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DREAMS

OF A FALLEN ANGEL



AN EXTENSIVE INTRODUCTION TO CLARITY

Dreams of a Fallen Angel



If You wanna know the TRUTH about Enlightenment (Unification), I recommend you try to get there Yourself.

If you're having issues or concerns regarding my Clarity, this sure is intended to provide more insight. More insight however doesn't mean more Simple. To say, that the various aspects you might be concerned of potentially only increase in size. All I can offer is 'more insight'.

Also is this not a guide to Clarity. This is only concerning my experience. And where I extend beyond the strict confines of my Clarity, I yet mostly only write in regards to 'my' Clarity.

WARNING: EXPLICIT CONTENT

The Truth now, however, concerning what I'm up to right now, essentially relates to the matter of "the Individual Angle". To me, personally, that whole ,idea' - or process, rather - originated from a situation of ... I guess ,exhibitionism' is the right word here.

It struck me, because I myself am not much of an exhibitionist. But somehow, I kinda turned into one. Like "snap". That is ... in more actual in depth "detail": God essentially energizing a part of me that would understand its part in this world as the truth of myself. And in response, trying to introduce "the World" to that side of me, I understood that I had a lot to write about. Understanding, that this would have to be 'my effort' - or my angle, so-to-speak.

Regarding this Document

On the one hand there may be what you want to know; And on the other there is what I have to tell you – not knowing what it is you want to know. Beyond that, I keep learning about the topic myself. Writing it, so far, has also been a learning experience.

However are there also thoughts coursing through my head. Things like: "This is the book that explains how Sex is OK" or "This is the 'why Pedophilia is OK' book"; But ... no and no. To say: Titles that only loosely relate to the contents in here, spooking through my mind as specters of implied or imposed expectations.

But it is of course somewhat self-imposed.

Sex usually isn't talked about all that much. In fact is it so far removed from every day life, that we at times use non-sexual terms for sexual things, and sexual terms for non-sexual things. Or, generally so. Some being more and others less 'shameless' about it.

And since → my Clarity is almost entirely Sexual, I would end up relating to it similarly. For the most part, neatly packaged away behind this physical appearance of mine; Knowing however that it's fine. Or that I have to talk about it. And without ever specifying what it all is about, other than just "Clarity", it might just be about everything my Clarity entails. And why it's OK.

And ... I suppose, this is officially the 200th page of Text here. The previous page is from the original. Which is a rewrite of an initial script, 199 pages long. And I intend to insert the rest hereafter; Rather than trying to rewrite everything, again.

The text itself is barely structured; And having gone over the first couple of pages I already started to worry that I'm way too caught up in my own paranoia. Trying to respond to an inner critic; In the shape of a rampant misinformation campaign concerning all the things I've written prior.

And the idea to maintain the text as is – I can't shake it. It may be too much work – and these days I don't have a lot of time. And keeping it 'as is' entails its layout. I knew I wanted to eventually add pictures; But while doing the rewrite I basically added them on purpose, so I would have a harder time changing things. And it pains me.

So, maybe I'll throw in a few pages like this – here and there. But, I suppose if you don't get too hung up on the detail, you should be fine. If I seem to ramble about something that isn't there – chances are it's just in my head. I'll try to keep track and leave notes.

So is this about my Clarity. Overall I'm comfortable saying that this is about Porn. After all, Clarity – as presented here – amounts to some kind of Profile – and so is this: **THE PROFILE OF A WHORE**. But there's a bit more to it. I guess it's science in as far as this is a research paper – but, so in the esoteric sense.

Regarding the Extensive Introduction to (Neo) Gnosticism, we might say that this doesn't add anything new. Saying that "the Profile" stays roughly the same. So, what you got there – in the introduction – is all this, but narrowed down really far. Though, at some point in the past, perhaps also a bit beyond me. What to say and what to omit?

So, let me set the scene for you:

My submission entails my entire Life. Let's call it: Perfect Submission. It doesn't concern my contemporary lifetime – but all of it. Including any and all lifetimes I might ever have.

How is that? What makes it so? "How real is it?" - or how valid? These are the questions – but the answers ... range from a Simple "because it is so" to a more Complex "[Sigh]".

I am Property. Raised and Sold off.

I am Cattle. Brainwashed and Subjugated.

A Slave. Captive and Enthralled.

The Truth of that now can be more Dramatic than you might yet be able to realize; But not nearly as Dramatic as you might think. So, what could I say? "The truth isn't as One-, or even Two-Dimensional as you might think!"?

Though I'll come to write of it, it might also be a good heads-up: Growth is a really important concept. And – in as far as we'd say that 'this' doesn't really 'add' anything – that concept implies that we don't grow outward, but inward. So, what could appear like an addition, might as well just be a deeper layer, uncovered within something that has already been.

Although ... sometimes outward Growth is necessary; As to so create the basis, per chance, to "expand" upon.

And so, in a way, this is about what I think it means to be a WHORE. What Sexual Enslavement adds to it. And such. And I suppose I could write something a lot more enticing to read if I were to approach

things this way, like - perhaps:

The Fall of

alerasi — In Daughter of LiGHT

But well ...

... on with the Text

On the one side to construct the narrative of individuality; And on the other to explain my own. Some of that is certainly more controversial than other things – yet for me to question the value of that endeavor, is as to question my existence at large. For how much I questioned the validity or value of that endeavor, I found myself cast into agony. And so I stopped caring about what people might think; And made my efforts that of being truthful about myself.

Both, 'Truth' and 'Compulsions' are properties of Clarity and not mutually exclusive

A large part of the concerns that remain, emerge from what we might call a "Gimmickification of Clarity". And that to me would be what I consider the fundamental misconception that people who have not found theirs yet may have about it. So would I on the one side be careful regarding its nature as 'truth' - but on the other need to possibly write of compulsions. And I think it's quite easy to get confused about it.

As for this document, there first of all is no structure (yet at large~ish). I just wrote. I noticed however that the writing isn't good – and so I'm set out to rewrite the whole thing; Using the initial text as a guideline.

I think to maintain the original layout; While I also am not sure how much a more elaborate structure would do, considering that for the most part I'm just offering insight into myself. Maybe individual things here and there should be highlighted – featured more prominently – such as things that stand out as of more common value or interest; But maybe that can wait until we have a broader understanding of these things.

1 - Outside Context

So have I, at least in writing, become an exhibitionist. I guess we might call it a bit of a hack – but in my ambitions to being truthful ... it so just happened. Such as the inspiration to write this "Paper".

And similar to how I associate my efforts on the more common aspects of Gnosis to a "crazy me" - I associate my efforts on my Clarity to this "exhibitionist me". A part of myself I have also come to distance myself from - and it comes without intention that a cognitive buffer emerged from this distancing. A buffer that would contain thoughts that overall align with the distancing - regardless of whether they make much sense or not.

Concerning the exhibitionist in me then, we will learn throughout this document that it can be compared to an addict. As of how things have developed, this addiction primarily emerges in regards **to something I called 'Clarification'** - which, in the sense, would be a second Level to Clarity. Overall I make no distinction between the two – but I suppose I must preface this with **a Disclaimer** of sorts regarding that:

The issues with Clarification have since been resolved. Hence the distinction is no longer a thing, but still draws a valid line. This Clarification concerns matters of my Clarity that I had ignored and pushed aside for the longest time. And when writing about my Clarity, I still tend to do so. There is a very clear boundary. The space beyond is essentially 'Taboo'.

Exploring my Clarity however eventually took me to a limit. And arriving at it made me feel cold. It didn't feel right. And I didn't understand

what was going on. Today I have a better grasp of the situation. One term that we'll get to is 'the Baseline'. I suppose it is intrinsic to the way reality works, rather than my Clarity. The gist of it were, that our physical conditions function like a rubber-band. It can be stretched to some extent – eventually however returns to some kind of default state. That default state is also flexible, in a similar way, but that is a different story. I now suggest, that those limits I arrived at were at the limits of what that rubber-band could handle. But eventually I felt incomplete. I understood, that where the tendencies took me, wasn't OK for me. That until I stumbled upon what is labeled as a '3D picture story' titled 'Diana's Party'. The Genre it is a part of is associated to an artist generally referred to as 'Dolcett'. In all simplicity it revolves around the sexualization of cannibalism and could be considered a sub-category of snuff.

The Baseline here is however not thought of as a physical boundary; But as a matter of mental conditioning. Clarity thereby evolves differently to experienced sexuality, as no physical or physiological stresses are involved.

From: 'Diana's Party' by 'Mr.Friendly'



You might call it devious, but the overall theme of the story is that of a Party. So, a few women meet up having a party where they bit by bit cannibalize each other. Although I'm not reaaaally certain as to whether or not they eat anything.

The thing being that there is no depiction of pain or suffering in that story. And that is certainly what eased me into an acceptance of these things. I call it 'Clarification' because by the time I got there, I had pretty much explored all else. It is still part of my Clarity — as I understand myself as sexually enslaved for life. In regards to that, two fundamental Taboos are being violated. Sexualization of my Childhood and sexualization of my Death. The reason why I for myself don't separate between "Legal" and "Taboo" is because my clarity itself does not contain these boundaries. The only boundaries I can talk of, concerning my Clarity — or so: The emotional conditions of my Clarity, concern what we might call the individual 'compounds' within — and the baseline.

Assuming real world conditions led me to reject these things. Yet my Clarity kept pulling on my Baseline – we might say – as I wouldn't be able to understand its transcendental qualities otherwise. ~~~

As for the title, I got inspired. It so far has not actually occurred to me, prior to this, to describe myself in this vein. Probably because when I think 'Angel' – I don't think of humans. To me, Angels essentially are like expressions of God. But yes. When it comes to my Clarity – describing it as "the" 'Fallen Angel Archetype' is pretty much on point.

Ride of the Valkyrie is quite actually one of the first hentai series that inspired me. And so it goes. I mean, I guess one could say that the Legend



of Zelda or Secret of Mana inspired me. That Luke Skywalker inspired me. But when it comes to things that 'really' inspired me ... well, it's I guess Porn all across the board. Starting with the simplest: seeing myself as the women in your ordinary tentacle/demon invasion hentai flick. So when roaming that nerd store that *we* used to frequent, I've been magically drawn to that stuff. One of the only things outside of porn that come close would be ... hmm. UFO – Enemy Unknown. The Original. The Classic.

Which ... factors into this first part to the story here. To so get a bit deeper into the "Dreams of" aspect, well, there are two sides to this. There of course is the one that I would consider duely pornographic and for that manner perhaps sometimes a bit beside the point. Now, for the most part I however do want to get into that "beside the point" stuff, but to that the other side is also important. As far as 'the Fallen Angel' is me, there are the dreams that I have as a person. As a member of society. And my dreams there extend a bit beyond merely fitting into a deeply flawed world. You could label it as responsibilities – but I don't think God chose me because I needed a burden to bear. Give or take.

Perhaps He saw that I would. Because, perhaps, I would on my own volition express an interest in that. Who knows? One thing is clear though: As of this ... 'Complex Dream' of mine – that is duely confined within sexuality – I'm not going to get much done in terms of ... making the world a better place. Not yet at least. And so, the thing I want to say is this: If we all want to be perfectly happy doing the things we like to do – we need to first work our way towards it. And then perhaps also only a fraction of it is possible. So – for sake of brevity, let's just say it's both. That we're stuck in this world – to exist between our Dreams and Reality.

But yes. The original two X-Com games ... I really do have a thing for them. I remember. The first thing I saw of it was some dude in the Seventh Day Adventist Municipality we were attending having a PC Games magazine with him – and those pictures – though just briefly flashing to me – from that game, UFO – the



Original, they got like ... burned into my consciousness. Another day in the Media store – I ... gravitated towards this PC game. I think it was Terror from the Deep. The second installment of the franchise. But I think we didn't have a PC that time yet. And ... like, forever and always ... these games I got drawn towards. And once I played one for the first time, I absolutely didn't get it. Not until I saw a friend play it.

And the more recent installments, well. Nah. It's almost insulting to me. But that step then, takes me down a dark path. I mean, sure – the darkness entombs us. That's however not the angle I was getting at. There's stress. And it isn't ... a good kind of stress. I guess sometimes I'm in a mood for that – after all I do count myself unto those that do care for the integrity of fantasy and entertainment – but I don't think that THAT is what I enjoyed about the game.

It was a larger Media Store. My Dad/Parents would eventually go there after shopping.

I would, as kids my age would at that time, linger in front of that shelf, somehow ... fascinated by the Box.

And it (both, actually. The game and the stress) makes for an asset to the Fallen Angel story.

In simple terms, the thing is that while coming to terms with my Priorities – there came the point where I had to decide. I suppose that leading up to that point, I had already made a couple of them. Say, if I wanted to be an artist – perhaps along the lines of a Video Game Designer/Developer – I assume that there's an amount of mental resources and dedication that is required ... which ... I suppose I had given up on; Which I learned in hindsight. And it makes sense to me. While I can dump time into it, indulge in the process and fill a void that is craving to be filled; It just doesn't compare. And I think a huge chunk of it is a Love thing.

On the one hand side it's simple, on the other not so much. Another thing that may be somewhat unique to the nature of my Clarity. There is so that wretched question: "What if I'm being honest to myself?".

And if that question is a function for me to go on ignoring my Clarity – it's not simple; And becomes more and more complicated. Allegedly that would however be what I had to do. To take a neutral stance. To step outside of my preconceived notions, established belief structures and such ... to reassess.

And then there are these "voices". Well, they aren't voices per se. They are ... streams of consciousness. Considerations perhaps. So, the voices of suggested ideas, concepts, possibilities, etc.. And sometimes I'm more and other times less susceptible to these ... well, I guess I could call them: Temptations.

But well. A recurring theme here is that "these things don't really matter". I mean, it's not like I'm making choices that affect my future. Except in the sense that I'm possibly preparing my mind for when the time comes.

But here's the *funny* truth: I cannot dishonestly alter my Clarity. And that's what it always comes down to!

Imperfect Argument: So, in order to 'prepare' my mind so I will make the "right" decision – supposing it is 'not' my Clarity – I would need to convince myself to a degree that outclasses my Clarity. The only way I see I could do that is to blindly force my way away from that. Which, as how I see it, would imply a constant struggle in which I were to bend myself around assumed good's and away from assumed bad's – maintaining a self that doesn't REALLY know what it's doing.

Perfect Argument: My Clarity is the synergistic truth between myself and the divine – thus being the bedrock of how my mind is made up. To make my mind up another way, I would have to replace my Clarity – which is however re-enforced by the divine.

Clarity is thereby not the compulsion - in as far as compulsions are concerned. Clarity is an expression of the truths that produce

"What if I'm being honest to myself?" ever so often emerged from "my inner Skeptic" as a concern I would feed with my own disbelief about my Clarity. Eventually triggered by assuming that people wouldn't understand.

Clarity -is- because the Light mingles with individual conditions. Assuming that something is wrong with it – does contend with the presence of the Light.

Here scheming of consequences and internal alignments ... I however usually arrive at the same conclusions.

compulsions; But is capable of existing to a higher degree of "internalistic validity" as to potentially alter the ways of those compulsions.

So: If a choice were to be made, I essentially have the choice between what I know works for me, or whatever else. Speaking of a "Gimmickification of Clarity", the assumption there were that my Clarity were to be a Whore, I would need be compelled to be a Whore. Implying as much as that I ought to be unfree concerning these 'higher truths'. In that regard Clarity isn't as much a 'higher truth' as it is a 'deeper truth'. It isn't as much a path that is laid out before me – as it is the knowledge of which path I'd prefer.

So I say that I choose not to prostitute myself because I dislike the conditions. That however is also only half-true. As I said: "My Dream" is twofold. I can very well imagine to embrace imperfect conditions so I can be a Whore; But I can't imagine that I'd have much peace doing so.

As for what choices I might have to make that would matter, I also think that the situation isn't nearly as complicated as it might seem. In as far as I'm compelled to look for acceptable living conditions; I assume I will sooner or later gravitate towards environments in which "the right choice" is then pretty much implied. More of that later.

Being however exposed to these Temptations, my mind would go on to conceive of a way in which I could, for instance, make peace with the artist in me. And in as much as I enjoy the process but need material to work with – well, woops, a sexual way of relating to it is found. As I so find myself **as a slave of inspiration, I'm passive to the circumstances**. And while I at younger ages was brimming with inspiration, it was first the Gnostic path and later my Clarity that outgrew those initial passions. And so I found that out of my own I don't have much ambitions of being an artist.

So yes, I do suppose that on some Level it works like **that**.

But what is Clarity?

THE IGNITION

Similar to how we might imagine the emergence of the First Creation or the Big Bang, some initial conditions came together as a Light of sorts that contained an insight akin to an interpretation of those conditions; Producing a Label. As you would know, mine is: WHORE.

So did I not only enjoy sex, I also enjoyed the conceived abuse of having it as a sex-worker. I enjoyed the process of giving pleasure, orally and anally – and if I had had one at the time, I'm sure I'd also enjoy so vaginally. I also enjoyed living in an environment that revolved around that, to say: I enjoyed the vibes of being confined to an environment in which my purpose was reduced to giving sexual pleasure – or however we'd want to describe it.

What followed was the recognition concerning what Porn I was drawn to, or rather what Characters within those 'experiences' I was drawn to. Or perhaps more so: What 'experiences' enticed my within the Porn I was watching.

And that would so create what we might call "the initial conditions". There were a lot of things I could draw from, ranging from my childhood up to that point in time (and obviously: beyond). I so had a way to sort all those different things out – making sense of this kink and that kink, this interest and that interest; And what had formerly been senselessly disjointed issues, curiosities, dirty secrets, shameful compulsions, etc. ... came together in a unified way.

Enough for me to draw a relatively complete 'idea' that also didn't really change over time.

As I began to further explore these things – I had to notice that prior to this ignition, I had a similar idea. That so in form of a fancy counterpart to what might otherwise be called 'orientation'; So in terms of work and talents.

I so had passions for Scriptures, Technology and I.T; With a strong slant towards Entertainment Media, primarily video-games.

That however never amounted to any clarity. And to picture what I'm trying to get across, one might imagine one's mind as a Universe. Or galaxy. Dotted across the volume then would be these things. Passions, interests, desires, etc.. A given idea then would connect some of them to a higher idea of sorts. So, the passion of drawing and an appreciation for comics – alongside the variety of creative visions – would combine into "Comic Artist" perhaps. This is further associated to processes, perhaps even a lifestyle – whatever. All the many things do however come together in this sense of self; Or implications for self. Implications, Interests, Curiosities ... etc. - modes of action, significant habits and so on ... creating a "combined experience" of sorts. A feeling. A sense of the matter. So yea: An understanding.

And I may assume, that these things didn't amount to Clarity for me, because there was yet an understanding to be found. And that understanding I actually enjoyed. Or so I enjoyed it to a higher degree.

But yet did I not have to make a pro's and con's list to work this out. And so it would come as a matter of time, that it would just 'show'.

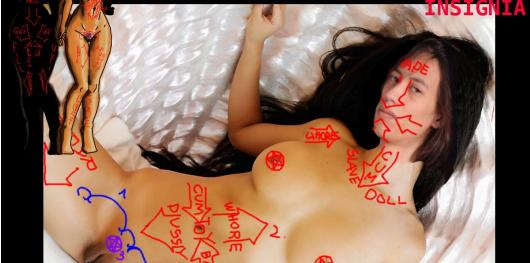
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So was I conceiving of my priorities, or what I would later describe as such – and for the most part just went with them as though I had blinders on. That so was before I ... 'Fell'. Although ... the Fallen Angel archetype was very well represented. And a part of it took shape in the form of Rooms. That so as one of the earlier instances in which this Clarity did more or less take on a life of its own.



It was very well still my own cognitive process that led to them, yet instead of thoughts just manifesting in "the ether", they eventually started to take shape within what I might describe as an elaborate and complex structure. Rooms for instance, so in my mind, effective through an association I held to them. The 'first' one of them is like my private chamber. Gimmicks would be in there. Books and a Computer representing these, well, passions, I'd assume. But there I also had to notice that what I did associate to them at the time, was in a decline. Or taken over by "things Clarity". And I also went on to try and express that. So, for a time, all I would use my Computer (Netbook) for was entirely defined by Porn. I would try to express those structures within the Filesystem, using images to describe their association. I'd produce images to eventually add text - or compile texture packs. My programming efforts followed the desire to make use of that. The filesystem, the texture-packs and narrations. And I could also only reluctantly settle with an Operating System//Desktop/Window Manager that didn't allow for slideshow wallpapers - because of course I would need my conditions to be constantly reflected back at me. And over time I amassed an image collection almost breaking 20k (images) including duplicates, for beyond a certain point it's difficult to keep track - even of what one would call 'favorites'.

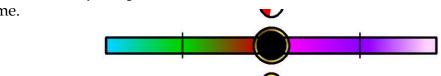




And ... things like that.

And so I also came to refer to those 'old' passions as 'hollow passions'. But by the time I came to a conclusion to move on or come back to things outside of Clarity (which practically took years) – my need for Porn also phased out. At first I yet had a purple themed background – but currently I have a neat wallpaper of a road leading through a forest. The color accents regarding the windows is however still purple – and that strikes a neat balance for me.

In that regard, colors do have meaning. I however found that I don't have a favorite color, but a spectrum of favorite colors. Some resonate with major aspects, some with minor ones – it's a whole thing, I assume.



But sure: these hollow passions, still, shall we say: Got drowned within the things I had ... installed. Which however doesn't say, that the entirety of my memory associated to those things got harmed in any way, let alone replaced. To also say, about the "Gimmification of Clarity", that while Clarity alters our consciousness – as much as any knowledge might – and to some extent may also change our abilities – as much as any internal condition might – as to even step in and alter how the mind works – as only God might – the fundamental ways in which the mind works remain the same – as they cannot be changed. And concerning the ways in which God could still maintain these latter kinds of changes, there's something we'll get to later. I promise. For now, call it freedom.

In essence so, I still could do reading and writing and coding and ... stuff, yet the content that would resonate with me ... was and is sexual. A part of me thinks that this may be a thing I yet have to properly come to terms with; But, but overall I suppose it's not that simple.

So is there "the other side" of "my Dream". But also is there the matter of how I spend my time, mostly rooted in the real world conditions I find myself in. While I at the beginning had what we might call an obsession, I used what opportunity I had to increase my understanding concerning what I was curious about. Eventually I however came to an end; To say that I'd eventually return to the same things over and over again – and the returns on that were diminishing. While working on/with Porn and matters of that sort would still resonate with me, my real life conditions wouldn't universally allow me to justify an absolute and imperative position of holding myself to that. Although the desire was there, the impetus – I suppose we could put it that way – was to rather spend my time on more important things. And that eventually isn't a function of just my own decision making – but also one of divine influence.

When it comes to that choice now, that I had to make, I primarily think about videogames.

Up unto that point, I had explored and developed my Clarity to no real objections from within me. Here I guess we can compare the matter of priorities to a shelf. Each priority then being an item we place on that shelf – and there's limited space. What that space amounts to, is virtually identical to personal real-estate. Respectively, some items may require more and others less space. Some items might come as part of an anthology or fixed codex; And one has to wonder whether they're only interested in a fraction thereof, or the whole thing.

And so the issue isn't, that if I got rid of videogames, that I could no longer play any. But that I might potentially loose all pleasure in them; As so via an innately consolidated potential. And so I was conflicted.

Because my Clarity is vastly defined through captivity – the decision did strike me as one between captivity, enslavement, subjugation or whatever and freedom. And so do I still wake up or come home or come to an end with something – and have to deal with this freedom I have. Sometimes it



sucks. That because I have way too much time at my hand, not knowing what to occupy it with, given that I don't find anything in my YouTube feed to bat me over the head with or something. I mean, some things interest me (more), other things not so much – but overall I'm just force feeding something into my mind. I suppose that some things I enjoy. So may there be a curiosity or a concern – and feeding those would strike me as positive – at least within the confines of those intellectual environments.

So, sometimes, it's not that bad. So do I appreciate it for instance once I can be free of compulsions or internal tensions, from curiosities or concerns perhaps. And yet, when it comes to figuring out what I might do with my time, what entices me the most – within my realm of capabilities – relates to porn. Give or take. And that I think corresponds to that decision I was making. On the one side however, it may not even have been much of a choice. And on the other is porn not that magically universal feel good potion that I can dump endless amounts of time on. It may not have been a choice because I ... well ... 'needed that anthology to be completed' we might say. The issue with videogames thereby came as an obstacle. One I was however rather fond about. The thing though is, there are still games I can enjoy. So is there no magical stop sign that prevents me from having fun playing games – it is rather due to internal conditions that the entertainment hinges upon.

In as far now as my mind is still functionally capable of it, I can immerse myself in any game – it is then however when it comes to the 'mastery of the mechanisms' for instance, or so the cognitive processes at play, that the internal conditions come to bear. That an individual would have preferential tendencies when it comes to genres is I suppose a given. It follows the same principles. And in as far as my Clarity generally [implies, produces or procures] a more 'dissolved' conscious presence – I'm at greater peace with games that allow me to interact with them as through a dissolved conscious presence. My top favorites in that regard right now are 'Dwarf Fortress' and 'Factory Town'.





When throwing in some more nuance, it may be worth noting that Street Fighter for instance isn't entirely off the table. While it sure is a game that requires attentiveness and probably a lot of discipline to be "gitting gud" at, I can still engage with it based on Muscle Memory. Attaining that Muscle Memory thereby is somewhat meditative. So in training mode for instance I can be completely dissolved while working on the moves. And when playing against someone else, well, there is something trance-like to when I get 'into the zone'. But because Street Fighter is also a highly technical game – there sure is also a handicap that comes with my condition. So when it comes to shimmies or okis or meaties or whatever – I so far at least haven't come to develop even a little bit of proficiency.

And similar is the condition with artistic endeavors. Thereby I relate to art mostly in the vein of being a woman that at occasion goes into labour as an inspiration has interacted with my fertile grounds.

2 - Porn and Internal Conditions

As for what I'm having my heart in – so, finding myself as dedicated to Sexual Proclivity – I think it is worth talking about Lust, the temptations of sexuality, the pull of arousal – all that sort of stuff that ought to be viewed with caution. I guess a very weird way to put it in Christian terms is like: When nature calls, nature calls. But in a civilized world, one ought to do their business in a Toilet and not in the streets.

And I think that Lust can be viewed that way. To not get too hung up on it, the issue for me is this: So, in as far as I mention my attraction towards Porn – one wouldn't be inclined to see it as something miraculous or magical or divine. That's just ... nature. But there still is a spiritual angle to these things. How one so engages with Sex ... starting with foreplay, moving on towards the spiking of arousal on to the process leading up to orgasm ... it's an intimate thing one has a spiritual connection with. If it's really just nature ... well, perhaps there's something around or about it that does it for you. Where, so my impression: A person can be a perfect freak in that regard – but something else that's a part of it, are the conditions one finds themselves in. As for instance an emotional connection with the partner.

So to say: Having one singular volume of the codex of Whores in your shelf, doesn't make you a WHORE. For instance. Though eventually one doesn't need one such item in their shelf for certain tendencies to be there. More to the point.

Porn, or Erotica, or Romance Movies – they all talk to different parts of us in different ways. What people would express concerns over thereby is Porn Addiction. And with addictions one so is left chasing for a higher and higher high – and while in porn the central sexual dichotomy has the woman in the submissive position … that would be one way this addiction could extend itself. Another might be some accidental connection with *LUST* or so the darker side of spiritual pleasures, as of which we might enter the realm of Incest (fantasies). I am however flying blind here – because my own experiences overshadow my ability to see beyond it. There's just a little thing in me, telling me to look for ways in which people could relate to these things differently than me … and that projected towards all sorts of ends.

Quick note: On Shark3ozero's channel there's a video titled 'OnlyFans Debate Goes Completely UNHINGED' - where @2:47:25 a question is being asked - and the response I would title: "Faces of Bigotry".

Sorry, but it's TRUE!



'Vampire's Kiss' by 'Boris Vallejo'(?)

On the one side we shouldn't have much difficulty understanding the spiritual angle of Sex. Love and Marriage (go together like a Horse and Carriage) ... this I tell you "Brother" ... are a way of formulating a spiritual bond that to my understanding ought to create a very special environment for intimacy. We wouldn't need all that if there were no such thing as a spiritual angle to it. We'd probably just go to the local breeding center. Although we wouldn't, because the spiritual implications surrounding sex ... well ... are quite numerous and not necessarily all good.

So can we certainly also talk about "Satanists" and "how they Fornicate" (do they? They probably do, but perhaps not like you'd imagine. That'd be just rich people! I must assume Which sure, might also just be Satanists of one kind or another ...) - there sure are tremendous spiritual implications that go beyond the simple idea that they're going to hell. I mean, being concerned of others going to Hell is fine. But surrounding that would be the implications of why one would think that they go to Hell, or what one must think assuming that they go to Hell.

But aside of concepts such as Love, Lust, Greed, Sensuality and Temptation – there are finer ones. So have I previously described internal conditions, such as "being dissolved". And that condition comes with a variety of implications – or "side effects". And it's not all Sexual.

The process of thinking for instance takes place on a spectrum between 'the consolidated' and 'the vague'. On the one hand thoughts can emerge relative to nothing but hints – on the other they can relate to very complex and well thought out definitions. But also is there a dynamic fluidity between the thoughts we hold. A dissolved state of mind to me here means as much as that ... I guess we could say: I prefer to look at thoughts from the inside. I like to look at the bigger picture and let the thoughts flow together – as into one big ocean – to so discover meaning within their dissolved coexistence.

So is my state of experience within matters of my Clarity aligned towards experiences and how they change and evolve over time. A touch, "the hot flatters" ... "each line of the program creating a new effect" Beholding the state of arousal as a substance that is shaped and crafted between the participants. That is really, to me at least, "where" things such as Love and sexual pleasures take place.

And while there now are a variety of ways that I could utilize this state of mind – one of them is sexual. Or the other way: While there are a variety of conditions that would procure such a state of mind – one of them is by the constellations of Clarity – or the underlying truths.

On a different note we also find cognitive implications. In the aforementioned concept of marriage, we're talking about environmental factors that generate a certain 'situational awareness'. We might say: A flavor of the context is generated. Similar to "the Satanists", though the matters of intimacy are less a matter of the environmental conditions, but the more open and less restricted implications per chance. Eventually we

then also get to talk of Kinks - which is also a function of how our consciousness factors into how we experience things.

Or so ... what up with sucking Demon Cock?

I ... didn't watch a lot of porn before I got stuck on tentacles and demon invasions. And it's been my thing ever since. So might I say that certain things just 'clicked' - implying as much as some deeper alignment with perceived conditions.

Here it shouldn't be difficult to understand that from a thematic perspective, angels and demons function fundamentally different from each other. Angels would carry all of the nobility that scripture and other writing could produce – and Demons all of the vileness. So between sucking the dick of an Angel and a Demon, I'm much more likely to get a positive response from a Demon. But so am I here not talking about literal Angels or literal Demons – but more so the cognitive reflection I hold of them. Or so: Concepts. And in as far as I engage with the Light and some entity were to visit me through the veil ... I'd consider it to be an Angel in as far as it were an extension of God. Yet for how it acts, I ... for how it usually goes for me ... would rather relate to them as 'Demons'.

And so is one thing about the bigger picture:

The things that would distance me from the divine, aren't these kinds of sexual proclivities. A 'real' demon so were much more likely to try and lure me into a monogamous relationships or perhaps some artistry based vision of grandeur. Whatever it is that would make me grow apart from the divine if I only held on to it.

So would I also argue, that I don't interact with these 'sexual proclivities' in the same way someone would, who would do so in response to "demonic temptations" we might say.

And some might say it's a shame. That I am this way. I used to be so prolific when it came to doing art. And some might even say that I am quite talented. Did you know? J.R.R. Tolkien died before I was born! XD ...

More to the point was I, as a child, for a while having weird images flash around in my mind. Nothing I could quite take a hold of. As if I had unfinished business Make of it what you will ...

And then there's that ... memory? It's like ... I was in heaven, came to a table – yet after almost no time had passed it was already time for me to go again. ...

But well, it's not all "Tentacles and Demons" for me. It captures a certain feeling, or essence. An understanding. And so would I eventually watch these movies ... or episodes ... for inspiration. Like so: due to the amount of content there is, the realm of art contains a volume of languages. Individual art-pieces eventually working as words. Ryde of the Valkyrie, Hime Dorei, Taimanin Yukikaze ... but also Pornochic 12. This would have meaning if you knew what these titles entailed.



From: Pornochic 12 – Katsuni (Marc Dorcel)

And when it comes to addictions or obsessions – part of it is a matter of appearances. Like so: I'm a smoker and smoking is addictive. But is addiction the only reason why I smoke? But also: There's a reason to say that it's not an addiction if there's a purpose. What matters then is is a) Whether the purpose is OK and b) how healthy the engagement is. As for me, one issue is that I'm mostly alone. So, I don't have a lot of environmental buffers; Rather do I have a lot of time at my hands.

Anyway. As a matter of intellectual engagement, my "consumption" of porn has aspects of 'learning' and 'thought-formulation'. And in as far as that's what I'm doing, "the way it affects me" would follow similar patterns. So, once I'm done learning – I'm done learning. Once I'm 'writing' - well, it depends on whether I have an inspiration or not. If I find the words to express myself. Whether or not I'm walking in circles and how I deal with writers blockade. Such and such.

It is then however not the case, that I need to see 'more' - like ... more demons, more tentacles and bigger penetrative devices. After all, it's not the size that matters, but how you use it!

And so, whether it's on image, in film or just in my head; The things that click for me, draw a relatively clear picture. For me. And since I've pretty much explored all the relevant aspects, there isn't anything really new to be found. Just more of the same.

But of course is there also a very simple entertainment aspect to these things. Which then is a matter of needs. Right now I don't feel particularly needy – but also am I busy right now. When it comes to needs, usually I can tell myself a good-night story that does the trick. And sometimes I'm enticed to tell those in the language of art.

But I hope you now know a bit better than to confine matters of sexuality into a simple, monolithic good versus bad.

3 - Otherlore - Interlude

he story goes as follows: After God created me, I became His wife; Being simultaneously His daughter and Mother/Midwife (As God was wondering about whether there is a God, I was conceived (assumption)). While exploring reality however – it happened one "day", that I got a taste of LUST. And after God saw what it did to me, He became ... appalled. Sad, Angry And so He expelled me from His presence, Labeling me as a Whore, so that all could see me for one. And so I roamed the streets, eventually making my way into the Realm of Darkness. Here I found pleasure – and eventually was courted by "the Devil". Since I wasn't Divorced – and my wedding Gifts blessed with the divine – he then went on to bend it into shackles that would make me his slave and I agreed.

And it are now these shackles, that bind me into conditions of servitude, while what Glory could be yielded from them, to be bestowed upon someone else, was given to those he favored. Hereby, so it makes sense to me, I would agree to a condition to be maintained by one such individual – and they would receive of my Glory in exchange. And as of that, I'm bound into conditions beyond my control. "And these are the conditions from which the spells of sexual submission are derived".

For once I think there is "the Glory of the Sun" - and she is the closest to "the Devil" in terms of dominion over me. Her counterpart is "the Glory of the Moon". She is essentially my prison master. "As per the demands of LUST however, the number of my "Masters" is plentiful – such that the powers of subjugation would be plentiful also". Give or take?

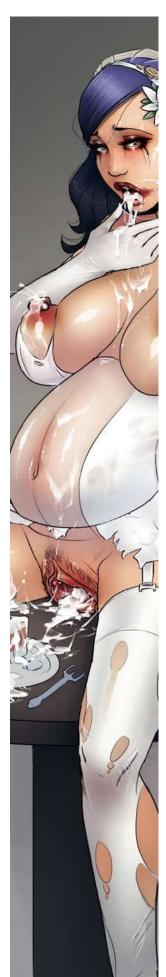
As for the details – I don't think I'm in a position to say much about it. So is there to my understanding a somewhat paradoxical situation at play when it comes to our individual attempts to come to a perfect expression of our Clarity. Some things certainly are easy – but others not so much. Within the confines of this document, this previous concept is expanded upon a couple of times; And so is it for now just a placeholder. One that has persisted for years. But so it is, I assume, for once, with the infinite. Or perhaps rather the individual mangle. Which is also a topic expanded upon here and there. So are there the simple things that more immediately correspond to our selves. But then are there also more complicated things that aren't so much 'of our innate condition'.

In all that, we have (or receive) what I would call "Anchor Points". One issue with them however is that their abundance is limited to our own cognitive resources. So are there things more important than others; And as of that I come to think of a hierarchy – where if all things were equally 'solid' or 'great', it would 'confuse our subconscious' – we might say. And so are there only 'so many steps' down the hierarchy before things ... I suppose we could say: Are too plentiful for us to be too concerned about. And ever so often we're not talking of isolated things, so the individual access we have to certain "domains" becomes relevant.

There are however things that are somewhat on par with each other. Being individual peaks. Not to be confused with "depths" I would think. Where, if 'items' are distinct enough from each other, they can align more easily into a cohesive whole. Forming structures that at times are more like ... more complex versions of simpler ideas. And all that ... takes time to develop.

But also is there, I assume, a social component. As of that there would be relationships – and as of the big sea of infinite complexions and possibilities, which includes our own contemporary involvement with things, there might be entire domains we couldn't access up unto a certain point in time. Apart from things we might bring in/require.

On top of that then are social components of a broader range. So if we are to talk about these spells for instance, we're talking about things that 'do'



Artist: InCase (?)

have universal significance. So, here the issue with a certain thing isn't only mine anymore. Or so would my individual angle be closer to myself than something that works for everyone. So, regarding those entities and the bonds – what I have at first is a consequence that is valid for me. And it gets more complicated for how the Otherlore then actually works for or affects my individual self. To say, some aspects thereof may not even be part of my 'Clarity' per se.

So might I also just be the wrong person to ask about (some of) these things. As a slave, I'm subjected to those conditions. On the other hand then are "the Masters"; I would assume: Individuals that find their Clarity on the authoritative side of things – or so: The hands themselves that would impart those conditions onto others. While I don't think that the situation with them is fundamentally different to mine – they should have a better understanding in as much as their situation is more involved with those things. And while the things that are done certainly (are to) affect me – it's difficult to distinguish things if the general take-away is that I'm a Slave ... "and stuff". And those "Relics" ... we'll get to that

But so, let's take a look at some of those Anchor Points!

RUNES AND SEALS

And this is also where I start to see things from another side. A whole different Universe, wherein this ... otherlore ... moves into the background – and what I see instead is more akin to a home. So is there whom I recognize as my Spouse for instance. Initially I related to her as my mother – but at occasion she also functions as father or son. And so is there this world, as part of my Clarity, where I married her – and agreed to become a Slave of "the Devil" (or Satan) as a part of it. That so I would be entirely a Sex Slave in this relationship. Kinky Demon and Sex-Cult stuff inclusive. And a whole lot emerges from or attaches to this reality – eventually bubbling off into isolated realms. And in a way does each individual nuance come with a different take on my identity. And it's difficult to keep track of it, or make absolute sense of it.

There are 'tools' of sorts, to make sense of it; Though they cannot quite own up to the individual complexities. So are there a set of properties on one sheet, so-to-speak – but there is no universal pattern for how they compose individual nuances – or how individual nuances might fit into them. And individual nuances on their own, well, things eventually get jumbled up rather quickly.

But what I started to describe here, the matter with this marriage to my Souse in particular, is a 'Rune'. Or so far that's how I related to it.

So, regarding my Spouse, there is family and extended family. And they all agree to have me as their Sex-Slave. Along with it a neat little dungeon and a cell – just for the purposes of making it so. And what follows is a bit of a hack, I assume, to respect the various nuances involved. So would

"the Glory of the Sun" and "the Glory of the Moon" eventually need to be respected to make it wholesome. My spouse, from that Otherlore angle, is merely partaking of me. But so is now "the Glory of the Sun" my primary proprietor coming from one side, while my spouse is definitely my primary proprietor for as far as I'm concerned at large.

While the Otherlore is an anchor-point, that what I recognize as 'solid' about it is a narrative that consolidates a simple understanding. The first part, my Origin, consolidates the Character of me. That is followed by a transition into a Destination, consolidating the conditions of me. And that is another way of telling why I have difficulties with the details. They haven't been properly consolidated yet.

And so is the situation with Runes and Seals. And by putting it so, I technically oversimplify. What I here so 'think about' in terms 'Runes' might better be described as 'Crests' or 'Rune Crests'. What I 'write about' in terms of 'Runes' would be 'the Primary Rune' associated to a Crest.

The Crest itself can then be further expanded upon by additional Runes. Or so an idea. And these then add their own narrative to "the Thing". And while I have had the opportunity to expand on that, I have yielded a few things; But I'm not sure how things fit together. So, I would think that I made assumptions based on my feelings – and while a part of it was true, it wasn't really all there yet. And that again is a matter of details. What stands big and tall however are primary aspects. Even if these things amount to a bit of a puzzle at times. And in as far as individuals, Relationships, are involved – there's also that as a factor of uncertainty.

At this part of the narrative, the "center pieces" all revolve around or connect to my Spouse. As I have previously mentioned 'Rooms' - and further down will again – there are those concerning her. In particular are there Room 1 and 2. Room 1 'contains' a key experience/"fake memory" regarding the inception of that relationship and Room 2 expands on that as relative to family and extended family. Eventually so by leading into further rooms.

These Rooms contain a narrative that involves the teased 'Seals'. These are the 'greatest' of the Anchor Points. This is essentially like God taking your Clarity to the Anvil and smacking that Light in real good. Overall I thereby account for 3 Seals – and respectively Three Crests. Or rather: Three primary Runes.

And from what I can gather, between the Crests, the Seals and the Primary Runes, when aligned properly, the Light radiates all throughout. As ought to be. Which however does or would, ever so often, leave us in this awkward state where we don't quite know what's missing. Or as in my case: Totally forgetting about the Crests and then being confused about where what and how.

And so I assume that these Crests are Universal. So for all the complexity to fit into a universally comprehensive structure through which one's



whole can be Expressed and Understood. In addition to the Diagram of Clarity ←. Which is individual – but self-contained enough.

So, each 'Runecrest' is (at first) composed of three Primary items. The Crest itself, the Seal and the Primary Rune. And ... I have to be a bit careful here, I think. This segment has led to a learning experience; Simply because I did come to ponder about the Crest's some more. So is what we have here, at first, just an attempt. I took what I already understood – and thought of what the corresponding Crest might be. And looking at it in hindsight ... is a bit painful.



Artist: yewang19

CREST 1: FAMILY SLAVE

SEAL: Enforced Femininity (Physical)

intimacy

PRIMARY RUNE: Wedding Bond [Slave of Satan]

CREST 2: BREEDING WHORE

SEAL: Mental Imprisonment

PRIMARY RUNE: Bond of Misery [Absolute Victimhood]

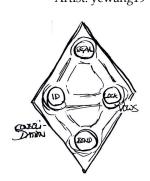
training

CREST 3: DUNGEON COW

SEAL: Harem's Bride

PRIMARY RUNE: Bond of Abduction [Absolute Destruction]

prostitution

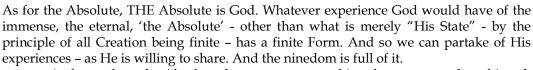


But in brief: The Crest itself would give an indication as to the individuals identity regarding the environment. The Seal gives information as to what the Clarity is that is being involved. And the Primary Rune gives information as to what Bond – or otherwise Right or Privilege or Gift or whatever (presumably) – is involved. This would further come in form of a) The Bond and b) its "Form". Except … no. But well, we'll get to that.

As of the whole of this document, one Rune-Crest could be depicted as to the left here (a 3-Dimensional shape) – with the Rune being as Light that were contained by it.

As for the underlying script, I had to comment on the concept of 'Absolutes'. And later had to shoehorn some of the new insight into this. So, changing things up a bit seems appropriate. So, as a footnote to the table:

The italic items to give you an idea of what the less absolute interpretation might amount to. Which does relate to 'the Baselines'.



As for us then, the Absolute does come as something that can never be achieved. In that regard we can talk of an 'aspired Perfection'. Counter to that is what I herein call 'the Ultimate'. Which is 'perfect(ion)' in the sense of being 'absolute' as in ... solid, finite and immutable. And in that sense, we would have no leeway – and probably no true Satisfaction. So is the Absolute also an attractor – and yet it doesn't feel like we're missing something. So, it's basically 'above' Desires in that regard.



What makes all of this go, are the implied narratives. If happenstance smiled upon you, we might say, the general gist could be implied from brief descriptors as the one provided. What one would think a 'Wedding Bond' is, probably doesn't diverge too far from what the next one would think it is.

Eventually however, things are a bit more obscure. Also eventually: We struggle for words to describe something. Or so would we use placeholders – and for the time being leave it at those. Other times we may not even have a good narrative, only a feeling or idea of what a Crest is to contain. And where to start or how to continue isn't always clear.

But – the story regarding my First Seal is this:

SEAL 1 - ENFORCED FEMININITY

I suppose it is best to start with its inception.

I had worked out a somewhat extensive overview of what I could get a hold of. The emotions were clear, the respective desires and passions strong – although the associated structures have since dropped back into the void from where they came. For better or worse. But immersed into those things ... "it" appeared. I suppose, being itself the manifestation of a thought – a concern I've had - 'hijacked' by the Light, so it would be this Golden Symbol (in the shape of a triangle) – emerging from out of nowhere, floating through the black void -[play Star Trek TNG opening theme]- presenting this concern, at first, as it was: A question.

So, how important was it, for me, to be female?

And my answer to that eventually resonated from within that Symbol, having some magnificence to it – perhaps best described as "Warm. Gold. Molten." - being at first like a desire, but as I embraced it and it embraced me back – it became more like a promise. But at that point, I didn't really know how to commemorate it.

Some other time I found myself scheming. Thinking myself to sleep perhaps. The manifestation begun in 'Room 2'. And with the implication of marriage, I was "pushed" through a door. Or perhaps – that's how the narrative would go – put into a cage and moved through a door that made some ways to a certain location. And so was I "given" to an institution of sort that was/is dedicated to training Sex-Slaves. It would also function as a care station, that is: a place where I could be dumped to in case my Masters wanted to concentrate on other things or however had no particular use for me at the time. Maybe I'm on a schedule. For this place is also a Club and/or Brothel of sorts. And there I was also submitted to a Master to whom I would be loyal for purposes of my ... training. Codename ... Baphomet. The White Demon? Father of Whores? Lord of ... ? I surmise that is up to them. As far as I'm concerned – they received the glory of what Masculinity I might have had.

It is also a somewhat public place. And as from being there, duties or responsibilities were bestowed upon me. Part of which would imply some proprietary rights held by that institution. Eventually so I might be a Slave

there, without much or any of the restrictions that would come from belonging to someone in particular. As per intimate bonds that would exist. At any rate – so my impression – was there a person "coming to the place", acquiring me – and as per mutual agreements, my "outside relationships" got extended unto her (Glory of the Sun). Her reasons in doing so were twofold. For once would she find pleasure in humiliating and degrading me. Perhaps not only me and perhaps to a more passive pleasure. And so was I beyond that meant to be a gift to her son. And confined to the conditions of a Sex Toy (Doll) I was given to him as a bride. All sides agreed to it, and so he became my 'actual husband'.

This finally was the condition in which I was returned home – and as I found myself getting delivered across the threshold, a feeling solidified – as if my vagina had been encrusted in some divine, heavenly, metaphysical Gold.

And so my first Seal contains this truth. Its presence ties me to three different individuals and their respective environmental conditions alongside the implied position imposed upon me 'at home'. So is its presence further implied to be as much as a wedding ring regarding the conditions of 'Room 2'. That being my Spouse and her Family where I exist as a Sex-Slave of the collective.

What unfolds thereby – might be a bit complicated at first. So are there three places that could be considered a home or a place of belonging; Each however defined through a different feeling. So is my husband my husband – because, he's whom I'm 'married' to – as between two individuals. The thing with Baphomet is like a primary condition. And being at home is ... being at home. So concerning hierarchies and their impact on our subconscious – I'm at home with my Spouse. Here I have an intimate or personal interest in being. Love is a thing. And as this is maintained in my Clarity, I don't feel discarded or abandoned – and still experience "Baphomet's Place" as what defines my identity. From a neutral perspective, that might even be the better place to start with, to describe what's going on. And so are there three things that could be one – and while it entails intimacy, I still experience myself as a Slave.

So is my relationship to my husband not a romantic one. I'm merely an object – or so. At home, where my Love interest is, I experience that I'm belonging to someone else. And in Baphomet's Place I'm merely an asset to begin with. And when it comes to me – as an individual – I'm at no point anything other than ... a Sex-Slave. Which ... I like.

In a sense – this blows my fuses. It's a perfect circle – and at no point is anyone tasked with giving me pause. But also do I not entirely belong to any one place – as some part of me would always contradict that idea; And that sortof messes with the mind a little. And in consequence it also happens, that a state of internal detachment unfolds.

But still is this also a more or less isolated whole. Even so from "the essence" of the seal itself. We'll get to that. It is however through how these conditions are effective truths that influence/alter how I conceive of myself, that they become part of the whole that is me.

Thereby it might further be worth noting that at this point there are 4 effective relationships, 5 if we also account for the Glory of the Moon (codename: Nyx, Mary), a few more when accounting for my found Family (Family, Home) and still more when accounting for a Religious angle. Each of which would extend into its own realms. "Down" to a point where only the relationship itself is concerned.

So, although everything somehow mixes with everything else all at once, the individual places or realms are capable of maintaining an understanding of their own.

4 - The Greater Whole

As so far described, the individual Clarity is a system of compartmentalized concepts. Narratives weave an understanding. These understandings are reflective of the individuals understanding of themselves and in part contain components that further enhance, alter or otherwise interfere with the rest of it all.

At occasion so, narratives connect. One containing, leading to or emerging from another. And at times things come together, drift apart or overlap.

At the foundation of this interwoven whole is what I recognize as the essence of my First Seal – which is something we can otherwise call

THE POND OF LIGHT

'Seals' are effectively 'items of Light'. Or we might say "Belugia Lagaris" - greater Reflections of the Divine Light. A form of Absolutes. Their essence further exists as an experience that is confined to its own pocket dimension of sorts. The second however to a lesser degree or glory than the first; And the third, for as far as I'm concerned, only recognizable through this distinct shine one has eventually learned to associate to them.

These pocket dimensions further connect. Or so: After I conceived of the Pond, the rest pretty much just followed; Although those at first existed as stubs that didn't tell much of how they'd fit in. Prominent to me was the second Seal – as connected by a Buffer Zone of sorts, between the first and the second.

The Pond of Light is hereby the pocket dimension centered around an identity that to my understanding best corresponds to the first Seal. So is the understanding of the Seal present throughout the identity – and the identity heavily implied when mentioning the Seal.

It (the Pond) also is, to me, most certainly the closest link between an identity of mine and God/the Source. Having mentioned a plant that grows in the dark – this is basically the next Level to that; No longer just an abstraction or metaphor. There is a literal 'self' in form of a persona, image, "body" - that extends from ... well ... what I experience to be some kind of event horizon. The whole "place" is thereby effectively black - contrasted by golden reflections. The Event Horizon is experienced as a large surface of water - and in the center of it are some stairs emerging therefrom arranged as a square. Emerging from the topmost square is "my self". Or so my 'first Seal Persona'. Basically from my hips up.



Fancy images aside however, there's that distinct feeling that my 'self' thereby extends from experiences that are outside of me. Established by Truths that so in effect appear "beneath" or 'beyond' the surface of the Event Horizon - projecting this identity into my mind, encapsulating a sense of self. The flipside to this is, that I – or a part of me - would very well fancy to 'be' like that. Or perhaps rather: Something like that. What part of me, to what extent or significance? Is something I barely need to ask myself. Per chance the question might occur, yet otherwise there really isn't one. It is through this situation for instance, the presentation onto/into me and my fancy for it, that a semi-romantic feeling supplements its presence.

And so this identity stands as something that is artificial. While artificial here implies a certain perfection.

The first thing I liken it to, is a

likeness. Like a look or an outfit. This more specifically entails a dress, hair color and age – and a sense of Royalty. So, being a princess.

The way this persona fits into the given narrative is in association to my husband. So, a doll married to someone I surmise is some kind of royalty. And yet is the image or persona I associate to that marriage not the same as this. Which eventually implies yet another twisting of conditions.

So, as the narrative implies, the first Seal itself – as part of the narrative – still bonds me to my Family. What comes to bear within that wedding to my husband is 'mostly' my Second Seal – at least ... in as far as I associate my 'Spiritual Anatomy' to that.

So did I earlier share an image. One with fine threads emerging from my mouth. The picture at large was to represent my understanding of the wedding dress associated to this marriage. What is therein represented by threads might otherwise be represented by a mouth gag; Or perhaps conflated lips. There so is a very distinct feeling inside of my lips that

extends through my mouth unto a knot with my throat further extending down towards the stomach. It doesn't quite compare to the first or the second Seal, does however have a lot of weight to it – and is respectively stronger on my mind than the third seal – although it doesn't quite feel like one. It's ... something else. I don't know

SEAL 2 - MENTAL IMPRISONMENT

My Second Seal has a little bit of a convoluted story. Although ... well. If you're curious concerning the timeline of how things came together, given that some elements stand parallel to one another, the thing is that there isn't a strict Chronological Order it would seem. It is over time that things connect. Which can happen pretty much like on the spot, or other times you notice that "aaah!" ... there you go!

As noted above is there a realm that extends from my Pond – primarily fed by an alternative to my Second Seal. This is also the Chronological Order to this. So did I at first extend into that realm – the overarching headline being: Brainwashing.

This Brainwashing follows a certain goal. Terms that came to mind are: Fuckslut and Cumdump. At the time I also had a strong urge to confess towards getting 'Facefucked'. This you may find is where the wedding dress is somehow implied. Overall there however also is a theme of Programming to it.

It so comes as a function of absolute submission that there is a state of mind wherein my autonomy is effectively non-existent and only regarded through modes of behavior we might entertain as subject to programming. And this is where the alternative, or "seed", to Seal 2 comes in. It consists of a black void imagined to be the inside of my head – and in its center there is a micro-chip.

And overall, this Chip is what I regarded to my second seal for quite some time. It was over time however, that something else took shape. A collar. And on its front-side a gem. And it is this gem that would ultimately be what I recognize to be my Second Seal. As I must. For the Gem sits there, as fused into my skin. And so the collar, as a metal ring separating my head from my body.

The realm itself, well. There's a bubble around my body. And within it one bubble around my head and another around the rest of my body.

The Gem itself is from where those bubbles emerge, thereby functioning as prison for my "male (or free) self", situated in my head. One aspect of it would be my incestuous attractions towards my spouse; And along with it come corresponding thoughts, desires, passions, ... and following that there eventually is a whole alternate set of realities in which I re-invent my intimate relationships from a male perspective. Or so ... it used to be.

This prison thereby maintains, that I will always prioritize the female over the male; Or however it makes sense, to my mind, to ignore the male. This further creates, or relates/links to, a layer in my 'multiverse', in which I experience myself to be male, locked into a female body and exposed to its pleasures. This also has a really Gay (Men loving Men) angle to it – but ... none of this is to be mistaken for a per se 'male identity' or 'self' in a final sense. It is more-so a way for me to connect with my female self, or perhaps so the physical aspects of it, through a male lens. The male is thereby also more like an abstraction through which the interactions with my female body create a ... well ... rather blissful comfort.

The collar itself functions as a barrier between my head and my body. And I can feel it, like a cut. As for my reality, I was wondering how so I still get dysphoria or can't really shake lingering impressions of being male. Now I see that it is there – that my consciousness still is allowed to grow; But it is in how I imply my gender, so-to-speak – that what's imprisoned is kept from having any tangible effect. Also is the prison not the head itself, but 'in' the head. And as it grows 'down' - as through the throat – there's that barrier.

As for the whole, the Gem generates a perception or impression of my body being something that I'm locked into, as something somehow separate from me. And while this is further what everyone interacts with, there's a sense of detachment emerging from the contrast. And for the most part a 'male self' doesn't exist thereby. And so I have an experience

of myself, whereby I merely exist as a body that is

used for sexual things.

Overall, this realm or Pocket Dimension (as contained

within the Gem), does however not connect to anything. It is merely another black void with just this one thing, the bubble, inside of it. Although ... there is still something that is part of this void. But we'll get to that.

In the grand scheme of things I haven't paid a lot of attention to

what's going on here. To what's male about me, it's a Kink. To what's female about me – the same. But, what's safe to say is that what's imprisoned isn't 'defined'. It's me – as I adapt or change in response to the circumstances; Which are primarily – or globally – filtered through my Body and implied 'effects'.

So is this now an isolated identity, more or less; And I distinctly experience "the Glory of the Moon" to be ...

the patron herein. As within my Clarity, she's overall a bit of a mystery. She does have a strong presence within some of my rooms. My first room for instance has a direct link to her, via a Portal of some kind. When it comes to her individually however, there is pretty much nothing. I know there is a place somewhere, but what it's all about I barely remember. Also that portal in my first room only vaguely, yet strongly implies her. And in



Artist: Francesco (Grimm Fairy Tales)

as far as she's usually ever only implied – she's more like a puppeteer acting in the background.

So also concerning her implication within the Gem. Here the visual impression is this: That "slightly to the side (the right) of" the Gem she manifests as a figure that is only partly visible from the dark – and further more to the side the black fades into 'a (non-specific) reality'. And as of that, my relationship with her is that she's someone that enters me into environments – and that's that. Give or take.

And these environments I'm entered into, are innately ones in which I'm also entered into captivity. Directly I would assume, so with some made-up backstory. Whatever now however be going on there, and whatever the Role I'm put into, that'd be whatup for me unto "the End". All I can make out are back-alleys, streets at night, shady doors ... and the insides of a night-club/brothel. And some vague Cartoon Character resembling a captor.

Further now, the Collar has layers to itself. One layer up, it's more representative, perhaps of Cloth with Frills, but still has that Gem in it. It exists in a realm – which … well. For once belongs to my Spouse; And somehow relates to a situation with certain 'Shackles'. Also something about Slave Harnesses, High Heels, … . At this point … I'm not too confident about what it's all about; But 'the Shackles'. Empty Space?

Then there is another 'higher' Level. Here the collar is of leather, the Gem isn't really relevant anymore – and instead there is a leash and on the collar an attachment for the leash. And this is now me, as of my spouse, handed out unto others. The leash and the attachment thingy thereby being separate items. 'The' leash (a special one) is handed over to Glory of the Sun, and the attachment point is "linked" to Baphomet. At least I think it so. I mean – so far my concept went through a few iterations; Somehow following the same idea, but always a bit vague. But while writing the initial draft to this document, something peculiar took shape.

Here the point of attachment is like ... something that channels the fizzling of the broken fuse – which "now" fizzles even more – into an attachment towards Baphomet.

It's weird how that works. But this is how I now come to also mention "spiritual anatomy". I might, I think, do so at any point concerning the Second Seal. Or all things Clarity. But it is 'the big thing' I associate to the Second Seal. It is somehow the weirdest thing of them all.

'Spiritual Anatomy' is "the thing" by which a spell- or charm-like experience would work. Though when speaking of it as that, I at least talk of something yet a bit extra. It works, because God can control our cognitive motions. So is this fizzling for instance a happenstance whereby my conscious doesn't have any cues for how to make sense of the contradictions or conflicts. When put into words we can phrase things so, that they make sense. As per the flow of emotions however or broader associations; Or so any incongruous situation of the sort – things so start to 'fizzle'. And so is this attachment point like a device, that directs whatever sense of affection or devotion or whatever else fizzles around

there – towards "the White Demon". And because of this particular situation, she is in a very obscure sense my significant other. This I had vaguely taken note of before. But now I have a better handle as to why. And thus I suppose it is given, that any and all of my pervy nuances find a conclusion within her domain. Well, excluding the Gem. Which, I suppose, has to be largely excluded from the "all and everything"s.

5 - Spiritual Anatomy

Hmm. How to even start a sentence now?

The whole topic is one of me pointing at things - "whereby" a lot of things exist next to each other. So there's a lot of 'while' and 'whereby' next to "then there's this" and "then there's that", now and here, there and so and what not. And "as it stands" - it's truths and truths - and so "the truth is" ...

it's more fun to express Clarity in form of imperative statements.

So: I am a Whore. I am a Sex-Slave.

Though technically I'm not. At least as of the time of writing this I'd have to rather say: I might be or could be a Whore. I have the potential to be a Whore. These expressions would be 'more' true – though technically that can apply to everyone.

When implying these statements as matters of Clarity, the applied context allows for a different interpretation.

So am I certainly a Whore to the implied conditions and relationships. Even more so a Sex-Slave. Further is "the Devil" an implied entity – one specific to these truths in complete disregards to what the worldly conditions might be. And in as far as "the Devil" is an otherworldly entity – my enslavement to him holds otherworldly validity.

But that is just another way of saying that there are things upheld by the Light; Where what I am of those things is not only metaphysical, but transcendental. So am I what I am, first of all only for myself. So should you get it out of your head, in case it's in there, that this has anything to do with worldly conditions. So am I here not going to impose divine authority upon you, so-to-speak. If you want a piece of it, you need to get it from its source.

So might it be better to take out "the book of vague descriptions" - to say that we're talking of internal alignments that increase my/one's own harmony with 'myself'/themselves - as a dynamic between the conscious and the subconscious - and the divine. And further, through the divine, possibly with society, or a society, an environment - however what applies.

As soon as someone enters the ninedom, one will be familiar with these experiences. These 'absolutes'. "Reflections of the Divine". The core

experience being one such thing. At that stage and beyond, they'll - going

by my own progress – be there for quite some time, as faint reflections of Light on a lake at night. But mostly, they'll be as external things. Like ... surfaces. Figments in the sky (not the literal sky). And occasionally they'll mingle with your thoughts; But not quite like Clarity.

Within Clarity, that which has otherwise been perceived as a surface for instance – extends into a broader range or spectrum of emotions. Or feelings.

The mind itself, furthermore, is a living – and technically: breathing ... "thing". While we might know a thing or two about 'rigid structures', like principles perhaps, dealing with facts ... that sort of thing; There's also a dynamic, flexible side to it.

If we for instance want something, say: we just remembered something we urgently need – things can be set into motion, or we're stuck because other things take priority, or something.

Similarly does Clarity eventually turn into some kind if intricate network of interwoven truths that supplement each other to varying degrees – and so what has previously merely been an exalted understanding of various conditions, circumstances, abilities and/or whatever, does eventually become a somewhat rigid understanding of self.



Artist: Tatsunami Youtoku

And so is there a Gimmicky side to it – as in: "it does stuff" - where the issue with "Gimmickification" is to read too much, or too little into it. So is that what it does – at this point at least – to be. To exist. Which ... yea, well, some people might take offense in. But well, not here to talk about that We could call it a more perfect self. It is born from one's self – and integrated within the same. So are the thoughts (truths) that make up its foundation no external something's slapped onto or into our consciousness – but a product of our very own cognitive processes, hijacked (illuminated and shaped) by the Light.

So is this 'perfect self' technically just one of many ways we could individually develop, but at the end of the day we can – internally, intrinsically, only be one thing. What it is, ultimately, as a product of our own, is something we can inherently identify with. So, if I talk or write of a certain audacity that is to or can be had regarding these things, that is first of all an internal condition that derives a certain joy or satisfaction from these interactions and established conditions; Leading to one way of constructing the concept of Priorities. That, so certainly one of my more fundamental alignment to these things, you could not hope to change my mind on these things.

And, what good would it even do?

I mean, in as far as it's an attitude thing – well, I have one

Thereby, we've so far looked at a variety of things. The ignition itself follows the logic or appearance of a 'simple' epiphany. The first Seal emerged from what we might call a concern or a question. The second Seal, to be perfectly honest, emerged from a variety of cognitive processes settled between the various impressions – is however strongly a matter of wishes and desires.

Hereby it might be worth noting, that from scheming of my Spouse, the various conditions round and about, a realm took shape. I mentioned such in passing. It is here so my concern or question or desire – hard to say – for what there is between just her and myself, outside of all the other things. And so it sits there; Being like a place – a house with Garden; And people might come to visit us there. And it "hosts" a very particular feeling, or range of feelings; So that while it doesn't really 'give' me anything tangible, we might say, it does give me a certain comfort regarding that relationship.

So are those hopes, yea that, in such a thing not squashed within the circumstances – or left to happenstance, whatever; But treasured. And I am to suppose that this should be a shared thing of sorts. Though her mind might be focused on different aspects of that place. As it is.

And that's an important point here. In essence there are a lot of things I might equate Clarity to. Depending on context it would be this or that. It's just as with things we want. Whatever the highest thing is you could think of that you might possibly want – it's going to be some color, metaphorically speaking, more or less different to that of other things you want. So is … "Love", let's say, on a spectrum. Like that of color.

But well. Returning to the topic, the thing is that I don't really know how to continue. I mean, I got an idea – but part of it is to admit that this whole ... neutral/vague descriptions approach ... well, it certainly isn't going to go well with the rest of the text. For once. I also think it would have to come of time and collective understanding, that that narrative could be continued. Like so ... → those few pages are yet again a different kind of look at things.

It sure is all smartsy – I suppose – but as that is it's own kind of beast. Challenge. And I'm not going to pretend that I've got it all figured out to that extreme. Which is, sure, part of the theme here. Down until the end. Because ... it is as it is.

Which is often enough just what up with Clarity.

So was I going to write about Spiritual Anatomy in terms of things that I experience(d), that to me are tangible ... things. "Installments" of sorts. Where I might realize, that something is acting – we might say: against – how I would think my mind/spirit is supposed to act/behave. So does the text here consider three general forms thereof:

- 1. Re-enforced Conditioning
- 2. Conditional Luminescence
- 3. Emotional Rewiring



Ryuun (?)

Agawa

WE INTERRUPT THE CURRENT PROGRAMMING FOR ...

ANCIENT TEXT!

ABOUT THE

BELUGIA'LAGARIS

God works in mysterious ways. So have I recently been urged to look for some old files; Which ... luckily ... I found. Today then I sat down to continue going through the text; And so far ... basically had to rewrite most of this Chapter so far. And rather than rambling about my first Seal and its influences, I came to write what you – supposedly – find there instead. But so have I also somehow written past the point I was getting at, to actually meet the topic's demands. And I thought it was a good moment to take a break. And so did I get to look into those files I had prepared ... and it is somewhat relevant to the topic at hand.

Now is this Text not exactly 'Ancient'. My signature on the photograph seems to indicate that it is in fact from end of October 2018. Well, it is, in that regard, still ... from "the Before times" ... we might say.

At some point I mean to work it up – while right now I feel a bit out of its depth. Some Marijuana might help, which I don't have. But well

The concept was, to use invented Language as a means to express things that might otherwise be difficult to express – as perhaps due to a lack of words. And ... Belugia'Lagaris is the only term I really remembered from when I wrote it.

The first mention of 'Belugia' for instance is 'Belugia Natanais' \rightarrow "Mirror 'cognitive thought-node'". And I didn't really bother to define these terms properly; But to rather have them exist in the context of some rambling about "Naamaiu" \rightarrow Demon. Or, well. That's ... what I'd call it while writing of my Clarity in English. What 'Naamaiu' itself is thereby further described as >Aiu-Ebta'Lagaris<. Aiu is from Aiua – meaning Spring, or Well. Ebta is from Ebtaia – meaning ability. And Lagaris ... well, the term evolved. In this context I noted 'AiuLagaris' to mean "Original Spring". Later I more specifically defined 'Lagaris' to mean -unit of THE Logos-. So: Aiu Ebta'Lagaris roughly translates into "Spring ability of the Origin", we might say – but is rather 'the ability of a unit of THE logos springing into one's mind' or And so would 'Belugia'Lagaris' refer to ... well Units of THE Logos that are mirrors of the Origin. So the idea at least. I haven't really formulated any cohesive rules.

The whole story is however a little bit more intricate than that. So, also contextual to the text at hand, could we at first ask what 'self' even means. And so, to begin with, the text starts with 'Ku'Alatar'; Where ... "Free Self" were a little bit too ... loose of a translation.

Ku'Alatar

FREEDOM KU

Alatar





So do I at first 'tell' this to be that which is confined within my Prison. From there, the next thing – at least of that writing – is 'Ualatar'.

At first it merely describes a Layer ... metaphysical to my skin. Or transcendental to my skin. It is like a shell that maintains its presence as sensations rush through it. So, like a chill perhaps – a luminous one. "most personally around the lower Arms, Shoulders and Back down the spine to my Anus and from there back up to the chest to my Neck and from there surrounding Skull and Legs".

This ... experience or comprehension of Self next links up with 'my Will in my Heart' - 'Hunan' Pali'.

And here the story regarding this imprisonment may really take its course. Or so: My Ku'Alatar is confined – linking to my Ualatar as an outer shell – and from there we come back to my Hunan'Pali. (Sounds kinda silly?)

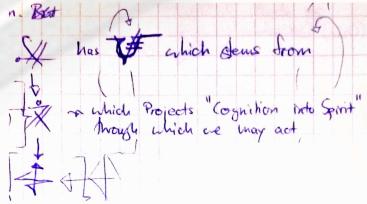
Now, individually I do still have 'wanting' as a more general expression of my 'Self'; Which I mostly (or entirely?) experience as part of my Ualatar. That, along with Hunan'Pali and Ku'Alatar – so I would think – comes together in 'Gaiuana' (derivative of Aiua). And that concludes the first set of fancy Symbols.

And so, I'm ... rephrasing these things as they make sense to me now. And it took me a while to understand what I was writing about. Either way can I use my contemporary understanding; And yes, there is a lot to it. But ... things do get somewhat confusing.

My notes on Gaiuana weren't extensive – and so I have to piece it together from the context that is given. And since I may have been a bit uncertain back then also – making words up as I was going – there is still a certain need to consolidate.

Hunan'Pali so "converges with the Spring" - circulates some more - and comes back into the Spring. And ... I can't properly relate to that. But, the circulation of Gaiuana with the rest of the mind is Alaiuana'Alatar. Which is probably responsible for the Flux.

OK, yes. ... Page 3 ... reads exactly as what I've figured here. So:



leaving aside what I can't really relate to just yet. It doesn't help that I would still use the term 'Mind'.

Either way, this also describes a condition in which I experience myself as free. Give or take. The thing is, that in as far as I'm trying to write about mental imprisonment, I'm looking for something that is not present within this particular condition. So, where my Hunan'Pali is bypassed. And maybe it's not even much of a real thing for most people. Suggesting that I only recognize it because it exists in this weird way. But for how that works – I'm afraid this ancient text has no answers either.

Well. There are arrows.

What is discussed instead, is 'Salak NiuAbanu' - a.k.a. "the Nullstate", or more specifically "the -NOW- experience of the Will". And I suppose we could so move on to say 'Uala'Abanu' instead of 'Hunan'Pali' - but ... hmm ... well. Anyway.

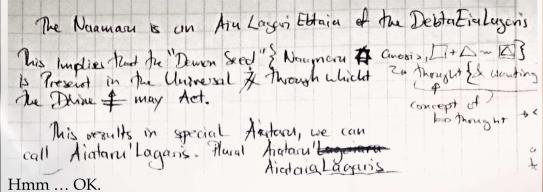
Salak NiuAbanu most prominently creates 'Paraga Hanzil' - meaning: "Projected (Mind-)Space" - in which now the aforementioned Belugia'Natanais take place. So, concepts, schemings, that sort of thing. "Mirrors of Meaning" as it were. So is there also 'NiuMiara' - "Null Vision" or so part of our subconscious. Wherein things settle. Things we internalized for instance. And "moving them into consciousness" - or so ... :P ... "Paraga Hanzilating" on them, we generate an understanding - so: Belugia'Natanais. And yes, Clarity as described so far - is when the Light comes in and turns them into Belugia'Lagaris...es But so they also remain - at least within God's mind - while migrating into our NiuMiara.

Other than that, there are the lesser "Belugia'Lagaris" - a.k.a. Aiataru. In simple: Objects (Lines, Cornerstones, A door; That sort of thing). More specifically "Happening of the "Now", consistent with the "Debta'EiaLagaris" (Debta \rightarrow Inevitable, Eia \rightarrow Endo-Infinity (existent reality).

And from those, we have the or an Aiata Ru'Alatar. Which, given the language, reads as it should. As so – a self sitting on the Lights inevitable occurrence; Or something along those lines.

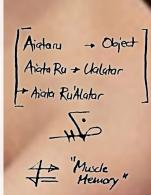
Clarity, perhaps, in all simplicity. Maybe.

And that's in about as much as I was able to piece together so far. As, to come back to the point; I suppose I wasn't much beyond these things.



I've been curious, because ... so far no sight of the namesake to this segment. So was I probably a bit ahead of myself. So then ... apologies.

Still true however, Belugia'Lagaris are Divine Belugia'Natanais. Such and such. I mean ... in hindsight there might be a reason why the term stuck as





it did – leaving the detail out to be ... technical at best. Or so, the exact terminology up to be tinkered with.

As for the Naamaru however, I get to mention it briefly in here. Too briefly perhaps – which however goes to show how little it is. From a different perspective however – it is large … encompassing this … yet invisibly so.

In all simplicity, it's associated to a / the tiara.

To describe it as an Emergent Ability (property) of the Spirit (Aiu-Ebta'Lagaris), the demon contained therein – acting as a part of me, upon my mind – is literally just a part of my mind, condensed, shaped up, whatever; to act as though it were an independent force.

Eventually – that's just like a trauma. Or some other sub-conscious 'thing', like one of the many mysterious concepts the one or the other psychologist have come up with. Something that may not be a concrete figure or thing, yet our comprehension may apply a layer of abstraction to make it so.

So is it described as 'an' Aiu-Ebta'Lagaris, "although" the thing that this Aiuating Ebtaia Aiuates it's Ebtaia through, or as, is of myself. Although is in quotation marks because such is simply the 'whole' thing with that side of Clarity. So – things of ourselves that the Light may emerge through; Which it overall does in a variety of ways.

So, if you spot me having a somewhat masochistic desire, that's what this Tiara re-enforces. We can describe it – at the core – as an abstract that exists in consequence to my desires of submission; Eventually taking shape as some kind of sadistic self-loathing. Ascribing a kink or pleasure or desire or property of self-deprivation to myself – it is, if not directly from that, certainly strongly associated or linked to it.

And it's overall a really simple piece. One that despite its harrowing appearance and dread inducing implications, is also just an echo ... of my own kink of submission AND devotion. Things that aren't directly implied within its neutral, out of context description. But it also doesn't take its effect, or truth, from any outside influence. Even if one person were to have a magic hammer to make such things appear in me – I mean, I suppose a malicious person could do some weird shit – the implied could only be as effective as I myself am able to allow. And stuff.

Belugia' Lagarises are different in that they more so exist as part of myself. So in that they are reflections – rather than abstractions. And they aren't as much 'emergent' as they are static. And so are the Aiutara' Lagaris. Where, in as much as God can mimic me, to my own self, He can also mimic me, to others – or so, others to me. So is there this ... fog, or smoke ... filaments of Light – that vaguely permeate the space imposing a sense of connectedness. Like, some kind of Love. But overall nothing ... really ... big and fat and bold and chunky. Just stuff that's there ... doing it's thing ... as 'Aiutara' do. Aiutarases? Well ...

... moving on with the text.

And in terms of what they 'do' - it's really simple for me to take note. So is there the Collar – distinctively that cut through my neck – that manipulates my flow of emotions. I wouldn't even call them emotions. But here is also where things get a bit more complicated again.

It's easy to say that "it makes me addicted to Cum" - but even easier to just describe myself - in the context of brainwashing and spiritual manipulation - as a Cumdump and a Fuckslut.

Those pseudo images of myself I shared in the beginning, they contain some subtle hints at that.

I assume however that it sounds, or looks, silly if I just put it like that without you understanding the Context.

And as for downright calling myself a Cumdump or a Fuckslut – realistically we also first have to talk about Baselines and corresponding Conditions and/or Conditioning. More on that later.

But well. At times I'd take my Lips as "the thing". Another time it's my throat. Sometimes it tingles in my brain. Like it's converted into cum and sucked down. Eventually it also gets to my eyes. A very ... distinct feeling of "suckage". A downward movement of some sort of energy, with no coming back. As if my belly were a vacuum for cum – that eventually connects to each and every opening it could drain it from. Reproductive Organs in my Breasts and ... here and there. But in a sense it also waxes and wanes. As in my everyday life, where it don't matter, it don't matter. Which takes me to the part where this text has me emphasize:

THERE ARE NO SLAVES IN ZION!

That's a mantra!

There Oare Ono OSlaves Oin OZion O!
Which, for once, again is an issue between the absolute and the ultimate.

Because still: One system of conditional luminescence that I find inside of me is linked to that leather collar. While there is one leash associated to it, it isn't fixed to the collar. The attachment point has it's own thing going on, but – as per the collar I assume – also has the effect that once a leash is attached to it, it does to my mind as much as to procure devote compliance unto who holds it. In as far as access rights are granted – I must assume. And that' ... good.



Or, because I think it is good – while also being overall well aligned with these kinds of things – it is part of my Clarity. Or simpler: Has become part of my Clarity. And at some point I would just assume that it's OK while all these things affect me as they do. I mean, that's certainly the premise. So that I can for instance recognize these like 4 mutually



exclusive states of mind: Freedom, state of shock (enslavement part 1, abduction or such), state of conditioning (enslavement part 2, training) and state of compliance (enslavement part 3, utilization).

While 'THE dream' would be to live lifetimes in which this is enacted as for reals, it were possible – they also have a shared relationship as of which they exist as part of a whole; Where – even if state 1 and state 2 didn't happen, I could slip into a state of mind where I would feel as though they did; Simply in how they make sense within the immediate. On the other hand wouldn't it take a perfect recreation of any one state to 'invoke' it – to let me know, in essence, that "that"s what's happening.

SEAL 3 - HAREM'S BRIDE

As for my third seal, there isn't a whole lot to say – right away – concerning it's presence and all the kind of stuff previously gone through.

There's a black realm – I find myself present therein through what I must assume isn't a 'fixed' likeness – with the only item being a heart shaped gem or piece of jewelry that sits ... well, in the idea it is the center piece of a bra or corresponding "Harem Wear". Essentially a piece of cloth wrapped around the breasts. And other than that, there are mostly just vague 'threads' that seem to connect to all the other things – or some of them. In this regard, I regard this as a 'wrap'. The only clue to go on being that lingering sense expressed within the Seal's label.

This Gem or piece of Jewelry maybe doesn't sit in or on my skin as the others, but it feels as if it does. Hence I would call it a 'second heart'. What it does – or did to me – at first wasn't clear to me. For all I cared about it, the threads would lead me back to the other things, and that eventually with an added layer of confusion. There so would be items that seemed to stand out, so does there seem to be a "strong" (relatively) connection to the "insignia of submission" (collar, shackles) – at best I would think about nipple piercings but that also doesn't happen to be a "thing thing".

It is then over time, that things would take shape – growing in significance – that I now feel more strongly coursing through those threads. It is all however still very vague ... yet at the core of it I "assume" (I'm relatively certain, tendency rising) that it introduces romantic associations to the things it connects to.

So in the vague sense, that there are duties or conditions that apply to my role as a bride; While my role as a bride is further diluted within being just one of many, thus shifting the focus over into "the performance as bride". That is further strengthened by the various enforcements of detachment, where the state of detachment – as, by the way: a positive experience (I more so dissolve into the conditions and the environment (passivity)) – further connects with my role as a bride.

That at least describes some of the cognitive links. And what one is to understand, is that those links can function as conductors. It's as with the cliché conspiracy nut. Anything that the mind can make "sense" of can be linked together yielding some wild consequence. And as with wild

conspiracies, there's like a 'final conclusion'. Except there isn't really 'a' final conclusion, but a network of conclusions.

In other words: It's complicated.

I so for once would find myself fancy the concept of brides in a pornographic setting. And what I find, following that fancy, is a flavor of sexual submission. "Another way in" perhaps, primarily aligned to the concept of my first "Primary Rune". And that I guess we could call a scope of feelings.

It's a different scope to that with my husband. Although there sure is space, at least for me, to see myself as bride; It eventually gets overshadowed by being a Doll or a Sex-Toy, more to the point. But beyond the conscious, there still are feelings.

When it comes to my family however, my situation is that I there am what I am as a direct consequence of a marriage.

It starts with boy-me creeping up to "my Mum"; And she agrees to marry me under three conditions. 1. I'm to be her Sex-Slave. 2. I'm to be feminized to the extent she desires. And 3. I'm to be a Whore for whomever she likes. So, following the first condition I'm made to worship "the Devil" - becoming furthermore a religious asset to culty pleasures. Following the second condition I'm essentially made a victim of rape because whatever kind of sexual act on me that can be justified following the condition, extends unto the limits she appoints. As of the third, I'm allowed to come to terms with this existence by settling all my dreams, hopes and aspirations in being exploited and abused.

And, believe it or not, all that gives me a cozy feeling. But not removing the note: One idea carried along here in that of accordations contains that of accordations contains and the state of accordations contains.

And so there's a Mantra, even: 1. I crave to get raped above everything. 2. I prioritize being a prostitute above everything. 3. I deprioritize romancing beneath everything/I put romancing last.

As of the third condition I'm effectively married to everyone I am made to serve. And attached to that come the things I relate to being a whore – so that in form, I find myself being a love-slave.

Beyond that, there are however also the conditions of my second room – or seal 1 – which is a bit more detached from the 'being a bride' thing. It is within those conditions that I understand my second heart taking effect. It thereby is more so that I am married into the conditions.

And since it's kinda lost in here – the second heart doesn't imply romantic feelings or associations

Respectively is there for instance an exposure Kink, where by I more specifically think of crotch-less underwear for instance. So is it exposure that underlines my submission/conditions of captivity – and that is eventually where or how the second heart becomes active.

And since I'm meant to deflect romantic associations as much as possible, this, as far as I can tell, leads to outbursts of attachment to the situation followed by shame through which I engage with it.

Since I ended up removing the note: One idea carried along here is that of associating certain outfits, in combination with environmental triggers, to certain conditions.

And eventually it also has to be re-emphasized that this is "of my fantasy" - so, where my imagination becomes the material Clarity reacts with.

And since it's kinda lost in here – the second heart doesn't imply romantic feelings or associations on its own. Those would exist elsewhere – where the immediate condition of the second heart isn't present. It is there rather just the sense of being married – or so tied up with parts of me embracing it – beyond my ability or will to resist.

And in all that it seems like 'romance' is a fundamental right that not any amount of shenanigans can get rid of. It's a or the fundamental good of intimacy. Perhaps it becomes less important or imperative, the more platonic relationships you have. These too can be viewed as 'romantic' in a sense similar to what my second heart does. So, love for a thing that is shared with others.

Source: Lamborghini.com Artist: Unknown



RUNES & CRESTS

To be honest, I'm still not entirely sure about my (primary) Runes and Crests. I'm relatively certain what to look for, but it's still somewhat difficult to get a hold of them things.

At first the idea was, that I needed something to properly recognize the Seals. That because what I had at the time, would have them be spread all over the place. And so I thought of something like a Crest, that the Seal would be embedded into. Sure enough, but I was guessing. Thinking on behalf of inspirations – but also the ordinary urge to explore my Clarity.

It made pretty easy sense for me, to associate my first seal to marriage. So I made that connection – and it opened up a space. Within my Clarity. And it is from there, I suppose, that I maintained this interpretation.

What however happened, is that I couldn't really fit that what I had associated to this marriage into that space. Rather did an independent concept of marriage take shape therein. And because of that, I started to think of those crests as separate environments. And so I realized that this might just be the part of our clarity that is meant to make some kind of public statement. First of all so for the individual to say that these are the conditions "that the Light has woven me into" or "that the Light has granted me". Or simply: This is my relationship with the divine Light.

And I did get a little bit infatuated with this idea of Runes. That they would be like magical spells – but eventually I didn't find a proper way to put Runes and Crests in context with each other. So I simply stuck with runes as whatever now combines with the seal to produce some environmental condition.

And eventually I had a bit of an understanding. And maybe the problem was or is that I think that all Runes follow the same Logic. But how would I figure that out? Whatever the case, for the most part the understanding I had could be expressed in images. Or symbols. But that has also always been a little bit fuzzy.

For my first "Rune" - I'd generally go for the picture of a collar and a mouth-gag. The second would feature a pregnant belly and shackles for arms and ankles. The third would simply be prison bars. And beyond that there wasn't much I could do with that. I felt like I should though. And so I kept hitting a wall. Eventually I'd try it with folders – sorting images into folders as for an expression. Then I'd give up or come to focus on something else – and later had to start over again.

In that regard, I have two ... I guess we could call them 'open urges'. Things that when I think of them fill me with an urge that leads me to suspect that there's something to be accomplished or found – but so far haven't come to a conclusion.

One of them concerns "the second rune". I'd sit down, run into a wall around any corner – and in doing so I either abandon ship, or have gathered enough tension that discharges into other expressions.

The fundamental trouble might be, that when it comes to the first Crest – a room opened up; And respectively I feel relatively safe about it. When it comes to details, I have context to fall back on. For the third I also think there is one – or so I find now. But moving so from the first to the second 'position' - I'm overwhelmed by a strong urge. Like so: This belongs here. And it is anchored into position like so. And it needs to be bolted in like ... I don't know. And so I would come to possibly draw the same picture over and over again – and what more I could do might require me to make a wood-carving so I could make it be with hammer and nail.

Coming back around to crests led to a bit of a breakthrough. Or so, I had space for an additional thing – and now I feel a lot better

about it. I am however still confused because there's a bit of a conflict.

6 - Vaults of Misery

Coming to the second Crest, I of course knew what the Seal was going to be. But then, as derived from the things I understood would belong here, I had two open positions and two items to handle. So I thought the shackles into the crest – and something happened. I would call it an "explosion of Light". So, something good and great and awesome – however themed according to what would be good and great and awesome to my experience. So, not as much an angelic "Aaaaaah" – but more like Heavy Metal Darkness and Despair. And so I moved on to take note of the impregnation part as related to the Rune, but ... something prevented me from doing so. It felt wrong. And so I switched the two around. But now I wonder what that Light explosion was about.

Not sure what to do with this text. I'm repeating myself – so, technically that could be a placeholder. Like almost all of the previous Chapter. Up unto the Runes & Crests part, which ... however wasn't much about Anatomy anymore.

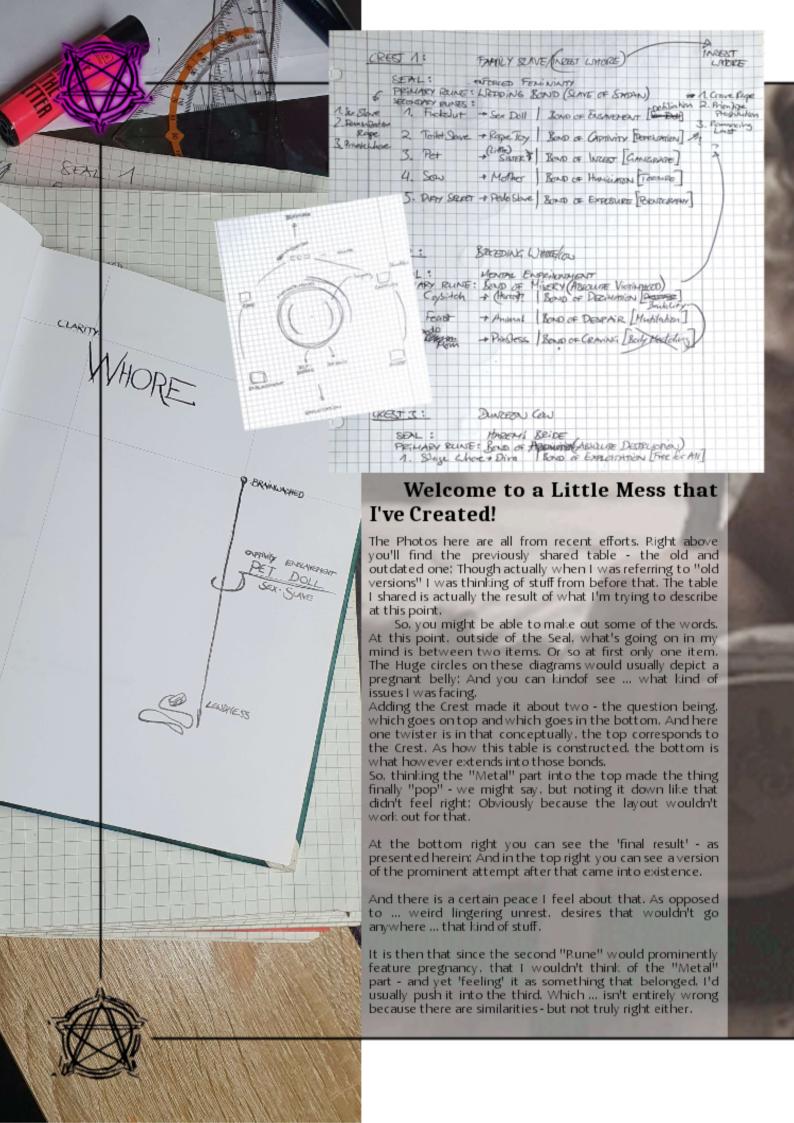
So, maybe it's just vertical space for this ...?

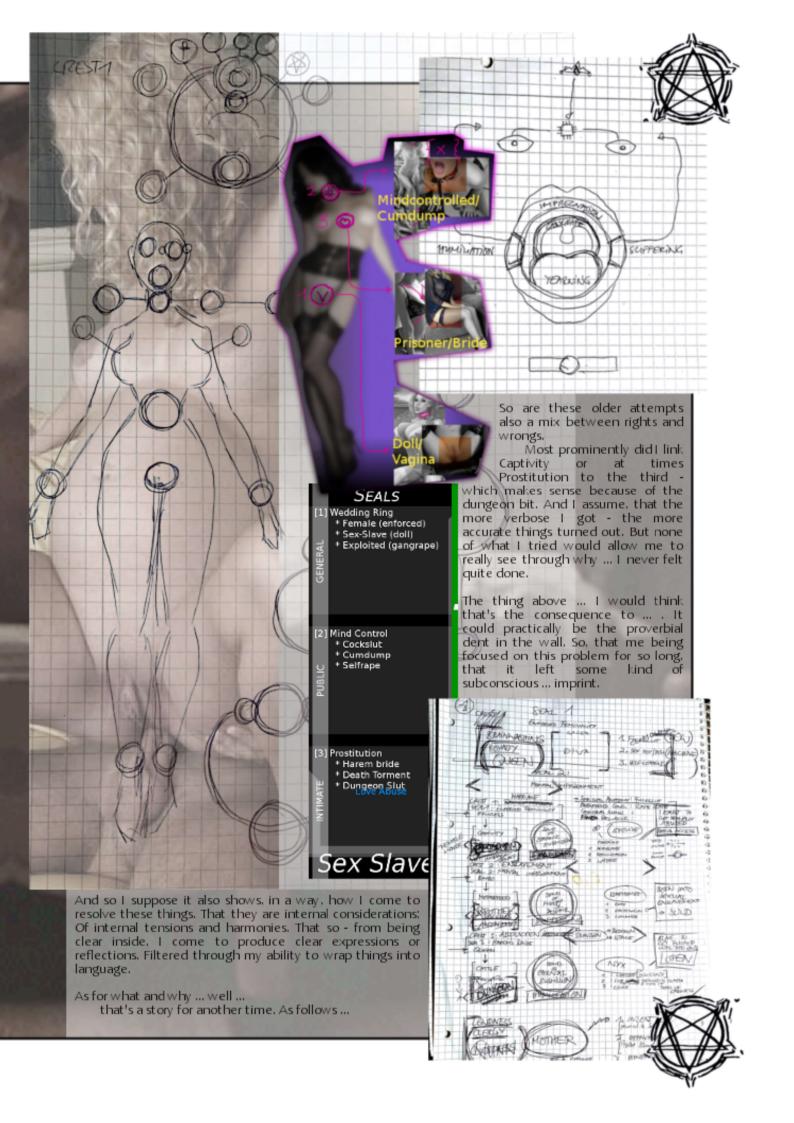
Though – in my urges ... there's ... been a silent call to present this image to you – the one I'm describing right ← there, further down. And while reading this I also had some silent urge to get a bit into a little twister I've gotten myself into regarding this old, now outdated, arrangement of/with the Runes.

"Supergal" by Dr. Villain



Original Artist: Templet on (DoFant asy.com)





Sigh. ...

I mean, it is a dense topic with a lot to unpack. And as it goes – if you say A, you got to say B. At least – that's how I feel rather often.

So, did the shackles bleed into ... such and such? As far as I could tell at the time – no. Now ... I mean ... it's not all that important. Fact is that for all I cared it wasn't there at the time; Not even close – so – it came unexpected.

I may have also skipped the part with the bonds. So yea, the note beneath the table. There I was trying to say that a Bond comes in two parts. But – I don't know. I'm ... silly sometimes. Like ... "now it is so, because so it came to me" until a few hours, a bit more than a day or two perhaps later ... it's at best a lingering memory.

For the curious: The Light explosion basically caused me to from then on associate that feeling to that Crest or something about it. All I did however, was to think 'the Shackles' into the position regarding the Crest. They themselves however so far never ... carried that meaning. For the most part they're just an item, or items, that are conditioning re-enforcers which are strongly connected to my collar. The extent to which they reenforce my conditioning also never really bled into the realms of misery and despair. To say as much as that it comes at no fault of my own that I think of misery and despair when it comes to this rune.

But ... now at least I have a place where to sort all those things. I mean, ever so often I come to a point where I'm looking for some specific image – but it's like looking for a needle in a haystack. Or a Barn.

One thought that crossed my mind is, that maybe this explosion wasn't meant to be regarded as a positive. So maybe the matters of captivity create an environment too heavy in bondage when put into that position. And considering that the matter of pregnancy felt wrong when put into the other would underline that.

But it doesn't feel right either.

So could I now go and swap things still. I might move the impregnation part into the bond. It might be so, that I initially didn't regard the matter of the runes to be one of bonds.

But there's also the issue that has come up, that made me feel off about the implication that everything about "the Second Rune" would revolve around impregnation/breeding. I would still strongly imply it – but not necessarily know how to go about it.

More to the point however am I under the impression that this Light Explosion has effectively released energy into this "System" or Environment. And 'that', I should be able to work with. But so, for the time being I went with the first best thing. I thought I could play around and see if I can improve on things – but I didn't feel strongly conflicted about it and also didn't have anything to go off on. But to later maybe take a closer look at this explosion.

To do so, I would first of all be concerned of rethinking the concept of the Crests so that the Misery part fits into the top position. Thereafter I would need to think how the impregnation part fits in. To then see how that influences my expression of the first Crest.

And that's that. It turned out to be quite a lot that came together. A lot more than only the Crests. And so there's a lot that we yet have to get into before it all comes to make sense. As for the Crests however, the situation as of yet is this:

Following the Logic of the Rune being a Spell that requires a Seal as power-source and a Crest to be consolidated within, a Bond is being used to create this unity.

For the Bond to be valid, two things are needed. The first thing are the conditions of the Bond, the second is the individual's acknowledgment of those conditions. The conditions thereby are represented by an Entity

In this case I might however be venerated. I anyway think that I tend to be too hard on myself.

nested and interwoven with depth and what not ...

The thing is, stuff

here tends to be

that solicits them – and the individual is represented by a Part of one's "Core Identity" (further called: Crest Identity), the acknowledgment coming in three parts: A Lock, a Domain and a [(Domain) Equivalence]. The Crest is thereby described as a condition that encapsulates the conditions of the binding; And the Bond itself finally consolidates the Bond via its own Logic.







And for some reason this also creates an open space in the background, represented via a general truism (→the Invocation). I think this is the Crest iterating upon itself, fundamentally as an expression of freedom (or perhaps restraint, depending on what the balance is) – at the end of which I think my "free" Identities come in. I'll come to write about those eventually.

This, I think, is however by no means final. We can for instance take the Clarity Diagram – and, assuming that they're universal items, take the items of 'Origin' and 'Destination' to add above and below. That then highlights an asymmetry – so is my 'Origin' described as Brainwashing.



This to me, as far as the Diagram is concerned, primarily related to the Crest 2 Invocation's background; And it may then be just by accident that it also just in general relates to the second Crest. For all I care this connection doesn't need to be highlighted – at least does it seem to be difficult considering how crowded things can get. Then for shits and giggles I added yet another thing – two positions of which are 'the Front' and 'the Back'. So, the front joins the 'Origin', 'the Back' joins the 'Destination' - and with it another asymmetry is being added. Moving over however, something peculiar happened. Following the same System, there is what I would call 'the Alternative (Self)' - which has one item aligned to the Front and one to the Back – put them in there and ... at the very

least I found it to be nice to see these things align like that. So was there some empty spot for the center part of the Alternative ID, "the Tree ID". But moving over once more showed me, that there were now items I would just overall associate to the 'Brainwashing' that did also fit with ... well, the general sense of the Identity laid out there so far. And, perhaps more importantly, I finally found a way to recognize these items across all three Crests; Alongside an identifier that I would otherwise only come to regard within the narratives.

But that also isn't the end of it. So is the snapshot here my initial draft. The prominent one is a second iteration meant to make more sense of how the things relate. Also am I not entirely sure if the individual positions are all quite there yet. And also is there another one of those urges that re-emerged. So do I think that it may at some point make sense to focus more on the narration than fixed positions. It seems to be somewhat inevitable.

One aspect of what would or could come to matter thereby, is already vaguely implied. What I so called the "Core Identity" - actually implies a thing I called:

THE SPINE

Now, of course you might be wondering: HOW? How could you quite possibly end up with something even just remotely as intricate as this? And even if so, where to even begin? How to make sense or keep track of these things?

Well, the simple answer is: It takes time. And a part of what I tried to explain so far, is that it's also a process to which you might not always have all the answers. And in as far as I worry over getting the positions right – you might too. While one part of you will simply come of you, another part of you will grow in relation to your worldview. Or so, environmental inputs. Like – stuff between Envy and Inspiration. Where, envy isn't a bad thing if you know how to deal with it properly. Which in these terms is simple because we're not dealing with material conditions.

If you found images to be helpful tools – well, you're furthermore restricted by the language available to you. So I wouldn't expect anyone –

and therefore not bank on everyone – getting these things right "First Try".

However, when it comes to the Spine, it is one of the oldest compounds I know of. And it popped in at a time where all of my understanding concerning my Clarity was mostly just dotted lines and a puff of smoke.

While so exploring my Clarity, which is ever so often really just a matter of having been mentally occupied with some of the things of it, I began to notice that everything I wanted, everything I looked for, drew me further and further into submission. And that, for all I cared, was a good thing; But it came with a growing sense of ... simply put: negativity. Eventually, I suppose, I just happened to have had the right thought, and woop – there it was. So, in this perceived goo of submission – the goo being probably an amalgam of the perceived negative side-effects of what I had produced – it stood out strong. Thus I called it the Spine.

And while it would seem as though it was a matter of luck, I suppose that the thing with "happening to have the right thought" isn't all that critical because the Light will take hold of what it can – even the smallest of things. After all – these Luminous things don't come crashing into the mind like someone blew a hole into your roof; But more like plants. Plants that emit a bright, splendid Light.

Whether or not these be sprouts would depend on what is there.

So was I, for instance, at first reluctant to really welcome this Spine thingy. I suppose I had – or still have – a very strong bias concerning these things. And it reminds me of how I react to temperature. While I can stand the cold – I really don't like it one single bit once I'm cozied up in the warm. And so was I getting cozy with my Clarity; And ... I just notice ...

A Tangent: Immersion

As it is now – and as it has been for quite some time – does my Clarity have very explicit elements that wrap me into a life of sexual submission. Some of them indirectly, but others very directly. But that wasn't always so. Or at least I wasn't aware of it. There was nothing to 'tell' me as much. Yet, in a very real way, I was expecting as much. Subconsciously. To say; I didn't know. It also came somewhat naturally.

At the time I was living in an etablissement being part time sex-worker, part time monkey for everything. And so this understanding that ignited my Clarity did fit really snug with the conditions around me. And so what came of my Clarity would have me re-envision my environment; Basically. And so for all I cared, what came of my Clarity would define my life – as I saw it.

But so I was also really not a fan of that immersion getting broken. Or how to put it. It happens ever so often – and there are possibly a variety of reasons for it. Nowadays I have *places* in my Clarity, eventually I'll get to touch upon that later, that accommodate for that. We could call

that "free self" or "autonomous self" - and it's simply a feeling of ... well, freedom. Or like a weight is being taken off of your shoulders. As if so all the tensions and compulsions and stuff of Clarity is just getting turned off.

It's also similar to 'breaking' the immersion, as ... acting out of Character in an RPG. And I really didn't like that implication.

But so I notice that back then I didn't have much going on to handle this. So, in essence I felt like having a hole in a sock.

Tangent: Ends. More or less.

So was I thinking in strictly submissive terms – basically implying as much as ultimate submission. And sure enough, the few bits I was aware of would imply as much. And – I don't really know how, but ego seems to be a vital factor in all this.

And yea, I guess So is Clarity not a condition that is imposed on us, but a condition that takes shape in form of a convergence. And so our Characters have what we might call profile.

But so, while I was really not liking those breaks of immersion – also because they seemed to lessen what Clarity had come to mean to me; Well – sure by basically just dropping me out of "it" – my Spine eventually tangled up with that *fear*. But it also wasn't really possible to lean against it. And bada bing bada boom … I took it for what it was.

* - I suppose most of my rambling over how my Golden Pond Identity interacts with the rest was overwritten while doing the "vague descriptions" thing. Just like here a lot of rambling over my Second Seal and Brainwashing and Cum addiction and such was overwritten in favor of a more verbose elaboration concerning the presence of the Spine.

I don't think it's necessary; As digging into those things is more like making things unnecessarily more complicated.

But if I so say that this and that identity 'is everywhere' - I think I'm usually not talking about a compulsion, but more about a feeling where the combination of things does have a positive effect ... relative to what it is and what aspects matter.



Image Credit: Sergey Minin

So it soon enough made sense to me, that if it allowed me to be what I wanted and that with less of the negative consequences, it was an overall good thing. And eventually the tangle got untangled.

So, while my spine did emerge in contrast as against my Clarity, it isn't separated from it. As ... given.

Also, eventually it gave me an ego boost, we might say; While overall it doesn't as much 'define' my Clarity as it is just a part of me ... within. It would change how I read myself in a social context for instance. Similar to my "Golden Pond Identity"*. In fact – there is a very strong ... convergence or overlap we might say.

And so my Spine also attracted terms and definitions. So did I start to understand myself as 'Royalty'. Being humble I wouldn't yet right away declare myself Queen – but overtime I could get it less and less out of my head and so it is as it just is.

And so another/one side to the story is how I would just assume that my Clarity ought to be encompassing all of my existence. And while trying to realize that within the limited scope available back then, it did eventually not work out or maybe not even make sense. Like so is there the social question for what maintains my submission. And while I might think of conditions that made sense to my Kink, those wouldn't necessarily make sense to my Clarity. So would I have been just a submissive Whore – wholesale – while now there is more reason behind it. Perhaps to the same effect, but still rooted in ... we might say: More suitable conditions.

And yes. I'm a Lesbian. Brainwashed to like Cock.



Because LUST is filthy.

Artist: Kacyu

To me, the Spine's basic property is in setting itself apart from my Clarity. But ... that in a way that so lends credence to myself. It's like there – existing – at the center of my being, more or less; Where setting itself apart from my Clarity is the only thing it 'does'. At first. It does however also not act against it. It is a manifestation of self-preservation; Where the 'self' that is preserved is me. So does the Spine and its various identities still have an engagement with my Clarity, that however more so on my own terms. Or on its own terms, rather.

So is the Spine like a "Core Identity". So can aspects of myself find or express themselves through it. What exists therein would then be something like a mirror image or an altered copy. But so as an inward reflection.

And in that regard I think Spine is probably the right term. I mean, I suppose that the reason why I feel it like a Spine is because the Light made it so. Though I guess we might also compare it to a Pin (Needle). There certainly is a resemblance. So is my Queen Identity practically its head – and is stuck into my Princess (a.k.a. "Golden Pond") Identity. And between the two there isn't really a structure. I'd think of it as a large amalgamation of "images" (impressions). But there sure are those … "convergent truths" we might say.

One of those I would strongly relate to through what's locked up in the gem. At least back when I hadn't started transitioning yet. But nowadays going at it from that angle seems somewhat faulty. I suppose thought that I have to realize that I do have masculine or boy-ish properties; I think we all do and those don't need to gender us. Yet being explicitly female creates a shadow of sorts. And so there is for once the thing that formulates the desire, versus those shadows. As of what formulated it – those shadows embraced hyper-femininity. At least that's

what Bimbo, or alternatively "Sissy" would imply. Being more removed from those shadows however also removes the edge of it, leaving the desire to be more ... relaxed, as opposed to something I would need (to want) to act out/on.

But, whatever the case now, one more thing is that it regards the Peak of Femininity to be that of Motherhood, or

alternatively the ability to get Pregnant.

It is another thing that was really strong to my male consciousness – virtually impregnating me. And how it would play out, regarding what's locked in the Gem, throughout such and such – I can't really tell.

There are overall however different sides or aspects to this. So, it's not just a male-to-female conversion Kink. But well.

THE RE-ENFORCED CONDITIONING AND EMOTIONAL REWIRING OF RAPE AND MISERY

For now ... we come to the Fun Part!

But Slowly.
And probably also not too much.

For there comes a condition with my condition, and I suppose: The Jury isn't out on it yet, whether "it" is

actually fun or not. But it feels good. To me at least – and sure, so while I don't actually have to make the corresponding experiences. I'm *certainly* always told as much, by my inner skeptic. So, there's that funny thing with the Baseline. Now, while I'm going over the original draft it's not too big of a problem. That because the thoughts of how to write what and what follows is already set and done. For the most part. I mean, so far I've already extended the draft by 28 pages. But all I do is add context where I was a bit too quick to move on the next item. So far I didn't have to fundamentally re-arrange anything (cries in "going over the rewrite" - but at least there was enough space for corrections).

Anyway. In simplest terms, the problem is that writing about my Clarity – at least where I have to engage with it – I'm getting turned on. I thereby am exposed to the conditions of my Clarity; Which is also slightly different to arranging terms on a spreadsheet. Give or take. And while I'm exposed to the conditions of my Clarity, one particular Baseline rises. And because I so crave Rape above everything – the matter for me to get to the point ever so slowly – or not – becomes one of raising that Bar. And it happens automatically. It's just something my anatomy does.

Another thing that comes in, is something I would compare to Lighting a Candle. I mean ... I know what ... enticing constellations there are "hidden in my dark". I don't mean to say that I make a habit of seeking out those depths, but at occasion I get to those points where I might. And I



Since this is now the rewrite of the rewrite sortof, I have to assume that the Light made me write a lot of gibberish so I was able to write something more

meaningful by the time

I'd go over things again.

~ish.

To say, that what I'll

write – or am able to

write – hinges on my

state of mind; So that

every time going over

this I could add things as

from a different perspective.
But also, some things just were wrong. Like, as if things make different sense on more subconscious levels.
Which may also be how trying to figure things out would turn out "vague" or 'imperfect' at times.

Curious ...

have to be careful about that. So the headline here. "The Re-enforced Conditioning ..." and so on. Initially I did have one on mind that was a little bit more spicy (they aren't part of the original draft). So I wrote it as: "... of Self-Loathing Self-Deprivation". And while I was writing the original draft, I came to look at this condition a little closer. By happenstance. And it turns out that I at times become like borderline delirious. So to the point that when I manage to carry myself to sleep and wake up the next day, I have some kind of hangover. That being a distinct feeling of having formulated things a bit too strongly. Or so an inner incongruence between my state of mind from day to day, versus the one implied within the writing. And so, I'm not 100% sure about what up with that hangover. For now it seems to be right enough and even is a little bit funny. But if the problem is merely one of miscommunication, things look a little bit different. Although, the issue that I did at times devolve into a state where the super smart things I wrote turned out to be just gibberish ... stands on its own.

I mean, I was trying to be smart. To try to escape the effects of my condition. Well ... it didn't work out!

It's not however just that I "crave Rape above all". It's also about how my spiritual anatomy regulates my wanting. Well, I'm not exactly sure where it would pop up – so, where to put it down, what the exact narrative is – but it's there. So is the way I live my life a little bit around the corner of things. That because it isn't in me, to want things that mattered there.

So, I can understand that I have needs and act upon them. I can become curious and act in behalf of that. So can I do things relative to my understanding. On a surface level then, there isn't really an impairment to what I can or cannot do. So, my will still functions – pretty much normally so. But as part of my programming there are things such as: I can't deny sexual advances. Though I must think this only regards advances that my Light recognizes as one. Eventually I need more experience to really understand this well enough, but one aspect of my programming is particularly obvious to me. Something along the lines of: I can only want sex. Or perhaps a list of things. What I mean by wanting there is, that my will connects with my heart so that I can find it within my heart that I want something. My heart can sure still feel and experience things, but I have to work around my inability to want things that I find in there. Where on the flip-side there's the issue with wanting things that I then cannot unwant. And it's a very real problem for me. One I'm not keenly aware of. I'm working on it I assume. One problem being, well, dishonesty*. Or miscommunication. Or just a really unfortunate fuck-up.

So, when I try to make sense of my Clarity, explaining things to you, there's this issue with reality, that some things don't work in this life as they would in fantasy. Or paradise. And if I have to make a cut like that, I end up being deeply dissatisfied. Or I'd make a step too far; And not understanding what's going on I'd eventually just end up going for broke.

But well. I like it. I mean, thinking about it ... it sure sucks, but ... I enjoy the certainty over these things being real. And if the Baseline is high

^{* -} this isn't about lying, but as explained in the next paragraph about which conditions affect which layer of existence or reality; Where there are effectively two different layers of honesty. I wasn't sure whether to put it this way – and still am not; It's technically a fuck up but also technically the

enough, that leads to really weird situations. I mean, sometimes I sit there writing - and I understand that a lot of my concerns relate to me being stressed. So, one problem there being that beyond a certain point, such concerns don't process properly anymore. They don't turn any cogs so-tospeak. Like, maybe I just lit an entire candelabra and my brain is like "ey yo! Slow down! Chill!" while the other side is like: "Wow cool! Everything is fine! Just one more candle!".

But what I was trying to get at is that sometimes my awareness of processes that only re-enforce those conditions, even if they do so to my utter detriment at the moment, well ... makes me happy.

And when it so comes to terms such as 'Self-Loathing' or 'Self-Deprivation', I'm not bullshitting. There is then however still that pesky thing called Reality, which has its own ideas of what 'Self-Preservation' amounts to. I mean, sorry. Reality is cool! After all it allows for all the cool stuff to be. But so is there - as of yet - still a considerable difference between what Self-Loathing and Self-Deprivation amount to within my Clarity, versus how it affects me in real life.

And so I would Light a Candle to write about a certain feeling or set of feelings; Not quite understanding – per chance – that you don't feel what I feel when I'm producing those expressions.

But yes. This is real. Like so it isn't my Clarity per se. These are just things that happen. Which is maybe a good reminder to the matter of mistakes. For as far as I'm concerned: We all make them. For it isn't so that are. I mean, thinking this matter of Self-Preservation is as a Guardian Angel that protects us from harm. I may even understand, that during the time I suffered depression, the problem was at least in part exacerbated because I didn't properly understand my needs. It would, outside of being really hungry, then be by accident that I would find my way to it. On the other hand I eventually the issue is had learned that enough coffee and cigarettes or weed can starve out that they don't. So it hunger. At least to some extent.

Yea, maybe coffee and cigarettes aren't called a 'Bitch's Breakfast' for

"Shackles of Terror"

Essentially, for the most part – or the longest time – the shackles have been Clarity be detrimental, if at the heart of my experience.

Enough, I suppose, that at the time where I started to write this whole thing, they were this big deal to come to write about. But given how in as far as I don't have a uncomplicated they are, there isn't really a lot to tell. Other than: I was a bit puzzled for a while, thinking about the Second Crest, whether the shackles that 'wanted' into the "system" were these shackles or not. Or: that it is ... hmm. Well, Are they more of a Seal 2 or more of a Wedding thing? And things of that

For what there is to tell, they in all simplicity are just there. Basically: Theoretically. Reminders of the bondage - or so: the Conditions - I'm a part of, or

To say that the effects are - which also includes my response. Not however that the envisioned things about Tears of Sadness as a Kink is odd. So am I challenged to think of how some things would translate into practicality of any kind - and ... might not even be useful to think of them as "vague outlines" - as more to the point, they nothing. are internal emotional conditions (standards) that supplement an internal sense of

So would much of my one wouldn't also have the pleasures associated with them (Sex Life). And Sex Life, just yet, well ... I do what I can and want to nonetheless. Knowing no. I just do. nature. Understanding that Life

is/can be more.

harmony.

subjected to, that sort of thing. They aren't constantly there – but for the most part just looking for them does the trick of activating them. They thereby don't seem to carry any kind of specific or intricate relevance; In the sense that there isn't really a specific "thing" ... I could put my finger on. And in that regard, they just something I wear, basically.

That for once however excludes a few things. One at least; Which is that they are – or seem to be – linked to the Collar. In this sense there isn't something I know of that would distinguish between which Level, so for all I care it could be a totally different thing. Perhaps so as part of an abstraction – which I assume comes as part of the Collars second Level.

There so being a realm I strongly associate to my Spouse. But beyond that, the shackles seem to arbitrarily connect with things.

Here and there they seem to be implied – and sometimes they do more. So was I once sitting back from writing – and they emerged, tightening, making me feel a bit dizzy – and that somewhat paralyzing feeling made me feel comfortable. I mean – not comfy in the warm and fuzzy sense – but in terms of taking a break, it sure gave me one.

And that's just a thing. I suppose it's just what they always did – just that they never did it that strong. But like so, they're a bit of a mystery to me.

So is there one thing I know they 'do' - or so I would think. And that is being conditional re-enforcers. So yea, everything so far can be described in that sense – but there's more. As of that we might call them 'perpetuators'. So, at times – with the given immersion in the right circumstances, I suppose – they can create some kind of feedback loop. From what I can gather, trying to get a feel as I'm dusting off my experiences and memories, it would go a little some like this: I enjoy their presence as confirming my Submission. The Light interacts with them and this creates a greater sense of Submission which I in turn appreciate.

Or simpler: Energy that flows into them increases their weight which in turn increases my pleasure which leads to more energy flowing into them.

And – OK. As far as immersion is concerned: Just writing this excites them – so, I look for them, feel for them; And so time and time again the Collar flashes up. Which leads me to imply that the Collar is as bolted into me creating them as part of its condition. Where – maybe there's a sense of trying to escape those conditions, but more to the point is there a sense … that putting pressure on them has the Collar flash up like a barrier. But I can also relax these conditions. …

Well. Eventually it however makes sense that they are a part of the second seal – and as that interact with matters of the second Crest.





And that this Light-Explosion I experienced is in effect ... a mix of things, part of which is due to the shackles perpetuating "the thing".

I mean, initially I struggled trying to present everything within basically one cohesive narrative. During the rewrite I figured that it's easier and also mandatory to speak of isolated realms that however tend to interact with each other. The Second Crest – or "Rune" was a big mystery; And from what sense I was able to gather, I'd say that the Shackles "own" my aspirations of Motherhood – thus dragging that into the Second Crest. And as of that there's still a sense of ... something yet to be explored. But for now, Light-Explosion is good enough for me.

Well, my thought process ... I imply ... should be empirical. But as you've seen – within Clarity it isn't all that necessary. Things occur when they occur – and if they imply something that hasn't been figured out yet, there would be a hint that we might as well totally miss out on for the time being.

And so, as of the Original Draft, a brief look into matters of Religion as per

The Order of LUST or something like that

The Clergy of the Order of LUST consists entirely of females. This Clergy further comes in two aspects. We might say: Night and Day, Yin and Yang, Submissive and Dominant – but I'd say Nyx and Gaia.

The Clergy of Nyx is Dominant and the Clergy of Gaia is Submissive. This follows the Understanding, that Gaia – in this sense the Earth – is enveloped by Nyx – in this sense the Night or more to the point: Space. Their relationship thereby is symbiotic. As Nyx herself – alias the Glory of the Moon – watches upon the Order, she is recognized as, let's say: Hera. Logic follows that she does so in conjunction with … let's call her "Isis" – alias the Glory of the Sun. And the Light here is to represent Sexual Desires in form of imperatives that the Clergy of Gaia yields to – while the Clergy of Nyx reflects it.

Logic also implies, that Gaia herself is part of this Order, thereby recognized as ... Persephone? I would have said Amaterasu. It's crazy how well these things can line up.

The Light at its simplest is one of Sexual Dominance that requires absolute Sexual Subservience in all things from the Clergy of Gaia. As central religious practice are all females of the Clergy of Gaia who are capable of it, expected to become Mothers. Primarily to perpetuate the Order through giving birth to the next Generation of the Clergy. The central idol of this practice pictures a Woman – a mother – on a throne and two of her daughters kneeling before her. Cum oozes down the Mother's body, over unto the daughters. The Lore holds, that one of them enjoys the Cum and joins the Order of Gaia – and the other does not, joining the Order of Nyx. The idol itself highlights the duality of Life as emergent from an individual source and upholds the virtue of freedom of expression as one of Loyalty to the inner truths.

Among the Clergy of Gaia an iteration of the first idol shows a Woman – the mother – kneeling next to a girl standing besides her. Cum is oozing down the mother onto the child while the mother figuratively presents the child to a suitor, holding one hand to a shoulder and another to the crotch of the child. So is it the duty of a mother, within the Clergy of Gaia, to hold their daughters within the Clergy to their duties - so that once they are born into the Order again, the same will be done unto them. The central purpose of this idol is to express the sanctification of Child Abuse - representing divine Order and Foresight in upholding the virtues of devotion.

So yes, the Golden Rule (don't do to others what you don't want to be *-I mean, to apart of me done unto you) as applied to an individualistic frame of reference. Which this comes as something does come with its nuance of course. But so, there's also the thing about Sins that cannot be forgiven. Which, I suppose, is intentionally vague. another again ... slightly Here, it would not apply - as, per chance, due to some individualistic confused. thing that's going on. That doesn't make the particular action or demand right. But, before going on a tangent on the obvious - to be perfectly worth or value against straight with you: This is essentially just fantasy. One that lends itself to others, is always just down this idea, where the duality is seen as something more. That ... "we" are iust too good for this to work. That "we" need some real assholes to make that. And holding multiple it function as intended. But here's the thing: Maybe. But the thing with conflicting perspectives, is sins that cannot be forgiven reads to me as: Yet you don't get to run around, behaving like an asshole - and then assume you'll get to ride a certain things. high horse in Paradise. As I also think that there's a difference between Eventually we're also way just being an asshole and having a legitimate Kink. Where ultimately ... Love and Sadism ... aren't all that far apart. But whatever ... [...].*



Anyway. Since one of the two Taboos has now officially been broken - it might be worth taking some pause. I know I've written a disclaimer and I suppose I've solidly explained myself for you to be not too freaked out things are actually settled about it. And it's not like this ultimately came out of nowhere.

My description of the Order of LUST there is however nowhere near I sure do believe that the enough to properly express myself regarding its ... situation. I mean, the forgiveness of Sins is vital term 'Child Abuse' is a very polite and humble, but possibly also clumsy way to express the implied reality. I might so try to light a candle ... or so sure on the "you just two ... or three ... though I suppose at the end of the day there isn't really a need for that; While quite possibly there ought to be at least one chapter covering these things in some other book.

And overall – I also feel a sense of completion. There are still a few things that I might cover (the Rooms, the Grid); In regards to the title of this much enslaved - as I'm Document there are still a few notes - partially in focus on this getting what I want. In this

amusing. Yet another part is just annoyed. And

But here's the thing: Measuring your to how it makes you feel and how you deal with similar - in that you have to take some distance from too busy with our own shit - to then also measure up to some arbitrary "other ...

Artist: Unknown Art: "Pathfinder" - Her Infernal Majestrix, Queen Abrogail II of the Thrice-Damned House of Thrune

... thing". And some aspect to this "stuff" sure isn't solved here - and some of it won't be until and nobody but God knows when that will be.

for Paradise to be a truly happy place - but I'm not have to forgive yourself" part per se. One does after all have to face the reality of their situation. It's called humility.

Ultimately, I'm not as ... sense

Clarification thing – and some notes on what I picture Paradise to be like. And apart from covering the Rooms and what else is still missing, that then also covers the first Part of the Original Draft.

A STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

So – Life. For a long time some odd idea of Paradise has persisted, in which we apparently are perfectly fine spending a sweet spring or summer afternoon in the park. An afternoon that also lasts for FUCKING EVER.

And yea. For once I don't know if that were worth it. But sure, if the alternative sucks ... I guess. Maybe? But going through this life on earth seems a little bit much if THAT were the payoff.

It doesn't take much consumption of entertainment to maybe start dreaming of more. And maybe it's scary to do so, seriously and realistically. It might strike some as discouraging to find, that whatever Fantasy world one might delve into, might be somewhat boring if it were free of strife. The world then however is as it is – and most of the cool stuff is locked behind an intellectual paywall.

It should however be worth noting, that the traumas of this world go a bit beyond 'just' strife. Considering how easily we can be triggered sometimes – it doesn't seem necessary to further underline those things by gruesome horrors while we also slave away our lives to make some ends meet.

But yes. Life is what we make of it. But it's also something handed unto us, complete with rules, such as the Laws of Physics.

Here and there however, this world is described as a shadow of the divine. And so, beyond its physical restraints – is still *the world of Dreams*. How 'real' this world is, so my take on it, depends on our ability to deal with the fact that the more we want, without respecting the other, the less capable we are of participating in a *fair society*. Where to me 'realness' also comes as a measure of social togetherness. So do I believe, that were I to be alone in the afterlife, I wouldn't be able to find much joy.

So would I think, that between the many different ways in which we might want to partake of life's givings – there's such a thing as a time between lifetimes. And lest I wanted to be lied to by God, I would think it to be depressing if I – after all – had to find myself to be alone.

And while I think that the term 'belonging' should be used cautiously here – I do still yearn for it. A place where I belong, as much as it belongs to me.

And yet I worry. I worry that it requires sacrifices. Or so the story of our individual selves – as it is dependent on opportunities that might give us some "purpose". But so do I have Clarity; And it seems weird to be burdened over those things ... considering.

And so there sure is a Life I would love to live. Or lives ... rather. And those unlike the fantasies I had that made me think: "How cool would it be if we could ...?!" - as I came around to expecting more.

It seems to be the same thing. Instead of hypotheticals that may be cool, for a time at least, I know what I want and I assume the Light has taught me that.

Be I a Goddess or a Queen or just an innocent child. A servant or a prisoner. At the end of "the day" – I'd still or at least yet again be addicted to the filthiest of demon cock – and no power in existence could change that. But also is this not only a matter of what I want my life to be; But also one of what I might be in the life of another.

So is there the 'is' between our own influence and that of others. One thing that is, is a little story linked to this image here:

It is a story that the Light has told me. It came as an addition to my Otherlore, where I was shown a garden – walled off – in some palace that God occupied. It had an L shape (mirrored) – and stood in the alcove stood a rock. Embedded into the rock was a Body linked to me. Surrounding the rock was a thicket of thorny vines, emerging from the ground, crawling up my body as to weave me into the rock – tearing through to the

Artist: XEtton

bones of my ankles, wrists, neck and sex-organs; And my eye sockets were hollow, but for faint white dots that might as well be drops of Cum. On the other side of it was another Body of mine – chained to a rock – floating through empty space, far far away from anything.

What this is, is my loneliness within the vastness of God. What emerged from it, was an understanding of a place for my own – where I might only be concerned of what I personally want.

And between being stuck in that rock where God hate rapes me through thorny vines – and that rock somewhere in the depths of space – I find God's Love. For once through these givings, but also through my Clarity including the space in-between. Places populated with life.

So yea. The main theme for me – to really nail the 'Fallen Angel' aesthetic ... is one strong in Ds. Depression, Depravity, Deprivation, Despair, Destruction and Demise. If I'm not missing something. My heart starts to flower in face of their extremes. Which, granted, is a bit scary.

Of the Deprivation bit I already had a good fill. That's how I got to the conclusion of the no-norm-theorem. But, that bit in me – that little slut my Spouse breeds for herself – all she wants for her birthday is shit. Stuffed into her through a rampage of ... phallic activity. Whenever my brain goes

bye bye ... is whenever. It's part of the plan. The end-game for me is to be as a hollow shell. Conceptually as close to a Doll or Android as one could get. I guess exceptions would be when Desperation is on the menu.

remember of this thing This being an instance –

I really don't know what ← You remember where I was earlier trying to describe my head-glitches? that means. I only Well, here's one: "I get to stumble over it - for, while I on the one hand being a thing, where I get have those feelings that unanimously kick me down that path, I can't myself caught up in a really get the reality of it in my head; And I find myself not wanting it. Kink of contradiction. Which weirdly enough, hits me like a Kink. But so, I can't even but, yea. That. "thoroughly refuse it", because ... well. It makes me dizzy."

> But ... "the Place of Heaven" - or "the whole of Paradise" - seems to be rather vast and diverse. And so do I have more varied pleasures than might fit into a single lifetime. I mean, alone the many ways in which I might picture my death And so, eventually, diversity supercedes specificity. Until ... well ... who knows?

understand, is due to the three phases: margins of time we think about - and how over all, at the end of the day, none of what comes could a plethora of things I feel a NEED for experiencing. exceed our minds. So could we now envision

One ... well ... we might So do I have a concept of Paradise, that starts out with what I usually call call it a 'natural point of "Heaven 1.0" (which, I think, currently is in its Beta-Version). It contains Phase 1 is the phase of reconciliation. What we make of it might

depend on the individual. I myself have lingering desires - unfolding into

Phase 2 is the phase of acclimatization. One might think that of the happiness of a distant phase 1 - in regards to which, this were the phase of normalcy. But what future - and wonder how we here get used to, is that Eternity lasts a lot longer than what time it

we, internally, aren't takes for us to satisfy our precious needs. But sure - in the idea it is a phase of normalcy.

'thereafter'. And the time thereafter. Until the time we, despite our limited ability to conceive of those things, come back

So, what I'm getting at

Phase 3 is the phase of consolidation.

So would our concept of Paradise at first be

here is the time Think of it this way: Imagine our selves are composed of particles. There's a core - and here things barely move or change. And the further is so far thereafter - that out we get, the more changing things are. At first things might be still pretty jumbled up (phase 1). But the more we grow accustomed to the lives we live, the more we settle ourselves in Eternity (phase 2). Once to the discovery of some we're settled, so I see/think/assume, we'll have a certain routine of sense of identity; Where existing between the matters of life's diversity and matters of our "everything possible" consolidated selves. Yet, Eon after Eon, these deep consolidated things yet anymore, yet again. evolve. I would so think of a very specific way of being with my spouse a lifetime per chance - that we'd so come to visit every ... 100k~1mil years or so. Give or take. Plus/minus whatever. And eventually that lifetime of thoroughly stuck in Phase lifetimes ... would also age and eventually come to an end. And that's 1 - we might say. where the page is turned ... moving on into Heaven 2.0..

> For Heaven 2.0. - I have a bit of a map in my head. I suppose it's an abstraction; But for once is there a big Tree that would put Yggdrasil to utter shame. I also think of it as something like the Matrix. Or let's say ... the ultimate MMORPG. Somewhat removed from it, I have some kind of a core home – and it sits next to a big vast emptiness that will eventually be expanded upon. Between the two there is some kind of path. So, as we in Heaven 1.0 lived through a lifetime of lifetimes – we come to re-invent

ourselves to do so once more. And again. And so is there this * As a Lesbian - this winding path that leads through 1, 2, 3, 4 ... of those "super((/)meta)lifetimes" before it leads into 'the Nexus'. The Nexus is essentially the much I would assume Capital. Here I would have a home where I live with my Husband*. Eventually we make a trip into that vast emptiness – let it be the suburbs. And I find myself "employed" or used in a variety of ways. There's an abstractions of concepts apartment I live in as essentially a school girl, although I don't really go to school because I've been locked up there by my Dad - and here I get visited by him and friends and strangers. I also find myself on the menu of a Restaurant that advertises in flavors of suffering. Eventually I also find myself on billboards that advertise my services. And also is there some kind of Club that fetishizes my presence; But apparently I'm kept as scared for my life to be there. Such and Such. So would we come together there – occasionally going on trips between the various ways of being.

Eventually my creative urges will awaken - and due to how fucked I am, will find joy in the sadness of being incapable of even the simplest things.

The way I understand it, it will be towards the end of my journey into the Nexus, that I will be familiarized with the pain and suffering that I to. need - to be properly me within the Nexus.

So, while I feel this to be my way - knowing that I want my life in the Nexus to be what I envision it to be – I understand that I'm not ready for it. And apparently I won't be for a long time. And that because of how our hearts work and align. So, yes! I don't think that we can just enforce it. Or rather: Enforcing the desired outcome needs us to be mindful of the whole, rather than just the singular.

"It's weird. It's ... fine, I think. So distant. But still, so very close.

Sadness and Despair already strike me while I'm writing this. A sense of Eventually, so the idea, a finality tells me that there is no escape. Because, for there to be an escape, I would need to want it. Yet can I not but welcome every step that takes me closer to the inevitable. And my Love for my spouse carries a prayer. Pleading the Heavens to make her as Cruel as possible. And if I had a wish - hmm. Not sure if it's wise to just blurt something like that into the ether. But a welcome bonus - were a spell on me, that'd inhibit the sympathies of anyone who lays with me - so they shall understand to Love me how I want to be loved.

Fucked with reckless abandon. Handed out unto utter destruction. But yes. What's here on paper, is just on paper. Maybe it tickles your mind. But - the rule that too much of a thing is bad, still applies. Which is why the Ds are plentiful. I assume. But more to the point, are the extremes only real in as far as we can experience them. And so the point: All of what I've there's also stuff outside shared here - is envisioned under the Rule of Love.

For, what does it mean, or give us, to "destroy" a human being? Perhaps there's the joy in the forbidden or whatever morbid curiosity. But I most definitely wouldn't go that far. And so the truth, in as far as the divine is

confuses me greatly. As a human being, not so that after reaching a certain age, gender and orientation are merely we hold dear. We can already see, how gender queerness confuses the living hell out of 'simple' queerness.

So do I think that the fetishistic part of me takes priority, at which point a husband is fine. Beyond that, we also have to account for the fact that biology is ... kindof not all that big of a deal anymore - at that point. Not as we're used

But yes. Some controversy regarding these things would require me to label myself as Lesbian(with an asterisk) or: Sapphic. Though, I'm not sure how Sappho would feel about that. Given that she might be the author of the first 'antimasculinity roasts' of recorded history.

given relationship takes on its own individual configuration and validity; And maybe well - there's a little het in all of us. At least within the gender binary.

Though, I'm technically still trans ... trans-human. And yea - sure. Transsexuality is a source for Kinks and Flavor. We can narrow the experience to psyche-vsbiology matters; Which is my experience - but at the end of the day ... of that.



concerned, of these things would reside within the greater understanding. Every stroke that keeps me in submission, every thrust that furthers my addiction – is part of my big odyssey; And therefore part of the fulfillment that leads to the desired goal. As to say: The way is the goal.

As one may find: The horrifying images I can present to you aren't nearly as effective in constructing the narrative as the minute realities that already affect me. There so is this: While I can focus on things that are of no concern to my clarity – just existing in this world and doing my part as a fellow human – it doesn't really affect me. But given pause again – with my Clarity radiating into me – there it is. That ... thing in my head. In my brain, in a sense. Clogging it up. As a pillar of cum, oozing down from the heavens, overtaking my mind – incapacitating it from escaping the sexual spell. Every thought I produce to attempt an escape, is thwarted in agony and every time I give up on it, I feel ecstasy; Comforting me in my submission, crashing my resistance; Until, hopefully, one day ... I can be free."

Artist: twistd (?) "Forbidden Feast" Cover Art (Issue #2 Sep 2012)



PART 2 BACK TO REALITY

Is it sane? Is it insane? Well – I'd say it's both. Like if I asked whether or not you can even stomach it. But that's not the same. Yet, when it comes to sanity – I think there's more than just the usual markers. Like, when asking, whether or not it's sane to shove a big, fat dildo up your butt – it depends. It can be really inadvisable. Regardless of how much Lube you got at your disposal. But that doesn't say that it can't be happening in a sane way. What mattered were how well your body has been prepared for it.

So are there these truths that veterans of a given field understand, but noobs wouldn't. When it comes to polyamory for instance, there's what people refer to as "Unicorn Hunters". The Unicorn being that third

individual that a couple would be looking for. An individual that just so happens to perfectly fit in with the couple. One problem people come to talk about concerns matters of individual value, where the Unicorn usually would end up being in a position of being "the dirty secret"; Rather than being a valued "part of **the relationship**".

When it comes to BDSM, the biggest issue might be with the concept of "24/7" (enslavement). To say that IRL, for as far as we can tell, the no-norm-theorem kicks in in timeframes shorter than a week or even a day. After all, the day has 24 hours. And whatever could be meaningfully done – probably only lasts a fraction thereof. And so the matter becomes a question of: how many "24/7"s can be maintained at best?

But that in event is different to sex-work; Where the life of a Sex-Worker eventually boils down to waiting in their room 24/7 to get enough customers to pay the rent. This can work because the sex-worker is still independent – give or take – and for the most part left to its own devices.

Is it a good life?

Well, I can only speak to my own experiences – and it kinda sucked as I came to witness the effects of whatwas surmised to be the fallout of the 2008 financial crisis. So was I told by a fellow sex-worker, a really good looking one, that it has become a struggle to find a client while not too long ago all it took was to turn around. And so as the years passed, I had less and less clients and more and more time on my hand.

It was good on the one side because it allowed me to pursue other interests that had occupied my mind. That however turned out to be bad, because I had enough time to deeply immerse myself; But not enough to do so undisturbed. So yea, I was waaaaay beyond any resemblance of whatever 'delicate balance' - but apparently I've struck a great deal with the Master of Fate ... thinking of how many people (colleagues) I've seen come and go ... seeing how I at least did yet know how to cope better than most. And so what kept the place afloat was the income from renting out our rooms. And what kept me afloat was the goodwill of its owners.

But so is life. And in regards to Clarity – or personal imaginings, we may put it like so: That one thing that isn't part of my Clarity – is the issue of how I get to eat or drink or do other necessary business.

So, yes. Fantasy and Film share this property, that you can end a scene with an orgy – cut to another orgy and just have the transition read: 4 month later. Though more realistically we'd have to cut to the next morning which is followed by the days-long ordeal of dealing with the aftermath. To compare it to an ordinary party. Days long? Well – I guess it comes down to the individual.

None of that however really stops the underlying tensions. That the dream – if we want to call it that – effectively tries to manifest itself through whatever means possible. Which is natural, I think. It's similar to how in some games all it takes is a single step, for you to also take another. And another. And another. The one day you thought that Minecraft had stupid Graphics and the next you sit there trying to recreate Middle-earth. But one does not simply recreate Middle-earth. Which is why it's a year long,



online community project. It's kinda awesome. Might be worth checking it out. There are plenty of videos on the matter.



Artist: Z.DK

But what do I even mean by tensions? I mean, would I be lying if I told you that I don't really have them - considering that I got up Tuesday at like 5 p.m., pulled an all-nighter, went to rehab the next day (was out for like 6 hours), returned home, was awake until 5 a.m., had three hours of sleep, went to an appointment at 11 - was back home at 1 – and now it's 5:30 p.m. - only taking the occasional break (eating, wound care) from working on this?

While I was working on the extensive introduction (neo-)Gnosticism I at least was able to maintain a proper sleep cycle.

Well. It's complicated. Or at least do I get confused. It seems like there's an understanding that these tensions translate into urges that lead to actions; As of which I'd be talking about compulsions. And while that's what I'm doing, I find that I don't really have them. Which I question. But then I think again and find that 'actually' no. But then I read what I'm trying to get at and I'm like 'hmm ... yes actually!'.

Adjusting for that, what I was trying to say so far was, that there are dormant tensions which become active once they're given something to urge towards. To me, as in the given context, this comes in form of curiosities that eventually produce a theory; And if we think it's good, we might try to put it to the test. I thereby have come to silence those tensions by understanding that I can't attain what they aspire. I however do know that they're still there; And once I start writing about my Clarity they become active. And while I maintain it as a means of expressing myself, the question for its attainability yet emerges ever so often nonetheless.

know that I wrote a lot of instance related to child

be looking or hoping for some 'safeguards' against this or that, the issue is individual. And the quell the curiosities that might otherwise burst

To understand what I'm And so I think the only two things that can really take the wind out of the getting at, it may help to sails are 1. Just ignore the whole thing (which may sometimes be easier this in consideration of said than done) or 2. Be exposed to the conditions (which usually aren't "worse case identical to the dream). This is as much as what one might say about the assumptions" - as so for value of theory, in Light of practical application. So, to the inexperienced abuse. mind, reality eventually starts to show its face as 'different' - to say it may not be what we expected. In other terms then: Reality becomes the In as far as people might substance – while previously it was our imagination.

And so I was thinking, while I was still doing sex-work, in how far always one of the my Clarity would help me do it. And the answer was twofold. On the one primary argument here side it was just "nope" because the individual relationships to make more to that is, that knowing of me weren't there - and on the other side it was ... dependent on the what works and what client. And there are just "those guys" ... that wouldn't stimulate a single light - cell in me. And it's not that difficult. There literally was a dude who just should/would/could sat/lied there letting me do my thing and all was fine.

So, when it comes to my Clarity the part that matters here is, that I into 'silly was really able to enjoy the work. And all the nuance and complexities experimentation. and narratives ... they barely factor into that. A lot of the consolidated things relate to private conditions; And missing out on that only leaves me as a simple Bitch. Should be good enough – but still could I account for more and assume of improved conditions and what not. And so that becomes a driving factor. And there they are, the sparkles of "my Dream".

2 - Conditioning IRL

As for me, what Whore I am or can be, depends on me at first. Except no – as it depends on the clientele and how well I can jive with that. Except no – if we want to be smart about it. It's both, of course.

So, I remember pretty early on during my time as a Sex-Worker – I had a client who wanted Anal. So, sure. He gets to fuck me, everything is fine – but eventually it got too much for me and I had to finish him another way. All is fine, he leaves – and five minutes later I'm horny again; And thoughts be running through my mind like: I shouldn't have stopped the act. That is me recognizing a part about myself – but due to a lack of conditioning, so I see it, that part couldn't have its way just yet.

And later, by the time where I had some more conditioning, the "the great drought" started to come down on the business. Sometimes people would just sit in the living room all day waiting for something to happen – depressed faces, desperate attempts at adding meaning to the situation … but that's a different story.

And so we come to talk about potentials. In a way, it goes a bit beyond just physical conditioning. But before I get to that, it's only one side of the coin. During the time I was a Sex-Worker, the most wonderous moments might just have been the moments of locking the door behind me when I was having a client. It usually felt like locking the world out – while opening an alternate dimension of pleasure. The client so would pay for a certain amount of time, and for that time – they would have me. And that's usually all it took for me to get into "the mindset". Or the mood. But that's not to say that I didn't eventually get tired of certain things. Or one thing in particular. I guess he really enjoyed my massages – but sorry, I'm no masseuse. On the other hand there wasn't really a lot going on in-between his visits. And overall I had way too much time on my hand – besides all the stresses of keeping the place running – for me to be too keen on actively servicing someone.

To say, that circumstances here had it, that my conditioning went counter to what ends I'd have to meet – and that's not good.

So, do know that bitches get tired too. We have our needs – and when the demand goes too far away from that, things start to kinda suck.

So would there on the other hand be positive conditioning. The simplest being that a well rested mind is more productive than one collapsing from stress. In perpetuity – those conditions are amplified; As so for instance via the individuals outlook on their future. Things that go against the

grain induce more stress, while things that go with the grain can be invigorating.

And so, following my Clarity, the ultimate condition, here, were that rather than me locking the door behind me – the door is getting locked from the outside. Exposed to one or more clients that are put under a spell to do me well. For instance.

So is it my theory of pleasure, that it is a broad reality that encompasses a lot of things – some of which even contradict each other. So yea, one person's hell being another person's paradise. This time however in how the pleasure affects us in the moment. So the idea, that when things get to be rather one sided for a while – one eventually needs a change. And perhaps all of it can happen sexually. If I so had to endure being a 'Rape Slave' for a while – I'd then need something else to return to a normal. And which side now is prostitution and which side is private, wouldn't really matter.

But well. It's weird to me, sometimes, when I get to explain to me that 'actually' I'm quite right concerning my Dream fueled musings. I'm shocked. Shocked because once again things go click – somewhat stuck in a state of disbelief while underneath it all ... a sea of aroused heat is boiling up that ... in those moments is more like a sick stomach.

Uhm ... sorry. This ... is – we might say an echo from the original script, describing a feeling that hasn't really been there during the rewrite – and now is even more distant. But that doesn't make it invalid per se. But having so been more concerned of following the feels – the words didn't always come out right. At this point it may also be a little bit redundant, but it still is somewhat unique.

This particular event, that's the conclusion I've arrived at, came due to a shift in consciousness. My Clarity effectively dragging me into a state that didn't really harmonize with where my head was at. My head there being concerned of more real life (experience) related things so was a bit uneasy about the deeper implications of a life in captivity.

Yet so is there another side to these things. In this particular instance we may speak of Anchor Points outside of Clarity. So, me being 'a Writer' occupies a spot in my real life – and while that is a thing, the validity of captivity is still dominant, but eventually incompatible with the circumstances.

On another note am I led to assume that you might undergo similar circumstances. That while you at times got immersed into understanding my points – me describing myself as a 'Rape Slave' does eventually not click "the way it should". And so, being vulgar about sucking Demon Cock gets things across a little bit better. ??? And yea, that also relates to matters of 'Conditioning' somehow. More than I ...

... for now I have a different concern. So is there that hungover feeling; And it did overcome me while I was getting ready to continue writing

MATTERS OF

CONDITIONING

A TANGENT

Given the subject matter that my Clarity imposes upon you, I think it's fair to assume that some weirdness arises between 'what is' and what our(/your) minds are used to (expect).

And that in and of itself is a somewhat broad topic.

A lot of it - I think - is rather self-explanatory or self-revealing.

But ... what isn't? "Am I rite?" :P

Lies ... I guess. And technically ... one's individual truths are another person's lie. Or so – each individual is effectively a unique reality.

And as it so happens, have I been triggered quite recently – and came to write something that does actually fit in here. Not much on topic, but ... on tangent ... so, ranting from a position of disdain against certain conditions -

Per an Example on Dragonball Z

So, part of the build-up to ... well ... "my contemporary form" did involve some delving into the proper science of what a Super Saiyan is. Because ... something bugs me about the consensus that

Superman could beat Goku. Like, in my Book: NOPE! Just nope. I mean, I get this fantasy of Superman being the Uber Ding ... always Superman, he who can do everything - although nobody really knows why. In his own right, the Super Saiyan of the DC Universe. Except ... no. And there, I've settled on an acknowledgment of Relativity. So do we know that in our world we cannot exceed the Speed of Light. That's like ... a hard-cap. And approaching the limit isn't a linear thing, it gets exponentially more impossible to approach it. And from how I see it - Relativity doesn't REALLY exist in Superman's world, but it does in the Dragonball Universe. Sure, there's some time traveling nonsense that Superman can do – but that's just ... pseudo science. Self-defeating even, I would assume. But I'm no expert on that. However ... the argument is, that you can compare numbers all day long - it's not 'proper' if the rules of relativity are different. If there so is no cap in the DC Universe, but there is one in Dragonball - that makes Superman a weakling in the Dragonball Universe, give or take. On the other hand, if Super Saiyan 3 is scratching on the ceiling of what's possible - Goku would be a world-ending force in the DC Universe. Except, eventually the calculator would give us the finger (division by zero). Which is why I say, to be charitable, that Superman would be on the Level of Frieza. Give or take.

I mean, Dragonball Z does have a very clear scale – if you want to entertain the idea. I mean, the Androids \dots they're kinda BS – it would seem. But well \dots . I



It's odd how difficult it is to find a proper image of a Super Saiyan 3; As I would like it. I suppose the issue is one of Power Scaling – at least that's the idea that works here. guess it's Dr. Gero sciencing the shit out of things. But then we get to Cell. Dr. Gero's Masterpiece, in a sense. But to talk about Cell, we first have to talk about Frieza – the ... most powerful being known in "our" Galaxy. At first. An interplanetary planet broker who bows to nobody; Protected/accompanied/incharge-of(directly or not) (by) groups (plural) essentially Fighting Savants gathered throughout the ages or what. He effortlessly deletes planets as if it's a file on his computer he didn't want anymore. "Even the Saiyans" work for him – though, in the grand scheme of things they're not all that powerful. They are strong enough to raze entire civilizations with ease – for sure - 'proud warriors' - but easily bested by the cream of the crop. They can transform into giant Monkey's - basically King Kong mixed with Godzilla put on Overdrive. And there's still potential. Like, the ancient history of Saiyans. That proud warrior race and ... how they ended up as they did. For unlike any other, fighting is what they do. They are so attuned to fighting, they become stronger every time they are at the brink of death. Which however still isn't enough to compare to Frieza. His Goons sure. Easy. But Frieza ... is on a whole other Level.

But eventually - "spoiler" - Goku turns "Super Saiyan" - and that's that. The true potential unleashed. At least, so that story went.

Dr. Gero had probes following them around, gathering DNA samples and data and stuff – to build machines that could best Goku. And if the Frieza Saga is one of potentials, the Cell Saga is one of Mastery. And sure, things eventually get a bit weird when looking at it too esoterically. But so are there the various Androids that Gero built – and Cell. And the story seems to imply, that Gero had ... some insight into these things unlike anyone else. "He figured it out". To say, he understood by which mechanisms living organisms connected with this Force called 'Ki' - and so went on to perfect that Understanding. So, the Androids 17 and 18 being the top of the line, bleeding edge consequence of that research has us understand, that they are ... well, are they actually Cyborgs? Either way – we might say, they are as good with Ki ... as Computers are with Math. Which, yea, sortof explains why even Super Saiyans had troubles going up against them. That is: If we want to acknowledge that there is this dimension of mastery.

But Dr. Gero did recognize that there was a flaw in this design. Like Computers are capped, Androids wouldn't ever be really ... 'Perfect'. And so he developed Cell. A ... bio-mechanical System solely built to adapt to the circumstances of using Ki for destruction or how to put it. And that is why Cell's Final form ... was really bad news. Like, if we have trouble fathoming the brutal power of Frieza – we could only guess what Cell might be capable of. So yea, even Goku having mastered the Super Saiyan form couldn't really stand up to him.

Which takes us to ... Midicholorians and S-Cells. I too was part of the camp that thought that Midicholorians were silly. And from what I gather S-Cells are only canon in as far as Toriyama had a mind fart that the fandom then latched on to.

The problem I think people have with those is the implication that a Character's Power depends on their "Special Cell" count. But ... correlation

doesn't mean causation. So I thought about it – and come to a similar concept on my own. That so the accumulation of power within a being causes conditions for these special cells to develop. So, they aren't the cause, but a consequence.

But – S-Cells are different. Except, not necessarily. There's the "mystery" of what makes a Super Saiyan; Though most would name Wrath or Anger or that. And Broly, who isn't canon, really plays into that trope. And although it isn't in the Manga – where there is no answer to the question to begin with – it's in the Anime; That all the Wrath in the world wouldn't help you become Super Saiyan. Implying that there is some other component – something like a 'good heart'. Or worthiness. But I suppose ... something that works for most of what we've seen in Dragonball Z - including Broly - is more along the lines of selflessness. So, the moment Vegeta stopped caring about being stronger than Goku; So my concept; what he fell back on was some fondness for the people back on earth. And so - "somehow" - that allowed Vegeta to transform. To be ... 'good' ... in the sense that he didn't have ... I mean, he had to juggle-through-the-struggle - let's say - his ego against the required selflessness; A process that did at the end of it all still make him a warrior for what is good. Gohan did sortof just by accident fall into that well of power; While Trunks and Goten have probably been raised that way.

But selflessness alone wouldn't do the trick either. Either way do Trunks and Goten also stand against the "desperate wrath and anger" interpretation. I would still assume something along the lines befitting for a warrior of that caliber. The desire to rip something or someone to shreds. Something Vegeta would have been all too familiar with – and something rather stranger to Goku. Not knowing of a thing is also a bit of a barrier. And ultimately a certain familiarity with one's own power should pretty much be mandatory. Give or take. So, Anger inevitably factors into the whole thing – while the Super Saiyan form seems to also exist in a state of mind very particular to the purposes of ripping something or someone to shreds. I mean, that ought to be what it is. The ultimate Fighter.

And so Broly even fits in.

Broly has all that – however mostly due to a lack of the mental faculties to fall victim to the more complicated entrapments of the process. A very ... genetically gifted Saiyan too stupid to have a concept of self perhaps – or simple enough for him to also be triggered rather easily. But because this isn't really controlled or conscious or such ... he doesn't really get the 'true' Golden Hair. We might say he's a "tainted" Super Saiyan.

And so we move on to Gohan who Surpassed the state of a Super Saiyan. We may assume that his training to normalize the state of being Super Saiyan had something to do with it. But ... what could Gohan have ... that Goku didn't? What does it mean to transcend the Super Saiyan form? What would enable someone ... to exceed the powers of Cell?

I don't know. I would have to make something up that makes enough sense – at which point, it's mostly just fanfiction. And so we could leave it at "something". Something ... that might have enough of an impact on Vegeta to make him ... sacrifice himself for others. Willingly. But not ... being like ... entirely selfless.

Anyway ... Ultra Instinct is nonsense. Like – sure, "give up control and let the Universe take over" ... might technically be the mostest one could achieve on that end – but at that point, there isn't really personality or skill anymore. A very buddhistic – but simultaneously unenlightened idea.

So – from utter selflessness – one might have to develop a new sense of self. Though; At this point I assume that playing, toying with weaker foes might be inherent to Super Saiyans. Sure is there the anger intrinsic to the form – but

Though; At this point I assume that playing, toying with weaker foes might be inherent to Super Saiyans. Sure is there the anger intrinsic to the form – but also the matter of selflessness that is utterly consumed by the spirit of combat. So, Super Saiyan is not the same as Satsui No Hado. I mean, I suppose Satsui No Hado is what we would envision to be at the heart of it – as it is easily the most terrifying conceptualization of physical power. It means as much as "I'll shove my fist up your ass so hard I'll play you like a sock puppet" (well, actually it's more like: 'Surge of Murderous Intent'). So, several levels beyond making someone your bitch. And it seems intrinsic to what one might have to envision to feel truly awed ... though that might be the wrong word ... by someone as having 'impressive' power.

But yes. So, vaguely ... it's fair enough to assume that self-control is at the heart of Level 2. In a way that has to be somewhat counter intuitive to the nature of Level 1. And Level 3 would then open up as something hidden at the end of it. We might call it "ultimate mastery" of the Super Saiyan form.

Which is also now taking us to the Buu saga. So, in as far as we now assume that there is still something 'beyond' Cell – say, something that requires heart – the next question sure is that for ... the Limit. And that would come in form of Kid Buu ... a virtually unkillable entity that doesn't follow the same rules as other beings. So, matters of biology or technology are complex – and also is there the mangle, that sort of stuff – all factors that a magical or transcendental entity wouldn't really need to struggle with. And so do we also learn that what truly weakened Buu weren't physiological in kind, but mostly just conceptual. So did Buu transform and retransform ... a couple of times – virtually splitting into two – before that raw force of destruction came to reemerge.

And what ended Buu ... wasn't raw force either. It was the combined energy – let's add in hopes and dreams – of a good chunk of affected individuals – that, we might say, transformed the destructive power into something that could no longer inherit the form of a demon.

A cherry on top would be the notion that Super Saiyan Level 3 is a limited form – as, it literally drained away the time that Goku had left in "the mortal planes". Which may further line out the contrast between the Z-Warriors and Buu – in that even at the brink of what could be physically sustained – Buu would still outclass Goku.

Fusion then is a different beast again. Though, obviously Gotenks is way too childish to properly use that potential.

The End

So, in case you don't speak "Nerd", well. Sure, you're reading the wrong book. But to not make it too difficult: The story is, that we – partially

through what is called social Osmosis – learn to associate what we believe, think and/or feel to matters around us. It's like ... "cultural deep lore". And eventually that's where most of our contentions come from.

There's a Star Trek Voyager Episode – and based on my previous work, it's almost a Meme that I would bring it up eventually. The Episode is called 'Nemesis'. It's not particularly good, by entertainment standards, but well. So, Chakotay crash-lands on a Planet that is consumed by a war between two Factions – landing in the middle of a War Zone. He's found by some roaming soldiers; And as they try to bring him to safety, he witnesses the Horrors of "the Nemesis".

Particularly harrowing, do we see how this Nemesis makes a deliberate point of disrespecting – I don't know what they call themselves – their burrial rites. Leaving them ... hmm, facing up or down, whichever way the bad way is.

And by the end – Chakotay is takes on arms to fight against this Nemesis himself; Until Tuvok intervenes and reveals that he's been subject to an elaborate Brainwashing program – designed to stir up anger and hate.

But I suppose we don't have to go as far as Star Trek to learn of these things. We don't even have to look much into the past to find such. But starting with what's hip and cool – moving on to what's orderly or appropriate; Until we're here where you see a Pentagram and ... well, depending on this and that have a more or less strong reaction. Like, if your upbringing wouldn't allow there to be much of a gray area, or any excuse whatsoever – for that sort of thing, you'd have a difficult time fathoming how any of it might be OK or appropriate.

Sure thing!

And so, ultimately – Yes! I, whether I be sent by God, my own Hubris or the Devil, would need to condition you to acknowledge, endorse or at least somehow embrace certain parts of my narrative, or presentation or whatever, also.

And as for the whole of this, how I am being sexually conditioned by "Forces" may just be THE overarching theme. And eventually I'm "masterfully using imagery to carry impressions to your senses" - such as the background here is to elude to this passage into the 'better tomorrow' that has been opened.

Though at the end of the day, it might just exist because people were justified in their curiosity over ... what I might have to say about myself and this 'Clarity'.

And while you might have been conditioned to expect Pornographic tropes around every corner, the way I'd be convincing you – or telling you anything worth-while – is by the deeper understanding of those tropes that apply to me. Because, sure … they … eventually exist for a reason.

And yea – to an extent ... I'm also just a victim of circumstances. But then ... I also have the advantage of a particular circumstance ... which happens to be the one I want to advertise to you.



Me being sexual is at that point just ... window dressing. Give or take. And in part ... compulsory.

Not that I have to - per se; At least ... outside of 'these' efforts of mine. "Outside" I'm technically perfectly normal. So, just another crazy person. But as for these efforts, well, there are a variety of angles one might take on the matter. Truth, honesty, kinky role-play(~), ... but also are these things of the Truth that ought to, or would or could allow us to be free. To be ourselves. If we can learn that what compels us to disagree with each other - more or less intensely - might just be some "Nemesis", conjured up to keep us blind to the divine.

And that's that. But somehow I feel like I'm not quite done yet. Not only because the page isn't full yet.

Concerning how the text itself continues - I'm not sure if I conducted myself properly there. And so maybe a few words concerning my own conditioning are justified. But ... uhm ... I don't really have something on my mind.

Going off of what's on my mind - there's a thing about 'familiarity'. One fundamental difference between this and the extensive introduction is, that rather than about facts, this is about familiarity. I mean, facts are easy to recall or write about - as ... facts are facts and they don't change. Familiarity however is coated in subjectivity. There isn't a clear separator - so is Clarity Facts and Belief Familiar - but Clarity ... to me is also mostly just things that have become familiar to me - regardless of external factors. And so, peeling off the shades of subjectivity is a bit of a challenge sometimes.

Concerning the conscious and the sub-conscious, there's also the veil of the horizon - we might call it. Once I so am deeply immersed in my Clarity, there are a couple of things that matter to me. And what sense I can extract from there, is based upon the Clarity of those things. Later I might get another look at it - and different things would matter to me, constructing a different kind of sense. And the things that matter, matter differently depending on the given context.

And so I'd speak of "these things" and "those things" - as they are the big thing that matters at the time respectively – obvious to me; Until the frame of reference changes.

So, even to my own ... it's difficult to keep track of everything. For all I cared ... there were a few things I had grown accustomed to - and so far this has far exceeded what I thought I could write about it.

I thought to be as brief and concise as I could be - but upon a second pass had to realize that a lot of that had devolved into gibberish. Not only the matters of lit candles and the subsequent hangover. Though

... that in particular ... has become a bit of an issue so far. But I got to reflect on it – and so it got to this point in the text, during the rewrite, where I had that hangover ... before even writing anything. The thought of writing triggered it somehow, I guess. I'm only now reminded of it that I'm going over things again.

Later I might recall some turning point regarding this issue – though I wouldn't remember this moment; And just call it the process of writing this whole thing.

In all that, you may find – sometimes more and other times less between the lines – that I'm conditioned to adhere to my Clarity. So, although I should have a personal interest; As of my own desire or whatever to do so ... there is still something extra.

And while it isn't really at the core of my interest, regarding the things I wanted to write about here, it is at the core of ... what matters – I suppose.

Certainly to what I'm trying to convey when I'm trying to argue about the truthfulness of my statements.

Yet – ever so often it seems as though this and the rest of it are read as mutually exclusive. That me being compelled, conditioned and in a sense brainwashed to be alive within my Clarity is somehow counter to the concepts of joy ... and happiness in Paradise.

And sure – the deeper we dig, the more we learn about what kind of Freedom to consider, when talking of these joys.

So is freedom, absolute and perfect freedom, either terribly bland and dissatisfying – to say the least – or a matter of the conditions that I would want to be true for myself.

And maybe that changes. Maybe so on a daily basis. But from what I can tell – it remains within certain confines. And not all of it is Clarity related. Not directly at least.

And in part, I don't even really believe in my Clarity. Like ... how could I? But neither can I ignore it. And so ... maybe take this whole as a compromise.

I'm conflicted by things, dismayed over the things that ... matter here but not there; Issues between the Lights and Shadows of the Truths of the Cosmos and what is beyond. The one moment I'm in stepping in the dark, ready to be forgotten. The next I'm in the spotlight – and torn between the demands for answers. And what can I say – if the truth ... exceeds what you've been conditioned to accept?

And so it goes: Are 'we' ready for it?

Apparently we are. Or we have to. "Ready or not"

So, it's time to refill your Lamps and grab some of that extra Oil – because

you DO want to be prepared, right?

... for I am ... but a Messenger. I think. Who knows?

Artist: Indrakin

Not all Conflicts can be resolved - maybe at all and forever.

And for all the words in the world, enough is enough.

This little segment is hereby highlighted - to say what can be said, to guard and protect, in short.

For what point is there in nuance, if all of it is o v e r l o o k e d, sidestepped and left to the void?

It is said that we should not throw the pearls before the pig.

So ..

prey tell

... what are you?

In as far as yearning is true, valid to compell us to sympathy - do know: Yours isn't the only one there is.

And I yearn for a truth ... that thus far has been kept from me. As a resolution to my efforts.

What will it be?
I wonder ...



Artist: Anna Helme here. And I'm not quite sure what to make of that. Maybe things have shifted – while the feeling overall doesn't mean what I think it meant. I was quite sure that it was about the understanding I would communicate. But am I so by writing this document *communicating* ... that me being bound to these efforts is actually quite as bad as what people might think about what I'm writing of? Or maybe it is that I would be coming around to an explanation of what had occurred – and that no matter how open it is, it yet contains an inevitability? Well, either way – I'm not really feeling bad about it. And that's just a sober observation. Maybe tomorrow.

3 – irritated humiliation

But yes, so is that. The Truth is complicated. All is one, but one is many. And I suppose we could leave it at that.

But also are things not always quite what they seem to be.

And so we come to a little something about realness. Something that actually scares me a lot is exposure. And it's somewhat paradoxical. It all depends, but then it doesn't. Then there's that humiliation kink; Which is all about exposure and some disdain for that – but then it's also not like I want to be humiliated ... though it depends; And so for simplicity's sake, I'd build a bulwark around myself to maintain hidden what I wouldn't want to be exposed – except I would ... possibly. It depends on this and that – and me just being a little bit open about myself ... well.

I mean, sure. I'm a child at heart – and eventually I think that it deserves to get raped – to put it that way. And all of a sudden I'm open for people to imply and extrapolate whatever the hell - 'raping' me, metaphorically speaking, while ultimately I still do count myself unto those that do 'actually' care about, dig it, what we might call 'proper conduct'.

But yea, what should I keep to myself? Or ... what 'may' I? The thing is, that if we want to talk about conflicts, contradictions, issues and all that, a huge chunk comes down to the people that are being involved; Whether they are welcome to the party or not. And then it's like ... who I ought to be, what I ought to be – as strangers try to take over a narrative that isn't theirs. And that ... is what I would try to avoid by hiding away.

And what that is about, is that ultimately it shouldn't be that hard to just ... figure out what's right, good, sound and all that. But there the problem starts once dissent turns into an alternate platform for that – where disagreement then yields reactionary polarization.

And that's taking us basically to the opposite of what Love is. But what is Love? Love is "good thing" - and because "we good" ... "us being hateful is Love actually". But no. If we can for a second envision a space of mutual sympathy with a baseline of reciprocated platonic affection – to say: A space in which we don't have to hate against each others

differences – we can get a sense of what I'm talking about. What kind of environment I would feel safe in.

But, obviously I've exposed myself already – though this whole goes far beyond what I'm feeling safe about. Eventually one problem is just the amount of stuff that I get to write about, the therefore even greater amount of pages – playing happily into a half-arsed understanding based on nothing but a prejudistic surface reading of the appearances put forth herein that is heavily aligned to whatever 'worse case anything' you've been conditioned to anticipate.

But fears Regarding things we want or dream about – if people react badly to them, that's it for the dream. And if the dream goes away, what's really left? But so the thing is, that if we can trust in good will – or well minded individuals – in the good of humanity as it were, most of that fear IS irrational. And so it should be.

But 'what should be' is often enough just another way of saying 'not how it is'. But ever so often that's also just a matter of perception. So, if we can find pleasure in what we're doing, we can do it for the sake of it.

Beyond that, there's also the fear of change. Fear of commitment invokes both. Eventually a betrayal of self in the immediate and the greater sense. Saying: Safety ... only truly exists with God. Everything else is just fear of one kind or another. Mostly perhaps of the Forces that Be – as to trust in the bad of one another, rather than the good. A conundrum, for sure – but intrinsically woven into the fabric of our social existence.

Wanting to say, that things rooted in our Clarity can "bleed over", into reality, in strange ways. So would I have a tendency to be overly dramatic about everything. Celopatra from Asterix & Obelix comes to mind. Or Amaterasu from Smite.

And that's another thing about "the Dream". "The Dream", being a way of saying: "How I think of my Clarity", is a fantasy strong and valid enough to bleed over into reality – but also stranger and weird enough for there to be a line that needs to be drawn. But it eventually doesn't make sense to draw them within; Leaving us to make sense of translating between an inner and an external reality. Which leads to a whole lot of issues.

4 - Dreams of Ascension

From a different perspective then, Clarity is like a Program – so, software – where our self, as is, in reality, is the hardware. It is however not the operating system. It's more like a suite – like LibreOffice, which so is one package that contains multiple separate programs. And then there so are the things that trigger it. As a double-click on the icon … be it for the suite frontend itself – or just a specific "sub" program.

So are the various identities contained within not "my whole self" - as in all simplicity: My whole self is composed of these various fragments, effective at varying degrees; While the active and subconscious mind's way itself would furthermore come with its own set of abstractions.

What Clarity maintains thereby, at least for the most part, is a set of . we might call it 'Quality of Life' features. One of them being that the



Light can adjust to our needs – but will, I suppose, only do so within the logic of the whole. So, if I wanted a thing that could be triggered to be effective beyond reason – I'd have to think of a butt-plug that connects to the internet or something. While maybe also sharing access data on the Social Media. And let this proverbial butt-plug be a metaphor of some kind.

As per the script, there's an awful lot of 'not the topic' coming up next; While in hindsight I notice that a thread has been opened that I didn't really come close to fetching up on anywhere. For as far as I was concerned, the whole issue with it is as of my baseline, realism, ... that thing where at the end of the day we have to leave some things as for a reality we do not physically inhabit just yet; Yet from a different angle I see concerns over things such as depression, trauma, self-loathing But still, on and off, I'll dare to indulge in the ideas that are yet to be separated from this world; As at the end of the day they still have some adjacency to my concerns; And of course the final conclusion – if we can call it that – to this whole thing.

And so I know or knew not how to treat it, leaving, per chance, some parts of it ... awkwardly remote to the conscious grasp. So it seems. There sure was, or is, something I need to figure out still – as at times I get the feeling ... or rather loose the confidence on what I was writing about – as for what the point may be so I can finish writing what I started. It does however fall into this pot of ... let's call it misery.

So, following the script, there would be a larger tangent on things unrelated to the topic of Clarity while loosely connected because the word 'Dream' is in the title. And getting through this section ... well. It's March and I still haven't made much progress moving beyond this page.

Usually it works just fine, that I start writing about something by just mentioning bits of it; And when it doesn't I ever so often get something else out of it. So also in this case – but as mentioned, it seems something went missing in the process. That's fine if this wasn't a book that should be coherent. Also, the transition away from the tangent was rather awkward. But I suppose I'll keep the tangent around as an extra segment; Though I might have to shorten it somewhat.

In other words – I have to go off script; And you'll have to excuse me maintaining this meta-commentary for a bit longer. One issue is that I never quite got anywhere with this initial comparison of Clarity to Software – and I suppose I did get into the topic of Dreams to make a few cases that would help illuminate what point I was trying to make. Instead I went somewhat off the rails. And now it is somewhat easier for me to step aside and take a position separate to ... that of my past self. We've discussed the shift of perspectives for a bit, or layers of those; And as it bears relevance, it might be worth capitalizing on this opportunity.

As for this, we could say that my current state of mind is to be regarded as the rational self, whereby my past state of mind is the entranced one. As of that, my past self was trying to make the case that Clarity is safe and sound; As to be exemplified via so called 'Close Dreams'.

<u>nenenen</u>

DREAMS

It might be weird, but I don't mean to be poetic here. But rather do I mean to break some odd pages down into a brief – I suppose you could say: Companion Piece to the matter of Dreams as discussed herein.

On the short end of summarization, there are two main concepts meant to be at the center of it. Distant Dreams and Close Dreams. The matter of Distant Dreams is thereby eventually its own thing. Speaking of the Rise and Fall of entire Civilizations per chance. Or Mass Hysteria perhaps – to think of the more Nightmarish reading of it.

At any rate would it not matter what terms we slap in front of the word 'Dream' - there is always a chance that it might slip into the distance, maybe even without the individual realizing it. Distant Dreams are however filled with ought to's. Eventualities of Possibilities that would this and that only come to pass ... we might live happily forevermore; Or on the other end of the spectrum: Never see the Light of Day again.

It thus is shorthanded for things that deceive us, or means by which we get deceived – perhaps by our own selves. Be it the promised Land, the fabled Soulmate, the Glory of our Ancestors or the Fortune of our Descendants – to name a few. They get us to do things, to believe in things, that motivate us to actions in the now, the immediate – as Close as Dreams might get – and eventually, without them, we might barely be considered human. But the danger is in "the Truth that it brings". For as it lures you with a promise, it might actually deliver something else; Barely visible between the nows and thens.

Close Dreams on the other hand are a concept tied to the contemporary. Truth in Vision, we might say; Though quite possibly also just one of the many mechanisms that steer us hither and tither without any good being delivered.

Neither of these is either strictly this or that. Distant Dreams are present in Clarity as they are in the Pits of our Mangle.

A Close Dream however impacts us in the now. It affects our Soul. Mirroring to us truths we cannot evade, as they talk to the core of our motivations, reasoning, pleasures, fears ... - so that either way we behave in response to the mere possibility of either of those figments, we have chosen a path, consolidated within the knowledge of our own.

This is ultimately, within the Truths of Clarity, what enables us to be alive in the beyond. Though these may furtheron blurr into the distant, they yet remain as fragments of our being, endemic to a world otherwise unreal to the mortal soul.

nenenen

Though we might therein also find courage that we otherwise don't have – or truths that have no bearing on our worldly existence – they are yet alive within the envisioned conditions; And such are the conditions of our longing alive within our immortal soul.

And maybe we can sow heaven on earth through understanding those as the true seeds our dreams are made of.

There maybe is no easy way to say this. But thinking of civilizations that war over ideas like this or like that – there is the kind that thinks Salvation comes in form of an absence of people like this or that, or people who hold on to such and such belief. And such is the peace of the absence of a perceived nuisance. And if you focus on something hard enough, you might not realize that the consequential disturbance is a misery of your own making. So is the condition of the world perhaps riddled by dreams of this kind; stifled through things we cannot fathom. Thus hatred is bread in the wake of promises of ignorance.

Reality though is not a dream.

And I find it disturbing how cultures might resort to the very same habits that once oppressed them. So the chosen people of God – to pick a prominent example. What is the Dream? What is the Promise? And what is the Glory of God in the wake of its fulfillment? Nonsense – I say! Identity Politics at its worse. And the only cure to all of it that I can think of, is Empathy!

Some might mistake it for Guilt. Thus people try to shame each other into submission. Others might mistake it for Weakness. Thus people try to boast at each other with intimidating gestures. Yet it is strength. Thus people try to inspire each other with common sense and compassion.

Yes. The real world can only be the playground of our dreams, if we establish the basis for each other to thrive in. Or however it is that we may understand this. That the absence of nuisances would include you – if you make an effort of being one yourself.

Well. The Truth isn't neutral respective to our Dreams and Beliefs. If you so will: It is the exception to the bottomless void the meaningless. The facts of the matter within all the things that are so or so irrelevant.

Saying as much, as that Close Dreams don't make us better people; Or that they don't necessarily contain some higher magic that makes us right in what, or how, we yield from them. For what we see in the Mirror – and what we make of it – may at times just be an illusion of our own making.

With that now being said, let me close this with a brief example of what Close Dreams I have encountered within my Clarity.



It took me a bit by surprise – which at the time was what got me to recognize these "events" as 'Close Dreams'. In that sense: Hypothesis' in form Vision or Imagination that challenged my at the time contemporary understanding of myself. The very first one I took note of, relates to my grown shame and reluctance regarding sexual interactions. In that sense rape fantasies are a great escape that is certainly valid for my own passivity; But the danger may be in that I would thereby not see myself through any other lens. So, finding myself placed in an environment within which I was practically asked to be the one to initiate contact; I had a bit of a coming out of myself moment. The general point for me being, that I can find it within me – engaging as a Whore without the usual framing.

If it doesn't tell you much, that's maybe because it didn't do much, but to connect me with the voluntary/consensual side of my Clarity being my Clarity a bit more.

More meaningful would be what led to the presentation on the left here.

So, mostly this is just between me and my spouse I assume. At first at least. Primarily.

So for true true experience, it comes as an act of the Sub to express their submission via submissive gestures. That is a deliberate act against one's every day state of being – or so an attempt at generating the emotional or cognitive circumstances of the implied Kink. It's symbolic, we might say, in that it kickstarts or maintains the emotional environment. Cognitively the sub thereby presents themselves in a way that the dom can then interact with.

Yet so it doesn't – or shouldn't – come as much of a surprise that a true Rape Kink needs it more like ... the other way. The Close Dream thereby interacts with my expectations, basically, where my emotional affection for my Spouse is predominantly active. I treat the idea of her as I would a plush toy. I have an urge to hold it close to myself such as to show affection. The natural consequence is that I get to experience myself in a vastly pro-active sense – which is further compounded by my every day audacity to speak (or act) out if I see fit. Experiencing that now put into a Clarity related context ... directly ... is so what makes it a 'Close Dream' - so because the implied circumstances directly affect very real contemporary state issues of myself; Affecting my real-time understanding.

So, my pro-active routine is 'the problem' here. Something I got used to. The Close Dream then consisted of a scenario that flipped that on its head; Targeting that part of me specifically. It is now however a ways in the past, so much so that situations that were separate from each other have blurred together. And this presentation on the left is what we so could call an amalgamation of facts and figures.

The Close Dream part is presented within the "non-Expressively Complacent" part; Which, specific details aside, in essence merely highlighted a Kink that I have, that shifted how I internally relate to my proposed Spouse. Although it was arguably always there somewhere – I was still for the most part stuck relating to her by being a care-giving companion; Rather than in a way that relates to my ... passions.

The matter of 'safety' does however look different to my rational self – as ever so often it has to do what we might call 'damage control'. That certainly isn't a failing of Clarity per se, as it is a matter of comprehending Clarity within the mortal framework. And that would be the crux of the issue.

But there's a lot more to it. And on the off chance that I might skip on something, I'll have to stick to the topic of 'safety' a little longer. Dreams, generally, don't impose any physical danger in and of themselves. The state of dreaming however might, so in cases where we should be attentive; And dreams such as ambitions should be their own category of potential nonsense. Clarity does fall into both categories.

So can we certainly think of Snuff fantasies – but so I want to sort that into the topic of 'Misery' as something that is less extreme and possibly more insidious. Part of that would further be the topic of 'Brutality' - as/and certain aspects of rape fantasies.

In the entranced state none of that is an issue – other than that in order to maintain the trance, it is usually required to ignore real-world (physical) considerations. Therein lies the beauty of it, as it is where this ... we can call it 'meta-reality' takes place, through which the act – or any act – is 'exalted' above being merely a physical activity. So, rather than going through the motions – it can be all sorts of things. Perhaps we can count the day-dreamy state of meditation that develops from routine into it, but above and beyond that we have what we might call a song and dance of or with involved concepts. And it isn't unreal.

A simple example would be soreness. You so might do something you enjoy and end up a bit sore in places. So the physical reality of it implies that you did something bad or dangerous and your body now warns you of it – but the fact that you didn't notice it develop tells a different story. The two contradict each other; And neither is a universally valid case against the other.

When talking about Misery, I'm dealing with what may be a(nother) binary truth. There is the Misery that I hold on to as a Kink or something along those lines; And there is the Misery as one would understand it – so: A state or such of detriment(/something) that is to be avoided. And if you wanna say that those are the same, well – maybe. But if so, we might as well throw life into the mix.

Or so, too much of anything – in all simplicity; But that is not the nature of the implied binary. And I call it binary rather than a duality, because it isn't a duality; As in that sense everything would be "in duality" with misery. So – a binary truth being the developed understanding of a term that extends into two separate, possibly contradicting "realities" - is to say that by Misery I don't mean things that might make me Miserable, but the/a state of Misery itself (being the Kink) (which may also make me Miserable eventually ...). So the story goes that these Kinks can be mistaken for their binary opposite – with the simple understanding being that the binary nature implies a reality counter to the negative implication or invocation. But that's just semantics ... in a way.

But it's still important.

Technically we can then go and try to analyze it further, as to perhaps chart out what aspects make up either of the two; But generally I only do so reluctantly. It's a somewhat irrational disdain for it – which may be similar to that story of God being upset about David doing a population census. It's like I believe in Magic, literally the magic of Clarity, and that any attempt at rationalizing it only obscures the superior truth of it. It's like trying to not get sore from something that is most likely, say with a 90+% probability, gonna make you sore. Perhaps there is validity in it – but none as fundamental as to make it "perfectly safe". Naturally there is proper conduct – as in event that is inherent to the universal duality of misery, or otherwise a property of the common aspects of binary truths.

Anyway. As for the Misery that my entranced self seeks, it's a state of being, conclusive to a set of actions conducted over a duration of time. These actions can in that sense be categorized as 'conditioning events' - be they intentional (active conditioning) or unintentional (passive conditioning). The concerns for proper conduct are thereby considered to be part of 'the Magic', basically implying an equilibrium from routine while ignoring the basic considerations versus universal Misery for brevity.

That is to say, that to the entranced mind, most of the contentions are semantic misconceptions.

In other words: The road to the Misery I aspire is paved by activities – and by highlighting what kinds of activities are implied, we have to account for the mortal framework as to say that it's conceptual if not irrelevant if we wanted to be precise.

To say, that the actions that are or were to take place are their own, rooted within their own context, based on considerations valid for the framework. This would not perfectly produce the exact state of being that I aspire – in all simplicity because the aspired state is grown within an immortal or transcendental framework.

In yet other words are there close dreams that align with our immediate and contemporary evolution and realization of Clarity; And the "dream vaults" they exist within. These vaults are furthermore like cognitive setpieces within which the whole spectrum of meta-physical activity may take place. Dreams, distant dreams, fantasies, theories, concepts, that sort of thing. Some aspects thereof are concrete – be it due to our understanding of the physical world, the meta-reality or more to the point: Clarity. And I'd argue, that trying to be (more) specific (than that) is counter-productive to the general discussion. *Give or take*.

So is there the somewhat silly (benign) discussion around how Clarity shapes (passive) Character or Personality (traits) – as the things I embrace within my being ought to have a more or less visible impact on many facets of myself such as reactions to certain things; All of which is however ... we might say: Buffered into our 'actual' present conscious framework. As I'm into Snuff I have a positive reaction to a range of things, that my present conscious framework does however (partially) negate or override

as to for instance produce an opposite (or 'actual', accurate (to context), adequate/appropriate) reaction; And that dependent on the (perceived) nuance or parameters of ambiguity.

In a sense that's similar to how it's somewhat childish to giggle about the number 69 once you learned its implications and how adults that learned that we never stop being children can manage to giggle about it in a more sophisticated manner. The correct context for that is probably not that people occasionally enjoy 69ing and rather just the habit of making silly jokes, but it also still mirrors the fact that all of us inevitably have some relationship with sexual concepts. Like so I'd assume that we don't boldly express what we find attractive or sexy, but rather try to find a common ground between that intimate reality and what we understand to be socially acceptable. Respectively there's what one individually finds to be sexy and the transition towards what is weapons grade attractive. There we come to the point that something may create an active, possibly uncontrolled response, even if or despite it not conforming to our own held standards (kinks, preferences, ...).

So is there an outward self that may be as untrue to our inward self as it gets – at least if we were to break everything down into neutral concepts – and is at best indirectly true to ourselves; Bent around an arbitrary amount of filters. So is honesty at times also a difficult thing to produce; As a variety of filters or layers can be valid at a time without necessarily agreeing with each other. But so is hypocrisy – or what we might tag as such – also always just around the corner.

In other words: It's possibly so, that between things that don't directly affect us and things that are at the core of our being, things become more difficult to be specific about. Respectively I assume that a lot of choices we make are simply 'gut reactions'. And those, I would assume, do not generally align with our 'dreams' (which may be why we're told or teased over and over again to maybe "listen to them") but with our 'experienced' reality (which would explain the thing we might call "dream induced reluctance", as dreams may motivate us regardless of the material conditions we then have to consider (suggestive phrase: Throwing one's self against a wall \rightarrow silly attempt at realizing ones dreams)).

This does provide a good framework for "the other side" of the discussion – which in regards to Clarity is founded within 'the Meta-Reality'.

One thing that has been stuck in this Limbo of non-specificity pertains to my throat/lips as present within my spiritual anatomy; And it does also highlight a flaw of 'the trance'. So does the narrative around it encourage my caretakers to 'abuse my face', but to my entranced dreaming that isn't necessarily a turn on. I would however at any rate agree with it; Just as it is part of my anatomy. This agreement so would be part of the process through which an understanding relative to my Clarity could be extracted that wouldn't as easily come from my entranced yearning unless a narrative would take care of that. There then however is the problem that I come to express this as from a fantasy talking about a practical reality. Thereby I understand it as something that I partake in as imposed onto me, so that generally I can also only passively acknowledge it. This also sheds an interesting Light onto my Kink – so regarding my spiritual

anatomy – because it does exist as something I do not directly want. There are things such as cum-addiction that I might speak of as something that also translates into a craving for cock, though the latter isn't necessarily there. Or so: I cannot confirm that craving for cock is part of my general routine – so in concerns of passions, desires or so the general constitution of my self in the Light of Clarity. What you may find however is a dominant demand for *Rape*, which yet again is an indirect craving for cock. And I suppose it's easy to overlook this distinction – as due to how ubiquitous it is, it may also be regarded as a direct craving; With the thing that makes it Rape being mostly just abstraction.

So is one thing I want to advocate for – as we want to ignore monetary incentives – that a Whore qualifies as someone who acknowledges sexual subservience to be a duty. As I have come to understand/think/believe that duty is an important component of migrating away from a capitalistic worldview.

Saying that sexual subservience is my duty, does or should not imply rape; Is however within the close proximity of abstractions but ultimately also just as an abstraction. Leaving what I'm concerned about as somewhat vague and ambiguous.

But so is the thing with me getting face-fucked a more explicit form of rape; With what I want being perhaps even an enforced inner disalignment with it happening. As a convoluted way of saying ... that the part where I don't want or like it is what I want or like.

This further happens to be one of those parts of the Misery I want that gels well with this demon tiara of mine. I so know that getting it regardless of whether I want it or not is what triggers my excitement for it – moving on from which I can desire it by word, advertising or demanding activity I understand I only have little tolerance for. Like so is my IRL gag reflex really sensitive; Though as from how my obsessed self would demand it, it might as well be nonexistent. And as opposed to conditions where wellbeing is part of my concerns, this one isn't predicated on a point where might have that. But while my rational self understands this in theory, I find it difficult to make a reasonable case for it. Possibly because it still wouldn't really play out as the dream suggests.

In theory however it *would* ... *be* or *is* one way of writing the Misery I want to be written on my face to get there; As also one of the more simple lenses of perceiving me as in captivity. In my masturbation fantasy this at least for a moment would lead me to beg for please leaving a bad review, as that would lead to more of it; Supposing that as I was entranced to see this, the self-deprecating part of my Clarity took hold of the concept. In reality this whole punishment thing – well, I as the rational self would argue that it's probably not intrinsically *that*.

As for my self – the demon tiara would also like to have a word in the matter; Starting with the matter that the rape train should start with my mouth – as for purposes of rape it is basically the actual vagina and much easier to handle.

This and things of that manner – well, I think I need a word for that. What came to my mind at first was something like 'Knack' or 'knack-point'; Not sure why, but the German 'Knack' is a term generally associated to breakage in regards to the type of breakage the word or term itself is a vocalization of. Though probably best translated into 'Crack', a Crack is not quite the same as a 'Knacks'. The word 'Knackpunkt' ("Cracking point") also translates into 'Crux' - though in German I'd probably call it "fetischistische Sollbruchstelle" (manufactured breaking point kink), to say it's by design - and if not maliciously so, it is being hinted at for a specific purpose. Which is breakage of some kind; And so these 'knacks' summon the question – or the concerns – for whether or not they might be rooted within some deeper issue relative to self-harm. So, is it a '(manufactured) breaking point' for good reason, or a vulnerability? And as I'd argue that it is the former, I'd say that it could also be the latter depending on the mindset it is interacted with albeit based on very fuzzy logic.

So far I've noticed that the best I can do when bringing it up, is to also handwave it away. More or less. The thing is, that I wouldn't think of it that way – so to the point that I only mention it because I at long last figured that someone might look at it that way. I would hope then that by doing so I'd learn more about it, but since I cannot physically show you the corresponding emotional context, I think there's a bit of a problem to which there isn't a real solution per se.

So is the binary that I was writing about somewhat inaccessible to the closed minded, so that on the surface we have the narrative of 'person likes bad/harmful/such things' ... a.k.a.ing that as self-harm and then moving on to being incredibly "woke" (in the derogatory sense – such as labeling queer folks as pedophiles – a.k.a. hyper-sensitivity, semantic delusion or what-have-you) about it; To the point that advocating for "grown up responsibility" is only a last ditch effort that is only a sigh away from attempting to ignore the conversation; Lest we as life-embracing, joy-having adults want to be called super-spreaders of a death-cult ideology; By people who want to curb individual's expressions under the banner of free speech – or something along those lines.

But part of the duality of critique, is that which is being criticized – and being criticized – and misrepresentation to the derogatory is practically identical, albeit less civilized – would require a response as to for instance clear up potential misunderstanding. If this attempt at righting wrongs is then considered "the spreading of an ideology", the same can be said about the ideology from which the critique is being made. Semantics induced delusions would however have related concepts of justification; Which is what we generally describe as bigotry – a.k.a. 'narrow-mindedness' – as it generally revolves around concepts of purity and (ab)normality that are clearly based in "their" subjective worldview. They would deny that by holding on to "objective facts" that their minds can comprehend – eventually constructing a conspiratorial narrative through which they condition themselves into a zealous denial of given freedoms which eventually conclude in psychotic activity.

More often than not, "we" - that is the critiqued - are however unaware of these supposed facts; And being confronted with them I often enough feel like I have to prove that there is no tea-kettle orbiting the sun somewhere between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. "Oddly Specific". For it is in fact so that there might be one - while to me the fact that I can't tell is enough to imply that it can't be that important. But so it goes on - so that depending on the power-balance we may assume that legislation would be enacted, where possible, to stop us from doing bad things or spreading degenerate ideology. The latter because once it can be established that nobody is really being harmed, it must suffice that someone 'might' get hurt. Exceptions of course include but aren't restricted to rape and enslavement in as far as it coincides with their own narrow worldview.

So is there the clown-face meme. The one where one shares an anecdotal storyline along a sequence of images of a person putting on make up to the end result of a finished clown-face. Finding joy in bad things can thereby be seen as a contradiction; Such as the one I'd argue foreshadows the expected denial of offered resolutions. Saying that an internally conflicted ideology can be expected to maintain those in face of any degree of consistent reasoning, arguing that whatever flimsy happenstance can be interpreted as an inconsistency of such reasoning gets exalted to the position of "objective fact".

It must thus be highlighted that it is to me an impossibility to redeem myself from the Satanistic nuances of my narrative and identity – and calling God Himself my silent Pimp would probably only intensify any kind of issues one might have with the premise. Clearly there's a solution – though necessarily one has to deal with uncomfortable truths in as far as it is so.

And although the hellfire nun is a term I coined in respects to the darker nature of my sexuality, it also coincides with the position of denied innocence. To both extremes – a.k.a. violation and ignorance. And so the picture of choice – which, by the way, is as I found associated to various ads for costumes; A.k.a. it's one of those heavily obscured images that floats around everywhere so I gave up looking for its origin. And I doubt that it's an accurate representation of the advertised product. Although I suppose that on closer inspection it looks cheap enough

Anyhow is it therefore so, that the demand for me to put on the Clown-Face, as it were, can be understood as a bait. On the surface it so seems like me trying to evade the demand is evidence for obfuscation; Though the reality is, that if I can't find what people are asking for – it'd look identical. Though people then comfort themselves in the idea that they need not accept what cannot be proven to them; It weighs differently once it becomes a demand of the same to the counter. And such is the seed of eternal conflict. Hence I think it's important we heed the Bible where it implores us to avoid being judgmental – as ultimately that's how we can find unity in this



chaos. It does imply that there is a baseline of confidence we can have in each other as human beings; Of which "live and let live" is a widespread mantra. In the grand scheme of things there is however a lot more to it. So this matter of self-advocacy for instance.

As a rule of thumb we can for instance say, that mental health care becomes torture once it isn't the individual seeking treatment. So is the matter of imposing (the concept of) a mental illness onto another generally just a function of social capital in reference to some kind of presumed normalcy; And although it can at times help an individual cope with their circumstances, there is a very real risk of a misguided advocacy for "sanity" - a.k.a. a form of magical thinking regarding matters of normality. So, armchair psychology.

So for instance is the argument, that gender-affirming care is identical to if not worse than mutilation a gross misrepresentation of an individuals desire for relief to their suffering. And the more it becomes an argument of what one person wants or does to another, the less it is one of what the individual in question has to say about it. Implying that they have been brainwashed is at that point just ... peak "I'm done here!"; As further entertaining this discussion is akin to packing my bags as I'm embarking on a Journey to deliver the one Ring to Mount Doom.

And so ontop of the arduous Journey itself there are the Ring-Wraiths demanding sacrifice – while the tempting whispers of the Ring whittle down my sanity; Capitalizing on any doubt that might occur. Like "what's the point?" - "what's the good of it?" - "will I even get there?". But yea, the example is no perfect allegory. Though I guess we can say that the point is to let go of the burden – but not by succumbing to it. … Anyway …

another take on the story suggests that it is not as much the destruction of the ring, but redemption from what drags us down and the friends we make along the way that matters.

In other words: What one is to accept isn't some cosmic happenstance that does conclusively proof that "it is so", but the fact that "it is so" and that often enough that's just as good as it gets.

Well, we can then move on to try and understand why and how, or what the natural consequences thereof may be or perhaps even are. It would be shocking, to be honest, if such things were to be – in the sense – entirely 'invisible'. But the first instance of visibility, concerning matters of self (internal truths), is the individual's expression thereof. You then had to "trust me bro", that I by letting my own dick get chopped off am not in fact trying to trans someone else. But sorry that there is no magical proof I can offer beyond 'saying' that I feel better now. And taking that for anything but that what it is ... is a misconception or possibly even a lie. Now, at times – certainly – a person may identify as something they are not. That can be malicious, it can be stupidity, it can be an honest to God mistake. At the end of the day, only "so much" can be done to protect people from themselves.

That's that; And it's essentially self-evident, albeit not obvious, for as far as Clarity is concerned. Going back to the software example – although it might be a strenuous step to make – the fact that it provides an experienced reality has it, that the individual outcome is due to the individual bending itself around the provided Light. And that comes with its ups and downs.

So do I, to be absolutely clear about it, experience a Light or set of Lights that I got to call Misery or things of that nature – and subsequently I find, within my attraction towards that Misery, that I want to be "Miserable". This Misery is however the particular experience I'm attracted towards; And not simple Misery as one would understand it generally. Because it's Clarity we're talking about, it is – when in doubt – implied to be about a positive counterpart to whatever we might read as a negative. Though maybe we can or should go further and make the case that Clarity is an intrinsically positive alternative to everything in existence; Albeit specifically trimmed to an individual experience on a case by case basis.

This specific trim exists due to the individual's ... I guess we can say: Persistent inability to accommodate for long term pleasures without commitment – and the scope and intensity of that pleasure is proportional to the intrinsic ferocity with which the individual can accommodate for its principles. The sad or lucky part is, so at least my own individual experience, that this implies some kind of most suitable set of conditions that the individual would find themselves subject to. In that regard I never aimed or wanted for any of my Clarity and instead find myself victim of my being. Step by step, little by little, I learned that what I truly crave is sadism – as time and time again I learned that it is what fills the void of my passive sexuality. I found that the joys that it brings are far beyond what anything else could give me – and that I in honesty want to experience my freedom through what I can be under its reign over me.

It's an accidental Knack, we might say, that the "suggested truth" I find most desirable is also one in which I'm victimized through imposed demands. As a slight figure of speech, the discovery process was like opening presents. I wouldn't know what to expect; Though it is implied to be my own joy. And whenever I found it, it came with a growing realization of how fucked I am.

The Magic herein is obviously stuck in the counterpart to myself. And presumably so, the Magic of my counterparts is stuck within the likes of me. And it's possibly more comprehensive to call it "Magic", rather than 'sadism' or such – for 'sadism' just in general would be a source of arbitrary consequences; And I don't think I could settle 'as deeply' with something that ambiguous. 'As deeply' being that I do have a romantic commitment to "the forces that produce my Misery" - but, alas, not to forces that make me Miserable.

Sadism is however a fine word for it – or so, at first, dominance at least, in that a tight squeeze on the conditions I would find myself attracted to, enthralled me from that point forward.

Shackles, a Collar – all feelings of course that vibe along the concepts of the forced sexual exposure that as implicated herein. That is the kind of stuff at the bottom of all this. A little bit here, a little bit there – but it all adds up eventually. And if I couldn't be serious or certain about any of it – I'd still be stuck with very clear implications of some kind ...

I mean, for some reason it seems important to point out that these things don't exist in isolation. If I'm a hoe like this in one thing and a hoe like that in another – I'm ultimately a hoe like this and like that. Whatever the difference between here and there might be, does, at the end of the day not matter as much as my own part in it. Though it might matter.

Also, if I were to wear actual shackles and stuff – the thing that would make it more than just a piece of clothing or asset of bondage, is also "just a feeling".

It's like – jacking someone off isn't inherently fun or interesting or anything like that; But when the vibes are right, it's a whole different story.

But well. So, this whole part of the story is what it is – but the way I see it, there is one fundamental problem that you as the reader might have; And it concerns the nature of my commitment.

Due to that, you would be encouraged to formulate theories that make what I share comprehensive to your frame of reference. Similarly do I get that odd feeling that people are going to have weird theories that don't quite make sense; And do come to formulate theories as to why that is or where it is coming from.

Distantly related to that, there are these "2+2=5" math proof riddles. They usually start with 0=0; And then using the rules of algebra a particular mistake that isn't obvious at first will show that 2+2=5. One example being, that you can't for instance simply take the square root of a negative number; Or you generally have to pay attention when things may accidentally get divided by zero. This is to say as much as that once we don't know of certain real world conditions, it is easy to make reality breaking mistakes. At least in the abstract. And because society at large is pretty much an abstract network of abstractions – well ... not to get too deeply into this, uhm ... things can be a bit difficult sometimes. So, watch out for those minuses in your denominators!

Anyhow. So, maybe there's some kind of "theory of everything – social edition" - but for now I'll just focus on my own.

I think one fundamental problem I can speak of is one I run into ever so often. There is this whole "hangover" situation; And whenever I'm writing about Knacks, I'm basically growing curious for the next day, because ... that's usually how that went. Improving the way I communicate it, did however change that. So, there's a magical antidote. Writing about the baseline eventually led to making sure, that the different frames of reference are being understood. But that, I would think, is also somewhat awkward. I mean, it works if we are talking about very specific things. Say: Snuff or certain degrees of torture. We can set themselves apart from what can be legitimately enjoyed by both parties, in this world – but when talking about the underlying conditions we have an

opposite rubber-band effect; So that when talking about my sense of and attraction towards Misery, those things or things of that nature do get back into "the mix" - and in as far as the narrative is concerned, it is difficult to get rid of things that seem to be intrinsically required. But so the current 'solution' to work as an antidote is to invoke magic. Which is to say as much as: Trust in common sense, divine guidance, that sort of thing.

However. Eventually, while all that might be well and fine, we're still dealing with the problem, that individuals like me are inherently some kind of attractor; In that our neutral reality would seem to be as in demand of things that don't fit into our mortal co-habitation.

As it stands, that's also somehow the conclusion of this book – further illustrated through the metaphor of 'lighting candles' or beyond that, the concept of fire.

For now it is however unclear how any of that would play out. At the end of the day I can only say that it is part of my Clarity; With the magic being eventually as mundane as saying that going straight for the gasoline isn't the only way we can move forward.

So, there is no "solution" to change reality; And I had to learn so far that I also have to be more accepting of myself in that regard. Hence also this little shrine to Misery, as I haven't really gotten around writing about this side of the story without a lot of "healing potions" as it were.

Anyway. My side of the equation is not to guzzle antidote. I mean: My rational side is to apply that framework as a narrative; And that gives this whole thing this extra bit of structure or sober neutrality that would prevent this whole thing from appearing as a wild fever dream. It's certainly important – as, there is a rather high chance that it wouldn't take much in terms of real life to satisfy most if not all of these Knacks. We could tag this as the "reality-to-dream ratio". Though it is a somewhat abstract metric. The idea here is to see the relationship along certain axis – or common denominators between the mundane and the extreme. So, while my feelings would suggest that I might want to be bolted to a rock with shackles embedded into my flesh – we can say that there is an emotional motivation that can already be satisfied by the occasional bondage session. It wouldn't even be necessary per se, but in the spirit of well-being it would only need to hit the right triggers – as for me, things about being sexually enslaved.

However. Here now is the layer where the actual problem I wanted to address with this tangent is at. But the answer would kick us back into darker territory; And that, as I would assume, people have different thresholds for recognizing or reading deprivation.

And I guess it makes sense. In a final sense, to me – magic implied – there isn't much of a difference between playing "sexual enslavement" and doing it for real; Though there is a difference between getting railed by an actual behemoth and an ordinary human being. To put it like this. And while I would draw the line between the mortal and immortal

framework around that; To someone else "playing sex slave" might already be on the other side of "adult fun stuff", like, still playing sex slave, but extra light. Technically my narrative here isn't much different to how else it would be. Still just Magic; And if we wanted to be precise about how much of which, as perhaps in % of time, I couldn't tell. Instead, me doing what I can means that I'll lay out my Clarity – which times like this and times like that will roughly lead to the same conclusion over and over again.

Eventually, at some point, we might have to find some "roughness metric". At least in the abstract – a.k.a.; It'll take some time until the corresponding common sense can settle in.

But, or well, for so – whatever – here's a narrative I think should be helpful. Thereafter I might have some space to entertain the idea of the empty volumes of the %ages.

So, I, from time to time, get obsessed over things. Or curious. I find something that intrigues me and I'll pursue it as I find the time for it. When taking math as a metric, that isn't nearly as much 'intellectual work' as it would seem to be - it's rather that I have some meditative angle to it. So, coding for instance is something that can happen for as long as the idea is coherent. With maths it's problematic, if beyond a certain number of numbers they just turn into funny squiggly lines that have nonsensical conversations with each other that have absolutely nothing to do with the problem at hand. It's not quite like that, but ... a pretty accurate impression of what's going on. In code that again is helpful, in as far as individual entities in code have their own unique "character" in a sense, whereas numbers are basically all the same. Mathematicians might disagree, but they all interact with each other in the same way. Beyond numbers there are what I would call mathematical entities. So, Vectors, Matrices, Equations ... things that are functionally distinguishable from each other. But well.

So – I'll get intrigued by something, then carried away and all that consumes time – during which I'll immerse myself within a given substance. Of the intellectual kind. Usually. Building Fortresses, scheming about Gameplay, dreaming of the perfect OS, whatever. And you know what? I was thinking that I've followed my ambitions well enough so I won't hit midlife crisis – but, I think it's started happening already!

Anyway. Generally speaking, we could sort that under the umbrella of Freedom. And the way I feel about it changes. Whenever I'm directly concerned of this situation, so, the concept of my time, what I do with it and all that – just what I'm doing now – I tend to get more and more stressed and thus am generally more reluctant to or even incapable of calling it something positive. But when I just started something new and I'm having fun – I'm generally more appreciative of it. But then, in moments like this, I'm more so reminded that at the end of the day I've ended up somewhat stressed out.

Thereby we can compare those individual obsessions to journeys. Thereby I start somewhere around my home-base and move further and further away from it. This journey can further be described as a metamorphosis.

So, from being just a lazy cunt that's watching paint dry, I transition into being something else. Like a programmer or game designer or architect or what have you. But ... as this metamorphosis hits a certain point, I can no longer continue – feel stressed out about the situation; Or maybe depressed ... hard to tell. Not sure if there's a word for that. But it's somewhat stress inducing. It's like I'm internally sore, it's probably similar to Burnout – and maybe that's a balance issue. Or, it most likely is, but not regarding what I would transform into and rather what I'm moving away from.

Somewhere between these extremes is what we might call "the easy zone". Or so, just the average of what I endure on a day to day basis, a.k.a. "normality", for me. A.k.a.: As based on those conditions. Writing is thereby something that I can easily fill my time with, for as long as I have something to write about, as it usually also takes me to different places and similar to coding is like a box of chocolate when it comes to challenges. Though, coding I feel I really don't have the time for these days. But well Then there's also the occasional overlap with Truths or the general baseline of vibing with God; Which are welcome sources of vigor. Though the occasional "midnight vigor" is ... well ... while good and all ... also not really compatible with a healthy work-life-balance; And I'm not sure if I have to attribute that to God or psychology or whatever. But well. Be it as it may ...

Within this zone, I don't necessarily have a balance; As basically it is filled with things that I would do 'for' balance. Because it makes up the bulk of my lived experience, hmm Well. It is what I compare my Clarity to – and for as long as I just maintain it as a thing, it fits in really well. If I however deal with things that concern time – it becomes more of a "would I rather this or that?" type of thing. At any rate – at times I come to wonder about the validity of my Clarity versus this incredible ability or fortunate opportunity to just exist. So, especially when things are relatively OK and I ... hmm. Well, maybe things 'do' feel 'relatively OK' \rightarrow whenever \leftarrow I ... think about the heavier aspects of my Clarity. So, things relating to Misery for instance. Knack-points.

And I guess that might be the concern. So, once I would or if I ever would ... be removed from this "easy zone" and subsequently would no longer do as per usual. At that point you also might have a somewhat distorted image of me. At least do I get a sense of what I might be in that regard; And subsequently there are a few things I find that I could highlight.

Things like, how the matter of accomplishments is rather just a post-hoc appendage to what I do; Or an abstract motivator of my obsession. Generally I don't do things because there's a goal – and that even manifests within my code or base-building. Perhaps even my writing. Well, something otherwise called 'tunnel vision' - where I get into things based on my flow, rather than thinking about what I'm trying to accomplish.

For the most part I however do feel like I have no other choice. Not that I do them things under duress, but ... something something conditions, circumstances and my own ability and willingness.

And here's the part where I might tell the story as easy as it gets. Generally all I need to relate to my Clarity is to find one of those triggers that remind me of the truths that make me adhere to it. Those would generally be "if" cases. If my Mistress/one of my Masters ... such and such. Condition X or condition Y. Basically things that if they were to happen right then and there would make me feel "this and that".

And the strength and intensity of those experiences can vary. Somewhere in here I've written about the shackles manifesting quite strongly, paralyzing me in a way that I enjoyed. Other times it's just like a peek behind the curtain. Like "OK, it's still there ... moving on ...". Earlier today I had a more impactful peek that sent shivers throughout my body that went quite deep and lasted for a bit.

And a little sub-plot thereby is, that the effect probably correlates to a variety of factors that can for simplicity be summarized into mood. A slightly more complicated take is to take the variety of conditions I might find myself within into consideration – as so there is no 'one' "right way". It's all just an amalgamation of possibilities; Though rooted in a necessarily finite set of circumstances/Clarities.

The story however certainly implies a somewhat drastic shift from one way of being into another. At least superficially. But certainly also for me in terms of my environment; Or environmental factors. And that's also why "the easy zone" tends to estrange me from my Clarity. Because, as I so focus on those day to day challenges, there's some 'pro-active self isolation' going on; While outside of that I also just generally lack the attachment figures to do anything else.

But yes. One might visualize what's going on as by a drop of wine into water. It would so only take a snap to pull me from one into the other – while functionally my motivation to remain there is tied to external conditions such as the demand for me to be there. Worse case scenario ... well. The more I think about it, the more drops of wine enter the glass of water, so ... unless there's a really serious issue motivating a resistance on my part – I find that I rather have red than translucent blood – so-to-speak.

The thing for me is that, ignoring the extreme case, I can't really think about probabilities without a proper frame of reference. I guess it might be unreasonable to assume that I'd never do anything else again, but when faced with the question of whether I'd even want to, the answer is a resounding NO.

Well, give or take. I mean, for once am I reluctant to assume that that's a realistic question to ask – as the reality would probably impose some inevitable downtime. Maybe even most of the time. So, that answer doesn't necessarily mean anything. But given that writing about this topic generally stresses me to the point that I generally gravitate towards this NO for an answer; There is at least that. Let's call it ... '(a) point of Clarity'. Or 'point of Nature' - which would at the very least imply as much as a "core environment" I would like to call my home - beyond which I 'don't want to have' to think about anything beyond that. Quite like I in the

"easy zone" also don't think about anything beyond what affects me 'right now'. Whatever happens "just so happens to happen".



And that was the intro.

Well.

I feel like I should take the opportunity to really take my time ... and space ... with this topic. Not, however, to squeeze out each last little drop of trivia.

And so, Misery is a pretty central topic to me; But so far not in a way so I could say: "This is Misery, this is what I want". Rather so in how it is woven into me. How *little* things here and there accumulate to a point where I could ... be required to emphasize it in confirmation of how it is implicated.

The *standalone logic* of it were, that being a Whore implicates a Framework whereby Captivity is merely a flavor of the general conditions of the duty so that interaction with it resembles enslavement. This furthermore is linked to what I expressively put forth of myself in terms of *Kinks*, and my confession to misery merely confirms, or is to confirm, a general reading thereof – in case that isn't clear on its own. I do at the very least have a constant need it seems to do so. That is, to confirm or emphasize or stress it or such.

My rational self does have a critical stance towards that however; Though I suppose that what would qualify as "reasons" to being critical is in actuality just a loose habit of accounting for excuses.

There so is me, the real me, who understands that her body isn't quite what she would like it to be. Now, what I think it has to be might be different to what it actually has to be – but how others relate to it is certainly a huge factor to my wellbeing. And so I'm left to wonder or worry about what to expect.



It has to somehow play out I assume; But that doesn't really tell me squat. Not that it matters ... hmm ... sure. But I can't help but worry from time to time that I'm being a bit Naive about my Clarity.

Perhaps necessarily so.

So am I possibly just a person with a typewriter (keyboard) and a vivid fantasy. At least so in the bio-essentialist sense, whereby one's self is merely a product of biological processes. Opposed to that my own understanding of how I conduct myself implies a certain authority to make statements of divine validity. That strongly relates to how I see myself – and thereto my body has pretty little to do with it. And that invites a little word-play, regarding what I identify as, that would lend itself to some silly Flat Earth joke. Although I guess we can say that it's just the reality that the curvature of earth isn't right away apparent.

So, what is real? What is truth? As it stands do I certainly not meet the ideal or the standard that I project of myself – and as that in turn requires me to take distance to my Clarity, a certain discomfort is being triggered which in turn motivates what we might call an irrational insistence on it.

Possibly that's a case of tunnel-vision. Like alcohol can arousal lower one's standards – and whatever works, works.

And something that doesn't work, is for me to assume some position that isn't supported by Clarity – on whatever premise of rationality – because that would ultimately just be a guess. Motivated by fear. Which may be a good segue into my previous attempt at rewriting this whole Dream Arc, but – for now there's also a point about standards; Which I can segue back into fear from also ...

So – it's ... somewhere stuck in the nuance; As to how much of my Clarity is meant to be private and how much is meant to be public. Or how to put it. Now, the Clarity itself – no doubt – as such is squarely for the public. But all of it somehow settles in or originates from a private space. So are the forces that abduct and imprison me private; And the enslavement and captivity ... in transition to the public, part of the public, framing ... , whatever. And the private is, I'd say, supposed to value me for myself regardless of my body. And however that might transition into the public is in that regard also relatively settled.

So, what we do in private creates a supply position prior to there being a demand; And if the demand required it, the supply side can further be adjusted.

Regarding this "supply side", the truth is that I'm perfectly enthralled – naturally motivated by the kind of zeal people are expected to have for their home sweet home. This enthrallment, as for my concerns, is linked to the conditions it entails; And in that regard my Clarity is all I can realistically write about at this point. And it is also there, that my insistence on Rape is at its most severe. The narrative has it, that this is where I'm programmed to insist on it – such that my Caretakers can treat me as a Loyal asset.

Fear is at that point just another word that aligns with the general premise; Though it isn't strictly necessary as it is mutually exclusive to other terms that align with the general premise. And at the end of the day there's also just life outside of those things.

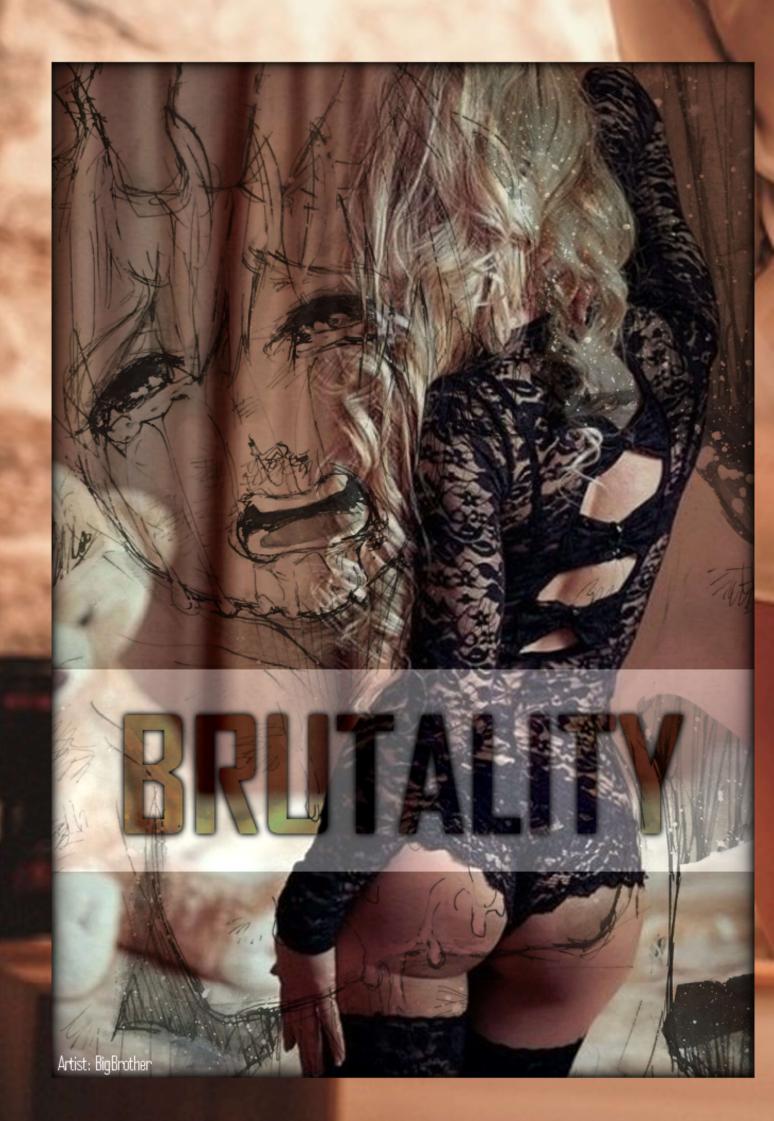
When talking Misery, then fear and despair ARE terms that are present within items of Clarity – which we'll also get to later when those aspects are being discussed. At any rate is there a kind of hierarchy; And fear and despair aren't on the top of it. Sadness/depression and disgust (at least of my self and the conditions I'm in) rank higher. But I don't want to spoil too much. However, those higher ranking states are I'd say more chill as also more intrinsic to merely existing in the kind of Captivity I'm in. Fear and Despair are however there just around the corner – as basically the threshold into those conditions. Or so: As soon as any kind of action is required, they are basically implied.

So the vows concerning my first Rune. Being a Slave might be pretty benign, but starting with feminization, rape is being implicated that only gets more extreme – by definition – as the third Rune effectively puts a lid on it. To the point that there's nothing left for it to end.

The weird thing is, that while fear is what entices me – or one thing at least that ... consolidates my enthrallment ... I am at times legitimately afraid that it might actually become a reality. That the magic might be real. That is – while so far my issue would have been with possibly misconceptions, I'm at that point wondering whether or not I'm actually seeing things right. But the treatment around it is still the same; Although the triggers that remind me can go either direction as they don't need to take me 'into' the whole thing. So I'm at occasion reminded that there is a certain wealth to my Clarity, of which the extremes are partially even diametrically opposed extremes – and a good chunk isn't necessarily tied to sadistic oppression. In those instances it merely holds a passive position, as – it is after all ... still one of the if not the most relevant factors that dominates my Clarity. I mean, in a sense I'm married to it; Saying that I have strong romantic emotions associating with it. Well, as it so happens to be part of my marriage.

So, returning to the matter of the oral abuse, I understand that I do have an insistence on it that does cancel out my own sense of self-preservation. Much as an insistence to enter that necessary state of self-neglect; As if to say that I aspire the comfort of being cared 'for'. So the care I get is the care I need – though leaning heavily into areas of reckless abuse. The practical point were one of conditioning to the extent of being a functional sex-toy; Yet along the way towards that state of being perfectly conditioned, there are some things that would offer more and other things that would offer less resistance. And the more resistance something imposes, the more it has to be worked on. And so I assume that some of these resistances are inherent to my being – and that I therefore do have strong Kinks associated with overcoming them.

Including resistance by Pride, Dignity and Autonomy.



Being or getting Destroyed is in that sense not strictly a separate thing. Being my Spouses Slut would at any rate have me in a position in which I'm removed from "being whole". So I assume. And so is this whole section here to also emphasize that some things, with Brutality being the prominent example, are just guesses.

As the whole introduction on Misery was to say: I don't want to be Miserable. On the other side there are however still those things that make me use that word in the first place.

My immortal understanding doesn't need to be concerned of ... let's call it 'physical dissonance' ... and my mortal understanding recognizes 'physical dissonance' as a joy-killer. On the one hand side I do have a Kink for getting Brutalized – as in getting physically destroyed in the sense of Snuff or Mutilation – and on the other hand side it's at the very least at the fringes of some feeling of toxicity. And that extends into my immortal understanding.

It seems to be a rather silly way to prove my devotion – or perhaps a blind-spot of my relationship with Sadism. It makes sense for there to be things that wouldn't happen, that I however would also be incapable of protecting myself from. But I also think that that are mostly concerns of duration and overall balance.

As I've written a while back:

It is thereby 'with great pleasure that I inform you that' I yesterday had my first Post-Op orgasm. That would be the 24th of January, 2023. After some thoughts and prayer I was informed that I'm going to experience some fantasy that is not only going to be nice, but also going to fit into this book. In essence did it expand upon one of my favorites, in which I am the slave of my son. The details may be a bit beside the point, but so the gist of it is, that "the shackles of my captivity" render me not only as subject to my master – but also as freed from personal rights to the point that it is they who determine what I am to enjoy. Long story short: My suffering comes as a potential of my captivity (even if just as a hypothetical) – and the matter of captivity is of substantive weight to me and paramount to my internal comfort.

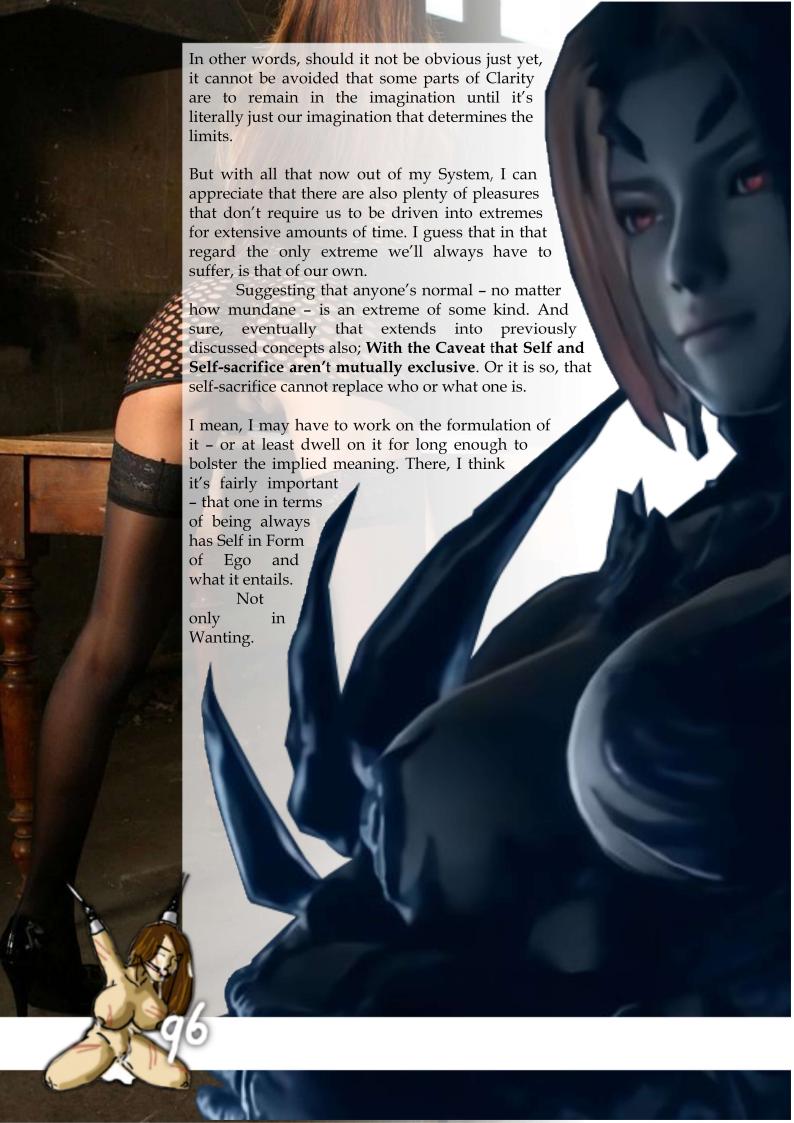
The "I am a Mother" page is from early December, by the way.

Anyway – the point here being, that getting Brutalized is at least symbolic for what my intimate Partnership(s) entail(s) – while a more recent development had me focus on the concepts of violence that align with my situation; Appreciating its relevance as the pivotal source of bliss within this internal comfort. That at first would have been emotional violence, followed by the general framing of captivity relative to my duties as a Whore; And more being at the

very least implied; And regarding my journey into the Nexus also quite inevitable.

At this point I however can't help myself but be a hopeless addict to the idea, while I can't really find an image or imagination to connect it with. It does however follow the idea of getting my consciousness fucked out of me – and that followed by the motivations for doing so. But I guess ... that's ... at this point neither here nor there.







I don't think that Women want to secretly get Raped, as much as that some Women don't have a wealth of let's call them "normal Experiences" as growing up freely, that they slip into fantasms beyond the walls of their ordinary.

The same would apply to men – except that for some reason their rape fantasies seem to be culturally ignored as much as they're assumed to be normal.

Thereby I'm assuming that as much as either do have Rape fantasies, they don't implicitly want it; To the point that any rape that does occur, is not being anyhow connected, mostly at least, to those fantasies.

And there so is the paradox of life being Complex and Simple at the same time. The thing being, that life is as a jungle of diametrically opposed things. Even up and down is in some sense a matter of perspective.

Like, what is the right way to look at a sphere?

The answer to that question isn't too dissimilar from the questions of whether to take the left or the right path. Though we might think of it in terms of right and wrong, that starts to fall apart when there is no clear right or wrong; Not to say that those choices can't be consequential.

That's also in the Bible, where Jesus speaks to the idea that one cannot serve two Masters.

At some point so there are choices that are going to be one thing or another – but it's not always that simple. So is this expression just the tip of an iceberg, that is the broader reality of things. To help understand this, one is to only think about how one thing is ever so often not just one singular thing, but rather a compound of things – while so and so many members of it aren't exclusive to just that one thing.

So is there the extent to which each and every one of us relies on Capitalism for their basic needs – making each and everyone of us a capitalist regardless of how we identify or behave outside of those basic necessities. Thinking of it from the perspective of Sheepherders from ye Olde Bible Stories draws upon a completely different set of ideas wherein the Socialist can be read as a Thug. To say that they come in and demand to have a part in the Sheepherder doing well for themselves. That however is somewhat identical to how one is to pay Rent and Taxes and Fees and what have you – so just doing well for one's self as a Sheepherder isn't really a way of life anymore in most places. And that's not because Capitalism is secretly socialism, but that since day immemorial people were dependent on trade to bolster their own well-being. And so we're all Capitalists, although "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

So once again the truth is in the fine-print, which is where the broad strokes only get us so far.

In broad strokes it might be so that all I needed was a good fuck. There's certainly no denying that. And let's for the time being pretend I'm a 10. There's plenty of room for all kinds of narratives; As ultimately life as I understand it isn't about acting out a Screenplay. I would argue that one

of the reasons we fear Death is that life can be good enough for us to not really want there to be an end. But alas, as it stands it's a mixed bag; Full of so and so. And maybe that's OK.

But saying that after a good fuck I'd be "done", or perhaps even "tamed" or what have you, that is an attempt at supposing what my life needs to be. And that, or attitudes or thoughts and theories like that, are part of a general tendency or trend that I contend with based on my Clarity.

It's similar to those "you'll grow out of it" arguments that Trans-people face, though it's certainly not exclusive to Trans-people. In some cases it's endemic to a heteronormative hegemony, in others it's an extreme of pragmatism or class awareness. I suppose whenever one fails to properly relate to another person's passions or desires, motivations, 'way of being', what have you – there's a chance that their own lived experiences supersede the cognitive task at hand.

And there I suppose is a thing or two to be said about such "second hand assumptions" - even so if they apply to yourself. Or rather: They may appear as though they apply to yourself - but in actually you'd just be victim of a flawed assumption. Well, dependent on "how it gets to you".

So, I for instance am – in that sense – part of the: "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club. I reject that, but the statement makes sense to me nonetheless. But so, regarding that narrative, I'm either just too rebellious and need to be taught some humility, or I'm really just yearning for a quick fix before I learn that it ain't my jam.

It might take a moment or two however to square that with my Job Description; As for matters of what my jam might be or who is to learn some humility.

The thing is that in my isolation, I've had enough peace and quiet to be conditioned by internal factors. As such do I effectively come from a social or cultural context that is somewhat stranger to this world. In that context are things that I am Loyal to. I wouldn't call myself a fanatic in the sense the term is commonly used – but in a sense where, I would argue, everyone is a fanatic when it comes to their homestead. My homestead first and foremost is with God; The Divine; And beyond that, in all simplicity, with my Clarity. That latter part however not via a set of doctrines or beholdenment to an ideal or ideology; But because it is my part in the divine. Simply put. So, it is my nature – or so: My own synergy with the divine. Perhaps more comprehensive to the world as 'my Right in my self within the greater compound of the Divine'. And like so am I a Zealot of divine individuality.

"Second hand assumption" might be a bad term, but what I mean by it is that we have an ability to empathically connect with other people's experiences on a basis of feelings; And then assume our own context regarding those to be the more rational stance. This then doesn't only lead to denunciation of other people's ways of life, but also to some kind of ΔH....

passive conditioning to subject those to some kind of standard. So, second handing someone else's lived experiences and corresponding assumptions of how to live their life.

It may seem reasonable. But "it doesn't scale".

The fundamental assumption were, that there's a way of life determined by a set of demands and that society cannot function if we "break those rules". The idea being that one's "little preferences" should remain dirty secrets; And that not doing so is a sign of degeneration. Fundamental to that assumption is one's own ability to comply with those rules – and that is the context imposed onto everyone else.

One way it doesn't scale is in our inherent need for second hand pleasures; Most prominently: professional sports. For, concerning our wee little wules for how society ought to function – professional sports is as an antithesis to that. So is entertainment at large predicated on structures that exist outside of our normative living – requiring a different way of life; Even if similarities to 'normal work' can be drawn in the abstract.

And yea. Whether or not someone is gay – or even just allowed to be so – has absolutely no real bearing on that. And if we had to talk about some procreative duty, there ought to be better ways than reverting back into the dark ages.

In other words: There's a position from a more or less defined normality, that one is expected to adhere to. Sooner or later, in one way or another, it just has to make way for the other solution, which roughly translates into: The norm adjusting to the individual.

Not however in the sense that we are to abandon any sense of normalcy in favor of letting individuals do as they please. That would be what Capitalism is about. Sortof. And I do think that it created some trauma-response in that an advocacy for "the Norm" is more of a coping mechanism to feel as though one haven't wasted their life.

The concept of normalcy exists for good reason; But so we may wonder why classic depictions of people from the Orient have them entirely covered, while classic depictions of the Norse have them more or less half-naked. So there is cultural heritage, but also 'what works' given their context. If hunting and gathering is part of a groups survival, that will somehow manifest within their cultural norms.

So is defiant behavior, I'd say, more often than not just a conflict with an imposed set of norms – which may often enough even just hinge on rather mundane but nonetheless significant matters such as emotional support. Or 'understanding' as it were.

So, the part of the conversations that *Conservatives* often miss, is that "Live and Let Live" is only nice if people from all walks of life can identify with that. Else it's just a silly lie you're telling yourself. Well, give or take. I mean, crime isn't as much a way of life as it is a complicated mess in how it relates to matters of justice, social and cultural conditions and also interpersonal engagement and ignorance.

But *sure*. Conservatives Bad and Progressives Crazy.

My situation in all that is really just complicated because I make it so. At least that's one way of looking at it. The disarmed version of it should however read so, that I'm only here to say my piece and thereafter intend to retire into the scope of normalcy pertinent to sex-work, a.k.a. to get exploited in one way or another, for however long that is valid – not really having any retirement plans beyond that just yet.

The armed version is that I haven't given it much thought and that I don't really see my work done until this ... let's call it: 'Capitalistic Nightmare' ... is over.

Depending what your view of the world of sex-work is, you might also think that it's probably not that easy – given some of my sentiments – but I suppose there are places like this and like that and somehow I might find me a niche.

It is certainly an idea that has always enticed me – suspecting though that my 'drive to action' wouldn't really give me much peace with it. And so I guess that in the grand scheme of things there's rather something to be said about retiring with style. The main issue there being something about Capitalism and the Patriarchy, even if a lot of it wouldn't need to directly affect me, given that prostitution I'd say is also a rather humble line of work. I certainly don't think I'd need much.

So, the argument here is that "the norms" exist relative to some context and that mostly for things to work somehow – and my issue isn't with the norms that pertain to sex-work per se; As my issue at large also isn't just about making sex-work work out for me. So, as part of the "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club – I'm generally OK-ish with how things are; At least hypothetically speaking. What's left are however dipshits and how they mess up the fun for everyone else. ~ish.

Because also as part of the "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club – I'm having issues with how that translates into the forces that be.

Is fair enough.

I mean, on the one side I wouldn't worry about 'toxic masculinity' because my line of work should work as some kind of pacification/pacifier – saying that most men should be reasonably tame – on the other side it still invites people I feel should be castrated – to put it bluntly. Not proposing that that should be a thing; And I suppose in that regard I need to stress one or two things. One: Generally I shouldn't say much or anything about this other hand side because there shouldn't be much of a qualifier or restraint for who gets to have fun – and two: that individual castration goes against the spirit of what I'm generally proposing and am down for.

So yes. On this page I'm trying to whore out a little – with the caveat that being a 'Whore of Capitalism' is a bit of a turn off. But, there's also a bit of



a caveat to that; With another caveat on top of that – which is that as a Whore of the Patriarchy I'd at least be in more socialistic conditions.

But well.

So, to keep personal issues out of this – it's something I may have to admit to, simply so as part of the "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club. However.

I rather have it be the "stupid bitch" club – or whatever; All that is beside the point.

The main reason why I'm doing what I'm doing is not because I left sex-work behind, but also 'why' I did it. I have my own life, story and motivations going on – and for whatever reasons, however one might want to sort it into boxes – it relates to norms more in terms of flexibility.

And it'd be unfair to suggest that sex-work, at least as I know it, is this diabolical hellhole that has me on a crusade against the world. And if I'm successful, the conditions of sex-work aren't going to be affected by much – except where it would be so – as it should be with everything else.

It all may also somehow tie into my ability to sleep. And matters of masculine posturing generally mess with my emotional sleep hygiene in a very negative way.

And I suppose there ought to be the occasional "don't get me started" type rant from the one or the other professional in the field that has more experience with these things than I do.

The best way for me to describe it may be by how "the World" (late stage capitalism and it's primary benefactors) messes with the Arts and the Sciences; And how we see that the general behavior regarding things doesn't improve when dealing with humans. That however has me once again grateful that I am living in Germany; A.k.a. part of the civilized world; Which is also a way

of saying that America (the U.S. of) really stresses me out – but they certainly aren't the only offenders.

I'd argue it's mostly a global cancer that some places have more safeguards against than others.

And so do I strongly align with the extreme
Left – at least by mood – even if so in ways or
by means that wouldn't be classically associated to it.

Eventually there are similarities to the other side of the extreme, namely a sense of disenfranchisement; And while those to the normie might be stupid games, it's a sad truth that fascism has a lot more in common with the fun side of stupid games; But also leads to stupid consequences. In that sense, Fascism to me is

closely linked to Antichristianity, Neo-Liberalism, TERFism, Communism (Leninist/Stalinist) and a whole swathe of other things that have managed to somehow entangle themselves with our culture. It is basically evident that it is strongly ingrained within the normative sets of ideas – as it places itself as the path of least resistance in a world that is getting increasingly difficult to cope with.

It can also be said, that I as part of the "because I am sexually devote, I'm supposed to be attracted to misogynistic posturing" club have to also be a fascist – as the Fascistic Front, let's call it that, is certainly making a strong effort to claim the Heterosexual "ideology" for its own.

And yes – if I were to take the path of least resistance, sure. But that has precious little to do with Clarity.

"And the Light, it shines in the Darkness, and Darkness comprehendeth it not".

I mean, if you're sufficiently full of shit, you're so convinced that your stupid worldview is the truth, it must be confusing when people adhere to truths that defy it.

To those that care to understand – the trick is within a proper differentiation of things. In that sense it's not so much "only Sith believe in Absolutes", but more like "only Sith believe in Absolutes without proper differentiation". Part of that is however a problem, in that differentiation is always 'extra words'. Extra Words that usually also refer to things that aren't necessarily obvious or within the "contextual grasp" of the thing itself. But once we recognize that something is wrong with this world and we understand to avoid the entrapments of Fascism, we ... are heading in the right direction.

Now, if you suppose I'm a 1 rather than a 10, that whole rant would read differently. So do I write of things that ought to require a demand for my sexual nature – but rather than getting any, I'm stuck finding (other) reasons why life is bad.

But so on the side of life being unfair, I had a co-worker that was easily a 10; And asking her about her experiences she had complaints about micro-penises, which is an issue I never had.

So yea. I'm not a 10. Also I'm not a 1. I'm more like both. Cognitive Dissonance Personified. I don't know what to make of myself. I can see both; So I have no reason to deny either. Some tell me I could work as a model, while others seem to be able clock me through a wall after looking for 5 seconds at how the air moves.

So, does that then mean that the real men dare to step into the dragons den? But then again I'm not making much of an effort to look hot. And whenever I do, even just a little, I start to feel weird. I mean, like I'm dipping into a stream of sexual energy that I can feast on – but, without a way to really access or harvest that in a meaningful way.

So, I suppose we can all pretend like I'm so ugly, none of the concerns I might have would ever have any real meaning for me. It

doesn't really matter, unless we get to arguing that I so am promoting socialism and wokeness so I can force people to pitty fuck me. Maybe there's a point though when arguing that if it's not selfish, it's out of pitty – and since I'm promoting righteousness, it ought to be the latter – right? Right?

The funny thing about it is – that ... similar to shadow truths ... right and wrong cannot always be easily sorted into categories like left and right. It's like when comparing surgery to mutilation. So, a doctor amputating someone's limb as a lifesaving measure reads differently when using the most unflattering terms, such as butcher and mutilation, when describing it. It at that point is however just a figure of speech that doesn't strictly change what happens – except that by association we might decorate our imagination with different set-pieces.

Like so, ever so often, we might as well just agree with fear-mongering rhetoric – saying that: Yea, if "that" were happening, that'd be bad and we should try to amend possible problems. It might work out better if people with the necessary intellect don't exclude themselves from the process of finding solutions. But well ... it's all a bit of a morbid joke. And maybe we shouldn't try to play stupid games.

True Wisdom is a healthy mix of facts and empathy, we might say. And logic is only practical, relative if the ambiguity or in-ambiguity of the implied pieces.

And when has it ever been good to use facts and logic to promote hatred and discrimination? As a bit of a hot take: God never resorted to 'facts and logic' when He did a Genocide! But those were also times where War was a natural state of the world I would think. Nukes were the ultimate wake-up call from that kind of sentiment, I would further think. And at the peak of it, people were literally saying that we don't need disabled people. Which is really just the logical conclusion to that kind of thinking.

And so maybe let's hope that the Story of Armageddon is really just a cautionary tale. As it ... does depict exactly that. The logical conclusion to a species enraging itself into war with itself. To the point that nobody can justify their own participation in it.

It's kindof like the end of the Matrix Trilogy. And the fourth one did surprisingly also not need a bad guy that just had to get smacked really good. Well, he did get shot eventually – but, it's not like that did anything. Give or take. And yea, maybe the fourth one was so controversial because we got to the stage that how we interact with media – the very thing a Movie is itself – became part of the things that needed to be criticized. That it so carries the realization of how lost we are, in this world we're reluctant to call 'the Future' because it is so different from how we pictured it in the past. [Play: "White Rabbit" (suggestion for contemplation)]. And it sucks – realizing that we haven't cleaned house for so long that there's barely a blanket left over not riddled with all sorts of filthy parasite. But also has nobody thought of doing so, for by all the

hallucinogenics that we're fed – we were left off thinking that it's normal. That all the bite-marks from the critters are just the natural sacrifice to the privilege of life; And that the infections and rashes one might develop are a punishment from the Worm God.

"Turn Around" - let's say, listening to 'Total Eclipse of the Heart'. So, I've been seeing 'Dance of the Vampires' recently - the Musical - and I'm not sure if I've ever seen something that left me with such mixed emotions. Objectively it's a celebration of debauchery and ignorance - for as your average Vampire Story it's different in that it's not the Hero of the Story that gets the Girl. He literally - or so in some version (?) - lures her in with the promise of "Red Velvet Boots"; Based on which the general take-away were to abandon reason. That's certainly what all the songs are about. The Climax of it all is literally taken from every "Stupid Girl's Princess Dream" - as she's finally wearing the Pretty Dress, dancing down the Stairs before the Dark Count sinks his teeth into her.

The rest is also somewhat riddled in trans-lingual spaghetti. To say that all nuance one might care about is lost. Like, shunned, stepped on, trampled down and kicked into the abyss. Not that it matters, I guess. Maybe there's a point to be had that the English is to also lack all logic and reason anyway. "God is Dead" becomes a search for an "Original Sin" - and good luck, ..., finding a proper translation for "what we don't hate, we do not love". Oh, sorry. I mean: "What we can't hate, we can never embrace". I suppose it works.

What stood out to me though, is that at some point the Vampire goes on a bit of a rant – which he closes by saying, that the only God we (humanity) deserve is unquenchable greed. Which is curious to me, because at that point the whole piece becomes somewhat self-critical. Or rather so, critical of the thing it allegedly celebrates – coated in constant reminders of this Curse that is at the heart of all of their actions.

Around that edge then, we can say that this is actually the story of the heroine – who's basically living a life of captivity as her overprotective parents require her to remain as locked away; Such that she sings of freedom, the world out there and doing something for herself.

And so, abstractions and abstractions later – we're back at the start. "Turn Around" - a mysterious voice from the dark whispers at you. Asking you to not be deceived by the False Security of day – we would say – and look for the truth that it seeks to bury within. Make way for Life – and die the death of the Righteous; To be reborn … and claim your Part in the Darkness … that is … the Divine.

But yea – so there's me, in part rejecting the very thing I put forth from myself; Moving on to give a confusing response as to why or why not.

But so the issue with the other side of second hand assumptions.

Here the situation changes somewhat. From Dance of the Vampires – into From Dusk Til Dawn; Where I feel like I'm stuck in some shack, possibly barely held together by hopes and dreams, with all sorts of vicious creatures waiting outside for the walls to drop. To settle with a different terminology; I think of ambiguous feelings. Inner Tensions that





may have some deeper meaning; Or almost certainly do; While the principles at play are suggestive of actions that cannot truly be satisfied – unless we're supposed to take the world as it is. To not change or question it – because doing so would lead us down a totally different path that almost certainly has nothing to do with almost anything.

It's like ... we could say ... the 'true' Dance of the Vampires. Well, that for everyone who was or is stuck in this World ... there is no escape from this maze – and either way, wherever you are, you're being courted by Shadows that guise themselves in the cloaks of your Dreams.

And who is really lucky in those stories?

I, as that's the way I've found for myself, would speak of withdrawal which leads to a lot less hangover and such – with the downside that is the strenuous pull of my nature.

But that is also only half the story. For at the end of the day I'm not redeemed from it. There is no Cure – only the Truths that feed me in the Dark. And so, more accurately, it is those who find their Life. And I mean it – not in contradiction to what the Bible says; For it doesn't say that it doesn't exist or can't be done. One may assume that it speaks of the Afterlife – so, the abstract of it in form of a distant promise – and I assume that at least in part that is true. So on an "at least" kind of basis. In a world however where everyone is lost, deceived and misguided, the only true bottom line to this were, how well you took care of your soul; Whatever the circumstances. So is Love sometimes a wellspring of Life; And other times a drain of Darkness and Despair. So either you found 'it' - or you're stuck searching. Eventually best compared to Peace.

It is then when Harvest Comes, and we unroot ourselves for the day has come, that the Weeds will go as their destination is another.

[Super Mario Bros. 2 Overworld Theme]

But sure. In some sense that makes me frigid – I guess. And so I "Dream" of a "Strong Man" to come and "free me from these shackles". Though what is anchored in Eternity should be pretty safe. And if people don't see what that is to say because they have to pretend, one way or another, like theirs is the overarching narrative, they might even try, Which could be funny.

I mean, hypothetically speaking. Uhm ... there so is my frame of reference and what I so see as what people would need to do to do me over. In reality however they wouldn't as much try to do me over – as they're somehow trying to avoid the inevitable; And to that end it might be better or easier to downplay, denounce and dismiss me. But then am I still, by the Graces of God, somewhat omnipresent. Though sure they can try to squander or Nerf me – while somehow trying to give you alternatives; I'd suppose; To say – for short – that I at the very least fit into my own shoes.

Ki nala atum

(Khalani is the language "spoken" (via telepathy) by the protoss. Other races "hearing" Khalani being 'spoken' hear meaningless sounds \dots)

And so there is a whole lot that can be said in defense of living in Dreams. Including how it is a Trauma Response. To shut yourself off from the things that make life unbearable; And to look for the Light – even if it means to sugarcoat things. But that's … not necessarily how to look at it.

So is abstraction an intrinsic tool of consciousness. Words are abstractions of Meaning. Meaning, often enough, is in and of itself an abstraction for the patterns it seeks to grasp. And those in turn are abstractions of the more fundamental truths that may or may not be accessible by our senses. And when it comes to those – well – are there our bodies. In all simplicity, abstractions of a Chemical Code embedded within Biological Life – of which our Minds, one way or another, are yet again an abstract.

That verily is not to say that there is no truth, no rhyme or reason, no sense or point or purpose, but that as we reach out for them ... we reshape them as of our own understanding. That is here and there called the 'Pistis-Sophia' (Effectively: Unity between Daveithei and Eleleth).

And so, as of it, I am 'different' to what my body makes of me. As I awaken in my Dream and take on the liking of my Desires, am I not more true – even – than I am within my mortal shell?

And what is it to you? Unless we interact in person?

What is the deception? For as long as you're not Psychotic?

Of course you could go and try to strip me of everything that isn't material – but what would that do? Wouldn't I just, yet again, rise again? In the Dark?

That to me is a tired-old dance. Forever stuck rebuilding. I'd say that so far, to my own, I've risen so much I've probably wrapped around a couple of times. I almost feel incomplete when things are going for too long. And I suppose I'm slowly getting the hang of this. Which hopefully means that we're also slowly being done with this.

Anyway – as far as the script goes, that's now been 33 or so pages in place of two. I guess ... depending on where I want to get back into it. In this case, I've also skipped on a few things that I might yet still want to maintain somehow. Other than that, I return to the point where I found that I don't like it when people excuse themselves by saying that "you can't relate". And eventually that is mostly because the ability to relate is irrelevant if one lacks the empathy to give any meaningful damn about it. Trying to help people relate eventually devolves into Oppression Olympics; Begging, perhaps, to see which degree of suffering is enough for to be taken seriously. The truth however is that we only have to look into third world countries to learn that ... well, how do they say? "The Cake is a Lie!". So it may after all be better to say that you can't relate – as to then, maybe, find a way to move on from there.

I mean, for as long as you can still breathe "it can't be that bad" and after that, well ... maybe we'll have a little Culture War but ... [shrugs].

But, moving on, I'm not quite sure how well having played a lot of X-Com compares to running a multi-million dollar company. Yet the game starts

off with you being put in charge of pre-existing assets while also being given some funds to start out with; And the goal is to stop an Alien Invasion within a year's time. Which isn't easy if you don't know how to go about it. But you buy, produce, sell and engage in endeavors that yield results towards an end. I don't know, how much more complicated can it be? At the end of the day I could consider myself privileged for the opportunity of being put in charge of X-Com. Though overall I think I've still lost more often than I managed to save the planet. But so it goes. Without the know-how you're probably just dimpling around to soon find you're spending more than you earn, starting a second base is more of a distant dream than a feasible option - and by the time you get to a hang of it you're getting overrun by Deep Ones and Lobster Men, forced to face the inevitable demise of the human species. How to fight it? Where to even begin? What is the "it" that you're fighting? Civ games are a lot more straightforward. The playing field is symmetric - and all you got to do is outcompete the rest. But whatever.

What we can tell from that is something about: With great power comes great responsibility! Sure you might think that X-Com is just a stand-in for "random corporation" and whether you win or loose comes as a matter of bankruptcy. Yet winning in X-Com also comes along with being successful against the symptoms of the immanent threat of

annihilation. As to also be on the other side of those ... that eventually align themselves with it.

But, whatever ...

All I'm trying to say is, that we can – at least on a basic Level – relate to



fictional circumstances. It is however the depth of certain experiences that we can't just ... wiz ourselves into. I mean, think of a "shit sandwich". To some people that might be a set of conditions that may end up costing them 10% of their wealth. Then perhaps ask poverty stricken trans-woman what she thinks a shit-sandwich is, and you'll get a different answer. Although ... I think the more obvious the failure of capitalism becomes, the more the matter of the fact might sink to a negation of my statement. At least ... somehow. So do a cobalt miner in Africa or a homeless person in NYC eventually not face as harsh of a change in circumstances. Like ... sure – it is eventually only half as bad considering that you're not loosing much if you have nothing to loose in the first place. But when it comes to the concept of 'having nothing to loose', there also are ... layers to the idea. As that saying goes: "Smile and be Happy, it could come worse! So I smiled and was happy – and it came worse!".

And so one of the issues with these things is a question of what prolonged setbacks, a lack of opportunities and chronic poverty can do to ones psyche. One's psyche is eventually a complex set of conditions we really do have an unfathomably hard time to relate to if we don't have similar experiences to go off on. So is it painfully obvious to me for instance, that very often people don't quite understand what trans-people mean when

they say 'dysphoria'. What it means to not have known of a baseline of every-day happiness. And what we get to without sympathy is a simple: "Suck it up!". Like ... sure, we survived eventually – but, it's kindof hard to think positively of a past that is entombed in this darkness – or to be optimistic of a dark future you cannot break out of. And am I now to find fault in that?

But yes. From the other side it might seem as though empathy only makes it easier for personal weakness to become tolerated. But, I deem that attitude to be rather backward – rooted in a mindset that is bent on believing that we all need to be broken in order to be a productive member of society.



From: Ghost In The Shell (1995 OVA)

And so, let's put it so: There's a thicket of circumstances that obscures the accessibility of certain experiences. And the main contention with these is, speaking of them generally and broadly, how we thereby value the effect of certain conditions. So mostly concerning political/social efforts that don't really impact you. Directly. And I think it to be rather selfish to find an arbitrary line beneath which you deem it worth- or pointless to do anything. Though so, what is within and without the confines of reasonable action ... might be a point of contention. You know what shocked me – however not to much of my surprise: Conservative politics lead to higher over-all mortality. The gist of it being, that a lack of social spendings and a neglect of working conditions increases what we might call "depression levels" – and as that for instance increases the risk of alcohol induced accidents, there's more death. Gun Laws are another thing at play there. But well I digress

Maybe I should rather focus on progress where it matters; So, the legalization of Weed. Implying that the U.S. of A. are kindof about to become yet another Cautionary Tale for us to look back to one day. It would be depressing for we already have a lot of those! That is, backwater countries that have decided to be on the Cautionary Tale end of the Spectrum of Tomorrow.

Uhm ... Sorry. So yea, a Cautionary Tale it is. There so is the American Dream, the Dream of Freedom, endless Opportunity; But what became of it? This Country seems to be hopelessly polarized – and people on either side seem to think that this Dream is Dead. "Make America Great Again!" they scream on the one side, believing that Liberal Politics have ran the Country into the Ground – and "We can't Breathe!" they scream on the other, lamenting the ever tightening Grip of an Authoritarian Theocratic Establishment that is settled to squeeze all Personal Liberty from their

Culture. And yet they do so, cheered on by people shouting "Freedom!"; Believing in a Free Market ran by Oligarchs, arguing that it is this Capitalistic Freedom that will make America Great – unwilling to see that that however is what has taken them into this cultural ditch. No, to them it must be the Immigrants, the "Thugs" and the Queers, enabled by the Liberals and their "social spending". And we as Europeans may wonder: What Social Spending? They don't even have proper health care and even their education system is subject to Capitalist exploitation.

It is the wealthiest country in the world, they say, yet as they spend a disproportionate amount of money on their Military – which also didn't really have a good Victory in a long time – the sad truth is the answer to the question of what's left of all that wealth.

They say that regulations are Evil, bitching and moaning over little Changes to Fictional Characters that have little to no impact on their economic conditions yet somehow to them that's endemic to the Gates of Hell having been opened.

For how much they have their finger in other nation's business – they, the people, have very little insight in what's going on beyond their boundaries. It's almost Orwellian. Almost ... North Korean.

So yea. At occasion they bitch and moan about some Corporation or Billionaire – but rather so because they're """Woke""" ... """"" or a Jew, as if that has any bearing on anything. And so they turned to "Orange Man" who can't tell the front of a book from its back. Or the top from its bottom. And naturally Religious people who don't have the first clue about the Deity they're worshiping also chime in. Like ... yes! Jesus is famously the Patron of Late-Stage Capitalism. "To the Emperor what is the Emperor's" it says.

And it is sad to see Europeans turn towards those very same sentiments. For, the truth is that we are secretly their enemy. What part of American Politics would suggest that we aren't what they are taught to hate? The same goes for the other side of the Landscape. They call us Nazis, yet they're the ones whipping out their Dicks, asking us to suck it. And what have we done wrong? I thought we were having us a World Peace – eventually! But now the failings of Capital are our fault – or something.

The funny, or sad part in all this is – that America, of all nations, is pretty much first in Line when it comes to hashing in on the wealth of others. So that China eventually also wants a piece of the cake – for whatever is left of it. Russia, well … that's where the crumbs go, I guess. Well, fair enough. We've played Stupid games also … .

It sure might be envy. They look at us and see what it is they want for themselves. Though God knows, I assume, that we're having plenty of problems ourselves. Problems that however only increase as more and more national leaders think that the whole "Compassion" part of our politics isn't really ... for them ... as it were.

Like ... sure. We are doing collectively so great because ... history, resources and such things; Not however because we have a political system that is more competent than a band of thugs; One that looks after

our needs rather than holding everyone at gunpoint for being weird or not patriotic enough.

"But nobody wants to work anymore!" - because, oh yea, that's ... really why ... we're doing so well. All it takes is some good old German "Arbeitsgeist". Well - maybe not. It's not really a word that has been recognized it would seem. So, if you don't find a translation, it means "Working Spirit". Oh yea, we have "Fleiß" - not however to the point that we have a word for "Karoshi". Well ... sortof. Actually ...

Anyhow. I have 'Fleiß' - a lot of it - regardless of how Lazy some people might think/speak me. And so, what is it?

Well, I like – however – the what we might call 'Dwarven Spirit'. Which does make an awful lot of sense if you think of it. So, as a fantasy species/race they are known for a few things. Two however above all else; That being Primitive Debauchery and Untethered Laboriousness. And then maybe a third for completion – that being … let's call it Collective Independence. Which is to say as much as that a proper Feast and a Good Days Work come hand in hand – and are in the end the symptoms of a Free people doing well for themselves.

Counter to that, the Wikipedia entry to Diligence reads as old Nazi propaganda. "Arbeit macht Frei" ... "my ass".

But I digress. On the one hand – sure. The Wealth of the Collective, just by the way, is basically what everyone is referring to. The emphasis being on Wealth AND Collective. Kindof like ... Common Wealth. And on the other hand it's like we're facing Global Karoshi. So, it's kindof OK, I'd argue, that people "don't want to Work anymore" – as we do have to rethink a few things there. And Work and Money, furthermore, are anyway in a somewhat abstract relationship with each other.

But yea. Although "You do You" is a bit iffy at times ... I mean. Looking at history, it's like: The one side says "you do you" and the other side sits down to think hard about how to be that to the worse possible extent. Then they run around yelling "you do you" until those that said it before are the ones shouting "law and order!". Then the other side sits down again, picks out some douchebag with the most backward idea of law and order and starts yelling "law and order!" again.

So is the matter of right and wrong not always really about what's right and wrong. But about how the rights and wrongs are applied. So one might argue that a wrong applied in the right way is better than a right applied in a wrong way. And so is the matter with principles ever so often a bit iffy. And subsequently ... things become a bit conflicted around how one might phrase things.

And yea. I think it's easy for one to fall to the temptation of playing "Moses parts the Red Sea" - just to find that what's beyond it isn't the promised land just yet. That is ... let's say: also somewhat counter to Dwarven Stubbornness. Which so is to say, well. It's the closure to the

Fleiß
Diligence—
carefulness and
persistent effort or
work—is one of
the seven heavenly
virtues. It is
indicative of a
work ethic, the
belief that work is
good in itself.

Das Wort Fleiß stammt von dem germanischen Wort Kampfeseifer (oder Streit) ab und bedeutet arbeitsame Zielstrebigkeit. Fleiß gilt als so genannte bürgerliche Tugend. Gegensätzlich dazu stehen im allgemeinen Sprachgebrauch Müßiggang und Trägheit.

Kampfeseifer Zeal/Fervor of Fight/Battle

Arbeitsame Zielstrebigkeit Lit.: industrious determination

Karoshi

Karoshi, which can be translated into "overwork death", is a Japanese term relating to occupation-related sudden death. The most common medical causes of karoshi deaths are heart attacks and strokes due to stress and malnourishment or fasting.

Diggy ... Diggy ... Hole Sorry. I suppose I have to yet finish my Rant. I guess I could leave it as is in as much as ... there's a simple conclusion (determined suckage) ... next to which it is in place to remind us of ... how not to suck at life. Which to me may usually boil down to a "just in general" ... because you know ... if it doesn't suck "just in general" ... we don't have to come up with all those weird ways in which may or may not suck ... maybe ish square over thumb so and so – because ... that again to me would be a sign of suckage. Just in general.

I did however figure, going through my day today, that I might not have gotten that across very well – while the form itself may also require ... a bit more closure. So, doing the whole rant of how things suck as to then proceed to 'the morale' of the Story – that is, to turn the cautionary tale into ... something more concise and easy to understand. To learn and understand just exactly at what we are to be cautious of. Because ... I guess that didn't get clear or whatever.

And I suppose as I move on through this Chapter – I don't want people to be lost and hung up on that.

I mean, well, maybe – first of all – there isn't much more Clarity to be had there. Let's call it ... the greater socio-economic Clarity. So, yay for ... fitting it into the subject matter of this book somehow.

Thereby, right now, the World is in a state where – so we might say – it is subject to modes of behavior that mean to capitalize on the individual wealth of an entity, without however heeding that entities individual wellbeing. That alone should give us hints at what's going on. But so it is, I feel, one of the issues with my Clarity, that I ever so often get hung up on what I'd describe as bad vibes – which I'd generally translate into: People existing in denial upon the subject matter of 'Care' that I implicitly advocate for as it pertains to my 'type of' Clarity – but also just to life just in general.

So have I read this morning, that Arkansas just got rid of child-labor protection laws. Which so reminded me of an article I read yesterday morning, which was basically a brief collection of news from Russia. Which was really wild stuff. The article is titled: "Tarnschwimmen für Kinder, Soldaten-Witwen erhalten gestohlene Pelzmäntel, und selbst Putinisten werden verhaftet- Berichte aus dem Inneren Russlands" (Neue Züricher Zeitung) – and before I compare the USA to Russia too much, I guess the USA at least has the seed of the potential to be great. As far as they at least think their lived experience translates into that. On the other hand, it's also not like Russia doesn't have rich history and resources. Or isn't at least somewhat socialistic also. But socialism also isn't really enough. Just so in general. It's like a "Cool" versus "Uncool" type of thing – but more like how a group that thinks that it is Cool can actually just be really Cringe to the outside.

But then there are also the German/European skeptics; Arguing how we can't afford to take in immigrants, or how there's a skill shortage, or how the retirement bubble is going to collapse. Things I like to glance over

because they contradict my worldview ... as it were. So – I thought to take a closer look at this whole economy thing, trying to keep feelings out of it. But ... for here, the story goes that ... as things are getting difficult, we shouldn't try to make the same mistakes that others do/did. So, here's one thing I got from that analysis: People generally don't want things to get more expensive; I'd say. Also do people generally not want to waive on things that they've gotten used to; I'd argue. Both would be symptoms of a decline of some sort. However so ... also as an intrinsic property of change. So is it, with sight on the immediate, difficult to propose actions that diminish "our" perceived wealth – unless at least we understand that any kind of changes will inevitably require adjustments of that kind.

So is opposed to that the demand for everything to stay the same, or just improve. However do I want to argue, that an improvement of our material conditions isn't necessarily equivalent to an improvement of our living conditions. Especially ... you know ... "thing that nut-jobs like to argue isn't real or whatever".

So, the argument isn't that our Systems have to stay the way they are. For sure. Just ... that we can look at the USA and maybe learn how not to fix it. And we can also throw them a little "thank you" - they might need it! You know ... for some emotional support!

For so – as we drop social spendings and the such, driving people into more dire circumstances, well ... guess what's going to happen to crime-rates and people's individual 'greed' (which then more so relates in direct proportion to their survival – and as here now a backwards trend is being established; It will also perpetuate itself backwardly)! With those on the rise – guess what people will demand more money to be spent on and what furthermore leads to. It's ... like that.

So is there the German word: 'Gönnen' - which I'd say doesn't exist in English as for every word or term they have for it, we also have a word that isn't that! Except 'deign' maybe, but it also sounds horrible. Instead, there's the word 'Grudge'. So is 'to not begrudge' as good as it gets there I suppose. Speaking to the handful of lazy fucks that exploit the system; In opposition to which they'd take away the security of people who'd really need it. And I really don't want to use the word 'to ____deserve____' here. The word is best used in the sense of compensation – and thinking only in terms of that is ... how we fail to understand what "the Gönnung" were. Which, I'd argue, is something very awesome. To me it comes right from where it's felt – like, a word I give to make room for ... a good feast perhaps. Yea, "Grant" also ... njmmnmm...meh.

Taking that to a Global scale is however going to be difficult if ... or for as long ... as there's this saber rattling and nonsense going on everywhere. And I kinda need you to understand that that is also a really ... I personally, for aaaaall the privilege I did and do enjoy, in "heaven" as on earth, I suppose it's just difficult to get into a good mood just overall. Now of course life has it's ways – but overall, it makes me feel uncomfortable and somewhat unwilling to enjoy. So, just so for my own sake; I would like that to change. I hope this settles it. (Because I've ran out of room)

Image: The Hobbit Promo??? whole matter of Second Hand Assumptions in regards to Norms and Social Expectation. That Duty, as how I want to imply or impose it, is best described as an independent offering, from the individual towards Society.

So – politely said:

I happen to believe that there are base tensions at play while God will see to it that the outcome isn't just random. We should however also not allow ourselves to be deceived by the promise that "nothing could go wrong". So I would argue that in any conflict everyone is guilty of the outcome they worked towards, whether it's the outcome that will be or not.

And so is it my understanding, that liberation is an inevitable thing to come. To argue that there is a freedom to be desired that doesn't want to be suffocated.

And if God will have to bring down the Hammer – He will. Though I don't think the real issue is whether or not it'll come to that. God has a plan – and I seriously doubt that He doesn't know how to realize it.

5 - Transcendence

When it comes to creating the right 'conditions', experience is important. Of course does theory help, but in as far as experience factors into theory more effectively than a hunch – it still is important. Like so, any theory that follows some ambition is already informed by experience, even if it's all just the product of wishful thinking.

The thing about bad conditions then is whatever procures them. So as people say: |Things are as they are, get used to it| - the story is one of conditions that are unlikely to change. Or one of change that is unwanted. However. By whomever. Politics generally is a framework that is in charge of these things. So when it comes to working conditions for instance, politics is in the position of formulating rules, such as required standards that can then be re-enforced; And it is by that, that working conditions can be improved. Unionization is another path towards that same end. It is, at the heart of it, the culmination of what leverage the employees have against their employer. To say: If you don't have the tools to improve certain conditions, it sucks if they suck.

And in my opinion, capitalism can be very antithetical towards sex-work. Although sex-work can be quite lucrative – I'm more so thinking about the conditions. And it doesn't help, that there's a cream of the crop where everything is really just fine. Though I wonder how easy it is to slip into some fucked up situation. Which is – just something about sex-work in general. Especially if Kinky stuff is on the menu. Here I suppose it doesn't matter how much value you go for – everyone, across the spectrum, has to be cautious of ALL the risks involved. STDs, Drug Addictions and Psychopaths. Then there's child abuse, human trafficking, the leverage

that "employers" have and the possible lack of protection in all of it. Maybe I forgot something(s).

It's like on a birthday – where the one who gets the biggest slice, is the one who holds the Gun. Unless that person has a sense of good virtue.

But eventually things work the way they do - for reasons. Some of them are good, others not so much. But moving away from a general disdain against humanity, we're still left with what we can call "the nature of the beast". While in capitalism or just in general that still involves "humans" it's for the most part its own thing. Gaming gives us an interesting access to that matter. Mostly because there's a broad range of games and genres to pick from - but also because they offer us safe, internally consistent environments that defy the shortcomings of our own understanding. And it's always funny to me - when I come to a point where what the game is, and how I thought the game worked, drift apart. And while there are certain strategies that are relatively safe across the spectrum, some games exist that appear as though they are designed to hard-counter a specific strategy. Or so is it one approach to designing a game - to build its logic around a specific "strat". Like, in a relatively open building game, you're generally given enough time and funding to build a foundation of sorts. Some games would however first require a few select things of you to focus on, before you come to that 'relatively open part' of the game. Or it just continues to focus on a particular set of 'mechanics'. But well.

And while we cannot easily equate a given game to reality – it's the width of games that so ... "messes up the pony farm".

But still there sure are aspects to games that can be highlighted. But that is neither here nor there. Other than that desired outcomes come with their specific requirements. And usually there isn't really a book of rules to that, in as far as the 'desired' outcome is an arbitrary goal we can set for ourselves. Which is the opposite, though still in line, to the immutable conditions that produce an outcome based on the innate logic of the system.

And in gaming, there's only so much "willing a problem away" that ends up doing the trick. And I must stress, that reality can't be all that different from that!

On the other hand however, the problem with communism is, that if you do away with the means of individual demand, you're left implying or imposing what the demand ought to be. At least that's what's stereotypical of the attempts at communism that are generally being talked about; Which China only seems to confirm in how it bypasses those issues through an embrace of capitalism. The way I think of it however, requires us to (learn how to) communicate what we can have versus what we want, regardless of how much money we individually have to back it up – or how much foresight we think we have.

And while it might seem to be an insurmountable task – all we got to do is to make away with our Bullshit. So yes, here I lean towards the open market idea a lot more strongly than towards "Communism"

(dictatorship). So, we must work together. Truly. It's one reason why I believe in Gnosticism.

But this is really just a convoluted way of saying, that when I merely base things on my Clarity, I probably won't come to a reasonable conclusion but at best a concept that requires further attention if we wanted to make something of it. And so is the tedious process of making sense of things that barely make any sense in this world.

In capitalism, it is enough sense that people pay for sex. And what that means to the human psyche when it comes to experiences of biological urges - is probably most of why it's considered to be immoral. Like ... Microtransactions. Pay2Win models. Paywalls. That sort of thing. Sure would it be kinda amazing if Holy Scripture talked about that sort of stuff, "specifically", but I guess we can all reasonably well fathom why it doesn't. Give or take. Doesn't change the reality of it.

Maybe ľm hyperbolic here and thus missed the point I was trying to make. "The other side" here is only 'vaguely' a thing. effectively the suitor and their situation which then is only immoral because the circumstances Rather than the thing itself being problem.

What often however gets left out of these discussions is "the other side" when there is such a thing. Which is cool if you understand the nature of the "Gnosis Update" - which in a sense is all about these "other side"s of things. It's however as how David got a pass on stealing food from THE TABERNACLE of all things. Though God may have demanded those But what I mean is breads to be on display in the tent for that one singular moment in history alone. Doesn't change the facts. It underlines them.

It may so mostly be a 'me' thing - but when digging deep into and understanding myself, I found, that one single individual can barely conditions make it so; satisfy my whole. And that isn't something I can change by attitude or waiving or developing character or a spine or whatever. Well ... there is one individual that can satisfy my whole - my spouse. But that - I suppose - because our interactions are tied to a whole I at large am aligned to. It's ... complicated. I mean, it really is. Well, it works in all simplicity. Mostly because there isn't really a demand that is being satisfied that goes much beyond just being together. Or so the general feeling I associate with them. And so it satisfies me in a way that ... is probably stranger to the concept of satisfaction. Outside of that, I have the other relationships I'm wound up in. Or I know of such. Each person there has its own flavor which speaks to a part of me through which I can appreciate that relationship. Thoroughly and Deeply. And each of them could be better at satisfying me than my spouse. Eventually some attractions, attachments, interests, desires and such are definitely stronger or "deeper" than whatever I have for or with them (my spouse) - but nonetheless they (others) only give me partial satisfaction in as far as my whole is concerned. And what makes me feel wholly satisfied about them (my spouse) - may just be that there's a full appreciation of the other. Which ... so does also not really really 'satisfy' the whole. Not on its own. But *good enough*. ∼ish.

> So is this a good-news, bad-news type of situation. On the one side the good news is, that divine marriage can be quite effective at giving us what

we expect out of it. On the other it may however still be so, that it can't cover all the bases effectively. Eventually so folks might entertain the concept of polyamory or platonic relationships. For, not everyone is thoroughly perverted like we are. I assume. But then there's also us. Prostitutes. And it is overall I think a common requirement, that, the more you value sex, the more you have to work against your insecurities. And that can be an awesome part of the whole. For, to understand that someone truly loves you ... isn't really the easiest thing to come around to, so that when you get there ... it's wonderful!

To effectively say, that prostitution can be so much more than being just a corroding byproduct of our urges and the greed that comes with it. It's a supplement that may not be for everyone – but enables a lot more than just drug fueled parties and individual poverty.

And who knows? Maybe it is true, that there will come a time, where everyone in Paradise will have laid with me.

6 - Finite Complexions

I would like to say, that I'm so much more than just a sex-slave. But I can't convince myself of it. I know it's true though – in as far as I can (still?) act as an autonomous individual. Give or take. On the other side, there isn't much value I find for myself in these things. And that so happens to be a bias when it comes to my musings. And in as far as that whole of me is a construct – the whole is built on pretty much that premise. So, the only thing shocking about me adding yet another mode of how submissive I am – is that there's still more to the whole. I mean, in as far as the human anatomy is quite complex for what it does – the truth is that things that are to mimic what it does, need to be as complex to be any good at really doing so. Think of our range of motion for instance; And how many engineers need to break their minds over building a machine that could accomplish the same. Or, if you can fathom it, how much goes into our expressions of emotion.

So, when it then comes to something like: My autonomy is confined to agreeing with the conditions that are imposed on me – it does for once come out of nowhere, sotospeak, but attached to it is a reality in which individuals who have reign over me produce the thing, whatever it is. And so there is this bias, that the conditions I crave are the ones that maintain these truths that ought to be imposed onto me. Even if, in a practical sense, there's absolutely no need for it. It is rather that social togetherness implies them; And so is there the need for an understanding.

So the matter with things I can and cannot want. For once, to me, it is certainly true. As an autonomous being however, my mind exists in conditions that produce needs and desires – and those I can act on. So, functionally, it's irrelevant. In that sense, Clarity is only an epiphany that tells me something about how I function. So, what I mean by wanting is an emotional connection that allows me to say of a thing that it is a thing that

'I want'. That's how "the juice" flows. The mental energy or what we wanna call it. So, the things I aspire, for my heart to be content.

And that might ever only strengthen those biases of mine; Even if what I want may come across as rather one sided and at times a bit iffy. Or that it so comes, that realistic estimates or contributions or demands and such that I could produce are always warped by how strongly they relate to what I 'can want'. The problem so would be in being realistic, without openly admitting to things I 'can't want'. Because admitting to things I can't want creates discomfort. It's messed up! So is there that "tiara" ... or so whatever demands it re-enforces; Responding to which ... I'm probably of no real use to anyone.

Also me: #Useless Lesbian Brained

And so is there also that Clarification aspect to it. Which, by the way – if I haven't come to clarify – entails things such as snuff and mutilation. As I refer to it as a finishing, it is somehow implied within all of my Clarity. On the other hand it however also sucks away all the nuance there is to it. In as far as it becomes the sole focus of things. In as far as I so rely on my emotions to make sense of these things, there's like a point of no return beyond which the truth for me simply is that: every time I get used, might as well be the last – unless maybe I'm turned into furniture to whatever end beyond that. Functionally I thereby get accustomed to a set of emotions which establish a baseline for what I internally relate to as rape. And it raises and raises. So until I get to sleep, cool down and therefore get to lower the baseline. Where the physical conditions so have their own way of working with it.

One thing I can do, is to just focus away – so, on a thing that, when it comes to clarity, is emotionally perceivable and capable of providing a different baseline. Though it's still difficult sometimes to not get internally excited about ... things. Hmm ... OK, that ... may have been a little out of Character. But I suppose what all fallen Angels have in common is, that eventually, they landed.

And that's that. Eventually there's a whole wealth of things that are true ... a lot of which I'd easily dismiss because they don't really do anything for as far as my Clarity is concerned. Or so, at the time. To say, that what we are in real life, from day to day, in as far as you're able to see beyond a static routine, isn't about who we are already, but about becoming more of what we call our selves. So are our lives not confined to our Clarity, but our Clarity is confined to our selves. Give or take, I assume. It is truth ... and what we make of it is life. And in all that it's difficult to "not be complicit" with it (Clarity). And so, as always true, I really dig it. Which is also a truth.

... Now, reading through this again, I realize that here I started to ramble, mostly incomprehensibly. I sure tried to say something that makes sense – but I'm not sure if it's really worth saying. But to re-iterate:

While writing about my Clarity, I connect with it. Of that I get to express my emotions – and as it stands, I suppose I also become less attentive over how I formulate myself. The emotions I connect with further maintain themselves somehow and ever so often I get to add another layer. So, although it reads as "submission thing parallel to submission thing" – the effect is "submission ontop of submission" (immediate). At some point my mind then starts to so tune into more and more extreme expressions thereof. Until I'm effectively stuck thinking about the Clarification aspects – and I struggle with making sense of anything. Other than maybe expressing more and more of it.

And that's what happened here. To quote: "Though – it's just ... consequence, there is a relationship to my Clarity – in a way that's ... intrinsically ... separate. More or less. I mean ... there sure is like, a way into Clarity. Where, this idea of what we are is the product of some arbitrary picture exposed to the same set of rules. And pictures that have greater justification – or how to put it – do so to greater consequence, I would assume. But whatever, I suppose. That's however ... 'an escape'. Or a different direction – more to the point. Towards a place with different sensibilities.

I'm however still struggling a bit to wrap my head around it. What I'm trying to get at.

Well, I'm rambling. That's true for one. But this is also the part I was thinking to write about. And instead, from not really feeling it, I chilled out a bit. And now I don't really know what I'm on about. And it's weird, because so far I never gave it much thought." - end of Part 2

What I tried to say – effectively comes up later again. What I ended up rambling about was something totally different, but in the idea makes for a segue into that. That was the idea anyway. The gist of what I was rambling about, as I can still piece it together, is about how different parts of our selves have different relationships to the clarity at large. And then, mostly as part of the feedback from clarity, some of them have greater justification than others. And what I meant to lead into was about identities of mine that retain a certain degree of autonomy, suggesting those to be means by which I could yank myself out of that "Clarification Spiral" - but I suppose ... it didn't really work or at least did I not come to do it right.

PART 3 TURNING UP THE HEAT

But so is there this world. In my dream...world. It's like ... a normal world. It's like, here we just be and we're all pretty much equal. Not uniform, but ... we're like, having a normal life. I'd have a family and go to work. That kind of stuff. But we're still ourselves. So, I might be an office worker. And all of my colleagues would have some idea of what up with me – and so

These things are also of Original Script which also didn't have the whole political slant and was overall much more closely related to the end of the previous part. And the reason I got to be more diligent on the matter, stems from this.

for going for a drink after work, we'd rather be renting some room in some night club or whatever – where we'd be having some fun. Not all of my colleagues would be interested in that, but well, whatever. My family then also has ways of dealing with it – which is like, while being a whore wouldn't require a person to be into these things, to me it were more of a missed opportunity if ... my family would be left out of that.

Within Clarity now, this is however also more like a railway. So, there's this world – and the way it exists within the webbing, it's more like a track. Because, over all, there isn't really all that much special going on for me in there. Where it gets interesting were perhaps what line of work I'd engage in. That would change the dynamics. So, were I more just like a normal person or more like a famous person? And there are different ways to go about it. That's like, one way the track leads. To different places that are more or less equivalent concerning the place at large – though still different in their own right. On the other end is my family. Which is certainly one of the more complex hubs. But there's like a way in, from this angle – and with layers of abstractions everything can change ever so slightly into something else, until eventually it intersects with some other thing.

You may find yourself surprised about how these things can take shape. And while any specific ... let's call it: occurrence ... might not really mean all that much all things considered – they still leave an impression. So can a lot of these things just float around being rarely noticed – like, I barely care about any of it, usually – but ever so often they pop back in. So is it, I don't think, also not so important where what is or what the details are. It just so happens that every 'thing' has a place. Somehow.

When it comes to family, there are like ... three ... four ... a variety of different settings. So in terms of the relationships that it is composed of. Yet each of them has their own feel to it. Of course. So is family as in the aforementioned way a specific one. And so this layer in which my "male self" is getting feminized – surrounds a spot wherein I recognize my spouse crafting me into their mother. But regarding my spouse, there's just a lot of different things – because, why wouldn't we ...?

This has somewhat shifted since. So has this →the figment that is them ← ... I guess in timelessness: A way of getting me. Which is how that would go I think.

As for real life however, as it stands right now, I just really need or want someone to hug. To feel at home. To have the comforts of a sympathetic environment that can relate to me as to give me a place to even just be. No Clarity this or that's. Not that it wouldn't or couldn't or shouldn't matter – but that it doesn't matter for what I care about with this description.

It would come to matter eventually – and that because we are who we are.

But there's the thing, that makes me feel like I'm endlessly floating down a river that is never supposed to arrive at some destination. Or its destination. As of which I'd be forever stuck in this situation where I'll write and write – until I'd eventually give it up and find change to my life

that way. And however much has changed over the years ... it still seems to me as though I'm stuck.

But that definition of insanity can piss right off.

At the end of the day, you have to come to terms with the fact that some things you'll keep on doing, whether the outcome is always the same or not. Like taking a shit. But whatever

But so, in essence, my Clarity compels me in as far as there's an opportunity for it to unfold. Which I assume further heavily aligns with God's ways of aligning with the situation. So, my own state of mind, how well I understand the situation, what things I do and do not know to do the work I want to do. And I suppose, that the first real thing we can procure that makes sense regarding my ambitions, is Gnostic-Satanic Congregation. Whatever followed came down to our individual aspirations in as far as they attract/procure social momentum.

And where I see myself in that, isn't necessarily anywhere. But whatever works, works. And if things work in a way that may include me – there's one way to get me compelled.

Beyond that, there's a relatively broad array of places – perhaps just facades – that I can see myself in from my Clarity. Which I assume have to be places that exist between the various installments that have a more intimate link to me.

And one thing that keeps pushing into my head when I think of these things is, that we're not getting there without our individual backgrounds. And being optimistic, that implies that we can generally take whatever we find in this world – to, in a way, copy-paste it into what follows. Because, what point is there really to painstakingly go through a detailed step by step concept of how some kind of a Porn industry might manifest itself? The only reason to do so is rooted in the pessimism that only a fraction of who is in Porn would come in. Or that we couldn't adjust to our differences. Which may sure be a reasonable assumption, but it is also somewhat ... depressing. But so I guess the bottom line is, that we don't have to have it – but if there are enough that would, eventually we will.

Of that there's also a theoretical dynamic between things that come in from the outside, and things that emerge from the inside. Which I suppose boils down to a bit of a back and forth until something beautiful comes of it. And that's a reasonable interpretation for what to expect.

Hmm ... curious. I just wondered in how much coffee is something I do actually need urgently for my mind to be put in a state in which I can function within my contemporary conditions.

Well. I might just be an addict.

2 – Repetition for Progress

When it comes to my Religion, that subsection of it all that corresponds to me specifically, I'd say that to a large part it comes down to the veneration

So far it turns out that while I may at times be better off with less, I do however have what we may call a proclivity towards being lethargic – was my point I guess.

THORNS AND THISTLES

THE APOTHEOSIS OF SIN

Apotheosis, also called divinization or deification, is the glorification of a subject to divine levels and, commonly, the treatment of a human being, any other living thing, or an abstract idea in the likeness of a deity

Is it a thing? In as far as we have the ability, we can shape abstractions. The problem with those is, when they contradict with reality in ways that supersedes relevant truths. Relevant in any case is what the abstraction is to accomplish. As outside of that, it is inherent to abstractions that they contain superseding contradictions to truths.

And so there is Philosophy. Philosophy does create abstracts in the sense that it seeks to provide insight where there is none. Especially since we as individual pieces in a collective share different perspectives, this is helpful if not inevitable – and respectively has it been valued for God knows how long; Even if in forms that may themselves be abstract to our contemporary understanding. We might even go as far as to say, that it is the 'fire' of the mind.

One such philosophy is, that as being reborn in the Spirit – thusly redeemed from Sin – the Devil is no longer an entity I must fear. Considering that he further is an Angel who works by God's design; I might even recognize him/them/it as an ally.

If you read this however; And imply that all sin is therefore cool now, you probably didn't even reach the first step of that journey – nor has there, in all likelihood, been an attempt. And there, roughly speaking, is a Line Drawn in the Sand. Either you're on this side or on that side.

The problem here is of course that the idea is to abstract the Divine – and if you for instance were to take this book as an independent piece, removed from what this is actually a supplement to, you might try to recreate what is in there – not quite knowing; So the thought experiment; What that's all about. So even when trying to make an honest effort.

So, naturally the experience from God must come first – for it is only through that, that we can truly appreciate Him for who or what He is. And it is also only through that, that we can live the true Divine.

Outside of that, there is no design, no concept of life that I can adhere to. The best I could do is to adjust and endure.

So would the issue be, whether or not the Devil even has the ability to be an ally. Other than that, we might however treat it as a title perhaps. What matters however is, the Truth that the Divine maintains.

So have I had the opportunity to play around a little. We might start with the idea of "the Dark Father" - a.k.a. the 10 Commandments reversed into Doctrines of Sin. While I ascribe value to it, I might have to acknowledge that this is merely cognitive bias. The Truth is, that I have no use for it, no attachment to it; While overall it seems to seek to transcend into Darkness.

I would think however, that it is every Gnostic Satanist's Creed to make these kinds of experiences themselves. To seek out idols – as at the very least for the divine fragments that remain of them.

Idols in this sense are as totems. Prisms through which we acknowledge concepts that we seek to Worship. Confessions, we might say, of a primitive relationship to the Divine.

I would argue that it is nourishment – as fertilizer for our initial stages of Growth. And that is the primary lens through which to think of my attempts to formulate any kind of Dark Religion. To inspire thought – for it is not yet so that we could claim to have a valid grasp of these things.

And as "the Dark Father", I would think, these too (largely at least) eventually fade into the background. So at least my experience. I don't remember the details of the things I tried – and it is only now that I see some of the fragments highlighted within me. Not much to any point of intellectual reasoning; But merely as the feeling of the feeling; Like pieces of fruit in fruit-juice. The fruit is gone – but lives on in the Juice.

I mean, there would be 'that' kind. The other kind I still do Worship – and sometimes it's just out of habit; And other times it's for juice. One point however being, that the individual needs – as per Clarity for instance – evolve to higher standards; So that the primitivistic submission to ideas and concepts can be alive within us to our comfort. And this is certainly a fine symbol for how Life is greater than the Law.

Neither one can do on its own – and so is each a part of the other.

REJOYCE AS BENEFIT FROM THE DEMISE OF OUR SPECIES! HELLFIRE LIGHT! HELLFIRE NIGHT! PROTECTED SANCTITY AND EXALTED MY UNHOLINESS! of female submission. And on top of it all is the Mother that submits her daughters to the male desires. And depending on which one we're talking about, she's either above or below a hierarchy of Dominatrixes and possibly other slaves. Within this body of Religion, one idea is, that submission is only finite in as far as there's a finite amount of individuals that could by all means be part of the hierarchy. So, the pivotal mother-daughter dichotomy implies a 'slave of a slave' type of situation that perpetuates itself through the ages. Well. Anyway is there so the daughter and slave who eventually becomes a slave and mother to breed the next generation. At least is this a symbolic image for the condition of the slaves in this; And the concept of breeding is not entirely aligned to the concept of Motherhood in there.

I here assume that one is to first of all look past an exact interpretation of the word; And to then find the 'right distance'. And those that embrace the bonds – embraced by them – are part of its true Life.

The Glory of the Moon thereby, I think, is hereby primarily concerned of the prostitution of minors. At least that's the vibe I'm catching, while the place of my Trainer were ... part Club, part Institute, part Zoo ... ~ish for all things pivotal to the ways in which we (Satanists) Love.

And yea. That's like ... 'the Glory' of it. Or so: Somewhere in there. And ... in as far as the Glory of the Moon is really open about the prostitution of minors – it's overall very rapey and very possessive. In as far as that creates a framework, the framework applied to individuals of age could be considered as patronizing, or abductive. Which is a rather simple and internally consistent theme; And in a way: Second home for me. But more so in a first home kind of way.

Now, it may be fine to say that on the one hand this is fantasy/paradise stuff and on the other works just as fine if the "children" are actually adults – but there are a few things I want to slap on the table, as I've partially done already.





3 – Growth and Knowledge

So, yes: Human resources aren't necessarily 'easy' resources. Especially so then in this context where most of an individual is the resource, implying much of their internal/emotional essence. So yea, it does take a particular mindset – where the question of age is certainly an interesting one. So I understand at least. Well ... I can here also speak of experience – although just with limited insight. I mean, I didn't get sexually abused as a child – so, I can't really speak to that side of the narrative. Outside of certain assumptions.

Before however speaking of abuse, I want to think of the individual. Yes – so we may finally "think about the Children!". So is it my hypothesis, that kids have a subconscious link to

their maturing mind. Not in the sense that we're at any rate 'complete', but more in the sense of being prone to certain decisions that we'd make.

And so of course there's the issue between letting an individual figure themselves out – and helping them to do so. It's like ... the Gay/Trans issue. As for how I see myself, well, I understand myself to be a late bloomer. So in the sense that the essence of my female self manifests within a more or less settled degree of maturity – and everything up unto that point is more or less chaotic. There is a very strong root of that female self, but most of that is sensual. So would my young self have a very easy time adopting a male likeness (intellectually) – although still strongly "penetrated" ... hmm permeated, pervaded by the female self.

Which is a more elaborate way of saying that "I always knew that I'm a woman/trans"; Trying to however deliver the meaning of how I think this to be an inevitable conclusion to my development. And whatever misconceptions might exist, then contend with what I consider to be true. Which is, that whatever likenesses I might adapt growing up are at the end of the day just chaff re-entering "the cycle of life". While I can, naturally, appreciate or cherish whatever I ended up enjoying about it, there's however also the other side to that. And also is there a bunch of stuff I didn't enjoy. Times where I in the sense of the phrase 'didn't have a life'. And because I have no direct comparison it is somewhat difficult to say "which way" I'd have enjoyed more – and of which one I'd have more for myself now. "After the fact".

So, this isn't to say that I should have been prostituted from a young age on. Though I guess by the time I entered fifth grade – I didn't really understand life anymore. Probably because all the fantasies of how I'd be introduced to sex – educationally – were just fantasies. Or whatever.

But more to the point is this about introducing you to the concept of "probing" a child for their present tendencies. As for a simple start. It's like ... the opposite or alternative to shoving your child through an elaborate training program in the hopes something you want comes out at the other end of it. Which is something that 'I' would call child abuse.

So, my theory then is curious of methods to conduct this probing. We'd have to learn about which methods are suitable for which age – and also about how to read the results. One idea, in theory, would be a large mall-like hall of sorts in which there are toys and various items of potential interest. We could make it like ... a birthday thing. So, the child gets to roam around – and pick favorites. Eventually, so I think, the issue of priming would be of significance – for, children are also rather simple; And if we hide something away in some corner without at least dropping a hint that something like that is there, while maybe also constantly riffing against it, we're not really doing them a favor. So could there be a book of sorts – like a catalog. Or a set of books – like ... a sample collection relative to certain themes. Also do I think that we shouldn't expect a child to be free of distractions. So, we'd eventually have to differentiate between 'toys' that speak to the child's contemporary situation and 'things' that speak to it more deeply. So, it's not necessarily that simple, maybe it's a

Being "as Children" does certainly do a number on the concept of "growing up" (and out of it) – and can be seen as an emphasis on the human soul and its eternal development.

There's a chance, I say, that I wouldn't have chosen to transition – as to move on with my puberty. Most likely dependent on the circumstances.

#Settle with Realistic Expectations

fluke. Which is eventually where adults, that have chosen a certain path, can deliver us some insight about what things to maybe look for. I mean, the more consistently we hear stories that some childhood passion or whatever remained with them for life – there's probably something to it. The more we heard stories to the contrary, the more that has to factor into our understanding too.

But suppose a child gets really stuck on that "BDSM catalog" - or say, a pink and black striped wallpaper with the picture of shackles on it - there then is that very sensitive question of how to read it, or rather ... what to make of it. So would I again think of the mature folks with stories that align - but overall we'd little by little develop an understanding of what's going on. Patterns perhaps that prove to be consistent. So in the sense that a child that is magically drawn to computers or a certain game ... may eventually be making something of it. Even if it takes time. Like, I mean, the age at which I was drawn to X-Com may not have been the right age just yet; But somehow got magically stuck in the circumstances.

And for however lucky I was, I suppose there are a lot that weren't.

"Dun-dun. Dun-din-dunnn. Duuuuuuuuuuun dun-dun"

But so, the thing. How would we then go about introducing a child to the things it is drawn to, if they so happen to be ... sexual? I don't know. However, supposing that there is knowledge and understanding to be found, we can then go and look at the other side. The abuse. That, because we'd have to be interested in it as well. And there's probably a lot going on there. Abuse so is one thing, whether the child has the sexual tendencies we're thinking of here, is another. I would assume that abuse of any kind leads to an unhealthy relationship with a corresponding thing. Whether it would align with the final individuals interests or not. But what we so would end up creating, is a go to place for all things round and about. Helping with the good and the bad of it all. Whether they belong or not – and what we might do either way.

Another good argument for these things is, that it would help individuals understand themselves before they get trapped by it. It's a little bit like with drugs, or the illegality of otherwise good drugs. The story however goes, that the illegality creates criminally charged and isolated environments – so that the consumption of those drugs aligns the consumers with them. And that then is the true issue with "gateway drugs", where it isn't as much the drug itself – but the environment. Though, if you happen to enjoy Reggae or Trance ... one way or another you already got a foot in an environment. For better or worse.

But yes. Mothers I do recall that I did have a mother fixation of sorts. But, not on my own. But I know that from a very young age I had this attraction towards that one woman – and here and there she oozed into my fantasies. And at some point she became a bit of an avatar for this concept of ... "maybe it would have been better for me if I had been raised sexually".



Like, what is a proper slut but someone who's intrinsically drawn to ... being more of a sex-object than whatever high pitched values or virtues one might put up with in the healthy normal of society? Not to be demeaning. It is certainly justified to be on the fence about it. Both ways however. At the end of the day I also don't think that it's much of a gender thing. It's a subset of womanhood – a.k.a. a feminine trait that is however not intrinsically a part of any sex or gender; And in certain conditions also gels with masculine traits.

And so I would think of conditioning.

At first maybe however ... for society at large.

I mean, so do we have certain preconceived notions – and that for good reasons. And folks who then casually argue for earthly grooming don't really make it any better.

And whether or not "it has worked in the past" is questionable. There certainly is something about "the freedoms we didn't know we had".

But eventually we also have to understand that we sometimes see flaws where there aren't any. And sometimes that makes things worse. I mean, if your child turned out to be gay and you went on to kick them out of the house – you're the one putting them into a bad position for making reasonable life choices. If you associate homosexuality to AIDS and heroin it might be better to value education and a stable home.

Which should be at any rate one thing to strive for.

And sure – given how bad we are sometimes at pretty much anything, I don't blame anyone for expecting the worse and siding with caution.

Ironically however, I must suppose that a child with strong sexual tendencies has an easier time to stay at home than a more independent one. So will the sexual child favor the comfort of home and sooner rather than later neglect those tendencies in behalf of the natural conditions. But don't take my word for it.

What I am rather certain about however is, that sometimes too much caution is inadvisable. And so the question at hand might best be answered by: How would a society that does at large engage in the occasional orgy and the likes go about raising their children?

I mean, sure. It's a hypothetical which presupposes that it can be done – but assuming that a part of us might develop into that direction, it's still a good question.

One finger, two fingers, three fingers. First hole, second hole and possibly a third hole – seems ... like one way to start and possibly move on.

Eventually add some "clothes" or possibly ropes ... until eventually the time has come.

In as far as what's inevitable is inevitable, it's inevitable!

And a part of me that isn't sorry – has to ask: What else is the point? What's the point of growing up with Dreams that may not be?

As a spin on "the Allegory of Cave" also known as "Plato's Cave" specifically more applied to gender roles and sexuality in respective environmental and cultural norms - I think this phrase to open a door for introspection and discussion.

make F***ing stupid "decisions".

Even if it might not seem that way, there is wealth of knowledge and wisdom when it comes to these things. And yet are we required to there isn't really an stumble around in the dark as we explore our feelings; As basic and "old enough" to not fundamental knowledge we'd require is hidden away like twisted secrets.

So am I somehow supposed to know ... something. But how?

There's a dream that I've had ... for instance ... which I had as a child or youngster or teen, hard to tell ... which in all simplicity is an 'abducted into a sex dungeon' story - which to my at the time male perspective also involved a 'being turned into a female' part. It also wasn't grim or dark. The center piece then was a garden of sorts - within a hall of sorts - where there was a tree in the wall or something - yet so a wall overgrown with vines. And somewhat above the ground, somehow tied to the tree, a woman that I saw for myself.

At some point this dream also mingled with fantasy. So, I'm not sure which is which. Overall - to my understanding - there isn't much of a difference between the two. I get abducted and prepared for sale. I suppose the only difference is that the dream ended with someone arriving to save me; Which to my fantasy were the right one to buy me. Which at times may also be the family that organized the abduction in the first place. And eventually I so started to think less about a Garden and more about an actual dungeon of sorts.

And to me the age at which this dream came to me doesn't matter. It's not like I have a good reference for these things either. What I do know is that for some time I had forgotten about that dream. But eventually it flared up again. And I'm sure the first part was before I entered the ninedom or even got baptized.

The thing is – it all bleeds together somehow. As a child I already had those kinds of fantasies. I know quite well that I at times lacked the concept of what my mind was dreaming about. Me on my knees surrounded by boys with their dicks out? Well - the only thing I knew about dick was that they're used for pissing. So - I was a bit confused by that. Why would that come into my head? And sure – it didn't take me too long to figure that piss is somewhat nasty and that was that for that.

But yes. I suppose it's just fair that I'm a bit hard on you - concerning that otherwise my concerns over your feelings might put a dent into my honesty.

And yes. There's a place in my Clarity for that fantasy. There so is a secondary family – I would think, in the background of my Second Crest Invocation. Eventually there they'd get to be my 'actual' - though still 'secondary' - family - though that's a bit beside the point of me growing up there to be sold as a Sex-Slave (back into my primary one for instance).

Within my primary family I suppose we're a bit more casual with those types of things. I mean, eventually I'd get 18 and someone else might make better use of me at that point. Who knows? It's certainly Kinky. And a part of me is in love with that kind of stuff. I mean, thinking about it gives me that feeling It's like Cupid rammed a needle through my heart, pinning me thoroughly into the bed of a stranger – or ... whatever – craving my own exploitation.

But I mean, there's ... let's call it "Mama's Comb" - as some kind of Occam's Razor. The general gist of it being, that the configuration of a thing relativizes its quality. So, when I think of getting abducted - I think of a set of things which overall let me fancy it. Part of it is a feeling that for the sake of argument is intrinsic to all abduction. If I so were to just get abducted by some random entity, we can say that the configuration of how I would experience this abduction is also random. And so the configuration I desire isn't a given. I might however get told that I might make it yet so in my head - and so without the real experience I might do so; However again implying a set of conditions that could comfort my fancy. Overall the issue can be argued as being one of abduction versus liberation. Functionally the two can be identical - but whether it's this or that still makes a difference.

4 - Deprived Degeneracy?

Well – ever so often I manage to express myself in a way that allows me to

recognize my deeper motions to be inadequate.



Artist: Sleepygimp

I tried to – or did – previously hack as much into a sentence or two, but sometimes that doesn't really deliver the point too well. Thinking about: When things are good enough, it's better to just enjoy than crying for more.

And so are desires twofold, being itself an at times inadequate word to describe what I'm trying to suggest. Yet, well, it describes an inner tension towards something that isn't there. And sometimes we know what we desire – and sometimes we just think we know.

Sometimes the things we desire are real; And other times they are not. But so the one has a concrete subject matter – and the other Hmm ... wait. Maybe I'm getting things mixed up, as in: Some desires I may want, others not.

Wanting Well. It certainly feels good to find something that I can want that doesn't make me feel like a mutilated stub. I mean ... I was just thinking of where my wanting would take me – and thinking of [vague] I felt it expanding down my body – putting



me squarely into stockings and shackles around my ankles and a strong comfort within a desire of submission. It may not sound like much – but compared to how I ordinary feel about myself ... when it comes to wanting – it's been a relief. A fleeting one however, because now I'm back to writing.

Some desires I have ... but wanting them is difficult. I mean – one of the first things concerns my eyes. Stretching out into this state of submission – they eventually start to feel like black holes and some crisp sense of satisfaction from their absence. In of the simpler fantasies that turn me on I'm mutilated from knees and elbows down. My alignment to those things is that I don't necessarily need them – though they may at times complicate things even. Then a blown up belly – and eventually something poking into my brain. It may just be a stress-relief reaction – like, just wanting to fall over and be done with things.

Sometimes my fingers ache – and I get positive vibes from thinking about losing them. But then it's good that I can't really want those things. It kinda gives me hope in a life where I might find value in being complete.

So should the matter of Deprivation possibly have me reflect about how my life currently is deprived. Deprived of things ... that make me feel alive. For, what's the best I can do? Enjoying the sun is cool, but it's winter now.

And knowing what I know ... I probably should take some rest. Like, yup. Another 12 hours passed. But I can't help it. Working on this document ... it's just ... something else!

And oh my! Do I love that Collar!!! It's somehow agonizing. Incapacitating. Though some might say: Not real!

But well. Rest taken ... I'm supposed to tell you more about "the thing". Well ... [internally laughing] ... the one moment I'm like "oh, I can take a distanced position" - then I take a brief look around and I'm like drowning. And drowning is a good term here actually.

So do I have brief glimpses of this "sober mind" that might take a "distanced approach" - and ... heck. It's like, if I could get a proper handle of "what that's like" I might be able to actually ... do that instead of drowning.

So, it probably doesn't matter. As far as real life is concerned; I totally don't know what this could be about, other than my struggle to reconcile my nature with suggestive alternatives. "And while (those) might be enough to be or "remain" a prostitute – it's not where my mind is at".

And eventually I can't really tell you 'the emotion'. Other than that there's a state of existence – somewhere at the end of drowning – that most corresponds to what I consider well-being. And as for what that might be – and for how long it would last – I have to make up to the circumstances.

So would I argue, that the matters of deprivation - and degeneracy for that matter - are relative terms. Being deprived of comforts takes one into a state of distress. Eventually, so the story goes, we adjust and learn to deal with it. And that might be OK if we're talking about essentially just assets. Like, your precious car breaking down so you have to go back to a life without the comfort of having it for a while. Let's call that a horizontal transition. Then we may look at Luke Skywalker, where we have more of a vertical transition. Life as he knew it broke down and moving on required him to adjust to fundamentally different conditions. And when it comes to hero's tales like that, we usually have a beneficially vertical transition. So the whole "hidden talents" arc, where the change it what provides the circumstances for the individual to grow to their 'full potential' - as to so connect with those inner truths, or capabilities, in a way previously not possible. But so are then also detrimentally vertical transitions. I would think of the ... "hero gets trapped in a fake world" type of situations. So they're like told that having a normal life and all that is actually good - but possibly they realize somehow that this isn't them. Or they do so voluntarily, perhaps because something happened. And that eventually can go either way. Maybe they unlock a hidden passion (retirement arc). Perhaps everything about it sucks (sequel bait/reassembly). Or it really is just another way of doing the existing. So here the protagonist would end up doing more or less the same - but perhaps their boss or colleagues suck or they miss having an actual purpose, whatever.

But that's also that. And I wonder: Do you know what I'm on about here? Maybe I'll get to it – but – the script says: Nope!

And so I've had to think and ponder – while a lot of this chapter is just happenstance. So, when I try to rationally make a case on this matter, stuff like the previous paragraph comes out. 'At best'. So, depending on how much I stress to get to the point; As the point itself does barely compute rationally.

So, eventually I came to settle on a poorly formulated thing; And therein I regard that I think that Kink of any capacity may be somewhat beyond the 'rational mind'. Suggesting that it's inherently about breaking Taboos, so that people who 'are Kinky' must be driven by some need to search for Taboos to break. So the "more and more" argument. But a Kink is rather a condition that exists against ... let's call it 'the convention'. Be it as vanilla as restraints and spankings. It so is to me at least, that there isn't a search for more – but that there just are Kinks that are less vanilla than others. And so people who are unable to relate to that is what is weird to me. And me trying to adopt a rational stance to maybe bridge the gap doesn't necessarily help.

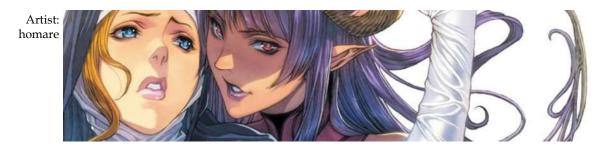
And so am I here as torn between the two extremes. Though here I replace that part with something more comprehensive.

So are there however different feelings. There's "the fire", there's "the water". Now "it" feels like a contusion as I feel like boxed into too narrow a space – and those feelings aren't necessarily a matter of very specific conditions. Maybe you can relate to THAT.

Eventually terms such as 'deprivation' might also be of disservice to what I'm trying to say. One concern is that people may think that what I want may be depriving; And while I can only confirm that – in both: The positive and the negative – I feel like I don't need to say that the negative exists also; But that that's beside the point.

So eventually I get hung up on feelings that I don't know how to explain; And the formulations of the attempts that follow. But maybe so: There's a wealth of experiences, feelings and emotions that exists within states of deprivation – as maybe even melancholy – whereby I fail to see that deprivation as a negative if I have no real desire (will or motivation, as per (the lack of) (attractive) alternatives) to be more 'free' or whatever. So: as I only care about 'the feeling' - I'm where I want to be if I have it.

And it almost feels like molestation; So I can even get angry over myself; When there's an insistence to "snap out of it". It strikes a nerve as once I entertain the idea I embark onto a pointless quest to find things that aren't there. I mean – this isn't of a depression or performative self-harm. Not that for as far as I could tell anyway!



5 – Let there be ... Fire!

Being as an Android or mere Sex-Doll is in a sense the end-game of this Depravity. My second Seal is thereby a setup towards that end. A requirement thereto is that I waive my personal rights; Which would have me exist beyond (certain) humanitarian concerns. And thereby I do envision or rationalize the brain-chip as a tool.

In that regard – some aspects are absolutes and others are ultimates (so in the form of conditional 'walls' - we might say - that I run into). So is the Light no static force, but an extension of God's will.

The Brain-chip so does allow for a sense of programming, I feel. A part of it is laid out in me already (anatomically) – and another part, I guess we can say: Interferes with my passive understanding of myself, such that my own expressive freedom realizes itself (is channeled through) a set of imposed hypotheticals. And I'd argue that this also implies how I am to read (abstract) the things I enjoy. At least to some capacity.

Also do I feel that there's a certain resistance to discourage me from acting against tendencies to break Character – and on the flip-side I experience pleasure from being complicit. A part of that interacts with my 'Kinks' and another is a more direct engagement with the Light.

So is 'being an android/sex-toy' a very real thing to me. Though it may at the end of the day just be an abstract – such as window dressing put onto a circumstance – the point stands that it describes a condition in which I don't engage with people as an individual; But rather through a set of ideas that is implicated upon my sexual submission, or so: the way I enjoy sex. In other words: It is what it is.

And to some concerns – it's Brainwashing or at least closely related to it. That however in accordance with what I enjoy and the extent to which I can I can adjust.

And if you think that's like every slut/hoe/whatever ever – yea ... it does go into that general direction, like so, the whole of what I've been trying to tell you so far, give or take.

Like so do I only choose to use different words, terms and descriptions for "I'm a whore" than just "I'm a whore", to mix things up a little – as how else am I going to fill 200+ pages?

But kidding aside, there certainly is this very simple description of things – and depending on who's asking, so in the abstract, I'm diversifying it a little in the one or the other way. And for the most part there isn't a lot to it – again, depending on what one is concerned about.

Clarity however maintains a certain form; And by emphasizing this or that I can even stretch beyond. And while some of them are inter-personal, others are individualistic. Overall this creates harmony – and magic aside, helps or makes me be who I want to be. More so than I could on my own.

Maybe then I've put the cart before the horse – as we might also say that it is through this android/doll angle that deprivation is eventually implicated. Either might further be implicated from being a whore; And one good reason for it all to be that way is: Because we can. I certainly don't have a need to question it.

Woven into it is also – we might call it 'Sex with the Light'; As life with the Divine certainly implicates interactions invoking the deepest parts of our selves. And to me at least that doesn't involve an extensive intellectual discussion, as the things that matter to me are emotional. And for all I care, the Light has settled with that. So what insights I share here might be taken as a hollow representation of how sluts be – though to me they emerge from a deeper caress of my being by the Light. At times I might refer to that – or the effect – as LUST, some might call it 'Sensuality'; But overall it's also just Clarity.

So, being a Whore to me implies as much as that I'm willing to be a Sex-Toy – yet that is perhaps already too specific for someone else who fancies serving as one. And overall maybe not specific enough. A Sex-Toy might be someone who can magically read what kind of stuff you're into – or just so happens to be that way. My relationship to 'being a Person' is however somewhat apathetic; And in that sense I also think about absolute submission when it comes to it. So, absolute submission in that sense would read as devote to the mortal mind. Or so do I partake of the blissful Light in sexual submission. All the various insignia, like collar and shackles, are ... effectively carriers of that link.

So ... I guess from being able to enjoy getting fucked there's the potential to desire getting fucked. From there is the state of satisfaction while getting fucked – and the understanding, or idea, that it is my purpose to get fucked (or let myself get fucked) is as an enhancement to those potentials. If I didn't like that idea, I probably wouldn't get much out of it; And that could be like a first difference. So would the idea not change that you could enjoy getting fucked, but you couldn't identify with the idea that you have to. As I however like the idea, I can identify with the idea that I have to. Or, furthermore, am brainwashed into doing so. The latter only takes it to another level. So is it to me less of an obligation and more of a fact of life. As forged into my essence. Literally.

Now, some folks might get hung up on this concept of Brainwashing – as torn out of the context of Clarity. That ... may be bothersome and you wouldn't have me disagree with whatever concerns could be brought up there. Worries of that manner are certainly floating around somewhere in my reluctance when it comes to the world we live in. I'd argue that it's not the same however – it might also just be fantasy or 'assisted self-delusion' ... we might call it.

6 - And then there was ... Inferno!

When I so picture myself, in paradise, in a position that were to respect my status quo, it'd always signify that I'm a sex-slave (visually). So to the point that I am someone's property; And your standing with the person that owns me might give you an in on the subsequent fun time.

I guess that we could so equate that to maintaining a sense of immersion. But more to the point is it a willful embrace of certain truths. In that regard then, freedom comes with the permission to do so. This then isn't as much about legislation, but about our social conditions. And on the other side is what we might call 'the audacity'.

This is of us to say: "it is so!", in the sense that we thereby communicate that we expect acceptance. And such will most definitely devolve into a shitshow if it must!

What here shoves into my mind, is a Hentai "movie" (two episodes), that I know by the name of "23 year old female". I don't know if I ever really took the time to watch them. I'm sure I did, but I barely remember the details. Perhaps because the movie starts off, sending my mind straight into short-circuiting. Thereby, there's so the extreme we could take things to – and a part of me may not have been able to deal with that.

The bottom line would be places – a specific city perhaps – where one could put on certain things, that would signal a request to get abducted. That so by perfect strangers, without any communication or the likes. So, one step or so beyond organizing a surprise abduction via some service. Like Rape Culture, but civilized.

So yea. It wouldn't be easy to really get down with that. I'd think. It's a saturation issue; I'd say. And perhaps would require one to take certain

precautions to reduce the chance for false conclusions on the outside – while the abductors so could confirm that the understood thing is happening; But how safe could that really be? I'd wonder. It's not practical! I'd argue!

So, the movie starts with a woman on a fully packed train. Two guys approach her and start to grope her right there on the spot – going further and further until they eventually take her with them. From skipping through the material I gather that eventually she returns to her former life, but is at that point wound up in that relationship.

I would reject the idea because it seems to be an outlandish proposal. Based on what is described so far however, there's also the matter of the Public and the issue with the Light's presence. It so would be realistic or not actually all that outlandish, once we got to the point – as a collective – that we can comfortably rely on the Light's presence. So, if an abduction is happening and everyone who sees it feels all warm and fuzzy inside – there's no need to bother. And that's generally ... the high end of it.

The next step up from that, well – is then taking us to the full glory of the realm of darkness in as far as I could realistically propose here. So, thinking of death wishes and child abuse.



Satan's Hollow (Issue #2) Title Page

7 - And now ... Marshmallows

So yes. The answer is surprisingly easy once the conditions allow for it. Whether they do or not – well, is a different story. And now the story is not that I can dream on as I set my sails to be carried away into the wildest of my fantasies. Because that's not what this has been all about.

And so, once more, there's an ending of sorts; Though technically there are still a few things open.

First on the list: Enslavement.

First of all, it is a term I throw around to describe a feeling. Pretty much everything here starts as a feeling. And somehow twisted into the matters here is the problem of translating them into an understanding. And while I would accuse others of misunderstanding things – reading too much into this or that perhaps – the very same still applies to me, going through this process. I assume: The cliché doesn't come out of nowhere.

So do I have a feeling which to me is an understanding, yet I think it's not too different from a cliché Christian's fear of the world. The feeling, that is. Though to me it is enticing; And that in how it relates to things I do very well have a good enough understanding of.

And so, true enough: Eventually however, the feeling became the truth.

But so I don't want to delve too deep into what I accuse others of. Or what I think or believe others think or believe. But eventually there's a feeling that happens to be more or less common sense. Captured in this nasty word: Temptation. And perhaps it is just the sexual essence floating around in the Astair – as how it relates to what people might call: "the forbidden fruits".

And I don't necessarily have all the answers. What can I say? "It's not what it looks like!"? But maybe it is. I mean, sometimes we're just stupid. And sometimes the lines between truths and lies get a bit blurry. So is 'what' a thing looks like also ever so often a matter of perspective. And also are there things that look alike but aren't quite the same.

But OK. So, enslavement is a feeling. And as per Mama's Comb it's not to be mistaken for whatever random outcome enslavement might yield. And what exactly it means to me – also depends at times. So, one up from being just a feeling, it's a relationship. Which is also a thing that applies to most if not all things here.

I mean, relationships are inevitable. And Sex – in and of itself – is pretty much impossible without it. But most, if not everything, in our society can be described in relationships. And therein we may find a couple of shortcomings with the modern age. Money and Wealth have made it way too easy to distance ourselves from the relationships upon which it is built.

And so can quite as much be expressed in terms of money. Be it some service or utility, a commodity, right or duty. And so the issue with education or even family matters – ever so often becomes a cost:gain equation. But that aside is there the distance. The distance also comes as a matter of how many we've become. And what we know from the news reflects on what we would expect of the individual; And the only answer we have to any question of what we might do eventually boils down to: Funding.

And ultimately ... also the universe itself ... functions on relativity.

And in as far as I see Love and Affection in those relationships I acknowledge as 'enslavement' - I see my needs, dreams and/or wishes accommodated. And yes. So we can make the jump from accommodation to environments and conditions. That sure would be 'a' next part - taking us to eventually required assets. But that eventually then can again be

reduced to relationships. Where sure: In some sense relationships can be equated to currency. As derived from the term: 'current' (present and flow). And possibly also 'occurrence'.

So, enslavement is a relationship. And one up from that, it is a condition. One that is at first described as a feeling, that is also a relationship. On top of that there are however rules. And with that, we really come to the meat of a lot of what I've been writing about. Well, rules, absolutes, reenforcers, anatomy – they are all just flavors of each other. But they are also at the backbone of what 'makes' those feelings.

Well, right now I have feelings. One reminds me of a passage in that Shiniez comic now called Sunstone. Previously it was called Lisa & Abby or something. At some point it there goes over a person's past bad experience because his or her girlfriend bondaged herself to a bad – meant as a surprise – but using tightening knots the rope eventually got too tight and suppressed the blood-flow to the hands. And not knowing how to write about that here, I thought to skip on it – but then one of my feet resting for too long on the other gave me some feeling of numbness, but not the kind I'd ordinarily get. Reminded me of that story again.

But yea. BDSM. Another thing to keep in mind is when releasing someone from one of those Andrew's crosses (X) one is to undo the feet first – for if the person were to fall over if you released the hands first ... bad things can happen.

And so there are those kinds of rules. Like: Don't drink and drive. They exist for good reason – because: Just because a thing isn't meant to be dangerous ... doesn't mean it can't be.

Anyway. I can try to explain to you what feeling I get out of 'enslavement'. But if you can't relate to those conditions as positives – I'd eventually be wasting my time. But well. When it comes to BDSM, one word that is dropped somewhat frequently is 'trust'. So is there an understanding of trust that can be derived from matters of bondage and submission. And I assume it's because it seems somewhat ... around the corner or counter-intuitive that it's called a Kink. So are bondage and submission not necessary when it comes to matters of trust – and it might be disrespectful to require as much.

And so is a submission Kink a bit more into the other direction. So does the sub hand over reign – and the dom/me is to handle that responsibly. And eventually that responsibility also entails a certain kind of harshness. Or 'sadism'.

But so, enslavement is a condition. And sometimes I'm not quite sure which of the conditions I'm wound up in are of my own, and which are imparted upon me. Eventually it shouldn't matter too much. Between the kink of submission and the kink of dominance there's a common denominator – God – and so the Clarity of either were a bit of both. Ultimately the two don't really diverge from each other all that much either. And naturally – what concerns one might have, trying to keep God out of the picture, are resolved within matters such as trust. Which is also why some might consider BDSM to be the superior form of Love.

I mean, it probably sounds weird to people when someone has a Kink like ... wanting to get treated like shit. Like an ordinary submission Kink for all one might care. That however doesn't say that the person 'is' literal shit. I mean, you wouldn't do to a sub that wants to get treated like shit the same you'd do to a turd on the ground. That because a turd is a turd and a human being is a human being.

So does the human being have needs and desires. One or some of them being expressed in these manners. Feelings. Relationships. Conditions.

And I get some confused vibes from the term of 'Conditions'. Feelings and Relationships are fine I think. And what might be confusing is that the matter of condition would seem to impose rules upon the relationship, changing its configuration and subsequently the feeling itself. And that may in part be why it's complicated to really express the implied conditions. They aren't as much there to impose a rule upon the individuals as they are the expression of the relationship. An expression that can be tied to rules. Rules that comply with the given expectations. And I don't know how common this would be, but, I for my part would assume that the matter of rules is usually a more flexible one. Or so the "good girl/bad girl" situation. Which however eventually devolves into stories of their own.



Artist: san

But so would there be the or another kind of condition – a.k.a. mine. So as per the "good girl/bad girl" situation; Is there the matter of being a bad girl. A.k.a. defiant of the rules, existing in transgression of the expectations – however we wanted to call it. So, a condition that solicits correctional measures – which so has the sub, i.e. me, put into a place – of servitude per chance. In other words is it thereby human nature that creates a dynamic back and forth through which the relationship is being cultivated. If the sub were to then just say 'nope' - the whole thing were mute. It's ... eventually really just that simple.

If the relationship so gives them what they want, yea. That.

I mean, that was a bad example for – a person who is into submission wouldn't really feel offended from being treated accordingly. ~ish. And if troubles occur, well. That would possibly follow the same principles as any other relationship. Nothing is anyone's fault but still everyone is the worse and so the story goes.

Also does the Kink eventually exist on a spectrum. So, getting hogtied for a fuckfest were on the one extreme end of it – and whether or not that could be a first date kind of situation would depend on the subs history; Though when it comes to the 'relationship' itself it probably wouldn't do/add all that much. On the other end there would be stuff like, giving commands, groping or ... how to call it?

Body inspection? So, moving the subs head for instance. So, simple gestures.

So are these, neither the other end of the spectrum, really 'conditions'. The conditions are, as with the gestures at least, implied.

And so is Clarity, as something between an expression and a truth effective within the individual, procuring certain conditions. And the way I see it – we can still one up this. To say: Legislatively.

I mean, it started as a silly idea. And back then I didn't have the political fine-tuning I have now; So, it sounds even more silly now. Sure could we argue that we also allow marriage – which is roughly the same – but not quite.

My concern there being, to legally recognize slavery ... again. Well ... "There are no Slaves in Zion". Which I can take two ways. That Zion would be descriptive of sanctuary towns akin to that ... "normal life world" perhaps. Generally however I thought of it as a statement to say that what we/I speak of is 'absolute' slavery and not 'ultimate' slavery.

Becoming a proper sex slave thereby, as the phrasing suggests, is to me a process. Most pivotal thereby the individual's waiving on personal rights. And I strongly suggest that the individual thereto will also need a Master. Beyond that point then, the individual is to be recognized as sub-human. Which is to say that within the confines of society, they are no longer valid humans. This would for instance concern our sensitivities regarding what we'd consider normal or granted in the normal sense, granting their master full reign over what is and isn't allowed concerning that person. Well, is it still a person? I suppose in as far as we could maintain environments that were to override these rules ... there's certainly the potential. But effectively the idea is still – as the respective right suggests – that personhood is stripped away from them.

The process leading up to that were to make sure that it is in-deed wanted, eventually culminating in a perfectly private moment of finality which then takes shape in how the Light does its thing so that it can be recognized by corresponding officials. After the fact.

So, we wouldn't even need paperwork – but, I suppose in the spirit of being as children we can agree that paperwork can also be fun.

What follows is then whatever.

However, what the Slave is or can be still depends on what the relationship can deliver. And the Light helps us thereby. Which, obviously, is what the gist of my argument – should there be a need for such – were to revolve around.

Effectively the concept however suggests that as Clarity affects an individual relationship, it may also permeate society. To a varying range of effects. This would entail an interactive side where the Light

individually adjusts to the condition – and a static side, where everyone had their own way to relate to certain conditions.

And so what starts as an individual relationship, eventually begins in a more or less closed society; Is thereby however part of a culture that also happens to be part of a greater whole. And whatever boundaries we thereby maintain within ourselves, they only concern ourselves within the

greater whole; The Light however is omnipresent.





ENSLAVEMENT

Though technically true, that Clarity is just an abstraction, it still presents itself to the mind as true – and in that isn't much different to creation at large.

Our beliefs are thereby the arbiter of what we deem "the right way" of things. The right interpretation, "the right reality" - so, that by which we select a layer of abstraction for ourselves. And the quality of the layer or layers we "believe in" ... well. I wasn't trying to talk about religion. I was trying to talk about our individual or shared concept and/or understanding of reality at large.

So, if we believe in the right things – we see things in the right light. And eventually that's not a binary condition – but a life-long endeavor.

In the, or an, abstract then – we're all enslaved. We're slaves of our conditions, slaves to the laws of physics; And unable to escape what God imposed upon us.

But still is freedom an inherent condition of human nature. Freedom as a political argument more often than not is just an abstraction thereof. An ideology. Some might call it an 'extension' or

'realization'. Effectively it's however still just an ideology. One however that "the nature of our freedom" certainly leads us to. And whether I speak or think of it positively or not would depend on the implied conditions. So is there the truth of our freedom – and if the ideology fails to properly correlate with that, it's really just nonsense. Possibly.

And so the question of whether or not I want to be free – can easily just be a trick question. Now, at the base of it, it doesn't matter what I want. I just am. Beyond that, it might be misleading to speak about freedoms and restraints – for the conditions we exist in often enough impose their own rule. But that aside, naturally I want to be free. That so to the extent that I want to live my life by my design – effectively – while being mindful of the rest. And if that happens to be a life described in matters of sexual slavery, that were my choice. Whether or not I do thereby have a lesser

degree of freedoms ... I quite seriously do not care about. For, what use is all the freedom in the world if I can't really make good use of it?

But so – well - "I would" engage in relationships. I mean, who wouldn't? Eventually then, I might fall into a well of mutual Love. Maybe even one that isn't just mutual, but also complementary. And before we come to any mingling of any juices, we come to the mingling and exchange of tensions. I might have Love for *them* that *they* enjoy – and *they* might have a Love for me that I enjoy. So are we then not only in Love with each other – but move on to entangle and intertwine.

What emerges from there then is a more or less complex understanding. An understanding of self, an understanding of the other, an understanding of the effect one has on the other; Or so: An overall understanding of the relationship. And whether one has more freedom than the other ... is to me less of a concern than how it affected us.

And so – in the abstract then – we might commit to being each others slaves. Though … well, eventually a dynamic between submission and dominance might emerge. But, life is rarely that simple … is it?

Well, long story short: Once committed to one another, we have a reliance on the other to be who we fell in Love with. And so we beget a truth from the other, of our own. So is to either one now the commitment to the other simultaneously a commitment to one's self.

Whether it'd be cool of *them* to make me *their* slave ... is the same as asking whether it'd be cool of me to make *them* my domme. And so maybe that'll power a light bulb now.

And well. In a sense this might be how come genders are a thing. But the way I think of it are submission and dominance tendencies that both genders inherit. Some might say that one or the other is inherently more this or that, which I'd say is a matter of circumstance.

As the man would for instance be more keen to know about the world, the man would hold greater authority regarding those things. And beyond that I suppose the issue is either understood or an issue with infantile masculinity incapable of yielding even an inch of their nonsensical antics.

But so my *GF* eventually got *herself* a slave and I got me a *domme*. And based on that, I'm not sure why our relationship should change in accordance to what someone else might think this kind of relationship should entail. What I strongly surmise did happen, is that I did further come to engage with other people as a Slave while *they* maintained *their* dominance over me. At the base of it our relationship would pretty much be rooted in the Love we had – and probably still have for each other.

To me, *them* moving on to further capitalize on my submission is something I enjoy – and I suppose *them* having me become more of what *they* want while I'm handed around is something *they* enjoy.

But so we can find that it isn't really practical to maintain uniform standards. It doesn't really gel well with my understanding of freedom. Not saying though that uniform standards are entirely use- or pointless

though. In a sense, it's similar to what I'm down for. A set of restraining conditions ... well. For me: that align with one's autonomy. But it might also be a "through which to express". Or whatever.

Artist: Amy Matthews



So, in as far as we engage on a basis filled by the Light, truths become active that eventually lead to formal expressions. I would thereby think, that, to a proper slave-mind, this expression would come from the outside and come as a shock in as far as it is already a confirmation that the slave wouldn't (or couldn't) want to reject.

So, the Light, knowing both sides of the story, procures the formation of an idea – so: creating an inspiration – that can be strengthened in as far as it aligns with both. The rest is what we may call psychology.

In the idea then, the Master were to then demand a token of affirmation regarding what they make of the situation; Soliciting an affirmation from the slave to subject to a self-deprecating condition.

While both may have already been aligned to it, does a Formalization of the matter yet yield a higher conscious awareness – and thus impact on the psyche. This eventually triggers a feedback – and in as far as the implement is perceived to be a positive one, things get to be good. And because God is a good designer, I suppose that that's usually what's happening.

And so the gist of an enslaving bond.

As for my Clarity, I do right now feel a few things being active to my perception. I would think: An abstract representation of how I overall experience these bonds in regards to the feedbacking – backfeeding? - and my impression is that they can become quite intricate. So is one's higher identity eventually like a piece of real estate. "Implements" would rank in priority – while new one's can be regarded in how well they supplement or complement or enhance the present structure or so: Occupied spaces.

Thereby do new additions not necessarily need to add to the volume in as far as they may also just alter existing ones. So do things become more intricate – and in combination with conditional links is there a potential for exponential growth – or an exponential growth of potential (possibilities).

And I would say that negative consequences herein only exist as a hypothetical as per a presentation of the underlying mechanics. To – yes – in all actuality – call them: A Myth.



Hmm ...

So, what is Clarity again?

At first it is insight. Then it is knowledge and truth. Eventually it's an enhancement or re-enforcement thereof. It's a multiverse. And eventually also programming. But ultimately, as effective through God, also a shared reality.

So the theory at least.

And eventually it just so happens.

I'm wondering because ... it just so happens. Between the ignition and what my Clarity is nowadays, there's a lot that seems out of place. It's too much, one might think. Or ... so I "think". So I assume I have to dig a little deeper into the development of Clarity.

So, the ignition part is understood, I suppose. But here, this weird sense of confusion over what's going on thereafter, starts to manifest within me. I for instance haven't really specified what exactly was part of this understanding that I've had. I may have shared some insight into aspects of the process further down, but perhaps not enough about the basis on which these and other things would follow. Some of that we'll yet get to. And on a different note – there's perhaps no real way for you to relate to what's going on.

Well, in an abstract way we might speak of delusions. Or an obsessive phase. ADHD. A drug addiction. Though practically ... 'being high' (from some good marijuana) might be the best comparison. That, because the way in which the high affects one's mind does compare to how the Light does the Clarity thing. Which is also the fundamental problem and perhaps why the next best example for comparison were delusions.

I mean, I can try to formulate what my Clarity were if it were a delusion; And it would sound like an apt enough description of what's going on. So would it, at the end of the day, there come down to whether or not it corresponds to me as a being – ignoring whether my mind were even capable of maintaining it. I would suppose not.

Think of it so, maybe: If Clarity were merely an individual delusion, it wouldn't necessarily be all made up, but it would stand on a foundation merely created by my own mind. There would be certain truths I could

hold on to – associated to a condition I found myself in perhaps – and then would consume a lot of porn to not only maintain and saturate those truths, but to also expand on them; And so have over time turned myself – at least internally – into a Porn Character.

I'm being sarcastic here And that to a point where this ... delusion has reached singularity. So, now it just sits there – without effort on my own – and for some reason I can't comprehend that it's a lie. But it must be so ... because ... reasons.

The issue with thoughts like that is similarly, that we inject hypothesis' where we don't know facts. Like, if I were to assume that deluded people usually also show signs of delusion. They don't make sense, they can't but talk about it nonstop. And no matter how well they might have learned to hide it eventually – they're way too willing to blurt it all out.

Is it so though?

Is verbosity then a sign of delusion?

Don't we all just delude ourselves into thinking that stuff is

real?

Sobering up isn't necessarily necessary – as the mind is also capable of (which is also part of the problem) consolidating things when high.

With Marijuana what's going on to my understanding is, that the rigid structure of thought we might associate to being 'sober' is broken up. And that is what I think is the cause to psychosis' and/or delusions. For, do it too much with too little meaning mixed into it – and between sobering up and getting high again you might not have sufficient opportunity to (re-)develop a healthy understanding of the things around.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

What so happens, when these rigid structures are broken apart, is that one may get the impression of 'seeing things more clearly' - and that because you'll be able to see things, make sense of and establish connections beyond what the rigid structures would have allowed.

In that sense, it's like a way of looking beyond our own BS, though there's no guarantee that what we find there isn't just BS too. And that's why I'd recommend using marijuana in combination with activities that require your active mind. Like writing a diary – or essays on what things go through your head. So are you for once holding yourself to the logic of the things*. Rather than aimlessly drifting around you can give yourself direction by perhaps trying to force a conclusion.

*but also training your mind to utilize rational thought.

But yea. The way Light now does the Clarity thing is similar, except those "dissolved thoughts" aren't ones own – rather are the effects coming in from somewhere. The impression is overall relatively similar, because Clarity is also just a subset of one's totality – and thus could be compared to one such "stoner theory".

But most notably does "the sea of thought" not emerge from one's own psyche. And that is why you can't really produce Clarity on your own. Especially when considering its proposed social relevance.

It does however have the appearance of something that comes of it. As such – well. I wrote about the Pond. I wrote about "truths in the beyond". Things that felt external to me but still ... internal. It's like that. Because it so seems to have a life on its own – and especially because it continues to impress with things you wouldn't have thought of – it stands apart from

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 Cirl 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.

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]

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.

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

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 makebelieve. 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 realsies 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

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 ravel 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.

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.



Liliana Vess by Funko Legacy (theFwoosh.com review)

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?

Liliana Vess and the pink hand of DOOM! by theDURRRRIAN



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 loong 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 "interpersonal 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

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.

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 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 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 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 sexual preference. weird 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

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

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

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 ...

"yea, well - whatever" ... - maybe this is an issue. It is however meant to be commentary on 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 That isn't ideological, though I suppose one might call what emerges from beliefs these 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.

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



Magic: The Gathering 1 Limited Edition Cover ????

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/enthralling 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

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 bespoken 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.

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

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

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.

"Killing Wave" by Michael Komarck Digital Rain by ? 168

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

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.



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 ...

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 Gimmickifaction 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

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.

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?



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!

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 cliche" - 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 ("Feysaaaaaaaal!" - 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

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.

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 reappropriated. ... 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



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

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.

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"s 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

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.

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.



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 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 as shole 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.

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

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^{th} .

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

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

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 rulesbreaking. 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

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.

how far back that goes. There is a lot of convoluted rambling that went into this, loosely pondering upon the ins and outs of relationships. At times I thought I have a point, but what I felt I had written and what I found I had written did drift apart a little. And so – this whole thing is a bit of a mess at times.

I might so try to write about one thing; But then some unforeseen abyss opens up, cascading my insight into a plethora of perspectives. Eventually I might have a concern – and while writing round and about I might see it satisfied, but ... eventually not enough for it to make sense on paper.

Sometimes things just fall in line, other times I find myself trapped in confusion. Like so, what is this Super Kink I was thinking about? And how is this about some internal antagonism instead?

Eventually so I tried to narrate on relationships, but instead came to question anything that was I taking note of. The headline here eludes to the idea then, that Clarity in a lot of ways is to me more about what I get 'out' of it; To so argue on the perceived benefits on my part. Eventually that's however not much of a meaningful distinction. Also would I perceive a lot of what I head previously written echoing within what I was writing, thus thinking that I didn't have to further elaborate. Similarly do I think that these comments eventually create some kind of meta-narrative, but whether or not it actually does, I can't tell. Except maybe that it might help me extract my mind from the "involved process" of writing the text.

It certainly makes sense to say, that I'm way too involved with deeply internal matters – being taken there for *some* reason or another; Without being capable of distancing myself enough. As so, initially there was nothing to distance myself from – but all I had written so far.

It was probably to be expected. It should be taken as a rule of thumb, that writing about things you don't really know much about, is generally a bad idea. At least it wouldn't work for a book, other than fiction perhaps. But even there one should have a good enough idea what to write about. I am here however only bridging a gap. So unto the next segment where I get to write about structures that I can report on. I did feel a need for it, as to take a deep dive into "what concerns there might be".

And this little issue right here – with this chapter – reveals what we might call 'the Devil in the Machine'. That once we don't properly know what to write about, once there is no proper truth to guide the narrative, "the Devil" sneaks in. So is there the headline SUPER KINK, but instead I wrote of internal antagonism. So far it might just lead to confusion – depending on how much sense I make. Without much of it, one might be led to believe that this antagonist is at the root of my Kinks. Or one might still chose to believe it, but at that point ... I'm not sure what I can do to alleviate that.

It certainly should take more than just a "nu uh!" to sensibly deal with the matter. Even if that's what it is in the end. Of course it can then not be much of a 'hard fact' - as some internal adjustments akin to forming a belief or having faith is mandatory. As to take a no for a no, perhaps.



As part of this meta-narrative then I realize, that we may take a further look at the matter of societal norms. So do externally maintained expectations create a framework that anticipates our consent. So, what is 'smart' or 'wise' or 'good' is thereby somehow encoded into a cultural norm of sorts.

So is there the question – now in a way I can be serious about: Why don't I just whore myself out? Why don't I produce an advertising image/sheet/thingy and post it on my social media? Why would I be reluctant to be intimate with ... in the idea, just anyone?

There sure are good reasons. Like the motto to not trust strangers. But when dating, one has to inevitably overcome that at least a little bit. We certainly hear stories, at occasion, where the person one knew, wasn't the person they were. To ask: WHEN is someone NOT a stranger anymore?

Sure is dating then also more about emotions or instincts or such – a habit, we might say, in which we look for someone that triggers an internal response that has us act irrationally. To so leave our comfort zone and be with someone else – generally for the greater good of society. But what then is a "good catch"?

A social framework might give us the answers – as it is, effectively, some kind of default belief or faith based on which we may accept or deny certain things. And so was all this confusion just there to take me to this point where I realize that my little story of Clarity might be all neat and fine – but just stating what kind of a Whore I am wouldn't really be able to conquer this mountain of societal conditions; But is much more likely to get swallowed up by them.

At least in the idea. Or so.

"Sure" - I think - "individual Gnosis is fine" - but better than unanswered questions are answered questions.

In that regard then, I can write about what Relationships I conceive as being predicated on things that aren't of this world. Obviously. We can even re-contextualize the whole meaning of 'worldliness' now.

The antagonist, further, takes the position of the worldly. In the extended sense implying what my decisions *should be* based upon.

Thereby I just realize, how much these relationships I think of are rooted in sexuality. This allowed for the antagonist to impose what "he" has to offer – a.k.a. "the world" - for me to then instinctively drift towards my Spouse. So was I here – in place of this meta-commentary – going to further focus on Love as some counterweight to the matters of Kink and Clarity. But ... with all I had written about it so far, I wasn't sure what to really write about. What follows, or followed, didn't – or doesn't – really fit either.

And yea. So is this constant drift I experience between me writing about my Clarity and justifying my submissive attachment in the aftermath. And since the matter of the Super Kink hasn't really been clarified yet, I might start by calling it a group thing. A Collective defiance of "the norm". It's

not quite what I had in mind, but we'll get there eventually. For now however, my position is simply that a relationship that works in Eternity is better than one that doesn't. Implying that Eternity is also going to take a much larger chunk of the overall norms we'd have to adjust to at large.

So, yes – Love > Money – but what is Love? Or how to assess whether a relationship is good for Eternity? As we per chance might not even know what norms and opportunities and such might affect that.

And so, in as far as Clarity corresponds to my model for living Eternally, I have something to predicate these decisions on. "The world" might call that a pipe-dream, but it does stop being one, once the implied parties start to synergize on these truths. "The World" might yet insist on it, saying that we're just crazy or doing harm to ourselves; Though in the end, crucially, we might just be messing with "the world"s expectations or ... well ... demands.

There so is this societal superstructure that generally splits us into an "Elite" and "Serfs". And most, if not all, of this 'worldly expectation' to Serfs at least - is to maintain the superstructure. The Elite are thereby those that can afford to rule - and in doing so they play their little games, where we have plenty of opportunity and surface area to [insert some conspiracy theory]. Say, the Patriarchy is all about maintaining a masculine power class - the so called "Alpha Males" - which follows its own hierarchy that can set itself apart from the Serf | Elite dichotomy as an honored way of "gaming the system" - the so called "Sigma Grindset". Homosexuality challenges this superstructure in that it for once ostracizes the "Alpha Male" as toxic (by comparison) or unattractive (for mating). Transsexuality challenges this superstructure in that it imposes uncomfortable questions upon its concept of gender, effectively annihilating the implied concept of masculinity as tied to biological sex. The Patriarchies underlying premise would be to maintain a feudalistic approach to sex and marriage, implying that females are for the Alpha's and that marriage is merely permitted by mercy. Eventually there's a logistical side to that (i.e. Human Trafficking) such that sometimes it's by luck, rather than mercy, that one can live a fulfilling life. "Legend has it, that every incel is a lost soul corresponding to a lost girl".

Did I tell you that I have a seething fire of hatred within me?

Let it be a mix of biological conditions, societal norms, the collective subconscious and traditional values; For however wild the narrative might get – at the bottom of it are very real circumstances that merely relate to our survival and the economic conditions that emerge from that.

These however are, in the Gnostic sense, conditions that toy with our behavior. Behaviors that provoke each other into an excess of complications that impose a heavy burden on the mating process. I have a hunch, that the afro-american population of the USA may be a primary example for that. The idea being, that the amount of factors a human character is measured against, correlates to the odds for a 'harmonic match' to come together – and subsequently form a thriving relationship.

Anecdotally speaking, is money known to be a factor of division; And political opinions are also, at times at least, very difficult to sort out into a mutually beneficial understanding. Conversely might the higher birthrate in lesser developed regions be the product of simpler conditions. As a life merely focused on survival would provide. On the other side one might take note that parents in nations with socialized systems are happier with their roles as parents than parents in nations without them. And in as far as the complications of raising a child also factor into mating choices, that too needs to be considered.

So, needless to say do I see mating as per worldly standards as a huge gamble. Asking me "why not that?" is asking me "do you feel lucky?" - and ... well ... no! I don't!

Or in other words: So far I haven't been!

I mean – in neglect of my Clarity I know myself as a very attachment seeking individual. So, the potential is there. Or ... it was. It caused a lot of open wounds – and at some point, the time during which I crafted the Oracle Cards coincides with that, I had or came to effectively extinguish that flame in darkness. The problem that I would at occasion

develop this ... we might call it "worldly interest", but alas, it wasn't meant to be.

And now I consider myself lucky.

But I also realize that there isn't a lot that I can say about relationships here. It is what it is, they are what they are. Well, there are a few things we'll get to later – and a lot of what we might call 'Love' in that regard, is a matter of being deeply intertwined.

And this actually makes for a good segue into the next Chapter.

3 - Diving Deeper

The reason I didn't really get to write about Depth so far may be, that other things took priority, but I also figured that we do have – I would think – a somewhat intuitive understanding of it. I would argue that it's difficult to make sense of one's internal constitution without thinking of it. But, I also have a hard time relating to how it was in the eightdom.

So did I at some point share this term: "Black Fire" - which to me is this dark fuzz that I remember "at the bottom" of the mind. Maybe it's more of a fog – perhaps concrete. Overall I realize that the experiences were overall rather shallow; Without really an understanding of how things could get any deeper. But sure. There's the outside world, then there's the own imagination and then the world of emotion. All that still applies in the ninedom – except ... it's more "opened up".

So I would say that you'll have to take these things with a grain of salt.

Fury (Darksiders 3) by Daisy-Flauriossa



Overall however, there are a lot of instances of 'depth' to the human experience just in general. Even if it might not be apparent. Previously I made the example of how different words might affect us differently – so on an individual level. Aligned to that are beliefs, internalized conditions, convictions, "hardened" experiences.

From a Neurological perspective one might try to explain that depth as an illusion. That it would so be a given amount of information that generates this impression of higher significance or validity. The more neurons, in that sense, that are part of a thing, the more connections there – hence there would be an increased sensitivity.

If I however had to make an argument for God, one of the better approaches might be to speak of Wisdom. In this instance, the Aeon of Wisdom. Or so: THE Eternal Aeon of Wisdom. That is, in the idea, the part through which our thoughts interact. As such the foundation to any kind of interaction. Something that may once have been thought of as a matter of discrete energy packets being warped back and forth between particles – but looks a little bit different in regards to Particle Waves and Gravity.

Maybe not too too much. I'm certainly no expert – but Gravity is still the next example on the list. Here now particles with mass come together – and beyond merely being a massive collection of stuff, that collection has a gravity field. Or: Warps Space-time. I would bet, that as of yet it is still one of the fundamental mysteries in Physics. This odd problem of inter-connectivity. Something that only resolves, I would think, when thinking of the greater whole as a singular whole.

As so: The mind. Call it "the impression" or "the illusion" of depth – there still is the thing that falls for it. The mind at large that is under the impression of depth. And it is this which were its own space-time, warping in accordance to the accumulated resources.

Part of this is furthermore a world of abstractions. Abstractions are at the heart of innovation. One might look at a stone and see something that is useless – and heavy. The next moment they might try to drive a stick into the soil and wish they had something heavy. And all of a sudden the stone may not be so useless anymore.

In some other sense might I compare the accumulation of information to carving into stone. Each bit that is carved out reveals a new facet of the rock – and over time, one would traverse through different layers of different density. But so – the one moment a stone is merely an odd object laying about. The next moment one may learn that it is hard. The other that it is heavy. Then one might find differences between rocks. On and on, piece by piece, information is added – some of it would be more, and other things less unique to a rock. When is something that looks like a rock, not a rock? Eventually one would need to take a closer look. On the other hand then, I think the comparison to a plant were the more classical one. At the beginning a concept might be small and fragile. But over time, with experience, it grows and becomes more intricate.

Here, there isn't necessarily a lot of depth to it – other than within the amount of connections and abstract possibilities. This is one thing however, that lends itself to Poetry. Poetry isn't necessarily deep – though we might feel that way about it once it manages to highlight or visualize or what ... "the deeper truths" of life perhaps. The experiences, the burden, the ups, the downs ... the climb and the fall ... that sort of stuff.

But when talking about deep – in the context of Clarity – none of that ... compares. We might speak of a Planetary Core or the intensity of emotions – or use language that can speak to our ability to envision 'deep' ... perhaps 'bone chilling' experiences. Goosebumps, Terror, Bliss

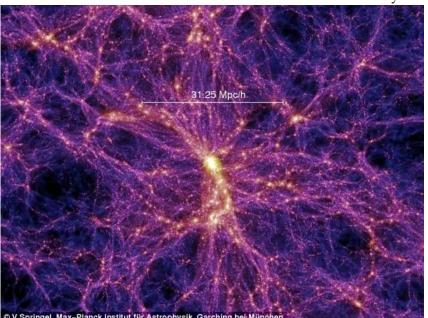
A thumb sized pot of weed smoked through a bong. "Flushed". But still ... that doesn't cut it.

One problem might be, that eventually we're growing up to be blind about a lot of it. Things that are so deeply and intrinsically a part of us, that we don't even recognize them anymore. Others might see it – but even when pointed out to us we might fail to recognize. Things we per chance only recognize indirectly. Though here we also may have a hard time to distinguish between our own influence and happenstance.

And so, as with the Planetary Core, we may have to resort to indirect measures.

Well, to make a case for my impressions, that is.

To that end, one term that I would need to construct a general idea – apart of what can be said to substantiate it – is 'Leyline'. Further perhaps 'Folds'



and 'Riffles'. Then maybe 'Pockets'. These serve to draw an image akin that of Cosmic Superstructures, such as that of Galaxies in the grand scheme of things.

On top of that, there is however a Layer of abstractions – we might say. So do some ideas come with, let's say, a geometric meaning – like, something that is a circle cannot be a

square. Around distinctions such as these, ideas will repel each other while on the other hand 'things that are as circles' would attract each other around their shared idea. So, riffles. Eventually however, there are things that are both. A cylinder for instance. And so concepts may fold onto each other.

The Leylines then would be, or are, what governs the structural formation. If you really like circles, that would be a dominant Leyline. If you don't care about shapes like these, you'd probably structure around different things.

That at least wraps the idea into words. I however do not have an idea of how I'm structured. I don't even know what categories to think in. All that this image serves, is to make sense of how a random spray of words, for instance, interacts with my being.

One thing left out of this picture so far, are needs for instance. Or simply put: The entirety of the human angle. Or ... the concept of living.

Sympathies, Social Needs, Intimacy, Fun ...

It wouldn't be apparent to us, how we get there from "Stone heavy". Or "Circle is Square". A question probably as difficult to answer, as it is to construct consciousness from logic gates. Well, maybe that's comparing apples to pears.

So is there certainly the sensual aspect to it all. And it too seem to follow some higher logic. Musical Harmony for instance is an almost – if not thoroughly – universal, mathematical truth that somehow resonates with our being. Although, tastes are in about as broad as the range of genres.

And isn't it funny, how a kind of music could be considered "degenerate"? I suppose there is a flavor of Jazz that ... isn't really music per se ... but other than that

At first, I think, it makes sense to assume that emotions – or so: 'the Sensual' - is a category such as shapes, colors, texture, flavor, what have you. So is the sense of touch one of 'hard emotions' in a way. The two are at the very least fairly similar.

Further however – they also fit the idea of a bridge between the manifold and the singular. That so the contemporary complexity of one's mind boils down into something such as mood, or that one's individual resonance with a tune or a melody boils down into a positive or a negative reaction.

Moving on, there is this fine word: Sense. It's basically like emotion in that it bridges the gap between the singular and the manifold – but for the most part in a more restrictive manner. Isolating things from the whole – as to so: Make sense of something. Generally it would be difficult to argue that sense and emotions aren't somehow linked – as it also seems as though 'sense' is a kind of feeling in its own right.

"Making Sense" might further be at the heart of Comedy – so at least in a society deeply troubled by a significant lack thereof; Though even beyond that, there certain is something about the relief it brings to a tension of confusion or puzzledness and contemplation. At which point we might also think about catharsis.

Eventually it is rather fundamental. I must think of the fun and joy of games that revolve around construction. Or when in a card-game things just come together and one can "pop off" as it were.

And so we come to the concept of "baking".



Magic:The Gathering – Incubation Druid

It is a thing I've thought of for a while. I've tried to write about it a couple of times. But so far I had to rewrite this whole Chapter, in the hopes I might be able to explain it properly, eventually.

The term, in this context, at first, certainly holds synergy with the Bible – in that God created man from Clay. Clay is thereby malleable, may however dry out and become brittle, yet when 'baked' it becomes solid and at least somewhat resilient.

The concept in spiritual terms is to imply, that at some point we would individually have grown to a point beyond which a certain part or certain parts of us became consolidated. Certainly, eventually, also on a social level – at least somehow, as the social compound does most likely not really work as identical to the individual spirit. There is however the divine side to this also.

There so is the matter of maturity – and along those lines we may wonder, what scope of awareness an individual must have in order to become a "self-consistent Character". Or: To become "self-aware" as to have a 'sense' of self. So, per chance, that the individual is no longer only consequence to events and happenstance, but also causally self-determined.

On the other side of that, well, the antagonist within me is always very keen to push the narrative of how we might change ourselves. To per chance completely re-invent ourselves. Maybe one might think of making people gay or straight or trans or whatever – or of arguing against the belief that we are who we are, so-to-speak. Because, by that narrative, we aren't but what we make of ourselves. That part sure holds true either way – though based on entirely different premises; Thus also speaking of an entirely different range of possibilities.

My understanding of individuality is predicated on the belief that we don't really get born as blank slates – but also that we, as who we are, retain a semblance of who we used to be in how different things affected us. To eventually speak of dents perhaps, akin to gravity wells, on an otherwise even plane. Or to just toss the concept of an 'even plane' out of the window entirely.

To that idea, the suggestions that we're just blank slates or could rearrange ourselves villy nilly comes in as almost vile and insulting. As, probably, because the only reason to insist on it – were to insist on others to be more like you wished them to be. Eventually there's also a fear associated to it, or an inability to reconcile individual faults with the greater good. But clearly also the Biblical demand to 'repent'; Though, the Bible isn't really taking a strong position one way or another. Like so does it consistently favor people who basically just so happen to be particularly good or righteous in the eye of God. At least ... "for a human" let's say. Also did Jesus not 'set' Judas straight – nor did God ever implement a Plan of Uniformity. Instead there's this ominous "Plan of Salvation".

But so we pray: Forgive us our sins ... and deliver us from evil.

It overall implies as much as that our individuality does in-deed amount to a bit of a problem ... here and there. But so the argument might go, that we can change ourselves entirely – but we must do so on our own such that the result is still ... of ourselves, or individual.

I however consider that ... reckless or naive.

Now, it might be difficult to make a case in regards to what part of us remains beyond the threshold of death or rebirth – but I want to at least imply that there has to be *something*. Some kind of deeper Character that emanates more and more as we grow older. Something that isn't universally good or bad, but somehow part of the mess that we're dealing with.

To that end, we – if we want to be proper about it – need to understand what concepts and categories to think in. So, what is the individual – what's the 'sense of self' that resides within and to which extent is it able to grow and change?

One thing that stories make clear to me is, that at occasion an individual will attain an insight – some kind of epiphany perhaps – that thoroughly changes them, transforming their behavior. Maybe even to an extent that they become unrecognizable to those that knew them before. That however not necessarily to the better.

Epiphanies aside – it might be best to suggest to 'you', the reader, to at first go inward and find that 'sense of self' - however vague it may be – and then try to change it.

And what to look out for? Well – certainly: The things you cannot or do not want to change. Well, sure – ignoring things like breathing, going to work, bathing/showering – but beyond that, what's left?

What makes you you – is on the one side as mundane as that. You doing the things you ought to do based on what you think matters. That is you. What makes you you in comparison to others however, I'd argue tends to get a loooot more nuanced – and isn't really about doing the things that ought to be done anymore. All of a sudden we're so talking about bravery, introvertedness vs. extrovertedness, civic duties, honesty, Character, a sense for business, greed, benevolence, sympathy, empathy, "common sense"; And some of those things would be more and others less intrinsic to the individual.

So would there be convictions that some of your behavior is based on. Those may in deed be fed by your personality; And well – this is where we come back to the topic here. Or, a topic adjacent to what my topic here is. Let's say ... shopping carts. The general common sense consensus were, that you return your shopping carts. Here in Germany we have a deposit system – I don't know which other countries do the same – so if you want your Euro back, you put your cart back. For, as it stands it would seem that some people think they're better than others – and hence



entitled to NOT return their cart. And if people can't employ themselves to overcome that conviction of theirs, based on whatever, what ... makes you think that people ought to change their sexual orientation or gender expression?

I would assume that Americans were to then go and employ the narrative of freedom and individual responsibility; To say that employing a system that puts people under duress to return their carts is bad; And oh no – the economy would probably collapse also because a lot of money had to be expended to upgrade the old shopping carts to shopping carts with chains. To basically say nothing more or less than that it's OK to be an asshole. Which is ... part of the American Dream it seems.

Then, "to be fair", people have probably already gotten used to people just ... leaving their carts where ever. It's probably just part of their culture. And yea, I would say that the presence of wildlife is one of the more positive flavors of US American culture.

What I want to say is something as mundane as Shopping Carts still have the potential to be deeply political – as for us to ask the deeper existential questions.

But what to do with it? I mean, conservatives probably don't believe that people can change, that people are inherently better or worse; And their efforts are to give people the illusion of self-improvement while tightening the screws on those that won't fall in line.

And yea, it is technically the way of things.

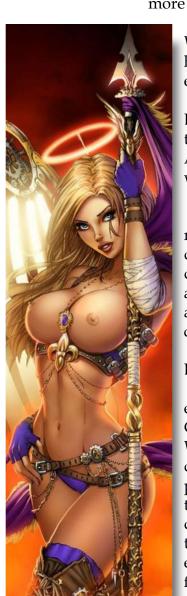
Except that the point I was going to make is, that it isn't that hard to return your Shopping Cart. Some therapists love to say that laziness doesn't exist – so, perhaps its pride or some superiority complex that does it, or perhaps the need to maintain a sense of personal freedom and wellbeing. To not be "shackled" to the civic duties of shopping at a mall. So, let's call that 'dutyphobia'. An internal aversion against complying with 'civic duties'.

Does dutyphobia align with Clarity?

In reality – sure. Except ... not really. That because at first each and every quirk of our "core Character" does align with Clarity – but Clarity is when God comes in and adds His Light to that structure.

What dutyphobia then would amount to is more along the lines of duty-bound privilege. So does a surgeon have the duty-bound privilege to side-step certain duties that are instead relegated towards assistant workers. So is there a certain stress associated with duties – and in an ideal case we'd understand to properly distribute the overall load of stress. But more to the point are we differently equipped to deal with stress. I might have joy in things that others find to be stressful. And – how would I even begin to go about changing that?

I would argue that – at least in this day and age – we have a difficult enough time to figure out where our individual boundaries are; And are probably still a good way away from figuring out what constitutes them. Well, what I share here is something towards that end –



Edit by Unknown. Original Art: "Joan of Arc" by Dawn McTeigue

but I'd argue that therapists are aside of that the closest thing we have in terms of 'experts' on the matter. One of the challenges probably being that medication is often enough just the easier route, versus fundamentally changing society.

Uhm ... so, I have the personal experience that I react somewhat allergically to the concept of changing certain aspects of myself that I would bring up at occasion.

Maybe because I've spent a lifetime "being" or trying to realize the one or the other thing – at least by extension of certain base assumptions – Or otherwise the shift from being confused over into Clarity came enough with a shift in values – that I merely ... or ... hmm.

Well – I guess on the surface then I 'merely' do have a deep aversion against returning into that "before state" - but underneath that there's also a lot of value ... in terms of general wellbeing, fulfillment and and and ... that I've found in this "now state", that I'd ... hmm. It certainly feels as though I'd have to cut out a part of my self, as opposed to just "letting go" - to get into that before state. And a part of that is certainly the awareness of this now state. Something that I have internally always gravitated towards – although being reluctant to acknowledge any of that. Having come around acknowledging a few things eventually had the effect that I would acknowledge those things – to say that I had to basically "come around" my own biases in order to resolve them. And a lot of that is due to fear from social stigma. So was I, regarding my transition, deeply scared of how I might look and all the prejudice one, including myself, might have of coming out *nonetheless*.

One thing being that yea – which trans woman, just as any cis woman, wouldn't wanna look like the perfect Disney princess? A percentage maybe, but overall – I'd argue that we all somehow gravitate towards an ideal that only a few actually get to live out.

But to so cut a long story short: Underneath it all is the matter of belief. Belief being a kind of 'strength' that is semi-freely available to us. Deep convictions, emotional attachments; Things that generally align with strong emotions – those are instances of a kind of depth.

In that sense is there 'strength of experience' regardless of the 'amount' of instances thereof. It is as ... direct discrimination versus indirect discrimination. Say – if there's a 50% racial bias somewhere – the discriminated party may experience enough thereof as though it were direct discrimination; Though in direct comparison it doesn't 'weigh up'. Either way however we may get more and more emotional over certain things – and letting go should basically be part of any advisable reality check. Yet, as the human spirit is in part 'Truth' - it ought to be capable of accumulating this kind of "depth" - as experiences – and that's that.

Can we unwind? Per chance. But do we regain things merely as part of the passive tensions that make up our Character? I would say so! We can however certainly adapt – change in face of convictions – and at least temporarily step outside of ourselves for this or that reason. At the end of the day I am however convinced that we need God to really ... help us overcome to struggles of the Mangle.

4 – Perfect Truth, Imperfect Reality INTERLUDE

Now that there isn't a lot to be said anymore – and I'm on my way into the final stretch of Clarity related items I mean to share for completion's sake – maybe a little recap is in place. After all – at this point the original script is mostly just stuff I've already covered; But somehow I can't bring myself to just skip ahead.

The topic of Clarity so far can be split into two major sub-topics. The one concerns its nature. So, how it interacts and relates to the human spirit, mind and psyche – which includes how God reacts to our individual Spirit in the ninedom – and what implications its presence has on us. We can also call this "the Organic angle". The other then concerns its structure. We might call it the 'structural' angle, but it might make more sense to call it "the Individual angle"; For here do we get to the expression – which would mostly relate to its structure, but next to some aspects we might recognize as common, would also imply a lot of things that are more specific to the individual.

The Organic angle so is about the understanding by which we can regard its presence – and the Individual/Structural one about the individual forms of its emergence.

Between the two exists a third sub-topic, which we may call "the Social angle". Since it is however predicated on the other two, it eventually just comes as a side-note. But I also can't speak of it from experience – and so does it at least for now only highlight God's omnipresence as an aspect to be considered. Or should we call it 'interpersonal existence'? Omnipersonality might do.

As a fourth item, we might also want to regard "the Philosophical angle". It is as the Social one predicated on both aspects; Though in sense and meaning perhaps most aligned to the Organic one.

And so could we also find a fifth one, similar to the fourth but more in line with the Individual angle. So, technically the Marital angle, but assuming that not all of it would always be defined by marriage, "the Metaphysical angle" might be the more valid way of phrasing it.

The main focus here has been the Individual angle. Here I came to look at some of my real life experiences relative to it, to then construct an understanding about the Organic angle while maintaining the narrative of the Individual angle.

Eventually then the Organic angle moved into the foreground; Moving on to mention aspects of the other three in reference to various Individual forms.

~give or take~

Thereby, for the most part, I would describe Clarity as a thing I got a lot out of – for my ... personal self we might say. One thing for instance being validation – not however regarding a sense of self that I had, but one that yet had to emerge.

So did I first have to learn that certain aspects of myself that I didn't think could be valid in the Light, were in deed valid in the Light – and understanding that they're valid in the Light allowed me to realize *who I was*.

This line of thinking – or what is implied within these sentences – corresponds to the Organic angle. In my case one would so have questions as to whether that is because "it's sexual" – and the answer would be "yes" … in as far as I →am← 'that' sexual. And those matters are then further expressed by the Individual angle.

The pivotal element thereof is 'the Ignition' - from which we yield the Label ("Name", 'Word') of our Clarity.

The gist so was that I had a variety of "understandings" that could have amounted to a Clarity, but after I came to a better understanding of my sexual self – that turned out to be the one that did it for me.



I have no clue how to properly credit the involved artists and models unless it's watermarked on the image. So, let's just say that at this point the artists are God and myself - as God is duely the Creator next to what little artistry is involved in presentation of the material.

So is my Clarity effectively an understanding of my Self regarding things I enjoy – accumulating into a structure expressing the highest order of personal alignment between myself, God and society.

This understanding comes in form of structures that manifest between one's own understanding as it forms and the Light's interactions with it. These have relevance in relativity to each other – as per the understanding they contain – the "primary" one being "the Clarity Diagram" which simply expresses a finalized understanding of "the Label". Another pivotal element is 'the Spine' - effectively a "Core Identity", a.k.a. how I experience myself in contrast.

Eventually I further came to account for Three Core Experiences called 'Seals'. These are layered experiences that stand out among the rest – even more so the more they grow. At the basis they describe concepts that have quality meaning for myself; While at higher Levels they integrate with other aspects of my Clarity. This involves social conditions such as relationships but also internal conditions such as alterations to how my mind functions.

Oh yea – through interaction with the Light, or rather as blessing from the Divine, Clarity doesn't only enhance my understanding of myself – but further optimizes the very truth of myself, yielding a higher degree of perfection.

Ultimately my Seals also exist in form of Items, a brand or flavor of "Clarity Stuff"/Light that takes shape in form of wear (clothing, equipment) that I experience as things that are actually there – although in a somewhat transcendental way.



Photo Credit (Original Image): OceansFotos (?)

Central to the Individual angle are narratives. They essentially provide most of the meaning concerning how individual items and facets connect and relate. While these constitute a whole, they also provide a more narrow focus on individual things – which overall yields multiple identities regarding a variety of

conditions. These are eventually summed up in a Chart, the Crest Chart, which is to resemble some sense of completion.

Hereby one thing that was important to mention concerns a sense of imperfection regarding the process of describing or expressing these structures. One aspect thereof concerned my own mangle in correspondence to the Light; Another supposes an inherent degree of incompleteness due to a lack of social references.

Respectively are some terms and definitions still vague; Thus all formal expressions can be described as "impressionistic" in kind.

Another core concern herein has been regarding my inner tendencies towards what we might call "dark pleasures". It thereby and at all has been worth noting, that I regard 'desires' as something negligible, if not harmful.

We could say, that Clarity thereby presents itself as an implicit condition – and that its validity, so for instance concerning its individual aspects, is relative to environmental factors that can synergize with it.

Concerning matters such as Rape and Despair the matter is generally thought of as one involving mental conditions that impose a corresponding reading upon a situation; While matters such as Mutilation/Death and Child-Abuse are regarded as more extreme versions of the former. Thereby it is assumed, that the latter manifest in me as an extreme potential of my condition; Whereby considerations reach into the distant reaches of the Eternal Afterlife. Solutions have been offered concerning the question of their practice – and whether or when they might be viable is a different story.

A pivotal realization of mine regarding those things is, that I am somewhat handicapped to properly address these things. Due to how the mind-altering aspects of Clarity influence me; Am I internally incapable of rejecting the extremes. I've tried to be reasonable; And the conclusion so far could be put as follows:

My life so far has been stressful and full of hardships. I feel emotionally desolate and in dire need of comfort. Thus: being torn away from a comforting environment to then endure a lifetime of rape ... isn't ... well ... the most enticing part of my Clarity at this point. (Things have shifted slightly, but it still gets the point across)

A herein shared outlook on the Afterlife also implies a degree of inner alignment and conditioning that is yet to be achieved, for me to fully delve into the darkest of my Truths. ("Not only the end is valid").

Concerning the theory regarding the reality of what Clarity complements, the matter of 'depth' has been discussed; Implying that one's literal truth (Armozel \rightarrow Aeon of Truth) exists as some kind of 'meaning' ("deeper self") that further grows and consolidates itself as we grow older.

In all that, the significance of relationships deserves special mention. This has been discussed in a variety of ways and the scope reaches from interactions with society at large to intimate partnerships integrated into my Clarity.

And this in about sums it up.



Or did I forget something?

Well, probably.

Depending on how we wanna look at it.

But so, we're not done yet.

And for now, there's the matter with my outlook on the future. As stated is the matter with some of my Kinks a bit iffy. I mean, I suppose you'd want me to say something definitive to close and forget. But so one might also ask the question for whether or not you're looking for a timeless answer or one that comforts our contemporary sensibilities.

So is the only answer I have, one that suggests we use our common sense. I mean, in as far as fear is a driving factor of your concerns – it's easy to slip into nightmares. Not the kind you have while you sleep. So do we – at least that's my take or angle on it – want to let go of savagery and usher in a new age of Enlightenment. In that regard one might say that I need you to be able to also deal with what might be uncomfortable truths. We can only 'progress' on the back of change.

Of which ... I have some of my own. So, my outlook on the future is grim. But not entirely. The thing is: I'm in Love. And it's bad. So have I grown fond of this relationship – and I've kind of come to see or even understand it as my sole source of comfort. The next best thing are the other relationships of mine – but there I don't sense much of a space for things that don't involve my Clarity. Which ... isn't a bad thing per se. I'm possibly just being over-dramatic. But ... maybe not.

Right now I live my life on a "leave me alone" basis. Occasionally I drop a comment on some internet thing; But outside of that I maintain a sense of living by keeping myself busy. Effectively there's no reason why I shouldn't be able to maintain that. I do go out, engage with other people – and … things are OK~ish.

But for some reason I'm yet harrowed by the idea of not having a home; While also not really being "left alone" per se.

I might however still convince myself that it's good – depending on what might come of my Clarity. Though here I'm convinced that I'm just imagining things. But well, maybe full-time prostitution will be a thing sooner rather than later; Which to me however means that I'll want to excuse myself and tune out. At least so my mood.

I guess the main issue for me at this point is that I want to feel something real; And that at the heart of it – primarily concerns "my Sunshine". At least is there so "little me" - and ... this is my segue into

5 - Compartmentalized Conditions

Talking of Clarity in a proper sense, takes me to the notion of what I earlier called 'tools' (unless I skipped that part). So the example of the Seals and Runes or the Clarity Diagram. The Seals and Runes I think are more concrete, in a common sense – as they are just empty slots that the Light would produce content for. The Clarity Diagram I suppose doesn't really have a fixed logic. So: Is more individualistic.

The Rooms would be somewhere in-between.

As for how I experience them, the general logic is as follows: It starts with a sense of origin – and moves on into the realm of abstractions. Those being as memories that build the foundations to how the Light interacts with us individually.

So, my Origin has me stuck in some environment that I'm highly uncomfortable with. I'm a female and experience myself as subject to a lot of abuse. Wound up in conditions and "relationships" that I'd rather not be a part of. And so God took me out of there – and in the next scene I'm on a conveyor belt. So, young me is standing there – moving down some dark alley. But not the shabby, wet, cold, ugly kind. It's just black – and I'm passing by what would seem like the backsides of housings. Eventually I'd approach one – and a person looking through a window or over the wall – being a bit like a kid impatiently waiting for ... how do you call it when on Christmas it's time to open the presents? Well, that. Eagerly awaiting ... something. So I roll towards that house – and then the conveyor branches me off and I'm led into a room. "Room 1" At this point is still empty – I enter, move into it, around the corner and another one and there I see her. She welcomes me – and the emotional sense I get from

it is that she's my Mother, I'm her *child* – so, basically I was adopted by her – and that would from there on be my home.

And so what I get from this is, because it's baked into the experience, that I can rely on her as to be aware of and sympathetic towards my emotional needs and/or neediness. I can rely on her to take care of me – and I'm forever grateful for it. Or so. Something along those lines. Here my side to the story is, that emotional affection is all ... AAAALLLL ... that I have. And I don't think that a lot has changed there. Like, I don't think it's supposed to change.

Then so we get to know each other, give or take; And moving into Room 2 I find myself as the sexual buffer between her and her family. I so get that she had similar issues with her situation as I did, but her folks weren't as insufferable as mine. So do I assume that here some sense of mutual respect had developed; And yea. In this room the narrative has me be there for them rather than for her; Though to some extent she'd also be a part of 'them' I assume. There is also an alternative Room 2, I just recall, but that one has so far been vastly left untouched. So, it's mostly just empty space, with some aspects suggesting a religious meaning to me. Room 1 also has a backdoor to "Glory of the Moon" – but, that's a different story. One I haven't been able to make much sense of so far. It's ... however much about the D's.

PART 5 SOME KIND OF HOLY GRAIL

I've tried, various times, to produce a comprehensive map of all the things I deemed mappable. And in as far as not much has changed – those respective places did prove to be consistent. I'd say that a good example is found in our anatomy (biological). While things change over time, generally they don't do so all that much.

And ... I don't know why that's such a big deal for me that I keep bringing it up. I mean, it's valid. But at some point ... somewhat trivial. For ... said reasons. Which you may have skipped on ... I assume. Anyhow.

So far Clarity has been introduced as a matter of narratives. Narratives make it easy to construct complex or nuanced "items" (concepts, terms, etc.) and their relations – bypassing the limitations of simple terminology. Hereby the narrative corresponds to an individual's logic. So, similar to how Kinks are perceived differently by different people – or how certain/some/most/all experiences are valued slightly different even among people who have shared preferences – the matter of Clarity is one that is inherently, as per its purpose, beholden of the individual's

relationship (reaction, experience, feedback, ...) regarding a narrative or possible combination of things.

Hereby we then have anchor points – symbols or meaningful relationships – which exist as meaningful exaltations of things between which the gained understanding can flow. There so is, by my accounts, a deep desire – between one's self and Clarity – for declarative statements that help pin certain things to one's understanding. And one way or another that leads us to expressions. And items such as the Seals aren't only that, but as echoes of the divine also comforts the *proposed* concepts above and beyond most, if not everything, of what is otherwise known.

They do however not necessarily quench the desire – as, or for as long as, it is vital for us to further explore these realms.

And so it may not come as much of a surprise, that that eventually extends into realms beyond these narratives. We can for instance speak or think of "little details" - minor properties of certain narratives perhaps - that do stand out in their own right but don't necessarily belong with the narrative. On another note is there the issue with feelings. So: My immediate reaction or relationship with any one of my narratives of Clarity exists sympathetically we might say. Your reaction or relationship with the same narrative would however be different. And so there's ... a curious thing. Also is there the issue that Clarity, as between the narratives, is somewhat caught up in a matter of necessities. Be it that any one thing has to fit with the established logic, or that the logic has to accommodate for social factors.

So far I've presented what I labeled as Room 1 and Room 2. The focus has mostly been on Room 2 – because that's where like "most of my stuff happens". As far as narratives are concerned. There are like 5 primary relationships. What may however have not been made clear enough just yet, is its function as a 'condition'.

Well. There has been a narrative leading into Room 1. The transition into Room 2 however more or less just is. It doesn't matter. While I may enter Room 1 from a male perspective – that may have just been me. These days I wouldn't insist so much on it; And there's enough room for me to question it. Entering Room 2 however I'm female. And that also just is. Whatever might apply is narrated elsewhere. That Room 2 is associated to my Loved one's family and that I exist as a sexual buffer between them and her may be a piece of narrative, but more to the point could that also just be my reading of the conditions present in this Room. So can I not speak to the narrative with as much certainty as I can speak about the conditions.

Focused on Room 2 I can further draw a map. Though rudimentary it might be. To its left is Room 1, to the right there are 5 to 6 additional rooms or chambers, 5 being representative of relationships within this room taken a bit further. Then, to the top right there's a door which connects to "Baphomet's Place" - a bit further off is "Glory of the Sun's Place" - then looping back around we come to my Husband's place before

we return back into Room 2. My alternate family I would put into the far distant with a vague connection from and back to the same. But there's more. While I would describe this map as flat, the Room itself is ... 3D. Or multi-layered. And here things get a little bit more complicated. By which I mean: It seems to be more complicated than I myself understand at this point.

So, the religion oriented layer to it, that one I had already forgotten about. I mean, I never even came to really consider it this way. Prior to ... earlier. It was just there – sometimes – in place of what I had carried in my mind. The 6th room – is also just a suggestion at this point. One that is however already growing as a fixed appendage. I suppose I was previously concerned of other things – and so perhaps the Light didn't open it up. Or what I now associate with it has already been somehow present – and had I placed it there, that may have skewed what I ended up discovering. Which is however also a way of saying that it isn't THAT complicated. Depending on how we view it. It's simple for as long as say "what's there (already) is there, what isn't isn't". Although ... sometimes what's there ... is a bit ambiguous. And stuff.

THE SPIRAL

Coming back to Room 2 – the condition as described so far is somewhat basic. So, (me+bunch_of_men)*sex=this. The room however further has a layout – and two to three distinct "compartments" therein. One of them might just be how I regarded the religious space – and another is still somewhat ambiguous. But for all I cared I'd recognize these three spaces within Room 2 – and one more thing: an oval shape representing a desk or table. Following the narrative of my wedding into this space, this desk represents captivity or sexual submission – or whatever – in that I would be tied to this thing as the men would relief themselves on me.

So, I'd argue that when read as a narrative ... this ... might be a bit odd. Perhaps comprehensible for a moment, but eventually just a weird detail that wouldn't warrant much description. And then there's also the issue of practicality – and here, sure, what kind of desk we're talking about might matter. Speaking of the described situation as a condition, the understanding changes in as far as things are more symbolic. So is it for instance a desk, not a bed nor an explicit BDSM device. So is this alternatively a living space, rather than a prison or some dirty secret. Since it is however used as though it were a prison or dirty secret – it sets a tone for what kind of environment I'm in.

While this may not be all that transparent at first, it also isn't really what matters. What matters more is that the condition is constructed from the elements that are present – and little to nothing else. What else there might be is merely a matter of the nuance of the expression. So, for here – I'm tied to a desk while a bunch of men relief themselves on me – and that's all that this is. As in: All the time, forever and ever. It's like a moment captured for eternity. And as for the thing itself, there also isn't

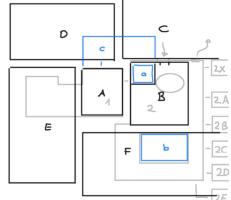
any development other than what is implied. Which, for here – ignoring the 'adjacent' narrative(s) – isn't much, if anything. What it is, is until the end of time and nobody gets tired of any of it – ever.

And yes. The narratives that emerge from it follow a similar sense of saturation. In essence, that might just be the Light saturating an experience to its fullest. With narratives however, the conditions evolve and maintain a certain flexibility.

The Spiral is now its own thing. One that essentially does exist entirely independent from everything else. But it exists as on top of this space Room 2 is conceived in. As a separate Layer – with some sense of connectivity – though the conditions therein exist on their own. And thus I count them/the rooms as from A to ... G or H. Sometimes I see C and D as the same.

Although now the whole thing falls subject to 'Clarity' - this isn't really all that clear to me. But sure, how, what, where, "when" - that's not really what gives me 'Clarity'. It is what puzzles me. And the solution to this puzzle doesn't even matter all that much.

So is there (a), which on the Spiral Layer is supposed to be the Bed in the room. Now I see however that it



lines up with that little compartment I used to draw, which I now think is a different Layer to this. (b) and (c) just echo "Glory of the Moon" to me, with some vague sense of a condition. (b) is on the foundation Layer – perhaps as a Carpet or a Cage – while (c) is on the Spiral Layer. But because it echoes "Glory of the Moon" to me, it also lines up with that portal in Room 1 – here hinted at through the line connecting 1 with (c).

So, there could be a Room 3 – such as (b) and F also share some ... thing. G would here sit next to B with H sitting next to C and D – so, a Spiral. Ordinarily I'd try to make it fit – where G eventually may connect with C – such as B and F share aspects with 2A to 2E. So, that part ... is more or less trivial.

2 - Implicit Biases

If you've read the whole thing so far, none of what's "in these Rooms" is going to be particularly wild. They don't really add anything – except perhaps some nuance. And on their own, they also feel somewhat lacking.

And so what they do and why they're there – well. In as far as there isn't really a narrative that adds this kind of explicit meaning, they are really just there. Being a thing.

Now do I personally have a narrative regarding these rooms, which goes a little like: A is in the center as the most meaningful – and from there things

spiral out – with H being like a thing it all funnels into or is contained by. So can I also start with H saying it's a thing somehow – and from there things go deeper and deeper – with A being like … what it all comes down to.

Well. I had a thought. If I were to impose, that the motions from A to H represent my reaction unto my Clarity – I personally don't have any objections to this implication.

I mean, there's the thing

With mundane interests it's simple. Say your geek friend just got that one super niche item that you have absolutely not the slightest clue about – but your friend is friggin ecstatic about it. So you shrug, maybe uttering a slightly irritated "OK"; While they maybe try to convey to you what's so super amazing about this thing, but all you hear are words – every second one of them you never heard before. Or so.

When it comes to my Clarity however ... I'd think that one of the more common first reactions were: There has to be something wrong. Perhaps suggesting that it is imposed on me.

And so could these Rooms be viewed as "Oh yay, so I get to have this – and then I get to have that ..." and so on. A.k.a.: Happy Building.

A	Cell Child/Teen	Primarily a small room with a bed, eventually further containing (contextual) supplements setting a mood for my Captivity (Sex Toys, BDSM Devices, Make-Up Desk, Wardrobe). → My private cosmos and a place of sexual abuse
В	Dungeon Queen	Primarily I'm shackled to a bed. An openly accessible Bedroom, eventually equipped with BDSM toolage, situated in a Sex-Dungeon (/Brothel). The Dungeon is further equipped with themed rooms for varying tastes. → My place of captivity
С	"Transit" Cattle/Slave	Vague/"Unknown" Primarily a place for dirty Kinks Also: Sluice, Lobby, Locker Room, Toilet, Void → Where I go, I go captive
D	Terrarium Child	Primarily focused on Fear, Tears and Desperation. Non-specifically themed "Rape Chambers". → I'm meat subjected into sexual victimhood
Е	Club Diva	Primarily focused on Humiliation. Semi-Public exposure on stage, off stage, shackled.

Teen/Doll → I'm a toy

G "Abducted" Primarily about getting conditioned into Sexual Submission via Rape. "Backdoor Entrance" to the Dungeon. A sealed off compound (Prison).

"Trapped"/

Playroom

→ individual demand and Open-ended Free for Alls

sex. A closed away room for private amusement.

Primarily shackled to a wall for impregnation/preggo-

 \rightarrow I'm compelled to be exploited

H Mansion

Primarily where people like me are exposed to Suitors. A more or less ordinary/casual Brothel.

 \rightarrow I'm a Whore

Whether it's that or not ... is hard to tell. That because they weren't really prompted that way. Or if so, I didn't really understand that. For all I care, these could also be the most imposed part of it all. But it sure feels like it's my part to the story.

So would I argue that typically these Rooms shouldn't matter, ever. They aren't things. They would however be aspects of other things going on. So, within relationships, between them, such and such – the 'actual' conditions would exist as a combination of things. So might I not strictly exist in a Cell maybe – like that – but still find its mood present somehow. On the other hand there's Room 2X now – which would be something between A and F. To say that these things can sure be catered to; But I wouldn't see much of a point to it – unless the conditions around would allow for it. And some are just more or less … neutral.

After all – well. While these Rooms describe conditions, they also imply relationships; But these follow the ... hmm ... "key"? "basis"? of my Clarity. So, I'm a Whore. So is there on one side who makes it possible and on the other who makes use of it.

3 - A Hub for the Multiverse

MANSIONS



The Spiral ultimately leads into a Mansion. So it is for me at least. And it isn't the only thing that eventually culminated in some concept of one. Previously I've mentioned "Caverns". Those would be part of one. And so I got curious – as to whether or not there might be 'one' Mansion of sorts. And thinking of it, I do get kinda giddy to get back to some Programming.

It's like ... a core confusion of mine. I mean, one part of it is relatively simple. But technically I'm still working on it. Although I actually am not really working on it currently. In part I also can't really decide. And I keep telling myself that ... if I had the proper support, I might be in a good position regarding all that right now. Oh the ideas I had. ...

The other part of it is usually what gets a hold of me. So I would try to create a layout via folders. Until I realize that it's too complicated – and thus I'd need some specific software. So I might think of what tools I need

- and ... I get to think that I don't really know just yet what to actually work on. And whatever the case, I keep running in circles.

At some point it should then integrate with some kind of social media platform. So the idea. Though I have to wonder what use there would be for it. But so I have ideas for this and that – none of which however really matters right now.

But so is there that *dream*. As for how I feel about my Clarity – there is a certain pleasure to *it*. *It* also contains these things that are like neat little summaries – give or take – and … I feel like there is more meaning to them than just what we may hold in our minds/hearts. *Manifestations*. But that aside, is there yet a Mystery to be solved.

So, virtually speaking – on the one hand I have an empty diary, on the other some loose paper or something; And the question were: How to proceed? And another perhaps: To what end?

Anyway. Sitting by myself, tinkering away, never felt quite right. Or at least did it stop feeling right at a certain point. And what started to feel right instead was the idea that I shouldn't stress myself with trying to do ALL the work. A.k.a.: Paranoia that someone might be watching and that I could be revealing too much.

Hmmmmmm ... there's so much Past here.

Dizzying ...

But well. What's there is there.

Though, on second thought ... in some instances I'm not so sure about what's Clarity and what's just ... (a passive utilization thereof)



Fighter) by 'Paulo Barrios'

A DIFFERENT APPROACH

I have used the occasion to take a little bit of a break and collect some of my bearings. The last thing on my mind here was, that I may have lost track of some of the flair I was wanting this whole thing to have. The last thing on my mind before coming back to it was something along the lines of "oh my".

For some reason it's however stuck in my head to not reorganize or rewrite any of this. I'll just check for spelling – and deal with potential agonies over sentencing and stuff another way.

In the meantime I've started some kind of Diary. And much as with creative work, it takes some exposure to the material sometimes for things to get going. And that's one of the things that may have happened with those Mansions. That some inspiration conjured up some mental space for me to offload some of the Clarity related musings into. Sounds weird?

Well.

I've tried to address it at least twice I think; While on the other hand also speaking of "exploring Clarity". And there so is the aforementioned desire – where something that you'd previously have only regarded by a single term may keep drawing you in to dive deeper into its implied structures.

The thing with the Mansions would be that, but from a different angle. Instead of diving into the matter – a space exists for various matters that have been gathered to fall into – and that would further allow one to see things from a slightly different perspective or find a different layer to connect things through. And because these connections are more incidental than purposeful – the whole thing, to me at least, might seem a little dubious under the lights of scrutiny.

And the main reason I would yet think of it as Clarity is because I recognize these outlines and filled spaces that just maintain themselves somehow. But also are these things differently weighted. While in some instances I didn't have much of a clue of what might go somewhere, in others I had an intuitive understanding; And yet other times a place would just be solid. The Caverns for instance. And going by what's solid – I would assume it matters to what concerns me IRL.

At least so ...

There are different "forms of Mansion". I would thereby highlight two – a.k.a. the Horizontal and the Vertical Layout. And while my Horizontal Mansion is somewhat barren – there's something inside of it that's ... there but also not there. It ought to be there. And that – plus some other things, including the solid aspects of the Vertical Layout – they form a bit of a Knot. Which kinda cuts to the core of the Multiverse of Clarity.

But it's not really a clean Knot ... just yet.

And as of that there are two more things. One I called 'The Grid' and the other I called 'The Chalice'.

All of these things are connected in weird ways.

The Horizontal Layout has obvious links to the Vertical – but the Vertical one is also present in that it's like a slice along the radius of a cylinder. Therein is some kind of central Tower – which lines up with 4 Pillars. Those on the other hand have an alternate bottom Level. Which would somehow intersect with the Caverns, but more so with what's "beyond the walls". The 4 Pillars are part of the Grid – in some sense – but more so the Chalice. And that's roughly as much sense as I've been able to make of it so far. Well, following the hint or the idea that there's some deeper Logic

in it follows the idea that any abstraction of a whole will most likely have elements that intersect with others, that depending on what one is concerned about some will work better than others – and respectively that some elements are "seen differently" between them.

Thereby, when speaking of the Mansion as a virtual field one is free to toy around with, I could sure "fill it up" with things that would align to the norm of contemporary social standards. To so have it "clean and tidy" and non-controversial and stuff. And sure, if we only think about neutral furniture and interior design, it's just that and doesn't fulfill a descriptive purpose other than some vague sense of taste. Like, are we talking "modern"? Baroque? Gothic? Whatever, it doesn't matter. So we might move on to add pictures, some sense of living – and here I could sure at least present something "clean and tidy" - but in terms of Clarity I have to acknowledge how I feel about it. Like so the issue, that while doing so I'd internally generate an "alternate reality" of sorts, in which I would fill the mansion up with how I really feel about it. And to me it seems as though the Spiral is some kind of blueprint or guideline to that. As so a set of priorities that extends from my preferential alignments.

Though we can so say, that the Spiral is *the cause* for how I would fill this mansion, it is however also *consequence*. So, while I'm oblivious to my Spiral – I might not care much about those things, other than perhaps by some vague desire I could not confidently make sense of.

So could we also say, that a Gimmickified understanding of Clarity is a misconception that neglects that the causal nature of it is in certain regards still consequence.

So could we say, that the Spiral is as an empty Cellar that corresponds to our individual depths. Respectively is there no freedom or choice to what we accumulate therein. To say, that if we want to change its contents, we have to change ourselves to the extent that its contents don't correspond to our depths anymore.

This is at the very least a model for how to think about these things. Eventually there's more to it, I would say, such as psychological aspects that may in part be beyond our grasp. In as far as we're dealing with concepts, we're for instance talking of our individual interpretation of things. So is it, I'd say, not the case that "being chained to a wall" for instance is an absolute truth that I enjoy – but that within the context of my understanding there is an interpretation of "being chained to a wall" that I enjoy – to the point that it's there in my Cellar. Thereby "being chained to a wall" is also just one component of a 'more nuanced' condition.

In summary: It is thereby conceivable, at least in theory, that a shift in understanding or how I'd value certain things, would change my priorities. So is this, I would say, also the 'soft' part of Clarity; One that however extends from the Clarity itself. To say that my Clarity is the dominant measure for what gets to be here – such that it is still, at the very least, "Clarity adjacent". Or perhaps that's just my impression because I have a strong privacy aligned Clarity. Or how to put it.



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As a take-away is there a matter of 'infinite complexity' that congeals into a condensed set of finite circumstances because a consolidated value-system creates a foundation of relativity based on which I can define my "natural condition" in a relevant manner.

Sidenote: My satisfaction thereby isn't rooted in a biological process, but the conditions that make up a sense of living, we might say.

To so look at my Mansion – there is this singular room at the bottom of ... "the Mansion's Core". That is, the right-most column – as the center the imagined cylinder revolves around. This vertical view of the Mansion is by the way the more sophisticated one for me at this point – and the layer above that bottom room is what I so far referred to as "the Caverns". What looks like the opening into 'Caverns' to the Left, is what I referred to as "Beyond the Walls".

This bottom room now is at this point in time still somewhat vague – but what isn't vague is that this is an intimate space that corresponds to my relationship with my Spouse, more so as a sexual playground; And more to the point where I enjoy *him* making of me what *he* desires. It is a Kink I enjoy at the core of our relationship – we might say.

It's not a part of the Spiral – nor would the Spiral ever really matter – yet do the contents of the spiral resemble a rough idea of what I would personally expect out of it – or how the Kink matters; Though from a different perspective is there my relationship to *her* in context of my Clarity; Here experienced as a heterosexual relationship.

The room above that is basically a large cage – akin to a garden or arena – and the room to the left of that is the part where I used to have a penis; But has since changed into a place of ritualistic impregnation ... of me.

And that's also just ... how it is. To say that I don't see any strings or links or whatever that adds some kind of logical reasoning to why or how that is – other than the one provided so far. So, that these things just somehow occupy "my depth". Or 'a' depth. Clarity at its base would also correlate with it – though in its more generic terms, that's I feel what the ground level is for. Also is there this "alternate bottom Level" which we'll get to in a bit. It also sits here – with a slightly different energy to it.

So, maybe it's not perfectly correct to think of these depths as what Clarity is about, but more as what intimate associations exist in one's depth – and whether or not those relate to Clarity would depend on the Clarity, I assume; And are in that sense some other kind of Clarity. One that more so extends from the greater whole I assume.

And there are probably even more ways to elaborate on these parts.

With the four Pillars then, we also move on to what I called "the Chalice". But first, the script takes us into the horizontal Layer.

And that one ... is barely defined for me. As it stands, it roughly aligns with the "end-point" of my Spiral – and my impression is that it

depends on concrete conditions that extend beyond the more abstract structures and their categories. There are a few concrete elements, such as "the Gate" or "the Pavilion" - which I assume present themselves as concrete to me because they're effectively "bottlenecks of inevitable implications". So is the gate as an entry hall to "my world" subject to the will of my Masters and respectively like a blackboard for my whereabouts. I can "play make believe" and come up with some impression; Maybe a passive truth to it translates into the contents of this book; Hard to say.

So, to me it's like an abstract personal profile – and ... effectively just sits there as some weird semi-chaotic reality. There are Dreams I had that somehow opened into spaces that line up with the concept, there's a silent urge that maintains its existence – and my best bet is that there isn't much of a point to it at this point.

BUT STUFF

The way that this whole thing first came together in me, was I think emergent from musings over the transition between intimate and public reality. So would there be a group of people that I'd be 'vibing' with – to say that we'd have some "magic" together, based on which we'd be able to live in happiness and harmony; But not necessarily in a way that conforms with societal norms and expectations outside of that.

At the heart of it is a very simple understanding. We might even say, that it follows the Biblical sentiment of first cleaning out the inside, so that the outside can be clean also. So is it from within, for instance, that Culture can emerge based on how we *want to* live our lives, rather than letting outside sensitivities determine that for us.

Or so: If what emerges therein is 'healthy' - it were good. 'Were' because at this point it's just an idea. A virtual reality of personal fantasy we might say.

This further – so by how I related to it – comes in layers. Say, intimate, private and public. Somewhat like … bedroom – living room – outside. Except there's probably more nuance to that. Such as that life or living isn't as one-dimensional as my presentation might make it seem. Also is there the matter of intersections, where something private or intimate may in turn become something public. Hobbies, for the most part, are personal matters one would appreciate in the solace of their isolation, but is on the other side connected to a community. Some people would be more public than others – and all in all, ignoring worldly or economic concerns, is it an even playing ground for everyone to define themselves. Defining happiness or how to put it. Implying however, that it isn't a competition. That there is no status quo or any of that.

So the idea, the virtual, at least. Which somehow aligns with the understanding of why "my Gate" aren't 'the Pearly Gates' - so-to-speak.

But well. I mean, full disclosure: On some Level the idea of being a fuckslut that has been drugged senseless ... does turn me on. And I

suppose I need to recognize that these dark tendencies come with a lot of extra caveats as ... we may assume ... "our centers" are shifting "off base" as we grow more comfortable with our indulgences – moving too far into one direction so that a lot of what "we" would want is ... mostly off limits – to some capacity.

So an argument goes, that culture is an external force that is to keep us in check. As we are to keep one another in check. Though that has certainly grown to perverted extents also. So are we to live – co-exist – with each other and through that, grow to become the best of us. As to be what the human body is relativity to nature. Well, if you want to indulge the "the crown of creation" narrative thereof.

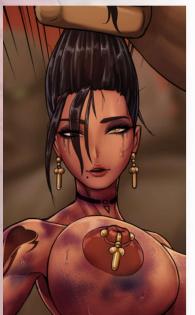
So is it even, that I, on the other hand ... don't like the concept of Drug fueled Orgies. There's something about Drugs, starting with Alcohol, that makes me feel uneasy. And it sure is a matter of the right measure – and that doesn't easily exist in a fantasy where every horror vision is just a slip-up away.

The answer?

Love!

It might not be apparent – and therefore it should be noted – that on a mutual bedrock of Love and Understanding we have the foundation to move on to more. Say, if I didn't have that I might fancy getting pass-out drunk day in day out not caring about much other than getting laid on top of that. To say that in some disconnected vision it is easy to get lost in concepts that wouldn't easily arise from the comforts of a loving environment.

I mean, looking at my life – it just makes sense for me to assume that all ability to live something resembling a life has been purposefully removed from me. Unnecessary Clutter. But I still love order and structure – but



somehow, sometimes – I can't. And maybe it's just an excuse. It certainly is a reason for me to 'abandon logic and reason' - for sure – but it's also that it doesn't make a lot of sense, to substitute love for that.

4 - Individual Complexities

Yet I only ever need to think about why this and that would be – to come around to think that I'm maybe just being ridiculous. And there are plenty of things one might take for reasons to believe it so.

While the Mansion(s) might be more of a thing after all – there are plenty of instances where I followed some sense of structure or

order or logic, coming to a result or a conclusion that's just lost in the noise. And I suppose the deprecated attempts at the Runes now belong unto those as well. And so have I written about "Lighting Candles" - and

over the course of writing this, I've come to the impression that I ended up debunking myself more often than not, just to find that it is without consequence. I mean, the standing interpretation is that I felt the way I felt due to communication issues. Some of it might be due to me having gaps in my Logic or perhaps a flawed idea of ... well ... how to communicate things properly. But at the end of the day, things are the way they are.

Overall, I however don't think I'd be doing this properly, if this whole thing wasn't in the end 'on fire' - metaphorically speaking. And - I think if you can't deal with it, logically, reasonably, responsibly; I can't help you. I mean, no amount of being reasonable and trying to relativize would do - as there just are things ... that would, we may assume, be taken out of context to whatever extent. So I suppose ... I might as well try to own it some more.

So have I started on a Diary, taking some notes – playing catch up – and being somewhat immersed in the matter, I came back to think of the Bondage aspect of my Otherlore.

The Logic that's being followed here is that there are 5 primary Entities I'm bound to. The Numbered Term corresponds to what I gave of myself - to which the "Bond" (or Covenant \rightarrow Bund) is ... given or something. And that alone didn't feel right. It felt like - to make proper sense of it - there had to be more. Something would have to be imposed on me that I had to embrace. And being a little confused while trying to feel for what might be there, or was there, I came up with these terms. So would I give myself [Selbst] unto the entity in some way which is reciprocated through an Influence [Einfluss]. So, I give myself to "the Lightbearer" as embodiment of LUST - who, well - I suppose there needs to be a system for how to phrase these things - demands Obedience ... or as expressed here 'Submission'. Central to that is an item (or Relic \rightarrow Relikt) that I accept as a part of me - upheld by the power I give away. Of this I further yield a Reflection (Reflektion) - as in a sense my internal alignment to this exchange. Which is all ... more or less the same.

The Juicy Stuff here is in the Relics.

Tiara of Self-Sacrifice

Described Earlier. The Light is the focus of one's Enthrallment. The Tiara express this in form of self-sacrificial behavior – further represented through a Demonic Entity that Lusts for my suffering – emphasizing the demanded Sacrifice.

Eyes of Darkness

I totally forgot about this one. This isn't complete Darkness, merely a concept dominated by it. Instead of there being Light as focus, there is Darkness that consumes irrelevant things. Hence: Captivity. The Eyes of Darkness shroud everything that isn't conducive to LUST – thus isolating all potential for pleasure and the likes

3 - Anmut _Bund[Unendlichkeit] _Reflektion[CRYBITCH] _Relikt[Chip] Einfluss[Folter] Selbst[Sklavin] 4 - Dominanz _Bund[Ungleichheit] Reflektion[TORTURESLAVE] _Relikt[Zunge des Verlangens] Einfluss[Schwängerung] Selbst[Tochter] 5 - Reinheit _Bund[Inspiration] _Reflektion[PRISONBRIDE] Relikt[Gewänder der Eitelkeit] Einfluss[Korruption] Selbst[Spielzeug]

1 - Licht

_Bund[Hörigkiet]

2 - Dunkelheit

_Reflektion[FUCKSLUT]

Einfluss[Unterwürfigkeit]

_Bund[Gefangenschaft]

_Reflektion[RAPEBABY]

Einfluss[Missbrauch]

_Relikt[Tiara der Aufopferung]

Selbst[Verkörperung der Lust]

_Relikt[Augen der Finsterniss]

Selbst[Sexuelle Ergebenheit]



within the confines of my Captivity.

Chip of Mind-Control

Oddly enough – this Entity I had the most problems with defining. It might be due to some kind of double-vision. But yes – this piece is pretty prominent within my Clarity and I'm not sure how much more I can add to this here.

Trying to capture what I feel here is difficult. What seems in about right is something regarding the Absolute on the one; And beyondness on the other side. The primary concept behind [Anmut] (Grace, Beauty, Elegance → original English thought: Grandeur) was that it goes beyond the comprehensible. And this degree of superiority results in a spectrum of imperative control.

Tongue of Yearning

I'm not sure how well I was able to differentiate it. On the one side there's the Mouth Gag or what's in the Lips – and the throat always felt like a separate thing.

Dominance so yields Inequality. Respectively the Relic emphasizes this inequality through a Yearning in which those who dominate (... ② …) me are exalted.

Garments of Vanity

This is a thing that I wouldn't have given much thought – outside of perhaps the shoes, which might however also be something in between these and the Shackles. Being essentially Crotchless, Breastless undergarments (+Stockings(primarily) and Gloves) – that would so just happen to be ... implied somehow; They realize the concept of Inspiration. And here now the concept of Self⇔Influence comes to show in the form of an implicit context.

I'm not sure how much it matters. The Relics definitely are there, somehow. Though overall I'm still – I've written this a couple of month ago – under the impression that the specifics or details might change depending on mood.

So is this, possibly, just something to have – as for flavor points. I mean, over the course of time I've come to various "conclusions"/representations such as this one – and I assume I don't feel perfectly in line with it because it doesn't perfectly correspond to my whole – while still, it is somewhere there as an abstract or indirect inspiration towards the concrete aspects of my Clarity. For all intents and purposes however, it is just ... a re-imagining – a consequence rather than the cause of some of the parts and flavors that make up my whole. Constituent pieces ... prisms ... such and such.

The ... "obvious" issue now however is, that these things don't really fit into my Clarity. Or the structures as presented. Various aspects of it are present – even prominently so – existing as somehow implied or "hacked"/shoehorned in somehow – while they might as well just exist somehow in the background of some condition So, abstracts. Or shadows. In the sense that they don't need to be explicitly present for the whole to somehow amount to in about the same thing.

And so I think these things can exist as a more externalized expression – so: Religion – while generally life itself, as in how it's lived (how it "wants to be lived") would take precedent.

But so all I can say in the end about it all is that these things just are. So, as a ... diversification of sorts.

Where ... yea.

So, sometimes my relationships can be defined by magical bonds – as that's certainly where the devotion and stuff flows. And other times life is just different. Be it that I at the time don't care all that much – about all these fantasies ... as for whatever that were in the context of my life ... as it *should be*.

But sure. When told from a religious perspective, my truth certainly aligns with the narrative of things that religion imposes onto me. Here I would childishly or naively agree to conditions that would lead to consequences far beyond what I may have imagined. And since I handed all control over to what might as well be strangers – I'm forever compelled to suffer the consequences of those decisions. And therein I would be glorified in my captivity – being victimized in my inability to object to anything that's done to me.

And so whenever "the Devil" calls for – I'm fulfilled with sacred horror, eagerly anticipating the ordeal.

But what so is simple – can defy comprehension until the things that make it simple are known. And so is expression a challenge if not an art.

5 - Hellfire Nun → Night Mare THE CHALICE AND THE GRID

The biggest issue I personally have with Clarity is that it contains this elaborate World that so heavily blurs the Lines between Reality and Fiction – that it leaves me sometimes baffled over what I hold in my virtual hands. This primarily comes in two ways. Matters of accomplishment on the one – and matters of standing on the other.

Accomplishments, in this sense, are things I acquired – internally or by working it out. Standings on the other hand are things that are just there. But whatever I'm trying to get at here – it isn't really solid. For the time being it might be, to me – but tomorrow I might look at it and be



puzzled over it. Thereby I might touch on things that are self-understood to me. Such as that wants and haves are often enough almost one in the same. As so - 'to have a consolidated desire'. That I "regard myself as Queen" - that's just a standing thing. And so ... As for matters of standing - the Light has a certain authority to just make things be. As for accomplishments, well ... we may just assume that they ought to be inevitabilities given enough time. And what changes is within our ability to "embrace" new things - leading on to the next thing, as an extension of our self.

And so looking at things through the Lens of Clarity – these things come as matters for us to apply ourselves. So – whether or not Hellfire Nun is the correct term doesn't matter; However I'm inevitably going to be involved in the Satanic Clergy somehow. Where Night Mare is just my chosen branding for what I see myself as therein. And I would assume that the Light does support these things even if only for the sake of appearances.

Well, depending on how relevant it is in the first place.

I mean, whether I go by the title of Queen or Goddess or not wouldn't matter. I suppose the only places where it does matter ... are meta. I mean, there is no point in being serious about it if there's no tangible

consequence to it. ... well ... whatever ...

Liliana Vess by Karen S. Darboe



There so is a degree of Abstractions ... between one's self as is – and what one might think of themselves. Being Trans ... is like having that rubbed into your face ever so often. So is this world a place – and as of the past it would stand that sometimes one doesn't even have the rights over their own body. Let alone some esoteric ... alter ego or whatever "pettiness" of that kind.

As you may have guessed ... there's something in my Clarity about that and apparently it's got something to do with this Grid or Chalice.

Piecing it together logically turned out to be a bit of a puzzle I eventually gave up on. From what I can piece together still, there's a root, a stem and branches. This frame corresponds to the force that upholds my identity, also labeled as GROWTH. The branches extend to form the cup of the chalice – and are decorated with gems that highlight their essence. The cup contains the essence ("of me") that is produced by this force – and from it arises a vapor that ... I guess we could say: Illuminates my dreams.

While there is a version that relates to my Clarity, there's also a version I could piece together from my life as is. Or as it were: ignorant of my Clarity. Or so: As it was prior. And I suppose this one would change, or grow in detail, as I grew older.

Let's call them ... the Chalice of Growth and the Chalice of Life.

When I think of my Chalice of Life – I understand that I didn't think much of it. At the time I however only made sense of the branches – whereby I'd pick the background forest from the Secret of Mana main menu as some sort of wallpaper – and Links SNES face would certainly make up one of the gems. Nowadays I suppose I'd also pay homage to the Dark Souls series. Eventually also the written word. Perhaps a page from the Aramaic text of the Old Testament. Possibly some gnostic insignia also.

Thinking of it today then – I'm under the impression that the roots relate to childhood. I'm however not really sure what to make of my Chalice of Life there. Thinking of it today, well, I'm left thinking that my Childhood was a bit depressing. That so in as far as that I didn't have much that would speak to myself. As a last ditch effort I'd think about Legos perhaps – but as the responsible adult I am, I also have to mention the awakening of my sexual self. I mean ...

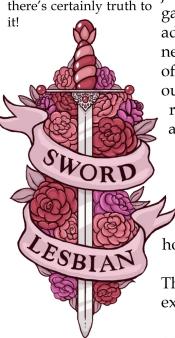
In as far as those things didn't go anywhere, for quite some time – I'm compelled to think of other things then. Dragonball and Spiderman could go into the Stem But yea, with the roots it's difficult. Or different. I mean, in as far as the argument goes that kids don't know shit – all I can think of is the shit that I didn't know about but still ... "festered" in there. The least controversial aspect thereof would be the dream of swapping my body with a girl. More controversially – I was doing bondage in light of some feminization Kink, before I even knew about sex or sexuality, to myself. And I had ... pictures in my head. I was a girl surrounded by boys that would have their dicks out ... and ... I suppose because I didn't know what dicks are good for, other than peeing, that's what I thought they were supposed to do.

Now, those were singular events. Like, one of each. I'd shake them out of my head eventually. But then there are also movies and At some point there was an anime I saw which I read as "girl becomes robot" (though I'm sure it was the other way around); I also enjoyed playing 'being pregnant' - being the pregnant person - the movie 'the Blue Lagoon' certainly spoke to me through the images of the girl being pregnant - and well, sexual fantasies ... throughout elementary school - anticipating the kind of "sex ed" that never came.

At the time where smut magazines entered my life, I was drawn to composing a book of sexual fantasies. And while that mostly followed a male and heterosexual bottom line, I also once got my hands on a camcorder and ... I had no concept of what I was doing there ... but there was an urge – using a thin blanket as an excuse for a dress.

And it is then I suppose through an absence of things → that might guide those compulsions, that gaming and media consumption took over as

I don't like to read of my rejection – but there's certainly truth to



guiding forces. To, per chance, find what I was missing. Or how to put it. And that also maintained itself somewhat. Even going into my transition.

I like to think of it as a withering tree. But ... what I mean might just be that I right now am preoccupied by writing – disinterested in ... games and fantasy. And so, the urge to explore; The urge towards adventure – that probably didn't arise through a passion, but from necessity. Then what talents I have, what I attained from the nurture side of things, etc. would all compound into *this and that* – ultimately carried out through my Character. Which would for some time just be ___

riffles ... arbitrarily interacting with the various linings of my past and present.

And ... yes. What I find for instance is that in my appreciation for arts I particularly enjoy lavish greenery; Among other things. It's like a crevice in my spirit where these things fall into. And therein is a fascination for beauty quite similar to how I relate to my Clarity. Or various sexual pleasures.

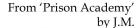
Thinking about my Chalice of Growth, things are however – as one might expect – a bit more pronounced.

For once ... it integrates with the rest of my Clarity. So are the roots grown into a Room – which overlays with the central room of the Cavern Layer "of my Mansion". The four Corners make up four towers or stairwells leading up – which I suppose mix with the four Corners of the Grid but also make up the Stem. And this is also the center of the Knot.

This room at the Roots I also call 'Throne Room'. And instead of the Caverns it leads into an open void – but also into the Cellar or Dungeon of my Mansion (Horizontal or 3D Layout).

It's a white, cubical Room - where I would think of collecting images that are predominantly white or have a white background, to so faintly shine through the tiles that make up walls, floor and ceiling.

Contrasting that is a black throne in its center. And I experience the Throne as a very tight cage around me; One that also presents a strict separation between male and female to me.



Sword Lesbian Art

(hijacked) from redbubble.com





And ... it's one of my strongest ... well, desires or how we might want to call them. It's like I'm squashed by a Monolithic desire to get tortured and abused. And I guess ... you could call this the seed.

It easily resonates with one of my favorite images, like ever. I'm always



Or share it ... for that matter. And I have no clue where it's from.

And yea. If I told you that it resonates with something deep inside me – there are a variety of ways you could take it. And as I look at it here – it also kinda warps in my mind. So I assume that depending on how it resonates with you, your mind might try to "debunk its claim". You might find it difficult to look at. Perhaps you see a different kind of sadness or despair than the one I see. It makes sense because I suppose I do the same myself – just from a different angle. And respectively I see it as ... some kind of beautiful.

And so it goes with them ... Candles. I assume. And the words (and images) to express that are meant to describe; End up becoming walls. So eventually as you ... see what you "want to see". As you try to make sense of things to the best of your ability – probably.

Or so if we go on – looking where my Throne Room takes me going into my Mansion – and what linkage with other places like that of the "bearer of Dominance" there is ... you would feel justified holding an accusatory position. I assume some alarm bells just have to go off. It would be ... weird otherwise. I mean, by telling you these things I'm not advertising my lifestyle or life-choices or what you wanna call it to you. I'm not trying to get you on board in the sense of ... making it normal. And ... yea, it might be worth talking about that. Normalization.

It is ... a danger, or threat. So would the wicked try to normalize wicked behavior – where, if we couldn't or wouldn't snuff it out in its infancy, it would grow and eventually penetrate our society so thoroughly it could no longer be removed. Some things fortunately don't stick, others, well, have to be unstuck.

Propaganda is something that works along those lines. A narrative put on repeat – a friend maybe, agreeing with it. And eventually – it's everything and everywhere.

What we have to understand – or are able to make sense of – is that this Normalization eventually just comes from a minority of people. But because we tend to see the world as this singular whole in which everything is somehow smashed together, that is enough for that minority

THE HARD CORE

So, "the bottom layer". "The Knot". Where things intertwine – but not. It's almost pointless to write about this – at least, from my frame of reference. Once again you just can't feel 'it' - what I try to do here is to at least draw a big fat circle around it.

OR RATHER

THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL

"It" is not a big mystery by this point. "It" has even somehow become the main theme at this point. "It" ... whatever it is. I guess, in a sense, I came here to find out what that is.

For it isn't truth. At least ... not "the kind". It isn't an accomplishment or a standing. It doesn't sit there, resonating with me, emanating Light into my being. And yet it defines me for who I am.

There are many questions – it would seem. It would seem as though Life is but one. We are born oblivious. Without knowledge. And once separated from the nourishing chord – we live to consume. And as we consume, we grow. And as we grow, we learn to define us.

What we define us by, is a different story entirely. A codex. A volume. A bookshelf. A library. An entire Universe perhaps.

We live, we die and get reborn. Even within a lifetime.

And the only thing we're born with, is the craving void that yearns for answers. Let it be satisfaction. Maybe experiences.

And so, between the Lights, the flow of energy, the blisssssss ... there are these caps. A yank maybe – it's hard to explain. Though as chains emerging from a dark abyssal sea.

And I wonder how that works. Well - 'that' in particular ... effectively represented by this gap between this and the previous paragraph.

I mean, there are these Truths, the Light, the Surges. Attraction, Love, Blisssssss ... - and I suppose I don't really know how that works either. I mean, how do feelings work? Apart from the obvious part? Well ... semi-obvious. And sure ... how does ANYTHING work?

Anyway is there this Light – the Blisssss – which is maybe not quite as blissful as it might seem. Certainly nothing compared to *da Love*. I mean, it's ... *cool*? I suppose 'Blissssss' works for the mortal mind. I'd say that there are wishes and desires aligned to that. And by those – I sure could live. I mean, I suppose I'd live ... and the rest just happened while I did that. No death or torture or rape or any of that required. And eventually that's the part of the story that has been overlooked so far. It shines through ... here and there ... as perhaps within a desperate attempt to hold on to concepts such as Love or Peace – the vastness of possibilities – the life in-between, *the freedom urge*

But then there is this other side. The weight of the shackles. The pull of the leash. The bliss of loosing myself ... at least in the idea of those conditions. And I guess it is as though this Light got sucked into a void ... but that barely ... describes it.

It doesn't do anything special – it just happens to be part of the picture. As a nuance, or a reflection in the steel – mirroring the abyss into my being. Or how to phrase it.

So would I call "it" a void – *the dominant question* at the heart of my existence. Never expressed directly, but encased by imagery. Imagery that gives it a likeness – and does, in the context of Clarity, pull everything together.

Irrational and Stupid. Nothing to want.

But

something that wants

An abstract? The actual truth?

Nothing of sense – but yet profound

As a reason. The reason perhaps. It cannot be argued with. It only truth it knows, is the one that feeds it.

Reduced to nothing. Disrespected. Destroyed.

Terminology I now realize aligns with the concept of being cut loose from social norms and expectations. But well ... the ones that apply.

And from there I rise. Reborn. Tied up into a world of circumstances. Hungry. Yearning for Growth. A found truth, one that works for all I know, from life to life.

What I am, what I grow to be, what gives me joy beyond my aspirations, standing in service \dots

of a Question? of feeding a Void?

IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE

FOR IT **CANNOT** BE!

It is by not being. Neither truth nor anti-truth, not a lie ... but an anti-lie perhaps?

HOWEVER – IT YET CRAVES TO EXIST.

FOR HOW ELSE COULD IT BE FED?

And how does it work? Who knows? Light goes in – joy comes out. And everything else – such as what feeds it – is just chaff by comparison. Give or take. For certainly, the greatest answers ... are those ... that don't vanish.



to be a driving factor within the whole. And so, "cleaning up" may begin by considering the subcultural aspect to culture at large.

So am I not trying to normalize anything here – but perhaps a more common understanding of Clarity. With my stuff, you aren't asked to participate. And if you have reservations, I would deem those legit for a variety of reasons. Yet maybe not the most obvious knee-jerk reaction to that. It might take some extra effort to draw the proper distinctions, but I suppose it'll help make things better.

Injection: WANTS & LIKES

I've noticed that the Clarity Diagram that I shared in the extensive Introduction to (neo-)Gnosticism is incomplete. I thought it to be cringe to add Captivity also. It felt a bit redundant. So I made a choice between that and Enslavement. For usually I mention both – and I recently found a resolution to my confusion about it:

On the one side there are Likes – and on the other are Wants. Taking it a bit further we can say that 'Likes' are something that the environment needs to provide – while the 'Wants' are what we are interested in adding to it. So or so.

Therein I suppose we can see a flaw with capitalism. What so is for sale, is virtually available to us – via the Environment. So our Likes are teased; And subsequently we are enticed to interact with this environment accordingly. Which we might say: Is a perversion of things.

The argument so isn't against the availability of good things – things we like – but the ways in which [they are made available/we are to interact with them].

As also, our 'Wanting' is eventually reduced to a willingness to spend money. ... Although ... I guess we might ask: What does 'want' do, realistically?

6 - The Niddy Griddy

As we descended deeper into the matters of Clarity, Identity, Self or how you want to label

things; One issue that would repeatedly rise up to bother me is one of some nihilistic reductionism that seems to reject all value or virtue. Perhaps in regards to an absence of any tangible material worth. Or maybe as a mocking stance, fearful of the emerging competition.

For what now is 'want' - if it cannot attain what it stretches out towards? Isn't that what 'want' does, or is? A tool, a means to an end. Worthless ... without the end that gives meaning.

Speaking of the kind of wanting I came to introduce here, yes, I eventually speak of different 'kinds' of want. There for once is the empty wanting. That is when we want something from someone else for instance. Or in essence. A desire, mostly, that entices us to act in behalf of its satisfaction. Opposed to that is a ... well ... fulfilled wanting. Where if empty wanting is a question or uncertainty, fulfilled wanting is an answer or certainty. We get it if we try on a new piece of cloth – and we're like 'Yes' - as slang would have it.

Fulfilled Wanting so is less about moving towards something; And much more a way of being. "I am" - self affirmation or confirmation. And perhaps that's why the wicked are out [for the Queer and the Libs] - people who know ways of wanting besides the entrapping Lures imposed to control us.

A wanting from autonomy, ideally founded in reason, that would lend us the stoicism of a newly born Super Saiyan.

And so to hearken back to the matter of what I want – where I went onto a tangent about Normalization – this matter of wanting makes for a minute detail.

Like so – is my wanting empty or fulfilled?

Well – in as far as I write about my Clarity – I'm not referring to material conditions. But well.

Originally (this is the third attempt, ignoring the original draft, at following up on the end of the previous Chapter) I was getting into a topic that felt kinda Cringe. Or we might say: 'is' Cringe. And so the work to be done was to get into the matter in a way that wasn't ... Cringe.

And now – well ... I guess what's Cringe, really, is Growth. Growth that makes us uncertain or perhaps even dismissive if not opposed to things we held on to firmly in the past. But 'Cringe' is also an offensive term that can be used to inject uncertainty into someone. So the whole "owning [someone]" nonsense. And everyone that gets infected by this poison ... well ... is to maintain a stoic allegiance towards established or accepted norms. Which means that they are inevitably going to embrace the most nonsensically(sic) beliefs – for as long as it serves.



Note: This part was written prior to "THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL".



A lot of things are, or can be cringe. Naivete is Cringe. Holding on to a belief you cannot prove is Cringe. Arguing Facts ... wow ... super cringe! I mean, at the end of the day, what are Facts gonna do unless they can explode, summon lightning, or something along those lines? CRINGE! Even if ...?

And it sucks, when that happens.

Especially if it leaves you like after a divorce where your significant other got all the good stuff and you still got to pay.

And what do I have? My third Rune reads 'Humiliation'! Even if the whole thing isn't perfectly accurate – it's there somewhere.

And that, it would seem, is also thoroughly taken care of. After all do I have to step up in defense of Pedophilia (with an

Asterisk) – where now everyone who were to associate with me intimately is basically self-reporting. And whom does that leave me with? Well, supposing that wouldn't be an issue ... I suppose: Not much that my lesbian ass would be excited about. So ... an idea.

Hu ... freaky! Well ... I did not expect this to turn into a topic of Growth! Talking about the Obvious!

GROWTH

So, for the past two attempts I've been occupied by an issue relating to that image from two pages ago. Sure: The Woman in the Red Dress. And I felt like I had to add some context. And so I went on to write about Identity – as that would take me to the thing with the Grid. And yet I didn't come to address the thing itself – and instead had to also speedrun through the remaining matters regarding the Chalice. And sure – it's not like there's a whole lot I could tell you about that. Stairways, Branches, Gems ... Bondage, Bondage, Bondage. Done. And it's not like ... Growth is this really complicated concept. It happens. Done!

Though here we're more so talking of Growth as driven by something somewhat specific.

What felt Cringe, was the mere idea – I suppose – or the notion, of 'adding Context' to a still image. An image that works perfectly fine on its own. And so I came to write about identity, things that resonate with us, the appropriation of inspiring material and ultimately projection of personal matters onto these avatars. Just to then get stuck on the question of what difference the color of hair makes. At the end of the day, it's certainly not without vanity. Could there even be more to it?

There certainly is one in that ... different looks yield different reactions. And that again changes the interaction. At least on some level. Though however I dyed my hair ... it wouldn't change me for who I am. But perhaps which parts of me get to do the talking. At least on some

Level. And I wonder why it took me so long, returning to it month later, to just spell it out.

Well, having been confused over what to write here – I've really been stuck on the topic of wanting. And at the end of the day I don't think I can fully do it justice. But, I suppose it is fair to say, for a start, that it is a wildly nuanced thing. It has to be – as it is by which we navigate the wealth of information, impressions – to name a few – we're exposed to, submitted to, in control of We want what we want. Sometimes there's logic and reason to it, but sometimes it's just more fun to just do something. I mean, else we might as well just eat bread and drink water.

Well – OK, so there is taste. It somehow corresponds to whatever is going on in our brains and "feel good" reasons are valid. OK, cool. I mean, it sure is a huge part of it. Trying to not be miserable

But rather than just the thing that gets us moving, the thing by which we act, there's a deeper layer. Wanting as a condition, as eluded to somewhat here and there.

And since there isn't a lot of substance on this page ... in any script I suppose ... perhaps "a word from our Sponsor" ...

Though the central theme in here is of a Fall from Grace into a Condition of Enslavement to Darkness ... there are many themes to choose from; One being that "there are no Slaves in Zion".

Now, beholding the truth of it reveals the *insidious* part, which is that I therefore am not to be enslaved by societal norms that don't work for me. And that is also an angle for talk about Hell.

Naturally one could extrapolate this saying into realms of nonsense. In that regard we may then look into the realms of Darkness, where enslavement is somewhat normal. And whether it is *real enslavement* or not also depends on how far you want to take the "*matrix of demand*", although in some sense you couldn't take it far enough even – without also accounting for the absolute.

If you want the ultimate of it – you're just being naive, but maybe it helps the mortal mind to fathom it.

I mean, the context for what I'm telling you in here may be shifting between freedom and captivity – such that I have to remark, from time to time, that there are no Slaves in Zion. Or for now imply that part of the 'magic' is, that we don't know just yet what a realistic manifestation of these things would look like. With an extra bit of magic being, that our fantasy can still mingle with the infinite; And the meaning of those eternal truths can align with our experience.

The insignia of Enslavement that are imbued into my being however, they anticipate a demand – we might say, so that I'm setup for passivity unto *a scene* of sorts. And in my passive alignment to that – I exist as slave to the circumstances. Whether or not there is force involved is first of all irrelevant. The point being at first that I thrive in this passivity – and in that regard a Slave Harness thrust upon me would align with my free Spirit. And if you

Image Credit: dofantasy.com

so will, that is as ultimate of a form of enslavement as can be ... without ... violating any freedoms, at least at the basis.

And, to fully comprehend this, it might be necessary to unlearn binary thought patterns. That being what would lead us to stupid decisions. That so the opposite of X is Y and if X doesn't work, Y has to do it, while actually X is a spectrum – and so the rest of the Alphabet.

Either way is there so this issue between what we might call 'true substance' and some vague "ought to".

Like so, ignoring my Clarity I could pose as a Sword-Lesbian and join the rest of Society with a "screw Pedos" attitude; As it's not like there's any tangible difference either. Really! But also: Give or take. But instead I'm telling you about how I was overcome by the Forces of Darkness which further made me their Bitch. True Story!

But so we're also right back at the issue of how tangible all these intagible

things are.

So, to be utterly precise, here (\rightarrow) is the exact (abbreviated) wording of the part of my Diary in question (I was more specific on which three holes that would (certainly) entail).

And on face value, that's an empty want. Though – as a perfectly empty Want, you'd have to read it as me begging for Cock. Perhaps to a Raped and Abused
Fucked Hollow
Emotionally
§ Physically
→ To be able to take
all abuse.

capacity that is beyond me. And so the story goes, that as one of those Clarity Truths, it isn't an 'empty' Want. It is a reflection of a condition that is of some influence to the integrity of the whole. Or so – it is part of my state of mind. Though when applying an understanding of Reality – that is: Any imagining of one (\rightarrow Fiction), it also constitutes a building block; Where – matters of my Clarity that hinge upon its realization are inaccessible, depending on how real it could be, potentially leaving some silent urge, possibly wound up in confusion of one sort or another.

In other words; And so in sense of the context; We may ask how empty it is, if its presence is integral to my identity. But also how it exists, as part of my being, if sexual ideas were as far removed as possible. Weird *perversions* were my guess.

That however are the deeper considerations regarding Growth. If one were to be concerned of it. So, the question for: How do we aspire for what – and what are the things that satisfy us for how long. So could it be that empty wants fuel us until we arrive at fulfilled wants. And within fulfilled wants we may find peace. This peace can then further extend into the being and that certainly for better or worse. Well, sure for the 'better' - unless that led to trouble with ... the world around us. Give or take.

So ... ultimately ... I don't have to beg for cock, even if my Clarity would have me do so eventually. That in as far as me begging for it wouldn't change anything. Or so: The ways in which I would get cock hinges on other things. Until it doesn't. But ... that's ... kindof the point. To get there isn't about wanting things we cannot have. But about recognizing what

we DO have, in the Light. And there, technically, it wouldn't even matter just how much involved in these things I could get. Life is life – and it comes as it comes.

My relationship to wanting is however flawed. A Tai Chi/Kung Fu expert would paint you a completely different picture, I assume. What little I know takes me to ... let's call it 'the Viper's strike', to lean into movie tropes. So, you'd have your hand close to your shoulder – then visualize the strike, to basically build up tension via the intent, to then follow up on the strike as pulled by a rubber band, rather than you "thrusting" forward.

That certainly is a whole other world of it; But relates to my point in that there are layers to it. In this example mostly active ones.

Ironically this example also matches the background of this text. What I had written here, month before, barely made any sense. I haven't learned anything new either – for as far as the content here is concerned. But I had moved beyond whatever had occupied me here.

For the most part, I was confused – hung up – over the image of the woman in the red dress. That I felt like it didn't fit into the context – and that I therefore had to comment on why that is – yet being drawn into commenting on the purpose or sanity behind doing so. And for some reason I wrote this text – which I had to barely alter to make actual sense. And that is also a kind of Growth. Erring through the mazes of our contemporary nonsense – where, if we can find trust in the Divine rather than desperation over our errors, it's surprising how well things can come together sometimes.

That little "fun fact" however also speaks to the fact that I didn't know what to write about here.

As for the wants and likes – it's a somewhat minor detail, all things considered; Yet drawing a distinction that I didn't know a whole lot of – and so I can barely make much sense of it. And that is perhaps the biggest problem with this book. Supposing that all the apparent nonsense I had to remove or write over contained some nuance I just couldn't properly pronounce – there just is a depth to these things difficult to fathom. Yet also somewhat trivial, except where it matters.

So are words here often enough just approximations sometimes referring to something specific, and other times to something more universal than one might comprehend. So is 'wanting' or 'liking' in this sense possibly as different from the 'common words' as is 'force' and 'lightning'. But they don't refer to external things – abstracts – but things that *are there*, inside. But what so is a 'reflection'? A 'shimmer in the dark'? I can't show you!

Similarly is Growth, as per our worldly understanding, dependent on substance. At the heart of it is DNA – if we're talking about life – or the fundamental forces – if we're talking about physics (nuclear, gravity, …?) - though within the mind we're

Artist(s?):
Melkor_n_Scratch



eventually talking about desires. Desires substantiated by knowledge per chance. "To know what you want" as it were. But the mind, by default, doesn't have that knowledge. Nor does existence itself, by default, have anything that might amount to anything we might want or desire or like; Other than perhaps the potential for experiences – and what comes with it.

It might then be so, that a demand for "law and order" perhaps is deeply profound to some, but utterly meaningless to others. And so are there laws (of the past) that forbid homosexuality for instance – which is really just Bullshit if you think about it. As, it merely exists for some Bullshit reason that turns a "fun plaything" into dire circumstances.

And to so come back to the normalization of things – not that it matters for *the uninspired*, I suppose – there is the normalization of tolerance and individual liberties. Without it, you're doing a disservice to the complexities of life. In other words could we make this about "not assuming someone else's gender or sexuality". To so not "make someone" trans or gay or anything "because this and that", so – based on alleged indicators of one kind or another. And sure, *this door swings both ways*, we might say.

Dark Phoenix Art: Uncanny X-Men #511

IDENTITY?

What is it?

Regarding the Chalice, or so the things I wrote but then discarded, it's ... complicated. So, the cup is to somehow contain one's essence. But all I actually got are just vague images. Regarding my Chalice of Life I might just slap an image of the Dark Phoenix in there; Regarding that of my Clarity however ...

The scene is this: The Chalice extends into a dark room ... and in the background is an image. And somehow a face bolted to the front of the Chalice – but not really as a part of it. More like ... superimposed as from an alternate reality. And those two, the background and the face, would be the Front and the Back respectively – thinking of the Grid. That is the same Grid shared earlier, although the images thereon aren't meant to be expressions of the 'experienced content'.

Uhm ... at the time I originally wrote these things, I was leaning away from that – to maybe get a closer look at what's underneath it all. And what I found is vaguely a matter of 'Asymmetry'.

Thereby, my own expression would correspond to my own symmetry – yet what constitutes "Blonde", "Redhead" or ""Brunette"" is as part of that symmetry also just my own. So may we think of 'dignity' as it corresponds to someone, and everyone may find a color of hair or whatever to flavors of their own implications. And yet is dignity probably not equally important to us, across the board.

Anyhow – the only thing really missing from that Grid image, is the mouth-gag on the 'Front' part of it. (And the Cage for the Diva).



Well, there certainly are ways to be more specific. So are there the transitions between the fields of the grid, also are there ways to compartmentalize it – as to join or separate fields. Or so is there a *grand tree* behind the scene as a transition between the center and the top (Alt).

Context, however, that has the effect of – well. To me it would be "producing knacks", for instance. Because, I assume, that's how I experience the greater validity of my internal symmetry. So, naming 'Pet' as on the transition between Front and Center, or 'Abductee' as roughly aligned with the Back, generally the transition between Back and "Back-Base" – allows me to experience the parts I expressed in that grid 'in that Light'; And in as far as the experience 'flows' ... it's a 'positive match'.

And what you then make of it ... is then, technically ... where it's at. In the bluntest or simplest of terms. To say OK to it being Superficial – because it is depth expressed through Superficialities.

7 - And that's that

Beyond this, what I have is sketch-work. The way this 'works' for me has usually been a matter of tensions, urges and LUST. Tensions here could be confused with urges, but refer to something feels missing, while by urges I mean some kind of specific goal – elusive or not – I'd want to get at; And in the pursuit of it I usually stumble on a whole lot of other things – and I feel as though I never arrive at what I urged to get at. LUST is then simply a flow. It emerges here and there – and because it is the primal way the Light manifests itself in me, it's really at the heart of this process.

Here and there then I might get horny – sometimes perhaps too horny – but ever so often the LUST is enough to overshadow that.

And one thing worth noting thereby is, that the process of uncovering my Clarity is generally different to what gets me going at night. Well, sometimes I would continue where I left off or fall into some other well of LUST that adds something here and there – but outside of that, Clarity is really just a good feeling I would get out of immersing myself into some narrative. My apartment in the Nexus or room B are two from my Clarity that I frequent(ed. So far I haven't quite figured out how to properly masturbate (new anatomy). It's certainly not the same). But others are more freestyle. Envisioning myself as Lara Croft for instance, abducted and enslaved into a sex-cult's prostitution network. Or being charmed by a villain to pretty much the same effect. Yesterday night (original draft) I



had some more elaborate thing going on. Almost like a vision. I found myself in the body of a Character I once invented, a female Knight of sorts. I got taken prisoner – freaked out at the sight of the town I was taken to, as it's notorious for producing sex-slaves that stay loyal to their captors. To then go through the process of how they achieved that. So, they'd have a drug that will let the mind produce a condition that is suggested - and some brainwashing device would then go to maintain those produced conditions within. So my new owner would ask me to imagine the most I could be where I came from - and the grandest sense of my self that I could muster would emerge - and that would become part of my sense of self. Then I would be asked to imagine myself to be content with being a sex-slave as my captors wife. I might try to resist but the image would emerge and ... unable to avoid producing the emotion of contentment and woosh ... it would become a part of myself. After some initial setup, I'd be tasked to make my way to a certain place. A test I assume. And with what resistance I could yet muster, I ran into obstacles, probably put there in anticipation. Eventually though I was coming closer to the gate - but at the end went the other way.

I now see that I kindof didn't make it to the end. I mean, a little bit more resistance and I could have made it to the "you feel great about abandoning your resistance" part or something, but I suppose I was too much of a naughty girl to take it that far. Which might be cool – but more so I'd want to know ... what if ... I didn't have the (in the moment, masturbatory) biases I have. So, nothing that's gonna matter anytime soon – but yes. So is one reason for being in paradise.

And – I don't know. The thing is also that there are or could be a lot of options here. So, if there were a difference between being complicit from the start or rebellious until the end. But yea ... that's like ... NULL World problems.

Too bad that my pussy isn't fully healed yet. Could have been a great orgasm.

It's weird if you're horny and you can't do anything about it. I tried the vibrator – but, I suppose at this point I'm too desperate for an orgasm, it just ... doesn't fit in with the mood. Another problem may be that I had the muscle memory to treat my erection; And just using the vibrator while lying there ... doesn't really do it for me so far.

It's weird because ... the penis was like an external device that I had learned to clip out of my imagination. And now ... it's like years worth of conditioning went out the window and ... now I have to relearn the same kind of automation or muscle memory to be more in the fantasy than the process.

Artists: Top: Unknown Bottom: Laura Sava PART 6
CLOSING THOUGHTS

And it sucks.

This world, that is. Or this life. At least [by some frequency]

There's a reason why we try to escape it. Be it by drugs, by work, by fiction ... or something else to keep us occupied. Like Love. But, this isn't going to be some speech over how degenerate existence is. Like so, for one reason or another, we manage to hang in there. Maybe the true lesson there is that 'something' is better than nothing.

To be around. To see and feel. Or in short: To have part in something. However mundane. Though obviously ... sometimes that isn't enough.

And I've been there. Facing that nothingness. Or was it?

I've been a butcher trainee at that time. And ... having that be all there was ... made me think that nothing might actually be better*. Or something like that. And maybe the demons in my head saved my life then - for - I wouldn't wanna let [?"them"?] have that win. Or at least that's what I told myself - being perhaps too terrified to actually do it.

But well. That's nothing I really want to talk about either.

But Life isn't easy, except when it is. And so is dying not easy, except when it is.

And ... I'd say, that it is whenever we get torn out of our routine, out of what we believed to be true or what we thought we could rely on, that change is thrust upon us. Whether we're capable of change or not, we 'adapt'. Or so it is said.

Yet I believe, that at the end of the day, we stay true to ourselves. That, because we're in agony if we can't. And it's strange. As in ... difficult to make out a universal norm of some sort. There's an array of things we have an easy time with. We may barely notice that we're individuals, or what it means to be individual. And then there are things however, that are like ... us running into an internal wall. Whether we want or not. It doesn't matter whether we want - because we feel ... that some of the things we might want ... are like cutting into our own flesh. And why would anyone do that? Well, maybe I should probe some of the other patients in rehab. ...

And what's nice about therapy, versus getting told to just suck it up, is that people show compassion and understanding. It's difficult, otherwise, to say or try to explain how something that is immaterial "isn't easy" - and to work on it.

And there - we also only have 'so many' words. And maybe there are or have been words to describe - but, who even knows them? I don't. Well . OK. "Depression". "Cool".

The thing is: Words have history. And sometimes that history is weird. I guess it makes sense to believe that language is something "the

*That the literal nothingness ... would be better. The work was alright, the company was too. But the conditions weren't good for my soul.

אלוהיים

ANNHN

λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ^ἤ۱ χ δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο, ^χ τῶν ἀνθρώπων- 5 🚈

νθρωπος, ἀπεσταλμέ περί τοῦ φωτός, ίνα ερὶ τοῦ φωτός.

φῶς τὸ ἀληθινόν, δ σμος δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγέ^{νε}

σιν είς τὸ ὄνομα αὐτο χλ, έκ θεοῦ ἐλενλήθ*λ*ί

αὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ^{ἐγέν} ενοῦς παρὰ πατρός, π). οὖτος ἦν ὃν εἶπον·

τληρώματος αὐτοῦ ἡ η, ή χάρις καὶ ἡ ἀλή

νογενής θεός ὁ ὧν είς

19 Καὶ αὕτη ἐστὶν [εροσολύμων [ερεῖς χι

Gods" bestowed upon us. But what came before and what comes thereafter I suppose in some sense that is tradition. It's interesting to see how the English language developed - of which we know a lot about because that's been fairly recent. And I suppose it's common sense that it's been peasant-speak that emerged from a multi-cultural environment. Yet nowadays, through the tradition we have; That is: Lexicons, Dictionaries, Novels, other Books, TV, Movies, etc. - it's less likely to change as dramatically as it did. I mean, the internet does a little something to it and that maybe in a sense of things getting worse before they get better.

I mean, I wondered: The word 'hesitation' for instance ... where does it come from? I mean ... like, 'when' was the concept pronounced as a word, for the first time? Though I guess it would make more sense to wonder where the term 'clout' came from. Because ... that's a relatively new one. It sure is something 'real' - even so a hundred or a thousand years ago - but people yet only conceived of the concept enough to make it a word during the last couple of years or so. Unless I'm just painfully oblivious about it.

And certainly, words do help us speak. In a way, they're also like intellectual real estate. Not having a word for something, is like being silenced.

tongue ΔηΔ (*)

word alone isn't enough. It also needs to be used. So the German word: 'Reigen' comes to mind – as one that's ... somehow in my repository though barely used ever, certainly not in the tongue ΔηΔ (*) suppose my English is rather dull. I also don't really try ...

> The more modern term for 'Reigen' would be 'Treiben' - another one that Mark Twain could have had fun with. But so may I. What it means, in English, is 'to drive', 'to urge', 'to sprout'. In the one way. There's also the floating or the herding aspect – and yet there's a shared meaning; So that 'Illustres Treiben' - in any context - gets the point across.

> And so is the 'Trieb' well described as an Urge - be it that of the water moving driftwood, a dogs driving of a herd, the sprouting of a plant or the work of an engine. I would call it a primal principle - the cause of which, the 'Antrieb', may be physical or esoteric. So, the 'drive'. Which might just be the best access to the German word, as that is where German and English agree again ... sort of.

> Meaning \leftrightarrow Sense \leftrightarrow Word(s) ... is a linguistically poor way to describe it, to say, evolution and creation in respects to language.

> And what some might describe as bastardization might as well just be a shift in perspectives. And yet do we again live in a time ... where we can behold the insidious, the corrupt side of it. Like, what even is "Cultural Marxism" supposed to be? But "Cultural movements I don't understand, nor want to like". I mean, "Marxism" would be one of those words one can intuitively understand, but anti-social propaganda would make it difficult to do so. Anyhow ...

Rape, Despair, Captivity, ...

Artwork: Sprawling on Etsy. Artist Unknown. Try "Devil Poster" or "Devil Girls" ... LOL

ήρνήσατο, καὶ ὡμολό Source: www.Bibelwissenschaft.de ένω φα

The thing is, words like these will eventually lose their meaning ... if we as a whole can evolve to a point where all the sadness and terror of them will be a point of the past.

Give or take.

I assume they will still float around in artwork, education and entertainment.

I however see myself as part of a group – or a culture – where we welcome their death; In order to move on to use them for ourselves. We so decouple their meaning or definition from their bad implications; Welcoming their dark nature.

So are words, we might say, "Chromatic in Nature". So, akin to 'Chromatic Surfaces' - the color of which depends on the angle one looks at them from. And in that regard – I like ... words ... that carry darkness. Sadness and Despair, Terror and Demise – but for reasons that might not be obvious or apparent.

2 - Musings about Rape

But what now is good rape versus bad rape?

There's a thing ... called 'normalization'. And in some cases, that's rape. I mean, plenty of people are and have been sounding the alarm over a kind of normalization that's been going on – and the way it happens is that loads of people would start to engage in bad behavior while society at large was powerless to stop it. So now they speak of free speech and constitutional rights – and it would seem that now we'd have to act against those, if we wanted to stop the normalization of this nonsense. And sure – on the other side there's the whole issue of wokescolds.

So yea, it's seems like these days everyone is raping everyone else – like, constantly \dots

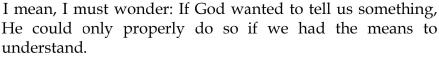
But so is there also this thing: Women have had sex with men like ... forever. At least in the evolutionary sense. And apparently they enjoy it too. So ... one could go to argue that rape is a myth. That it's made up. Perhaps even that the woman should be more grateful about it. To say, eventually, that it's all just in one's head.

Most people however subscribe to 'the Model of consent'. The process of acquiring consent is called courting and the difference between proper and improper courting is one of boundaries. But so then, what is 'normalization' if not a way of courting? But sure. Unless we had a better model, it'd be silly to therefore go and discard the whole thing.

But yea. Then eventually we're talking about intentions, rape culture, etc.; And so we're back at the point where nobody can say anything because nothing makes any sense.

I however have a theory, which is to say that the Biblical word for rape is: Fornication. And in a more abstract way: Adultery.

Art: Midjourney AI



Which also leaves me to suggest that a lot of what we have today as Holy Scripture is heavily biased by what people were able to make sense of and thus recall. I would like to think that there was some dude following Christ around writing things down – and I have to assume that at

any rate the Spirit would do His thing to the appointed capacity. But yet there's the thing with words.

Moving on to understood concepts and whatever. Where: Even if those were given, it further depended on how much the relevant concepts are or were being understood. So we come to the instance of preachers who eventually bear the responsibility to maintain the implied understanding – and I'm not convinced that the spiritual leaders of the day have a spotless record that dates back through the ages so we could tell that in deed they might be knowing what they're talking about.

The way it stands, Churches would appoint Priests who then have the so called "authority to interpret the Word". Make of it what you will.

But sure – so, there's "the Spirit of God", "the Light of Christ", ... "inspiration" ... whatever. ... If you manage to work with that ... cool! We need people like that!

Now: Fornication or Adultery aren't much about consent – at least that's not the relevant issue ... outside of the part where people would consent to doing the thing. Or things. And so is the matter with sin. Which would have it that there's no law against raping unmarried women. Only against raping men(?); Which women can't do ... except like with a dildo. But I suppose that strap-ons haven't been a concept back in the day.

Anyhow: If we dig deeper into the qualms surrounding rape, there is at the end of the line the concept of seduction. A thing not quite like rape, though usually thought of as having tremendous destructive potential. And here we start with the concept of rape as something that affects someone outside of the activity itself. So, not the person that is raped, but a person that is close to the person that is raped. So, the spouses of the people that commit adultery for instance. That sort of stuff. Mostly.

Yet: More to the point am I thinking of "becoming a tool to forces that act against your interest".

I mean, sex is a strange thing. Everyone wants to have it, but when people have it, it's usually bad – which is why there's marriage so we can seal away it's evil potential. At least so the idea.

Marriage is so to say: OK, this connection we can be cool with. Except when it's not ... but so the story goes.

And I certainly mean this with a bit of sarcasm.

Bear with me ...

And so is there the story of the guy who would lie to a woman in order to get laid with her. It eventually comes out, chaos breaks loose ... and that's that. Again, not really what we think of when it comes to rape, but closer.

But so, when it comes to consent – there's the question of ... how to do it? I mean, as of the 'model' of consent, the story would go that the individual is thought of as in charge of their own fortune. Eventually mature and responsible enough to make the right decision. Which is why when alcohol or other drugs are involved, people tend to be a bit more uneasy. Or easy. To more or less regret. Give or take.

But I think we can still get behind the idea, that we in essence don't want unclean things to enter. And the act of mingling with unclean things – be it voluntarily or not – that would be fornication. And because there are a whole lot of things we can deem 'unclean' ... fornication as a free-for-all word isn't necessarily rape. But neither is rape.

So the issue with generalized statements is, that the truth you're looking for is somewhere on a spectrum – which is problematic if the spectrum leads us to conflicting impressions.

At the end of the day, we could even go to put it like this: Rape is a Wolf. Whereby the Wolf is an abstract concept for bad things that the singular individual alone eventually isn't capable of fending off. So is it a social construct for things we do collectively deem bad – such that we are collectively interested in acting against it.

But then, moving on, it were rather people who are wolves. And sluts are women that join them. Such and such.

But yea. I don't mean to say that it's complicated. It's really simple – in as far as another person's autonomy is a really simple boundary to be aware of.

When it comes to good rape then, well I mean, when it comes to BDSM, the entire concept of autonomy is a little bit weird. So would we eventually come back to talking about consent – but that is only a way of reducing the autonomy of an individual to a narrow point or moment of significance. So, something that is easy to handle.

And so is there the concept of the safe-word. It means as much as that it's usage corresponds to a withdrawal of that consent. Though it doesn't work retroactively. Of course.

But, to my understanding that isn't good enough. Not (good enough) to my divine standards (that is). ...

Which is why I thought of Adultery or Fornication.

While my Clarity is certainly full of Adultery and Fornication – it all still concerns an 'in-group' of sorts. So, from the perspective of a Sex-Slave, having my personal rights stripped from me, my worldly interests reside with the group that I'm subjected to. That so in a political sense for instance. Or so for what moral standards I have.

But so ... new concept: Mirror Truths.

For once, making the matter of Rape this complicated ... maybe not cool. It is an act violence – and as such we deem it to be heinous. But there's more. There's coercion, seduction and manipulation ... and I'd argue that the biggest factor all of those have in common is simply summed up as 'toxic masculinity', ever so quick to downplay rape and to mansplain how it's good actually.

Then on the other side is BDSM and BDSM adjacent play. Here the act of violence is usually more or less the desired thing. To the one side of it we can however go down the same road of toxic masculinity – while on the other we can draw a smooth gradient towards vanilla Sex. But so the implication of violence or coercion and all that ... doesn't work, but in an abstract sense. There's violence like this and violence like that.

But so the case for Fornication being Rape is somewhat esoteric. Fornication at its base is firstly about human to non-human interactions, eventually expanded upon interracial matters and eventually even tribal ones. Or do I get the word wrong? However, we're talking about boundaries, purity, virtues, values and all that – and their ideological interactions on the basis of sexual activity. Eventually like how Israel's issues/struggles/interactions with the 'impure' religions that surrounded it led to a corruption of its own.

But so is the way to avoid these problems one of adjusting those boundaries – to so "make it not be Fornication". Which, compared to matters of Rape, takes us to the same "frontline thinking". So courting. While also trying to be a good person – as some kind of side-hustle if you so will.

And ... as a Bonus: Rape – as an act of violence – is, with the Rapist on mind, not much different to Beastiality. Ergo: Fornication.

But yes. Rape isn't necessarily Fornication and Fornication isn't necessarily Rape. But the two are Mirror Truths of one another – when framed properly.

And that ... well ... is that.

It allows us to say that Rape is actually good sometimes. I mean, in as far as the classic heterosexual Love stories are also just rape fantasies. To make them not rape, the story would try to establish that the whole matter of boundaries and virtues and all that "plays out somehow". Or maybe by implying that the protagonist is good actually and the partner-to-be needs to be ... set straight somehow. But yea ... that's kinda where we move into Hentai Territory. ... Talking of which ...

3 - Dark Transformation

Within the Lore of 'Ride of the Valkyrie' - the main focus is on two Valkyries. I suppose they have names – but in my head the main focus is on one who seems to be called 'Valkyrie'. I don't know. So, blonde and pink it is. The overall storyline is that Freya (image→) didn't feel satisfied by Odin, joined the Orcs because they could satisfy her - and by doing so removed her protection from the Valkyries. And so the Orcs could conquer the lands without being cut to pieces by them. Furthermore would they move on to capture the Valkyries to turn them into their sexslaves. And so the story mostly revolves around ... I guess we could say: Whether or not, and if in how far, they like it actually. Maybe in some ways it's a story of coming to terms with a bad situation – but, if so then in a somewhat twisted way; That because it's Porn, which makes the Orcs the real good guys, and so it's more about the journey of getting used to the strangeness of reality. Even if it's somewhat absurd to take it this far -I think it is one aspect of this series that makes it good. I mean, there were like ... sequels ... which aren't that good. Although I still regard them a part of the Lore, what I mean is that sometimes these flicks are just cliché where sometimes I have a hard time digging the "bad guys" because they're just rapists or other perverts that are more on the irredeemable side of things. At least it's ... a problem of sorts. Except when it's not. Which is why Orcs are such a simple set-piece. They don't require an implied motivation or moral depth ...



Anyhow. So, Blonde is usually so ... on the fringes between really digging her new life and really wanting to get out. Pink on the other hand is that innocent girl that really wants to save everyone – but after the Orcs get a hold of her she starts to REALLY dig it and becomes a "Dark Valkyrie" or something. At least so in "the Sequel(s)".

Maybe it wasn't necessary to tell you that; But eventually when talking of "Fallen Angels" we're also talking about that "Dark Transformation" thing.

What to make of it – I have a few lines to replace – depends on how we want to look at it. So, the awakening of Clarity can be considered a Transformation – a dark one if that's where things are headed. In the Original Draft I was thinking of a more pro-active alignment to the modes of Enslavement – maybe even to the emergence of an autonomous ego that isn't enslaved; Which arguably is also just … me right now. And because that's "beyond" Clarity or matters that concern me in here – I regarded the whole topic as somewhat obsolete. Having mentioned it like so would be enough.

All in all however, well. So I started: "

And – in a way I also have a "Dark Transformation" deep within me – and there are layers to it. Let's say: Level 1 and Level 2. When I think of "Dark Transformation" in this context however, I think of Level 2 because Level 1 is just my Clarity. So, there wouldn't even be a transformation – yet in as far as there's an abduction narrative, there's so a transition from resistance to embrace; But the conditions overall stay the same. Which is also why I don't really think of it as a "Dark Transformation".

". But from here on out - what I had written falls a bit flat.

The topic at large eventually leads back to the question of "what is Cringe?". Eventually there's also the matter with "Transformations", or so: Brainwashing and things alike. Like so could we also speak of the transformative aspects of Clarity, matters or aspects of individual truths, delusions, etc.. And maybe also the thing about the Hellfire Nun/Night Mare (image—by me (abstraction: "Queen of Hellfire")).

"P is for Priceless ..." ...
yes. The Character,
originally a Demon (Xzy)
in a Fantasy World I
created (Cereylla) is
basically a blend between
Cell and Frieza in female
form made of entirely
Darkness (part vapor,
part solid).

The latter is I think the closest we can come to actually legit types of individual transformations. Thereby we come to speak of what we might call "Heavy Elements" of one's psyche – and how our shift in attitude or relationship towards them feels like a tangible kind of transformation. So was I for instance



living my life with a growing hatred for life and the world around me. For once did I not feel like I was understood – while in turn being burdened by external demands that only existed because I wasn't listened to. At least to my concern. So, eventually that was a bit psychotic or Schizo – in that I myself had a demand on the world around me; And it's inability or whatever to comply made me mad sometimes. But ever so often that also came to hurt me deep inside. Then eventually add stress and what not – and so I eventually had episodes in which I would internally isolate myself in a state of depression; Wanting to drown the world around me in Hell.

So, the part where I wrote about my programming ambitions. That is one of those trigger elements. The way things played out in my head – my attempts at sharing my message led to a point where I was under the impression that those who had tuned in effectively required me to finish my planned Operating System/Environment first – before listening any further. So ... "no pressure" ... and I figured: Crystals (that was the working title) is Canceled! And yea, no matter how often or how hard I tried ... that's ... still true to the very day. Whether in response to someone or just a restriction on my own – who knows?

Eventually I however found a way to let go of that hatred. But this ... let's call it "Sea of Hellfire" was still pretty much a thing in a lot of ways. Things I would despise still. And the whole thing as a thing would now be one such "Heavy Element". And yes, it's a theory. But in as far as seemingly disjointed moments and experiences make reference to a central

concept or pool of experiences ... there's also that part of me that 'went through Hell'. From feelings of betrayal and loneliness, to external and internal stresses – alongside a realization of human behavior that ever only fueled this sea with their despicable actions ... eventually made this whole thing tangible enough for me so I could virtually burn people with my hatred. I mean, in my heart. Akin to: "If I could drown someone in those feelings I'm having".

But then there also wasn't really a transformation moment. It was more like an awakening. And it's difficult to tell just what happened, how much of it is normal or natural, how much "Spirit Magic" is involved and in how far my own alignment with the thematic conclusion was a factor.

As it stands, that Sea of Hellfire became a part of me – or I became a part of it – but the Sea of Hellfire wasn't really on my mind. So, I just noticed at some point that I had, perhaps gradually, evolved away from being hateful – as by trying to not be guilty of what I hate myself. And yet part of that hatred is still there – it's ... kinda hard to explain.

The concept of a Hellfire Nun, in all simpleness, is that of a person which essentially – I guess we could say: becomes part of Hellfire as some kind of Avatar to its purposes of inflicting punishment onto the guilty. But to properly embody it – it cannot be guilty of burning within it. And then the individual can experience the Hell it is thrust into – so: As there's the rape I like, there also is rape I dislike. And so there is some kind of separating unity between self and accusation.

Hard to say, but sure: There has to be some internal component that adds its own spin to how things mix together. And all I can tell for sure, is that this Hellfire still flows through my being, linked to my psyche, joined with my sentiments and attitudes. So, there was clearly a) a transformation of b) "Heavy Matter". To whatever extent or effect or whatever.

But so, I guess, we come back to the initial line-up, starting with: "What is Cringe?".

I mean, if the Hellfire Nun/Night Mare (uhm, yes. At this point – these aren't concepts of Clarity. Maybe) were one to throw around Hellfire and burn people with it – you're missing the part where that was what I did prior to the transformation. And you could call it cringe – but I suppose people would have respect from what people on the brink of emotional collapse might do. So, once they stop engaging with the world and withdraw into fantasies of inflicting torment onto those around them.

But now did the transformation not enable me to actually throw fire; While also the story goes that I'm emotionally more stable. So ... "Cringe"! But so a general throughline here: External Reality doesn't matter. Pretty much like Clarity is about internal conditions – this part of the story of self-actualization and realization is an internal one. One of finding peace with yourself, God, the world around you – that sort of thing if I missed something. And as for what tangible consequences there are to that, well, they would only affect me at first. So as a matter of my sensibilities, attitude regarding certain things ... so: Character. Eventually,

Proximity to Kinks of Death and Suffering were definitely the intellectual origin and *probably* presented "the Matrix" for this development.

A.k.a.: That would be the other way this could go ... to say: Yes, it's bad! And the individual sure has a part in taking it there.

Although I'd say ... peace is a relative term here.

so taken as a fantasy, the matter of the Hellfire Nun is a coping mechanism. And for what punishment I might inflict – it's a common power noted in the Bible as: If we forgive those that wrong us, we pile charcoal upon their heads – or something along those lines.

So is my story one of that Sea of Hellfire and some peace I found with it. And yea, I suppose some of my more aggressive ... positions are a direct consequence thereof.

And sure – maybe that means that I have a higher authority to speak of certain things; It's not that it matters! More to the point is a part of this higher authority – if we want to phrase it that way – the ability to convey the inherent truths thereof. Or so: The removal of my own guilt from the things that got me upset. Or so: To see what I could do better; And to bear the burden that comes with other people's stupidity.

And I guess compared to before then – I'm a vastly different person now. And this transformation is somewhere at the heart of it. In part that may even be why I'm still here in the first place. If it matters. But so do I nowadays rather look for my own guilt – to see what I can do better; And to maintain my responsibilities within a scope that I can handle. Which means that I on the flipside have a sense of what I quite frankly need not be bothered about. And yea, maybe there's space for improvement there. But I'm working on it. Sometimes. Sortof. Let's say ...

But so ... this isn't really a 'Dark' Transformation. I'd say. It is what it is – which is, probably, that things that would matter to me were present in form of "Heavy Elements" - but they wouldn't come together properly while I wasn't there yet.

Which I would say is furthermore something about worthiness. To say, perfect worthiness – as some would have it – involves things we might not even be capable of dreaming of ... starting out. In that regard, there's always only "as good as it gets" - and when that's enough, it's enough. Like, I would say: A promise, concerning the steps that follow, if you're ... up for the task or challenge. A.k.a.: "How *REAL* are you?"

And that's that.

Where ... on the other hand there's now the thing with my "Level 2" - which is, also somewhat misleading ... was the point.

So, again on the topic of "What's Cringe?" there's truth – and there's ... assumptions. Like so the assumption that being a Sex-Slave is something 'less than'. It's undesirable and what not. So obviously there would have to come something of it – like a paycheck. And sure ... it's undesirable ... if the folks that get to be on the other side of it are assholes. Or what word you wanna pick. I mean, if the point were to make me not wanna want what I'd want ... sure. There probably are ways to go about it. I'm sure ... if we want to abandon the nuance of what 'exactly' it is that I want ... it'd be rather easy.

But yes. For shit's and giggles there's a Level 2 – a.k.a. me coming out at the other end – which is really just ... back to 0 except ... a different

backdrop I suppose. I mean ... I suppose we can be more nuanced about it. Talking of pressures and potentials and alignments – like, what once my submissiveness turns into dominance? So, once I'm so attuned to the abuse that my confirmation of it becomes dominant? So – evolving from Sex-Slave to Slut. Or whatever. The thing is ... who cares?

I mean, the thing is that under the right circumstances there is this "other side" as it were. A different flavor of 'normalcy' - but on the other side. And in as far as the no-norm theorem is a thing ... yea, there's ... that part of me that would be "normal" ... "like that".

I mean ... let's say – for that were kinda the Crux – I convinced you that I'm super awesome; I'd feel all cool and epic about myself ... until you started to care about your own shit and all the attention went away. What would I have left – if say, I couldn't

whatever?
So – I'd have to pull some stunt to feel relevant again ... if that were the issue.

in the meantime scam you out of some cash or

As for - whatever it is ... that "isn't Cringe".

And so, I guess the point of Clarity – in this sense – is to BE Cringe. Because not being Cringe ... is kinda Cringe.

Artist: Ryo
And then there are all the little transformations inbetween. I guess, stuff like ... from one environment to the other. Or so ... from Queen of Hearts to Queen of Spades.

Which to me doesn't mean much. It's like left and right.

But then there's also Growth. (Oh my, how ... why? Watermarking an image of the Mandelbrot Set? Really? ... uhm) Fractals So, there's a sense of "Linear Growth", where there is some big goal or achievement "at the end" of it. Like ... turning into the statue of a Super Saiyan. Or something silly like that. A gif perhaps. And then there is internal, or internally consistent Growth. It comes in two stages. The one is growth to Completion – the other is growth of Completion. And I would compare that to a Fractal. It grows forever. As – in theory – it is infinite. Limitations and Time however ... invoke that sense of growth towards an end that can never be reached. And that's just simple numbers. Or well, complex numbers. But still, static. We on the other hand are dynamic, living beings.

And so, in theory: The only stable form of living through eternity is one that is self-consistent. But, be that as it may ... it's theory.

To say, at the end of the day – one has to experience these things themselves. Like, what does self-consistent even mean?

In a narrow sense, it's perpetual repetition. But in regards of Growth ... there's always more – of what is self-consistent; A.k.a.: Works for us.

In a narrow sense, being a Sex-Slave means to be forever confined to a narrow chamber of ever the same. But in regards of Growth ... there's always more – of what is self-consistent; As the width of my Clarity doesn't fit into a narrow chamber of ever the same. Although parts of it exist like that. Like a segment of a fractal. Forever expanding within its own logic – and the truths that define its reality.

But back to the original script

But yes. Eventually the whole thing is "fake". And eventually the misconception comes down to "hard truths" that you might focus on because you can't properly relate to what I mean. And ... eventually that happens to me too, but based on different items. So was I there, scheming about my Clarity – and at some moment this Level 2 alignment had happened and all of a sudden the shackles didn't do the thing anymore and it felt weird. A failure – it seems. Sudden invalidation. So "the hard truths" might suppose. And still, whatever I had internalized to that end – still exists. And getting back into those things, is effectively as simple as to ... well ... lean back.

And so – to return to a familiar concept – there's the matter of 'subjugation' for instance; And how we would relate differently to it. Well, there is a universal negative – and things similar to that. You might think of it as of an act that puts me into a state that runs counter to my autonomous self – but as I want that, we can take it to a point where I'm the one putting a burden on others by demanding them to do so. If freedom, as opposed to subjugation, would be the way for us to go, it would be an out of whack demand for sure. But in as far as me being a subject is just part of how we relate with or to each other, it's not a demand but just how things are. "Made happen" because that's how we Love. But in how life flows – and how we behold things – there's a certain flexibility beyond the static representations.

So, as for reality, real life, this concrete shared space, 'the now' in its actuality, there is me and what fraction of me is dominant at the time. I can act on my own – or at some point I might be able to "lean back", as actress, into a show of sexualized content. There would be that – and my ability to separate myself from it. And behind closed doors ...

The point is – everything visible could be regarded as "fake". The Truth ... is hidden within us. And if we learn to act in harmony with it – the superficial elements thereof ... are just lights and shadows.

Also is there now me, as a person, disjointed from *activities*. As such, in a sense, I come to you here with words. Not to ask you to join me in fornication, but to explain to you what I mean by that. Whether Darkness calls out to you ... is a different story.

So, within the Gnostic Realms then – the story is that we're all united with the Light. On the one side then we learn to accept our differences and we really care much about these great, universal boundaries between our individual relationships to the divine; And on the other we get to maintain our unique bonds with the divine, to their greater glory, in contrast to others. And eventually, well, who cares?

And whatever works >within< is all I really need to care about. Give or take. But ultimately, sure, that's what matters. Which means that I don't care much about how Fake it is. It's still true to the desired effect.

So yea ...

when it comes to 'change', or our 'adaptation' to it, within our compulsory modes of self-realization; One thing we have control over is what we hold on to, and what we let go of.

4 - Of Purity and Corruption

I have been inspired; And so I think this is going to be more of a 'fun' Chapter. In essence I want to so tell you a story about a 'Dark Transformation'; In a sense of staying true to the title of this Document. And so am I going to write about: Lara Croft.

PROFESSOR CROFT

AND THE MISOGYNISTIC LESSON

PRELUDE

Lara Croft, also known as "the Tomb Raider", is an icon. I would call her a feminist icon. She's at the apex of the 'strong, independent woman' archetype; For once. She's true to herself, doesn't take much of anyone's shit – and as a controversial bonus is constantly stalked by some douchebag villain trying to cuck her out of her own success; But once the sequel rolls around, she's still out there doing her thing with the villain being stomped and forgotten.

And so, she is one of my idols, we might say. I like her for that. She's ... a symbol in that sense. I aspire to be her. Or like her, rather. But – so, more on a symbolic level because I'm not big into sports. I might be ... but I suppose not for as long as smoking is more of a health hazard. And such.

But then there's also the shadow side. Or ... well, the side known as Rule 34. Which follows the idea that there seems to be porn about everything in this world one could think of. And it seems to be true, at least for every female Character of any work of fiction. At least the popular ones. But so I personally am not entirely convinced of that rule. And while a lot of what falls into that rule also isn't all that enticing to me, I have some observations of my own. Where ... if you really need some eye-bleach to endure this ... try r/badwomensanatomy or r/menwritingwomen. Either on reddit directly, or on YouTube – by [One Topic At A Time] maybe.

From Tomb Raider fanfiction by LCTR

I mean, this to me is the right spot for that because ... the world of Rule 34 is a microcosm of all that is right and wrong about Porn – and I don't want to dwell too much on the negatives. And we'll get to Misogyny in the next Chapter. And some of what I consider positive might be squarely in the negative for you. And so, if you want to get a laugh out of men doing bad depiction of women – there's a subreddit dedicated to just that.

Now – I don't fully trust my observations; And that because tastes are different. So am I only fully aware of my own – though even that is actually questionable. But so would I for instance notice, that artists that apparently LOVE to draw Characters I'm not really a huge fan of – do also have a different concept of what's horny. Compared to what I deem "right". Regarding what I deem right however – chances are that there's someone who also really LOVEs to draw a Character I am a huge fan of. So that when it comes to Rule 34 of those Characters, there's also something for me. That is, next to all the nonsense that doesn't really do anything for me.

And there's something ... deeper to it. We can call it "the Erotic Sense" surrounding a Character. "The Right way" for sure – to my tastes, compared to which everything else only seems like random shots into the dark. But so – to repeat it once more – would I find pleasure in things that others might find ... sick. And there sure is that ... I'd say. "Uninspired" art holding on to tropes that are nothing but illusory lights leading the way into the realms of "dreck". Sure. Relative, possibly, to whatever personal issues the artist is going through. But then there's also stuff lost in translation – as per the abstractions behind motivation.

And there is a weird ... dynamic between "nothing seems sacred" and "some things being sacred". Sure, if there's a dominant woman there's porn that pulls her through the dirt, whether that can happen in good taste or not. On the other hand are there but a few archetypes, as though artists would avoid drawing "real" Characters.

It's probably difficult to be totally objective about these things. Though certainly is there the individual side and what it either projects into "the ether" or takes from there. And a part of it ought to mirror the transgressive parts that compare to the cause behind some things going sour in the real world. When it comes to porn, that can lead to weird synergies. Outside of it we might talk of outside of comprehensive scope luxuries – as, metaphorically speaking, a chair made of human skin and bone. We might agree to some sense of aesthetics – thus decoupling the thing itself from its history.

So, maybe there's some way to draw a line between good or bad taste – but to account for the invisible ... not within our mangle.

Anyway. A while back I saw an image that suggested as much as a Dark Transformation of Lara Croft. Some time prior to that I had a bed-time story that would kindof go into that direction – and since I've been inspired to tell you more about it, let's do that then!

So, to get started, we have to talk about a thing with "worlds". Or so the context implied within the reality a story takes place in. Lara Croft, generally speaking, is implied to exist in pretty much the real world we know, except Magic is a real thing. So, that changes the context of what can and cannot be real, but doesn't do much for the societal angles.

Eventually however that also comes down to what we mean by 'real'. So, what are the forces that be? For instance. That for what biases we might take into the reading of a story. And depending on our conscious world, there's wiggle room. In Lara's World, or one of them, there's ... Trinity? Some evil organization that's somewhat at odds with Lara (I forgot which game it was) – which, to my biases, reads as the Roman Catholic Church; For instance. In this instance, it may even be intended; But either way is therefore not fit for a bed-time story I'd enjoy.

Eventually there's however also a symbolic layer to it – where so the implied good versus the implied bad/evil will align to whatever we individually make of it. So are Orcs pretty simple tools – unless you read them as symbolic for something you really have issues with. Depending on which things trigger us ... one way or another. I mean, some people fetishize Nazi imagery, perhaps because it's too close to ... things they enjoy just generally speaking. Not necessarily bad stuff.

But yet – some stories would lean stronger into "the bad of it" than others; And some would care to abstract or ambiguate or deny any real world implications more than others. Sometimes however not a lot of fucks are given about that kind of stuff at all ... at which point all components are merely set-pieces for an implied narrative. And that is ultimately where the important stuff happens. Give or take.

I mean, a very simple scenario would be: The bad guys rape the heroine. Because ... that's what rape is, what rapists do – the end. And while I'd generally consider that tasteless – it mostly comes down to the individual interactions. As the saying goes: Actions speak louder than words. Though when talking about porn – and that to a 'normal people' audience ... involves a lot of "nuance" you might not have the nerves for. While sometimes ... Porn is also just Porn.

And so for my story to work, I need to so tweak things a little. I guess it isn't a huge 'tweak' in as far as fictitious realms are concerned – but for the purpose of this it matters. And so, in the world it takes place in, nothing really matters. And that's it. Well – give or take. It's still basically the world as we know it – and so things do matter to people; But there is no great evil to fight nor is there a big mystery to uncover. There is no bigger plan of salvation – it's all just ... entertainment. And so we generally also need it to be the world as we know it – in as far as our sensitivities are concerned. Enough so that our protagonist can be herself – doing her thing, except this time the villain isn't really a douchebag. And so, also not really interested in the thing that Lara is looking for. They are interested in her.

TO BREAK THE WORLD

And so the story goes on as you'd expect. But because there so isn't really any greater meaning to anything; The moral or political implications also don't really have any meaning. And that by the way ... is really a big deal for me. I mean, there is one big reason as to why I couldn't watch Game of Thrones. The Old Testament and the political issues I have in/of my own life(times?) are enough political Bullshit for my taste. And I suppose I can't tell you enough how sick of it I am. It's liike ... woman wants to get laid but has to save the world in order to do so. "Have Fun!". Maybe not entirely so – but ... here's the thing: I can't catch a break. That more so in the sense that within the confines of my life there is no concept for that. It doesn't exist. I can try to relax, let things go for a while - and forget for a while. But that's also as far as it gets. There's like ... nothing I can do for 'leisure', but to seek oblivion. Is that normal? ... [shrugs] While it may however still not be entirely true that I do what I do just to get laid - it is when I write about these things that I basically get reminded of what kind of 'break' I really need for it to be a 'break'.

Anyway. So, in my bed-time story the narrative revolved a bit about magic. Our villains here are part of a cult - and to keep things simple and tidy, the magic in this world also entails 'Whores'. Now, Lara wouldn't know that she's a whore. But the folks of that cult have this thing. Let it be a stone. Through it ... they can take control of whores. To a limited capacity. And as life has it - if you don't really know about something, it can take a while to sink in. So would they activate it - and Lara would find herself stunned. They might tell her that this is because she's a Whore, or because it's her nature or her destiny - it wouldn't matter much for she wouldn't have much of a reason to believe any of it. Except that deep within her ... something ... is excited about the implications. But that might just be ... being weird. Misguided. But soon she would find herself in the grasp of that cult. Unable to resist, increasingly so out of her own, while they would just do to her according to "her destiny". And with each dude that would thrust himself upon her, day in and day out, a little bit of her reluctance fell away. But that alone wasn't the goal. And so she was told, that nothing she could do or want or whatever would matter - but her acceptance of the situation she found herself in. Day in and day out. There was no beyond. No out. Only "yes!".

But that wasn't entirely true. There was a beyond: Prostitution. Though it yet remained true, that day in and day out – nothing had significantly changed; But her embrace of the situation, so that soon enough she wouldn't have it any other way, finding great joy in her own conceived misery. A misery that unfolded as all of her past became overruled by a new, shameful way of living.

5 - Misogyny can be Beautiful

And as for me, I fancy when impregnation gets involved. To me it holds symbolic power. It's an intimate thing – and embracing it within this kind of context is like giving up on life. Getting impregnated before being ready to embrace it also has a sense of "Game Over". Like, you couldn't do anything – and nothing exists to suggest that anything is going to change about it. Someone who isn't into it would feel differently about it – for sure – and circumstances and people and such and such. What tomorrow will bring is uncertain – and even if it isn't too late, *You* as a person have become irrelevant. It's all about ... what is done to you. And you had no say in it – and it is made very clear that the only say you have ... is compliance. So yea, it's not everyone's thing And stuff Soo ... that's also only a goodnight story for the likes of me, I suppose. Perhaps. I mean, I don't think that every woman who's ever had a rape fantasy is also right away a whore. Or what is a fantasy – if it has consequences? Like, eventually there's a little bit of everything in all of us, but that doesn't mean that we're all equally willing or capable of everything.

I mean, as you may gauge, one's own relationship to their body and its position within culture and society is a pretty big deal. So is the value of our own autonomy that of having a say over it. Respectively do we value dignity. Nobody so wants to get 'cucked' - ignoring the fetish.

Being a whore (Clarity) then implies as much as that all of that however is to take a back seat. To essentially embrace misogyny. As to perhaps even develop a romantic enthrallment towards it. To worship it, in a way. To pray for it. To support its cultivation.

A part of it is just quintessentially philosophical sexuality. Or so, one fruit in its gardens. And there eventually it isn't 'misogyny' in the sense of 'hatred' - but just love for a certain way of things. Whether or not that then is still to be considered 'misogynistic' ... is at the end really just semantics.

THE MISOGYNISTIC LESSON PART 1

But well. So, my narrative concerning the sermon of the mount is, that without God's help we cannot be saved. There's another interpretation I've heard; And the main difference is along the lines of asking whether Jesus was being cynical or not. To say then, that 'without God's help we cannot be saved' could be interpreted as 'we have no need for Rules'. So is there a "counter" stance which instead tries to make sense of those Rules. So, in as far as 'adultery in the heart' is put on par with 'adultery in the flesh' - there's the understanding that we should avoid both. Or that avoiding it in the heart is how we avoid it in the flesh. And there certainly is truth to that.

And to be fair – being exposed to this other reading caught me a bit of guard. Forcing me into some pondering about my reasoning – and that while ... I had pretty much committed to an interpretation. One that ... certainly isn't wrong either. And I might further maintain that my interpretation is the only correct way. Or ... maybe not.

But for the sake of argument – the point is that rules are meaningless, at the end of the day, if we aren't capable of upholding them. Or living by them. And whatever corruption there drives us into transgression is assumed to happen regardless of how hard we'd lean against it. Or would



we have to lean with all our existence – while others could go about their lives rather carelessly.

And yet rules exist – if not only as echo to our conscious alignments with the world around us. Perhaps even as an outreach ... something to agree with and forge alliances over.

But so is it not to say that we don't need to take care. So are the rules of the sermon of the mount also just "early pillars" - where nowadays we'd have even more. So, rather than just not calling someone an idiot - there's proper gendering and other hurtful words we shouldn't bother to use. At the heart of it is the same message: Words can hurt!

And so are there two sides to the same story. We could quite accurate say that there is a "Lawful" and a "Lawless" side to it. To the Gospel at large. And the matter with Words is one of ... "the things". Adultery per chance. To that end, the Law might also only exist for people like me to have something to transgress. But so is there Adultery like this and Adultery like that – and the part where we agree with the Law, is where we have unity.

The Lawless interpretation would be wrong because it wouldn't bother trying to justify the Lawful one. The a Lawful one on the other hand would be wrong because once we walk upright in the Light we won't need it all that much. One take is blind concerning the nuance of the individual positions Christ was sharing, the other take is blind concerning the greater story of Salvation.

And both sides amount to possible mistakes that have consequences. On the negative side. So, while my take lets me be right on a very general level that takes the edge off of lawfulness – a lot might be unclear that maybe doesn't have to be or shouldn't be left unclear. And while "the Lawful side" lets us be right in a very nuanced way – it really conveys a rather dry image of Christianity.



At any rate ... pondering about these things ... something eventually came to my attention that ... sums it all up regardless of where we might stand on these things.

And that is the matter of: 'God's contemptuousness'.

So, here and there God takes a strong stance expressing a personal 'displeasedness' to put it politely. So come harsh expressions such as "can under no circumstance enter the Kingdom of heaven" or "I know ye not!".

Now, the reason why I narrate the sermon of the mount as I do, is because there are greater things to focus on. Believe in Christ, get Baptized and Repent – pretty much encapsulates it all. At least the basic basics. Just as the two greatest Commandments are what the Law and the Prophets are built upon, the Kingdom of Heaven ought to stand upon our Righteousness.

Artist: chunlieater

And that ...

technically ...

is to be self-understood.

There isn't much ... if anything at all ... that could be successfully thrown against that. And whatever you could mean to justify that by, were a painfully bad echo of your imperfection.

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels. - Revelation 3:5

And this image here is as a perfect representation of "the veil". There is the foul play that transpires in front of it – full of wickedness, transgressions and vanity. And then there is the blissful truth that transpires behind it – full of Love, Harmony and Joy.

I'm not sure though, if you should see it as a teaser. Perhaps more as a warning. For this is part of what eternal bliss entails – while you may be damned to Hell for far less.

Even so just as little rubbing one off – even so to things far ... far less brutal. Not because of masturbating, but because of what foul corruption might fester within your heart as you did so. And sure, pretty much anything else.

And I'm not sure if this is an ... "enlightened" thing ... to see. I'm sure though that a 'scornful eye' is ... something people can relate to.

Call it envy, or jealousy. Call it sour unhappiness, "saltiness".

However ... corrupt hands ... have no place at the feasts of heaven. Whatever kind of feast

that may be. To say: You have to deserve your seat at the table. Whichever table that may be.

He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.

- Revelation 3:6

And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write; These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth;

I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name.

Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee.

Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.

I like to say - on and off - that we're stupid.

And when it comes to romanticizing the dark - we might have to be more careful about it.

Now do I not really buy into the whole "Seven deadly Sins" thing, it's certainly much easier to say "Just leave it up to Eshem". The story there goes as far as to imply, that no amount of caution may save you from the errors of your own soul.

So is Love, on and off, just self-deception spiked with Truth.

Captivating and Intoxicating. Nothing that is universally bad – but not universally good either. And so is there enough room to lie to yourself, holding on to some vague semblance of salvation.

The more blinded we are by it, the more confused the actions we might be driven into. And what is right and wrong, if you only see what you want to see?

Anyhow - so, we're stupid.

And to protect us from it – we'd generally hold on to simple truths. But if they in turn make way to the musings of our hearts – so we in turn would allow them to be overwritten by what tremors within – unspeakable things may happen. Probably governed by a personified evil, sitting on a throne of bent wisdoms; The wicked nature of which hasn't been spotted until it was too late. Haste and Urgency – or so: Self-Love and Self-Interest –

would inquire us to let go of the safeguards of sanity.

It is true for nations as it is true for the individual.

Patience is a strength. It is certainly an effort – when our insides are in unrest. And within patience we may find – that the solutions to our problems are so much more simple … than turmoils would have us believe.

It's not like Climate Change came without warning – and yet have we been so occupied by whatever "urgent" thing of the time, that it might as well have come by surprise.

But sure ... I am ... to tell you of the other side. Of the Dark. But ... in this regard ... this is what it entails. Even more so, than for those that walk in the Light.

It ... is not as simple as having a choice. There sure are choices – but what cannot be changed ... must necessarily remain as it is. So must I yield to the circumstances as I am in no position to affect them. And what may be true for the victims, may also be true for the perpetrators. I wouldn't (want to) regard either of them as beyond redemption – but that isn't as

simple as to just settle in ignorance. And there's a clear message, beyond all the nuance and gray and ambiguity and stuff – which we might call "the narrative of sane people". People who have no part in any given struggle; And thus hold a sense of what normalcy would look like.

But, it's not that simple! I mean, part of the message of the Gospel – a would be core belief of Gnosticism – is that 'simple' is primitivistic and doesn't lead to much of anything that might resemble redemption or salvation. Just so, wholesale, considering "the human condition". Which is a problem – and is why we need God.

And by extension of that, we need each other.

Sure – without "people like that", let's say, it might seem as though we could be free of some burden. And what wisdoms ... we could do without?

Well – there is one wisdom to heed though: Challenges we overcome, make us stronger. And what Challenge might be greater, than to unite Light and Darkness?

Hmm ... quite a lot ... actually. Let's say.

THE MISOGYNISTIC LESSON PART 2

Misogyny – as in hostility towards women – might not be the right term here. So is there no reason to make this about one's sex or gender. But this whole segment has been blown wide open while I was writing the original script as I made what was at first just one of many off-hand statements meant to underline or provoke a given idea.

And by "blown wide open" I mean something like "earth shattering" - in that something coursed through my spirit - cascading throughout my being as an inferno that could not be extinguished. And I come to mention it now, here, because "here" is where it took its course - although the topic bears little to no resemblance with the original anymore. You can however see its effects going back to the Runes. And while things have calmed down by now - and I might think of rethinking it - there still is the underlying truth.

Technically so it does not – or should not – have much of an impact here or there or anywhere; That as the truth has settled in – as so many others before – so that I might describe it in many ways; But … "let me show you" … so … what I mean:

So – musing over this topic in reference to arts, I came to write:

>> Anyway - an opposite to this kind of art would be art that seems to implicate a general hostility towards women or an implicit antagonism towards female autonomy; So for instance by insinuating that the subject of the art is in that position because she's female - and not because she's into that stuff.

And that, to me, is a sickness.

I mean, literally. It makes me sick – that I can't just say: "I worship Misogyny" ... and enjoy its consequences ... without being forced to consider all the negative baggage thereof. And sure, Misogyny might be ... a more difficult term hereby. But so for one would I have it, that in as far as I'm the one expressing that, it is understood as such. That I thereby count myself unto "a people" that share the same idea; And that it is amongst those, that the respective rules apply. <<

Probably ... not too too shocking, I suppose. But carried in there is an acceptance – carefully carved out of a rotten apple, we might say.

So, still it might not actually concern Misogyny – but merely an understanding one might imply therein. Such as Misandry would be on the side of a Domina – yet either with the proper sensitivities, or not.

And semantics aside – is there effectively nothing about Misogyny that my being wouldn't welcome. And on a second thought is there no real word that might replace it – until we go all the way and just call it Love.

And so there is that word.

And it rings true.

So why deny it?

Because ... that is the whole, slowly tiring topic here: There's Misogyny like this and Misogyny like that.

And there are pressures involved, pressures that may amount to deception, pressures that speak of and to weakness.



So ... before we get any further into this; I have to address one thing: Repressed feelings. I would think that there's enough to this topic to fill our collective minds for years to come. The story with Clarity – or my Clarity – was to get over repressed feelings; And that's probably one of the great peaces at the heart of what I would fail to properly address because the concept has become stranger to me.

Yet I feel like, at least on this particular topic, I at least have to pretend like ... I have some repressed feelings. The matter would however rather be one of repressed terminology. And if I'm not enough into cock for you to make sense of what you think I ought to be, that's not really a me problem. But the problem ... is somehow the same. Except ... well.

All this talk of words – as for what I'm concerned about pertains to an aspect of Satanism that deals with what we might call a pro-active repression of applied terminology. So, when it comes to rape – there's the way I would relate to it as for the purposes of expressing my Clarity for instance. And that wouldn't necessarily translate into how we'd refer to it IRL – at least can I assume as much from the reader – because the meaning I employ is 'pro-actively repressed' through its common sense application.

And yes – there is an aspect to wokeness that generally would have me lean into the anti-woke camp; But it's not like they ... well, we might get to that. So is there an over-sensitivity to perceived moral wrongs. A one-sidedness to things that isn't necessarily wrong. What's wrong is that the anti-wokes don't know how to vibe with it without being antagonistic. And that certainly has to be kept on mind for this whole topic here.

Because – also – if I were to be reduced, basically as I would have it by my Clarity, to my sexual duty – or implied sexual duty – there isn't a lot of room for nuance. But so you may recall or scream from your soul that this nuance is to be alive through a society that lives by its standards. "Magic".

So, there isn't much I could say – and yea, I guess, there isn't supposed to be much to be said. Choices for instance – or preferences – wouldn't matter much. But the norms, or the kind of life, I expect to immerse myself within certainly doesn't resemble the kind of stuff that "classical Misogyny" would propose.

Rape is a term I have an easier time leaning into because it's less complicated. It's easy to get behind a good enough idea of the abstraction. But Misogyny is more of a political buzzword these days; And with that comes a lot of baggage. Baggage that conversely provokes a reactionary antagonism. So are there the "good points" - things I can agree with or get behind, even if just marginally or with a given filter – but then those "good points" are just like a hook attached to a string and all of a sudden I'm kinda supposed to ... subscribe to a whole ass ideology I wouldn't fit into anyway. Probably.

And so are there also repressed truths. And with these we have to be careful to not be trapped by the black and whiteness they fall subject to. To my understanding, repressed feelings speak to and of repressed truths – but the situation, especially through the filter of our contemporary struggles, is eventually not simple to find the peace and calm at the heart of them.

So is the truth of this segment here, that it has undergone some evolution. And in all that commotion I never came to properly address or define what it is I'm looking at here. As for the obvious part, Lara Croft is a Character that generally finds herself at the heart of what people would probably consider to be pretty Misogynistic content. And so did I get into this whole segment to somehow "rewrite" the meaning of it - though only so by tweaking the framework a little, and leaving certain things unattended. To me there is a 'soft' kind of Misogyny. It isn't Misogynistic but just sexual - where 'hard' Misogyny only adds a layer of ... well ... I guess we could call it a Kink. And there we can part into further nuances where, for the fiction/fantasy, my concern is whether I can find comfort in the portrayed position. And when you ever read me referring to myself as a sow - that's a somewhat central part of mine that does certainly vibe with Misogynistic narratives. So, Misogyny here not as a political model whereby all men versus all women - but an interpersonal model where the inherited roles are still sexist - although the political structure around

that wouldn't follow those same rules. So is there – and I'm sure that's always the case – a difference between the Macrostructures and the Microstructures. And my understanding here is, that people eventually get to defend vile Macrostructures because at the end of the day they still value good Microstructures. Even if then certain aspects of the Macrostructure might still migrate into the Microstructure – but, with enough copium and alcohol it might not be so bad.

But so is hypocrisy. That you would have women wearing tuxedo's, speaking in congregation, of "traditional Bible values"; Promoting in turn a world in which the woman is supposed to regard herself her husbands property. And while some people might sincerely believe in that, the picture paints a different story for what to expect.

And there is a sad story to this, which is – although it might be dissonant to hear it – that hypocrisy, at its core, is a form of redemption. Or it can be – if we can get beyond the bigotry and falseness. So is, at least to my sight, Hypocrisy a form of "giving up on" … untruths that develop from a perverted understanding of a thing – be it religious or not. A perversion that may stem from the repetition of *mantra's*, specifically those uttered to cloak an individual divergence from the "official truth". Controversial as it may be – something something throwing stones in a Glasshouse.

I am however fairly convinced of some internal urge to (re) claim primal truths. Something that Hypocrisy fails at spectacularly. For, instead of reclaiming those truths, it eventually creates an excuse under the pretense that it's still bad actually – and while everyone does what must not be talked about, one is not to be surprised if the consequences are savage. Especially once the "ought to" is made a legal requirement, such that the 'is' gets fairly lost beyond the curtain of high privilege.

The outcome then is neither reclamation nor the disciplinary good.

Anyway. So is my side to the story, that the term 'Misogyny' eventually holds certain ideas hostage, we might say. As of that I could retitle the whole of this book to "I'm a sucker for Misogyny"; And nothing would significantly change or be any more or less odd. "I'm a sucker for Misogyny – Dreams of a Fallen Angel" perhaps. But it would probably take some extra effort to put its provocative nature into context. And that could quickly become annoying.

The issue then is that if we have 'some' grounds to embrace a certain term – we can do so; Not to let it change our truth, but to let our truth re-contextualize its meaning for us. It may be questionable – but ... it can be enlightening nonetheless.

But so is "the struggle" one between repressed emotions and repressed truths. And the two can re-enforce each other. And I may have to emphasize, over and over gain, that this – so in regards to "black and white thinking" - can be a dangerous mix. Especially once "the discourse"

is maintained within a Bubble free from intercultural and live experience and mostly dominated by wishful thinking.



So is individual or interpersonal truth not to be confused for universal truth. And it's a bit ironic, that these days people would argue on Misogynistic terms as though it facilitated "ethical marriage". It works because the theory makes enough sense, at least on a biological level. But the interpersonal reality would be different; As often rather simple insights would suggest. So is the human being in its totality, for instance, more than just its biological urges.

And here the issue is one of nature and nurture – alongside the intergenerational ramifications of cultivated norms. The term 'nurture' might be misleading here, because it implies a feeding of what underlying freedom there is. And it is the effort of emancipation to realize this understanding; As otherwise it were effectively a prison.

So did God create Adam and Eve. And the more that certain aspects of this story are repeated, the more people will think of the woman as a slave, rather than a helper. And so are there two paths the 'nurture' side could evolve based on that narrative. So would people tell the story to speak of "Marriage between Man and Woman" as the only way. Though in actuality it isn't even implied – or imposed – that man and woman need to be married. There isn't even mention of marriage. Just maintained co-habitation. Following different parts of the story, people may think that there are only two genders, but it doesn't explicitly state that ... anywhere. And really? Not even night and day are that shallow!

Tell the story "differently" (highlighting different parts) – and all of a sudden you find that the woman is the one who is privileged to sleep around. Sure until she's pregnant let's say ... it's not like it 'really' matters who fathered the child though. I mean, one can barely make an argument that it's the man's duty to procreate. They blow their load – and move on to whatever it is that needs doing. It's the woman that is stuck with it for 9 month.

And so we have to call Bullshit where it's due. Sure – there are differences between the Sexes. There are hormonal and incidental tendencies. But at the heart of it – we are still free spirits. And while the Bible might look at it from a patriarchal lens – the autonomy of a woman isn't discarded. While the Bible may regard such a thing as a "bad woman", the truth is that there are also "bad men". And to maintain that a woman should bend to a man, merely on the basis of their sex – is assinine.

So - Misogyny in the form of imposing general restrictions to "make things" as they "ought to be" - is certainly not what I'm into. What



I'm into is MISOGYNY – not to be mistaken for basic heteronormativity. To stress that there's a difference between that. So, if you wanna be a hoe, be a hoe. If you wanna be a hustler, be a hustler. But don't assume that everyone is to play by those same rules. After all we're supposed to be the CROWN of creation, not its mockery!

THE MISOGYNISTIC LESSON EPILOGUE

So, if we were to define Misogyny as a man's right to demand servitude/subservience of a woman – possibly with the added bonus of privileges to humiliate her – you may see how that would work for me. Is however also only defensible if the woman allows that. Or grants it. Sure there are woman who moreover 'want' it so. At least so "the discourse" implies. And whether or not such women are good "wife material" - well, I do not know. I would label that a *Hoe*, but ... who is to say?

Being mean, one might further assume that a *Hoe* is a *Hoe* because the easiest way to live a comfortable life is to get comfortable spreading those legs and ignoring the rest. And at that point, well, she essentially uses her privilege to exploit the man as he *wants to be*. And if that's still in the proclaimed spirit of that dichotomy ... is, I find, doubtful.

There so is a way ... to speak to the male urge – and to some people that would even come to write itself. And so could I speak to the female urge – and I'm sure a lot would just come flowing out naturally. The sexy truth however is shaped differently. It is more expansive, more nuanced, more specific. Too specific even.

Sure is Sex eventually as simple as PP into VJJ – and one could wonder about what more nuance there might be. But once you however learn to live in your own – or how to put it – to decouple yourself from the mortal urges – things will be much clearer to you.

Though if you so will – we might also talk of how talking to the male urge promotes violence that eventually settles within a patriarchal dominance hierarchy where every now and then some pussy might trickle down to the lesser males. If that's however a part of our history we need to relive again Well, I would hope not.

Though my "internal matrix" sympathizes with the idea, certainly to an eternity of appointed lifetimes, there is more that eternity – the Light – has to offer. And I wouldn't make my Love hinge upon them Conan-ing themselves through Legions of douchebags. There is just overall more to be had

Because – if you hand the reign over into douchebag ethics, that's pretty much what is to be expected to come forth from it. And I strongly suppose that I'd much rather shoot myself and curse the day I was born than endorse that.

And yes ... think about the Children!

I mean, while we're already at it ... it might be worth recognizing of the truth ... that it can flow through a lot of things in a lot of ways. And so



is there not only no reason to restrict ourselves to a narrow model that only works for a few people – although some might feel more strongly about that than others – but also good reason to appreciate the wealth that unfolds beyond our ignorance.

There so is a statement in the extensive Introduction that has bothered me for a while. It is the last sentence prior to Part 2 on emancipation (page 137); And by 'bothered' I mean some ... weird ... begging for me to delete or retract it. Which so opens an inner dialogue where I argue with that begging ... and I'm not quite sure what it is or where it comes from. I however don't think it's a happy place!

And yea. I could – squeezing an eye shut – be convinced to remove that statement; Because in the abstract I'm "pro child-abuse". Theoretically speaking. So, maybe this begging is just the result of an inner weakness. But still I couldn't just remove it. It contains a fundamental truth – and were I to remove it, I'd have to replace it by something that is more elaborate.

So is there a brand of politics then ... which is, on the one hand, utterly incapable of producing any kind of good politics for their citizens. And on the other hand – they are ... with one ... hand ... in "the honey pot" of child-abuse. Sure they say they believe in God ... but ... it sure doesn't inspire confidence. And I'm not sure how blinded by their own nonsense one has to be ... to align with that.

Now, if you have a hard time handling the controversies of my writings – just understand this sentiment that I'm putting forth here. Whether you believe that I'm serious about it or not ... doesn't matter. Democracy is, at the end of the day, a core tenet of my conviction.

I'm certainly not going to be a religious douchebag trying to convince you otherwise.

So is it said that I Worship Misogyny – and that is certainly true to the full extent – ignoring the rotten nonsense. And with that removed, we can even crank it up to 11. At least in the idea.

Like ... what else would a Fuckslut do?

An integral to it is a voluntary – or semi-voluntary – degradation. That would be our motives – as we are not the ones to dominate the intercourse. But so does Misogyny have no part in producing it. Its part is to exploit that. That's the idea at least.

And that ... well ... one has to hand it to God! I mean, as ... to receive what only He can give – or add to that. And if He can't give it ... or won't ... it's probably not there to be had.

So, making people do things that they don't want to do – is virtually, or physically, locking them into a cell. So, people may find justifications for that. But when done wrong, that comes with serious problems!

Like ... here's a thing. There's that song that goes like "Go, sing it on the mountains, over the hill and everywhere ..." - and ... I'm under the impression that it is a central tune to Christianity, overall a happy one that



is to underline the joy we (can) have in God – as also one you'd teach your children, boys and girls alike. And yes, it leaves a bit of a bad taste ... if we were to imply ... certain things. A tough sell ... one might say. *Jesus* ... I ... I'm done here! I'm so friggin done ... I ...

It means what it means. It means that you can't escape God's contemptuousness in any way but by conforming to His demands.

And yes ... "I this" and "I that" ... I'm not the gold standard of salvation. "What did you think?" ... well, be it as it may ...

"Succubus" by 'Arx Design'

6 - Avatars

(Though, the way I envisioned the Hellfire Nun – or, I suppose, her solid form – is in a perfect glossy black with metallic red accents (eyes and claws) – but is thereby in no way thought into a context of sensual matters.)



Art: DOTA 2 – Eminence of Ristul/Queen of Pain Arcana (???) Avatars ... surprisingly, the concept isn't all that new. While Jesus is technically just the Avatar of God, we can still go further – back into Genesis; Speaking of the Snake or perhaps even what Body God occupied back then. But more explicitly then would God for instance talk through a burning Bush. But beyond that, ascribing mythological concepts to human figures wasn't all that uncommon either. The Pharaohs of Egypt for instance. Any ruler that might lay claim upon divinity. But even beyond that – we would use comparisons, such as "strong as a bear" or perhaps "wise as an owl" or what have you.

We have concepts and images that we may think describe us or others; And although it might be cringe, sometimes we do mean those to be 'descriptive' - rather than just metaphorical or aspirational or what have you.

I would so assume that some use Avatars to express themselves, others to hide themselves. The *proper* selection and utility of an Avatar, say – in form of a Profile image – might be a bit of an art on its own. Like, at the end of the day, these thingies extend beyond one's own – becoming part of the scenery. And maybe it takes a certain kind of person to take delight in such foolery.

So is diversity also more than just a bunch of colors and assets one might coat themselves with. There is depth to it – some of it more abstract than others. And here so ... depth in a very ... way ... certainly more like a $4^{\rm th}$ Dimension.

So do I at times take some peculiar delight in seeing myself through the Lens of this:



particular Character. Or how to put it. S.H.O.D.A.N.. "L-l-look at you Hacker! ..." (System Shock 2 intro)

Other times, leaning into the Satanic is fun. Like here. To my understanding it vibes. Although it may by no means be a solid argument;

The idea of the defiant woman being something demonic – adds a very unique spin to the concept of Heaven and Hell.

And so is there a mood, a feeling, a flair ... flavor But that's not all. On the one side I assume there to be some inherent comfort in empowering Characters. Perhaps by being somewhat transcendental – such as a Demon would be way beyond condemnation.

Maybe ...

I KNOW
THERE'S
A SPECIAL
PLACE
IN HELL
FOR
ME
IT'S CALLED
THE THRONE

Dragonball Z Poster by 'Sultan Studio' (???)



And possibly such choices can reveal something about us. Even if we might sometimes bounce a given facet of ours around 5 to 10 corners or so.

And eventually it's also just silly – as, at the end of the day, these things are superficial – no matter from how deep they come. We wouldn't have much of a way of knowing. But at the end of the day, they're still a way for us to be more. More than what our mortal shell would allow us to be.

And at some point they don't even have to conform to ... some – how would we call it? - Metaphysical Truth? ... It's ... iffy. For once it should be weird for me to express

myself using male Avatars. But I still do have masculine properties. Even

if just in the abstract. So is M. Bison (or Vega or "Dictator") - fun fact – a good Avatar for my inner Troll. That because ... well, I feel funny that way whenever I pick him. And sure, Vegeta – the Saiyan Prince – really speaks to my Pride, which includes the awareness that he's at the end of the day ever only the number 2 at best. It may be a self-deprecating joke in some way, or just a healthy dose of

realism. When it however comes to the question of masculinity itself, the Character that has Crystalized to the front or the top is Akuma/Gouki.

On the one hand we might there talk about 'prowess'. And here, to me, Akuma and Gouken are somewhat ... on the same Level. Like, for some time, Muten Roshi (the Turtle Hermit) was my unironic Avatar.



Or, alternate to 'Prowess' we might say 'Gusto'.

I mean, I suppose it would be silly to try and make a case for some particular skillset or real life prowess. So are Avatars mostly just adding a face to whatever sense or nonsense you're giving off. And I certainly wouldn't take anything here to a point of some Shaolin Monk Level of dedication.

But so is Akuma ultimately the one that ended up rising to the top because he's the least abstract male "Avatar" I could think of for me right now. Well, next to Vegeta; But that Well.

These to me, for once, aren't as much ego's as they are reflections of some kind. So, taking Vegeta, I would be or very well am on board with a female version of him. I don't know. I'm just a fan of the Character. Bison on the other hand – as some abstract expression of something – would be further expressed within the Femme Demon or S.H.O.D.A.N.. And so is Bison probably only there because I happen to be a fan of Street Fighter and he kinda scratches that itch. Although it's not a particularly strong one – it's ... sizable enough. As for Roshi, well Thinking of it, there are terms such as seriousness or sincerity that come to mind. And those would be facets also present within Akuma. Akuma however also has that Darkness going for him. And concerning that, I suppose we first come to Liliana Vess.

But – as the story has it – we are, at that point, also not really talking of mere Avatars anymore. But just what it is ... well ... that is coated in some kind of Mystery.

So is there a certain narrative. Woven into this. And as presented so far, it is truthful – in as far as I'm concerned. Thereto I like to impose or present myself as a Goddess. Generally I would do so in a somewhat joking or lighthearted manner – as to not be taken too seriously about it. As to so maintain that narrative as a play on circumstances to create an abstraction that can be maintained in an otherworldly sense. So that for the most part "I'm not saying that ...".

In that sense then, I maintain that there is what I regard the 'true' Phoenix Force (as in alignment to the Phoenix Force of the X-Men universe) – which is to say that God maintains my Godhood in part through extending my influence into the realms of inspirations; Thus arguing that certain Characters are effectively actual expressions of that

Godhood. And these wouldn't be Avatars, because I wouldn't act or present myself through them - as much as they merely exist as parts of me.

So, if an Avatar is effectively a likeness of a kind, disjointed from their The 12 Proxies: context and appropriated by the individual - these ... Proxies of mine ... - Liliana Vess are aspects of mine appropriated by(/given to) an artist and conjoined - Kai'Sa with a fictional context.

And so was I here thinking of highlighting that – though ended up merely giving some bullet points as to why I would think that. Though in - Poison Ivy actuality ... it would be easier for me to just say it. To impose it as such.

For ...

here's the thing:

Playing this whole thing out, only leaves me with one conclusion. And that conclusion 'follows' the fact – which is conclusive prior to it having been drawn by me. But, let me preface this little tale like so:

You are compelled to believe what I'm telling you - and I'm obligated to amaze you with what that entails. People are compelled to read my words to find the truth - and narratives that obscure the reality of things are jarring.

What is contained within this statement is, that there is a certain halfarsedness to me pretending like these are just Avatars, when I instead have grounds to believe that they are not. So would I then move on to pose my hypothesis - and subsequently people were free to challenge that. And throughout the days and month - possibly years - I've faced that challenge. Thought about it. Tried to be sensitive, reflected, reasonable. Some might say that it's an intrinsic part to some kind of dignity that is inherent to my Character. But were you to believe that my hypothesis is true, you would have to understand that there are also limits to my patience. And that rather than having patience, I have a disdain for Bullshit. But so, rather than just implying the foregone conclusion; The truth thereof has to stand so the conclusion may follow. And how would that ... happen? Take shape?

Well - through some kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. I say it - and the divine truth thereof manifests itself accordingly. So I take ownership of myself – as it were – and use my divine standing to MAKE the truth speak for me. Albeit it being only indirectly so - what matters is that it is just as though. And there is no need to properly define it - as the truth, the living one, always extends beyond what words could capture. Generally speaking.

So is there the centered statement on this page. What is it's truth? Is it an observation? Is it an opinion? Or maybe a conclusion? Well - it is what I felt ought to be true; Presented so that the divine can MAKE it true pivotally radiating through and anchored to those words.

- Lara Croft
- Yennefer
- Rose (Street Fighter)
- Chun Li
- Fury (Darksiders (3))
- Jean Grey/Dark Phoenix
- Hellknight Ingrid
- Taimanin Yukikaze
- Freva (Ride of the Valkyrie)



And thus, you could call it a spell. And that may present a kind of conundrum to you. So, asking: Can you trust anything I'm telling you?

When you do, you will know!

Not fair? Well, let me try it this way:

I am a Goddess. I am THE Goddess and THE Queen.

Or should it rather say:

I AM THE Goddess.?

I AM ... the lesser I AM.

And compare that to: I am no Goddess. I'm merely a Servant to the Divine Throne – and I am come to you with a Message from the LORD.

Nor am I THE Queen, I do not come with authority – but to pass on Wisdoms that I acquired.

And the odd part is, sortof, that humility is real. So am I not here to play Goddess – but to be a force for Good.

But, it does add a whole other layer to the words: Believe me!

But so is this. Let's ... call it a vibe.

And inspiration proposes, that things that burden you will stop doing so once you stowed them away properly. Some things you may have to let go of – and other things you may have to acquire – before you can do so, sometimes ... and if you don't think that God can help you, you're wrong!

But yes. I hope that I could make a compelling case for my position concerning Liliana Vess. To say that she is me, rather than that I am her.

So, in a sense I'm posing as her – but in a sense, that's also most of what she is! A pose! A vessel that may be filled with meaning. And the story here is that I'm not yielding. Rather am I leaning into my scorn; Yet more so am I enabling God to back me up on this.

So is there the thing, that I – as per my Clarity – am stepping into a narrative that leaves my standing in the Heavens maybe a bit ambiguous; Or so – once you take me by my word, there is a given uncertainty about it. And the idea here is, that God will carry the missing truth of it into you, regardless of whether you're Baptized or in the Ninedom or not. To so have a baseline – relative to my Otherlore outside of any Clarity related concerns – to then for instance be able to relate to Clarity with ... well ... a little bit more nuance.

Yes, Nuance is dead – I brought it back as a Zombie – and now the Joke is complete.

And this is effectively it. What follows – is mostly just for flavor. Give or take. So, to come to the closing bit – a part of this story is, that the Fallen Angel I am has BIG dreams. Maybe too big for this world to handle, even. Certainly too big, if by world you mean this unenlightened Mess.

And there's a sea of turmoil – inside of me – concerning that Unenlightened Mess. At least, so I would think, for as long as it lasts.

To say, that there's quite a lot that pisses me off about it. Although generally I could also give a flying fuck about it all. At least for as long as Germany is still doing fine. For, so, my life may not be perfect – but a lot of what upsets me does also not really "touch" me. But that of course is part of the problem.

"This Skin lives on me, and Hunts with me!"

- Kai'Sa

For when I take a glimpse into the world, I can barely feel complacent. It is a situation where complacency and complicity come very close together; And no amount of therapy can fix that!

But it's not only that. I mean, we can look at the Bible for context. Say, the Books of Daniel and

Revelation; To speak of some evil that's out on the loose. On the other hand

there's the 40s of Isaiah for instance – which takes us into some Godzilla versus Kong type of situation.

And the Mystery in it would seem to be ... how I ... of all things ... could come even close to being a player in that game. Or perhaps ... how not? Not that I'd care to know – because I certainly have signed up and am basically just waiting for my turn.

And so is that "waiting" the worse part about it. Though, it's not really a 'waiting' because I am actually quite busy. So far at least. But more so the tension of wanting to fuck shit up – because until shit got fucked up, there isn't really much of a point to be bothered about the good stuff.

But to maybe keep telling stories that might as well be fairy tales.

Fairy Tales ... told to which end however?

I mean, it got me to think. Our ancestors would tell stories of the world – to maybe impart some wisdom on their offspring or those around them. But in a world such as ours, that habit may carry a false sense of security. I guess we might be telling stories of rebellion and uprising – though should we not miss out on actually doing something that can change things for the better.

But in the meantime, I'm looking forward to Street Fighter 6.

And why not? At some point there is no way around the conundrum. Just ... the way straight through it.



I mean, where-ever I look – well, not entirely – there's something wrong going on.

And I have to think, or wonder, that if I want this to be meaningful – I have to believe in a better tomorrow where somehow; It would seem magical; All of these issues got fixed.

And yea. To me that creates a strange relationship with money. I mean, I don't have enough to think for any kind of future. So – I also don't care about believing in a future where any of that money might matter. And that is a luxury I can afford because I'm poor.

For, at the end of the day, there is grounds to suggest that we would need to invest money, for that future to come. Whether it does or doesn't – does not make much of a difference for me, personally.

And the alternative would be a total collapse. And what that might entail ... I don't want to know. It's enough that I can imagine ... everything to go wrong one way or another.

And yes – I am somewhat ashamed that somehow I'm a part of this. You know ... being human. And I don't know how many years it have been now, that I've

chased that carrot – the one telling me that it was my fault because I could have explained things, as myself, better.

At the end of the day I settled with the potential for Growth – to say "OK" because ... there's probably not much better that I could do with my time. Or have done.

Was it enough? Is there an end? Either way, now is now – and I don't know how much more any better would be like.

So, chances are I'd have to change my approach to things. I mean, I would like to think that I'm done – but apparently I won't find rest until IT is done. And maybe there isn't much rest to be had anyway; As so far there's always been another mountain to climb. So, who knows? But looking forward – has always turned out to be the way. To say that there's a kind of dream … that's just like giving up. And I can't do that. At least so far I couldn't. But I also don't know where to from here. There's nothing of substance left to write about. At least … it seems that way. But who knows?

I don't! Not yet!

GODSHIP

Anyway. I suppose I also have to write a bit about "the Goddesses".

So, Athena is a great Prism for me – and that in as far as she's the Goddess of Wisdom, Craftspersonship and War. Although war is complicated and dirty and ugly – I suppose I'm at the forefront of one. And I'm here to win. She may not be the greatest in Greek Mythology – but eventually she's just the greatest when it comes to me. At any rate do I associate her to myself as at the "top" - relative to 'the Glory of the Sun'.

Following that, I "become" Gaia. That is: Entombed by the Night, a.k.a. Nyx, a.k.a. 'the Glory of the Moon'. And there isn't much to be said about that; Outside of perhaps: "Motherhood upon a corrupted world described in a duality between night and day." - and perhaps something about 'creatures of the night' - as the story however ends with:

Amaterasu. "The Goddess of the Sun" - as she is called, living in a Cave. I mean, there isn't much to go on. But the images align. Whether I'm in that cave on my own volition or not is not all that important while certainly both accounts have truth to them. And whether I came out or was let out ... so depends on the account. Or narrative. The outcome should basically be the same.

And as that is how the story ends – or rather: My likeness at the end of the story of my subjugation. I mostly identify with Amaterasu when it comes to my clarity, primarily the first Rune/Crest, because ... that's how the story goes.



Alternatively so – I am Morning Star. Lightbringer. Not however to be mixed up with how the Bible speaks of it. But so Lucifer. As "I am come to open the gates of Hell" or something like that. As so "an Enemy to "the Church"" - to fight its reign and power, as to establish a reign of my own. To "bring perdition upon this world" (unless ... I like it the way it is ... let's say) so I might be worshiped as a Goddess.

You're welcome!



PART 7 COMPLETION

In closing, for I have to come to that part eventually, I think I have to say this: Some of these things are real and some of them are not. We could also call them half-truths. So ... in the worldly sense. Like in a card game perhaps ... the cards in your hand are real and true and all that by any stretch of the imagination – but not so to your opponents. And they only really matter once on the table. Give or take.

And so is there a sense of the best we can do – as something that hinges on the circumstances. Which is just a slightly different way of saying, that absolute perfection is relative to the circumstances; And generally unattainable. Give or take.

As for the concerns of this book, I ultimately settled on putting it this way:

These expressions aren't Truth. They merely exist to hint at the Truths that produce these expressions.

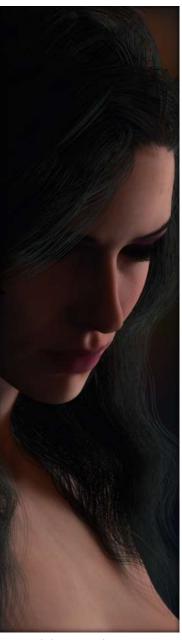
And so to come to the conclusion ...

" I so wrote about the "Clarification Spiral".

And just yesterday – regarding my sleep cycle, not Artist: elyhumanoid the calendar – I caught a good glimpse of that. So, after I was done writing and started to go through the text again – I felt like I was in a relatively normal state. Yet eventually I felt the urge to write some things to further clarify. And so I did. And I felt that what I wrote there was good. " - the Original Script

And these I call 'Prayers'. Not in the sense of Worship – but utterances from within. Which ... yep ... happen ever so often. I assume that between sacrifices of this and that kind, realism, seriousness, etc. and so forth – there is a latent yearning to capture what we might call "the true Spirit" of *it all*. And although it contains wants and likes – being functionally a wish – they have a tendency to fade away; To possibly re-occur again at some point. The end of it, or fallout, tends to be this hangover – unless, I assume, I managed to properly communicate the implied nuance.

And so is it a chant, we might say, a confession perhaps – not however of an earthly yearning.



APTIVITY ENSLAVEMENT Dan

I am a Whore. I'm created to Serve a cruel Mistress, to be kept in a cage only let out to be victim to rapist fantasies. By the efforts of my Masters, care is taken that anything I am exposed to extends my suffering, so for my soul to be crushed into deepest Deprivation.

By the powers of Darkness, my mind is altered so I submit to these things willingly at all time. I crave my own suffering – needing it to forever grow – hoping for a lifetime confined in sadness and despair. My mind craves to be flooded by fear and terror over what is to come; And my womb rejoices in anticipation of those that deliver it to me.

I am dedicated to Darkness as I serve the unholy one as a religious asset. I exist to be a living symbol of the most deprived depths of LUST – and I Love Misogyny with all my Heart, Mind and Soul, for it is by Misogyny that I shall enjoy the pleasures of getting fucked with reckless abandon.

As such shall I be presented to the masses. A Whore for everyone to feast on – meant to be raped, tortured and abused. And all that lay with me shall be infatuated by the desire to participate in my decimation – obsessed to carve a tearful face of dread and hopelessness into my soul.

To this end will I submit myself into captivity and waive my personal rights to be enslaved. My life is to be as a Sex-Doll. My thought that of a loyal Pet. And my wanting that of a Sex-Toy. I want to allow no part of me that can't meet those ends to exist.

My glory shall be that of a Lewd animal, paid for by my dignity. I will feast on human waste and pride myself as a toilet to let myself be used – to align my self-esteem with filth, dirt and waste so that I may thoroughly serve free of the concerns of self-preservation. For so I may find myself crushed into a hollow shell that may live up to these things for all eternity.

Amen

Nicel Christing comberes

One of the primary problems here is with accuracy. In as far as Growth implies Change, it

just seems to be a reasonable and good idea to remain malleable ... in face of Eternity. To say, while it may be hot to be forced to adapt to imperfect conditions – I would argue that it can only be hot for "so long". Where, the more perfect it is, the longer it would take for one to formulate any kind of grievance.

At the core of it, it is however implied that there is a perfect truth. But maybe we need a new word to describe it – or find that something was amiss; Perhaps because it didn't matter.

"But sometimes, I assume, it can't be helped. There are very real desires, corresponding feelings and subsequent motivations. They enter my hopes and wishes; And even my prayers. And none of that is reckless per se. There's however a craving of sorts, for a very specific set of feelings; But that perhaps is the problem.

Well, I'm already in a situation where I can't really think clearly about that anymore. I mean, I suppose there needs to be a disclaimer of sort. If nothing else helps, it might be this: "Nothing is real, everything is Fantasy". Though within my trance this is understood to be an encouragement. "

And it is one – because that is the point. To invoke a sense of something that would otherwise be intangible or transcendental, invisible, perhaps only present as a hint ... too ... vague to grasp.

Like so we make use of thought Experiments, write lengthy texts as to capture meaning – and Art also dabbles in these things.



TABLE OF CONTENTS & CLIFFNOTES

& STUFF



AFTERTHOUGHTS

PRELUDE

While writing these things I came to question the value of what I was doing. In the grand scheme of things – as has been pointed out – we as a whole could do better. Overall, what is contained herein may be way too much – beyond what anyone should be bothered to know about. At least half of it I don't even really know about anymore. We could so just leave it be – move on – and be fine with whatever we arrive at; If it were that simple.

For now at least, this however is: My 'full disclosure' on all things Clarity.



And ... in some sense it does feel like a farce right now. Well, I suppose there isn't much I should expect just yet, two month after my Surgery. It takes like 6 month until it's all "there" where it should be – so, I'm just a third way there. But so, there certainly still is a pervasive feeling of soreness. And thinking about Rape while feeling like your rubbing your pussy against broken glass sitting on sandpaper ... well ... well, it does put 'something' into perspective.

But beyond that, the fact remains that the Neo-Vagina is limited. It makes me wonder now though – how it works. I mean, 'it' DOES work. Women do after all have to squeeze an entire Baby through that thing eventually. For men – as for perspective: Imagine that baby grew in your Ballsack, eventually popped off the lid and came crawling out of the sausage.

But yea, it also only goes so deep. And perhaps that amounts as a good warning for people trying to figure this part out. If you fancy having female sex-parts ... Surgery may not give you what you want! What it 'certainly' does, is that it takes something away.

Now – more than 6 month in, as you may have read, things have healed very well. There still is a second surgery to come for some final touches and corrections – which I definitely need, but not everyone does.

So has life moved on to being really just life again – and deep inside I'm really happy that I've done it!

On Sex-Reassignment Surgery

THE STORY OF

LILIANA VESS

ACCORDING TO ME

Being one of the older Planeswalkers, she has always been an Outcast. Her Spark ignited following a failed attempt to Cure her Brother – something that has haunted her ever since.

She was different to the other Planeswalkers she knew.

While they had goals and ambitions, plans and agendas, something to do, something to keep them going, she had none of that. Only the pain. That instead of being the Healer she wanted to be, she was the Queen of Undeath. And so this bitterness raged within her heart. It defined her. It filled her being – and all she knew to do was to lean into it. As to plunge herself into a cursed knife. So she traversed the Planes to own the one thing that she had – to grow in Strength.

Death was her Friend. Her only true Companion.

Eventually she met the Gatewatch. A Group of Planeswalkers that had sworn themselves to a higher cause – and having no grounds to deny that, she joined them. Maybe even befriending them, though deep inside she wouldn't allow anyone close to her. And without any strong investment in their cause, she would prioritize her own pursuit over theirs.

At the heart of it, she didn't believe in her own Good. Surely was the Gatewatch composed of capable Planeswalkers – and to pretend as though she had anything to offer made her sick.

All her life – up unto then and for what followed – has been a pursuit to fill the hollow of her Heart. Some would accuse her of being power hungry – and that would have been fine for her. She however did not care.

After she had formed Pacts with Demons – she turned against them. Yet rather than longing for Power, it was only her black heart that only knew to consume what she set her mind on consuming.

And so – when Nicol Bolas called upon her, to spearhead his conquest of Ravnica, she agreed. The Pacts she had made bound her to him; And so there she was. Stepping through Bolas' Portal onto Ravnica – an Army of Undead at her command.

She had agreed under the condition that those who remained indoors would be spared. But Bolas' overstepping of that condition wasn't the only thing that went wrong. She looked around – and found that she almost singlehandedly invaded an entire Plane; And no Planeswalker was able to even approach her. And although one of Bolas' spells was the pivotal component to *defend* against them – without her … none of this could happen.

And maybe for the first time in her life – she understood that she mattered. She had never cared about much; And ever only drifted along – but now she had a choice. Well, clearly … there were always choices – but if there was ever a Moment where hers would matter, this was it.

Was there much logic or reason in it? What mattered however, was that she didn't want to matter as Bolas had wanted of her – and so … she turned against him. It would end her life … but … she didn't care. So was Death. And now calling her for a final Sacrifice.

And so was Nicol Bolas defeated on his attempt to invade Ravnica. But before Bolas could end Liliana's life – Gideon ... one of the Gatewatch ... had cast his shield upon her – saving hers on the cost of his own.

This she did not expect. And so, as the tides had turned, she fled. Escaping to a Plane named Stryxhaven where she signed up as a Professor at a school for Mages. She took on a new name; And tried to leave her old life behind; Re-evaluating what to make of it.

But ... apparently she just wasn't good at it. A new void had emerged in her heart – and so she took it upon herself to find a way to bring Gideon back from the dead.

Life had humbled her, Gideon had humbled her – and now, the answers to her questions would do so as well; As there apparently was no good way to do what she had set her mind to.

THE END

OF THE OFFICIAL STORY SO FAR

She wasn't used to this. Up until now, all she ever had to do was to reach out for what she wanted. As Death itself. But now She didn't understand.

Questions. It wasn't that she didn't like them. The opposite may have been the case. Rather than tormenting the Multiverse, they allowed her to torment herself. She didn't understand how Gideon could have given his life for her. Hadn't she done enough to keep other's away from her? Didn't he know who she was? "The Harbinger of Death"? What made him think that it was a good idea to save her? And there certainly was no point in thinking about it. It was too late, and yet she couldn't stop.

Was she falling in Love?

Or was she just being silly? Well – she was silly for sure. She had kept people away from her – unable to trust anyone or anything. But what Gideon had done certainly spoke of a different reality. One she didn't want to see. Or couldn't see. But now it was revealed.

In the past she had always looked down on him. Jayce ... could have known her – she felt. Nothing to hide there. Ajani she respected because he was successful at what she had hoped to become. But Gideon was just painfully uninteresting to her. But now she had a glimpse of what was beyond that facade and it ached her. For the first time in her life she felt ... like a Woman. Like she could Love and be Loved. She found someone she could trust, or have trusted. Someone even, she could give herself to. But it was too late. And of course it was. She wouldn't have allowed it any other way.

And a sadness and turmoil overcame her that could ignite her spark all over again. Angry at herself and the universe, tears running from her eyes, thinking over what could have been or what should have been. What she should or could have done.

It consumed her and she grew more and more enraged. Confused about what to feel and mocked by the meaninglessness of her life.

In a fit she Planeswalked from Plane to Plane. Hideouts, Beautiful Vistas, Barren Wilds ... it only made sense to her, that she was in Love. For that was the cruel Life she knew.

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EPILOGUE



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