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A competitive society has conditioned all to greater heights of self-assertiveness. With automation rampant and identities shakier than ever, the obvious result is pomposity, smugness, arrogance, insensitivity. It has taken a renewed threat of annihilation to inject a trace of humility and civility into what has mistakenly been termed "civilization." After all, hasn't everyone been imbued with exhortations to become more assertive in order to survive? But who wins when everyone self-asserts? In an Orwellian newspeak sense, aggressive and assertive behavior indicates weakness, while acquiescent and submissive behavior denotes strength. Passive resistance is nothing new--only heretofore ineptly applied. And why? Because its application was ill-timed. Dynamic submissiveness can only work when its use can disarm by the *sheer strength of its rarity*. In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. In a world populated by big shots--where everybody is a *somebody* and everything is *something*--the humble, by their very *exclusivity*, become fearsome. And why? Because people have forgotten how to deal with acquiescence, and become unsure and vulnerable in its presence. The real winner of the future will have undergone some sort of "anti-assertiveness" or "dynamic submissiveness" training. He or she will have millions of potential subjects in the vast world of the falsely confident--those whose resourcefulness has been dulled by too many dealings with their own kind or too much of the same game played by the same rules to notice--much less be prepared for--a player of a different sort. *** An interesting follow-up to last issue's discourse on names: only two readers noticed (or cared about) two misspelled names of popular figures, proving that once a fun name is established, its spelling becomes secondary. From Kenneth Anger, himself a contemporary pioneer in the magic of suitable names, comes news of Walt Disney Productions latest child star, chosen to play the role of Dorothy in the forthcoming *Oz* remake. Her name is *Fairuza Balk*. And from Willard Morrison, our man in Costa Rica, as real people personally known: *Ima Cherry* (movie cashier), *Otto Horne* (runs a garage), and *Marietta Wurmnest*. *** how to watch movies on TV: A serial concept is employed when movies are shown on commercial TV. "Cliff-hanger" breaks in continuity insure a viewer's mental vulnerability to the advertising which follows. Unlike a "real" serial--shown in weekly episodes, between which normal life must go on--a one to five minute commercial break affords little opportunity to clear the mind. Hence, an already existing stream of consciousness is augmented by whatever ideas an advertiser wishes to inject. Invariably, the commercial content dilutes the cohesiveness of the movie. Because the movie has first priority in the minds of its viewers, its sponsors depend on it as a foundation upon which to stack their messages. Yet the overwhelming impact engineered into the commercials supercedes the softened flow of the movie. To the mind, the subsequent (and lasting) effect is that of reducing the movie to "filler," padding the *real* show: the sponsor's messages. That's why it's impossible to properly view or assess a movie screened on commercial TV. Ideally, an impersonal device (electronic "killer") or disinterested or already somatized individual should edit out commercials while videotaping a film, then to be viewed later, free of interruption. Next best is to prerecord the film, commercials intact, and have a zombie scan through the commercials when later viewing the film. But remember to close your eyes while your zombie fast scans*, for the brain picks up the same signals, slow or fast. You're still receiving what the sponsor wants you to see, audio notwithstanding, except through speed-learning. As long as you're interested enough in watching the movie, you're interested enough to absorb the sponsor's message. (*If unable to secure a zombie or "commercial eater," best try to approximate length of fast scan with eyes shut during as much as possible.) ***

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2NOV SHMOZ KAPOP?

Entire contents by Anton Szandor La Vey

Hitler once said; "When everyone around me is bedecked with decorations, I shall distinguish myself by wearing none." Self-assertion has become rampant. There are no braves, only chiefs. Everyone vies for supremacy. Not just excellence, but supremacy. A third place winner is no longer competent. He is *better* than fourth and fifth place winners--first and second notwithstanding. Western culture has arrived at a point whereby everyone's a winner --or so he thinks. The result? A pack of self-assertive fools subservient to the will of unknown or impersonal dictates. No more bouts of chivalry: "After you, Alphonse"---"No, I insist; after *you*, Gaston." It's "You'll do as I say, for I'm right" "The hell you are--I'm *always* right." No wonder artificial human companions are becoming popular; they're the only people who are acquiescent.