

analogy of the pointlessness of conflict in respects to how meaningless some of the things are we fight over.

Though are there then also aggravators. An offending party perhaps that would not accept anything but their own victory, by force – and hence ... becomes a threat. There, at some point, nuance is dead – except it's not – but who cares? Well – I ... suppose I have to. Might as well. But what's the point? We'll see?

Well – things are the way they are. And all nuance there is to it, is eventually just a matter of our own perception. I mean, so is nature – after all – pretty blunt, all things considered. But not too blunt. There's a degree of randomness or uncertainty to it – which, though blunt in its own way, adds some nuance to the bold numerical conception.

Anyhow.

According to the original script I'm supposed to be 'oddly happy' now. Which ... according to the rewrite I was not, until I came to highlight the toilet-slavery part. I mean, I did write a bunch about Clarity that I now replaced with this whole other meta-discussion – and while I can feel the energy of this "oddly happy", I do actually feel oddly conflicted right now. Maybe because this is more of a cop-out.

Well, be that as it may ... to be true to form I have to tell you that: "And so, I'm oddly happy now. Finally, perhaps. For I'm rather sure now, that when observing these things properly, we can soon populate the world with happy Sex-Slaves.

To what end however?" to move on to the next Chapter.

8 – Wood or Charcoal?

Because we're not done yet. And what are Chapters but suggestions at this point? But so we start with a reminder to the concepts of the Gimmickification or Ungimmickification of Clarity; To highlight them as misrepresentations of a truth. Malformed interpretations of the truths at play here, if you so will. And naturally, we can't have that – if we can help it.

But so also the issue with HIS MAJESTY the LORD GOD (of Israel), to open another can of Worms, I suppose. I mean, eventually we can appreciate how truths that we didn't know existed can alter our consciousness or awareness of things – shifting our attention towards something better or higher. It is certainly a matter of growth that we come to moments where we look back and cringe about our own. Or conversely realize how stupid we were. I get it ever so often that I come to write things I then and there understand I couldn't have written just a short while ago. As of that it strikes me as somewhat miraculous – if not downright irresponsible – that I'm ... "doing these things". But after a while, nuance makes way to a broader understanding that potentially implies it. And so, feeble manifestations are outdated once their intricacies are understood well enough so that we can move beyond the foregone ignorance.

ordinary. And still you are aware of its meaning, you partake of it as of something that your own mind would produce. I guess one way to describe these things then would be 'sub-internal'. To say 'external' as from outside of what you would (by that time) recognize as your own, but on the other side to the outside. So, deeper inside.

But so are there also limitations. I've written about the uncertainties with details. Or some kinds of details at least. That would be one thing. My struggle with the Crests would be another example of this process lacking what we might call 'prescriptive' properties.

So have I recently, yesterday or so, dug through the maze that are my backup folders. It's terribly unorganized. I was looking for something specific, apparently I hadn't backed it up properly, whatever. But so I stumbled on some old work of mine that I found a little bit funny. That because I was rather certain about two things in particular that I later then walked back on. So, those two could have been the real delusions. So is the nature of Clarity, that I got the habit of 'describing myself'. And so I did when it came to those points. I so was of the mind that those are truths; And I had no reason to assume otherwise. Not yet at least.

So, in that sense those two things were a part of my Clarity. There's so one particular layer – let's call it "the Caverns" – that exists as part of a structure ("the Mansion") – which exists as some kind of tidier abstraction of the whole. There then was a part of those Caverns relating to one of those two things – and since I came to change my understanding of it, that part Changed as well. And then had the luminary re-enforcement that had previously been missing.

Now it's not that the Light wouldn't put up any resistance to that. It's rather that I wouldn't let it. And that not as a matter of will, but one of understanding. On the flip-side then, the Light wouldn't just roll with my BS – and that because I was "wrong". And sure, that in heavy quotation marks.



Frame of a Comic that goes by the poetic title of "Dick Girl Bride"

In that sense, I'd argue that the Light is also concerned of the greater quality of what it sustains. This for once I assume concerns the individuals contemporary condition – so, I assume, concerning aspects of ourselves we cannot yet change. Or 'correct'. But also in what is effectively being 'sought' for.

But so the thing with the Gem (my second seal). Or so the question: Am I male or am I female? And – full disclosure (I just remembered): There was a brief moment in time where I had considered myself gender fluid. But I soon realized that the only real reason for me to be fluid, is so I could be

female. Yet had my mind been more or less anchored in an understanding of being male. But this I also only really insisted on in order to be made female. The big problem with these things might be, that it's all described in sexuality. But what about the rest? Or ... whatever.

The best way to put it may be that I had testosterone issues. So did my proclivity towards sex and my testosterone fueled body make for an explosive composition. I was an addict of sorts. And along with it so came a cultivation thereof. This would further manifest in my fantasies, in that this masculinity would create pockets for its heterosexual urges. This was further supported by the fact, that some of my relationships would have an insistence on transing me. Or so I would imply as from my male perspective. They would at least allow for it in theory. So I would say, that until those relationships could "make it so" - I was allowed to be male.

Ontop of that is my relationship to my spouse primarily an emotional one. And here it might be a mix of a couple of things that made way for my testosterone driven infatuation to fit in nicely. There so for instance is what we might call "big spoon emotional affection" - or so the pro-active urge towards cuddling, perhaps amplified through a sad/hurt child modality (a psychological model). Then there's a certain unrest when it comes to the concept of being loved actively - so: being passive myself. A part of it may align with this kink of being forced into passivity - or so, there's a seed of internal defiance. However it works. But so the testosterone, the internal defiance AND neediness came together to ... basically impose a scope of ideas through which I was somewhat compelled to enjoy my masculine tendencies. Yet, in as far as it is *his* goal to make me be female, not only regarding my sexuality, there were always shimmers that fed into myself - and the further along I was in my transition, the more these spaces opened up.

So yes. There's a Catch 22 situation there. But, at occasion a Clarity would come in that highlighted a peace from being 'held down' essentially. Or so, what is on the other side of those active urges of mine that would generally obscure those moments. Essentially rendering them inactive. Those would further flow into my general understanding, but it took a while for me to ... well ... properly appreciate them for what they were.

The truth then is, that my overall condition would align better with those moments of passivity than with what my "manliness" would inject. But, given the circumstances, the process yet qualifies as "forced/subjected into femininity". And ... who knows?

The thing is, for once, that if I had a greater "natural insistence" on my masculinity, there would have been more space given to it. Or 'some' space when looking past the in-between. As it stands, there isn't enough space for it to be, but just enough for it to not be absent. And perhaps that's also just a side-effect of having been stuck in male bodies for so long. And so maybe this prison for my 'male' self is at the end of the day really just a prison for my mind. And - thinking of my decision to undergo bottom surgery as a finality - well, there's a hint of disappointment. One that had however already manifested previously.

would assume that that's what I'm doing - or trying to accomplish - as my sexual nature gets jumbled up in the narrative. That on the other hand is similar to a certain kind of Transphobia - whereby a trans woman that outs herself is assumed to do so because she wants to hit on the men she's out to. Which eventually only goes to show what people think of women.

And yea, that eventually outs people for being ... let's say primitive. It isn't all that different, however, from some of the struggles trans people go through. So is there reality as it is - and we learn to navigate it; Despite underlying assumptions. Then however a piece of it is ripped away - and while our mind hasn't had the time to adjust to that, underlying truths are being revealed. Such as that the hetero-normative media-hegemony, let's call it that, nourishes a very primitive hetero-sexual dichotomy in which the female autonomy is tolerated in as far as it complies to the male gaze/demand.

So do we then, entirely without attention, fall back - at times - to the primitive routines that we, by all we care, might even be completely opposed to. But yes - you can and maybe should be/feel ashamed of yourself; but eventually that's not gonna do much. It is as it is.

Like so is it possibly fair to have such primitive ... underlying assumptions. It's the easy routine based upon which we can take further steps. And yea, sexuality is inherently sexist.

Eventually you can't have one without the other.

It's also - I feel - an issue in the I.T. sector. As, over time, software has become more and more complex, tools have been developed to make things easier. People then, that learn how to code, would do so starting at a certain point along a spectrum. There's the "OG" side of it, where programming entails an intimate understanding of the underlying architecture - and there's the "New School" side of it, where a lot of that case sensitive, intricate "nonsense" has been replaced by simplifications. So are there then programmers that eventually don't even really understand what they're doing at times, as the simplified models for instance don't give them a proper understanding of what's actually happening. Like so, some people couldn't differentiate a float from a string - like ... literally. And sure - with proper knowledge one is to ask: Well, are we talking about the string itself, or the pointer to the array? And so, why can one not simply: `float_var = string_var`? Because actually you're trying to `float_var = string_to_float(string_var)` - where now the `string_to_float` function is its own beast that has to know what either fundamentally is. Things "the modern programmer" doesn't want to deal with. But - either way - the point is that as things become more complex, and the suggestion is for things to be easy, there comes a demand for simplification - and when that demand isn't met with the appropriate know how for how complex things 'actually' are - as for the intended purpose - things break.

Or: Feature Loss/Verschlimmbesserung. *Everyone's Favorite!* Not!

So are there fundamental issues that we have to be aware of - and 'grant' each other, as otherwise we might as well beef at each other for having bones. So then it's just whether you pick the blue or the red flag - as for an

But that aside, I think this lends itself further to the trans discussion. At least for the meta-commentary to “what the fuck” it is that you just read; And all the what-if’s and so-what’s that follow; We’re in roughly the same spot, as also earlier with the matters of Misery and Second Hand Assumptions.

So regarding the latter, is there that ‘trend’ or ‘tendency’ I’ve mentioned – to say that to my impression, social pressures seem to require that the conversation converges around things people can understand – yet in so doing, whatever important truth there may be can be lost in our inability to grasp or relate or sort it in. And in as far as certain things hinge on a proper appreciation of those, whatever follows ends up being a meaningless mess.

So could we talk about Power or Authenticity – arguing that those are after all the important matters at hand. Yet it so happens that they are more so the opposite. The conversation around Power would seek an answer in form of a Power move – a display of sorts that would settle things once and for all. Thereby eventually thinking Power in its own way, as something other than what is actually given. Authenticity on the other hand ... well. I’ll say that for as long as I’m not in the state of mind, or so: Appropriate conditions – there are things I’ll just not engage in. So, that point is obviously mute.

But sure. On the other hand can we guide a conversation around those topics to meaningful ends. Yet is the Authenticity, or the Power, something that isn’t contained within the previously discussed things. Give or take.

So, people may be baffled. At least does my pessimistic mind assume as much. Like: So why are we discussing these things then? Well ... the issue there would be; Had I not also done my part to take it to this point; That it is an external take on the matter. So, similar to how we might get from talking about alignment with the divine to matters of punishment – we may come from me being open about myself to matters of power and extended authenticity. To say that it was at no point the implied or promoted intention – and yet may pro-active skepticism perpetuate itself into a position that may in effect yearn for the unfathomable.

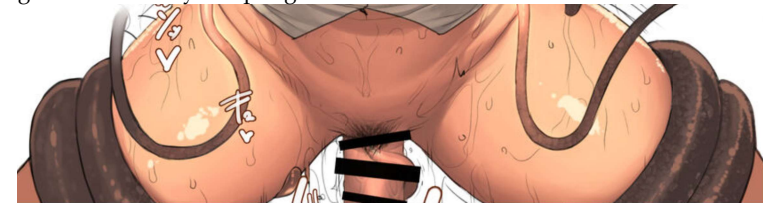
It is a relatively easy thing to do, following a given formula. You have your life – you know what it is made of. Any new information carried towards you now either complies with your view or it doesn’t. If it does – everything is fine. If it doesn’t – you impose the onus on it to disrupt your existence or otherwise you might as well ignore it.

It is really silly to speak about open-mindedness in that regard; For one who follows that formula may claim to be open-minded – as they certainly aren’t “denying the possibility” – it’s just ... well ... stupid.

It thereby, to return to the matter at hand, seems to me as though ... well, the social capital I do or seek to acquire by putting forth what I do in here, has a certain effect. Such as ... women that whore themselves out to the male gaze find appreciation – as such they become coveted in that a man who can hold a woman that is coveted increases his own status. People

Even before I started to transition. Somewhere stuck between the various ‘forced feminization’ “moments”. At the core of which ... there’s my second seal.

So, at the very least do I understand that time will tell. Whether the loss of my masculinity is lamentable to the point where I might reclaim some of it. As it stands, I don’t really have any sympathies for it. At least not this ... “male condition”. I mean, inspired by these issues I was wondering – prior to the surgery – whether or not I might regret not having a PP. But the answer usually was a resounding no. Now in hindsight it strikes me a bit differently. That however for once because my VJ is still healing. It certainly isn’t ready for abuse – and ... while I’m still like walking on eggshells ... attempts at sexual satisfaction come with a flair of desperation that doesn’t seem to be helping. Well, at least the vibrator helps a bit. I certainly don’t want my PP back, although I can still get myself stuck on the pleasurable memories of masturbation. And that gets countered by accepting the sense of loss.



Artist: Oda Non

There is however that one ... place or vision ... I can’t really get out of my head. It’s a little house – and in it my spouse and I live as dogs. Like from a cartoon. So, anthropomorphic dogs. Here I’m the husband and she’s the wife. And nothing else. Or so, I sit at the table and she stands next to it. And that alone, represented as a white speck, is associated to a cascade of black specks. Also is this white speck barely anything – while the black ones are broad and deep. So ... I take a sense or feeling or understanding from that ... of how little I’d really need it for balance. Or how much I’d need to accommodate for even just a little bit. It’s like ... for however much Japanese artists may do right – it doesn’t weigh up against their need for censorship. It’s ridiculous!

And so, in other terms, this may be a story about narratives and getting stuck on things.

So is of course also the biggest fear here. In a neutral setting in which I may assume that people will give my case a fair and honest shake ... I’m confident, all is cool, such and such, no problem. But given what fate truth generally is subjected to ... the outlook gets grimmer and grimmer. And once a certain image or prejudice has established itself ... it doesn’t matter how outrageous the lies and the bullshit become.

But it’s not like me purging any harsh content would help. For all they care ... even the thought of a nipple gets you straight to hell. Or even the mere potential for maybe perhaps seeing one. Or whatever. “It’s demons!”. No! Just lines and colors! “are used for Incantations!” ... [sigh]

#NipplesAreDemons?

The thing is – I am their worse nightmare come true. So to the point, that it is (supposing it is so) the truth the Devil has brainwashed them to see for a lie. The wolf in sheep's clothing having struck them with its deception.

But how? The other thing I was 'wrong' about ... you know what it is. The thing is that I'm not asking you to not take issue with it – and all the other things I will admit are a bit iffy if not controversial or just flat out ... hard to swallow. But often enough a surface level understanding isn't sufficient to judge the reality of a thing.

So, the most anti "the evil within us" the Bible gets in my opinion, is that part in Matthew 15/Mark 7 about what comes out of our mouths. There we so get a list of all the evil things that are within our hearts – and as per a surface Level understanding you'd take that list, try to understand all the "bad things" one would be tempted into – totally neglecting the rest of it. And eventually then, hate-speech grows more and more rampant, people call for murder and start to discriminate for the blandest of reasons – but hey, it's OK because it's not on the list.

What does however come out of 'my' mouth?
Supposing that my writing is speech.

Am I talking to you about the evils in my heart, trying to tell you that it's alright? Am I tempting you to let go of your better knowledge? To kill your conscious and let the darkness flow through you?

I would hope not!

But why is it then that ... ? Well, maybe because one does need to have a death wish when volunteering to speak in behalf of the divine truth. Sorry, just kidding. But sure. In as far as you're to believe in the power of re-incarnation, death receives a different face. Does that now mean we're allowed to randomly murder people? How would it be so?

'Tis the tongue of the deceiver who would try to suggest to you, that it's more convenient for you to stick to the simple things. To not ... think too hard about anything. That all truth is superficial. And that under no circumstances you should ask God for that one thing.

I mean, I'm not advocating for beholding women as second class citizens, to then maybe move on to classify them as property, to then move on to deal with them as though they were commodities.

I'm not telling you to let go of human affection, compassion and empathy. So, sure do I come from a dark place where the norm or the common sense or what have you are what some might call twisted. That's why we're there. That's the whole point! Because to us ... it's the better way! So you should understand that we have our ways of being affectionate, compassionate and empathetic – amongst our own. You might think it cruel, but it's really just different. What you should be concerned about is whether or not we would want to extend our culture upon yours. To have you live by our rules.

consequence there is this part of myself that is tied to a given community - who subsequently are the "effective patrons" thereof.

The second mode of enslavement comes as an extension thereof. We might call it fine-tuning or the final touch. Some added Character onto the raw substance. But in a sense also an imprinting to further distinguish between my existence as a Rape-Slave and my existence as subject to a corresponding Master.

The exact detail of this mode of enslavement are a bit washed out though. It may be due to some implied flexibility or because I wasn't really in the right mind to properly conceive it. On the one end however it's clear that I here/there further confirm my position as a Rape Slave by drinking piss or eating shit; Primarily in a ritualistic manner, so through implied/imposed symbolic meaning, and as a play on Psychology. What I get out of it is that I acknowledge myself as sub-human or a toy; So basically as subject to the ... "general vibe" or mindset or such ... of what got me there. In parts of me this also comes with ... let's call it: Heightened humiliation ... like, something about craving it in correspondence to my submission – as to have my mind read it as a delicacy, or to be regarded as filth, perhaps even disposable, or to simply subject my sensitivities to a life of being abused.

And so is that ...

What might be further of interest is just how they fit into my Clarity. That because in some way they don't fit into my Clarity at all. What I consider my Clarity is primarily consolidated within my 'primary home' - as established or worked through "the Anchors". And so are they not much more than a footnote at this point. So I wouldn't think of them, or these modes of Enslavement, when I'd talk of my Clarity just in general – as the thereby yielded results aren't only pretty much implied in my primary home, but also conceived or realized or dealt with in a different manner. I do however perceive the corresponding bonds as carried by the Light; And so the bespoke results are made 'forcibly manifest' within me.

Regarding that I came to focus more on "shifts in perception". We might compare it to how the full spectrum of the Light allows for a variety of insights – so: while we, for reasons of comprehensibility, usually only see a certain range, X-Ray and Infra-Red make for a different view on things that yield vastly different pictures. So can I for instance distinguish between a feeling that is inherent to matters of Clarity; And a shine. Generally they come hand in hand – though sometimes it's more this or that.

My Shackles, the Collar, or perhaps the Seals just in general make for a good example. On some Level, these are items that have their own intrinsic meaning, but that eventually also sits on a spectrum. So do I feel the Shackles sometimes as merely a reminder of their presence – aligned to their implications – and other times they are linked to specific environments. So would the Collar eventually sit there tight around my neck, imposing a kind of paralysis that has some oddly pacifying effect on me; While other times its more visible through its own implied reality.

Anyway – perhaps
checkout
(YouTube):
attacking ideas |
my changing view
of Islam [cc] by
[TheraminTrees]

consequences I would further count towards what we might call my “bulk”. That is to say that they aren’t fringe aspects of myself, but very much integral to the whole of my self. Though the narrative regarding the processes may be somewhat in the fringes, I think I’ll get to more of that later, the results are more or less independent to that. So has the process played out to produce the result within me – being part of ‘my bulk’ – while the narratives provide a way of sorting those into my internal narrative.

The reason why I would consider their individual narratives as on the fringes is because the enslaving party is more of its own thing. To say that there aren’t any immediate or obvious ties to what I have so far loosely implied to be my family. I think however I did mention them briefly back in the part on “Heaven 2.0”. So – upon entering Heaven 2.0 there is this envisioned path; And somewhere off in the void there is this “other Family”. And there I grow up to be trained and sold as a Sex-Slave. I guess we could call it a ‘second home’.

The way I relate to them fluctuates. Sometimes I don’t care at all, other times I’m filled with deep devotion. The latter is certainly integral to the relationships themselves – so as per the modes of enslavement, pertaining to both: The processes and the results; And the former is merely a consequence of them being ... well ... not truly “the one’s I’m with”.

The first of these two modes of enslavement has me describe myself as a Rape-Slave. It relates to my second Crest Invocation (or primary Crest 2 Invocation) and is strongly associated to my abduction dream. It’s also loosely connected to the Brainwashing aspect regarding my second Seal, though that primarily as being implicated by its presence in my Clarity Diagram. The gist is, that I find myself abducted – locked away somewhere where people abuse me as a fuck toy, or so: Rape Slave. A distinction may have to be drawn in that this is part of the process that is to turn me into a Slave, while the narrative implies that there isn’t much of a difference between the two. And that is then also the gist of it. I am thereby subjected to a state of being that is pretty much identical to what the consequence ought to be. So I find myself in the state or situation that I am to accept; And my own inner alignment to it becomes the motivator through which I’m broken. So is there that state of “oh no! I’m abducted!” with whatever cognitive and emotional baggage may have been implied there. And in that situation it is then my own inner Slut or Whore or whatever else might apply, that forms a bond with the situation and the individuals that produce it.

It is then put forth, that my only way out, is to accept it. The out thereby being, that I’m willingly aligned with the situation; And thus actually more so caught up in the circumstances. Then it would happen, step by step, that I’m required to express my submission as so through trickles of compliance concerning the enslavement. This then to the end that I’m willing to embrace it, enslaving/enthraling myself to them. Emphasizing that it pertains to my situation as is. So – a thrall based on shackles of personal compliance is being established. Or: As my needs are catered to – I’m enticed to further deepen that relationship. In

And what truth have you ... but buzzwords that are devoid of reason and understanding? To tell us that you however should be allowed to extend yours upon ours? Is that what the Bible tells you? I’m afraid not! If you were a Muslim you might have a point; A wrong one still ... but well. Wrong because we’re not unbelievers!

So, if you have to take what I’m into as finite and timeless truths – as things I advocate for – to be normalized – then please start by understanding that it only concerns our own and not you.

So is everything, technically, first of all about Rape. We’ll get to more on that later. For now, at first, this rape is mostly just a head-thing. A reading of the situation where the sex doesn’t even have to be ‘hard’ and ‘rough’. A different term might be ‘exposure’. A condition in which the lines of consent and autonomy are blurred enough that so a consensual interaction can be read as involuntary.

Thereto comes LUST. To say, that the motivations to exist within those conditions and the greater cultural context maintain a variety of solutions. So for instance prostitution thought of as captivity. Therein we find a level of dedication, a.k.a. how far one’s self-worth takes them into these conditions. And generally, that’s where we’d draw the line. Or where I drew the line.

“So, we’re not so different ... after all!” ... XD.

Well. There is possibly still that question: Was what followed just the next logical step, or was it inevitable?

I mean, ordinarily I would agree. The human nature is weird. Our minds aren’t hyper-rational super computers after all. Or what would it be? What would it take for one to be immune to failure? To not trip over ... some conclusion that leads down a dark path ... because ... they just didn’t know that one thing?

But it’s not only knowledge. There’s also weakness. A weakness that eventually makes us hold on to the simpler truths. That we may stop fighting perhaps. Or continue to do so forever.

Things like that, in my opinion at least, need to also be considered when it comes to Kinks or “strange likes”. The truth being, that we can draw pleasure, or what one might take for it, from strange things. Depression in the sense of an affection towards melancholy perhaps. Self-harm comes to mind. Now, calling them ‘positives’ might be a stretch – but yet the individual draws a sense of satisfaction from them. Cynicism and Black Humor might be another brand thereof. And if we can’t draw a general line here – we’re stuck judging these things on a case by case basis. But based on what parameters? And the only line that makes sense here, I think, is to let the individual come to terms with themselves.

That at least I think is a pillar of psychotherapy; Where so it is the individuals own personal insight into a need for help that will lead them to seek out help and be meaningfully capable of working on their issues. And one primary factor thereto would be social responses.

But what then of the so-called echo-chambers; Or a Kink oriented counterpart for that matter? The accusation so being, that if bad habits become normalized due to social acceptance and re-enforcement ... they're still bad habits! So, what's the difference between someone harming themselves and someone getting someone else to do so for them?

Perhaps that's where we have to say: "It's a pickle! No doubt about it!".



Frame from:
Matrix
Reloaded

As so is politics.

For as something becomes social, the social dynamics start to shift. And that for better or worse. So is in this sense no real difference between legitimate concerns (from the social environment unto the individual) and bullying. We would eventually come to recognize a difference when thinking of the quality of what the individual is criticized about. But those things aside, might that eventually lead to forms of tribalism. Some more and others less capable of co-existence. And in respects to conflict – who's to say which party is right?

Of course my honest answer is going to refer to God. Which means, by the way, that I have no strong argument or position – outside of those that agree with me on that basis. Give or take. For here at least the fundamental premise is something that is of God. And for my case, it doesn't happen to be something that can ... easily fly under the radar. It doesn't just ... easily fit in.

There are some aspects that we can recognize as not too concerning. But then the question becomes: How far could we go?

Although, sure enough, the counter question is also still a valid interjection. So: How far would we want to go? But the issue with that is ... how are we gonna stop there where one would think we ought to? I mean ... what if we wouldn't?

So can I try to adjust my beliefs to what might be common sense. And so I did by drawing that line. But at least in terms of Clarity, that isn't necessarily how things work.

So have I made a distinction between 'next logical step' and 'inevitable'. Whether it might be this or that may not have any real bearing here – as both might be seen as negative in their own way.

By 'the next logical step' I'd mean that "it followed". So along this idea that Lust compels us to want more and more – subsequently warping normality into that sense of perversion where a normal or sane person were to turn away in disgust. By 'inevitable' I mean that it was very well already pretty much implied within the concurrent situation. And because we might still regard it as additive – there were the question for what 'more' means in that regard. My concern being with some sort of equilibrium. That so: More of something for sure isn't always bad. I mean,

There's that phrase: Those who exalt themselves will be humbled, and those who humble themselves will be exalted. Which I guess works for me to say: Do you really want to be where I am?

Because ... hmm ... well. This whole thing about Pride and Power and what not, was to build up – in a sense, to this next point. To that end, I'm under the impression that Liliana Vess might not be the best Avatar for someone who claims to be a Sex-Slave. Or, if I legitimately equate myself to her – or her to me, rather – could I then also legitimately be a Slave?

The point however is more so in the question: What – at the end of the day – would I do though ... in a world that is without strife? And the answer to that is certainly one way to think of what this book is all about. That is, if you held a physical copy thereof in your hands, that is at least an attempt at fleshing out just that answer.

And though it might in this instance be symbolic at best – the takeaway shouldn't be that I don't care about my image. But rather that knowledge, wisdom and insight are things that I do care about. But also faith and conviction. How good I am at either of those, or how much I got of either of those – doesn't matter here because all that matters here is I myself. Hmm ... Self-confidence ... !

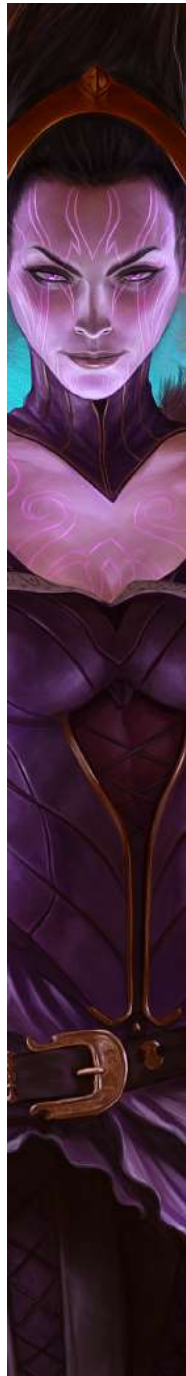
So am I a Sex-Slave. There are however a variety of entities I'm enslaved to. In that sense I might talk of "modes" of enslavement, to say that each instance comes with its own nuances; Each being a package of sorts that extends into the bigger picture of myself.

Further can we describe those as processes that yield a result. And it then is the result that comes to bear within me – and the process is an understanding to that end. And regarding those, there is an implied causality – but the way they integrated into my Clarity, that doesn't matter. So would I at times embrace the consequences of causes I wouldn't know of – and other times the causes to consequences I wouldn't know of. It is I guess also a fine way of saying something about unforeseen consequences in the context of Clarity. To say: uh ... duh! Call it a certain magnificence through which God conducts Himself.

So is one consequence that I'm a Toilet-Slave. Or so I'd label it. And for a little bit, it is this contrast – unfolded on this page – that I was concerned about. The thing this was to lead up to. So are our internal conditions ever so often ... let's say: stuck in bends of internal mobility. And that is why it's important to find balance. In this sense that isn't so much about juggling the demands of life – but more about action and inaction. Conversation and introspection. Self-expression and self-reflection. Pondering and application. While it would seem like one, it isn't a strict binary – though then again, we ever so often can't go much beyond the binary of activity and rest. And maybe ... laziness, if it exists, can be strength!

But well. Hmm ... :/

Me being a Toilet-Slave is as far as I can tell the result of two modes of enslavement. Also, it's a consequence following a consequence. These



“yea, well – whatever” ... - maybe this is an issue. It is however meant to be a commentary on a simple fact; Somehow in response to what I assume must be a theory of some sort; Which is that ... getting misgendered “can’t” be that big of a deal. And so, whatever the fuzz around it may be, at the end of the day I can still accept it. Though I would call it a stretch to put it that way – saying: “acceptance is relative” - something maybe worth mentioning is that I’m perfectly fine being “called” a man – while I’m taken as a woman. Which is ... you may have guessed it ... a sexual thing. And I know, personally, that me being trans isn’t just a sexual thing. At all. So, there certainly are nuances where my experiences can’t be equated to that of others.

In brief however – I do care about my (well) being. To be in touch with myself. To experience my self to be alive. And gender just so happens to be a part of it. That isn’t ideological, though I suppose one might call what emerges from these beliefs an ideology. Such as ... that one who hungers must eat. For however much one may or may not want to fast.

And ... yea. I guess I’ll stick to making these “non statements” on the matter.

enough as it is. In that sense, there isn’t a whole lot I could do to be more or less complicit with the one or the other gendered expectation.

I couldn’t care less – most of the time – and whenever I do, I do be a woman. It sure does however creep into my head from time to time. This whole “man dressed as a woman” thing has so become its own kind of feeling. One I didn’t have for a long time into my transition. Sometimes such things stress me – getting misgendered inevitably gets under my skin somehow – and yet the idea of “being a man” has only gotten weirder and weirder over the years. I mean, with this whole “man dressed as a woman” thing it’s easy to just be like **“yea, well – whatever”**; So because the feeling is there and no work has to be done as, apparently, it has already been done for me. It’s kindof like how I now am writing about trans-issues although I had no intention of doing so.

Well – give or take.

At least it feels like I’m for now locked into this topic – and part of it is the impression that there won’t be an end to it. The issue being that I don’t identify as ‘trans’ - so-to-speak. But so is the journey basically to come from “I feel like a woman” to “I am a woman” - and a part of that entails dealing with the many criteria that people might have for that.

But so is there a lot that cis-women have, that trans-women don’t. Things that we possibly only start to come to terms with deep into or far after our puberty in a sense require us to remain as locked away, closeted, experimenting like little freaks with things we’re not supposed to. But that’s certainly not what it feels like. It feels more like grasping for air – or ... being forced to ration water. That we can’t let anyone know is just what society taught us. And other than that, it probably doesn’t matter either way. Whether you’re this or that, in the end it isn’t ‘that’ great – followed by a disclaimer of why you wouldn’t wanna be it.

And so I’d be standing there, figuratively, feeling like a man because I dress like a woman. It’s weird as fuck, because in the end you can’t escape – pretty much – what people make of you.

And so I must be incapable, because I’m a woman. “Or else!”.

But no. Eventually these things fade away – because, the truth is still very much a thing. Though the case is more easy to make on material things, ignorance doesn’t stop there either. And so is, we might say, the burden of Him who is the Word God incarnate, carrying His cross to the site of His own execution, being decried for an impostor. The Light that shines in the Dark. It is a haven for those who see it. And, I’d argue, visible to those that seek it.

But so – I’m a woman; And at the end of the day it is certainly true that I depend on a man. One who is my Salvation. One who humbles me. Humbling me when I speak out of order (??? I guess ???) or act out of line. One who chastises me and puts me into my place. You know whom I’m talking about – and hence, you might call that cheating and so I suppose there’s the person He sold me out to. It doesn’t make much of a difference though. It doesn’t affect me in regards to what I’m here to do – and that in turn doesn’t really affect me for who I am. Give or take.

we wouldn’t say that taking a single bite for lunch – and then wanting more – is ‘perverted’ or ‘gluttonous’.

And so I might believe that one bite is enough, maintaining that that’s the rule of common sense. Though, when comparing pears to apples ... we have to be a bit careful.

So are we in this sense not necessarily talking about how much we eat, but what kind of stuff we eat; And thus the matter with Clarity here is: How much of what would we eat ... if we could? And that in part comes down to a hypothetical understanding of what our individual truths imply; While another is about resources.

And one key to all this might be: ‘desires’.

Here, a part of my common sense understanding is that Capitalism is perverted. Or has led us to develop perverted standards of living. Capitalism, at least as we know it today, functions on this promise that everything is available at all time. And this feeds into our desires – such that money is a tool for us to feed them.

And that doesn’t stop when it comes to sexual matters. And here calling a thing ‘legal’ would imply that it ought to be available at all time. Which, per the rule of supply and demand, eventually leads to a price tag.

This then fundamentally distorts whatever truths we might try to make a case for.

So, say snuff were legal. We would do so on an individual basis. And ignoring matters such as extortion, the situation as for my concern were, that the individual would chose to sacrifice themselves for sexual pleasures and that would happen within a set environment. This would have it, that a given group of people might partake in this – while at no point is there any real ‘supply’. Which also means that there can be no real ‘demand’ for it either.

At least so the idea. A static one. And what follows isn’t necessarily obvious. We have to add, perhaps, that we come to a situation of supply and demand in the individual’s expression concerning their preferences. Here then the question were to emerge on what basis a relationship is pursued. If we were to assume: by ‘the Light’ - well – and moved on to further assume what it entailed – we possibly imply something that isn’t the case. If we surmise that the individual mattered and people engaged in relationships of personal affection – it might be odd to bring up snuff at any point. Ignoring that, we here possibly have another case of Unicorn Hunting or 24/7.

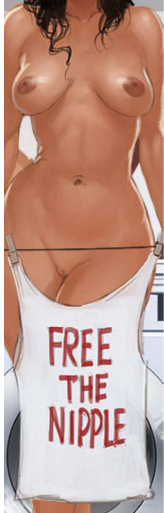
But what’s real or realistic?

On what basis are we to determine that?

I mean, in this hypothetical where your questions dissolved into the ether and made their way into the past where I’m writing this. Or into the future, respectively.

So, being a really verbose exhibitionist – I felt the question emerge. How serious am I? Or how serious is ‘it’? How real? And so I looked inside of me – and I figured: Quite serious! Yet all I did was openly confirming my Clarity to myself. Again and again. For: Whatever scenario I could conjure – say, Relationship comes up and wants to mutilate me – I couldn’t find myself objecting. And soon enough I’d envision myself being put up on stage by them, some fingers missing, here a cut and this is “omg horrible” – and in a sense I found myself asking for it. I’m not all that sure about how explicit I was – but in my mind I was literally there begging for it.

Artist: Frans
Mensink



I had to think about it during some time out earlier today. Picturing this scene – following this thing of mine where I would describe just what I understood to be my clarity as ‘horror on the faces of those watching’. I suppose that developed in reaction against the idea that what I was into was “too vanilla” – or fake. That it couldn’t be ... enticing ... because what we would call rape or torture were in the end just make-believe. Ordinary Porn disguised as a BDSM session. And while I probably didn’t know how to word it, I understood very well that the optics wouldn’t matter; That it’s the feeling that matters. Feelings I probably wouldn’t get out of getting raped for realies or throwing myself into some freaks death dungeon.

But well – so, I thought about that scene; And coming to the point of why this were done ... outside of putting that face of horror on everyone’s face ... err, ... because we can?

That is: If we can. For – I didn’t question the conditions in which those desires to mutilate me came forth.

And still ... I can’t escape ... my Clarity on that one. If Clarity is what it comes down to. What things are confined in.

So, I did draw a line at some point. And seeing it again, it made me internally chuckle a bit. Actually it didn’t even make sense. I so had one of those collages going on with a list of terms and phrases to describe what I meant to express. In simplest terms have I been deep into my Clarity at that time. Essentially running in circles focused on terms of rape and submission. By that I would find myself tortured, exploited, enslaved, locked away, brainwashed, raped, impregnated, in public, privately, usually by a group – associated to clubs, locked into a dungeon ... but ... at the end of it all, had one taboo. For which at the time I found no better word than: Sadism.

I suppose that at the time I hadn’t come around realizing how much sadism would go into or along with what I had presented. What I tried to express would only concern a certain kind of sadism that I would get glimpses of through various pornographic materials. And along a certain axis it gets difficult to verbally separate the good from the bad. I only got a sense of ‘cold pain’ and other things that I didn’t like. And making a guess, I assume I get it from what I imply into what I’m seeing. I so have a few images in my collection that are sometimes on the one and sometimes

gender, sexuality and all that don’t really mean anything. I think it’s unfair though, so I tend to also refuse it in the abstract; As a matter of principle. So is it also only with reluctance that I’d play male Characters in videogames. Such as ... Yasuo or Sagat. It’s unfair because it comes with a lot of baggage that I either refuse or doesn’t apply to me. Maybe you could say that doing my work is a male duty – thus finding a way to circumnavigate the physical kind of ‘male duty’. That I just wouldn’t fit into because I used to be and am even more so now: terribly weak. But is it so cool then to call me male because I ... do things? Maybe, God forbid, with even a bit of competence or, OMG, prowess?

But yes. A lot of things when it comes to transitioning are just band-aid solutions. And depending on how harsh you wanna be about it, there’s a whole lot that science yet has to figure out before we reached “that” Level of Magic necessary to overcome that. But well – there eventually the story might be that I’ve been ‘tainted’. Or ‘am’ tainted because – oh no, I had a dick once. Though, well – if that’s what made me a feminist ... yea, I’d see it as a comment on human dignity.

- I guess “you”, “as a woman” are free to object to that; Where – if your goal were to piss me off, that’d be one way to accomplish that.
- At some point we’re certainly all free to impose our own weird ideas or imaginations upon others. At least by our imagination, as to our own sight. But, to be fair, that can be or lead to a very ignorant way of living.
- Band-Aids are at times necessary; And going around pulling them off of random strangers ... you know ... isn’t cool! And while there sure might be good reasons to do so ... those wouldn’t generally apply. Like, when I do it – I do so because I see something off – however I try to be careful and not ignore the wounds underneath. So, to say, with reason and purpose – OK – but kicking off the crutches or wheelchairs off of (or from underneath) people who use those because they might be faking it ... is taking it a bit too far.
- It’s weird how hard people try to treat trans-women as men and trans-men as women, but still end up treating (disrespecting) them as of their identified gender. Being demeaning towards men and infantilizing towards women.

Well, they’re trying ... pushing and pulling – maybe even to some effect, as to lean into our Dysphoria. So, maybe this point is somewhat outdated ...

But yea. When it comes to pride and dignity and all that, I certainly try to protect my femininity. Be it in the abstract or the physical. And that, believe it or not, is only getting re-enforced when people try to be mean to us (transes). But sure, at times it takes away from the pleasure of being alive – while eventually we want to move past that whole ... nonsense that suggests to us how “tainted” we may though be. “To thine view”.

There is overall something to be said about living in the now. It is also a deeply relevant and not entirely easy topic. At times it is also about coming into action, so in context to being stuck in thought or theory – but obviously life isn’t as simple as action=good, inaction=bad. To me then, living in the now is about giving life a chance, but often enough just boils down to chilling out anyway; As outside of that I’m pretty much busy

fate. Maybe it sucks when it is, but in as far as that doesn't mean that someone is trans, we're there also talking about feminism.

There is however all sorts of weird gender-bending nonsense when being critical of trans people. Like, the woman in general is supposed to enjoy pretty clothing. Sexy thing. But when a trans-woman does, it's apparently a sign of perversion. And there then goes the weird thing with TERFs. That while they call themselves feminists, they do so by strongly leaning against the fundamental ideas that feminism entails; So that feminism ought to imply that one is to suck it up to the patriarchy. Eventually that is more telling of what kind of feminist a particular person is – as to per chance call it a frigid man-hater.

But I'm not gonna lie, so: I do certainly have aspects of that in me as well. Though would I still more strongly blame 'the Patriarchy' for that. And yea. Men can be funny and cute and interesting and all that good stuff. To say: There's no reason to make gender or sexuality that personal. Or how to put it. Although 'being a man' – even the cisses – would be a choice, at least in the abstract, on *some* level – with all that comes with it – that's no reason to discriminate!

But we're not even talking about that per se. We're more so in some weird, half-arsed biological abstract. Or whatever. Ultimately ... it's not that difficult.

Although ...

I mean, there was a point in time where the term 'trans' would generally refer to trans women. Since people started to add their binary label to it – there was a confusion, I suppose depending on what people implied 'trans' meant or implied. So, does – or did – 'trans woman' suggest that it's a woman who is trans, so, a trans man. And a lot of ... effort I'd say ... goes into normalizing or promoting the understanding that the individuals gender preference or so: sexual identity is what matters. So, to say that I'm a man who is trans would suggest that I'm a man with a crossdressing fetish; And quite possibly some weird sexual preference.

And I suppose that's right, in the abstract to which I'd add: Enough so that I don't think of myself as a man. In any way one might formulate it.

Like so is it to me not fair to equate me to a man in any way; Except maybe in the abstract where

on the other side of that line. And sure, so it took me to find something that would put something snuff related onto that other side – to my understanding as it was.

Prior to that, I did have rational reasons to maintain that line. Most likely failing to realize how far beyond the line of rationality I had been already. Or so – how deep the well of abstractions would reach.

So, what do I mean by that?

Well – in essence: What things point to when practiced long and hard enough.

I mean, initially the thing is pretty simple. A Bondage fetish that involves concepts such as captivity and enslavement – as a function of whoredom, a.k.a. prostitution, thus intrinsically implying a setting of rape and abduction and slave training and what not. Or so: The general gist of what most of the Porn I enjoy has in common.

Thereby, the abduction thing would have me be outside of that at first. Here so I would value my autonomy to whatever extent. Then I'd get abducted, learn about myself that I'm into it after all; And in order to comply with the situation develop a desire or craving for it. Some might say it's of my own, others that I've been put under a spell or whatever. And my affection for that would run deep enough – to put it this way – to identify as "whatever that is" (a whore). Give or take. I mean, I suppose I could also do/comply with less. But what I now consider the essence of what I find therein – that leads me into a position of internal alignment with the type of stuff I'm into. Obviously. And aside of finding myself wanting less or settle somehow else – that was pretty much it. To say: "It's for life" would barely seem necessary.

And that ... taken into the abstract and into the extremes ... would still very well work for me. And concerning my clarity, the abduction has already happened. So am I basically living a life where the truth of my submission had already settled – and am now coming to terms with it. So in the abstract. More or less.

And so, being real and reasonable, the question for what is 'realistic' or 'to be expected' cannot be settled in my fantasy land. And to not defy my programming, I might put it as: My heart feels a sense of well-being from conditions that would allow me to also experience my freedom. But if you then were to ask me what I'd want or if I'd so and so – I'd have to think you're messing with me.

But sure. I know for instance that the fragility of our body, concerning what might fly around as 'hardcore' is not to be underestimated. And there eventually are things that aren't fun – although in some state of arousal or daydreaming one might overlook that. Shit like that happens. From what I've heard – including things that might get one hospitalized. And counter to that are the pleasures of a comforting environment. Here I don't really care how vanilla things might be. Submission still feels like submission – and rape still only exists in relativity to a baseline. And if at the end of the day I might be in one life

more lewd than brainwashed ... well ... ask me if I care! Well, it depends – I suppose!

I might be overthinking this. But, where else might I put this?

But so, what I end up saying here is ... as much as “I agree! If it’s bad, it shouldn’t be happening!”.

Remember that part about trust when it comes to BDSM? That is what I expect to give – while what I expect in return ... well. I suppose it’s difficult to formulate. To not get my trust betrayed ... is however a good start. Some might phrase it as ‘responsibility’. Certainly. And one thing that is implied therein is pleasure. And whether I’d be constantly moaning of pleasure, or constantly yelling my safeword ... well, we could call part of the process ... though at some point one might have to wonder about what’s going on.

But yes. What is bad, depends on the circumstances. And generally that’s not super complicated. So are pain and suffering usually found squarely in the ‘bad’ box. If people however yield sexual pleasure from that, they’ll eventually find themselves finding a positive association to them. For themselves. People who recognize that it’s not all black and white would speak of ‘harm’ or ‘hurt’ - but in circumstances where those are good things, obviously, we have an exception. To whichever extent it applies. I mean – we wouldn’t stop a boxing match or rip people out of the octagon because they might get hurt. And yet there’s some kind of general agreement on where things need to stop.

In other words might we speak of righteousness – as including an obligation, however tight or loose depending on the circumstances, to act in behalf of the disadvantaged.

So yea, wild and weird concepts ... I assume ... to those willing to override the implied goods for some kind of higher purpose. Which might in the end however only be their own satisfaction.

Anyway. If you now believe that we are these narcissistic, sadistic kind of people that just pull an elaborate ruse here to prepare the world for indiscriminate murder, pillaging and rape by the hands of evil – or something like that – you should stay away from us and not play into our power. But I suppose I wouldn’t have to tell you that.

Well, if you’re reading it the other way ... same thing but ... yes! “More Power!”. [Syndra Voice - English - League of Legends] with a caveat.

The reason why evil wouldn’t want that, is because they’d prefer to do so with impunity while the rest can’t have it unless they give it to you because that way they can revel in a sense of Godhood upon you. Or so I think.

That’s what I’d watch out for. The underhanded attempt at creating a system of hierarchic gatekeeping that imposes near absolute power onto its authorities taking us socially back into the dark ages but technologically into a dark dystopian future beyond what Orwell could have imagined.

So, Pride, Status-Quo, Entitlement – eventually those aren’t merely individual concerns – and the more unified we are as a whole, the easier it will be to make sense of that. On the other hand is that at the heart of class struggles, matters of inequality and political polarization.

But whatever now that thing is from where pride or dignity and all that come from, I have it too. And Liliana Vess, to me, is a pivotal expression thereof. I guess we can describe it, or even the Character at large, as an indulgence in power. Well, Power that I don’t necessarily have but in the abstract. Because of that, people wouldn’t necessarily believe me or see it – and that is OK, I guess; Perhaps even by design, though I think it be harder to make a case for why it wouldn’t be so.

There’s probably a lot that can be said about her – so as a feminist icon when taking into account that she’s clearly inspired by “Lilith”; Or in terms of power ... and the two combined.

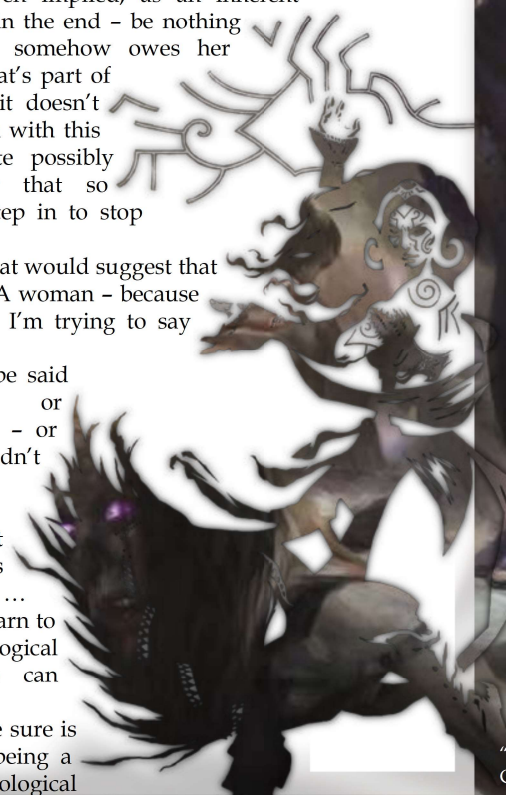
So is there one ... I guess we could call it ‘petty thing’ I’m caught up in; Which at first however is merely a vibe. It pops up now and then in a way that ... somehow demands compliance or humility. Dwelling upon it, it clearly suggests that women are “supposed to” be weak(er than men). So to the point that it is even implied, as an inherent expectation, that I could – in the end – be nothing but a weak woman that somehow owes her salvation to a man. And that’s part of what I’m getting at. But, it doesn’t stop there; As so it goes on with this idea, that I couldn’t quite possibly outscale “the” man. Or that so someone would have to step in to stop me.

So, yea. Eventually that would suggest that I couldn’t be trans – a.k.a.: A woman – because how? Do you ... get what I’m trying to say here?

I guess there’s a thing to be said about heterosexuality, or compulsive heterosexuality – or so the question: Why wouldn’t trans-women be feminists?

I suppose there’s a whole lot I apparently don’t get – as in: “supposed to” - because ... reasons. But the more we learn to look beyond the biological nonsense, the more we can understand how stupid it is.

Other than that, there sure is the other side to it. That being a woman is more than just biological



Liliana Vess by Steve Prescott

“Dark Salvation” by Cynthia Sheppard

long time there wasn't much of a gender expression to being alive as a minor spec in some primordial soup/noise. So did matters of gender yet have to emerge or unfold – and the way it manifests in some species does lend itself to a humorous take on what we find in ourselves.

I for my part think of the invasive nature of sex, whereby the male does the invading and the female ... is usually stuck with the consequences. To the spiritual understanding that has an impact that further translates into preferences. And in the biological world that entails coping mechanisms, we might say.

But with now aspects of monosexual and heterosexual life wired into our biology – it is now difficult to really make exclusive statements about fundamentals such as sexual orientation. And adding the spiritual world to that only adds the fluff of individual understanding. And while that in turn takes queues from the physical, we're more-over speaking of concepts and social systems. But certainly also sensual stuff. Feelings, experiences and all that kind of jazz.

And as of that, either side, also comes Pride. Or dignity. I mean, the two mean roughly the same – to me at least – as I think they come from the same place. There is something to be said about protection, then something about quality of life – and then some until we start speaking of entitlement. So is there a form of arrogant dignity – which in a sense demands the humiliation of others. K'Ren we might say.

It is in this context that I think of humility as a virtue; And that is part of these 'internal logistics' and self-control; Or so: The stick up one's ass we might otherwise describe as or compare to a spine. Not the one implied herein so far. More to the point is there sometimes value in waiving on social capital; As so ... the struggle over social capital does become somewhat ... well ... crazy if everyone were to slap their shit onto the table, as it were.

As of that there then is also whataboutism; Which is often enough the superficial abstract to this. So between someone who works the fields to bring food to the table and someone who is a benefactor from social aid when it comes to that – there is an imbalance or asymmetry in terms of entitlement or what one “___deserves___”; But I digress.

It is difficult to be fair or say what fairness is to entail, however, in a world or life that is innately skewed one way or another. Or so is entitlement a natural function of freedom – but as of that we then speak of privilege for instance, or “being in touch with reality”; As so the matter of entitlement hinges on our standards and what is communicated about them to us. So are headlines like “lazy folks get lots of free stuff for doing nothing” eventually perceived as insulting, even if we're talking of direly needed and vastly available aid.

Thereby it is difficult to let go of behavior that we deem reasonable and grounded in reality – or to so do what is called: Jumping into the cold water – unless it conforms with some individual motivation; Relative to one's own understanding. However could we talk of “the heart of the people” – and respectively: Pride.

But I have to stop myself right here. However fun it was to read through my old rambling – glancing past the one or the other oddity – I eventually got a little carried away. And before I move on to even more things, I should bring the current one to a close.

As you should have been able to gather, have there been these two things (a maintenance of maleness and an objection unto snuff) that I wouldn't let my Clarity act against. So is it through an embrace of Clarities or an abandonment of what acts against them, that Clarities can ‘enter the system’. And so the process comes to entail an understanding of why or how a certain thing makes sense to me. That understanding isn't necessarily logical – or so: Easy to describe; As eventually it has to grow to a certain point before one can meaningfully express certain things.

One symptom of being in denial may be, that the denial doesn't meaningful change much. So is it apparent to me, in hindsight, that either of two things had to be true. Either my denial was true – and hence the entire rest was hopelessly exaggerated; Or I was in denial – and hence the general gist of what I was trying to convey would testify to that. But so is it also just as it is.

Me being in denial doesn't right away mean as much as that I'm wrong. If I say that I don't like this or that, the problem ‘is’ that I don't see why I would like what I ought to like – and therefore in all simplicity ... don't like it. And so is this sure a matter of the “ought to”s. Which is somehow its own topic if we are to stretch the concept beyond matters of Clarity.

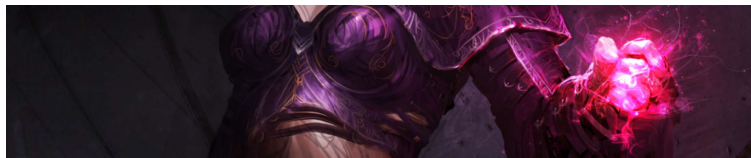
As Clarity imposes its own very real tensions on the individual's own internal system – it does take a position similar to the physical reality, including social factors. The Question of “what is best?” – and hence the understanding of what a person “should do” – can so be tackled from different viewpoints and hence conclude in different takes, expectations, implications and what on the matter. Clarity however is also its own thing. And while matters of the physical world can enter the individual's decision making, that doesn't really affect Clarity as a whole.

Clarity thereby ‘extends’ from an ideal that is rooted within God's understanding. Hence it is or isn't the individual's nature per se – depending on how you want to view God in this situation. It is however certainly “external” to the individual's ... well, understanding? Total experience? Level of insight? State of Mind? Something along those lines. And so it could be considered to be the “bad news” – that when it comes to our potential, Clarity is in concerns to our own individuality, rather than what we might hope for in a worldly or societal context.

But ... I would argue that one is not to underestimate the Understanding of God. When looking at me it might not seem that way; At least if you take most if not all of what I am as a cliché, what does however strike me – I suppose in a somewhat apparent way – is how bold it is or can be when it comes to supplementing my individual self in terms of helping it grow beyond the/its own Mangle. So, if you for instance have the ambition to become “more” of whatever – I'm sure that's somehow factored in. “The Rest” then were a matter of our own internal limitations.



But so, sometimes: The Truth just Hurts. It's called cognitive dissonance or heartache. And maybe some more. At some point we might also mention pride (not the rainbow version). That however not as a flaw of the truth, but one of your own. Whether you bear any blame or not. That's ... also part of it. That, sometimes, because reality doesn't always reveal itself in bulk. It's more like a hunt for eastereggs sometimes. And if you don't know how many there are ... well ... how do you know when you got them all?



And as I suffer the same condition I don't think it gets any better. If you're waiting for some omniscient oracle, well, you might be stuck in your own darkness for a loooong long time.

But so – so far the concept of Clarity revolved around more or less tangible concepts. Things that stand out – while of course: The social angle to life lends itself to that. That we so highlight what we might call “inter-personal confluences”. So is there the range of things worth knowing of someone for some reason. Like for Birthday's – or simple Merry-making just in general. And from there we move on to the more and more subtle aspects – until eventually we're in the area where it's weird or just difficult to bring stuff up. So ... personality traits. Some might stick out and just become what people associate to a person. And the less something sticks out, the more 'weird' it were to talk about it. Yet I think these things do invariably factor into our Clarity. Though at other times they may be the product thereof. So is there a lot that can be said or written about “the Easy Path” - though ever so often that's just the way things go. Gravity for instance. Or, in this sense: Personality.

Personality in this sense is a matter of how our internal forces push and pull us one way or another. On top of that we have convictions and circumstances; Each with a varying effect on and response from our personality.

So, when I'm a bit snarky about things God or Science related, perhaps too pushy or insistent, maybe “cocky” or bitchy, annoyed – this, that – there's just a part of it that comes from my experience; One that also entails my own interaction with the matter. Totally unrelated is there a certain value to vanity that comes with my Clarity – and badabing, badaboom – trust issues, self-confidence and what not make up the icing on the cake of what is a whole lot of myself.

I mean – I so do conduct myself a lot through my faith; Which also often means that I don't have a real place in society as it is. This faith also translates into the sciences and the arts – and comes with the one or the other ego boost for sure. Of it also comes an oddly specific demand for attention; Which is however also where we get into matters of self-control.

It so isn't – or can't be – a way of life to just and simply give into our tensions. Or 'personality' as it were. And that, I suppose, because it is just physically, or spiritually, impossible. No matter how much we'd like to – eventually there's always “something”. So, plus minus x and y, we come to our own free will – or the pro-active manners in which we conduct ourselves, including our own decision-making process.

In that regard, our tensions aren't just there, doing their thing. They are also part of our internal wiring through which we act. So, when I sometimes feel like falling over, rolling on the floor while grabbing my tits and pussy – I'm most certainly not going to. Which isn't a response – so that these feelings trigger me to not do it – but the duration and conclusion of an evaluation. Which, believe it or not, we're totally capable of. And I'd say it's also one of the instances where having a stick up our butt is ... understandable. Right?

Or should we argue about it?

I mean, there is the concept of ... let's call it social capital for now although the term would generally imply something else. Where, if I were to act out my internal self, I would be visible like so, giving people a better understanding of who I am. Thus I'd have acquired some social capital – for whatever it's worth. Not doing so has me literally doing nothing; And subsequently I remain intangible to my environment. For better or worse.

In some sense that speaks to my frigid self, or so the part of me wound up in that Close Dream I wrote of earlier that isn't as outwardly or independently moved into sexual action. And in as far as there are parts of myself that I am to overcome in order to 'unfold', the idea wasn't to find out what the result of expressing crazy urges might be. So, 'that' to me is also a time and place issue. While overall this game of social capital isn't – so I think – a game of who we truly are; But one of ideals and conviction.

Outside of that, we're talking about 'internal logistics'. Here psychiatrists and therapists might want to jump in as they certainly have a whole lot to say about that. Neurologists probably too. There almost certainly (I assume it's more like: beyond the shadow of a doubt) is a huge biological aspect to it. Some might like to speak of neural highways, I however like to speak of internal forces.

So, matters such as gender.

Gender thereby is a word – not necessarily an intrinsic property to existence; Yet however an intrinsic property to systems that emerge. Like positive and negative. Or kinds. So, pertaining to the latter, is there the world of collectibles. Some are more and others are less dominated by a clear gender binary. Or monotony even. While there is however an expression side to it all – there is also a core of it. When talking of positive and negative for instance, we might be speaking of fundamentals. So of a thing such as procreation per chance. As a system however becomes more and more complex, that what we might describe as it's core – or the core of an entity therein – becomes more and more abstract.

A nice argument about homosexuality for instance leans into our asexual roots. So be it that life was monosexual at some point and for a