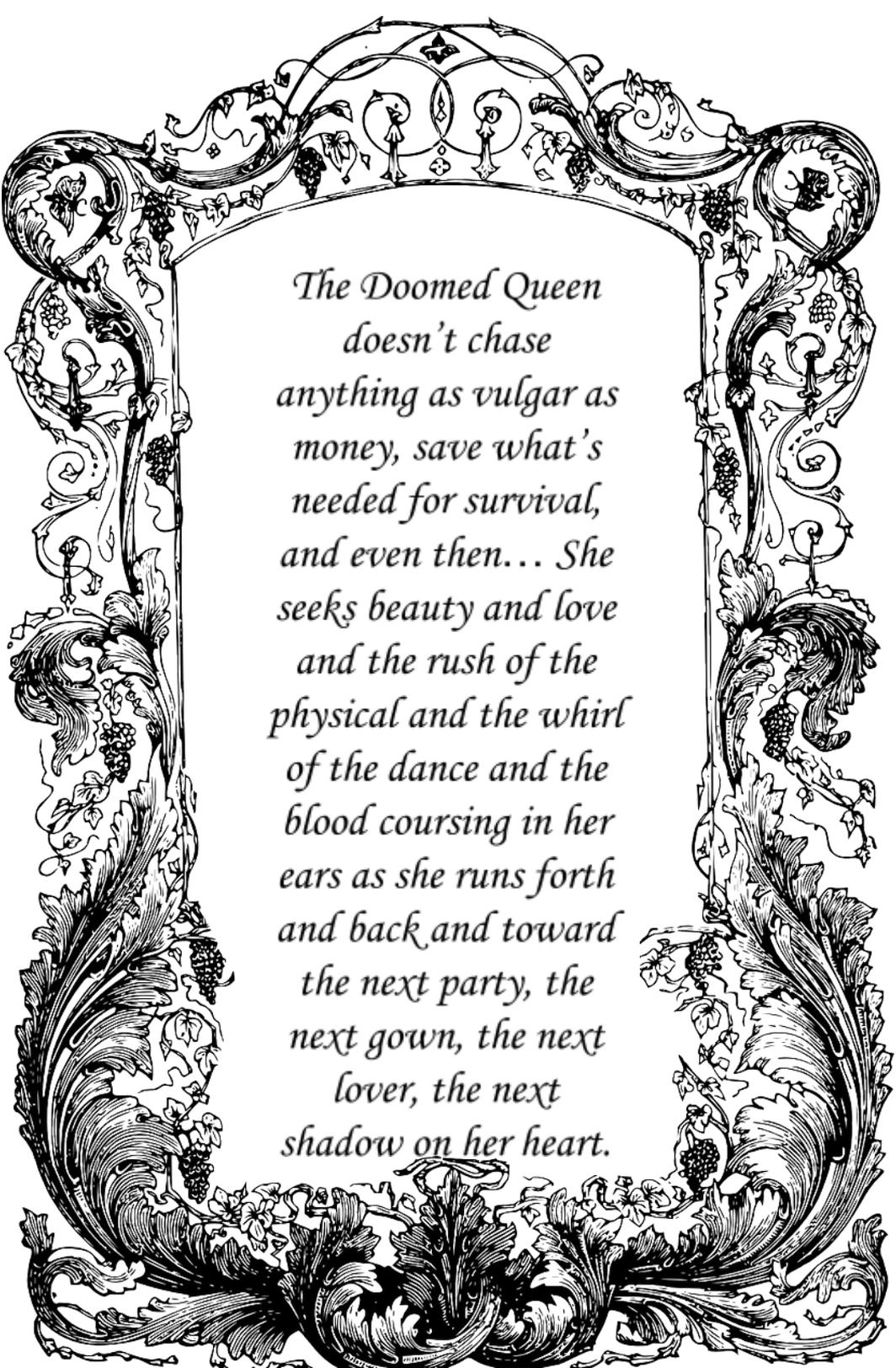
*Whatever your  
pleasure. The Doomed  
Queen knows a secret:  
drugs make the world  
far more interesting.  
And far more bearable.  
The leering public is  
much easier to face  
when you're lightly  
toasted. Or completely  
blown. Whatever your  
pleasure.*



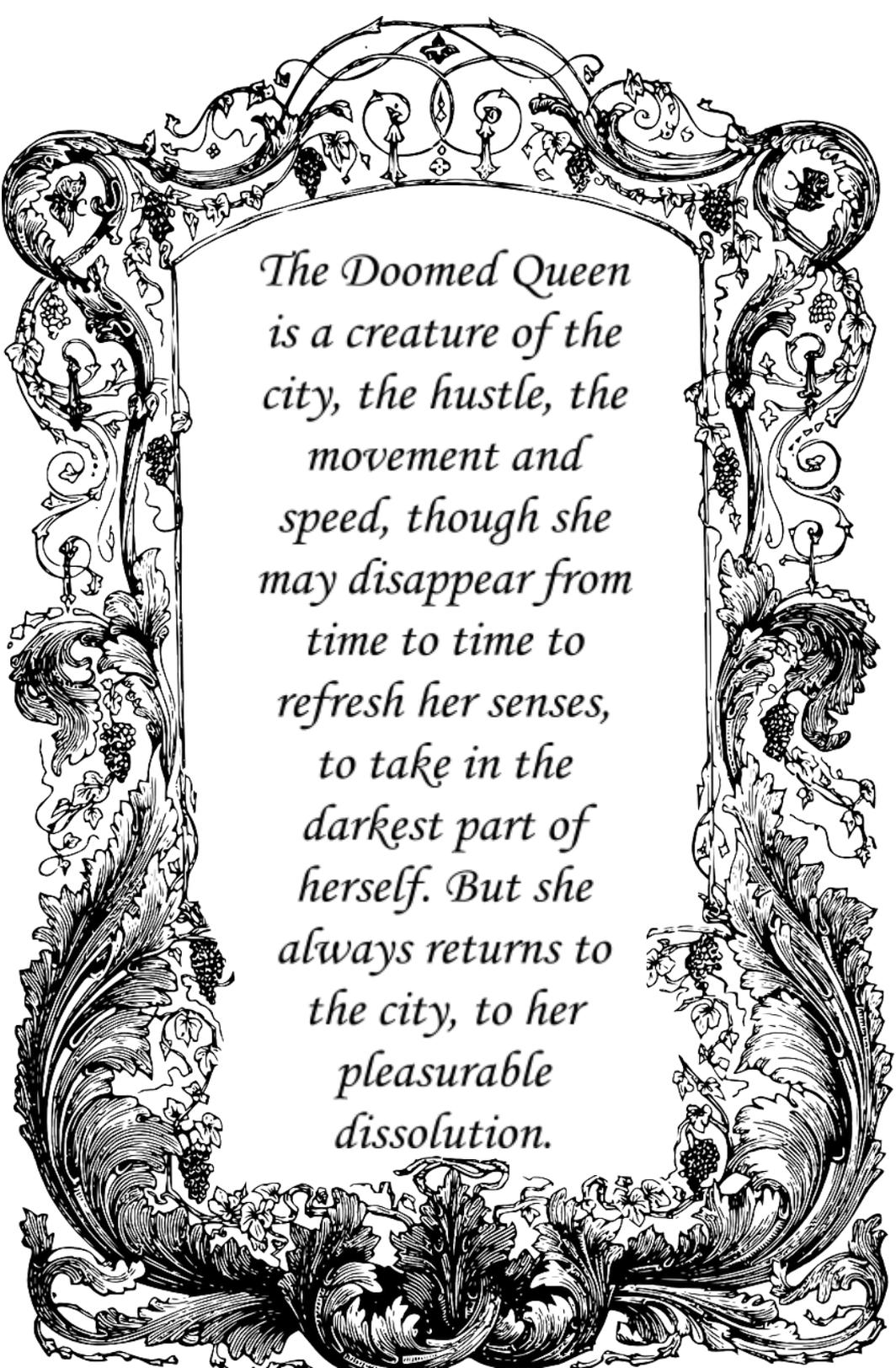
*There's a notable  
absence of the masculine  
in the Doomed Queen.  
Perhaps this is the  
source of her doom. She  
possesses either too much  
gender or not enough  
and never of the right  
kind. Femininity on  
bodies where it's not  
supposed to be. Or such  
that burns too brightly.  
Or that decays and rots  
with time and injury.  
But even in the shadow,  
she glimmers too much  
to ignore. At least until  
she actually needs you.*



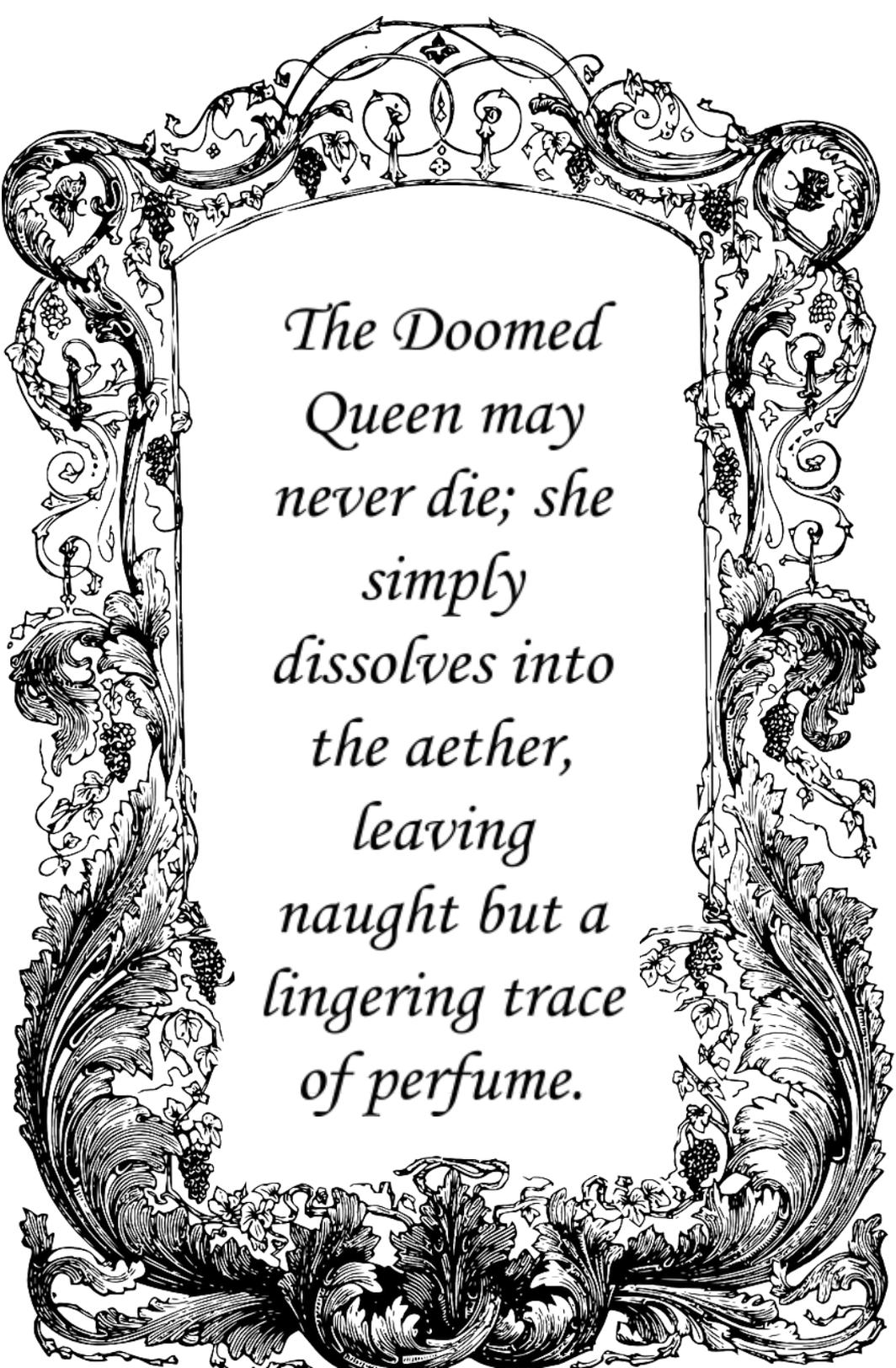
*The  
Doomed  
Queen is  
always the  
life of the  
party. If  
she's not,  
then it's not  
a very good  
party.*



*The Doomed Queen  
doesn't chase  
anything as vulgar as  
money, save what's  
needed for survival,  
and even then... She  
seeks beauty and love  
and the rush of the  
physical and the whirl  
of the dance and the  
blood coursing in her  
ears as she runs forth  
and back and toward  
the next party, the  
next gown, the next  
lover, the next  
shadow on her heart.*



*The Doomed Queen  
is a creature of the  
city, the hustle, the  
movement and  
speed, though she  
may disappear from  
time to time to  
refresh her senses,  
to take in the  
darkest part of  
herself. But she  
always returns to  
the city, to her  
pleasurable  
dissolution.*



*The Doomed  
Queen may  
never die; she  
simply  
dissolves into  
the aether,  
leaving  
naught but a  
lingering trace  
of perfume.*

