

# The Gods on Sex

## 1

1.1 Humanity is split four ways.

1.2 The first path is that of the purist, who knows instinctively that sex is a degradation and a humiliation both of himself and of his partner, who finds in it nothing but the most transient of physical pleasures that in no way compensate for the shame and guilt that follow the experience. He knows that the sexual act is a defilement of his purity and a contradiction of his duty.

1.3 Then there is the path of the idealists, of those who feel that their fulfilment is to be found in partnership with another human being, and who strive to attain a state of grace and happiness in union with another human being, and who try to use sex as a physical vehicle and expression of their deepest love and highest aspirations of communion.

1.4 The third path is for those who feel that in the physical act of sex and in the practice of every carnal pleasure, there lies the only true expression of their personality. These are they who strive to find in sex the opportunity to experience every facet of their being, who test themselves against it in every conceivable circumstance and with a multitude of partners, and who seek their true fulfilment in the physical sensations and excitements that for them only sex can provide.

1.5 There is a fourth attitude to sex, which leads nowhere and is not a path to a goal but an endless circuit of repression a frustration. It is the attitude of a person who has sex, but always in moderation: for whom it is more important to be respectable than to test himself in the fires of intensity: who might like to experiment a little more, and secretly envies the experiences of those more courageous than himself, but remains always within the bounds of the reasonable and the rational, clinging always to safety, and avoiding any possibility of the social condemnation that is the experience of all who follow to extremity the urges that they feel within them. In this attitude there is no courage, no idealism, no purity, and no true experience of self: only a tepid and insipid limbo where the watch-words are moderation and compromise, and the end-product is spiritual sterility and hidden self-contempt.

1.6 Three paths and a quagmire - and everyone can choose.

## 2

2.1 Jehovah's advocate says: Sex is rampant. It covers the earth in the spawn of the rejection of God. Time was that the procreation of the species found favour in the eyes of the Lord God Jehovah, but that time is past. Man has used sex to degrade himself and his partner, and to substitute the love of human kind for the love and adoration of God. Man cannot take responsibility for sexual relationship and has made of it nothing but a distracter from the source and essence of his being. There are many kinds of sex, and all of them are a perversion. Mere lust and gratification of the physical senses leads to nothing but guilt and fixed attention upon the physical at the expense of the spiritual. The pursuit of sex in the degradation of self and in the attempt to prove validity by the mere repetition of performance, leads to nothing but guilt and the corruption of all the faculties of man. This is the path of self-destruction in the wilful occlusion of the light of God. Sex for the procreation of children is not for the glory of God, but for the validation of self in pretended self-creation, and this too leads to nothing but guilt compounded in the futility of protest.

2.2 Sex was given to man that he might worship God with all his being and with all his attributes. But that is not how man has used sex. He has used it to fortify his rejection of God, to justify his alienation by proving to himself his own capacity to create in his own image, to degrade and defile himself in the eyes

of his God, and finally to destroy himself in the Satanic pit of corrupt, filthy and ignominious excrescence.

2.3 Sex is death. It is the incumbent of the Devil. It is the focal point of man's rejection, the effort to propagate his species in the denial of God. It is the attempt to couple with another human in the exclusion of God. It is the defilement of purity. It is the great tempter, the big denier, the alluring road to happiness that leads down to the vortex of sick satiation and the gluttony of a spirit insensible to the light. It is the symbol of the physical, the perverter of man. It is the illusion of folly, the yardstick of decadence. It is the tormentor of the soul and the magnet of desire. It is the blasphemy of the foolish, and the corruption of the weak. It is the destroyer of strength, the substitute of inadequacy.

2.4 The validation of God is Life, and the validation of man is Death. From God did man come, and in God is his Life. In himself and for himself man carries nought but Death. Thus sex for self and sex for another human - all of it is Death. And now, as the world goes to its final doom, Jehovah decrees "Expiate or Die. "

### 3

3.1 Lucifer's advocate asks: What is your dream?

3.2 Is it a vision of a garden? Eternal summer and the sweet smell of flowers, the sound of birds and rippling water. And in the garden, undisturbed, untroubled by the frantic agonies of busy people, the perfect union between man and woman. The garden belongs to them and they belong to one another, and for them, fulfilment and divine perfection.

3.3 And in your dream do you feel the joy of their undying love? Do you sense the ecstasy of endless, boundless harmony? No guilt, no shame no lurking fear of disenchantment. Only the soft and gentle joys of quiet self-indulgence.

3.4 And are you one of this idyllic pair?

3.5 And do you move together amongst the trees, your golden bodies naked in the sun, swim in the shallow pools of cool, clear water, watch animals, unafraid of you, playing, lie resting in the long grass, and sometimes in the shade make gentle love, caress each other, smile, and then embrace and find sweet rapture in a mutual passion carried to its blissful culmination.

3.6 And is strife unknown between you; resentment, irritation, boredom, disillusionment, all meaningless concepts left far behind in a bustling world of worthless worries? For you, no fear, no troubles, no regrets, no mystery nor lurking pangs of nagging conscience, no quarrels, no secrets from each other. But a perfect understanding, a harmony that scarcely needs the words to give it substance. All inclination, all desire, shared. No ugliness, no degradation, no horror, no indignity. For all is beauty. And you, both beautiful, and each to the other the very soul of superhuman loveliness. You gaze at one another, never tiring of the sight, the sound, the feel of one another, willing to stay for all eternity absorbed in one another.

3.7 And in your dream the days go by uncounted, unregretted. For you time stands still in your garden of delight. There is light and the warming sun, and you lie beneath it relaxed and free of care. And then the cool evening, soft shadows and an all- pervading golden sunset. And the close darkness of night. And always you are together and always your love binds you; binds your hearts, your minds, your souls, your bodies into an indivisible unity. You are two and yet one, parts and yet joined together as a whole. And the fusion of your beings is complete.

3.8 You have sought for your God and found Him, not in the vast abstract universe, nor in the pain and suffering of expiation; nor in silent isolated contemplation of the called good, nor in communion with old philosophers and mystics. No, you have found Him where He is, in the joining together of two beings,

male and female, man and woman. You have cast aside the barriers of fear and guilt and shame, eliminated all hostility, resentment, jealousy and petty rivalry, merged one with the other in every aspect of your existence, and become one soul. exhilarated in its transcendence of all human wrong, one mind, swift and carefree in its perfect harmony, and one body, ecstatic in its exploration of strange and wonderful delights.

3.9 For your dream is no myth. Attend Lord Lucifer!

3.10 Serve Him with unfailing loyalty and your path to Eden is assured. He alone holds the keys to paradise regained. He alone has the power to give you the perfect union you desire He can give you the noble dignity of all-embracing love, not the human parody you see around you, the pale grey shame-faced shadow of inhibited compromise, but the true god-like unity of Eve and Adam as they were.

3.11 Give Lucifer your mind, your body and your soul, and He make your dream reality. He will give beauty to your life, exaltation, endless pleasure, boundless joy, eternal warmth and happiness. He will take away the loneliness of isolation and lead you from your hiding place where you go mad with nothing but your own drab company. Follow Him and find truth in the fusion of yourself with another. Follow him and stand proud beside your counterpart whom He shall give you. Let Him wash away all pointless guilt, all worthless fear, all futile shame, rid you of all embarrassment and the crippling bonds of self-restraint. And let Him bind you to your love. And then stand fearless and unbowed, a welded unit of combined nobility. And Lucifer, the Light-Bearer, shall lead you to your paradise.

3.12 But choose. The time is short. Attend Lord Lucifer!

## 4

4.1 Satan's advocate urges: Come on a journey.

4.2 Night. A busy street: bright lights and hurrying people. Exotic music filled with a heavy sexual undertone drifts up from dim smoke-filled cellars, where dancers scarcely move but feel, with senses heightened by alcohol, the warmth of one another.

4.3 You stand in a dark alley. A woman stands before you, her back to the wall. You hold your overcoat to cover you both, whilst within she expertly manipulates, her hands deft and cool, and her body warm and full of passionate response. You move together and feel not only pure physical delight, but also the thrill of the risk of being caught in the act. You can see people passing in the street not far away, as swiftly and in rhythmical ecstasy you gamble. And win; no one has seen you.

4.4 Is that your pleasure? Or is it here? A club where you and others sit watching shadows on a screen; two people making love in strange positions, slowly at first with gentle weaving movements, then faster till the final moment comes. Or would you rather be in a dingy brothel? Men and women round you, naked and busy in their various ways. A woman with huge breasts presses herself against you, smiles at you lecherously, strokes you. You smell the heavy odour of her body and respond. On the floor two other women wrestle in feigned antagonism, sweating, grunting, heaving. You watch them.

4.5 Is that your fancy? Or maybe perhaps something else? Perhaps an older woman, grotesquely misshapen, with great hanging breasts, or a cripple, or perhaps a half-wit posturing before you and cavorting. Or would you rather lie supine whilst whores play upon you, their trained and expert bodies moving in a kind of ritual dance, contorting, swaying, posing, all for your pleasure? You watch, delirious, and feel their hands, their legs, their thighs, their breasts, their lips upon you, and more as they perform delicious acts of sensual depravity upon your face and upon your body, till you are almost senseless with the pleasure of it.

4.6 Enough of that? A little flagellation now? First watching with others whilst a man, naked below the waist, kneels, and a woman tightly corseted in black and wearing tall leather boots beats him with a bunch

of thongs, bringing up red weals upon his buttocks. And you gaze in fascination, utterly absorbed, and aching with anticipation awaiting your turn. And when it comes, you kneel. You hear the woman's heavy breathing, smell the sweat of her body as she moves preparing to strike you, and smell also the leather of her boots and of the thongs she holds. You wait for the delicious pain.

4.7 Or do you prefer a touch of necrophilia? Come then to a room all draped in black. Coffins line the walls. On marble slabs, like bodies in a morgue, lie several naked women, alive yet painted to seem dead. You stand beside a slab, reach out your hand and touch the pale body upon it. It's cold. It doesn't move. The eyes are closed. You feel the atmosphere of death as you stroke the woman and then lie upon her. Still she is motionless.

4.8 Or would you rather death itself? Come then. A cemetery. Still night, but this time no one but you and a woman of your choice, moving silently between the graves and tombs. No fear of discovery here, amongst the dark deserted resting places of the dead. You stand together near a clump of yew trees, feeling the sinister graveyard atmosphere and the excitement of anticipated desecration. No shielding overcoat required here. Both of you throw off the needless coverings that for society's squeamish sake you wear in public, and stand exposed to the warm night and ghostlike air of sweet decay. Then you walk again between the gravestones, performing upon them acts of desecration, each whilst the other watches in delight. Then you climb upon the highest tombstone, the resting place of some rich pompous dignitary, and in the dark, over his venerable head, you stroke your woman's body, lie upon her, lie beneath her, wallow in a furious, passionate, sweating, groaning copulation with every perverted contortion and strange variation. And the watching dead observe you and are silent.

4.9 Or is your place within a ruined church high on a hill, no glass in the tall slotted windows, but perfect for the celebration of the Black Mass? The priest in midnight garb, the congregation, men and women unclothed except for the blood red masks upon their faces, stand silent waiting for the presence of the Lord and Master, Satan. A naked girl, fair haired and in the very prime of youth, lies like a human sacrifice upon the altar, snow white against the black velvet of the altar cloth. Nothing stirs, no sound but the sighing of the wind.

4.10 A blinding flash of lightning. A peal of thunder seems to burst within the very walls. No one moves; for no one dares to move. Satan, your God is among you, black and lowering, reeking of evil and the pit. You stand transfixed before Him, knowing you've only just begun to taste the divine degradation that He offers for your pleasure.

4.11 So there, my friend, is a fleeting glimpse of Satan's promise to those that follow Him. Take your choice, indulge, explore the very limits. Leave nothing out and use every means of sharpening the senses. Alcohol to set the blood coursing in your veins, narcotics to heighten your feelings to a peak of sensitivity, so that the very lowest depths of physical sensation can be plumbed and wallowed in. The farthest reaches of the body's strange delights must not be passed over. Sink down in the decadence of excessive self-indulgence. Let no so-called sin, perversion or depravity escape your searching senses; partake of all of them to overflowing.

4.12 What else is there? What other satisfaction? For always death must come and end the sensual game, and take away the dark forbidden pleasures of the flesh that are the mark of life and the only true means of living. But let him not come before you have lived your life to the full, seen everything, done everything, and felt everything the body is capable of feeling.

4.13 There is nothing else now, with the end of man so near. "There is no dialectic but Death, and the Spider weaves over tomorrow. "

## 5

5.1 Three paths and a quagmire.

5.2 Who is strong enough to follow one of the paths? Who is fool enough to fall into the quagmire?

5.3 The Grey Forces hold sway, but THE GODS are returned to recruit their armies for the END. The pendulum swings.

5.4 Three paths and a quagmire.

5.5 Are you JEHOVAH'S, taking the stringent road of purity and rejoicing in the harsh strength of self-denial?

5.6 Do you follow LUCIFER, pursuing the ideal of perfect human love in a blissful atmosphere of sweet self-indulgence?

5.7 In SATAN your master, leading you into dark paths of lust and licentiousness and all the intricate pleasures of the flesh?

5.8 Or do you take the road to nowhere, half in half out, your instincts and ideals buried in a deep morass of hypocritical compromise and respectable mediocrity?

5.9 Three paths and a quagmire. And time is running out.