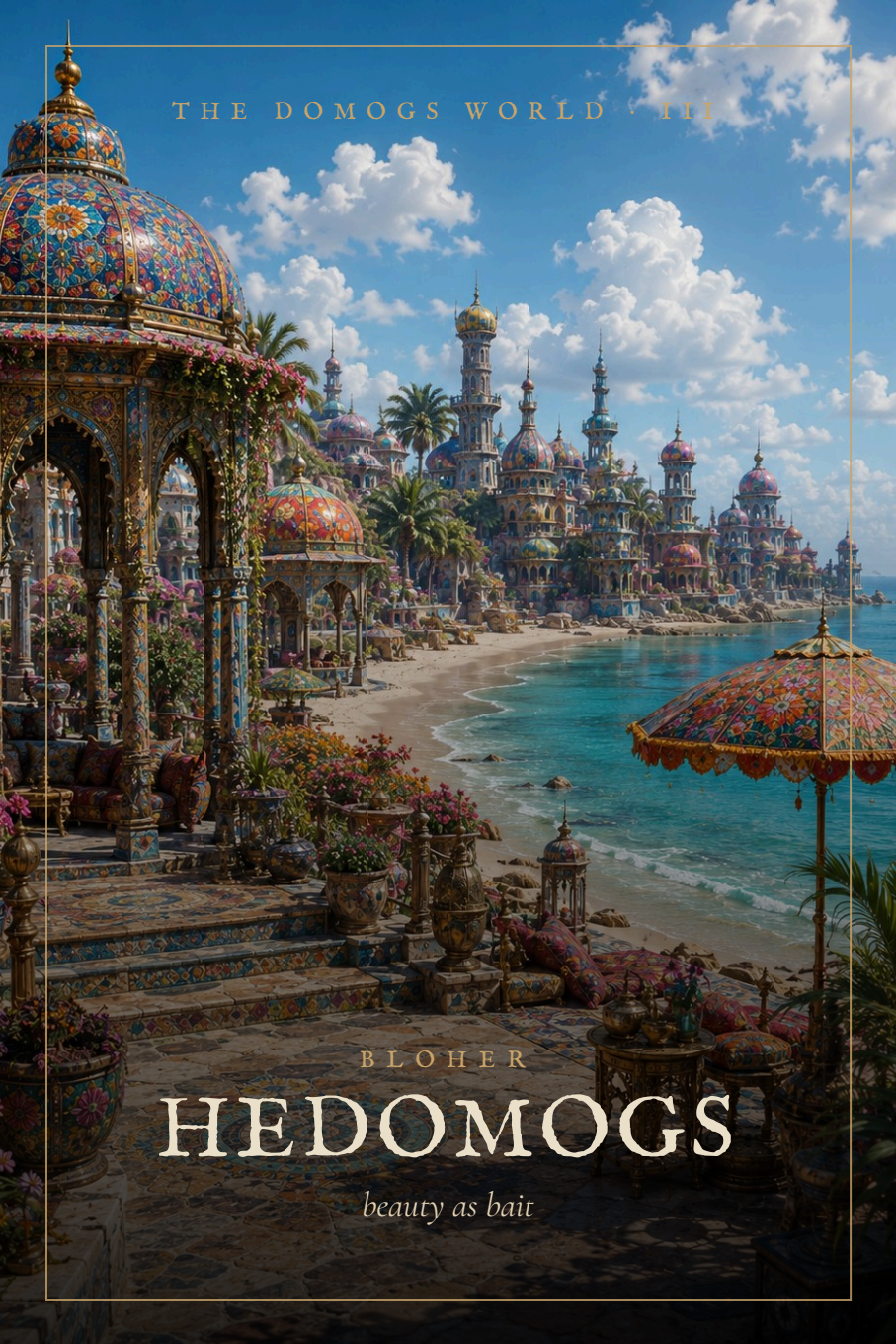

THE DOMOGS WORLD · III
BLOHER
HEDOMOGS
beauty as bait

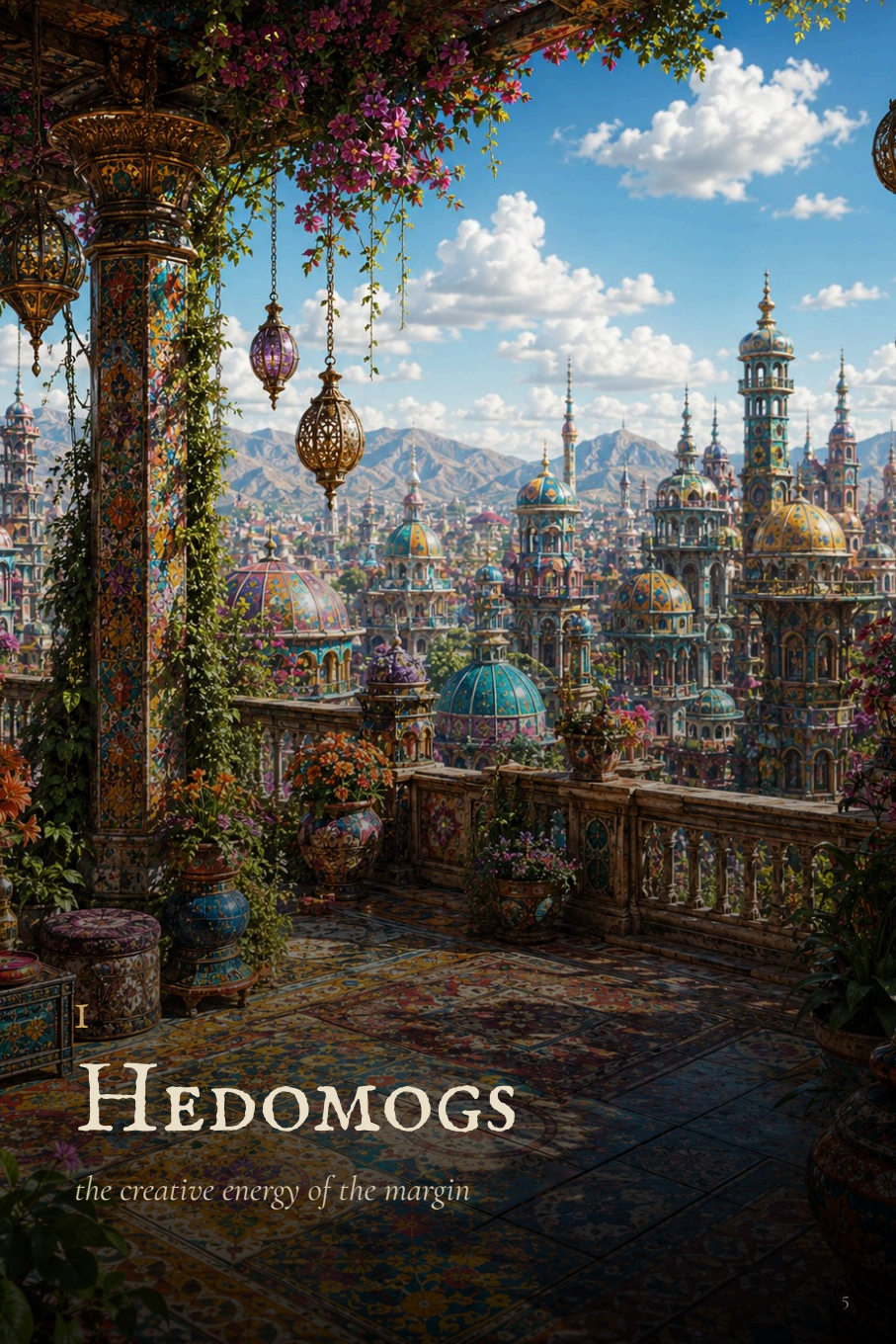






«The Hedomogs create what a creature can lose, pursue or believe it deserves.»

Nerio · The Jailer, ch. 39



I

Hedomogs

the creative energy of the margin

Pure creators

Their name comes from hedonism: pleasure, beauty, what can be enjoyed. They live in one region of the margin of the Domogs, around the dome, far from the focus of the main work.

They bring beauty into being: colour, music, proportion, gardens, temples, faces, songs and gentle surfaces.

“Pure” describes what they create, not what they are. It does not make them better, nor does it promise that their influence frees whoever receives it.

Why beauty hurts

A work made only of decay ends up as scenery. Pain needs beauty around it to become tragedy.

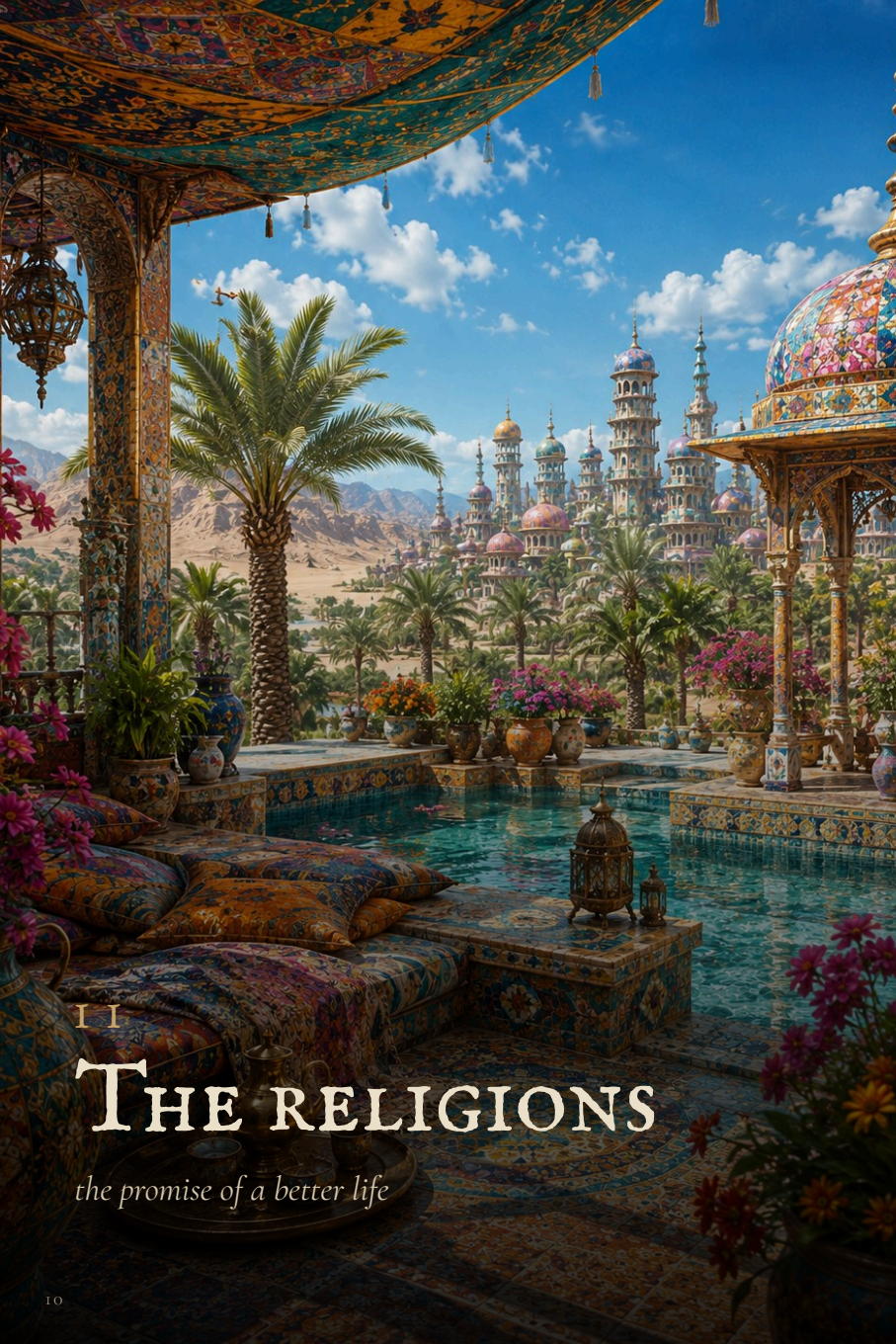
Whoever has known something beautiful can miss it, measure the present against it and suffer when it is lost or out of reach. Whoever never knew it does not miss it the same way.

That is how they serve Godem's work: they create the things whose absence hurts.



Beauty lets us miss, compare, remember, desire





II

The religions

the promise of a better life

More than art

The Hedomogs do not only create beauty, music and art. They also create spirituality, goodness and the promise of a better world.

They promise a life better than the one endured in the biological experience: no pain, no hunger, no loss. A paradise where the suffering down here would finally make sense.

They stand for religions and for everything sold as goodness. Beauty is the bait.

When the mind interprets them

A human mind cannot see a Hedomog as it is. It translates it with whatever it has at hand: its culture, its fear, its hope.

So, once interpreted, they become prophets, teachers, saints and beings of light. They can also be born as humans and be recognised as prophets in different religions.

Religion, mysticism, salvation, enlightenment, paradise, purity: the costume changes, the image remains. Their reach extends to metaphysics and to new spiritual movements as well.

The promise of deserving

They shape an ideal destiny where pain would make sense and the right creature would receive a reward.

The promise comes with conditions: obey, correct yourself, sacrifice, become worthy. The creature runs toward a beauty that recedes with every requirement.

And the more beautiful the reward, the more shameful the creature that does not yet deserve it.



«Omara»

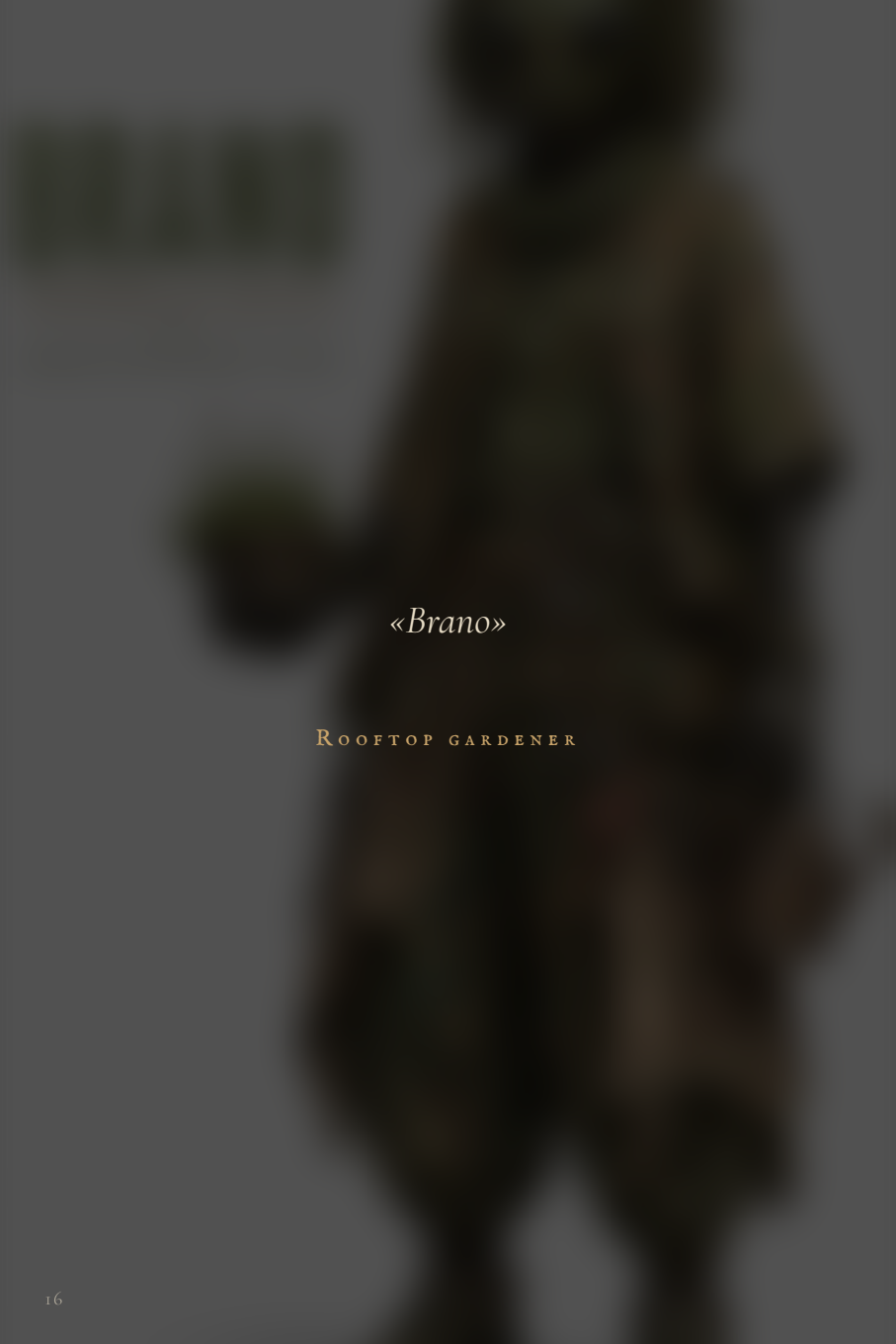
Tea hostess



OMARA

ANFITRIONA DEL TÉ

CUANDO NO PERTENECER, ES ARTE



«Brano»

Rooftop gardener

BRANO

JARDINERO DE AZOTEAS

CUANDO NO PERTENECER, ES ARTE





«Cobaltina»

Painter of domes

COBALTINA

PINTORA DE CÚPULAS

CUANDO NO PERTENECER, ES ARTE





«Azira»

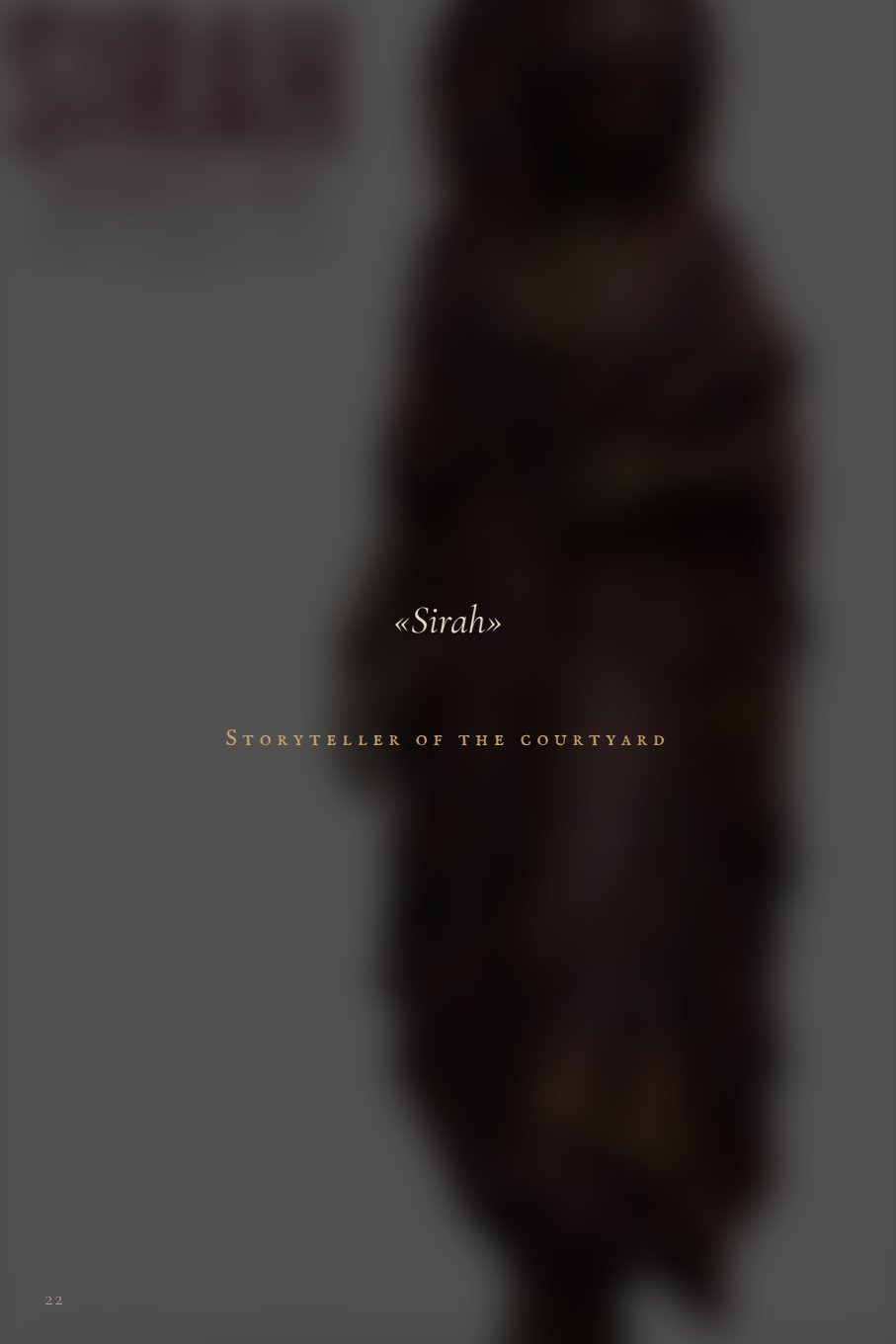
String musician

AZIRA

MÚSICA DE CUERDAS

CUANDO NO PERTENECER, ES ARTE





«Sirah»

Storyteller of the courtyard

SIRAH

— CONTADORA DEL PATIO —

CUANDO NO PERTENECER, ES ARTE





III

Seduction, not war

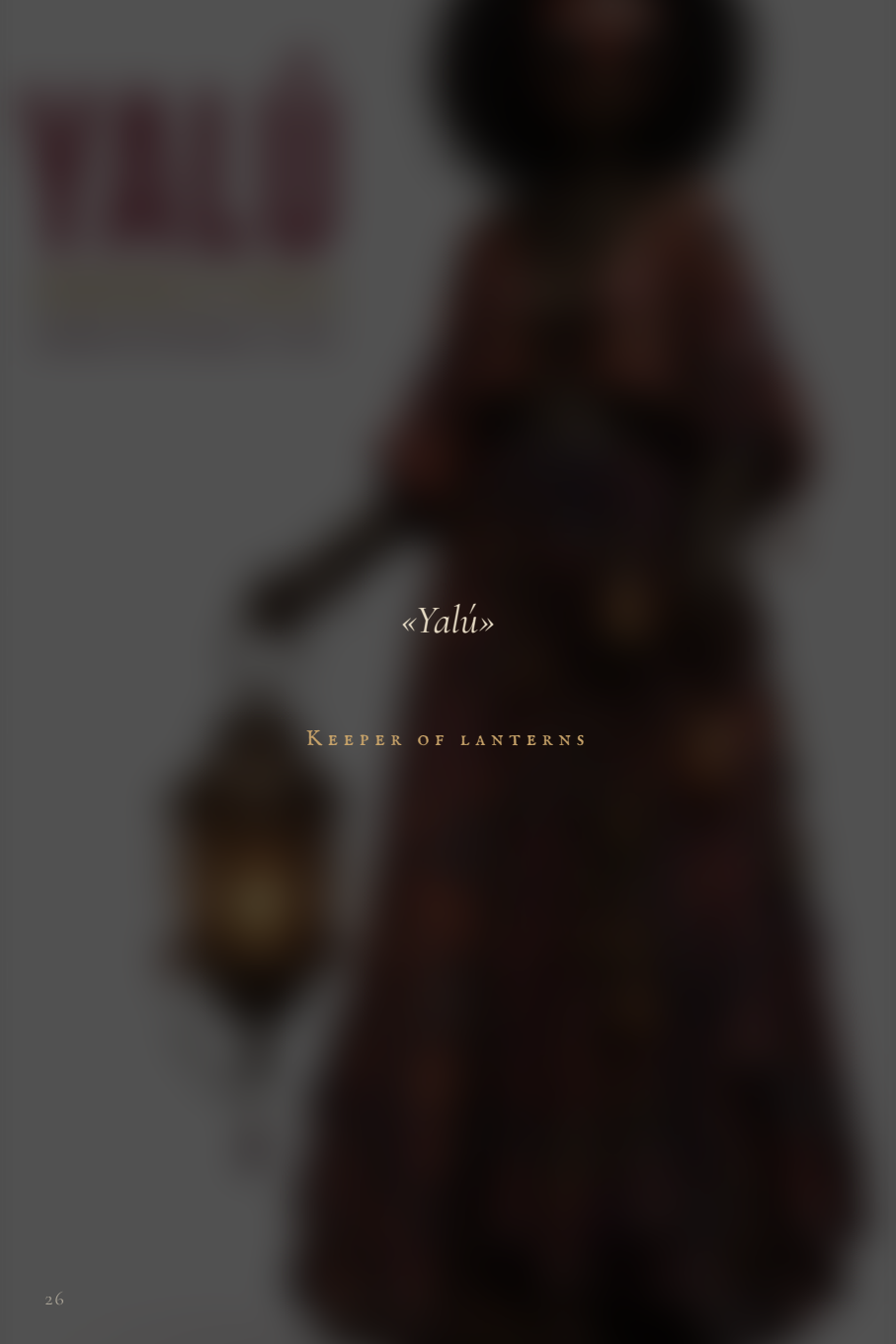
the Hedomogs and the Murdogs

The risk of rehooking

A Murdog has let go of the chains that bound it to the return and walks toward the Threshold. On the way it crosses the realm of the Hedomogs.

Murdogs and Hedomogs do not attack each other. The danger there is different: to desire again a beauty, a faith or a purpose that gives the self back its importance.

Yalú offers G-Dan the glory of being a warrior and the chief of his people. He need not want to return: it is enough that he has something to prove again.



«Yalú»

Keeper of lanterns

YALÚ

GUARDIANA DE FAROLES

CUANDO NO PERTENECER, ES ARTE





Yalú offers G-Dan the glory of being a warrior and the chief of his people



Beauty and threat

The Demorgs press with resentment, contempt and harm. The Hedomogs offer beauty and promises. One makes the threat felt; the other gives something to fear losing, or still to long for.

DOM cuts weak chains so the mind hooks onto something stronger. The Hedomogs rekindle moorings with emotion, beauty and spirituality. Both prolong the work, though they do not act in concert.

The paradise they promise is not the recovery room between lives, even if both may seem beautiful.

«So the Hedomogs make the prison beautiful.»

The Jailer, ch. 39





