

‘Daughters of Lucifer’ by Gabrielle Overall

Wrath

My name is Furor. I am the first daughter of Lucifer. I differ from my brother Ira because he needs to be reasoned with. My disposition is wet and salty a phlegmatically female principle that must be driven out of man. I knew I was decent sort when the police came after me for spending the money they gave me for food on batteries and my father banned me from his funeral. I am the type of woman ratepayers and the PTA organize meetings against. In addition to my transgressions was one far worse: I was never firm friends with anyone long enough at the right time or had joined Rotary International to ever be considered a trustworthy member of the community. My social problems are myriad: slashing of tyres; bog laps and Jim Beam; piss rings; burn outs; internet trolling; banning from local cafes by blond haired waitresses who were simple and devout; throwing the decks of DJ wankers to the ground; finally having the confidence to buy a Black and Decker and go to my local independent radio station where I have worked for free for fourteen years and crank it up because I hated the way the Director’s Sex, Drugs and Christian Rock t-shirt hugged his chest; not replying to Commonwealth bank tellers when they asked me how I was. Despite my Marxist sympathies I still saw them as representative of the interests of the ruling class.

I revel in the many times people say to me, ‘This has never happened to me before’. Taxi drivers when it was the first time they had experienced me committing fare evasion. Self-absorbed boyfriends who experienced their first abusive text message and male musicians their first death threat. When he said he longer trusted me despite the fact I felt like a merchant banker I was glad my arrows had pierced his body armour and I was not going to kill myself.

The brotherhood of Ira opposed me they were kings, dukes, counts, bishops, troubadours, husbands. One of my quips was, why don’t you re-name your band Status Quo you’re so good at maintaining it. I am a Queen who is enraged that my malevolence begins with his gender. They said things will get better for you with men when you get older. They were wrong. He didn’t like poetry no he didn’t like poetry but still agreed to collaborate with me and would even watch me perform my poems at readings like some perverse breed of culture vulture. Something my father always told me to look out for. Sure, he dabbled in production

but this Russ Meyer vixen emerged in real life. In addition to being a sound boy he was also one of those notorious “theatre husbands” when he was trying to be cutting-edge he would start his play with an operating table because he had arranged to have me gang-raped in hospital the year previous. This Maenad resisted hence I was forced to be part of his horrific ritual. One of my most memorable facetious remarks after the event was, ‘I’m having another medical procedure on May 17th if you want to get in early as I don’t want to inconvenience you with your sore wrist’. In addition to this one of his band was influenced by Nick Cave and I was pored in his merchandise.

Death threats happen I begged him to call the police because I knew the prison system was the only way I would ever experience sex in Perth, Western Australia. *Horror autem vel desperatio futuri* as they say.

He was the cause of my wrath, he was the cause of my envy, gluttony, lust, avarice, pride and sloth.

A few months later I was driven so mad with my wrath that I left my home and went to live in the wild in the Greek mountains. When I saw Dionysus and his ilk looking at me I tore them limb from limb.

Gluttony

Dieticians there are many but my name is Gula. I am the third daughter of Lucifer. First, the Doctor called my sister Furor “psychotic”, then they tried to put me on a diet and I didn’t want to be a model super or otherwise. So, I walk into Woolworths try to locate an aisle open up their product and eat. I just eat. I am like a cow eating from a trough because I am not welcome anywhere. Men always look at me like I am a piece of meat. Why carry a lance of sausages and cooked meats and take them away when you can just eat? Sometimes I sit on the cold floor during stocktaking and I just eat. I went into Coles and stole 99% fat free lamingtons rushed to the entrance to escape (cos there is no exit from capitalism unless you are a product) and ducked under the entrance partition. I ran through the shiny family-friendly arcade out onto the street through confusing cul-de-sacs of shopping centres into an alleyway and I just ate. A faux Aunty always reprimanded me on the rudeness of eating in the street. At my fake friends’ wedding I ate three cupcakes instead of one and they were displeased. Sometimes I line the fridge of the intelligentsia in the staff room at my local University. When I tire of the lamingtons I go to Liquorland where partitions open

automatically for me grab a bottle of scotch walk down the aisle into the switchbox alcove and I just drink. I am the fountainhead. I am a sin of subversion as I am neither capital nor evil proper. Like Djuna Barnes and Romaine Brooks I have divine grace I just want to drink.

I don't want the apotheosis of my life to end in God's hands I just want to drink. I love the King of France because he pardons my Saturnalia. Only a Burgundy can placate a Burgundian. In ancient Greece I drink until death. The public fountains in Paris are flowing with red wine. Even the lepers of Laon are given four pints of wine a day while the dietician only grants me one glass. That is why I want to drink. My sister of lust that lush Luxuria and I know each other intimately. Each glass is a concupiscence of the flesh, our cups know how to con. The preacher does not like it when we dance and touch. Luxuria and I are joined through sins of the tongue, our taste and touch, our palette of dirty speech and obscenity. We intoxicate the King our tyranny an orgy of sins. Myself plus a tavern equals sex trade.

Avarice

My name is Avaritia. I am the fifth daughter of Lucifer. I am a feminist academic who is fiercely opposed to austerity measures, any austerity measures. You can tell it is me by my bling. My area is postcolonial literature. Regularly my stiletto traverses the dark skin of my lesser prince's back (my Turkish boyfriend). Like my sister Luxuria, I too love libido dominandi. Myself and my sister Superbia are the head of the acronym SALIGA. This like a lesbian-feminist sorority complex stands for: Superbia, Avaritia, Luxuria, Ira, Gula, Invidia, Acedia. Our agent demons are always attacking the associate professor behind his back. It started off with provincial gluttony. Six course meals and dozens of bottles of red wine in sealed off rooms. We were like cosmic mouths eating the world. This soon expanded to my primitive art collection from Africa, Oceania and the Americas, and sacred artefacts. When we realized we could finally afford the acquisition of goods beyond our normal means this extended to people and we could not control people they had to face Furor. Luxuria suggested attractive male prostitutes in their early twenties. We were like two Abbesses beating their flesh into submission so they had to realize their performances were their own not God's. We wanted to control objects so we screamed at chairs. This with our many overseas trips necessary for the continuation of my postcolonial research became the neo-colonization of the world until Superbia and I were Godlike. It was through the concatenation of our inner

Pauline warfare as phallic women that we were our own private jet. We kept expanding our horizons until we brought about the ruin and the perdition of the academy.

Sloth

Tok was born lazy. Everybody cooed over her. Such a sweet baby.

The truth was she was too lazy to cry . . . She grew into a lazy

girl . . . By the time she was grown, she was too lazy to work . . .

too lazy even to find food for herself. Eileen Colwell.

My name is Acedia. I am the seventh daughter of Lucifer. First comes Luxuria followed by Furor then comes me, bloated Lazy Tok. I have been eating and sleeping for too long and am being chased by spiders, insects and other vermin. I am a tired, sluggish, disheartened and impoverished post-graduate student. When demons cannot trouble me at night they fashion lies of lust and vainglory in my thoughts during the day. The face of the angel demon *Tristitia* would seize my mind. *Tristitia: rancor, pusillanimitos, amaritudo, desperatio*. On the outside his face was as beautiful and white as a sepulchre on the inside he was sullied. He would sap me of my reading, note-taking and exegesis writing time. He would whisper into the ear of the Head of School my thought crimes and misdemeanours and they would limit the number of poems I could write for my PhD thesis from 126 to 60. But this was not all of his Vampiric blood letting. When I am working from home and he obsesses my mind I am prostrate. The male dominated capitalist regime the Australian government would never think of the necessities of women: the implementation of free tampons at least. I am the pre-menopausal squalor of the female scholar who lie in a pool of her own blood while watching *The Bold and the Beautiful*. Sap like the blood of trees flowed down my inner thighs. Nobody wants a bleeding woman with a bleeding heart. Everybody loves God's blood. They drink from his cup every Sunday. While the blood of a woman is synne.

