

The "CLOVEN" HOOF



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THE INVISIBLE WAR
ANTON SZANDOR LA VEY

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People will believe in the unreal more readily than the real, if it's more convenient, and it usually is. We are at war, but people refuse to entertain the thought, though they're dropping like flies. Instead, they blindly accept the impersonal threats of organized crime, extraterrestrial influence, governmental sword-rattling, nuclear annihilation and other skullduggery. This war is highly sophisticated, breaking down normal mental and physiological functions until malaise, incompetence, or destruction befalls most individuals. Sort of like making everyone handicapped, while allowing only the most obvious cases the use of blue parking spaces. The rest never even consider themselves cripples, much less war casualties.

The "enemy" is not another nation, eager to impose its despotic rule nor hungry for expanded geographical boundaries. This enemy attacks from within, and its victims wear the same clothes and speak the same language and carry the same passports. Its motivation is containment and control, in a society made increasingly uncontrollable by overcrowding and conflictly diversified cultural standards.

Despite science fiction, it is unsettling that warfare could develop beyond the use of "traditional" weaponry; i.e. guns, tanks, nuclear missiles, etc. Whenever or wherever the use of these old devices occurs is cause for alarm and international trepidation. But that's all part of the fine old art of misdirection. Revelations have been made of advances in bacteriological, viral, chemical, bioelectrical, ultra and subsonic, infrared, economic and legalistic methods for destruction. Yet genuine fear of the unknown has eradicated concern about these methods in all but the pages of speculative fiction. The brutal fact is that real wars are not fought anymore with heavy metal objects, any more than the world wars of this century were fought with slings and rocks. War casualties of today seldom even show their wounds--as a matter of fact, they claim to feel better for them.

The most insidious part of all, is that those who assist in waging war,

are usually unknowingly among their own victims. The very system in which we live causes us to parasitically feed upon ourselves; to invite and appreciate the bombardments levelled against us, and to invite subjugation. If you haven't got the drift by now; the enemy is a system which, by necessity, must maintain a facade of "togetherness" in order to insure control.

The single most prevalent addiction in the western world is TV viewing, though it is clinically undiagnosed as such. What are its effects? How many other "undiagnosed" ailments have been employed towards containment, demoralization, and mental deficiency? What are the "weapons" used in this war that would never be perceived as such? Any popular cause or trend should be suspect. Is too much exercise really healthy? Or are those who huff and puff in the name of "physical fitness" and "aerobics" really ingesting injurious airborne properties at a more dangerous level, than those who are lazy? What is the hidden danger in cathode radiation--regardless of what is viewed on the tube, be it miniseries or computer readout? We know (or should) that made-for-TV fare is a substitute for life for addicts, but what of the physiological harm caused by certain electrical discharges in a closed environment? Or a combination of both?

The reason the Holy Bible was the hottest selling book of all time, is because there was no radio, no movies, no TV. It was a way to control people. Most holy books *are*. Now that there are a lot more people, more sophisticated means must be employed to keep them in line. Wars have always been a good method for population control, but now too many people suspect their lives are worth too much, to go out and get themselves killed in the name of patriotism.

The only kind of war to wage, is an invisible war -- one in which the participants are unaware that there is *even a war going on*. People have gotten so puffed up with their own sense of self-importance (it was necessary for economic reasons) that they are disinclined to attend regular old-fashioned type wars. Like the bumper sticker used to ask, "Suppose they gave a war and nobody came?" Yet wars must still be waged (or the equivalent thereof). New construction methods have indicated that the buildings that *count* are made pretty sturdy. Even so, too many landmarks must be preserved. No one with any sense wants to destroy valuable property--only get rid of excess people, while making some money in the bargain. You'll notice I used the word "sense." The reason wild nuts are given the green light to start trouble, is so a "show war" can be waged against them, as an imperative to keeping "peace" and preserving the planet. Then, there is apparent justification for involvement in a real honest-to-goodness shooting war, somewhere out there. And what better act of misdirection from a *real* war is there than what appears to be a real war--unless it's a major catastrophe? Major catastrophes (jokingly known as "acts of God") eliminate man-made population control. That's why unplanned plagues and

large land masses falling into the sea preclude a need for war--but generally evoke panic. Again, with too many potentially dangerous humans running around, the issue of containment and control is ever more important. A planned plague is OK if it doesn't go too far--just far enough to serve a worthwhile purpose-- like selling something.

All Tooled Up and Ready to Go

Any unpopular thing can be made fashionable by associating it with a noble cause. Every war has been a "just" war -- an act of integrity and honor. Revolutions are touted as "freedom" and "progress". Masochistic self-punishment can be justified if presented as "healthful"--it's been said that jogging is the modish mortification of the flesh. Harlotry is easily transformed into "allure" or "glamour". But what of the method employed to bring about acceptance of an otherwise stigmatized thing or situation? Invariably, a planned crisis is the catalyst. When new cars were not selling, obsolescence was effected by contriving a reason to dispose of existing vehicles. A fuel crisis was presented. The only practical and righteous way to alleviate the crisis was to offer readily definable (smaller) and more fuel-efficient cars. A decade later, almost everyone has disposed of their big gas gulpers and purchased more fuel-efficient transportation-- at whatever the cost. Now it's "safe" to lower the price of petroleum to a price whereby big cars can be comfortably maintained.

I have promoted, constructed, and employed the use of artificial human companions for many years. Despite adequate technology and manufacturing methods, societal and religious taboos have presented major obstacles to what is destined to become the major consumer industry of the future.

At first, I thought androids for human companionship would be introduced as a plaything for the avant-garde, but it seems that even the most avant of the garde are scared of their friends' disapproval. Clearly, there must be a sense of self-righteousness attached to the purchase and use of such a product. And what might that be? Why, good, healthy living and physical fitness, of course. As a means to a healthier society and cleaner planet.

So here's the Method: Create an unhealthy sexual climate-- one in which real humans are downright dangerous to screw around with. Things like AIDS, for example. Build concern into unconscious hysteria, so that people are afraid of sex--especially nasty sex. Then, provide a safe alternative. But it's gonna cost. Yet, anyone participating in this new sexual revolution can hold his head up high and pride himself on contributing to a healthier environment. The real motivations will still be the same; unlimited indulgence in any and all sexual preferences, however kinky, and with "people" who look, feel, talk, and smell exactly as they should, to the consumer. The humanoids are coming.

WANNABEES AND CUDDABINS

Wannabees and cuddabins account for most of the population. As you probably know, a wannabee is a person who is dissatisfied with his life and wishes he could be like someone else. He makes for good consumerism because he's always in the market for whatever will improve his lot. And he ain't got one helluva lot. That's why he's a wannabee. Predictably, wannabees can be troublemakers because they resent those who have more than themselves. If and when they become intolerable, there is a way to cure them. Or at least keep them out of trouble.

The way to cure a wannabee is to change him or her into a cuddabin. That is accomplished by preying upon a trait common to both species: the inability to rise to or maintain the responsibilities inherent with success. The threat of success is more than most can bear. Success requires abilities and talents uncalled for in a pedestrian lifestyle.

Give a wannabee a measure of success. Provide satisfaction beyond that which he expected, and discomfort will ensue. A taste of fame, a sample of unaccustomed affluence, and the ex-wannabee has had enough. Presto! He becomes a cuddabin. He is not only content to return to his old style, but he can do it with flair. He has had an opportunity to be up there with the big boys, beautiful people, power brokers or whatever. But he has chosen to relinquish that life (always leave the door open for self-rejection). Then, the remainder of his days he can revel and brag about what he could have been, if he wanted to avail himself of his opportunities. Cuddabins are usually content and easily controlled, though their braggadocio can be insufferable at times ("I cuddabin one of the top men in Silicon Valley", "I cuddabin a top fashion model with a movie contract", "I cuddabin his present wife", "I cuddabin just like Anton LaVey", etc.). As you've probably guessed, I've dealt with my share of cuddabins--in fact I deliberately create them as a way of "cooling out" wannabees.

One type sadly missing from the scene is the "has-been", or as Popeye used to call them, the "useter-was". No one wants to be a useter-was. It conveys an impression of obsolescence, a moribund waiting-around to die. Old has-beens or useter-wases had a certain dignity about them and often lived in boarding houses for retired show folks. They usually really had something they "was" or had "been." Now, there are the "ex" whatever-they-were's who never were actually much of anything--"Ex-Satanist"s, for example. My friend, Richard Lamparski, in compiling his "Whatever Became Of" books, learned about the stigma a society of self-styled big shots can impose upon those who actually were Somebodies, once upon a time. Has-beens and useter-wases will always have my compassion, but seldom will "ex"s --and never wannabees or cuddabins.

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