

fully to the truths of my *Otherlore*. The issue being, per chance, that it wasn't strictly 'logical' for me to do it – yet somewhat necessary, based on an internal burden.

So, wanting to be abused may at some point just be an endorsed personal weakness in regards to sexual tensions. So, I assume, the idea of “falling from grace” - as contextualized through someone giving up on resisting internal urges, usually of moral ambiguity, versus some kind of “greater code of honor”. And I assume that without the proper ties to the divine, a lot of what I might say for and against that might just seem like nonsense that adds complications to a rather simple matter. The truth however is, or should be, that I merely describe how this rather simple matter can manifest itself once the divine backs up the complexities that elevate it to a higher degree of general goodness.

I could say that I've written about it enough; And it might be true to the extent that you might understand it intellectually – but without understanding it emotionally you yet miss a piece of the puzzle. Whether I can help you there, without you learning it from God directly, I'm not sure about. However ... I have an idea.

I would argue, that the general gist of the “satanic society” is to draw “social energy” from simple concepts. Well. Rather than enjoying the peace and the freedom outside of the things we shouldn't do, we enjoy the peace and the freedom inside of the things we should do. We so want to get to a raw of social interactions that can be formulated on a few simple things. This is sure an awful lot of guess-work, but it makes a lot more sense when thinking of “it” as Sin. To so go and say that we ‘love’ to Sin. The *point* further being, that a relationship can be consensual and sinful at the same time. So is my desire for getting Raped in line with wanting to be Sinned against. This way I'm complicit with Sin while also promoting it. This Sinning would yet take shape as a form of Rape – as perhaps based on a determination to “go to Hell” or “be in Hell” - albeit not ‘the’ literal Hell – whereby the emotional context overrides or appropriates the intellectual comprehension of these things.

In a simple take on this, one would so either have an active or passive relationship to the concept of Sin. That may however be too simplistic. It would certainly be more on theme if there were five active and five passive ones. Or five flavors of sin. Or one form of submission versus four that dominate it. So might people get married by recognizing one another as family – and the point of that would simply be to introduce Sin into the relationship – and that also, of course, only for the purpose of sinning. Something that would possibly extend beyond just that.

I have a strong suspicion, that my Clarity makes a lot more sense when looked at through this lens. Or so the various Seals or corresponding insignia at least. So am I not merely brainwashed for Sex or married into abuse, but rather am I endorsing a sinful relationship by effectively sacrificing myself to its conduct.

So am I also blind to the matter of interpersonal relationships – in the sense that ... in the real world I'm not sure whether that is the result of some trauma or rather just me evolving into that mindset from a semi-traumatized state of mind. But so it happened at occasion that I would just blackout when interesting myself into this idea of being possibly more engaged with people around me; As otherwise I'd just simply not be interested – outside of surface level interactions. And I don't think there is any real value to it, other than the sinful role I play within sinful relationships.

To say that it may be irrelevant whether or not I care about being more than just a Whore – or sex-doll – though the fact that I don't removes the potential conflict from certain situations. Or so is no harm being done once I'm treated as such – unless however, of course, my “ego-core” activates and I'm interested in some other thing; Or am overcome by a mode of sensual affection. Tra-ree-tra-raa.

But eventually there are still these wounds we got from clawing away at the dirt where we assumed to be some grand treasure. Metaphorically speaking. Or other times we may find ourselves sitting there, digging into our wounds as if we could extract the pain – or perhaps use it as an ingredient to a cure.

I mean, there are atheists like this and atheists like that. And then some. There is the snarky academic one who is exalted beyond reproach for you cannot convince them to give even the slightest of a damn about the contents of your book – let alone entertain its depth and nuance. Then of course there's the edgy type who sits there much as a philosopher between the various things that they can confirm of the world. And you cannot change their mind because you cannot change its conditions. But then there's also the former Christian; And oh boy! They pretty much exhibit traits of the other types but do come with the presumed bonus of being more knowledgeable about the book. Similarly they exhibit the same faults; And that with the added bonus of the deep rooted trauma that whatever they had clawed their way out of had imposed onto them.

It is with the latter that I usually get to cringe and twitch the most – but ... I can't blame them. Well, I might blame them for being human beings and so our innate potential to not always make perfect sense of everything. But I can't blame them for what motivates or drives them.

So to come to this next topic.

It moves me – it concerns me – and it also somehow aligns to concerns over Power and Authenticity.

So, when it comes to the believer's accusation against atheists, that they take offense in God, the atheist so would claim that they don't really care about God – as their ire is directed against the blindness with which believers follow harmful doctrine. Some move on to blame the doctrine – or by extension thereof, what it is derived from. And whatever issues I have with that, I must also think about the effect that their wounds have on them, once they are to realize that God exists after all actually.

As so, metaphorically speaking, we might look (back) at all the holes they dug and the glowy stones they unearthed for the bucket. I certainly find myself sympathetic towards it – and that because I can't deny what responsibility God bears to it. And by waving His banner, well, I'm certainly complicit with it. Thereby I also inherit a sense of privilege – that I so do not perfectly partake in the human struggle. Or so it would seem. I can say that I know God, that He's always been kind to me – even if a bit harsh or strict at times, it always had a point. But then one might point to perils and misfortunes that wouldn't befall me – for whatever peril and misfortune strikes me can either be neglected, allows me to grow or is within my means to overcome. But so do I conversely have to think and wonder about what purpose God had to strike me down, utterly, like so. But so, sooner or later, I must wonder: What good are my sympathies?

I certainly can't convince myself of there being any good in wanting to be struck down. There however is a subtle urge – one that results in pity and a sense of compassion I think people would scoff at.





Is it therefore then that I give myself as a Slave? Well – I'd say: Most certainly not! But if it helps you find peace, I'm not against it. I mean – the bond of enslavement that makes a Toilet-Slave of me, I think it belongs to a person I wronged in another life. I don't mean to say that we owe those that we wronged such degrees of compensation – but we certainly craft interpersonal truths through our interactions with one another. So along the lines of "Sins that cannot be forgiven".

That I thereby come to make up for it by being their (pl.) bitch, can certainly only work in as far as they'd be interested in that; While to me it is certainly a positive addition. And I hope that's OK!

On the other hand am I left to assume that I'm thinking too much of myself. For I am ultimately powerless – while also I feel as though my help isn't wanted. Or needed?

I mean, so far nothing that I've done in Real Life seems to have made any impact – though generally I'm still left assuming that I made everything worse in as far as I was somehow able to. It is the other side to the coin. That in as far as my privilege removes me from the struggle of the living, I also don't really get to participate with "them" (you) in any meaningful way. Other than ... what exists in the intersection.

And so, being powerless I'm left with what else I got. And so, ultimately, I'm left simping for God. Because He is after all one thing I have. Not to call Him a thing, but the relationship. That I can rely on Him.

And so is it also not entirely beyond me to blame "us", or "you", ... humanity ... for the perils that we at the long end might also blame God for. Sure did God provide the conditions in which we might be tempted to be the worse of ourselves, but the same applies to the best of ourselves. Our behavior is the variable in the equation. Not God's existence nor His decisions.

So, make no mistake: I don't submit out of the goodness of my heart. It's rather that the goodness of my heart takes pleasure out of being submissive. Give or take. Or is the other part not the goodness of me?

Well.

Whatever.

God has a plan – and it entails our ability to live our lives to ... err ... grammar check: their fullest?

So am I here still primarily concerned of my own. Whether out of selfishness or not might depend on time of the day and point of view. And so do I have dreams. Simple dreams, I would say. We might say that they

sure – maybe that's what we want. Maybe that roughly describes what the balance of things would be like, on one side of things at least. So is there this idea of "forbidden pleasures". That can swing either way, as either it's forbidden for a good or a bad reason. But once the take-away based on your experience were, that life within the confines of legality is boring – you are going to acquire a passive habit of rules-breaking. Almost inevitably, I'd argue.

This is a concept I've learned of as in the sense of 'byproducts of skill'. Try, for instance, to draw a circle with each of your index fingers at the same time. Try different orientations. Try both going the same direction and into opposite directions. And try that when pointing them at each other. Most, or all, should notice that it is unnatural to circle in opposite directions in that configuration. Arguably so because in that configuration, we are generally conditioned into symmetry, such as when walking.

So – learning this, we might try to optimize ... everything ... based on "skill symmetry" as it were. One might be or feel desperate about getting the most out of their own self-optimization campaign – and eventually we might come to a point where we feared the collapse of society if we stopped doing so.

And so are there more than just one reason to relax. Or to 'learn how' to relax properly. When possible. It is certainly one side to the coin. Other times it's not really useful however. So do I at times feel tense and stressed; And nothing I would normally do – be it to just lean back or to do something – would help. I might try to "vibe" with something, trying to produce a comfortable experience along the lines of "existing" – and while it helps it doesn't really do a lot against that internal discomfort. And what it takes to get over it – I'm not entirely sure about. I just know that eventually I'll do *something*; And things just get better. Maybe that's doing the things you'd bar yourself from doing as based on some restriction you deem reasonable or necessary. Maybe it's doing *the right thing*. Or it's doing something you wouldn't do because it's uncomfortable. Either one of those would be an apt description.

But so, sometimes there is peace in activity. For sure.

To my mind, there are a variety of things that fit this expanded category of "relaxation". Even *trinkets* or symbolic gains can accommodate our needs in opposition to negative tensions. Dressing the way we like, or in accordance with a thing we align with, or in uniformity with an expectation or demand we want to meet.

Crowns, badges, stickers, toys, posters ... trophy's, aren't always just there for aesthetic reasons. We like to accumulate value – be it abstract or not – and perhaps only so because we like to intertwine with each other on a cultural basis. To exalt ideas that would otherwise remain invisible and intangible, into a physical form of realness.

To know or see our ideals reflected in the world around us may contribute to a sense of sanity, even. Even if, as hatred may cloud our judgment, it might be a symptom of insanity and desperation. But provided we can do so with Love and Peace – we might as well "manifest destiny" in a positive way.

So is "relaxation" ever so often a complicated thing. Like so do wires have this weird property, that when *left unattended* they somehow wind up in a knot. Yet does pulling and tearing also not always lead to a resolution. It's like a booby trap we subconsciously build over the course of time – to then pin us down once we're in a hurry, so-to-speak.

So can I say that I at some point had this urgent need to work on my Oracle Cards. It helped me relax – or manifest something. Maybe as an expression of internal insanity, or something else. I was however falling into a state of solitude; Embracing the darkness within me. Letting go of *normalcy* while committing more



when declaring it so, it feels stupid because ... why, for instance, am I writing about it all the time but never actually "doing" it?

Sure, because the "doing" isn't my part – but also without having it ever done to me, how sure can I really be?

Then there is however also the flipside to this condition. Well, there is one. It's practically the ebb to the flood. Or so: After all sorts of sensory stimulation, impressions, experiences – sucking it all in and thriving off of it – there's at least a waning comprehension or understanding ... or access to those experiences. But I just noticed that it seems as though my body, or so "its system" can function regardless. That is: Assuming there's no physical or physiological objection.

And that is now one way to think about the Misery I crave – although, in as far as there is a Misery Kink, that one would also be part of those experiences that would cease with the ebb. So far I would have thought, that this ebb implies some kind of end – and looking beyond that I find Love. Or pleasure from an emotional relationship. Right now I'm however not so sure about that anymore. The point being that in as far as this condition isn't agonizing – so, the "pleasure override" being functional – that emotional relationship would also take place within these conditions. That until the pleasure override just shuts down.

And what hereby urges into the forefront of my mind, is the concept of pleasure as bounded off by despair. Well, it will come up later – at two points – unless I overwrite those segments – for once implying desperation as a positive and then as a negative. In this instance, I think of the latter, whereby it is ... just and simply a or the joy-killer; And effectively an opposite to being relaxed. So, being stilted in the execution – being desperate 'to have pleasure', and thereby unable to relax enough to actually have it. And my understanding would be, to not stress it. Implying as much as that the despair were as much as an Omen. Or ... the mind fighting against the physical conditions.

Or ... struggling with the deeper, esoteric truths. The meta-reality.

And it's weird, that in my mind there's a very elaborate set of experiences relating to that, although ... not one of them is actually ... well ... *real*. It might be apparent or obvious as to why that is; And so I relate to them; But it is still difficult to convince my critical mind to just ... *be like that*. It's possibly not even a real concern just yet. Except maybe ... from the point of individual imagination; Where there so are all these demands, or ... contextual truths in the meta; So – individual forms, such as roles, one is to play or fit into.

That would be: On one side the mind conjures a condition that yields an outcome. The individual then projects of it into the common sphere, where others then have to, so or so, recreate the corresponding conditions within themselves. There may be an underlying understanding that "it works" – but the conditions that the individual conjures up within themselves aren't of the required strength of intensity, so that the individual is struggling to *manifest pleasure*.

Say – I want to get raped, so folks have to rape me – but how do they rape me when it's consensual? What's really ... the mechanism?

Eventually things further only get more complicated the more we talk or think about it – and in such instances things may very well not improve until we can take enough steps back and out.

So could we eventually ask the question of why we're doing any of these things. Or would want to do so. As once the stress outweighs the pleasure, is it really worth the effort?

Easily then, we may find ourselves implying that it is merely individual curiosity and fantasizing that generates the tension that would drive us into sexual co-habitation; To say that if it were readily available, the novelty would wear off. And

allow me to find solace in life – but, while true, it's a little bit depressing to put it that way.

I mean, some matters of the Ninedom take us to items of certainty. One central item being the matter of God being 'there for us'. Though in some sense this is the part where we're meant to just believe, its development yet hinges on God mirroring our acknowledgment of it. So would one start the process on what we might call shaky grounds; To come out at the other end with a solid confession.

And this is now similar to what quanta of solace we might find. Being perhaps deeply depressed, stuck in the dark, with nothing but a tiny light to call our reason to exist. A straw. A delicate flower. And if the ground trembled ever so slightly, so we would fear, we'd be cast into a deep existential crisis in which we are at odds with the concept of Eternal Life.

But with the help of God, our embrace of these specks of hope may soon turn into enormous trees, vibing with the infinite, rooted in the absolute, consolidating grounds that stretch into the vastness of the horizon.

And while previously we may have been scared to dare even think of taking a step away – we'll soon find ourselves populating the stretches of the Evermore.

And it is here, that I find my purpose in the contrast to the Light that God inherits among us. And so we stand as male and female – two opposites – that yet merge and give birth to the diversity of wealth and the wealth of diversity.

And maybe so do the two bleed into each other. While, whatever state the mortal world might be found in – the human condition would have it, that there is always good in evil and evil in good. And so is there an Eternal Wedding between the Light and the Dark – one consuming the other – like Night and Day.

And could it all merely be coincidence? Well, what is existence ... but a happenstance that defies logic and reason? A happenstance that could not be but magnificent beyond comparison. Even if so not without a dark side.

And though we may exist in-between, do we yet partake of its potential. Each one their own unique experience.

And while God so was Light, I was Dark. While He was knowing, I was oblivious. While He was strong, I was weak. In His Light I am the Dark, and in His Darkness I am the Light. And together ... we Eclipse. :P

And so I think that I am the woman that stands on the moon with the sun above her head; And her child is the Legacy of Our Union.

And so do I dream, of the wealth of my Clarity. At the end, it might just be all I have to offer. And perhaps so I should be ashamed – instead of proud. But what can I say? While I do enjoy me some bathing in the Sunlight, my true pleasures are those of the night.



Artist: MrZoolander



Here I'm not special for what Luck I had or how we'd want to put it, but for what I am to the constructs of our society. So I dream of being reborn into a world, born as Cattle to sexual demands. Grown and Raised to serve – even if so at the whims of the dice.

My power is in what I'm here to do – my authenticity is for who I am.

And it fidgets and squirms ... this thing, that ... I maybe shouldn't have ignored because there's still stuff to talk about. So, as it stands what I did there could be called a Drive-by. Because, there so are the things I care about – that matter for what I have to share here – and along the way I'd encounter things worth highlighting. After all, we don't exist in a vacuum. Well ... we kinda do, but you get the idea.

So is society at times this complex webbing of individual preferences – or cognitive biases, psychological issues ... such and such. And at times things can get a little bit dirty; Though yet we would try to keep things civil.

In terms of Power, I'm certainly in no position to make threats. If you feel threatened however – maybe write an essay about it. There might be truth to it – in as far as ... I guess the Bible means to say that when it's ON, it's ON. Be it as it may, in the reals, in the abstract – whatever – the truth is, more often than not, I – at least in the abstract, I would argue – am the one who feels threatened. And what now ... if I'm certain ... that there's going to be an echo to that?

Making it a trans issue, the problem seems to be, that we exist. Fine! So all I have to do, is to continue doing so – and matters should resolve themselves! Give or take! You're welcome!

I mean – when it comes to people that insist on a malformed understanding of reality, as in: Willfully ignorant, there isn't much that can be said and done – but to inform people who might otherwise fall for their grift.

So am I here trying to illuminate what I care about here from as many positions as possible. And that at times includes certain pits – and I don't think it's worth getting too far into those.

But maybe they are calling for you. Sirens singing their song, or screaming in pain and agony, hissing and shrieking out dissonant vocal concoctions, whatever might get you to listen.

Maybe they offer you truths. Truths that align with conspiracy theories. Like, things that “we” don't want you to know or acknowledge. Though conversely, to yet again not get too deep into that, I'd argue that they will require you to ignore other truths – truths that ‘they’ don't want you to know or acknowledge.

As a piece of trivia: The Glory of the Sun, the Glory of the Moon – heck, every single one of my Masters – within my primary home – seems to be a Woman. I mean, I understand them to be women. If I'm seeing things right, they ARE women. At least for now. Think: Madonna, or ...

## BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL

I want to use the opportunity to write a little something based on my current experiences. That is ... late March 2023. Second half. It's the 24<sup>th</sup>.

Right after I came home from my Surgery, it was difficult to be horny. There wasn't really a way to satisfy it. Best I could do was to put a vibrator between my legs – but eventually the batteries caved in, with no sign that an orgasm might arise from that anyway. But still, on and off, there is some kind of insatiable craving. To my mind, we might say that my balls worked as a kind of plug to that craving. I would further describe it as more of a systemic craving. It's not something rooted in emotions or desire or passions. It is more like hunger. And my understanding is, that it keeps getting stronger. It is in part expected – in some other sense perhaps comparable to a thawing. Not however a melting. I suppose you can deduce or relate to what I mean. But maybe not.

Sighs of relief however, they are a bit of a unique thing in my life. At first, I barely had any. Or so – I couldn't confirm or deny whether I had any prior to my first (and so far, last) time in the psychiatry. That, being there – being somewhat cared for and being put on some minimal medication taught me the meaning of just how much I needed to unwind. Since then, on and off I'd have a sigh of relief – based on nothing I could recall in particular. But generally I welcomed it as a positive symptom. I however never really got it from masturbating. Until after the surgery that is. So, these days I might masturbate – where so far the occasional sigh of relief has been a frequent appearance.

And that is just facts. Naturally, if there were ever any significance to that – so that people had reasons to doubt it – it might be unwise to call it that; Which however also takes us into a different kind of hell.

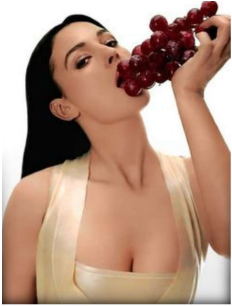
What I mean by Hell here, implicitly, isn't ‘the’ actual Hell or ‘a literal’ Hell. Figuratively however, as – you might know or suppose or dare to consider, that I like torture. So yea, it's a binary truth, mama's comb needs to be applied – but so is there this insatiable craving. Well, right now it isn't there – right now it ‘is’ satisfied, although I didn't do anything to make it be satisfied. But so, on and off it pops in – which is: Tensions throughout the sensual experience of my body that drag my consciousness into a ... we might say: state of sexual readiness.

It was there as I started to write this, I sense it there lingering within the system – and since I just masturbated; And came; It's safe to say that that didn't really do anything. If anything, it made it worse. And I'm not sure if I've come to mention it anywhere. It is however something I took frequent note of while I still had a penis; Though that imposed the silent question as to whether or not I could actually properly assess that. The general gist is, that I am “built to get raped” – so in the sense that “there is no: Too much”, saying that once I'd ever feel like it was too much, that I'm done and fatigued, any kind of sexual stimulus would yet override whatever kind of reluctance might emerge from that – and re-ignite sexual readiness, LUST and pleasure. That of course unless some physical reaction would prevent me from doing so; And so it's dependent on the sensitivity of my individual holes. Right now I couldn't confirm nor deny that. So far I'm contempt once I've come – and since getting there has actually become ... more difficult, more exhausting, ... hmm ... Well, there is that. That craving however isn't necessarily a craving for an orgasm. It is rather a craving for abuse – to put it bluntly.

That – and it's been an open question for a long time – has so far left me concerned. The point is easily that ... my being, as my passive self, works in a certain way – yet

And so I turn towards my own. Though, effectively, in some sense that makes me a stranger.

I mean, we can derive a sense of family from some kind of 'original proximity' or heritage and subsequent mingling. In that sense have I been removed from my 'original family' and been adopted by another. And here a part of my fake memories is most likely predicated on real events; While another may be more of a hypothetical.



Monica Bellucci as Persephone (Matrix Reloaded)

And while the whole ... sex-slave part of it might be a bit weird in this context; I'd for once say that here at least I can enjoy it. And similar to how my relationship to my Spouse (... it starts to feel cold to keep referring to her/them (?) like that) has cascaded through my being - I feel the opposite way about my original family. Perhaps carried by the fact that nothing in this life so far has given me reason to the contrary while being all in all ... hmm.

I mean, I'm left to assume that some of these things only took shape in this life. Like so, also, that they've been given a second chance. And most of the story - all in all, for my part - also just happened in my mind. And so I believe that God would translate the situation into vibes - and based on those I'd say that one mistake on their behalf was to assume that I or We somehow needed them.

"... F is for how f\*\*\*\*\* you are ... now allow me to reprise ..." ("Perfect Cell Song" - TeamFourStar)

I MEAN ... a lot of things ... that are eventually compressed into one ultimate 'meaning' - and I suppose much of it all can be accommodated within this one umbrella term that is 'Clarity'.

At least for all I care.

Maybe these things don't answer the leading question. But it's not like we really need it to be asked. Or answered. Well, as far as my internal antagonist is concerned, it is THE dominant question; And respectively one that may not want to be answered.

So is it eventually just an observation that internal conditions can bend and twist ... "flex" us out of shape - out of flux with society. There is no point to denying that. In regards to the divine - or any higher authority we might imply or impose - we have to individually adjust, or "get fixed" or otherwise ostracized. There are however extra steps that need to be taken, to imply some kind of "natural" state. A.k.a. "normalcy". And subsequently is there a superstitious understanding of these things. A separation into 'good' and 'evil', as it were. While eventually we are individually more or less powerless regarding these conditions; As we all do only align "more or less" with any given norm. And so do I argue that there is a concept of good and evil that is merely superstition - such as an exaggeration of individual preferences. And to that end - I think I have adequately answered "the Question".

The Script now tells me that this whole section was somewhat draining to write. It took me a couple of days, though I'm not exactly sure

Catherine Zega-Jones - or whatever. The List of Women I think are hot is probably too long for here. To say, that this isn't a trans issue. Nor should it be one. In the grand scheme of things. But sure. Amanda Tapping. Britney Spears and Monica Bellucci of course. To so have named ... "the 5 chosen ones" - which is to say; I don't know - but I can't ignore that I'm ... "stuck" with them being in those positions; Hence I'm curious.

Maybe I love one of them legitimately. But I suppose there's no way of knowing until I meet them in person.

But yea. If all that people focus on are trans-women, so that we are made the gold standard for all social comparison and analysis, while people insist on calling us "men", and all that based on how people express themselves on the internet - which is for sure always only performative on some Level - of course people are going to draw weird conclusions.

And that's their shtick.

Right now at least. Maybe not for the first time. To insist on a certain reading of things - and to bombard the masses with that understanding - so that everyone who cannot mount an effective, conscious defense against that may eventually fall victim to their call.

Maybe a pattern can be derived from that. That people who insist on a wrong reading - are ignorant of truths or otherwise obscure them. What one can try, I think, is to wonder about what it is one tries to obscure, assuming that it is the case. Now, conspiracy theories will be upfront about that in a way - though if the theorists are the one's doing the obfuscating, then all that stuff is just bogus ... as to per chance obfuscate a truth you might be sympathetic with.

But so people might think that I only pretend to be submissive and such. For, who really is to believe that any of what I write of in here is actually going to be a thing?

It sure bothers me in as far as ... I'm used to my life and there's basically no way for my life to not drastically change in the wake of things. That alone should be difficult to visualize; Outside of dreams. Well, I have dreams - we might call them that - which echo into my lived experience; As such drawing a harsh contrast as framed against my understanding.

Thereby I come to think that it's weird to be making any statements, one way or another - as it effectively depends on a few things. And one way or another I might just be biased by some weird assumption or deluded understanding or "male whatever" due to which I'm so and so or this or that - whatever the heck. Fuck ... life shouldn't be that hard - or at least ... this convoluted. I mean, at the end of the day there's no point to



Artist: Cherry Mouse Street



## PART 4

### LUMINARY PERFECTION

Oof. So, the thing about Gimmickification of Clarity is, that in actuality, Clarity's complexity requires a certain degree of flexibility on our behalf. In as far as individual pieces thereof might be seeds to construct a lifetime of – it would soon be boring and overall restraining if it always yielded the same static whole.

It defies the very logic of life. Though we need that core of safety, consistency, sameness ... however to call it ... its self-perpetuation is determined by growth, it is itself dynamic – innately ... in motion.

Individual relationships would change in degrees of commitment or availability – different conditions might tease out different aspects of our personality – and all in all can we so discover further nuances of our personality. Some ways might scratch an itch, others might unearth new places worth exploring. And so are the truths of the moment often found between the various monoliths of our existence. Be they close by or yet beyond the horizon.

While I am enslaved, I am enslaved in different ways. Maybe so in different times and sometimes all at once. Sometimes through a veil of oblivion regarding my reality at large, sometimes simply a truth that confines my expressions. Sometimes close at home, other times lost in a distant dream. Sometimes just a routine of the familiar, other times a wild trip into the strange.

What life is at large, is always beyond what it is in the moment. And what now is greater? The moment or the whole? The whole we partake in indirectly, the moment ... is where it lives, where it takes place. One is ever-growing and the other ever-changing. But yet are both intrinsically linked – one never without the other.

So do I look at the various pieces of art I've shared here. Some through a shifting eye – others from a sense of consistency. While at times the one style is old and boring and the other new and fresh; Other times the one is warm and familiar and the other one cold and noisy. The one moment an image is vibrant and full of expression, the other it's cheap and dull.

And so, sometimes I forget that I have an actual life to live; Which reminds me – uh – that what I'm living right now, is right now, confined to "here". Writing this. Being, in a sense, 'in here'. The one moment it seems as vanity and empty dreams – but yet "the eternal heart" keeps beating and pumping its juices through my veins.

Meaning, comfort, purpose, ... it's all there ... somewhere. Some of it is made, some of it is found and some of it is given. Either can be found in

thing. But as with everything, people can construct narratives, attempt dissections and such – where eventually people have learned that they can, or in part have to, project matters of good and evil onto superficial concepts such as race and ethnicity. But those, so we have to see, are indirect – and subsequently imperfect – concepts of good and evil. There's a set of conditions in which the corresponding concerns are valid – and the more dominant those conditions, the more useful the underlying attitude. But also do we have to learn that the whole thing is nonsense. For only "he" is right "who" does right.

But sure. We can then go and pick some arbitrary foundation to start calling something good – and without greater care put into it, that's a great way to start with a crooked rod to impose straightness onto others.

Fundamentally however, I'd argue that, the idea at least, is good dependent on how we individually treat each other, yielding some greater concept of peace. And I don't really know how people would wanna argue against it, except to greater ridicule or confusion.

And so is the function of 'singling' others out more often than not just a way to project the matters of good and evil onto a struggle that can be fought superficially – deflecting concerns over what is good into a conflict that needs to be won; And maybe people forget that they'll have to think about it some day, apart from that, nonetheless.

And yea, what does that leave us with?

Well, to me the story remains the same; Phrased for context: In as far as inner truths of mine yield joy that contributes to the greater good – I'm good to go. But who is to say what the greater good is??? Well, technically nobody. I suppose it should be pretty much common sense. It just so happens that God is also in a position to be an arbiter to that. And a guide. A supporter. The great proliferator of all that is good.

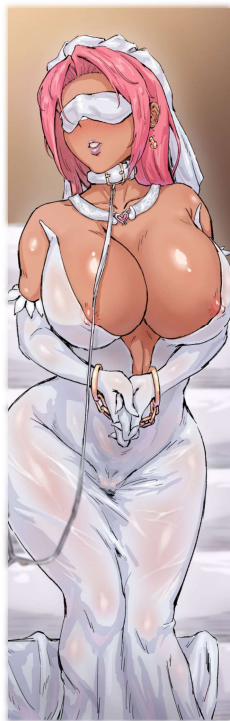
I mean – it's a bit ironic. Because, if we say "God" and move on to argue "why God this and that" – we're really just saying "this and that" and not "God". So, if we say "God" – we ought to 'mean' God.

But so would there still be that asshole attitude that implies that the greater good is to revolve around them. Where, eventually: In order to not harm them, I am to harm myself. Or something along those lines. And I'm not really down with that.

This would also be a ... I guess we could say: Conflict oriented interpretation of the greater good. It's like: Person comes into foreign lands – does violence in demands of being accepted as superior – doesn't get that and moves on to read it as injustice.

Counter to that we have harmony oriented interpretation of the greater good. Here we rather so commemorate our friendships, family – the things we individually harmonize with while trying to extend that approach as much as possible.

You know ... like ... really simple stuff, actually.



Hell-Knight  
Ingrid by  
mojimuji

And so we can move on – questioning what ‘Light’ I’m talking about. Is it emergent from God as part of our relationship; Or is it really just the outgrowth of some sexual perversion I’ve become obsessed and ultimately prideful over? It might be worth knowing that – as per subtle differences.

But ... how subtle do we need? If you want to have strong opinions, you need your own. Outside of that, the script has me focus on the “perversions” part first. So, assuming that all or at least most of the LGBTQ+ are just misguided or brainwashed – is really just that. An assumption. Going with it, you imply that the human spirit in that regard is flexible – that being straight or gay for instance is really just a matter of tripping over. Perhaps. Or you assume that one transgresses some internal barrier that is more than just a social imprint; Though what REALLY is that latter thing there?

Because in as far as you can’t internally find yourself to be gay, well – You’re straight! Conversely: If you can’t internally find yourself to be straight, you’re gay! So the idea. Well, neglecting the off-chance that you still might be bi or pan or got some gender stuff going on.

And yea. In some way – the issue here is one of understanding the difference between inside and outside forces. Or barriers. I mean, if you were to assume what it’d be like for you to take on a different orientation than the one you’re comfortable with – you might end up projecting that onto people who are of that

orientation. As per your comforts and discomforts. It bears repeating, I guess, that it matters just what is and isn’t how fundamental.

And is it ... more complicated than that? Well, perhaps. If we wanted to phrase this as a matter of which things we enjoy and why – we’re asking questions concerning the nature of joy – and all the many flavors it comes in. This latter piece is important – for if we treated joy as a monolith we’d treat it as either universally good or universally bad. And in as far as we had to acknowledge the existence of ‘perverse pleasures’ – it’d be the latter. Of course ... “nothing is quite that easy or simple”.

And I wonder what role the assumption of power and authority upon others has to do with it. So, matters of abuse and being abused.

Anyhow does this eventually take us to the concept of the great fundamental truths of human existence; Where in regards to the great struggle between good and evil nothing can be said with certainty – and so we’re all lost. And any acknowledgment to the contrary would infringe on someone’s individual – even if only potential – freedom.

And yea – every-time we find ourselves in need of good faith, we have a bit of an argument on Heaven and Hell.

But well. Fundamentally we all understand ‘good’ well enough for it to be something we can casually argue for. It’s like a really fundamental

lots of things. Even so outfits that express who we are to those around us, the weight of a Dice, a silly drawing, toys, tools ... .

## 2 – Out and Taken

But so, what about taking? Play stupid games, win stupid prizes ... I suppose! I mean, life gives us a variety of things to look at. One thing being that abundance obscures our sense of limitedness. And that generally is the gist of it. If all you do is take, eventually all is lost. If you however understand how to give, there will be plenty for the taking.

And so eventually the difference between goods and treasures. Goods replenish, treasures don’t. Let’s say.

And even so in the immensity of God and the abundance of all possible creation; There are things that are unique or otherwise limited. So are we. Our relationships, the people we Love. Our past, our experiences, our future. And since it is way too easy for us to stumble, trip over and mess things up – we need to be willing to forgive. This way we can heal and procure peace. Else we’d eventually wither and fall apart.

But so do we also need to bear our own crosses sometimes. Be it the consequence of our action, or the cost of our own self-worth.

To me, I suppose that most of everything comes down to individual relationships – where I essentially give myself and get what I get. Although, for the time being, that is also ... but a dream.

And here we may move a little bit beyond Clarity.  
Or do we?

I mean, I’m not entirely sure what to write about here. Or how to do so. A lot of the original script here was gibberish – loosely rambling about stuff that for the most part is outdated – and while there’s some vague outline that ought to take me to the next topic; It is here that things get a little bit fuzzy. It is however loosely about relationships – but I can’t quite find the right angle to address it. And so perhaps I have to reach ahead a little – and tell you that the bigger topic here is about depth.

What comes to my mind, immediately, is that various parts of my Clarity exist at different ‘depths’. Yet it is difficult for me to describe these depths. But, perhaps: Assume a list of words. High, Low, Peak, Summit, Cave, Tower, Planes, Fortress, Flower, Peon, Engine, ... where I assume you’ll find different relationships to them. Some, so the idea, are “deeper” to yourself than others. So do we have favorites. Stories we enjoy more than others, have more meaning than others, we hold more dearly than others. And so is that.

To these matters, there exists an emotional counterpart. Emotional narratives so-to-speak. And it is an aspect of reality that words can only inadequately capture. Maybe the word ‘envy’ makes for a great example. Or so, jealousy. I’m never quite sure which one to use. Perhaps there’s

some more intrinsic meaning to either that I'm unaware of. Generally I'm under the impression that they're interchangeable; And yet are there two different modes of it. On the one side there's the desire for something that someone else possesses – and on the other side the disdain over someone else having something (you don't have). One can help us grow – the other is aligned with conflict. Overall a pretty broad topic – all cobbled up into a single word.

It is then also so, that as per our individuality, the values of up and down don't have universal emotional meaning. I mean, we wouldn't – possibly – even go to ascribe emotional value to them. But I assume that on some level we value them accordingly. Maybe not as monoliths. Possibly it depends. But that doesn't really make things easier.

Artist: less



Related to depth is also 'weight'. I would say that weight is like ... how many layers of depth a thing entails. But there's also weight in the form of mass – or density. Relevance.

And so do we have tastes. Preferences. Or in all simplicity: Emotions.

Words are however not entirely useless. There are ways to add depth to an otherwise ... seemingly flat situation of text. Anyway ...

For the most part, relationships have so far been subject to conditions. Expectations, implications. Roles we fulfill for each other. Within my Clarity, these are more or less static conditions to generate a sort of hypothetical tension in form of emotions. And it would be a lie to argue that we cannot extract value from surface level interactions. I would say that we also only have so much ... emotional energy ... to spare, implying that by necessity some people matter more to us than others. Common enough so: we recognize boundaries. Or are to, at least. As of that we also have a sense of politeness. An understanding of sorts about how much we may ask of each other.

To that we may add an individuals 'wealth'. Or depth. Things I sometimes think of as or associate with someone's effective 'size' or 'age'. Things however that would – or might – matter to us relative to how much time we spend with someone. And in as far as relationships are a metaphysical abstract, they only truly exist within us individually as per the things we associate with one.

But I suppose God is known to at least have done stuff like that. Which really gives me some Dragonball Z vibes right now. But ... yea. Who gives a fuck? I mean ... Goku wasn't wrong to choose Gohan to fight against Cell. It was a bit iffy at first, for sure – and certainly offers controversy for years to come – but he wasn't wrong!



Artist:  
TEKU/tekuho(?)

Uhm ...

I mean ... at the end of the day this issue devolves into a whole lot of ... nonsense. And I do kind of not really want to get into it. The gist of it would be that I'm wrong actually – at least in as far as the truth disadvantages him. Of course.

And so is there a whole lot about appearances that might be said. Like so is the matter with Transphobia, or #FreeBritney, also a lot about appearances that take away the matter of individual experience. If I say "it's X" and someone else tells you "actually it's Y" – that person is actively trying to undermine my own ability to speak of myself. All that under the guise of ... whatever. Bullshit.

But well, the narrative revolves around the question of which positions we are to socially embrace. Like so is there the argument so and so that such and such or a ... what's it again? ... mass hysteria this or irresponsibility that. And going by the one or the other mistake that people have made, they have "empirical evidence" in form of a real life narrative that played out and could therefore be applied onto "the All".

And so at some point it's all just words and what connection you/we imply with them. Semantics that boil down to really just a bunch of superficial opinions and the hogwash that comes along with it. And all of that then eventually gets bloated up into some kind of "scientific" opinion where I have to wonder what actual meaning the concept of science has to those that run with it.

It's a nice word that means "actually" actually, but not actually the process of 'refining' the matter of fact – and the fact of the matter.

And – just like this. I don't know how I could write any more about it; And have it not be pointless. This so far is already ... just barely relevant.

Though – as for the antagonist at large – I would assume that there is a part of it that's just ... helping me chug along; Keeping me busy, moving and evolving.



that implies a level of control – there’s like a little light that goes on and he steps out and is keenly interested in what I might produce.

Further, there is a ‘he’ that sits in my Origin memory. And this asshole antagonist that I described fits squarely into that. And yea. For a while I had a crush on this woman – and that was prior to my life as a Sex-Worker. So, I hadn’t made sense of Clarity yet – and respectively was for the most part like a confused little child, dabbling with things ... way beyond my comprehension. Give or take. I mean, in a sense I suppose we’re always like that.

And during that time I had a vision of sorts. It gave me some concept of my early existence – and a part of it were various Characters I ended up associating with people I knew (of). And because that crush was one of them, I was willing to roll with it. Or so was I naively trying to make sense of it, to see meaning and purpose in it – though certain aspects I just flat out ignored. It was then after I noped out of the whole situation – I suppose – that these things settled in a different way. And part of it is some fundamental trauma of mine. I can’t really find its origins in this life – or perhaps even in no other life either – but this lifetime so came with matters that would trigger it. Then causing some deep paranoia I only later came to connect to the contents of that vision.

The version that settled within me, or my ‘final interpretation’ of “the story” (there), is that after I was born – two other individuals (in particular) were born inside of me. And through something that maybe kinda defies description, they however ended up “using me” as a mask to appeal to the other. So, it’s like – they fell in Love with me, but either of them would take what the other saw in me for themselves to appeal to the other.

And so I was crushed between whatever sympathies I might have for either of them; I felt left out – and eventually then God ripped me out of there and put me somewhere else. There I then found Love – and ever since I first formulated it, I felt this nagging interest best described as “him wanting me back”. So by means of perhaps arguing against the validity of this/these new relationship(s) I was in.

But so to this very day I have this deep fear that someone might take what I do, to impose as me. Or to however take what is mine or me to present as their own – to each and every extent possible, down to the ETPs of it all.

And sure. I suspect that there is some real life footprint to this whole drama. Along some nonsense like “M’well ‘actually’ he/she’s ... this or that” ... supposed to or whatever as if I’m in some state of denial or have gone rogue or whatever. And that because God is so fair He wouldn’t take away those blessings which I now abuse to make my own thing while obviously they got nothing but worldly standing to back any of that up.

So yea. “He said she said” on a cosmic and possibly cataclysmic scale.

Love is hereby like a promise for something deeper. Or a strange experience that affects us in weird ways. Often perhaps however just an individual willingness to engage with an idea. An idea that ever so often takes us into conflict with the matters between lived reality and conjured dream.

But yes ...

## WHAT IS LOVE?



Artist: 龙之天雪

There’s a German song (‘Die Liebe Ist Ein Seltsames Spiel’ by Connie Francis) saying: “Love is a strange game! It comes and goes from one to the other! It gives us all but also takes way, way too much!”. And, looking around in the world, that song jumps into my head way too often. [Append cynical hyper-rationalization, possibly with the biochemical slant]. So might it to some extent be just as useful to talk about addictions here. And I’ve been through it to the extent that I had to purge any and all sympathies for the ‘lamentations’ type of love song. It’s poison!

And so are we stuck, ever so often, between what we might call “the mysterious machinations of our minds/hearts”. This love has this weird ability to cut straight to our vulnerabilities. And maybe it speaks of a deep desire for our depth to be known; As we perhaps grow tired of the superficial and the drama. Also has God given us bodies – and they come with implications through which we may recognize the concept of loneliness; Of which we then construct the idea of an intimate companion.

But as we are humans and thereby rely on other humans - ...

And therein I find irony. Or in less cynical terms: A paradox. By which I mean ‘desires’ and what they ... exist for.

Love can be a poetic thing. And desires make for a great driving aspect for stories. Less poetic, I might say: “A love that makes you wanna jump out the window and let your bones explode your flesh all over town so that everyone may see the depth of your conviction” - and I’m sure a lot of people understand. So however a less romantic version of all the instances of brokenheartedness, tragic love; And the plethora of promises that have been made in the name of Love.

But so are we still stuck on this layer of pragmatism. What can I do? What can I say? “Without you I’m suffocating!”. Yet so, at least in principle, we get what Love is!

We need it. It completes us.

And yea. Eventually I have to recommend a Turkish show (it's on German Netflix at least) called 'the Protector'. I mean, I had really low expectations going in. It's "so cliché" - but it treats its own material so well. When people make stupid decisions, they get regarded as such. I mean, it's way too common that people in these shows make stupid decisions and it somehow works out although it has no right to. It doesn't try too hard and to my surprise it still works in the third season. And I have to stress ... just how ... nrrr ... . I've seen so much dumb shit those days. Sure, sometimes stupid choices are just that ... there's no way around it. But the extent to which an author can recognize that ... let's say I'm speechless.



And it also tells a love story. Well, of course. [Spoilers] But the central one here is that between two of the villains. So Feysal ("Feysaaaaaaal!" - it's dumb, but it works!) and Ruya are immortals - and the Immortals are here to destroy humanity; And the Protector is there to kill them. At the beginning of the show, only one of them remains. And his whole arc develops as he's trying to bring back his wife. Well. Eventually it happens - and everything is ... as it's supposed to. For them. But it turns out, they have different ideas about where to go, what to do - and as the cracks so start to form and move on to grow ... we can see the fundamental problem with Love. And because they are the villains, we also don't have "protagonist bias".

Now, I would consider each of my Relationships to be far superior to that. More or less. See, here's the thing: I know I'm capable of feelings or emotions - whatever you wanna call them - much stronger than whatever I've got going on there. Give or take. Let's for now just leave it at 'much stronger'. Or 'much much' stronger. It's like ... lingering there. In my system. Like a broken fuse maybe, but not the type mentioned before. So ... in the abstract. It's a "first true love"/"broken heart" type thing. It's like a silent call. A dead echo. In the ... poetic sense. I suppose?

Well. What else I suppose is, that part of its strength is down to the fact that true relationships, that is: dealing with actual human beings, is always 'not' going to be the bestest the own uhm-ma-perfection hypothesis engine can produce. And yea, I suppose we can have such feelings for a lot of things. I just happened to have mine imprint onto some concept of Love I suppose. Or Love might just be the most potent source-material.

And I do understand what I might get out of it. I mean, there's a Lure to it. It takes hold of what produced it - which ... might be close to everything. And all I had to do would be to let go of whatever might hold me back. Beyond which the problem were that this wouldn't produce a partner out of nowhere - but, at least so in theory. And I might convince myself that it's good. It would be the new foundation to everything - and I might even get to some of my Clarity that way. But maybe a little bit more manish. Well, can't have it all either way I suppose. And no, I didn't mean to say

And in as far as my Clarity is tied to certain relationships - all that is or were/wouldbe missing as well. So outside of what would be neutral truths. Like say, neutral truths in consequence to certain conditions. And yea, I suppose that's why I feel my collar becoming active in some of those instances - for in as far as someone might raise a claim on me, it interacts with its logic. But it so would also stand that it is ultimately the Light through which I am compelled to submit to its logic.

And so it stands that what conditions this antagonist has me envision, it's also a bit of a nuisance, rather. Though, sure - were I to seriously submit into those conditions - I might embrace it as a thing. But, as a neutral thing it follows the same rules as just some ordinary Kink. So are there no inherent obligations.

One other thing the antagonist does is partiality. Well. That's actually what I wanted to get at. So the issue with the "Gimmickification of Clarity" is one such instance of this kind of partiality. To take a narrow view and ask a stupid question.

What got thrown my way in this instance, is akin to: "Wouldn't it be better to be truly lethargic (as opposed to yet having some kind of happiness or joy in all of it)?" - subsequent to which the image was popped into my head, where I might - due to having a life or how to call it - not fully experience the totality of being truly severed from my loved one(s).

My first reaction to that is something along the lines of: "I've never heard such a stupid thing my entire life!". And ordinarily I don't think I'd have to rationalize it. I'd ignore it and move on. Like so do I have no need to cancel my Love for some odd state of depression. Which, yea - I suppose one thing this antagonist does really like to do is to hold me to the words I use.

But here's the thing: The original draft had me equate Clarity to a Super Kink - and throughout these considerations between the Light and Neutrality I came to realize: It isn't quite that ... without the Relationships that factor into it.

And this antagonist, ... I truly hate "him". If it turned out that it were a human being who had some kind of backdoor to meddle with my emotional constitution, say via ETPs (exciting negative thoughts on my behalf) - I'd wanna apply for some private fire and brimstone session where I might wanna forget that I'm 'passive' and 'submissive' and all that. (It has to be a mix of things)

Like seriously. I mean, rather than an antagonist, "he" is like a mean little rapist that constantly tries to figure out how he might use my Clarity against me, or ... inject himself into a position of authority. And sorry, I haven't quite figured out how to tase him off or something. If there were some pepper-spray solution - I'd use it. Like ... sheesh.

And what a mean little asshole he is. I mean - it's kinda like that whenever I write about something that entails compulsion or obligation or anything

don't mind the  
mindless rambling  
...:/ But for context:  
The Lure takes me  
into a hypothesis  
that requires aspects  
of me to change or  
shift - so in the bad  
way, a.k.a.:  
Becoming my Evil  
self.



relationship that cascades throughout our being. And that 'is' also change already.

And that takes me to what I meant by "I got it bad". A somewhat bad comparison might be cancer. But so do I sure dread the possibility that it might actually be bad – for, focusing on it, I can feel "it's effects" all throughout my being and I feel that I'd be nothing but a hollow shell without it.

Sure, on a surface level that sounds like one of the things I want to be. And yes, as of that there are aspects to it that I can at least imagine aligning with to some personal comfort. And as of that I also don't really have a reason to believe why this should or wouldn't be the case. Or so, where things are going. Except maybe ... something along the lines of: It is however questionable that absolute individual and emotional lethargy should be viewed as a reasonable goal or ambition of ours.

### SUPER KINK

Oddly enough, that takes me back into the seemingly incoherent stuff I was rambling about in the original draft. So, it comes up here and there, that there is some kind of grand antagonist inside of me. We might call it my inner skeptic. Something grown and shaped of the prejudices I might encounter in this world – constantly attacking me from the inside.

And ever so often I fall into the habit of arguing with it. Justifying myself to it. And I suppose that's one of the ways in which I'd be loosing you as I descend into non-contextual gibberish. I know what it's up to – but because you don't see it; Unless I manage to write about a particular accusation or whatever; You're missing a part of the story.

And – it quite possibly manifests when I think to write of something that I don't have perfect, or good enough knowledge about. I didn't think it through properly, or ... whatever.

And one thing it constantly bugs me on, is the question for whether or not my Clarity is neutral enough for in about anyone to trigger it. Implying that in about any random person might "hold me to it". And ... I don't like the idea. It's utterly asinine to me. But, I have to assume, so on a more irrational Level.

But, as of writing this I had to notice that Eshem might hold me to it somewhat. And of course it makes sense that in as far as my Clarity is an expression of preferences – there are those that would exist neutrally. On their own. So my tendency between submission and dominance and my tendency towards environments where that would matter.

So is my Clarity, as it exists regarding those things, mostly valid, at first at least. So would it in some cases take a super-position of sorts – probably because the Light just does for now at least have no reason to leave me. But based on the few experiences I could gather on that subject, it's also not quite as magnificent. So is there for instance also none of the Light.

that it adds to my Clarity. It just ... something within me got triggered running through the hypothesis. And I have a name for "her":

Eshem.

he's a Character from a book I once read. "Kosti's Reise" (Kosti's Journey) by Karl von Eckartshausen. It's the story of a prince who embarks on a journey to find enlightenment. It's a tale drowned in Metaphors – and Eshem therein represents sensuality. Described as a mistress. Kosti eventually meets her and she ... "catches him in her webs". I'm not sure anymore if it's literally so that he woke up webbed in them. But certainly he was enthralled. Not noticing how much time had passed – that sort of thing. Maybe also some hallucinating – seeing lights and happy servants and lavish feasts and all that while in actuality the place is dark and abandoned – that sort of thing.

In all of that she's also described as ... maybe Goddess is the wrong word. But ... she's contrasted by 'Wisdom' – her arch nemesis. And Eshem has two servants. Self-Love and Self-Interest. And they go around to shackle "the Proud, the Stingy, the Lustful, the Indolent and the Vengeful" into Eshem's temple – the Temple of Passions – and Furies follow them to whip them to their blood.

I suppose it's all not all that important. Overall it's just more of a cautionary tale – though I suppose it's still a somewhat adequate depiction. That we so – fueled by our desires – would chain ourselves to the tortures she imposes upon us. That's one way I regard her "superiority" to be iffy.

It might also be a bit iffy to use Lust (FMA) here. And yea, it 'actually' hurt a little to do so. I mean, Elise (League of Legends) might be thematically the better fit, while Lust is a bit of a fandom's sweetheart. But that's part of the reasoning behind it – not that everyone would get it. Who or what Lust now is, as per the FMA lore, I suppose is somewhat open for interpretation. Is she more like a human that can't act against her purpose, or is she more like a deception that only seems to have human properties?

But the thing is that it kinda sucks to single a Character out; And if I have to do so, then one that fits with the theme. But so – between Night and Day and everything else there isn't all that much space for ... "Real Life Nonsense". Like, zero. But I suppose ... nah, I'm not gonna speak it out.

But yea. So, Self-Love, Self-Interest, the Temple of Passions – ... I mean, there's a brand of Christianity that would resort to such words to define some sense of Evil. And eventually it's difficult to describe "evil" if all the words that could be used – or at least most of them – have been re-appropriated. ... uhm ... anyhow.

As for strength of emotion – on the other side – I'm however in a bit of a pickle. A ... fundamental existential crisis type of pickle. I mean, I'm not sure. And if I'm wrong there, that comes with implications. And so



Lust (Fullmetal Alchemist) by NemesisLP

I'm doing the old "it has to be" - which ... m'well ... doesn't really fill me with confidence.

I mean ... there's ... issues. For once have I kinda - in alignment with the previously mentioned one - purged personal optimism from my system. So have I mostly settled with mundane and kinda ... dimpling along ... whatever. Also is the whole 'magical thinking' part ... practically in quarantine. And those are things I would need in order to actually believe this part of my story. I mean, I can try rationalizing along - but that doesn't make it right or true.

And then there are those feelings. This blissful ... blistering, pure ... which is by the way nothing like that ... vile, self-loathing but oh so addictive ... burning fire-like emotion. But ... I suppose there's a comparison ... which ... some might consider suspicious.

But for once, it's not really about the feeling. Or the emotions. They merely exist as a consequence or byproduct of ... something that however isn't really ... like, lived experience nonetheless.

Now, my Clarity isn't built nor dependent on that. Sure. But if I got something twisted then ... I'm still wrong about at least something. But well, luckily ... it makes sense. So, hypothetically speaking I'm in Love with an actual real person that also loves me back and for some undisclosed reason there's something although we never met for all I know. Not in this life. Which is totally as if ... it were actually the other thing.

And yea - how to say it? It got me bad!

But it doesn't *affect* me. It doesn't **control** me. It doesn't lead to compulsions - not internal and not external ones - and just as Clarity, it for the most part just blends into the background. I mean ... it's not there, unless it needs to be there ... or how to put it. Which for the Love part is again a little different because it isn't really a 'thing' per se. It's a consequence of affection. Or how to put it. I mean, it is a thing in that I can ascribe objective meaning to it. Then we can metaphorize, symbolify; And sure, find meaning in the feeling. But that is eventually beside the point and this beside-the-pointedness can even be misleading. So - when the focus shifts onto the feelings too much, it like ... can become the thing which then begs the question for the 'actual' thing, a.k.a. the relationship - and things get a bit weird.

So, questions emerge. Are we only compelled by the feeling? Do I owe her? Does she even like me? How would or could I deserve this? So, things become somewhat impersonal.

But yea, ... I suppose it deserves mentioning.

So, what really matters - or "would" matter (I suppose I'm a bit more secure about this part of the story) - is the stuff "around". And a part of that are 'fake Memories' (the only one I'm right now really sure about -

besides some other things) which integrate with my Clarity. But we'll get to those when I'll get to write some more about those 'Rooms'. Short Version: There seems to be an interest that God has for us, which is to shorten our emotional History to the things that matter to us. And so do I have a pseudo Memory of my origin up to the point where I met my spouse - the moment we met and a few things that append to that.

Part of that memory is ... well. The affection I have/had for her and some experience of her response. And all in all does that 'contain' how I fundamentally relate to her; And how I expect her to relate to me for as far as I'm concerned. And I ought to be certain that it's the same on her end. From her perspective. I thereby don't think that I'm particularly aware of what my part would be - but I'm sure it's something that's somehow consolidated. And ultimately, I'd say that those experiences are pretty mundane. That they're only special in how they're special to me, individually. Or so, to her respectively.



And this then pretty much follows the "broken Logic" of Love discussed so far. But rather than me projecting needs into myself from which I extrapolate something, there is one or a handful of particular experiences that do have a specific meaning to me. Specific in the sense that between what I'm attracted to and what needs I have, there are things that are satisfied through them or comforted or ... things along those lines.

And this is so akin to the 'lived experience' part to it. Except it's consolidated. Enshrined. A moment in time preserved in timelessness.

And I suppose that's what 'exalts' it from "ordinary" Love, which on the other hand isn't all that different. That is: The more 'lived experience' you have to fuel your Love - so-to-speak - the more 'real' or 'reasonable' it is. I guess we may so also talk about 'sympathies' as the fundamental building block of all relationships.

They so would exist in various ways. From one-sided to mutual and from distant interests to intimate ones.

But I suppose what I'm saying is also, that this one 'magical partner' doesn't exist. That we haven't been created with monogamous relationships in mind. Or any kind of "proper fit" in that sense.

It would then follow, that we have to somehow adjust in order to be, but to also have something akin to a proper fit. And that possibly, to varying degrees, across our depth. Though, I'm mostly thinking of minimalistic adjustments. At least at the "bottom" of it all - assuming that certain changes, hypothetically speaking, would have a huge impact on our whole. But in as far as we can 'give' a little more here and there and less there and there - and such things - we can then engage in a thriving