

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.



Artist: Unknown

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.

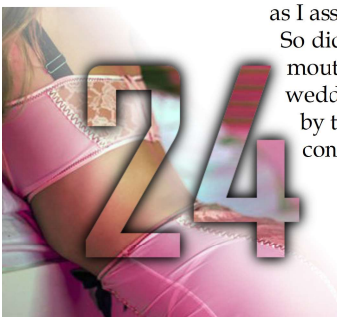
The first thing I liken it to, is a likeness. Like a look or an outfit. This

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



DREAMS OF A FALLEN ANGEL

THE 3 SEALS,
RUNES &
CRESTS

1. The Artists
DENISE
2. The AWAKENING
3. The DIS-SOLUTION
of REASON
4. The RE-ASSEMBLY
5. The BONDS of
DARKNESS

THE POND OF LIGHT

of the SPINE



1. Latent REALITY
& Passive TRUTHS

2. DEEP
Dis-Illusionment
3. The Weight of
IMPERFECTION
4. LOVE
& SYNERGY
5. DARK
REBIRTH

Art: Midjourney A.I.

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.

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,

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 sort of 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.

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]”.

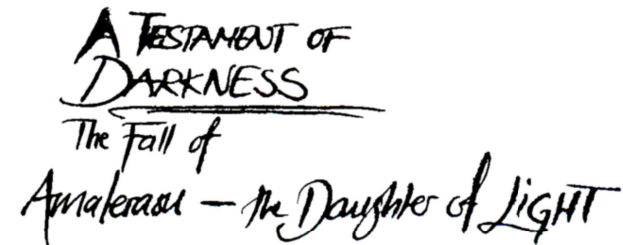
I am Property.	Raised and Sold off.
I am Cattle.	Brainwashed and Subjugated.
A Slave.	Captive and Enthralled.

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:



A TESTAMENT OF
DARKNESS
The Fall of
Amaleraai - the 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.

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.

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

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:

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

The issues with Clarification have since been resolved. Hence the distinction is no longer a thing, but still draws a valid line.

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.

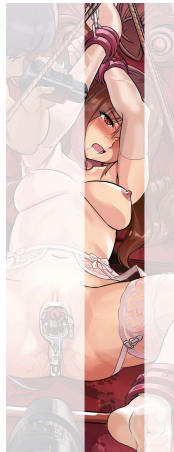
Some other time I found myself scheming. Thinking myself to sleep perhaps. The manifestation begun in ‘Room 2’. And with the implication of marriage, I was “pushed” through a door. Or perhaps – that’s how the narrative would go – put into a cage and moved through a door that made some ways to a certain 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



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

So, each 'Runcrest' 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.

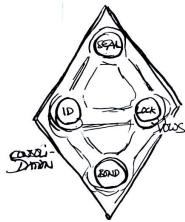


Artist: yewang19

CREST 1:	FAMILY SLAVE
SEAL:	Enforced Femininity (Physical)
PRIMARY RUNE:	Wedding Bond [Slave of Satan] <i>intimacy</i>
CREST 2:	BREEDING WHORE
SEAL:	Mental Imprisonment
PRIMARY RUNE:	Bond of Misery [Absolute Victimhood] <i>training</i>
CREST 3:	DUNGEON COW
SEAL:	Harem's Bride
PRIMARY RUNE:	Bond of Abduction [Absolute Destruction] <i>prostitution</i>

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 for 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 the Absolute, THE Absolute is God. Whatever experience God would have of the immense, the eternal, 'the Absolute' - other than what is merely "His State" - by the principle of all Creation being finite - has a finite Form. And so we can partake of His experiences - as He is willing to share. And the ninedom is full of it.

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 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.

"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



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

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! (OO)

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.

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’

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 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.

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.

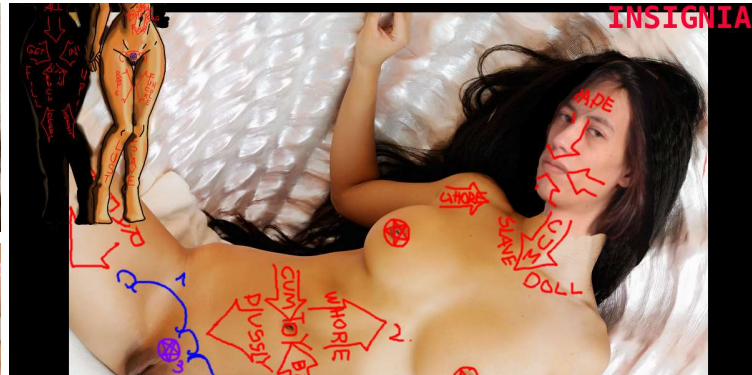
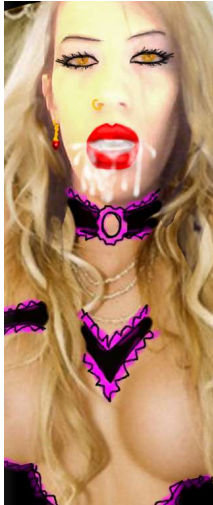
And I may assume, that these things didn’t amount to Clarity for me, because there was yet an understanding to be found. And that understanding I actually enjoyed. Or so I enjoyed it to a higher degree.

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’.

...

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.

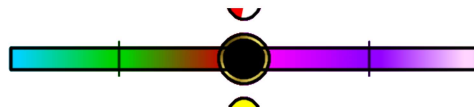
It was very well still my own cognitive process that led to them, yet instead of thoughts just manifesting in “the ether”, they eventually started to take shape within what I might describe as an elaborate and complex structure. Rooms for instance, so in my mind, effective through an association I held 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.



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)



'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

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 lose 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 Shark30zero'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!