

Can one find God in kinky behavior? That the extreme polarity of such a notion arrive at a conclusion so disparate might not be as far-fetched as one might suspect. It certainly worked for me.

Divinity in Deviance

Investigations of a Sexual Savant

by Dai Bach

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DAI BACH

Investigations of a Sexual Savant



Divinity in Deviance

DISCOVER
HOW GOD'S MIND PERVADES
THE SEXUAL BRAIN

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ISBN: 978-1-64718-343-1

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2020

First Edition

Cover Photo: Rust Flies by
“Alexander Wild/alexanderwild.com”

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Forward

Once upon a time John married Jane and they lived happily ever after often enjoying regular missionary style sex.

As time progressed the missionary style became the accepted art of love until something happened in the human collective mind and people began experimenting. Indeed, human sexual expression, so beautifully described in the Kama Sutra by the variety of possible positions during sex, at some point deviated from straight forward intercourse into behaviors in many cases so perverse it fails at the original objective to simply make love.

Why?

That question has bothered me with sufficient persistence that I decided to try to piece together some of the links between what we do while fornicating and how it relates to what's in our minds.

Another concern involved the philosophy that all sex is “Good” if we equate it with an approach that fits our tantra.

Sex, after all, resides primarily in the mind, where another reality exists whose energy derives from the divinity of God.

Thus, it occurred to me that God the creator of sexual reproduction invokes a conscience that, when it comes to sex, we often ignore.

Dangerous ideas jostle and slosh around justification as we sheepishly realize that deviant sex can, indeed, be a lot of fun as well.

Moreover, considering that we share many traits with other creatures in the animal kingdom the question of origin arises. From where did we develop such behaviors and what is the state of our current, often loveless but always lust filled lives?

Hopefully, after reading this, you will have some insight as to why we do the things we do.

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Chapter 1

Quest of a Sexual Savant

Unlike Anthropologist Margaret Mead whose examination of primitive tribes and especially their sexual behaviors, which she described in her book "Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies," my exploration was completely introverted. *Although I do have meticulous mnemonic records.*

As a serious researcher I extensively accounted for everything she observed among the sexual rituals of those remote tribes as ideas embedded in every lewd thought I'd ever had. Whereas Ms. Mead delved primitive cultures to record their customs before they became absorbed into Western mainstream, my probe began even as an infant and each characteristic of my own inspection posited into a molecular framework inside my brain in such a way that was hard to shake but easy to squeeze.

As a sexual savant my interest in sex was not merely for the discomfort of the physical resolution, although that helped, but because of the visualization, as it occurred to my awareness, tossed into my memory banks only to be recovered later in the realms of deviancy, abhorred by so many, yet embraced by so many more.

Mead became bisexual during her reconnaissance and may have been persuaded after verifying that in some differentiated groups females had a dominant role over subdued males. Who knows?

Irrespective, the sexual psychology of contemporary Western society appears fractured as it often results in objectification and violence. But, when viewed through the prism of sexual variety, it is easy to accept that natural selection for extremes might actually unite human disposition. By asserting that desire is less a question of gender preference so much

as degrees of domination and submission, I exploited the profligate array afforded by the Internet to garner current sexual paradigm so as to understand how it affects our common anomalies.

Some of us are tops, some bottoms, others are both; I further conjecture that we are all bisexual in our minds.

While not accepting our bisexuality most people subdue aspects that may cause understandable damage to their subconscious, social mores notwithstanding, out of terror of what they might realize about themselves. But when it comes to epicene activity there appears to exist some predilection for play and in a heterosexual relationship this quite often devolves into female domination *because the male brain selects for this*. Males are naturally submissive which is why there is always only one leader of any pack. Men fear that yielding their masculinity will permanently displace them from their perceived hierarchy.

Cry wolf if you don't believe me.

Pornographers know this, just as they know how to manipulate the market of mostly male fantasy seekers with a continual stream of images that fits their subjugation.

Composing my thoughts, I am often taken aback by their absurdity. But as an individual with obligations, which I can only describe as spiritual, I view this as an opportunity to provoke you, the reader, to think about how you devise your sex life.

Above all else, my enjoyment of pornography comes after many years meditating its effect upon my animus, and is based in a belief that, as all cerebral activity is spectral, accessing ideas, whether acting upon them or not, should not define the person.

As I perused the annals of indecency it occurred that some purveyors posted multiple times, often in different genres, so I selected for the most sincere sites and stories without concern for their predilection. This

afforded an appreciation of the miscellany that must surely be shared by others and bolsters the notion that sex is a function of the collective mind.

I wasn't the first to make this suggestion and by some coincidence found this article at a non pornographic website which I visit from time to time.

Chapter 2

Sex in the Collective Mind

The assertion by Dr. Henry Makow, PhD, that sex is in the collective mind, is made as a critique of the national obsession and behavior toward sexuality. Taken in context, he reasons that we are, perhaps, being mind controlled through the media and are spiritually lost in some kind of lustful madness.

Is he only speaking for himself?

Not to question his sincerity, *my* purpose was to scrutinize the sexuality of the collective mind as a tool for redemption.

How humans imagine having sex even while they are having sex is not only ironic but downright *ridiculous*.

For the record, this rummaging was conducted under complete sexual abstinence on my part, which was not for the want of trying. Reviewing the mélange of human sensuality has indeed proven mesmeric due to the fact that each phase made public my most private of thoughts. I could see myself in the ripples of my unruffled rivers as if skipped by a stone.

Could I be so shallow?

Which leads us to another analogy pertaining to reflections of sex. Dr. Makow must concur that sex cannot be the major engine to hanker our helices. In terms of transcendence one must question why overt sexual expression is met with shame and guilt. If our most common pursuit to get laid by any means is so prevalent why the remorse?

Of what are we afraid? To what are we betraying ourselves? It appears that conscience is involved with this process not only because we feel mortified when we cheat but because we experience it when we openly

indulge ourselves as well. Let's face it, we are both sexual and spiritual, albeit across a wide range. Imagine that sexuality and spirituality go together like life and death. You can't have one without the other. What about love in this torrid equation?

One can have sex without love and can love without sex. Essentially we must love ourselves even while having loveless sex with somebody else.

According to Sigmund Freud, our expert examiner of all things forbidden, the first person a boy wants to have sex with is his mother.

Whether she is his first love or initial arousal, probably due to some olfactory response to her sweet scent, is a question most might prefer to not contemplate.

Certainly Sophocles, the Greek giant of a philosopher who *created* Oedipus, provoked in Freud such sentence as to cause him some convulsion. That we love ourselves first may be manifest by the act of chronic masturbation which occurs in the confines of the even the most unenlightened during those wee hours when we believe nobody else is looking. One major hurdle for those actively engaged in life is that sex and its immediate relief is more urgent than the most blissful promise of what may follow after life, so therefore, must be selected for. When it comes to orgasm versus eternal bliss, life must always opt for the erogenous apogee.

It is as simple as that.

Sex and death are conjugate. One begets the other.

Permanence and impermanence culminate in orgasms, not only for the intellectual properties of higher order thinking, but as a prerequisite for life itself. If I cannot come then neither can you. The very fact that, at least here on Earth, most of Nature's creatures select for sexual reproduction suggests a profound link between sex and creation that demands epistemological consideration.

Of course it's all relative. But when you identify every strategy employed, from the incestuous Naked Mole Rat, to the serial monogamy of American lobsters, or the female consumption of the male Praying Mantis post copulation, then one must wonder how these ideas came about in the first place.

Researcher Marlene Zuk described the complex variety of reproductive strategies of creepy crawlies in terms of their creature specificity in her book "Sex On Six Legs." Her results raised further questions concerning innate behavior with respect to conscious choice. That the human mind incorporates each contrivance is organic, and therefore, might be granted significance before any cultural influence can be imposed. Now the direction must flirt with early observations as they surely do occur to everyone.

Although I am still ascetic in old age, as a child my brain was filled with obscene, hormone pumping notions that left me bewildered.

Nonetheless, I believed my eternal being somehow had a higher purpose. At its core in this belief was a grasp that such intendment would be compromised were I to become promiscuous. However, that didn't prevent the proverbial pivot when passing by a nice pair of tits.

These ruminations are there in a universal sense, accessible to everybody should you wish to investigate further. Those willing to put any squeamishness aside while journeying with me on this very esoteric Kama Sutra must embrace the idea that one cannot grow if you don't let your fetish show. So the format of my report is non-scientifically subjective, which may in itself defy reason, and for its anecdotal conveyance; should that mean anything.

Inspecting trends inherent in Western sexuality as it devolves from primitive societies, I've tried to keep it witty and hope it's an easy read.

Hold on for dear life.

Dead Whistleblower Testimonials

At the end of the day I found myself completely exhausted and languished in a dreamy state of disconnection.

In repose I drifted in and out of susceptible awareness until my preternatural sentience kicked in and I could speak to spirits of those departed mentors whom I will always respect. I asked them how they considered this creation and here is what they said.

"This is the one book the Vatican would protest, if only because they don't have it in their collection."

Joe Vials, *deceased, possibly murdered*.

As alien a concept as I've ever come across, and I've come across a few."

Phil Schneider, *deceased, probably murdered*.

"This book is as funny as it gets and I mean that in an odd way."

Gary Webb, *deceased, irrefutably murdered*.

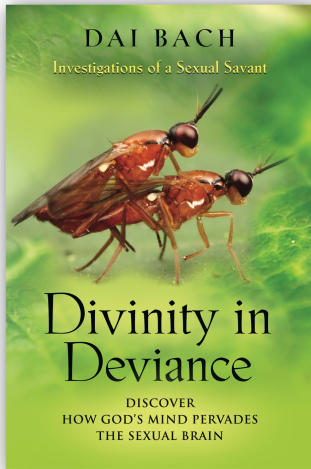
"Criminal."

Mark Lombardi, *deceased, must it be said?*

"One hundred years ago this book would never have been written and to do so now is a real travesty."

William Cooper, *murdered*.

One quick last word as we bid each other fair thee well, the author absolutely rejects any relationship that is not mutually agreed upon, nor advocates any of the behaviors discussed within this litany.



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