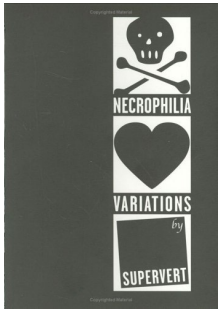


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[Necrophilia Variations](#)

by [Supervert](#) (Goodreads Author)



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Dec 31, 10



recommended for: anyone

status: Read from January 18 to February 16, 2010 — I own a copy

There is one similarity between Necrophilia Variations and a good children's book: a penchant for exquisite presentation.

The little black gem came wrapped in crisp cardboard with a note/bookmark that introduces the reader to who (or what) Supervert is and does. [The elusive human behind Supervert 32C Inc was nice enough to sign the tome for me]. This book impresses from the first time you pick it up because it is very hefty & dense compared to what you would expect from a little paperback. Dressed in a tux, it pops out in the retina of

even the most casual of observers as my reading session on a park bench quickly confirmed. The textured black paper that reminds me of the charred walls of Saint Andrew's cave (or the dried skin of a mummy) is actually the dust cover protecting the white paper back. Although I took excellent care of it, the cover is destined for a rich patina (just like a black paint Leica) with white edges and dusty textures starting to show. Similar to the subject matter this book needs to be fondled with care.

Inside my suspicions are confirmed when it is revealed that every aspect is under the creative shade of Supervert. And he needs to be applauded for such an effort. The paper is top notch with a thick ivory color, texture, vertical watermarks and a beautiful compact typeface, a bit small for my liking, but I guess one has to strain a bit for the privilege of reading NV.

I don't usually dwell on the way literature is presented but this is one instance when it is as much a part of the monograph as the stories themselves and it needs to be said that, while this book may serve a lot of purposes, a high profit margin at the expense of artistic vision isn't one of them.

Necrophilia Variations came at a right time for me. Besides re-igniting my passion for reading I had just kicked my 3 pack/day habit so the captivating read as well as the outre subject matter help take me away from my withdrawal. Although I think I have developed ADD because this review was in the pipeline for months and now it's the first time I got enough mental focus to actually do it.

So what is it? Well a simple answer would be: 32 stories revolving around "death/desire/deviance" but also isolation,desperation,joy,acceptance,loss,fulfillment, the immoral and amoral with an esoteric , sometimes philosophical approach and a healthy dose of black (and almost every other kind of..) humor

Those looking for a mindless gore-fest that might be attracted by the bold title will be partially disappointed. As they should be. No refunds for twilight-fags. This book is not populated by one-dimensional cartoonish characters that "are into dead chicks" or are trying to fulfill some crappy vampire fantasy.although one belle has a thing for their furniture sets.

An urban book. I might go as far as saying that it has a New York setting but this is because I haven't visited the place so my vision of it is Gotham with bicycles.

The characters that inhabit its Universe come across as intelligent and refined, [mostly] introspective who act more on lucid choice or accepted compulsion rather than desperation or animal lust. They take on a mostly masculine persona and whilst a few are gender-free there is no clear voice or depiction of "necro-nymphs" although they are alluded to in "How would you like it?" and one can only imagine what the terror groupies do with their prized collection.

Like the cover, Necrophilia Variation has symmetry. It begins with a light hearted necro-manifesto. A draft campaign who appeals to the narcissist in you;the kind of instance where you would like to be seen as sexy rather than repulsive and be ravaged instead of recycled.although,in a way, necrophilia is the ultimate form of recycling(there should be a cash for clunkers where you send your dead spouse to be reused and get a voucher towards a high-end sex doll.bloody prudes). But it ends with what I can only call as buyers-remorse as the author goes through moral backlash only to resurface in a jokers grin confident in the fertility of the little necrodisiac seed that he so masterfully planted in your simple mind.

The first person narration is one of the greatest selling points for this book. Supervert is able to slip in the POV of so many different minds and consciences, ranging from the naive and mundane to the depraved and supernatural. No doubt his work at Pervscan ,where he hand-picked and provided brilliant commentary to some of the intriguing aspects of human behavior in the news, has made him more proficient in the deviant mind than most authors could or would ever want to be

Speaking of the naive and depraved "Suicide by strumpet" sent me in a myriad of cold sweats... I've been that fucking guy. This young and restless life(and mind) of mine has taken me down Desperation Road once or twice and in my first attempt I distinctly remembered having the same internal dialogue and this similar idea of a last(executed) hoorah although mine was more akin to Fedelein's party in Downfall.

And this is why NV could be(and by all accounts is) so personal to so many because flipping through the available reviews will show that everyone has his/her own favorites .So personal in fact that I can't bring myself to craft a "review" of the individual stories. I love em all.or better said I dislike none which is why I find it next to impossible to comb each and every one and spurt non-sense like 'yeah dude girls do look

hotter when their papa dies'

But if an evil genie stuck a metal rod up my ass on a stormy day demanding to know mine then I would probably confess to Trauma Response Program ,which should have been made into a movie a long time ago with Scarlet johannson as Bibi just so I can see her squirm in that bathtub. And that ambulance crawl is etched deep into my mind

When you add his on-line essay "Perversion and Terror" to the mix you get a unique viewpoint and attitude to what has to be the most spectacular event of the closing decade.

Did I mention that I was and still am terrified of dead bodies? I love grand cemeteries with that air of solemn remembrance and peace but the sight of even a fresh one makes my skin crawl.

So it will sound odd when I tell you that I had a choice between NV and his other book, Extraterrestrial sex fetish .I went by name alone thinking that if the author had the cojones to splatter that bold title than it can either be brilliant or shite. If you had the patience to read this text than you already know where I stand.

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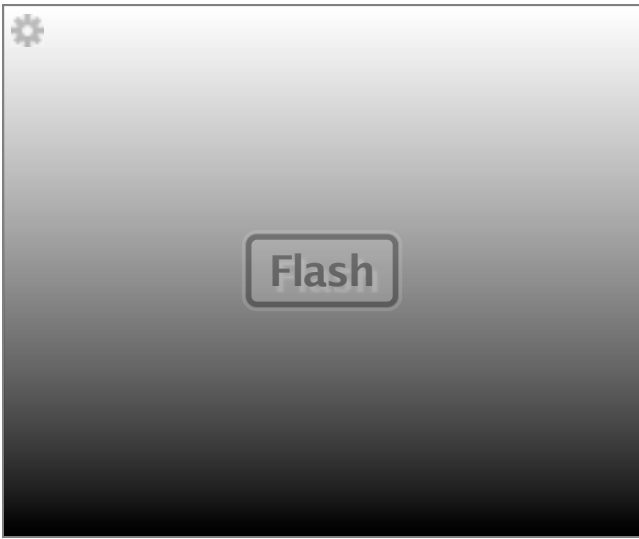
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