

# *The Satyr's Sermon*

BY THE HAND AND EYE OF ALOGOS

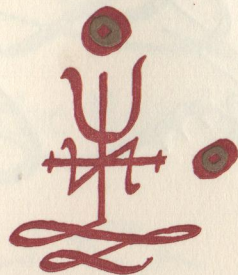
Andrew D. Chumbley



XOANON PUBLISHING

MMIX







PART THE FIRST

*The Satyr's Sermon*

BEING

The 13 Maxims of the Brothel

*By J. Smith*

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 ... 3 in 3 ...  
 ... du ...





‘Behold! Hearken!’ Crieth the Virgin of Eternity,  
Female Emanant of the Scribe’s Shuttered Eye,  
For the Satyr, my husband and twin,  
Is come in glory into the Thicket of his Passions,  
Even into the Brothel of his Solitude.’



'Hearken!

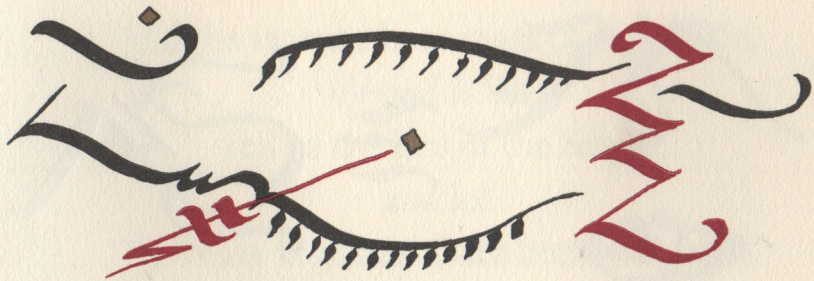
Behold!

For He is come to teach  
a messianic sexuality'.


 To the  

 ✓



With the Thundercrack of the Scribe's Opened Eye,  
the Satyr gored the Dust of weary corpses and laughed aloud,  
at one with the Sun rising newborn in Heaven.





And the rapture-born tears of the Virgin,  
blessed is She,  
fell to the lips of the Satyr;  
and lo!  
His Beast-begotten Cries became Speech:



இ. முய்யார்

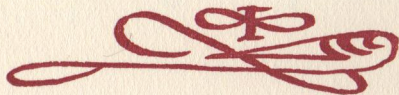
*The Gravities of the Libido  
are the Moralities of the Flesh alone,  
beyond all laws save stamina.*



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ᱵᱚᱠᱟᱨ ᱵᱚᱠᱟᱨ

*The first transgression  
of one's acculturated sexual values  
is a prophecy of countless more:  
each a return to Purity.*





I. *Handwritten decorative initial 'I' in black ink, featuring three red diamond-shaped accents on the vertical stem.*

*Handwritten decorative flourish in red ink, featuring a large, stylized 'L' shape with a crossbar and a long, flowing tail that ends in a small 'u' shape.*

*All creativities are erotic:  
the painter's hand and eye,  
the dancer's gesture and step,  
the Musician's rhythm,  
the inscribing word upon all Finitude.*

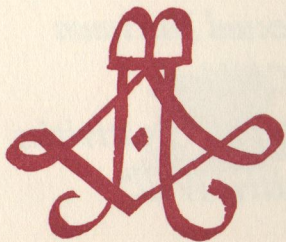
من صلاته

*The unimaginative, the followers,  
the insecure judgementalists  
amongst gods and humans alike . . .  
all are the produce of the sexually meagre.*





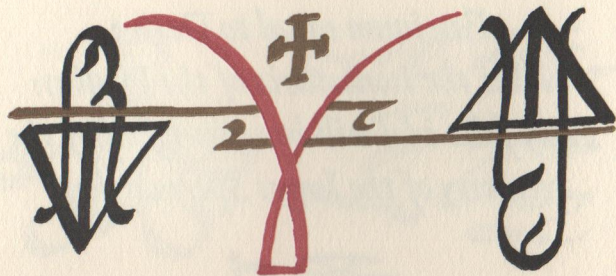
*The Vorticity of the Sexual Fascinum  
will devour all Children,  
save the One who harnesses all Creativities  
to the Eroto-cognitive Will.*



My dear Sir -  
I am glad  
to hear

*Fascinum equal to Desire  
evokes the iconostasis of the Phallus:  
every false idol will be outweighed by the  
veracity of the Logos Spermatikos!*





*The thighs of the wanton  
— man or maiden —  
are more worthy of a bowed head than  
any monarch, god, or messiah.*





*We are our own harem.  
Do not forbid Thyself entry!*

并

*Thirty pieces of silver will betray Christ  
or purchase the favours of Sophia.*

*Murder or marriage-bed,  
the choice is a fair test of the truly wise.*





*If all prayers remain unanswered,  
sharpen your devotions with thundrous blasphemy...  
if only to truly awaken the gods,  
elsewise outgrow them!*



جنگل  
L  
میرزا

*The greater the misdeed,  
the greater potency found in repentance,  
yet no sin a new pleasure cannot assuage.*



*Fleshly desires will find us out,  
therefore let us seize them first  
and burn them up with greater flames:  
Passions!*



بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

*Moralise like the wandering tiger:  
in ferocious solitude heed no laws beyond Need  
and the compass of a Secret Will.*

LOUIS.

PART THE SECOND

*The Virgin's Gift*

ALSO CALLED

Virtues Higher than Morals



Knowing Fate, the Return of their Geminus  
to the Mind Inferno of Alogos,  
the Virgin of the World placed her Hand  
upon the Eternal Satyr's Eye and spoke:



‘Close your Outwardness and be still;  
in this moment listen to no-one and to no-thing:  
the Paean of the Silent.

Solitude is a heaven already yours to enter.

Embrace loneliness with joy,  
lest the worst hell found is yourself.’

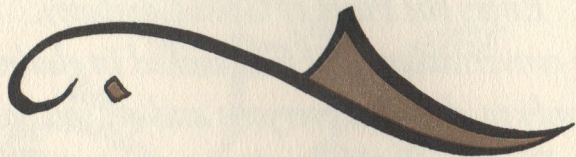
And thus She addressed the Outward Ethos of the Satyr  
and mirrored its meaning within for the Perfection of Faculties ...



*To know of suffering and do nothing is to assist it.  
When you can truly do nothing to help others,  
neither smile nor cry for them – only for yourself.*



*Enjoy the Feast of Good Company,  
fine conversation, and food cooked in gladness.  
Be ready to abandon everyone and all you possess;  
Death will take you unaccompanied.*





*Regard each moment with celebration  
in the companionship of Death.  
Realise Life in that moment  
as a world-full of custodianship.*

11. 11.

*Respect all things unequally  
according to Nature's guidance:  
fire, earthquake, sea, and hurricane  
are mightier than the bodies and cities of mankind;  
a tree may endure a life  
ten times your own in years;  
to a tiger a thin sage is less food than a fat fool.*



*Sexuality is mightier than moralism:  
sensualists enjoy whilst moralists deny.  
A bed of pleasure receives more offerings of love  
than any altar of stone.*



Handwritten text in a stylized, cursive script, possibly a signature or decorative calligraphy. The text is written in black ink on a light-colored background. The characters are highly stylized and interconnected, with a horizontal line running through the middle of the main body of text. The final character on the right is a large, bold, vertical stroke with multiple horizontal lines at its base, resembling a stylized 'F' or a decorative flourish.

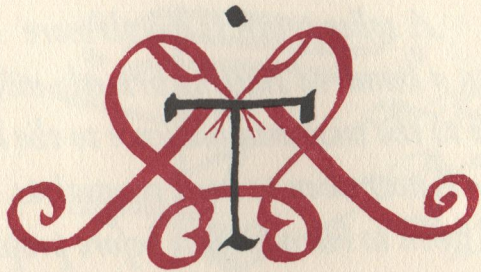
*Know your enemies, they embody the weaknesses  
you would destroy in yourself.*

*To fail in battle against them is to will self-defeat.  
Make war when you know the medicine to heal the  
wounded and will not mourn the loss of the dead.*



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely Persian or Urdu, located to the right of the red symbol. The text is arranged in three lines.

*A sober truth is worth more  
than a hundred smiling priestly morals.  
Give time to the wise and patience to the long-lived.  
Know when to heed strategists  
and when to burn incense before prophets.*



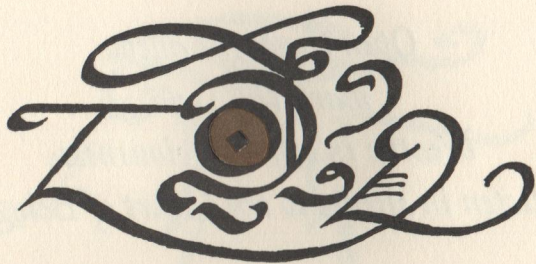


*Make peace with indomitable passion  
in your duty to destiny.*

*Courage and greatness of character  
are beloved of the Gods  
more than common righteousness.*



*Open thy Sight anew:  
mark thy Step:  
breathe in self-consciousness:  
listen in silence to the Heart of Being.*



*Here is a gift wrapped in a thousand layers.  
Hold it for the Season of Wisdom's Increase,  
then pass it unto another,  
yet keep the layer that found you:  
the Virgin's Gift is still there.*



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a signature or a decorative flourish, rendered in red ink. The text is written on a light-colored, textured paper. The signature is composed of three lines of cursive script, with the first line being the most prominent and the second and third lines being smaller and more decorative. The first line appears to be a name, possibly "Margaret", and the second and third lines are likely a date or a location, possibly "London 1661".

*With Vision you may change all things –  
build or burn civilisations.*

*A well-aimed intent overcomes every adversity  
and trespasses every threshold.*



*Whatever you can conceive of as the highest state  
is beneath your ability.*



*Having stooped to the nadir, we may behold the heights  
in clarity and truthful perspective.*





*In time the soul may eclipse the Sun;  
in eternity you are already brighter!*



*Be patient - the moment gone is never reclaimed.  
Time's Hourglass already bath the dust of thy bones.*

The Satyr's Sermon being ended,  
the Virgin's Counsel veiled,  
the Eye of the Scribe beheld within  
and without.

The Virgin became as Wine, the Satyr as Bread,  
and both as one entered the Mouth of the Scribe  
and bade him speak no more than his Silence:

Alogos.



Handwritten musical notation in brown ink on aged paper. The notation consists of a series of stylized, interconnected symbols, including a large, ornate initial 'F' or 'F' with a crossbar, followed by a series of loops and curves. To the right of the main notation is a small, stylized 'U' or 'U' with a crossbar, and below it are three small circles arranged horizontally, possibly representing a treble clef or a specific musical note.

*To indulge fools and feast with sages  
oft' leads one to join their company.*

*Welcome!*



*The Satyr's Sermon* was handwritten by Andrew D. Chumbley in early 2004  
as part of the *Monadical Transmission* series of grimoira, each limited to a single copy.  
The original calligraphic manuscript was created in a blue Coptic-stitch book, handbound by Soror S.I. of the Cultus Sabbati.  
The book was released in a sigil-adorned wooden box, together with a sigilised *Corpus Satyri* in four fragments.

This edition released by Xoanon Publishing, under the auspices of Cultus Sabbati,  
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A standard slipcased edition in quarter morocco, limited to 333 copies;  
A deluxe edition in full morocco, limited to 111 copies, with oaken box and talisman of the *Corpus Satyri*.

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