

# The "CLOVEN" "HOOF"



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## I'M FREE

Entire contents by Anton Szandor La Vey

I'm free. Free to be able to hail Satan as my symbolic deity. Free to revel in the nostalgia of a Christmas tree sparkling with lights and play carols on the organ -- even though I reject the absurd myth of a Jesus, as a convenient invention foisted upon fools, that manipulators might exert greater control. Unlike the frightened ones who only walk one side of the street, I can move about at will, for Satan expects His own to taste life in all its forms and follies, and knows that a mind which holds wisdom must be a selective mind, unstifled by "thou shalt."

To me, Christmas (not the Solstice) is a relic -- a vestigial toy in itself which, because everyone treats it as an obligatory ritual, becomes meaningful as an artifact without a purpose, a function following form, life imitating art. An admitted burden to most, its insistence is obeyed nonetheless. A celebration of routine sentiment, often massively maudlin, it is practiced much more than enjoyed -- because it must be practiced. Because I am free -- free to say "Humbug!" and "Poeeyl!" and practice rejection -- I can extract a selfishly selective enjoyment of the holiday. Unlike the fat merchants who crinkle their eyes and rub their hands, mine is an enjoyment borne not of financial profit but rather romantic profit -- at others' expense. How they must gut-hate having their incessant rock and disco world-sound broken at that time. And to be backed against the wall with unbearable expenses -- year upon year, the prescribed wrenching away of their normalcy. You see, I've stepped away from it, spat upon it, cursed it -- and blasphemed its inconveniences. Now I can enjoy it for what it is, not for what it isn't. I can say "Merry Christmas" with a touch of sadistic delight, knowing that I need not share the "enjoyment" others receive from Christmas hardships. You can stuff your "Peace on earth, goodwill toward man" messages though -- no one really wants that -- trouble is what sells. If "Christmas" wasn't a lot of trouble it would have died long ago. Its comprehensible that each joyous season brings wholesale tragedy and disaster -- maybe nature's (and politicians') joke on a people so ineptly overcompensating for a time of darkness.

Perhaps it is the phantom army of irony -- the ghosts of the Christmas beleaguered, the sad irony of Christmas that brings its true gift. As it always was, the most romantic things are fed with sadness, frustration and disappointment. Because Christmas is the Great Ritual of Forced Merriment, it has produced enough bittersweet irony to enshrine it as more than a romantic notion. It is an elusive memory of the way things never were, like a train whistle in the distant night, that is really the wind.

**...BY ANY OTHER NAME**  
**ANTON SZANDOR LA VEY**

Many are those who study the art of the children of darkness, who call themselves by the names of witch and warlock...who gaze at crystals, read the tarot, divine by divers means, and seek success through paths of magic. All these play at the Devil's game and take the Devil's tools in their quest for crumbs of power.

In the name of all who suffered and died as the agents of the Devil in ages past, the present band of heretics...those who would deny the Devil, yet play His game...must be called to task. Greater is their folly than the strictest Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or Buddhist. More cowardly are they than the whining informer who plucked at the sleeve of the inquisitor. More flagrant is their hypocrisy than he who reads pornography "in order to warn others."

These are the pursuers of dubious power, the searchers for riches, the buyers of "hidden secrets," the purchasers of "short cuts,"...the sniveling army of the have-nots who feel themselves deserving of the bounties of life, but have found no miracles in the churches in which they prayed.

So now we see them as they swarm about us, purchasing the journals of deceit, the source-books of diabolical supplies, the catalogues of the magical art. They read, and read, and contemplate, and read some more. They study the rites of Lucifer and the mysteries of creation and the spells and charms, and they call themselves by innocuous names. And they play at the games which caused our forebearers to be tortured as agents of Satan.

And what do they do, now that it is safe and clear to use His Great Infernal Name? *They deny Him!* They have the opportunity to take up the very creed of defamation which killed their brothers and sisters of the past...and cast that creed before the world in triumphal mockery of its age of unreason. But no--they do not thrust the bified barb of Satan aloft and shout: "He has triumphed! Rege Satanas". His art and works which brought men to the rack and thumbscrew, can now be learned in safety. But no...He is *denied*. Denied by those who cry up His art and ply His work.

In the societal safety of their flimsy dens they say the calls. In the warmth of their parlors they push their planchettes, and read the cards, and cast the runes, and call forth the dead, and even wear the horns.

But seldom in these places is *Satan* to be found. For these are the frightened mystics of the new Christianity, and the trembling cowards scurry 'round the openings to the Grottoes of Hell. And like vermin, they furtively nibble upon the newly-emerged Devil-wisdom. Little do they realize the folly of their cowardice.

Ages come and ages go, and cycles reverse themselves with the wondrous periodicity that only nature can sustain, and now *we* walk upon the upper world. Those who play the game of self-denial in its traditionally simplistic forms, and showed themselves consistent in their Christ-mongering can find absolution from their sins within our fold.

But those who play the Devil's Game, yet cloak themselves in **RIGHTEOUSNESS**, besmirch the names of those who bore the mark of brand and tongs and gazed upon their dead and dying, with curses softly spoken. Knew they not, the tortured, that one day men would ply the Devil's handiwork; the work that was grounds for rack and cradle.

Knew they not, the Knights of the Temple, that one day men would fashion spells in the clear moonlight, free from the snare of the heretic-hook; yet *deny and denounce the benediction of Satan!*

The tongs have gathered rust, and the racks snarl as they turn, from lack of oiling. The morningstars have dust between their spikes and the iron maiden is cold and yearning for a lover to embrace.

The ghosts of the Devil-bought will take up the instruments of their destruction and march forth. And their prey will be those scavengers of the arts which once meant Devil-wisdom, and to this day remain as such.

Let it be known that every man who delves into the arts of darkness must give the Devil and His children the due their years of infamy deserve. Satan's Name will not be denied! Let no man shun or mock His Name who plays His winning game....or....despair, depletion, and destruction await!



## So Much Catching Up to Do

In the 20th Century, man has advanced more than at any period in his development. He can go to the moon, but he feels guilty if he's up all night and asleep all day. He wants to blend all races, all cultures into one homogenized world, yet he rejects customs indigenous to many of those races as undesirable or invalid. Polygamy has been successfully practiced by many peoples, yet must be rejected by the very Westerners that advocate race-mixing. Even though varieties of physique and temperament prevail among humans, certain indigenous traits are rejected as "sick" -- when they are in fact essential to their owner's survival. Masochistic needs which lead to conditions, like "alcoholism" and other "illnesses" -- needn't be a liability. It's only man's inability to free himself from stigma (or make it productive) that makes it so. The Calvinist ethic must be smashed in order to cut the tether on man's personal development. Computers can out-perform most of the humans who invented and developed them, because soma (TV, drugs) have limited or inhibited humans' memory banks so they cannot retain the knowledge which enabled them to make the computers in the first place. Tribalism is okay to provide fresh breeding stock for global homogenization. Yet the very fundamentalist religions who thrive on a prolifery of newborn constituents among "heathen" races -- protest abortion and birth control with missionary zeal, wail the loudest about world hunger and solicit contributions to "help." Consumerism is propagated, yet offices and stores are not open around the clock. Traffic congestion at peak hours need not be. In the midst of an "emancipated" society, we have the most flagrant double-standard ever practiced.

If man can go to the moon, all businesses should be able to operate on a round the clock basis.

If Black, White, Brown, Yellow, and others can mix, polygamy and harems should be a legally and socially acceptable option.

If eardrum-bursting electronic music is tolerated, lyrical melodies should be encouraged.

If physical fitness is pushed, those who feel fittest lying in bed, should be encouraged to do so.

If thinness is a standard of attractiveness, fatness should be presented as equally desirable.

If billions of dollars can be spent to educate the mentally deficient, subsidies should be paid to the self-educated.

But don't laugh -- it will happen.

## Music for the Chamber

My laboratory has an adjoining lavatory. The laboratory contains several synthesizers and sampling equipment which can produce all manner of sounds, some better imagined than described. Occasionally, a co-conspirator or guest will have to go to the lavatory in a big way. They request that I play something, "preferably loud." Thus, I have become adept at performing music for the non-ritual chamber. An unspoken sort of teamwork ensues.

A sitter who can exercise a fair amount of control might judiciously time his or her blasts to tympani rolls or cymbal crashes. Naturally, this requires a familiarity with the orchestral score.

Above all, the music must be loud, and needless to say not lyrical in nature -- but rather punctuated by fortissimo and sforzando reports. "Morning Mood" from *Peer Gynt* is not suitable music. Naturally, I try to maintain a discreet air of nonchalance and indifference during my accompaniments. The following are examples of appropriate selections: *The Ride of the Valkyries*, the *Storm* from *The William Tell Overture* (not "Calm"), *The Sea and the Crashing of the Ship upon the Rocks* from *Scheherazade*, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (opening section), *The Ben Hur Chariot Race*, *The Burning of Rome*, the finale from *Egmont*, the "Mars" section from *The Planets*..

### **Illegal Music**

Even though no actual legislation has been passed, making certain kinds of music illegal, in actuality, an unofficial ban exists which is adhered to much more than many official statutes. Despite lip-service to freedom of speech, taboos abound in the area of music. That's why little, if any, public programming of these kinds of tunes is heard:

(a) Overly-evocative ("think/feel" producing). This is music containing tonalities and/or lyrics which engender deep feelings on a highly personal level, performed in an overly dynamic or inspired way. This does not include hymns or gospel music, which exteriorizes deep feelings towards the "Lord." It is the music of romance, of lost love, of nostalgia amplified to a state of potential withdrawal from prescribed "with it"-ness, leading to economic instability. Music of this nature, consequently, is only heard in Muzak arrangements, played in the lyricless linear manner of *Soylent Green* euthenasia chambers.

(b) Politically subversive (antagonistic to the Women's Movement). Inasmuch as an incredibly large portion of our buying-power is sustained by women who have been inculcated with an ideal of equality, if not supremacy, once-popular music that glorifies a woman's submission to a male lover is abrasive, to put it mildly. In other words, songs like *My Man* or *Stand By Your Man*, will only be listened to "straight" by outlaw women.

(c) Racist (wartime propaganda, ethnic slurs). Despite the fact that rational comparisons can be drawn insofar as the way things were, as opposed to the way things are, strong emotional reaction is unavoidable when a Japanese listens to *We're Gonna Have to Slap the Dirty Little Jap*, or a Black hears *Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose*. Throughout the golden age of popular music in the U.S. and Western Europe (1900-1950), there were no restrictions concerning song lyrics in dialect or which ridiculed ethnic types. Wartime propaganda songs were considered laudable, which, if heard today, would seem unbelievable to have ever been written.

(d) Change in word meaning. Lyrics referred to "making love" as something other than sexual intercourse. Lines such as "a gay Santa Claus", "a queer romance", or "to light your fag" are bound to be misconstrued today.

### **Beyond Kitsch, or Eyesores**

What makes a thing tacky? We have defined "kitsch" as an example of pretentiousness -- an attempt to make something "classy" or clever or solemn



beyond its capability. But there's a sense of desperation in genuine eyesores, either real or contrived. A shanty town, with mud streets and collapsing buildings is an eyesore, and conveys desperation -- but not through contrivance. A bar with every conceivable mismatching add-on, and three names -- each one an attempt to validate -- is an eyesore and beyond kitsch. It, too, conveys desperation, but because of rather than in spite of its owner's attempts to conceal desperation. This same sense of desperation is reflected in certain color combinations, often as an integral aspect of an era, season, or other chronological timespan. The least liked single colors are brick red and chartreuse, both variants of red and green. Many buildings doomed to failure are a rust or "redwood" color combined with a sort of mint (institutional) green. People who occupy such structures are often living their lives in "quiet desperation." I think the Christmas season is an immediate signal for anxiety, frustration, and desperation because of a sudden onslaught of red and green, used together and in great abundance. The most clashing and nerve-wracking of any combination, it exacerbates what is already a dreaded period. In nature tiny red berries against a background of green are like a touch of pepper--seasoning, quite literally, a bleak and barren time when ancients thought the sun was dying and the world was ending. The forced overuse of the same colors, however, exerts an entirely different and profoundly disturbing effect.

#### When Kitsch Becomes Kitsch

"Art Deco" started as "Moderne," degenerated to junk, became Kitsch, then evolved into a legitimate art form. Now that it has become self-consciously clever, with reproductions rampant -- it becomes kitsch again -- but this time with a new set of owners.

#### New Devil's Dictionary

When you start hearing or reading a new expression every time you turn around, you can surmise that it's been employed by the media as the latest entry in the vocabulary of "newspeak." Here are three examples I've encountered several times over a two week period. Considering their source, and those employing them, here is what they translate to, in real English:

Mandate -- "I'll throw a tantrum and claim something for myself."

Codify -- "I'll make some rules."

Orchestrate -- "I'll make enough people mad, so they'll 'orchestrate' against me. Then, I can blame the one I get my energy from for being the leader."

Now's the time for all renewals. Please be sure to get your \$20 renewal for your Cloven Hoof subscription in by the end of January.

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