

ANNHN

λόγος, και ο λόγος η
α δι' αυτού εγένετο, 1
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επι του φωτός.
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σμος δι' αυτού εγένε
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ο, ούτος ην ον ειπον.
πληρώματος αυτού η
η, η χάρις και η αλή
ογενής θεός ο ών εις
19 Και αυτη εστιν η
εροσολύμων ιερείς κ
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240
κα
δωρ
ένω φα

Gods" bestowed upon us. But what came before and what comes thereafter ... I suppose in some sense that is tradition. It's interesting to see how the English language developed - of which we know a lot about because that's been fairly recent. And I suppose it's common sense that it's been peasant-speak that emerged from a multi-cultural environment. Yet nowadays, through the tradition we have; That is: Lexicons, Dictionaries, Novels, other Books, TV, Movies, etc. - it's less likely to change as dramatically as it did. I mean, the internet does a little something to it - and that maybe in a sense of things getting worse before they get better.

I mean, I wondered: The word 'hesitation' for instance ... where does it come from? I mean ... like, 'when' was the concept pronounced as a word, for the first time? Though I guess it would make more sense to wonder where the term 'clout' came from. Because ... that's a relatively new one. It sure is something 'real' - even so a hundred or a thousand years ago - but people yet only conceived of the concept enough to make it a word during the last couple of years or so. Unless I'm just painfully oblivious about it.

And certainly, words do help us speak. In a way, they're also like intellectual real estate. Not having a word for something, is like being silenced.

But then, having a word alone isn't enough. It also needs to be used. So the German word: 'Reigen' comes to mind - as one that's ... somehow in my repository though barely used ever, certainly not in the modern tongue. And for such reason we'd be encouraged to read. Although, I suppose my English is rather dull. I also don't really try ...

The more modern term for 'Reigen' would be 'Treiben' - another one that Mark Twain could have had fun with. But so may I. What it means, in English, is 'to drive', 'to urge', 'to sprout'. In the one way. There's also the floating or the herding aspect - and yet there's a shared meaning; So that 'Illustres Treiben' - in any context - gets the point across.

And so is the 'Trieb' well described as an Urge - be it that of the water moving driftwood, a dogs driving of a herd, the sprouting of a plant or the work of an engine. I would call it a primal principle - the cause of which, the 'Antrieb', may be physical or esoteric. So, the 'drive'. Which might just be the best access to the German word, as that is where German and English agree again ... sort of.

Meaning ↔ Sense ↔ Word(s) ... is a linguistically poor way to describe it, to say, evolution and creation in respects to language.

And what some might describe as bastardization might as well just be a shift in perspectives. And yet do we again live in a time ... where we can behold the insidious, the corrupt side of it. Like, what even is "Cultural Marxism" supposed to be? But "Cultural movements I don't understand, nor want to like". I mean, "Marxism" would be one of those words one can intuitively understand, but anti-social propaganda would make it difficult to do so. Anyway ...

Rape, Despair, Captivity, ...



Artwork: Sprawling on Etsy. Artist Unknown. Try "Devil Poster" or "Devil Girls" ... LOL

in it follows the idea that any abstraction of a whole will most likely have elements that intersect with others, that depending on what one is concerned about some will work better than others - and respectively that some elements are "seen differently" between them.

Thereby, when speaking of the Mansion as a virtual field one is free to toy around with, I could sure "fill it up" with things that would align to the norm of contemporary social standards. To so have it "clean and tidy" and non-controversial and stuff. And sure, if we only think about neutral furniture and interior design, it's just that and doesn't fulfill a descriptive purpose other than some vague sense of taste. Like, are we talking "modern"? Baroque? Gothic? Whatever, it doesn't matter. So we might move on to add pictures, some sense of living - and here I could sure at least present something "clean and tidy" - but in terms of Clarity I have to acknowledge how I feel about it. Like so the issue, that while doing so I'd internally generate an "alternate reality" of sorts, in which I would fill the mansion up with how I really feel about it. And to me it seems as though the Spiral is some kind of blueprint or guideline to that. As so a set of priorities that extends from my preferential alignments. Though we can so say, that the Spiral is *the cause* for how I would fill this mansion, it is however also *consequence*. So, while I'm oblivious to my Spiral - I might not care much about those things, other than perhaps by some vague desire I could not confidently make sense of.

So could we also say, that a Gimmickified understanding of Clarity is a misconception that neglects that the causal nature of it is in certain regards still consequence.

So could we say, that the Spiral is as an empty Cellar that corresponds to our individual depths. Respectively is there no freedom or choice to what we accumulate therein. To say, that if we want to change its contents, we have to change ourselves to the extent that its contents don't correspond to our depths anymore. This is at the very least a model for how to think about these things. Eventually there's more to it, I would say, such as psychological aspects that may in part be beyond our grasp. In as far as we're dealing with concepts, we're for instance talking of our individual interpretation of things. So is it, I'd say, not the case that "being chained to a wall" for instance is an absolute truth that I enjoy - but that within the context of my understanding there is an interpretation of "being chained to a wall" that I enjoy - to the point that it's there in my Cellar. Thereby "being chained to a wall" is also just one component of a 'more nuanced' condition.

In summary: It is thereby conceivable, at least in theory, that a shift in understanding or how I'd value certain things, would change my priorities. So is this, I would say, also the 'soft' part of Clarity; One that however extends from the Clarity itself. To say that my Clarity is the dominant measure for what gets to be here - such that it is still, at the very least, "Clarity adjacent". Or perhaps that's just my impression because I have a strong privacy aligned Clarity. Or how to put it.



217 Artist: vzznry

As a take-away is there a matter of 'infinite complexity' that congeals into a condensed set of finite circumstances because a consolidated value-system creates a foundation of relativity based on which I can define my "natural condition" in a relevant manner.

Sidenote: My satisfaction thereby isn't rooted in a biological process, but the conditions that make up a sense of living, we might say.

To so look at my Mansion – there is this singular room at the bottom of ... "the Mansion's Core". That is, the right-most column – as the center the imagined cylinder revolves around. This vertical view of the Mansion is by the way the more sophisticated one for me at this point – and the layer above that bottom room is what I so far referred to as "the Caverns". What looks like the opening into 'Caverns' to the Left, is what I referred to as "Beyond the Walls".

This bottom room now is at this point in time still somewhat vague – but what isn't vague is that this is an intimate space that corresponds to my relationship with my Spouse, more so as a sexual playground; And more to the point where I enjoy *him* making of me what *he* desires. It is a Kink I enjoy at the core of our relationship – we might say. It's not a part of the Spiral – nor would the Spiral ever really matter – yet do the contents of the spiral resemble a rough idea of what I would personally expect out of it – or how the Kink matters; Though from a different perspective is there my relationship to *her* in context of my Clarity; Here experienced as a heterosexual relationship.

The room above that is basically a large cage – akin to a garden or arena – and the room to the left of that is the part where I used to have a penis; But has since changed into a place of ritualistic impregnation ... of me.

And that's also just ... how it is. To say that I don't see any strings or links or whatever that adds some kind of logical reasoning to why or how that is – other than the one provided so far. So, that these things just somehow occupy "my depth". Or 'a' depth. Clarity at its base would also correlate with it – though in its more generic terms, that's I feel what the ground level is for. Also is there this "alternate bottom Level" which we'll get to in a bit. It also sits here – with a slightly different energy to it.

So, maybe it's not perfectly correct to think of these depths as what Clarity is about, but more as what intimate associations exist in one's depth – and whether or not those relate to Clarity would depend on the Clarity, I assume; And are in that sense some other kind of Clarity. One that more so extends from the greater whole I assume.

And there are probably even more ways to elaborate on these parts.

With the four Pillars then, we also move on to what I called "the Chalice". But first, the script takes us into the horizontal Layer.

And that one ... is barely defined for me. As it stands, it roughly aligns with the "end-point" of my Spiral – and my impression is that it

And it sucks.

This world, that is. Or this life. At least [by some frequency]

There's a reason why we try to escape it. Be it by drugs, by work, by fiction ... or something else to keep us occupied. Like Love. But, this isn't going to be some speech over how degenerate existence is. Like so, for one reason or another, we manage to hang in there. Maybe the true lesson there is that 'something' is better than nothing.

To be around. To see and feel. Or in short: To have part in something. However mundane. Though obviously ... sometimes that isn't enough.

And I've been there. Facing that nothingness. Or was it?

I've been a butcher trainee at that time. And ... having that be all there was ... made me think that nothing might actually be better*. Or something like that. And maybe the demons in my head saved my life then – for – I wouldn't wanna let [?"them"?] have that win. Or at least that's what I told myself – being perhaps too terrified to actually do it.

But well. That's nothing I really want to talk about either.

But Life isn't easy, except when it is. And so is dying not easy, except when it is.

And ... I'd say, that it is whenever we get torn out of our routine, out of what we believed to be true or what we thought we could rely on, that change is thrust upon us. Whether we're capable of change or not, we 'adapt'. Or so it is said.

Yet I believe, that at the end of the day, we stay true to ourselves. That, because we're in agony if we can't. And it's strange. As in ... difficult to make out a universal norm of some sort. There's an array of things we have an easy time with. We may barely notice that we're individuals, or what it means to be individual. And then there are things however, that are like ... us running into an internal wall. Whether we want or not. It doesn't matter whether we want – because we feel ... that some of the things we might want ... are like cutting into our own flesh. And why would anyone do that? Well, maybe I should probe some of the other patients in rehab. ...

And what's nice about therapy, versus getting told to just suck it up, is that people show compassion and understanding. It's difficult, otherwise, to say or try to explain how something that is immaterial "isn't easy" - and to work on it.

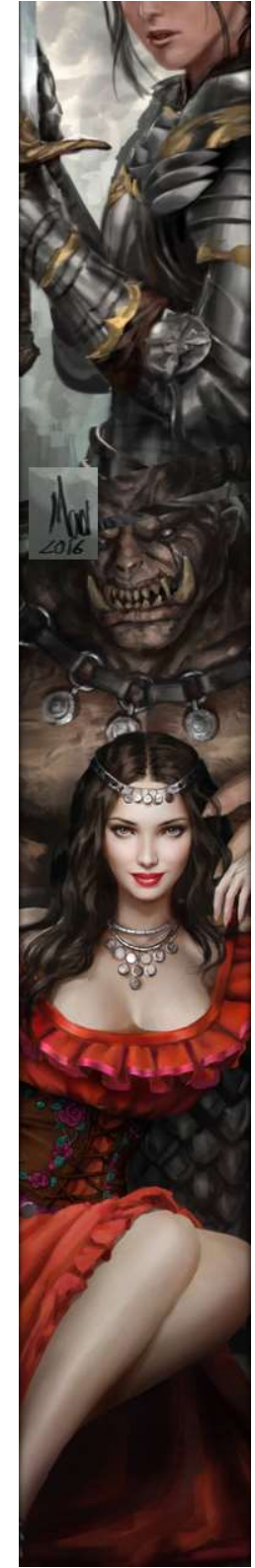
And there – we also only have 'so many' words. And maybe there are or have been words to describe – but, who even knows them? I don't. Well ... OK. "Depression". "Cool".

The thing is: Words have history. And sometimes that history is weird. I guess it makes sense to believe that language is something "the

בְּאֵלֹהִים מִי אֲנֹכִי כִי
אֵלֶךְ אֶל־פְּרַעֲה וְכִי
אוֹצִיא אֶת־בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
מִמִּצְרַיִם:
יְבוֹאֵמֶר כִּי אֶהְיֶה
עִמָּךְ וְהָיָה לְךָ סֵאוֹת
אֲנֹכִי שְׁלַחְתִּיךָ
בְּהוֹצִיאֲכָם אֶת־הַעַם
מִמִּצְרַיִם תַּעֲבֹדוּן אֱלֹהֵי
הַמִּצְרַיִם עַל הַמֶּלֶךְ
הַזֶּה:
עֵשֶׂה לְךָ
מִצְוָה
וְאֵת
הַמִּצְוָה
הַזֹּאת
תַּעֲשֶׂה
לְפָנַי
וְאֵת
הַמִּצְוָה
הַזֹּאת
תַּעֲשֶׂה
לְפָנַי
וְאֵת
הַמִּצְוָה
הַזֹּאת
תַּעֲשֶׂה
לְפָנַי

*That the literal nothingness ... would be better. The work was alright, the company was too. But the conditions weren't good for my soul.

אֲלֵכֶם וְאָמַרְדָּלִי מִה
שְׁמוֹ מִה אִמַר אֲלֵכֶם
יְדוּאֵמֶר אֲלֵהִים
אֶל־מֹשֶׁה אֶהְיֶה אִשְׁ
אֶהְיֶה וְאֵימֶר כֹּה
תֹאמַר לְבְנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
אֶהְיֶה שְׁלַחְתִּי אֲלֵכֶם
סוּנִיאֵמֶר
עוֹד אֲלֵהִים אֶל־מֹשֶׁ
כֹּה תֹאמַר אֶל־בְּנֵי
יִשְׂרָאֵל יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי
אֲבֹתֵיכֶם אֱלֹהֵי
אֲבֹתֵיכֶם אֱלֹהֵי יִצְחָק
וְאֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב שְׁלַחְתִּי
אֲלֵכֶם זֶה־שְׁמִי לְעַלְמֵי
וְהָיָה זִכְרִי לְדֹר דָּר:
סוּלָךְ וְאִסְפַּת אֶת־דָּ
יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאִמַרְתְּ אֲלֵהִים
יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי אֲבֹתֵיכֶם
נִרְאָה אֵלַי אֱלֹהֵי
אֲבֹתֵיכֶם יִצְחָק וְיַעֲקֹב
לֵאמֹר פְּקֹד פְּקֹדוֹתַי
אֲתֵכֶם וְאֶת־הַעֲשִׂוִי
לְכֶם בְּמִצְרַיִם:
יְתֹאמַר אֲעֲלֶה אֲתֵכֶם
מִשְׁעֵב מִצְרַיִם אֶל־אֶרֶץ
הַכְּנַעֲנִי וְהַחִתִּי
וְהָאֱמֹרִי וְהַפְּרִזִי וְהַחִתִּי



had some more elaborate thing going on. Almost like a vision. I found myself in the body of a Character I once invented, a female Knight of sorts. I got taken prisoner - freaked out at the sight of the town I was taken to, as it's notorious for producing sex-slaves that stay loyal to their captors. To then go through the process of how they achieved that. So, they'd have a drug that will let the mind produce a condition that is suggested - and some brainwashing device would then go to maintain those produced conditions within. So my new owner would ask me to imagine the most I could be where I came from - and the grandest sense of my self that I could muster would emerge - and that would become part of my sense of self. Then I would be asked to imagine myself to be content with being a sex-slave as my captors wife. I might try to resist but the image would emerge and ... unable to avoid producing the emotion of contentment and woosh ... it would become a part of myself. After some initial setup, I'd be tasked to make my way to a certain place. A test I assume. And with what resistance I could yet muster, I ran into obstacles, probably put there in anticipation. Eventually though I was coming closer to the gate - but at the end went the other way.

I now see that I kindof didn't make it to the end. I mean, a little bit more resistance and I could have made it to the "you feel great about abandoning your resistance" part or something, but I suppose I was too much of a naughty girl to take it that far. Which might be cool - but more so I'd want to know ... what if ... I didn't have the (in the moment, masturbatory) biases I have. So, nothing that's gonna matter anytime soon - but yes. So is one reason for being in paradise. And - I don't know. The thing is also that there are or could be a lot of options here. So, if there were a difference between being complicit from the start or rebellious until the end. But yea ... that's like ... NULL World problems.

Too bad that my pussy isn't fully healed yet. Could have been a great orgasm.

It's weird if you're horny and you can't do anything about it. I tried the vibrator - but, I suppose at this point I'm too desperate for an orgasm, it just ... doesn't fit in with the mood. Another problem may be that I had the muscle memory to treat my erection; And just using the vibrator while lying there ... doesn't really do it for me so far.

It's weird because ... the penis was like an external device that I had learned to clip out of my imagination. And now ... it's like years worth of conditioning went out the window and ... now I have to relearn the same kind of automation or muscle memory to be more in the fantasy than the process.

Artists:
Top: Unknown
Bottom: Laura Sava

PART 6

CLOSING THOUGHTS

depends on concrete conditions that extend beyond the more abstract structures and their categories. There are a few concrete elements, such as "the Gate" or "the Pavilion" - which I assume present themselves as concrete to me because they're effectively "bottlenecks of inevitable implications". So is the gate as an entry hall to "my world" subject to the will of my Masters and respectively like a blackboard for my whereabouts. I can "play make believe" and come up with some impression; Maybe a passive truth to it translates into the contents of this book; Hard to say.

So, to me it's like an abstract personal profile - and ... effectively just sits there as some weird semi-chaotic reality. There are Dreams I had that somehow opened into spaces that line up with the concept, there's a silent urge that maintains its existence - and my best bet is that there isn't much of a point to it at this point.

BUT STUFF

The way that this whole thing first came together in me, was I think emergent from musings over the transition between intimate and public reality. So would there be a group of people that I'd be 'vibing' with - to say that we'd have some "magic" together, based on which we'd be able to live in happiness and harmony; But not necessarily in a way that conforms with societal norms and expectations outside of that.

At the heart of it is a very simple understanding. We might even say, that it follows the Biblical sentiment of first cleaning out the inside, so that the outside can be clean also. So is it from within, for instance, that Culture can emerge based on how we *want* to live our lives, rather than letting outside sensitivities determine that for us.

Or so: If what emerges therein is 'healthy' - it *were* good. 'Were' because at this point it's just an idea. A virtual reality of personal fantasy we might say.

This further - so by how I related to it - comes in layers. Say, intimate, private and public. Somewhat like ... bedroom - living room - outside. Except there's probably more nuance to that. Such as that life or living isn't as one-dimensional as my presentation might make it seem. Also is there the matter of intersections, where something private or intimate may in turn become something public. Hobbies, for the most part, are personal matters one would appreciate in the solace of their isolation, but is on the other side connected to a community. Some people would be more public than others - and all in all, ignoring worldly or economic concerns, is it an even playing ground for everyone to define themselves. Defining happiness or how to put it. Implying however, that it isn't a competition. That there is no status quo or any of that.

So the idea, the virtual, at least. Which somehow aligns with the understanding of why "my Gate" aren't 'the Pearly Gates' - so-to-speak.

But well. I mean, full disclosure: On some Level the idea of being a fuckslut that has been drugged senseless ... does turn me on. And I

suppose I need to recognize that these dark tendencies come with a lot of extra caveats as ... we may assume ... "our centers" are shifting "off base" as we grow more comfortable with our indulgences - moving too far into one direction so that a lot of what "we" would want is ... mostly off limits - to some capacity.

So an argument goes, that culture is an external force that is to keep us in check. As we are to keep one another in check. Though that has certainly grown to perverted extents also. So are we to live - co-exist - with each other and through that, grow to become the best of us. As to be what the human body is relatively to nature. Well, if you want to indulge the "the crown of creation" narrative thereof.

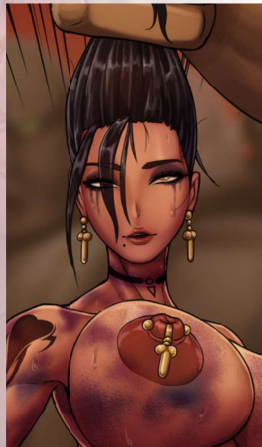
So is it even, that I, on the other hand ... don't like the concept of Drug fueled Orgies. There's something about Drugs, starting with Alcohol, that makes me feel uneasy. And it sure is a matter of the right measure - and that doesn't easily exist in a fantasy where every horror vision is just a slip-up away.

The answer?

Love!

It might not be apparent - and therefore it should be noted - that on a mutual bedrock of Love and Understanding we have the foundation to move on to more. Say, if I didn't have that I might fancy getting pass-out drunk day in day out not caring about much other than getting laid on top of that. To say that in some disconnected vision it is easy to get lost in concepts that wouldn't easily arise from the comforts of a loving environment.

I mean, looking at my life - it just makes sense for me to assume that all ability to live something resembling a life has been purposefully removed from me. Unnecessary Clutter. But I still love order and structure - but somehow, sometimes - I can't. And maybe it's just an excuse. It certainly is a reason for me to 'abandon logic and reason' - for sure - but it's also that it doesn't make a lot of sense, to substitute love for that.



4 - Individual Complexities

Yet I only ever need to think about why this and that would be - to come around to think that I'm maybe just being ridiculous. And there are plenty of things one might take for reasons to believe it so.

While the Mansion(s) might be more of a thing after all - there are plenty of instances where I followed some sense of structure or order or logic, coming to a result or a conclusion that's just lost in the noise. And I suppose the deprecated attempts at the Runes now belong unto those as well. And so have I written about "Lighting Candles" - and



Well, there certainly are ways to be more specific. So are there the transitions between the fields of the grid, also are there ways to compartmentalize it - as to join or separate fields. Or so is there a *grand tree* behind the scene as a transition between the center and the top (Alt).

Context, however, that has the effect of - well. To me it would be "producing knacks", for instance. Because, I assume, that's how I experience the greater validity of my internal symmetry. So, naming 'Pet' as on the transition between Front and Center, or 'Abductee' as roughly aligned with the Back, generally the transition between Back and "Back-Base" - allows me to experience the parts I expressed in that grid 'in that Light'; And in as far as the experience 'flows' ... it's a 'positive match'.

And what you then make of it ... is then, technically ... where it's at. In the bluntest or simplest of terms. To say OK to it being Superficial - because it is depth expressed through Superficialities.

7 - And that's that

Beyond this, what I have is sketch-work. The way this 'works' for me has usually been a matter of tensions, urges and LUST. Tensions here could be confused with urges, but refer to something feels missing, while by urges I mean some kind of specific goal - elusive or not - I'd want to get at; And in the pursuit of it I usually stumble on a whole lot of other things - and I feel as though I never arrive at what I urged to get at. LUST is then simply a flow. It emerges here and there - and because it is the primal way the Light manifests itself in me, it's really at the heart of this process.

Here and there then I might get horny - sometimes perhaps too horny - but ever so often the LUST is enough to overshadow that.

And one thing worth noting thereby is, that the process of uncovering my Clarity is generally different to what gets me going at night. Well, sometimes I would continue where I left off or fall into some other well of LUST that adds something here and there - but outside of that, Clarity is really just a good feeling I would get out of immersing myself into some narrative. My apartment in the Nexus or room B are two from my Clarity that I frequent(ed. So far I haven't quite figured out how to properly masturbate (new anatomy). It's certainly not the same). But others are more freestyle. Envisioning myself as Lara Croft for instance, abducted and enslaved into a sex-cult's prostitution network. Or being charmed by a villain to pretty much the same effect. Yesterday night (original draft) I



Dark Phoenix
Art: Uncanny
X-Men #511

eventually talking about desires. Desires substantiated by knowledge per chance. "To know what you want" as it were. But the mind, by default, doesn't have that knowledge. Nor does existence itself, by default, have anything that might amount to anything we might want or desire or like; Other than perhaps the potential for experiences – and what comes with it.

It might then be so, that a demand for "law and order" perhaps is deeply profound to some, but utterly meaningless to others. And so are there laws (of the past) that forbid homosexuality for instance – which is really just Bullshit if you think about it. As, it merely exists for some Bullshit reason that turns a "fun plaything" into dire circumstances.

And to so come back to the normalization of things – not that it matters for *the uninspired*, I suppose – there is the normalization of tolerance and individual liberties. Without it, you're doing a disservice to the complexities of life. In other words could we make this about "not assuming someone else's gender or sexuality". To so not "make someone" trans or gay or anything "because this and that", so – based on alleged indicators of one kind or another. And sure, *this door swings both ways*, we might say.

IDENTITY?

What is it?

Regarding the Chalice, or so the things I wrote but then discarded, it's ... complicated. So, the cup is to somehow contain one's essence. But all I actually got are just vague images. Regarding my Chalice of Life I might just slap an image of the Dark Phoenix in there; Regarding that of my Clarity however ...

The scene is this: The Chalice extends into a dark room ... and in the background is an image. And somehow a face bolted to the front of the Chalice – but not really as a part of it. More like ... superimposed as from an alternate reality. And those two, the background and the face, would be the Front and the Back respectively – thinking of the Grid. That is the same Grid shared earlier, although the images thereon aren't meant to be expressions of the 'experienced content'.

Uhm ... at the time I originally wrote these things, I was leaning away from that – to maybe get a closer look at what's underneath it all. And what I found is vaguely a matter of 'Asymmetry'.

Thereby, my own expression would correspond to my own symmetry – yet what constitutes "Blonde", "Redhead" or "Brunette" is as part of that symmetry also just my own. So may we think of 'dignity' as it corresponds to someone, and everyone may find a color of hair or whatever to flavors of their own implications. And yet is dignity probably not equally important to us, across the board.

Anyhow – the only thing really missing from that Grid image, is the mouth-gag on the 'Front' part of it. (And the Cage for the Diva).

over the course of writing this, I've come to the impression that I ended up debunking myself more often than not, just to find that it is without consequence. I mean, the standing interpretation is that I felt the way I felt due to communication issues. Some of it might be due to me having gaps in my Logic or perhaps a flawed idea of ... well ... how to communicate things properly. But at the end of the day, things are the way they are.

Overall, I however don't think I'd be doing this properly, if this whole thing wasn't in the end 'on fire' – metaphorically speaking. And – I think if you can't deal with it, logically, reasonably, responsibly; I can't help you. I mean, no amount of being reasonable and trying to relativize would do – as there just are things ... that would, we may assume, be taken out of context to whatever extent. So I suppose ... I might as well try to own it some more.

So have I started on a Diary, taking some notes – playing catch up – and being somewhat immersed in the matter, I came back to think of the Bondage aspect of my Otherlore.

The Logic that's being followed here is that there are 5 primary Entities I'm bound to. The Numbered Term corresponds to what I gave of myself – to which the "Bond" (or Covenant → Bund) is ... given or something. And that alone didn't feel right. It felt like – to make proper sense of it – there had to be more. Something would have to be imposed on me that I had to embrace. And being a little confused while trying to feel for what might be there, or was there, I came up with these terms. So would I give myself [Selbst] unto the entity in some way which is reciprocated through an Influence [Einfluss]. So, I give myself to "the Lightbearer" as embodiment of LUST – who, well – I suppose there needs to be a system for how to phrase these things – demands Obedience ... or as expressed here 'Submission'. Central to that is an item (or Relic → Relikt) that I accept as a part of me – upheld by the power I give away. Of this I further yield a Reflection (Reflektion) – as in a sense my internal alignment to this exchange. Which is all ... more or less the same.

The Juicy Stuff here is in the Relics.

Tiara of Self-Sacrifice Described Earlier. The Light is the focus of one's Enthrallment. The Tiara express this in form of self-sacrificial behavior – further represented through a Demonic Entity that Lusts for my suffering – emphasizing the demanded Sacrifice.

Eyes of Darkness I totally forgot about this one. This isn't complete Darkness, merely a concept dominated by it. Instead of there being Light as focus, there is Darkness that consumes irrelevant things. Hence: Captivity. The Eyes of Darkness shroud everything that isn't conducive to LUST – thus isolating all potential for pleasure and the likes

- 1 - Licht
 - _Bund[Hörigkiet]
 - _Reflektion[FUCKSLUT]
 - _Relikt[Tiara der Aufopferung]
 - Einfluss[Unterwürfigkeit]
 - Selbst[Verkörperung der Lust]
- 2 - Dunkelheit
 - _Bund[Gefangenschaft]
 - _Reflektion[RAPEBABY]
 - _Relikt[Augen der Finsterniss]
 - Einfluss[Missbrauch]
 - Selbst[Sexuelle Ergebnisheit]
- 3 - Anmut
 - _Bund[Unendlichkeit]
 - _Reflektion[CRYBITCH]
 - _Relikt[Chip]
 - Einfluss[Folter]
 - Selbst[Sklavin]
- 4 - Dominanz
 - _Bund[Ungleichheit]
 - _Reflektion[TORTURESLAVE]
 - _Relikt[Zunge des Verlangens]
 - Einfluss[Schwängerung]
 - Selbst[Tochter]
- 5 - Reinheit
 - _Bund[Inspiration]
 - _Reflektion[PRISONBRIDE]
 - _Relikt[Gewänder der Eitelkeit]
 - Einfluss[Korruption]
 - Selbst[Spielzeug]



Artist: DALL-E mini
(Craiyon.com)

within the confines of my Captivity.

Chip of Mind-Control Oddly enough - this Entity I had the most problems with defining. It might be due to some kind of double-vision. But yes - this piece is pretty prominent within my Clarity and I'm not sure how much more I can add to this here. Trying to capture what I feel here is difficult. What seems in about right is something regarding the Absolute on the one; And beyondness on the other side. The primary concept behind [Anmut] (Grace, Beauty, Elegance → original English thought: Grandeur) was that it goes beyond the easily comprehensible. And this degree of superiority results in a spectrum of imperative control.

Tongue of Yearning I'm not sure how well I was able to differentiate it. On the one side there's the Mouth Gag or what's in the Lips - and the throat always felt like a separate thing. Dominance so yields Inequality. Respectively the Relic emphasizes this inequality through a Yearning in which those who dominate (☹ ... ☺ ... ☹) me are exalted.

Garments of Vanity This is a thing that I wouldn't have given much thought - outside of perhaps the shoes, which might however also be something in between these and the Shackles. Being essentially Crotchless, Breastless undergarments (+Stockings(primarily) and Gloves) - that would so just happen to be ... implied somehow; They realize the concept of Inspiration. And here now the concept of Self↔Influence comes to show in the form of an implicit context.

I'm not sure how much it matters. The Relics definitely are there, somehow. Though overall I'm still - I've written this a couple of month ago - under the impression that the specifics or details might change depending on mood.

So is this, possibly, just something to have - as for flavor points. I mean, over the course of time I've come to various "conclusions"/representations such as this one - and I assume I don't feel perfectly in line with it because it doesn't perfectly correspond to my whole - while still, it is somewhere there as an abstract or indirect inspiration towards the concrete aspects of my Clarity. For all intents and purposes however, it is just ... a re-imagining - a consequence rather than the cause of some of the parts and flavors that make up my whole. Constituent pieces ... prisms ... such and such.

we DO have, in the Light. And there, technically, it wouldn't even matter just how much involved in these things I could get. Life is life - and it comes as it comes.

My relationship to wanting is however flawed. A Tai Chi/Kung Fu expert would paint you a completely different picture, I assume. What little I know takes me to ... let's call it 'the Viper's strike', to lean into movie tropes. So, you'd have your hand close to your shoulder - then visualize the strike, to basically build up tension via the intent, to then follow up on the strike as pulled by a rubber band, rather than you "thrusting" forward.

That certainly is a whole other world of it; But relates to my point in that there are layers to it. In this example mostly active ones.

Ironically this example also matches the background of this text. What I had written here, month before, barely made any sense. I haven't learned anything new either - for as far as the content here is concerned. But I had moved beyond whatever had occupied me here.

For the most part, I was confused - hung up - over the image of the woman in the red dress. That I felt like it didn't fit into the context - and that I therefore had to comment on why that is - yet being drawn into commenting on the purpose or sanity behind doing so. And for some reason I wrote this text - which I had to barely alter to make actual sense. And that is also a kind of Growth. Erring through the mazes of our contemporary nonsense - where, if we can find trust in the Divine rather than desperation over our errors, it's surprising how well things can come together sometimes.

That little "fun fact" however also speaks to the fact that I didn't know what to write about here.

As for the wants and likes - it's a somewhat minor detail, all things considered; Yet drawing a distinction that I didn't know a whole lot of - and so I can barely make much sense of it. And that is perhaps the biggest problem with this book. Supposing that all the apparent nonsense I had to remove or write over contained some nuance I just couldn't properly pronounce - there just is a depth to these things difficult to fathom. Yet also somewhat trivial, except where it matters.

So are words here often enough just approximations - sometimes referring to something specific, and other times to something more universal than one might comprehend. So is 'wanting' or 'liking' in this sense possibly as different from the 'common words' as is 'force' and 'lightning'. But they don't refer to external things - abstracts - but things that *are there*, inside. But what so is a 'reflection'? A 'shimmer in the dark'? I can't show you!

Similarly is Growth, as per our worldly understanding, dependent on substance. At the heart of it is DNA - if we're talking about life - or the fundamental forces - if we're talking about physics (nuclear, gravity, ...?) - though within the mind we're



Artist(s?):
Melkor_n_Scratch

so will, that is as ultimate of a form of enslavement as can be ... without ... violating any freedoms, at least at the basis.

And, to fully comprehend this, it might be necessary to unlearn *binary thought patterns*. That being what would lead us to stupid decisions. That so the opposite of X is Y and if X doesn't work, Y has to do it, while actually X is a spectrum – and so the rest of the Alphabet.

Either way is there so this issue between what we might call 'true substance' and some vague "ought to".

Like so, ignoring my Clarity I could pose as a Sword-Lesbian and join the rest of Society with a "screw Pedos" attitude; As it's not like there's any tangible difference either. Really! But also: Give or take. But instead I'm telling you about how I was overcome by the Forces of Darkness which further made me their Bitch. True Story! But so we're also right back at the issue of how tangible all these intangible things are.

So, to be utterly precise, here (→) is the exact (abbreviated) wording of the part of my Diary in question (I was more specific on which three holes that would (certainly) entail).

And on face value, that's an empty want. Though – as a perfectly empty Want, you'd have to read it as me begging for Cock. Perhaps to a capacity that is beyond me. And so the story goes, that as one of those Clarity Truths, it isn't an 'empty' Want. It is a reflection of a condition that is of some influence to the integrity of the whole. Or so – it is part of my state of mind. Though when applying an understanding of Reality – that is: Any imagining of one (→Fiction), it also constitutes a building block; Where – matters of my Clarity that hinge upon its realization are inaccessible, depending on how real it could be, potentially leaving some silent urge, possibly wound up in confusion of one sort or another.

In other words; And so in sense of the context; We may ask how empty it is, if its presence is integral to my identity. But also how it exists, as part of my being, if sexual ideas were as far removed as possible. Weird *perversions* were my guess.

That however are the deeper considerations regarding Growth. If one were to be concerned of it. So, the question for: How do we aspire for what – and what are the things that satisfy us for how long. So could it be that empty wants fuel us until we arrive at fulfilled wants. And within fulfilled wants we may find peace. This peace can then further extend into the being and that certainly for better or worse. Well, sure for the 'better' – unless that led to trouble with ... the world around us. Give or take.

So ... ultimately ... I don't have to beg for cock, even if my Clarity would have me do so eventually. That in as far as me begging for it wouldn't change anything. Or so: The ways in which I would get cock hinges on other things. Until it doesn't. But ... that's ... kind of the point. To get there isn't about wanting things we cannot have. But about recognizing what

Raped and Abused
Fucked Hollow
Emotionally
& Physically
→ To be able to take
all abuse.

The ... "obvious" issue now however is, that these things don't really fit into my Clarity. Or the structures as presented. Various aspects of it are present – even prominently so – existing as somehow implied or "hacked"/shoehorned in somehow – while they might as well just exist somehow in the background of some condition So, abstracts. Or shadows. In the sense that they don't need to be explicitly present for the whole to somehow amount to in about the same thing.

And so I think these things can exist as a more externalized expression – so: Religion – while generally life itself, as in how it's lived (how it "wants to be lived") would take precedent.

But so all I can say in the end about it all is that these things just are. So, as a ... diversification of sorts.

Where ... yea.

Sometimes this and that dominates, and other times ... other things. So, sometimes my relationships can be defined by magical bonds – as that's certainly where the devotion and stuff flows. And other times life is just different. Be it that I at the time don't care all that much – about all these fantasies ... as for whatever that were in the context of my life ... as it *should be*.

But sure. When told from a religious perspective, my truth certainly aligns with the narrative of things that religion imposes onto me. Here I would childishly or naively agree to conditions that would lead to consequences far beyond what I may have imagined. And since I handed all control over to what might as well be strangers – I'm forever compelled to suffer the consequences of those decisions. And therein I would be glorified in my captivity – being victimized in my inability to object to anything that's done to me.

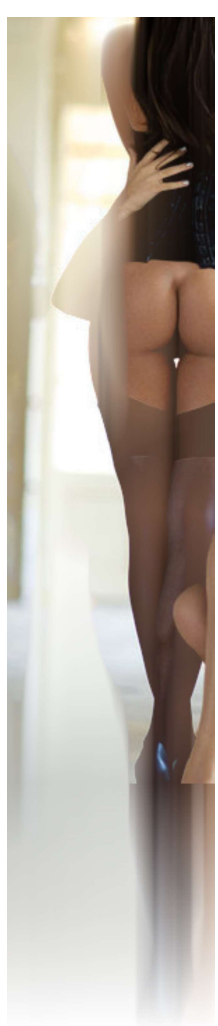
And so whenever "the Devil" calls for – I'm fulfilled with sacred horror, eagerly anticipating the ordeal.

But what so is simple – can defy comprehension until the things that make it simple are known. And so is expression a challenge if not an art.

5 - Hellfire Nun → Night Mare THE CHALICE AND THE GRID

The biggest issue I personally have with Clarity is that it contains this elaborate World that so heavily blurs the Lines between Reality and Fiction – that it leaves me sometimes baffled over what I hold in my virtual hands. This primarily comes in two ways. Matters of accomplishment on the one – and matters of standing on the other.

Accomplishments, in this sense, are things I acquired – internally or by working it out. Standings on the other hand are things that are just there. But whatever I'm trying to get at here – it isn't really solid. For the time being it might be, to me – but tomorrow I might look at it and be



puzzled over it. Thereby I might touch on things that are self-understood to me. Such as that wants and have are often enough almost one in the same. As so - 'to have a consolidated desire'. That I "regard myself as Queen" - that's just a standing thing. And so ... As for matters of standing - the Light has a certain authority to just make things be. As for accomplishments, well ... we may just assume that they ought to be inevitabilities given enough time. And what changes is within our ability to "embrace" new things - leading on to the next thing, as an extension of our self.

And so looking at things through the Lens of Clarity - these things come as matters for us to apply ourselves. So - whether or not Hellfire Nun is the correct term doesn't matter; However I'm inevitably going to be involved in the Satanic Clergy somehow. Where Night Mare is just my chosen branding for what I see myself as therein. And I would assume that the Light does support these things even if only for the sake of appearances.

Well, depending on how relevant it is in the first place.

I mean, whether I go by the title of Queen or Goddess or not wouldn't matter. I suppose the only places where it does matter ... are meta. I mean, there is no point in being serious about it if there's no tangible consequence to it. ... well ... whatever ...

Liliana Vess by Karen S. Darboe



There so is a degree of Abstractions ... between one's self as is - and what one might think of themselves. Being Trans ... is like having that rubbed into your face ever so often. So is this world a place - and as of the past it would stand that sometimes one doesn't even have the rights over their own body. Let alone some esoteric ... alter ego or whatever "pettiness" of that kind.

As you may have guessed ... there's something in my Clarity about that and apparently it's got something to do with this Grid or Chalice.

Piecing it together logically turned out to be a bit of a puzzle I eventually gave up on. From what I can piece together still, there's a root, a stem and branches. This frame corresponds to the force that upholds my identity, also labeled as GROWTH. The branches extend to form the cup of the chalice - and are decorated with gems that highlight their essence. The cup contains the essence ("of me") that is produced by this force - and from it arises a vapor that ... I guess we could say: Illuminates my dreams.

Level. And I wonder why it took me so long, returning to it month later, to just spell it out.

Well, having been confused over what to write here - I've really been stuck on the topic of wanting. And at the end of the day I don't think I can fully do it justice. But, I suppose it is fair to say, for a start, that it is a wildly nuanced thing. It has to be - as it is by which we navigate the wealth of information, impressions - to name a few - we're exposed to, submitted to, in control of We want what we want. Sometimes there's logic and reason to it, but sometimes it's just more fun to just do something. I mean, else we might as well just eat bread and drink water.

Well - OK, so there is taste. It somehow corresponds to whatever is going on in our brains and "feel good" reasons are valid. OK, cool. I mean, it sure is a huge part of it. Trying to not be miserable

But rather than just the thing that gets us moving, the thing by which we act, there's a deeper layer. Wanting as a condition, as eluded to somewhat here and there.

And since there isn't a lot of substance on this page ... in any script I suppose ... perhaps "**a word from our Sponsor**" ...

Though the central theme in here is of a Fall from Grace into a Condition of Enslavement to Darkness ... there are many themes to choose from; One being that "there are no Slaves in Zion".

Now, beholding the truth of it reveals the *insidious* part, which is that I therefore am not to be enslaved by societal norms that don't work for me. And that is also an angle for talk about Hell. Naturally one could extrapolate this saying into realms of nonsense. In that regard we may then look into the realms of Darkness, where enslavement is somewhat normal. And whether it is *real enslavement* or not also depends on how far you want to take the "*matrix of demand*", although in some sense you couldn't take it far enough even - without also accounting for the absolute. If you want the ultimate of it - you're just being naive, but maybe it helps the mortal mind to fathom it.

I mean, the context for what I'm telling you in here may be shifting between freedom and captivity - such that I have to remark, from time to time, that there are no Slaves in Zion. Or for now imply that part of the 'magic' is, that we don't know just yet what a realistic manifestation of these things would look like. With an extra bit of magic being, that our fantasy can still mingle with the infinite; And the meaning of those eternal truths can align with our experience.

The insignia of Enslavement that are imbued into my being however, they anticipate a demand - we might say, so that I'm setup for passivity unto *a scene* of sorts. And in my passive alignment to that - I exist as slave to the circumstances. Whether or not there is force involved is first of all irrelevant. The point being at first that I thrive in this passivity - and in that regard a Slave Harness thrust upon me would align with my free Spirit. And if you

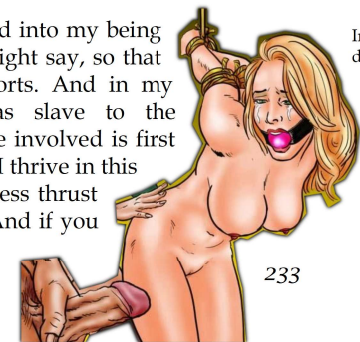
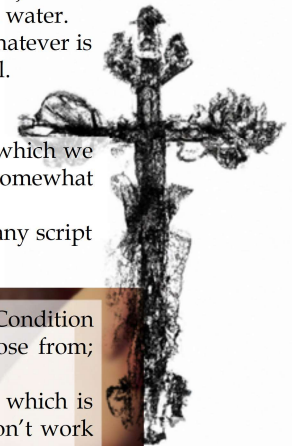


Image Credit: dofantasy.com



A lot of things are, or can be cringe. Naivete is Cringe. Holding on to a belief you cannot prove is Cringe. Arguing Facts ... wow ... super cringe! I mean, at the end of the day, what are Facts gonna do unless they can explode, summon lightning, or something along those lines? CRINGE! *Even if ... ?*

And it sucks, when that happens. Especially if it leaves you like after a divorce where your significant other got all the good stuff and you still got to pay.

And what do I have? My third Rune reads 'Humiliation'! Even if the whole thing isn't perfectly accurate - it's there somewhere.

And that, it would seem, is also thoroughly taken care of. After all do I have to step up in defense of Pedophilia (with an

Asterisk) - where now everyone who were to associate with me intimately is basically self-reporting. And whom does that leave me with? Well, supposing that wouldn't be an issue ... I suppose: Not much that my lesbian ass would be excited about. So ... an idea.

Hu ... freaky! Well ... I did not expect this to turn into a topic of Growth! Talking about the Obvious!

GROWTH

So, for the past two attempts I've been occupied by an issue relating to that image from two pages ago. Sure: The Woman in the Red Dress. And I felt like I had to add some context. And so I went on to write about Identity - as that would take me to the thing with the Grid. And yet I didn't come to address the thing itself - and instead had to also speedrun through the remaining matters regarding the Chalice. And sure - it's not like there's a whole lot I could tell you about that. Stairways, Branches, Gems ... Bondage, Bondage, Bondage. Done. And it's not like ... Growth is this really complicated concept. It happens. Done!

What felt Cringe, was the mere idea - I suppose - or the notion, of 'adding Context' to a still image. An image that works perfectly fine on its own. And so I came to write about identity, things that resonate with us, the appropriation of inspiring material and ultimately projection of personal matters onto these avatars. Just to then get stuck on the question of what difference the color of hair makes. At the end of the day, it's certainly not without vanity. Could there even be more to it?

There certainly is one in that ... different looks yield different reactions. And that again changes the interaction. At least on some level. Though however I dyed my hair ... it wouldn't change me for who I am. But perhaps which parts of me get to do the talking. At least on some

Though here we're more so talking of Growth as driven by something somewhat specific.

While there is a version that relates to my Clarity, there's also a version I could piece together from my life as is. Or as it were: ignorant of my Clarity. Or so: As it was prior. And I suppose this one would change, or grow in detail, as I grew older.

Let's call them ... the Chalice of Growth and the Chalice of Life.

When I think of my Chalice of Life - I understand that I didn't think much of it. At the time I however only made sense of the branches - whereby I'd pick the background forest from the Secret of Mana main menu as some sort of wallpaper - and Links SNES face would certainly make up one of the gems. Nowadays I suppose I'd also pay homage to the Dark Souls series. Eventually also the written word. Perhaps a page from the Aramaic text of the Old Testament. Possibly some gnostic insignia also.

Thinking of it today then - I'm under the impression that the roots relate to childhood. I'm however not really sure what to make of my Chalice of Life there. Thinking of it today, well, I'm left thinking that my Childhood was a bit depressing. That so in as far as that I didn't have much that would speak to myself. As a last ditch effort I'd think about Legos perhaps - but as the responsible adult I am, I also have to mention the awakening of my sexual self. I mean ...

In as far as those things didn't go anywhere, for quite some time - I'm compelled to think of other things then. Dragonball and Spiderman could go into the Stem But yea, with the roots it's difficult. Or different. I mean, in as far as the argument goes that kids don't know shit - all I can think of is the shit that I didn't know about but still ... "festered" in there. The least controversial aspect thereof would be the dream of swapping my body with a girl. More controversially - I was doing bondage in light of some feminization Kink, before I even knew about sex or sexuality, to myself. And I had ... pictures in my head. I was a girl surrounded by boys that would have their dicks out ... and ... I suppose because I didn't know what dicks are good for, other than peeing, that's what I thought they were supposed to do.

Now, those were singular events. Like, one of each. I'd shake them out of my head eventually. But then there are also movies and At some point there was an anime I saw which I read as "girl becomes robot" (though I'm sure it was the other way around); I also enjoyed playing 'being pregnant' - being the pregnant person - the movie 'the Blue Lagoon' certainly spoke to me through the images of the girl being pregnant - and well, sexual fantasies ... throughout elementary school - anticipating the kind of "sex ed" that never came.

At the time where smut magazines entered my life, I was drawn to composing a book of sexual fantasies. And while that mostly followed a male and heterosexual bottom line, I also once got my hands on a camcorder and ... I had no concept of what I was doing there ... but there was an urge - using a thin blanket as an excuse for a dress.

And it is then I suppose through an absence of things → that might guide those compulsions, that gaming and media consumption took over as



guiding forces. To, per chance, find what I was missing. Or how to put it. And that also maintained itself somewhat. Even going into my transition.

I like to think of it as a withering tree. But ... what I mean might just be that I right now am preoccupied by writing - disinterested in ... games and fantasy. And so, the urge to explore; The urge towards adventure - that probably didn't arise through a passion, but from necessity. Then what talents I have, what I attained from the nurture side of things, etc. would all compound into *this and that* - ultimately carried out through my Character. Which would for some time just be ruffles ... arbitrarily interacting with the various linings of my past and present.

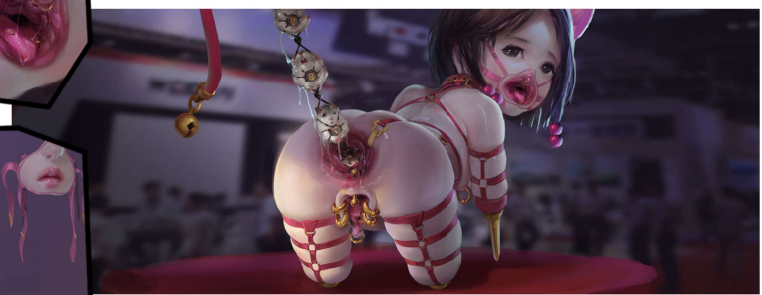
And ... yes. What I find for instance is that in my appreciation for arts I particularly enjoy lavish greenery; Among other things. It's like a crevice in my spirit where these things fall into. And therein is a fascination for beauty quite similar to how I relate to my Clarity. Or various sexual pleasures.

Thinking about my Chalice of Growth, things are however - as one might expect - a bit more pronounced.

For once ... it integrates with the rest of my Clarity. So are the roots grown into a Room - which overlays with the central room of the Cavern Layer "of my Mansion". The four Corners make up four towers or stairwells leading up - which I suppose mix with the four Corners of the Grid but also make up the Stem. And this is also the center of the Knot.

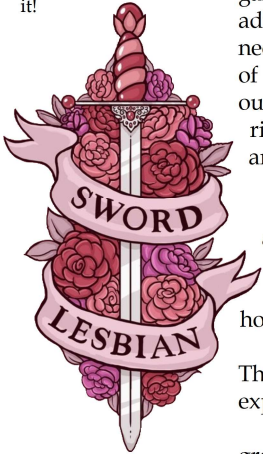
This room at the Roots I also call 'Throne Room'. And instead of the Caverns it leads into an open void - but also into the Cellar or Dungeon of my Mansion (Horizontal or 3D Layout).

It's a white, cubical Room - where I would think of collecting images that are predominantly white or have a white background, to so faintly shine through the tiles that make up walls, floor and ceiling. Contrasting that is a black throne in its center. And I experience the Throne as a very tight cage around me; One that also presents a strict separation between male and female to me.



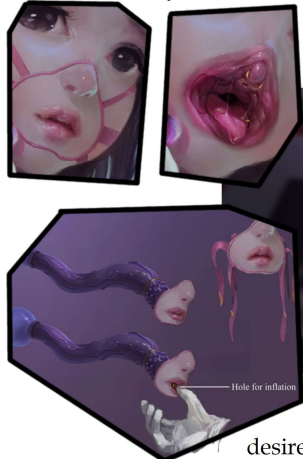
And ... it's one of my strongest ... well, desires or how we might want to call them. It's like I'm squashed by a Monolithic desire to get tortured and abused. And I guess ... you could call this the seed.

I don't like to read of my rejection - but there's certainly truth to it!



Sword Lesbian Art (hijacked) from redbubble.com

From 'Prison Academy' by J.M.



things; One issue that would repeatedly rise up to bother me is one of some nihilistic reductionism that seems to reject all value or virtue. Perhaps in regards to an absence of any tangible material worth. Or maybe as a mocking stance, fearful of the emerging competition.

For what now is 'want' - if it cannot attain what it stretches out towards? Isn't that what 'want' does, or is? A tool, a means to an end. Worthless ... without the end that gives meaning.

Speaking of the kind of wanting I came to introduce here, yes, I eventually speak of different 'kinds' of want. There for once is the empty wanting. That is when we want something from someone else for instance. Or in essence. A desire, mostly, that entices us to act in behalf of its satisfaction. Opposed to that is a ... well ... fulfilled wanting. Where if empty wanting is a question or uncertainty, fulfilled wanting is an answer or certainty. We get it if we try on a new piece of cloth - and we're like 'Yes' - as slang would have it.

Fulfilled Wanting so is less about moving towards something; And much more a way of being. "I am" - self affirmation or confirmation. And perhaps that's why the wicked are out [for the Queer and the Libs] - people who know ways of wanting besides the entrapping Lures imposed to control us.

A wanting from autonomy, ideally founded in reason, that would lend us the stoicism of a newly born Super Saiyan.

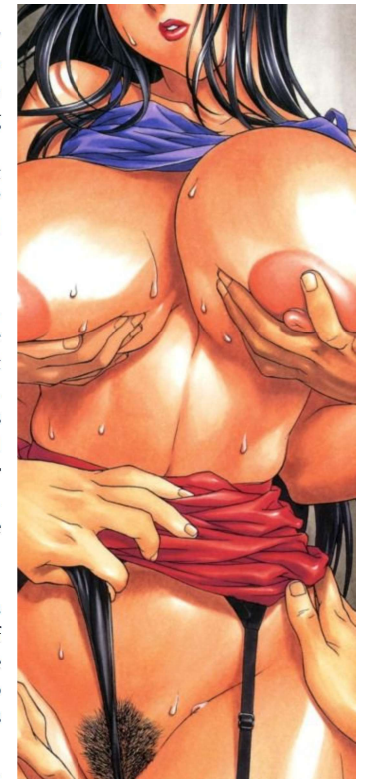
And so to hearken back to the matter of what I want - where I went onto a tangent about Normalization - this matter of wanting makes for a minute detail.

Like so - is my wanting empty or fulfilled?

Well - in as far as I write about my Clarity - I'm not referring to material conditions. But well.

Originally (this is the third attempt, ignoring the original draft, at following up on the end of the previous Chapter) I was getting into a topic that felt kinda Cringe. Or we might say: 'is' Cringe. And so the work to be done was to get into the matter in a way that wasn't ... Cringe.

And now - well ... I guess what's Cringe, really, is Growth. Growth that makes us uncertain or perhaps even dismissive if not opposed to things we held on to firmly in the past. But 'Cringe' is also an offensive term that can be used to inject uncertainty into someone. So the whole "owning [someone]" nonsense. And everyone that gets infected by this poison ... well ... is to maintain a stoic allegiance towards established or accepted norms. Which means that they are inevitably going to embrace the most nonsensically(sic) beliefs - for as long as it serves.



Note: This part was written prior to "THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL".

Artist: Inoue Takuya (?)



to be a driving factor within the whole. And so, “cleaning up” may begin by considering the sub-cultural aspect to culture at large.

So am I not trying to normalize anything here - but perhaps a more common understanding of Clarity. With my stuff, you aren't asked to participate. And if you have reservations, I would deem those legit for a variety of reasons. Yet maybe not the most obvious knee-jerk reaction to that. It might take some extra effort to draw the proper distinctions, but I suppose it'll help make things better.

Injection: WANTS & LIKES

I've noticed that the Clarity Diagram that I shared in the extensive Introduction to (neo-)Gnosticism is incomplete. I thought it to be cringe to add Captivity also. It felt a bit redundant. So I made a choice between that and Enslavement. For usually I mention both - and I recently found a resolution to my confusion about it:

On the one side there are Likes - and on the other are Wants. Taking it a bit further we can say that 'Likes' are something that the environment needs to provide - while the 'Wants' are what we are interested in adding to it. So or so.

Therein I suppose we can see a flaw with capitalism. What so is for sale, is virtually available to us - via the Environment. So our Likes are teased; And subsequently we are enticed to interact with this environment accordingly. Which we might say: Is a perversion of things.

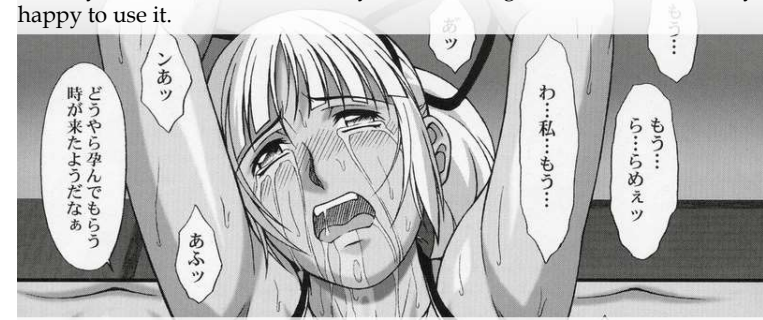
The argument so isn't against the availability of good things - things we like - but the ways in which [they are made available/we are to interact with them].

As also, our 'Wanting' is eventually reduced to a willingness to spend money. ... Although ... I guess we might ask: What does 'want' do, realistically?

6 - The Niddy Griddy

As we descended deeper into the matters of Clarity, Identity, Self or how you want to label

It easily resonates with one of my favorite images, like ever. I'm always happy to use it.



Or share it ... for that matter. And I have no clue where it's from.

And yea. If I told you that it resonates with something deep inside me - there are a variety of ways you could take it. And as I look at it here - it also kinda warps in my mind. So I assume that depending on how it resonates with you, your mind might try to “debunk its claim”. You might find it difficult to look at. Perhaps you see a different kind of sadness or despair than the one I see. It makes sense because I suppose I do the same myself - just from a different angle. And respectively I see it as ... some kind of beautiful.

And so it goes with them ... Candles. I assume. And the words (and images) to express that are meant to describe; End up becoming walls. So eventually as you ... see what you “want to see”. As you try to make sense of things to the best of your ability - probably.

Or so if we go on - looking where my Throne Room takes me going into my Mansion - and what linkage with other places like that of the “bearer of Dominance” there is ... you would feel justified holding an accusatory position. I assume some alarm bells just have to go off. It would be ... weird otherwise. I mean, by telling you these things I'm not advertising my lifestyle or life-choices or what you wanna call it to you. I'm not trying to get you on board in the sense of ... making it normal. And ... yea, it might be worth talking about that. Normalization.

It is ... a danger, or threat. So would the wicked try to normalize wicked behavior - where, if we couldn't or wouldn't snuff it out in its infancy, it would grow and eventually penetrate our society so thoroughly it could no longer be removed. Some things fortunately don't stick, others, well, have to be unstuck.

Propaganda is something that works along those lines. A narrative put on repeat - a friend maybe, agreeing with it. And eventually - it's everywhere.

What we have to understand - or are able to make sense of - is that this Normalization eventually just comes from a minority of people. But because we tend to see the world as this singular whole in which everything is somehow smashed together, that is enough for that minority

THE HARD CORE

So, "the bottom layer". "The Knot". Where things intertwine – but not. It's almost pointless to write about this – at least, from my frame of reference. Once again you just can't feel 'it' - what I try to do here is to at least draw a big fat circle around it.

OR RATHER

THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL

"It" is not a big mystery by this point. "It" has even somehow become the main theme at this point. "It" ... whatever it is. I guess, in a sense, I came here to find out what that is.

For it isn't truth. At least ... not "the kind". It isn't an accomplishment or a standing. It doesn't sit there, resonating with me, emanating Light into my being. And yet it defines me for who I am.

There are many questions – it would seem. It would seem as though Life is but one. We are born oblivious. Without knowledge. And once separated from the nourishing chord – we live to consume. And as we consume, we grow. And as we grow, we learn to define us.

What we define us by, is a different story entirely. A codex. A volume. A bookshelf. A library. An entire Universe perhaps.

We live, we die and get reborn. Even within a lifetime.

And the only thing we're born with, is the craving void that yearns for answers. Let it be satisfaction. Maybe experiences.

And so, between the Lights, the flow of energy, the blissssss ... there are these caps. A yank maybe – it's hard to explain. Though as chains emerging from a dark abyssal sea.

And I wonder how that works. Well - 'that' in particular ... effectively represented by this gap between this and the previous paragraph.

I mean, there are these Truths, the Light, the Surges. Attraction, Love, Blissssss ... - and I suppose I don't really know how that works either. I mean, how do feelings work? Apart from the obvious part? Well ... semi-obvious. And sure ... how does ANYTHING work?

Anyway is there this Light – the Blisssss – which is maybe not quite as blissful as it might seem. Certainly nothing compared to *da Love*. I mean, it's ... *cool*? I suppose 'Blissssss' works for the mortal mind. I'd say that there are wishes and desires aligned to that. And by those – I sure could live. I mean, I suppose I'd live ... and the rest just happened while I did that. No death or torture or rape or any of that required. And eventually that's the part of the story that has been overlooked so far. It shines through ... here and there ... as perhaps within a desperate attempt to hold on to concepts such as Love or Peace – the vastness of possibilities – the life in-between, *the freedom urge* ...

But then there is this other side. The weight of the shackles. The pull of the leash. The bliss of loosing myself ... at least in the idea of those conditions. And I guess it is as though this Light got sucked into a void ... but that barely ... describes it.

It doesn't do anything special – it just happens to be part of the picture. As a nuance, or a reflection in the steel – mirroring the abyss into my being. Or how to phrase it.

So would I call "it" a void – *the dominant question* at the heart of my existence. Never expressed directly, but encased by imagery. Imagery that gives it a likeness – and does, in the context of Clarity, pull everything together.

Irrational and Stupid. Nothing to want.

But

something that wants

An abstract? The actual truth?

Nothing of sense – but yet profound

As a reason. The reason perhaps.

It cannot be argued with. It only truth it knows, is the one that feeds it.

Reduced to nothing. Disrespected. *Destroyed*.

Terminology I now realize aligns with the concept of being cut loose from social norms and expectations. But well ... the ones that apply.

And from there I rise. Reborn. Tied up into a world of circumstances. Hungry. Yearning for Growth. A found truth, one that works for all I know, from life to life.

What I am, what I grow to be, what gives me joy beyond my aspirations, standing in service ...

of a Question?

of feeding a Void?

IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE

FOR IT CANNOT BE!

It is by not being. Neither truth nor anti-truth, not a lie ... but an anti-lie perhaps?

HOWEVER – IT YET CRAVES TO EXIST.

FOR HOW ELSE COULD IT BE FED?

And how does it work? Who knows? Light goes in – joy comes out. And everything else – such as what feeds it – is just chaff by comparison. Give or take. For certainly, the greatest answers ... are those ... that don't vanish.