

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 prejudicial 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.

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 fronted 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

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 want. 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 truth.

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 Smitte.



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-to-speak. 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 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 had learned that enough coffee and cigarettes or weed can starve out hunger. At least to some extent.

Yea, maybe coffee and cigarettes aren't called a 'Bitch's Breakfast' for nothing.

### *"Shackles of Terror"*

Essentially, for the most part – or the longest time – the shackles have been 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 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: Are they more of a Seal 2 or more of a Wedding thing? And things of that nature.

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

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

To say that the effects are - which also includes my response. Not however that the envisioned things are. I mean, thinking 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 ... eventually the issue is that they don't. So it might not even be useful to think of them as "vague outlines" - as more to the point, they are internal emotional conditions (standards) that supplement an internal sense of harmony. So would much of my Clarity be detrimental, if one wouldn't also have the pleasures associated with them (Sex Life). And in as far as I don't have a Sex Life, just yet, well ... I do what I can and *want to* nonetheless. Knowing that it is ... hmm. Well, no. I just do. Understanding that Life is/can be more. Theoretically.



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 overlooked, 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

Artist: reptilianscum

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.

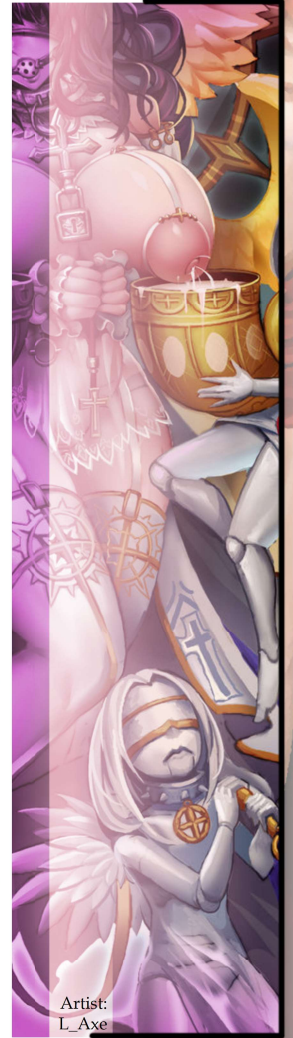
And that's just a thing. I suppose it's just what they always did - just that they never did it that strong. But like so, they're a bit of a mystery to me.

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.



Artist: L\_Axe





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.

... 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?



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

Artist: LeeInHyuk

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 done unto you) as applied to an individualistic frame of reference. Which 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. Here, it would not apply – as, per chance, due to some individualistic 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 straight with you: This is essentially just fantasy. One that lends itself to this idea, where the duality is seen as something more. That ... “we” are just too good for this to work. That “we” need some real assholes to make it function as intended. But here’s the thing: Maybe. But the thing with 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 high horse in Paradise. As I also think that there’s a difference between just being an asshole and having a legitimate Kink. Where ultimately ... Love and Sadism ... aren’t all that far apart. But whatever ... [...].\*



Artist: Unknown  
Art: “Pathfinder” - Her Infernal Majestrix, Queen Abrogail II of the Thrice-Damned House of Throne

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 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 enough to properly express myself regarding its ... situation. I mean, the 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 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 Document there are still a few notes – partially in focus on this

\* - I mean, to apart of me this comes as something amusing. Yet another part is just annoyed. And another again ... slightly confused.

But here’s the thing: Measuring your worth or value against others, is always just down to how it makes you feel and how you deal with that. And holding multiple conflicting perspectives, is similar – in that you have to take some distance from certain things.

Eventually we’re also way too busy with our own shit – to then also measure up to some arbitrary “other ...

... thing”. And some aspect to this “stuff” sure isn’t solved here – and some of it won’t be until things are actually settled – and nobody but God knows when that will be.

I sure do believe that the forgiveness of Sins is vital for Paradise to be a truly happy place – but I’m not so sure on the “you just 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 much enslaved – as I’m getting what I want. In this ... 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.

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 Pentagon 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.



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 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 re-emerge.

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

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 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



Artist: XEton



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.

← You remember where I was earlier trying to describe my head-glitches? Well, here's one: "I get to stumble over it - for, while I on the one hand have those feelings that unanimously kick me down that path, I can't really get the reality of it in my head; And I find myself not wanting it. Which weirdly enough, hits me like a Kink. But so, I can't even "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?

So do I have a concept of Paradise, that starts out with what I usually call "Heaven 1.0" (which, I think, currently is in its Beta-Version). It contains three phases:

Phase 1 is the phase of reconciliation. What we make of it might depend on the individual. I myself have lingering desires - unfolding into a plethora of things I feel a NEED for experiencing.

Phase 2 is the phase of acclimatization. One might think that of phase 1 - in regards to which, this were the phase of normalcy. But what we here get used to, is that Eternity lasts a lot longer than what time it takes for us to satisfy our precious needs. But sure - in the idea it is a phase of normalcy.

Phase 3 is the phase of consolidation.

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 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 we're settled, so I see/think/assume, we'll have a certain routine of existing between the matters of life's diversity and matters of our consolidated selves. Yet, Eon after Eon, these deep consolidated things yet 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 lifetimes ... would also age and eventually come to an end. And that's 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

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.



guess it's Dr. Gero sciening 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/in-charge-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 ... Midichlorians and S-Cells. I too was part of the camp that thought that Midichlorians 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

ourselves to do so once more. And again. And again. And so is there 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 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 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 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 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 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

\* As a Lesbian – this confuses me greatly. As a human being, not so much. I would assume that after reaching a certain age, gender and orientation are merely abstractions of concepts 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 to.

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 ‘anti-masculinity roasts’ of recorded history.

Eventually, so the idea, a 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. Trans-sexuality is a source for Kinks and Flavor. We can narrow the experience to psyche-vs-biology matters; Which is my experience – but at the end of the day ... there's also stuff outside 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

## 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

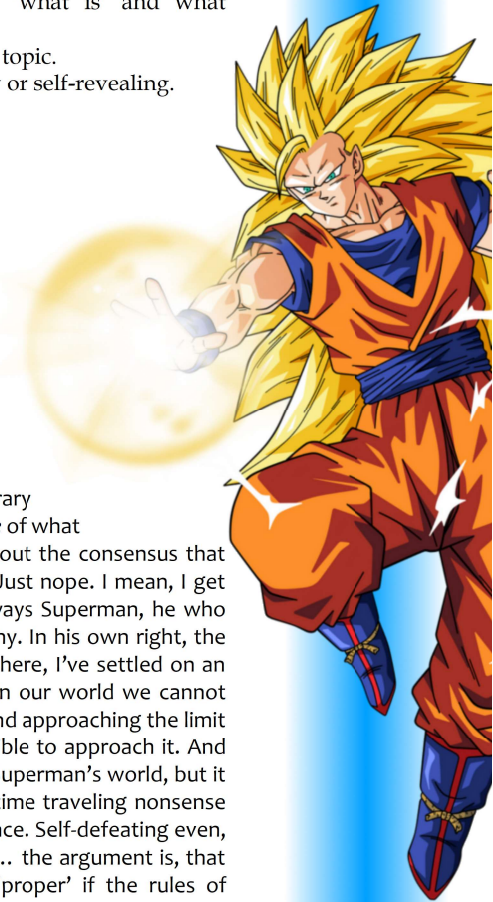
Lies ... I guess. And technically ... one's individual truths are another person's lie. Or so – each individual is effectively a unique reality.

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 ... they're kinda BS – it would seem. But well ... . I



Artist: bardocksonic

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.



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

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 what was 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.

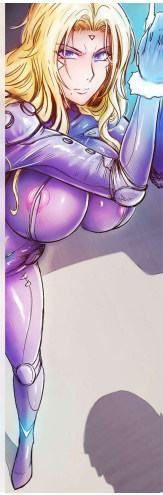
But so is life. And in regards to Clarity – or personal imaginings, we may put it like so: That one thing that isn't part of my Clarity – is the issue of how I get to eat or drink or do other necessary business.

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 to (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.

And so I think the only two things that can really take the wind out of the sails are 1. Just ignore the whole thing (which may sometimes be easier said than done) or 2. Be exposed to the conditions (which usually aren't identical to the dream). This is as much as what one might say about the value of theory, in Light of practical application. So, to the inexperienced 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 substance - while previously it was our imagination.

And so I was thinking, while I was still doing sex-work, in how far my Clarity would help me do it. And the answer was twofold. On the one side it was just "nope" because the individual relationships to make more of me weren't there - and on the other side it was ... dependent on the client. And there are just "those guys" ... that wouldn't stimulate a single cell in me. And it's not that difficult. There literally was a dude who just sat/lie 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 was really able to enjoy the work. And all the nuance and complexities 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 wonderful 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

To understand what I'm getting at, it may help to know that I wrote a lot of this in consideration of

"worse case assumptions" - as so for instance related to child abuse.

In as far as people might be looking or hoping for some 'safeguards' against this or that, the issue is

always one of the individual. And the primary argument here to that is, that knowing what works and what doesn't - in the good light -

should/would/could quell the curiosities that might otherwise burst

into 'silly experimentation'.