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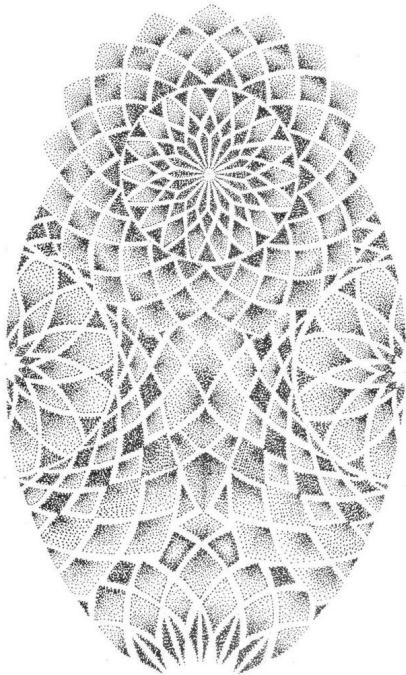
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18+

SEX

ESCAPE FROM ANHEDONIA

Craig Ellenwood



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CHAPTER 4:

THE MANY WORLDS INTERPRETATION





QUANTUM REALITY

Shall I look at Her?

Or shall I not?

Hard

Small

Separated

If I look.

Soft

Spread-out

Connected

If I don't.

Hard particle and soft wave: both?

Small, right-here

and spread-out everywhere: both?

Lonely separate yet deep connected: both?

Honey

Some day You gotta show me

How You do that.

- Nick Herbert

THE MANY WORLDS INTERPRETATION

Read on if you wish. Don't judge. A multiverse is a strange place depending on which one you're standing in.

I find myself uneasy. Awed? Curious? Not sure what I am. I'll try to explain. Thirty years ago I was at a house party in San Jose. An author's house. I'm not naming the author because I'm certain that I'm not welcome back after the unfortunate events of that evening. I'll leave it at that. There's counterculture people, old hippies, scientists, all mingling and getting a little loose. Then there's me, the self-proclaimed reality engineer with sad past and a questionable future (it all works out, promise).

In the kitchen, there's a man with a thick beard and a super intense look on his face talking about this new thing, nanotechnology with a man who looks like a wizard. Both are undoubtedly on the genius side of IQ. They're trying to name as many uses for nanotechnology as they can. The whole thing is just a theory back then. I recently had read an article exploring the fundamentals of nanotechnology and feel this is my jump in point to the conversation. As I approach I notice an ornate bowl containing some mints. I grab a handful, toss four or five into my mouth so as to freshen my breath. I briefly notice but can't read the calligraphy on the card by the mints. Oh, these nerds have a sense of humor. It's in Latin. Fuck me. Six years of French I'll never use when Latin could keep me surrounded by the gorgeous women at this party. Regretting that I had not become a scientist bore prominently upon my mind in that moment. I didn't ever stop to consider that science may be sexy to women. My early twenties mind believed that being

in an artsy band was the way to go. Wrong. All that brought was troubled, angsty women with daddy issues. I should have been a vulcanologist.

I nod to Beard and Wizard, and say, I heard you speaking about nanotechnology. I was just thinking the other day it could be used to create things like fuel for spaceships out of raw materials on the atomic level. How about to make medicine? Eat pollution? Mr. Beard grabbed his bewhiskered mass, gave it a taught tug. and drew his hand slowly down the length of it. Once. Twice. Five fucking times. I'm getting nervous, he's probably trying to find the polite was to say "you're an idiot".

Instead, Sire Wizard introduced Mr. Beard to me, as Nick Herbert, a brilliant physicist who in the 1970s onwards told the world that what it thought about the nature of reality was all wrong. That with quantum mechanics and how light travels in predictable and unexpected ways, with a photon appearing to be in different places at the same time. There's EIGHT models of reality, formulas, scenarios that can attempt to make sense of something that is much larger than our brains can possibly grasp. And that is just the tip of the iceberg. Because if our universe is just one in a multiverse made of infinite universes, what's beyond that? Fuck if I know. I've given myself a headache already. The bottom line is, that Nick Herbert is a real rebel in the science world. Here's a man who took acid with Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters during the psychedelic 1960's. I'll take the liberty to hypothesize that those psychedelic experiences

opened his mind to accept that what we know about “everything” is wrong.

I reach out with a handshake. “Hi, Nick. I’m Craig. I’m just in my 20’s, but I’m an artist and part of what we do as artists ponder the same things you do.” He told me that my understanding of the nascent idea of nanotechnology was commendable. Hey, that’s better than a stick in the eye or a “you’re stupid” response that my upbringing and lack of self-esteem led me to think was on everyone’s lips everywhere I turned. Validation. Nice. Thanks!

Suddenly I had a question that Nick would be the perfect person to ask. The answer didn’t lay anywhere. Not with physics, not with the metaphysical/psychic/connected energy department either, but like light, existed in both places at once. There is no answer, but an explanation can be hashed out and that’s what I was preparing to do.

Just as I was ready to ask my question, I was whisked away by a beautiful young blond woman with a Russian accent. Wild eyes, a smile that says danger. I had no choice, to use physics to explain it the force of her forward movement exceeded any force my still body could have, therefore as predicted, inertia dictated that I follow her down a long hall that seemed to grow more humid and foggy with each step. To our left are two massive doors carved in relief of elephants and dancing women, a set of doors you’d find on an Indian temple. Totally out of place in a 1970’s California ranch home. My new Russian friend escorted me past the doors and into a room filled with steam. We waved towels

around to disperse it. Well, what the fuck, this crazy author had an authentic Turkish bath, tile walls, floor, ceiling. The works. It was startling in size. How could this typical ranch house even contain it, it's massive. It shouldn't be possible at all. Looking back, it's one of the stations where realities meet and briefly merge.

I wasn't thinking about the origins of the bath for long, because she beckoned me towards the hot pool with some birch branches in hand as if she were going to weaponize them. She said in a low husky sultry voice, "Hey, I assumed you were smart because you were holding your own with those scientists. But I don't need smart, I need to be fucked. Can you handle that? Maybe not, how many of those capsules you ate?" Capsules? Wtf. Did she mean candies, the mints? Suddenly reality melted away completely and I realized my error was not looking deciphering the Latin that explained what the mints were. I'm in Silicon Valley. That rarified place wherein those days to give yourself the edge meant buying into the new "smart drinks" and nootropics craze. I'd tried those, those are tame, like coffee. This is... not that. Turning to the blond I ask, what were those things? "Ahhh. You did not see Sasha on the way in?" No? Who is Sasha? "Oh, well those are a new creation. I forget what called. I think it called, 2C-T-2. He is very happy with that one. Don't worry, it's not even illegal."

And I guess even at some house parties where scientists gather, you don't expect a bartender. Instead, Alexander Shulgin creates a special batch of something that doesn't even have a street name for it. The night had just taken its

first exit into the next world of the “many worlds” interpretation, of which would come fast and furious soon.

Now, bringing the focus back to the task, the question I meant to ask but was unable to of Nick Herbert 30 years ago has lingered with me all those years. Why ARE things the way they are? Why since leaving Lincoln, NE has my path intersected with those with an immense amount of knowledge about their field as well as every one of them was a rebel, someone who went against the grain of conventional wisdom? Why are these my mentors without fail? And what did Nick Herbert in a recent interview with Scientific American phrase the same question as a statement?

“Herbert: I do not consider myself at all “psychic.” But my life seems to have been full of so many improbable and fortunate coincidences that I’m inclined to believe that explicit psychic phenomena (which are amply documented) are just the “froth” on some deeper psychic connectedness”

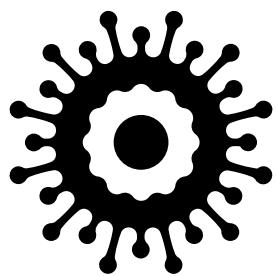
This is a shortlist of a much longer connected trail, but these are the ones that have given me a particular skill set.

- Genesis P-Orridge (counterculture legend)
- Timothy Leary (counterculture legend)
- Robert Anton Wilson (Philosopher, author)
- Larry Harvey (Burning Man)
- Mark Pauline (SRL)

- Alex Lindsey (Motion picture animator for Star Wars)
- The dozens of immensely talented people I've met from all over the globe

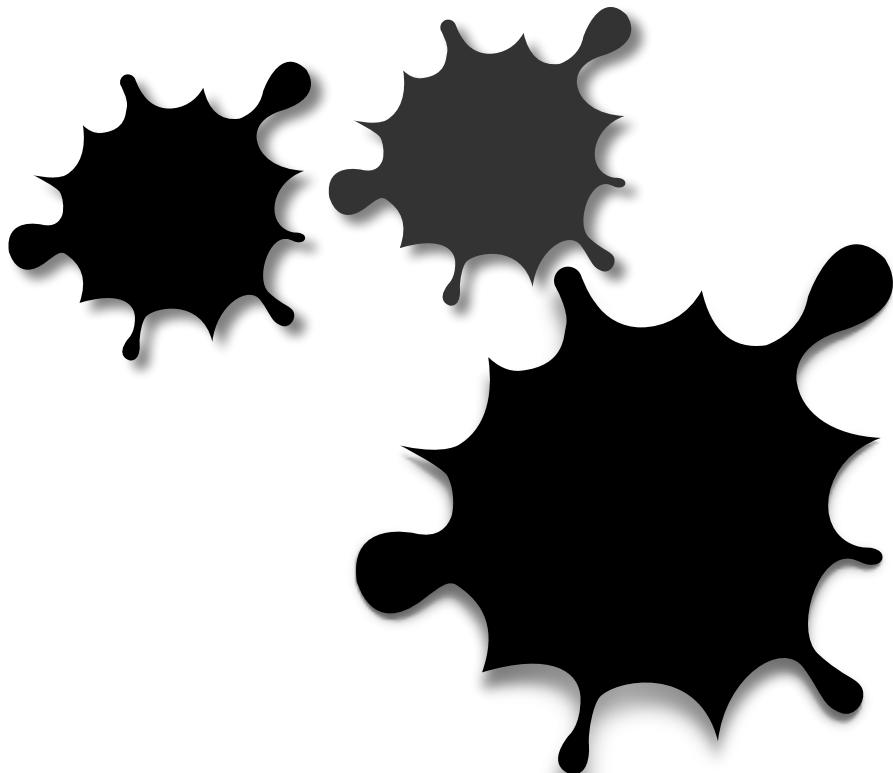
Well, the answer is obvious. But I've never recognized it. I've always felt inferior, inadequate. And here we are at a party together, a genius and an artist both thinking they're connected to a system that works in ways humans cannot understand, each man feeling lucky to have met each's heroes, mentors, rivals. Quite similar much more so than different really. So maybe now I'll afford myself a little credit, or at least slack on the self-criticism. I'm brilliant but I only claim as much as what I can follow through with. Seems fair.

The other theory that works, and by "works" I mean you will not disprove it, is that I've navigated the "many worlds" interpretation of quantum physics with intent, on missions to be positioned for the next stage. Keeping that awareness vigilant. Always learning and widening my reality. By not allowing my mind to close or my imagination to die. This reality engineer is going to claim a badge. The badge of "Time Traveler". It's my goal to through multimedia art and performance to teach others how to use their imaginations to hack reality. A new profession is much needed in the post-pandemic world. Thanks for attending Reality Engineering Class.



CHAPTER 6:

POOR CHOICES DURING THE PANDEMIC



July 26, 2020

This story was requested by a F - 19 Asian on Reddit's "Naughty PenPals" sub.

Naughty Pen Pals is where the damaged intellectual, em on, and goth girls hang out and post what kind of dirty stories turn them on. There's a fair chance that they are camgirls and there's not one thing wrong with that. They are assertive in what they want and I think that's amazing. Then, if you're a literary type like me, you have a good chance at parlaying some erotica into a Snapchat photo of her tits or snatch. Why not. I'm bored and haven't been out of the house in weeks. The human contact will do me good.

Her: 24 [F] Asian, Nerdy, Slutty, Bored

Me: 53 [M] White, a bigger nerd, sooo slutty, bored but horny. I have a bit of time to kill so let me tell you a tell you a story.

Her: Put some effort into it and you can hear me moan. Usually I charge \$5.99 on my OnlyFans page for that. This is followed by a link to her only fans page of course. When did

everyone become such whores? It wasn't always like this was it? Fucking dystopia.

Why isolate so completely you may ask? I did an inventory of the food and supplies and don't need much. In that moment the confidence I had drained out of me and was replaced by a shivering coldness. When the COVID19 virus comes to attack us, it could become the most greedy bastards to ever come for us, what if the internet goes out and we as in you, me, society can't watch any porn for years, until a vaccine is made. MAYBE THE PORN THAT IS MADE IS ALL THERE WILL EVER BE!!! It took 3 weeks, a new fiber internet line, and a brand new 20 terabyte RAiD array network attached hard drive. I downloaded over three years worth of porn. That's continuous playback time no repeats. It started out pretty normal, you know the couple gets together and fucks and he comes on her face and splits. But at some point my search became a quest for progressively stranger films and then I discovered the "boutique" porn sites for the "Niche" stuff. And torrents. Then bulk downloaders. Amassing as much as I could as fast as I could I learned about a technique called scraping. No more clicking each video and then download. Nope, scraping just pulls it all off the page for you. And as if that wasn't enough, I gained some new marketable skills because now I can write my own bit programs in Python that monitor sites RSS feeds and aggregate videos on its on. Then I found the fucking mother of all tools. WGET. Nothing illegal mind you, but i made sure I was behind a VPN and rotating proxy servers. WGET takes the contents of an entire website, or

even a domain if you set it for recursive mode. Just goes and grabs it and puts the shit onto your computer. A lot of scrapers just go for the links. Then they stream the content from the unsuspecting hosts server so as to save money and time. That's amateur though. A change of their code and you're fucked and have to debug for hours.

Yep, I live in a small community. I don't want Becky, who works for the cable company to somehow see all these over the top outrageous titles of webpages that are delivered to my house. Who in their right mind calls up a publication and says "Yes hello. I'd like pa subscription to "Slutty Stepdaughters That Crave Daddy's Cock" and not just that title, send all others like it. "I

Before you think I'm some kind of pedo freak that you're hoping ends up taking a seat next to Chris Hansen of Dateline: To Catch a Predator. I've done nothing illegal. I may have morally offended you.

This visual sextravagaza started when my buddy Witney said he could edge without an orgasm 28 hours. With only pee breaks, water, and electrolyte rich protein bars eaten with one hand while stoking his uncut European pud. I shiver at the thought. I try to remember the longest I've gone. There was that time on coke and MDMA where it took 8 hours of damn near shiatsu massage to get it to wake up. Then 10 minutes to cum 8 hours 10 minutes. Not bad. Proudly I take Louie up on his offer and state loudly over the phone as I'm at the mall, "Look Louis you're on mate! I'm gonna do 50 hours of edging until I blow my load!" Young mothers are giving me the stink eye as they hurry past me

with their vanilla cones and more vanilla lives. "Vanilla today and Moosetracks tomorrow!" I spit the words at them, seeming so bland and normal. And that IS how it is. So if people are getting mall ice cream as a pandemic is raging and people bobble around trying to be the mandatory distance 6 feet apart, I know this somewhere in this city depraved people are engaging in things, well, how should I say.... more spontaneous? Carefree? Sexy? Ahhh yes, sex. That warm wet comfortable activity that two (or more) people in love or lust share. It's been a while. Since April. I'm so ducking horny. I grab my phone and quickly log onto my Fetlife page and search the local events. There's a couple into DP with ATM but I say nah, gotta be something better and I immediately nothing will do but a BBBJ at a bukkake party.

A bukkake party is NOT easy to find without knowing the right people. You don't holler over the fence to the neighbor next door who knows everything about the local social scene. If you don't know what a bukkake party is don't ask her. Especially her. Don't ask her. She might as well live in Texas.

Porn, fetishes, sex toys are fairly normal now. Except in Texas. In some counties you can go to jail and have your children taken away from you for possessing a dildo. So, fuck you Texas. They say everything's bigger in Texas. That's a fucking lie. This gal I was kinda seeing, Rose, she had an affair with a cowboy from Texas. "Tom" he was an insurance salesman or something and one time I followed them up to a shitbag hotel. You know, the kind with roaches scurrying

into corners as the room lights up. Two dozen college kids raising hell in the next room, the smell of skunk weed creeping out from under the door. There's an amp dealer in the next room where you can grab an 8 ball of speedy coke and if you want he'll give you 15 minutes with "Brandi" for another \$50. He said she'd blow clouds on my balls for an extra \$10. Brandi has seen better days from the looks of the bruise on the side of her face and the tracks up her arms. I declined his offer.

Each room down the hall gets worse. Lightbulbs are busted out down this hall. Heroin and dirty bent needles litter the corners. Rats crawl over a guy who just shot up and may or may not be breathing. One thing is for certain, any Narcan around here was stolen or used years ago. This is Russian Roulette where reality is backwards and losing the game is actually winning. Sometimes a quick exit is a merciful thing. Yeah, deep ain't it. It's the fucking truth because to wake up from a nod up in the heroin hotel is worse than dying because you're not moving up to a deluxe penthouse anytime soon. Nope, your days will be spent sucking on the small-dicked fat fucks that want to give you have of what they agreed to. The junkies I've known have told me it's not about the rush of the drug anymore. It's about escaping the pain of finding yourself still here, without it. Under my breath I mutter fuck you. Just fuck you. Because this is a fucked up dystopia that we only have a couple options. Learn to settle for the crumbs and adapt to a society that's built to operate this way, or as the residents of the hotel do, fucking numb yourself so much that nothing fucking matters anymore.

So, there I am. About to wander the halls of the fleabag hotel because I heard that maybe a bukkake party was going to be happening. Gametime. Keep your head down and on a swivel. Eye contact here is an invite for getting rolled or that you're looking to buy. I'll push the lobby door open. The attendant is asleep behind a thick plexiglass sheet with graffiti scratched into it and a sign that says "No visitors after 9:00". Someone has wedged a piece of cardboard in the security door and it's easy to slip past this sleepy Dude. As I pull the door open my nose fills with a vengeful bouquet of putrid aromas. Decades of stale cigarettes, fried fish, cabbage, body odor, and farts. I almost gag. Luckily the bukkake party isn't too far into this hellhole. A fat bald man exits door 23, the room where the party is happening. Sweat is beaded up and rolls down his brow, dripping and darkening the concrete floor of the hallway. We nod at each other. Anything more than that would be faux pas and uncomfortable.

What the fuck. The ONE FUCKING TIME I LEAVE DURING THIS GODDAMN PANDEMIC because I'm horny and can't control my urges and beating off for 48 hours straight just isn't cutting it anymore I want to get fucking laid I mutter to myself. Which gives me a little chuckle because at a bullseye party you want to be damn certain you're a giver not a "getter." For me anyway. Maybe you like tepid salty spunk dripping off your face looking like a freshly glazed cruller from Tim Hortons. If there's one thing to be sure of at a bukkake party, it is which team you're on. Some people like to give. Scratch that. I think MOST people prefer to give

but this is sport fucking. It requires two teams. And by team I mean the man or woman that takes it on the chin. And the forehead. Up the nose, in the eyes, permeating your hair, and like other Canadian sports such as curling, getting the rocks off at the right trajectory and onto the button someone's tongue takes finesse and practice. Missing the mouth is fine, nobody gives a fuck. I'm just a perfectionist. One by one men approach and moan and their peckers shoot their load to me added to those who have cum before you. Over and over again this happens until what rises is reminds you of something. Was it a show on Discovery Channel? Fuck dude what was that? Then it clicks, right as I bust my nut over her forehead and into her left ear. Slightly pissed at my misfire and yelled it out loud. "FUCKING MONKFISH". A bleached white sopping wet gooey fucking monkfish. And it tries to speak...." Parrparr tooooler?" Huh? What? Ahahah! I think it wants some paper towels. I look down at my feet and my shoes are covered in a mix of spit and semen. Now I'm not only pissed at myself, I'm disgusted that I'm even here and was able to ejaculate. As I turn to leave some nerd asks me if I'm going to Ladner. I am, but there's no way I'm sitting next to him for 45 minutes listening to him brag about screwing his cousin, because that's what goes down in Ladner.

I can't ever think of a place if I was the recipient at a bukkake party where I'd bounce to next. It's not like you can really bar hop. Semen doesn't come out of hair easily. Soap and water only make the semen do some kind of evolutionary trick and fucking bond to hair. I digress. There simply aren't many places one could blend in at after a

bukkake party. Not if you have an ounce of dignity and if you're wearing 15000 cc's of spunk as foundation I'm going to call your dignity into question immediately.

So I decide to explore the hotel. Why the fuck not. Might as well toss a coin, the corner of Main and Hastings just outside is a 24 hour obstacle course of underground flea markets, stepping over people with a needle hanging off their arms. I hear another party upstairs and head there. Walking in I feel wobbly. My feet are sinking into the worn shag carpet. Wtf? Goddamn it reeks in here. oh fuck. Have you ever smelled the rhino compound at a zoo? This is ten times worse. I just had an epiphany. I know what the fuck the smell in this hotel room about and why my loafers have sunk in so far that I can feel a wetness on my ankles. Some freaky ass mother fuckers are having a piss party here. Water spots. Golden showers. Mighty sword fights. You actually COULD get away with coming here after a bukkake party and they would welcome you in happily willing to hose you off. You hear zippers unzip quickly. The sound of keys jangling as pants are dropped. Or do you say "drop trou"? Not at a piss party. Drop me and hose me down. Oh dear god. Theres a toothless old man aiming his dodgy weak urine stream into a 19 year old teen's mouth. He's mostly missing and it's running down his own legs. I'm in a state of shock. A rescue must happen. Then, running for the door, the teen, she is not innocent at all but is pissing on a man in a latex gimp suit while blowing cum farts into the guys face that just exploded in her booty. Suddenly she yells out, "MY BOX IS HUNGRY FOR CUM, WHO WANTS TO FEED MY BOX"?

Well at least the urine beads up on the gimp like a freshly waxed car after a spring rain I think to myself as I wander out to the streets of East Vancouver during the pandemic. At least I'm not in Ladner fucking a cousin.

