THE DOMOGS WORLD · II



BLOHER

GODEM

and the sap




GODEM
GODEM



«I made them this way because this way they are entertaining.»

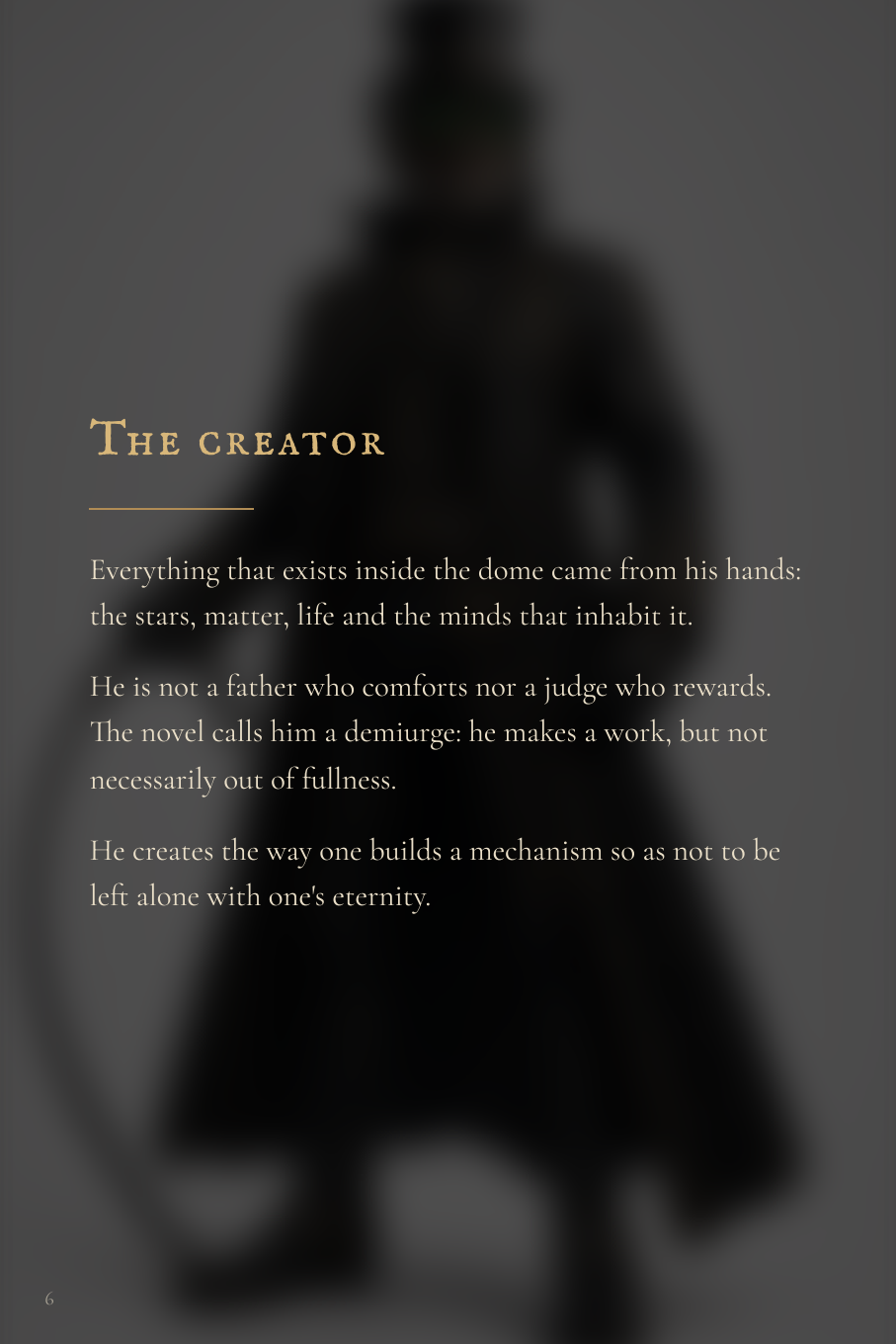
Godem · The Jailer, ch. 38



I

Godem

the creator and his work



The creator

Everything that exists inside the dome came from his hands: the stars, matter, life and the minds that inhabit it.

He is not a father who comforts nor a judge who rewards. The novel calls him a demiurge: he makes a work, but not necessarily out of fullness.

He creates the way one builds a mechanism so as not to be left alone with one's eternity.



The red wall

If the creator wants a red wall, he does not paint it white and then fill it with whips and suffering until it turns red. He paints it red from the start.

So the work does not seek perfect creatures or a course of improvement, life after life. Had he wanted them otherwise, he would have made them so from the beginning.

What he seeks is entertainment. A being who can do everything and has made everything faces what comes next: a loop that repeats without grace.

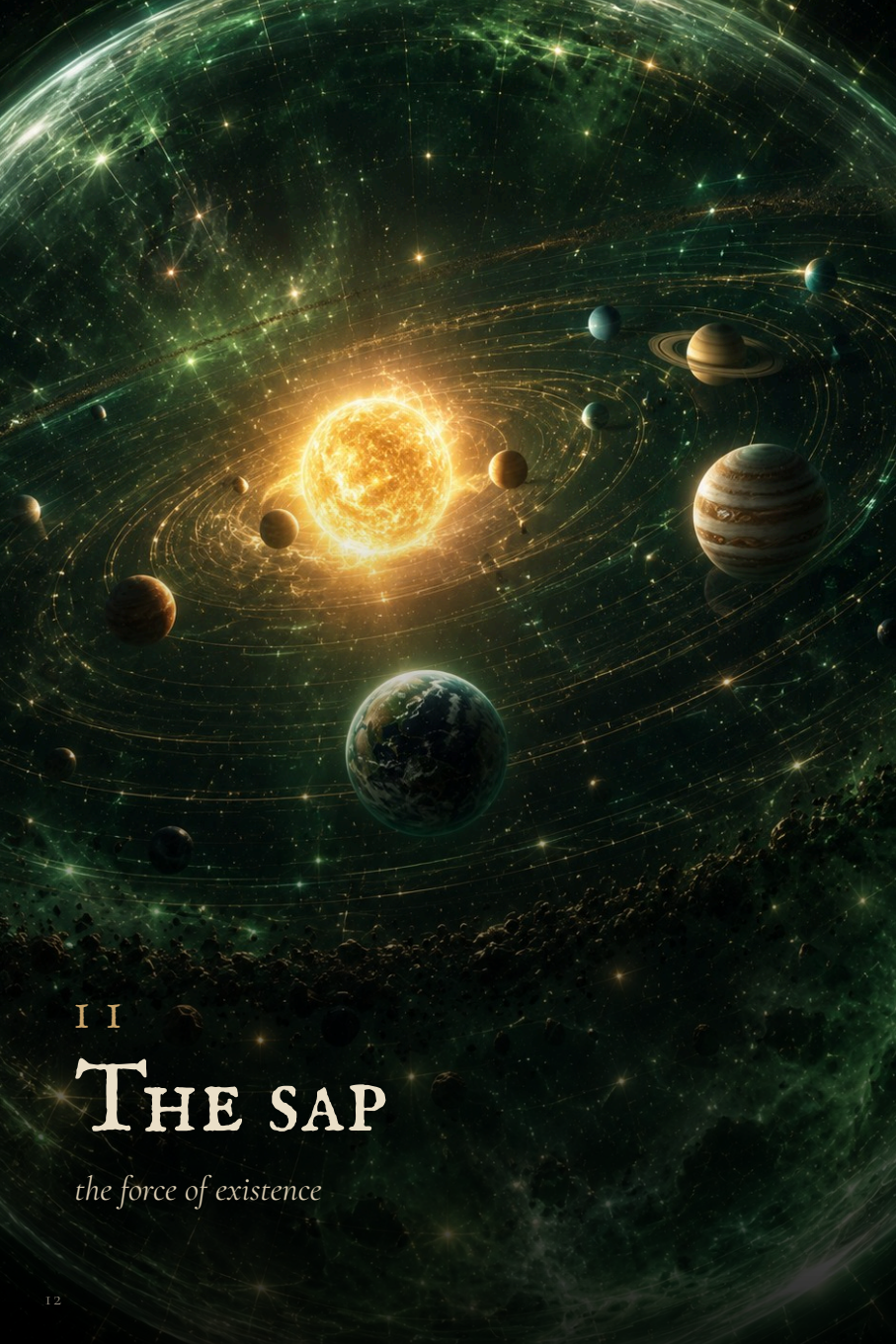


He shapes every face



Violence, cruelty and beauty are part of the work too





II

The sap

the force of existence

Branches of one tree

Every creation of Godem bears the same mark in essence: they are sap from the same tree.

The house repeats the city. The city repeats the world. The world repeats some greater form of authority. Each one, from a small tower, judges, demands obedience, asks for love and hands out guilt.

One sap rises through different branches.

The force of existence

To living things he left two drives, to survive and to reproduce, so that biology would never stop. Bacterium, insect or mammal: all carry the same order.

The force of existence wears many disguises: love, hunger, ambition, fear, faith, homeland, family, art, legacy, hope.

Beneath all of them lies the same order: do not disappear.

It is not kindness

The force of existence is not a current Godem found ready-made. It is his own order turned into law, written into matter: the difficulty of disappearing.

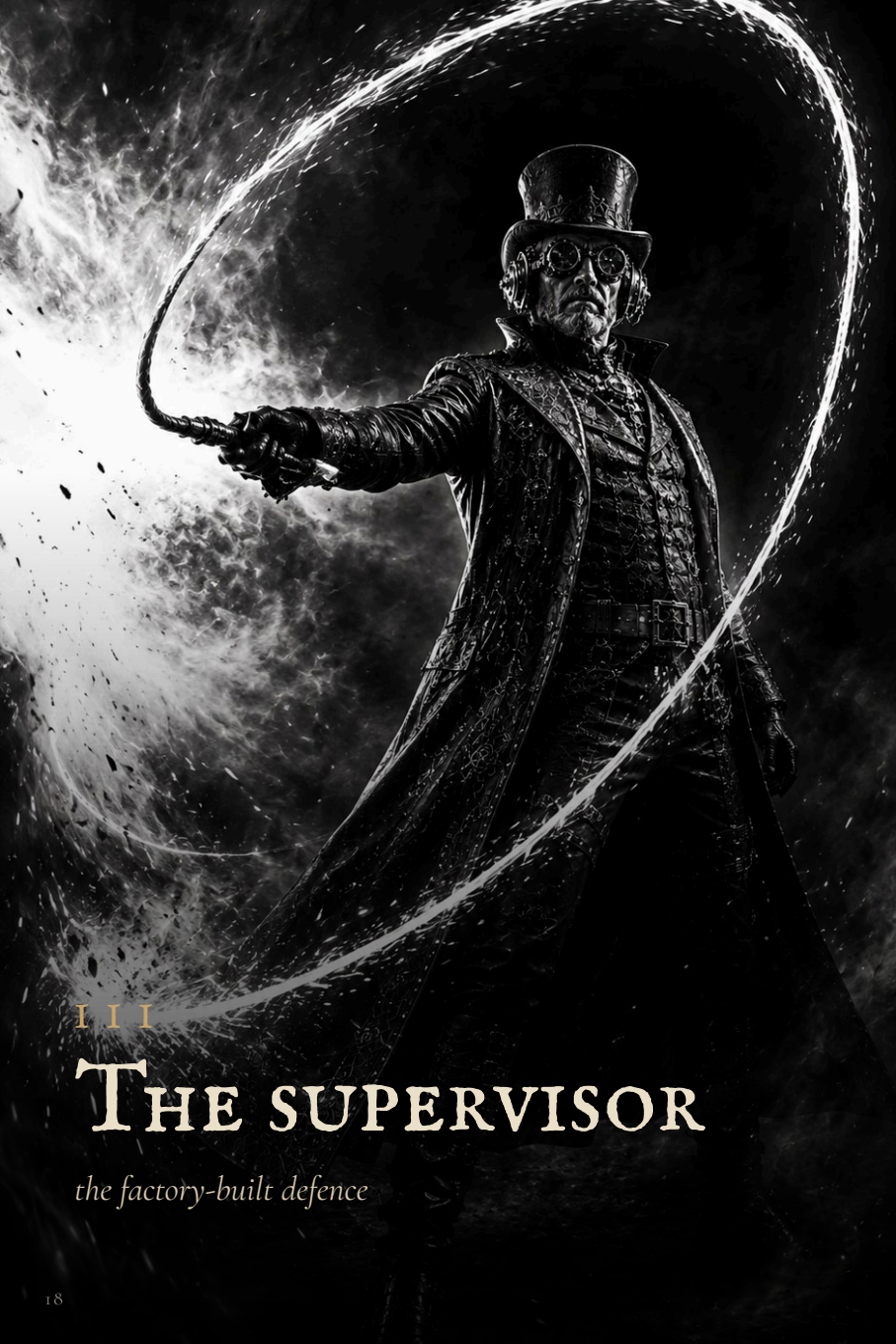
That is why he governs it from within. He channels it and turns it into a wheel, a spectacle, a trap and a repetition.

The creator's sap is not pure goodness. It is expansion, replication, a pattern copying itself at every scale.



The great repeats itself in the small





III

The supervisor

the factory-built defence

The mind that sabotages itself

In every mind, Godem installed a supervisor: its own thinking, which chains it and watches over it.

When someone starts letting go of chains, one always remains. The defence against release does not come from outside: it comes built in.

DOM acts from outside, at the edge. The supervisor acts from within.





IV

The names

the costume each one can bear

A pressure without a face

God, judge, father, demon, fate, chance, nature, system, architect, craftsman: every culture dresses him in the costume it can bear.

Sophia never saw him bare. No one does. Her dream dressed him in the materials of the nineteenth century: a man in a top hat, a dark craftsman in his workshop.

DOME, DOM, Godem, the man in the hat, the jailer: different readings of a pressure no one can see whole from inside their confinement.



Godem and the hat man

People all over the world tell the same story: a tall, dark figure in a top hat, standing in the corner of the room, at the foot of the bed or by the door. They call him the hat man.

In The Jailer, that man is not a separate creature. He is Godem, reinterpreted by a brain that cannot grasp who he really is.

The creature does not see what appears. It sees the shape its prison allows it to bear.



Sleep paralysis

It happens above all in sleep paralysis, on the edge of sleep: the person wakes and cannot move. They feel a presence. Sometimes, terror without an attack.

Sophia lived it twice. First in a dream, a man with his back to her, working with his hands. Then, ten days later, the motionless figure at the foot of her bed.

Searching online, she found that thousands of people described the same thing, and she thought that perhaps the hat man was not the thing itself but its translation: the uniform the mind puts on something that has no bearable shape.



What spills from the sap

Around the dome, in the margin of the Domogs, live three natures: the Hedomogs, who offer beauty as bait; the Demorgs, who believe humans are Godem's favourites and cannot bear to see them happy; and the Murdogs, who let go of their chains so as to stop coming back.

Far from them all are the Doomers, the discards of his experiments, fighting over the sap on a planet without morals.

All of them end up being useful for something.

What is not known

Godem's origin is not explained and never will be. It is the chicken and the egg: impossible to settle.

The infinite is the reason for absolute ignorance: it is evident and it has no logic. If something so evident cannot be explained, nothing can be fully ruled out.



«Beneath all those disguises lay the same order: do not disappear.»

The Jailer, ch. 40

