

Andersen's

Mutation Celebration

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The Spider Spins Its Web and So Do I

Text by Ulrikke Bak for the exhibition *Mutation Celebration*

I spend most days in my HOUSE. The house bugs keep me company while I'm working from my bed. I love observing them. The way they silently cross the floor or hang around the windowsill. I always leave them alone. I never touch them or crunch them. I hate how insects are often so brutally killed. I know spiders may not be God's direct messengers but those symmetrical and fine yet strong perfectly shaped cobwebs strand to me as some proof of his grace. The way they fire themselves down from just a random corner, how they live their lives – invisible yet traceable – right next to mine. My DOG wants to snap them. A natural instinct, I guess. I try to tell her *stop*. But then again, what the animals do, I don't think it's for me to interfere with their worlds.

When I first started camming, I did full glam every day. It felt like a protective mask. Kind of a worksona. But it did take a lot of time. I can't get my makeup done in one go. I get easily distracted. That hour a day just turns into more: Foundation - *ZERO SUGAR* soda, contouring - *check my phone*, highlighter - *find some music*, lipstick - *read the lyrics*, eyeliner - *play with the dog*, two hours later - mascara. So I stopped doing much. I was concerned I would disappoint customers by getting on a call wearing less makeup. But no one noticed or commented or cared. They're in their mating mode and focused on other things than the length of my lashes and the sculpt of my brows. Men are simple creatures. I go for a natural look now. Which isn't *natural*, just the kind of makeup that's undetectable to them. It's fun how men always say they 'like a girl without makeup'. Because they can't tell most of the time. My clients often tell me, *you look so naturally beautiful*. What should I say? *No honey, I look concealer, foundation, mascara, nude lipstick and shiny gloss beautiful*.

Some clients come to me with very specific requests. I won't do just *anything*, but I like to meet a need. Especially when the whales come through. I had this one guy who asked me if I could act like a dolphin, and sound like one. He told me that dolphins have three different sounds. Whistles, clicks and burst pulses, but what he wanted was just the clicks. I guess dolphins use the clicks for echolocation, but he never expressed any interest in *purpose*. His fantasy is plotless. I think he just likes the sound of my tongue playing against my palate, spinning and rolling and *clicking*. That's fine with me. We don't have to go by the book. When I'm a dolphin, clicking is my arousal sound.

I've really come to enjoy the dolphin play. That whole transformation process. It was a bit hard to get into the role to begin with, I didn't know how 'realistic' he wanted me to be. I didn't know if I should act like I was swimming or breaching, or if I should play with my fin and my flippers, so I just started out with very subtle gestures which he really seemed to enjoy. It feels natural now. It's like I gain new bodily features the moment I go into character and start clicking for him. My skin feels smoother. My body gets more streamlined. I even do these little playful poufs with my snout. I feel curious and agile and more gracious. I feel like I have a new sensory system.

But wow. Camming is such a different beast. I've always said *I'm not just here to be a fantasy, I'm also here to be myself* but sometimes that's a lot. Having intense sessions and then the person just disappears. I'm still trying to navigate all the conflicting emotions. But I appreciate how all the rare kinks I never knew of help me explore new sides of myself. And the guys with the a-little-out-of-the-ordinary requests are often the kindest, and most grateful. The weirder the fetish the nicer the man. I've had an uptick in clients with bug fantasies lately. Butterflies, bees, grasshoppers, cockroaches, moths. Long antennas and flexible legs, bouncing up and down. Tube-like mouthparts sucking dews from big moist, luxurious FLOWER petals. Subtle bites and stings. World Wide Spider Web! I once had this guy entering my room (twice) asking if I had a magnifying glass and/or critter case. Unfortunately I don't, so I have no idea where his kink was going, but I think about it often.