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The Black Flame

Volume 1, Number 1 A Quarterly Forum for Satanic Thought Vernal Equinox XXIV A.S.

HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO!

This publication is a forum for discussing issues of interest to contemporary Satanists. For those encountering this philosophy for the first time, I point you to Anton Szandor LaVey's *The Satanic Bible*. This volume will give you a working knowledge of Satanism as it was embodied for the first time in 1966 C.E. with the founding of the **Church of Satan**, thus beginning the year I of the Age of Satan. Since then, a full-fledged movement has begun, embracing individuals from all walks of life who hold in common their refusal to be part of the herd of humanity.

Satanists hold themselves as their own highest value, seeing themselves as their own God. Satanists reject the concept of an external, supernatural parent figure and take the responsibility for their own lives into their own hands, whether they succeed or fail in their endeavors.

The watchword of Satanism is **Indulgence**. We assert that life is to be lived for one's own pleasure. Ah, but pleasure, as well as pain, is in the eye of the experimenter. Satanists practice our Indulgence in accordance with the laws of society (the "Rules of the House") and firmly believe that we should not infringe on anyone else's right to his own Indulgence, a "live-and-let-live" attitude. Satanists have no desire to convert anyone, as we see all people as individuals who have every right to believe whatever they wish, so long as they also do not try to force *their* beliefs and values on Satanists.

We also view the facts of nature and acknowledge that people are not all equal. We see the populace as stratified, with a small percentage

of Creators at the top, who are highly valued, a larger percentage of Producers beneath them, who are also cherished, and a very large percentage of Believers beneath them, who are tolerated as the major masses of our species.

Most Satanists come from the two highest levels of this pyramid of human stratification. They are individuals filled with talents that they hone to perfection, mastering the material world which they embrace fully. We are not waiting for some fabled afterlife but live to enjoy the here and now to the fullest!

As Satanists, we love life and are motivated by a burning drive to advance ourselves, mastering our various talents with our own judgement as the standard of our success. That burning drive which reveals our cherished individuality, and fuels us to soar to heights of achievement is **The Black Flame**.

This forum will present the thoughts of many contemporary Satanists, which may not all be in agreement. If you find some of the contents to be different from your way of thinking, please form your thoughts into a rational and cogent article or essay and send it to me. I look forward to your responses to each issue but will not present a letter column; I'd prefer that you take the time to formally organize your thoughts into a well-reasoned form worth presenting to our readers.

Let's see the breadth and depth of contemporary Satanism, the maturity of a philosophical movement that is now in its 24th year. And, of course, let's have fun doing it! May you all have had a Wicked Walpurgisnacht! **Indulge!**

Peter H. Gilmore, ye Editor.

any and all articles, letters, essays or commentary submitted to this publication yet demonstrating an ignorance of the principles and ideas in *The Satanic Bible* by Anton Szandor LaVey (Avon Books) will be ignored.

THE DEVIL IN DAYLIGHT

by Max

Mark hung his head. He was depressed, and with good reason. Someone had just trashed his car and scratched *Devil Worshipper* on the hood with a sharp object. This, of course, was one of many nasty incidents which have happened to him, including telephone threats and harassment at work. Mark is a college instructor.

I looked carefully at Mark. His hairstyle and beard could be construed as "late flower-child." A pentagram supported by a short chain hung well above the neckline of a t-shirt which sported the slogan "Proud to be Pagan" in large letters.

A thought came to me: "The only person who couldn't possibly spot this guy as a witch would be a blind man!" Of course, with the exotic oils he wore, even the blind man couldn't be ruled out.

This illustrated something I've noticed within the last decade: the occult community doesn't know how to hide in plain sight! The occult community doesn't know how to remain *occult*!

So here are a few pointers on how to ameliorate this situation. To start, give some thought to your behavior and appearance at work and in your social life. Then look over this list to see which of these occult types fits you.

FULL MOON: this particular type of practitioner is generally self-employed (craftsperson, writer, artist, landscaper, occult supplies retailer) in a profession where looking odd or ominous can be beneficial (tattoo artist, motorcycle customizer, bodyguard, skip tracer or reposessor) or works in a faceless profession (attendant at a self-serve gas station, garbage collector). The FULL MOON generally wears his or her particular sigil out in the open and dresses as outrageously as possible. The look doesn't end with the the clothes and the jewelry; grooming completes the picture. Outrageously long hair, a shaved head or even a strange, brightly-dyed hairstyle will do the trick. If someone should ask a FULL MOON if he or she is into the occult and the practitioner does not wish to respond, the typical way of hiding is simply to say "I'm into leather!" or "I'm punk!"

THREE QUARTER: these are sometimes known as **TEASERS**. This type will generally have a fringe job with a little more social interaction (waiter, mailman, boutique retailer, bookseller) and will wear just enough jewelry (strange earring, odd rings, but never a sigil) or wear an open statement on a t-shirt (pentagram, baphomet or the name of some popular occult store) and upon being confronted with the possibility of practising the black arts will calmly reply, "Why no, what makes you think that?" If the

questioner is a current practitioner of magic, then the **THREE QUARTER** may "come clean." Otherwise the sigil on the shirt is explained away as representing a rock band and the occult shop was just something that a friend had bought as a joke. I've known some teasers to carry a cross just to confuse people even more.

HALF-MOON or **ECCENTRIC:** this particular practitioner comes into the realm of LaVey's *Cook's Lady* type. He/She will generally keep a number of cats and give them the classic names of familiar (Grimalkin, Pyewacket) or name them after ancient deities (Isis, Aphrodite). The jobs held by these types (secretary, general retailer, technician, nurse, repairman, programmer) will be a little more mainstream and the HALF-MOON will only give the secret away by keeping a strange icon on his or her desk or by wearing a bit of occult jewelry in keeping with an odd "Annie Hall" taste in clothing. The general consensus is that the HALF-MOON is inherently strange and if one is found reading *The Golden Bough* or *The Healing Powers of Herbs*, friends or coworkers will write him or her off with "Nah, just weird!" Some of the New Age people fall under this heading.

QUARTER-MOON or **PUZZLER:** This practitioner will keep magical practice at such a secretive level that he or she will join only a small magical group or a national one where public appearances are unnecessary. Their jobs will be under the watchful eye of some authority (manager of a restaurant, highbrow retail, computer sales rep, electronics person who will be scrutinized for government clearance) and will keep a sigil and any occult reading in progress well out of sight. All of their occult ritual equipment will be functional tools and their altar will be a dresser. Only a small group of friends will know of the QUARTER-MOON's activities. When interacting by mail with any of the other practitioners, the QUARTER-MOON will generally give a post office box number.

NEW MOON or **CLANDESTINE:** A practitioner who will never give him or herself away for fear that career standing (doctor, lawyer, public official) will collapse with the revelation of his or her secret beliefs. This practitioner orders books and supplies only by mail and practices alone. The only time someone finds out about a NEW MOON is after death or through a government probe.

Now, there are those who absolutely refuse to be pigeonholed by society and you'll have a NEW MOON doctor who will openly read the *Grimorium Verum* or a HALF MOON who will decide to wear an occult ring on every finger. This is when lesser or common magic is needed. The Black Art of the sidestep or psyche-out may be common practice to the



THREE QUARTER MOON, but should definitely be learned by all. A few of the better tricks are:

THE REVERSAL: this ploy is used when you have a hard-to-discourage nosy schmuck who is intent on unmasking you. After the tenth time you say "No!" you calmly turn to your inquisitor and say, "You know, I've been noticing that you have an unnatural interest in *Devil Worship* stuff. You seem to know an awful lot about it. (In a confiding tone...) You can be truthful with me. I won't tell anyone. You practice Devil Worship, don't you? Come on, be truthful. You're one of those Devil people, aren't you?" Mr. Nosy is beginning to back away, so now you can become louder. "Look, I mean if you're really a Devil Worshipper, you can tell me. I'll keep the secret, don't worry." By this time, people should be listening in to the conversation and this is when, at your loudest, you almost yell, "Look, I believe in religious freedom. I just hope that you aren't killing newborn babies!" If the idiot hasn't taken off running by now, you may add the final knife by asking the people who are eavesdropping, "Excuse me, do you people really mind that this guy is a practising Devil Worshipper?" Then quickly turn to the beleaguered fool and say, "See! These people understand. Just so you're not doing any of those Satanic child molestations anymore."

THE JOKER: a would-be inquisitor will give you a third-person account that someone told him that you practice witchcraft. Your response, "You know, he told me you were GAY!" If the inquisitor *is* gay, you can say, "He told me you were infected with AIDS!" The inquisitor will probably feel affronted at this point. You then follow with, "What a joker!"

THE SALE: someone asks you what your rings signify. "You like these?" you respond. "I can see you have taste. Look at the fine craftsmanship and the finishing work. I can see that you would like a ring like this and I just happen to know the jeweler. I'll give him your name and phone number. What time are you home? Is six or six-thirty better?" At the thought of being cornered into a sale, the inquisitor will usually back away.

BEATS ME: this is a ploy against a ploy. A person who is hoping to find you out will concoct a wild story about an experience that they had with the black arts. If you are in doubt of the questioner's motive, simply shake your head and say; "Too damned weird for me!"

These are just a few ways of thinking on your feet. Even if you are caught in full ritual dress, you can openly look the person in the eye and say, "What robe?" The reason is simple. The person asking the question really doesn't want the truth, and if they get

it, won't know what to do with it. A wise old Mage gave some sage advice when he said, "Occult means secret, so unless someone has a vested interest, they really don't want to know that you're dying, you've come out of the closet, you're born again, or that you practice magic." I couldn't agree with him more.

RECOGNIZING PSEUDO-SATANISM

by Clinton Smith

They're out there!

They sometimes wear pentagrams. They sometimes wear black. They often claim to be Satanists.

You may have seen them on the television talk shows or in film "documentaries" on Satanism.

No, I'm not talking about the sickos trying to blame Satanism for their sociopathic crimes. I'm not discussing religious cults who *seem* to be championing the cause of ego survival. I'm not referring to the philosophical fellow-travelers of Objectivism or other Libertarian groups.

I'm talking about sheep in *wolves'* clothing. I'm referring to cult groups who *claim* to be Satanists but *act* just like the most dedicated Christian fanatics! I am talking about White Light Mystics who use Satanic trappings.

They are out there and they are *dangerous!*

How are they dangerous?

Well, in my own case it cost me almost three precious years of my life before I finally saw through the sham of one organization and began to undo the *damage* it caused to my life.

Yes, I said *damage!*

Satanism is the only religion in the world to champion the cause of the *ego*. The ceremonies and dogma of Satanism all act to reinforce this ego-strengthening intention. This is what distinguishes Satanism from every other philosophy and religion in the world.

What do the pseudo-Satanists do? They parody these unique elements. They will use many of the same words that we use and they will even perform "Satanic" magical ceremonies and rituals. It is especially insidious when they claim (as one such group does) to be carrying on the work of the original Church of Satan, implying that the C.O.S. died somewhere back there in the past or something.

In and of itself these acts of mimicry seem innocent enough. The problem is one of "doublespeak" and what it can do to damage the healthy growth of the individual's ego.

Pseudo-Satanic groups do **not** champion the cause of the ego. In fact, they are generally altruistic.

They do **not** champion individual autonomy. Instead they commonly advocate the existence of external, objective gods to be worshipped and to be obeyed, even if this requires martyr-like behavior.

For example, in the group which had fooled me for so long, there was a requirement for the "higher-ranking" member to be willing to go public and give interviews on television, radio, etc. **whether or not this public statement would harm the individual in his private life!** In other words, they expected the member to be a martyr for their religion. Hardly Satanic.

By now you should begin to see the danger.

The power and freedom of becoming a strong individual in a world of dull and obedient mediocrity is slowly and carefully undercut by such groups. The words of *The Satanic Bible* become twisted and distorted until they no longer *have* useful meaning! The Satanism of the ego becomes warped into the pseudo-Satanism of the mystic slave!

You can easily identify pseudo-Satanism by checking the way they test reality, the way they set goals and how they use authority.

The pseudo-Satanists don't want to check on their beliefs in the harsh glare of reality. They want to spin their gossamer web of megalomaniacal ideas across the whole of existence without ever testing to see if there is even one small grain of truth therein. They subtly or overtly dodge the rational questions a Satanist will ask with a call to "faith" or by a claim to some way of knowing which is "higher" than the rational mind. So the abandonment of reality-checking is one sure sign that the group you are with is pseudo-Satanic.

Second is the lack of clear-cut goals and/or a means to achieve them. This is what is referred to, in most MBA programs, as a "goal and mission statement." Pseudo-Satanism has no goal. The group to whom I'd belonged substituted mystical "buzzwords" for intentions (as well as mystical insight for reason). As a result, I kept finding myself given apparent goal statements which, upon careful deciphering, proved to be only word salad.

One final test of the authenticity of any Satanic versus pseudo-Satanic group is the question of authority versus reason. White Light occult groups have traditionally followed a very militaristic ranking system with degrees and honorific titles. As Satanists, we understand that the use of a title is simply the use of Lesser Magic to manipulate the slave to obey. The early Church of Satan gave out many titles so that these could be used with *non-Satanists!* ("Wow! You mean you're a Satanic Priest!").

Resorting to a title or occult "ranking" to avoid answering a question is a sure sign that you are

dealing with the pseudo-Satanist, and not the authentic item. The pseudo-Satanists use their titles to control other members, not the outside, non-Satanic community. This is a simple reflection of the fact that those who cannot make it in the real world outside will tend to try and create their own little kingdoms to rule within a closed community of true believers.

And it is this cut-off from the outside world that truly makes pseudo-Satanism dangerous. *Nothing* could be more dangerous for the individual than to cut himself off from knowing and responding to the *realities* of life. The pseudo-Satanists do precisely that. Beware!

CHOOSING A FAMILIAR

by Morgain Blake

Why should a Satanist have a familiar?

1. Keeping a familiar is an ancient sorcerous tradition, now sadly fallen into decline.
2. A suitable familiar is a great enhancement to one's image as a Black Magician.
3. A well trained familiar can be a great source of psychic energy.
4. Familiars make good company if you live in the dark, crumbling tower on the moors which all Black Magicians aspire to own.
5. These days, Satanists need all the friends we can get.

Unless you are a really hot wizard, it is not likely that you will actually summon up a small, misshapen, leathery-skinned creature willing to live on table scraps in a dark corner of your tower. The modern sorcerer usually resorts to the pet shop or animal rescue society. Here are a few useful tips for choosing your first familiar.

Shop around. Don't buy the first sinister-looking beast you see. A little forethought can save you from living with a sick creature or one which is incompatible with your lifestyle.

If you are buying from a pet shop, consider these points. Is it clean? Is it reputable? Above all, *is it noisy?* A noisy pet shop is a happy pet shop. Happy, healthy birds make a lot of noise, and so do happy, healthy puppies and kittens. What is the shop's policy on livestock returns? Are their supplies (cages, beds, aquaria, chains, muzzles, etc.) reasonably priced, or would you be better off buying them from a large wholesaler or mail-order house *before* you

purchase the familiar?

Be certain that the familiar is healthy. Check out its eyes. No matter how many or how few, they should be bright and clear. Its fur, feathers, skin, scales, or chitin should be clean and well conditioned. Watch for sore spots and check the beast's cage for blood, ichor, or excessively runny droppings. Better still, try to take along someone who knows about the creatures before you buy one.

Even before you start window shopping, a little meditation is in order. Do you want a quiet companion, a merry chatterer, a cuddly child-surrogate, a dignified and aloof housemate, or something which will defend you from your enemies, physical and magical. Here are a few ideas about common and uncommon familiars.

Cats

Cats are among the most popular and traditional of familiars. Most of the creatures shown in the famous engraving of Matthew Hopkins, the Witchhunter General, are either cats or cat-like. Most cats exhibit an instinctive understanding of magic, both Greater and Lesser. They can see in the dark and also seem to perceive things which may or may not be there. What cat owner has not seen their companion start, get up and begin stalking an invisible prey? Perhaps keeping a cat will get rid of those funny little things which you keep seeing out of the corner of your eye.

Cats also look impressive. Those green, blue, or golden eyes can hold untold depths of wisdom or savagery or lust. They are graceful, intelligent and (usually) quiet.

Cats do have their drawbacks. They like to play with amulets and small, ratty talismanic objects. The urgencies of the mating season, an argument with another cat, or even the desire for conversation can cause them to give tongue, sometimes at the top of their penetrating voices! They also get hairballs, fleas, and worms.

However, cats do, on the whole, make suitable familiars.

Dogs

Some magicians find that dogs also make good familiars. They share the cat's ability to see the unseen, and often do a good job at standing between their owners and threatening forces. They do not, however, share the cat's sense of proper ritual behavior. Dogs do not hesitate to drink out of chalices, try to wash the celebrant's face at critical points, and have been known to bound into a solemn ritual with leashes in their mouths. A dog will sit outside the chamber and howl if shut out during a ritual. He also will not understand why your friends can't talk or play with him after they put on their funny black robes.

Then there's the question of breed. The more lupine members of the dog clan make excellent familiars. Huskies, Shepherds, *et al.* growl impressively and can make unwelcome guests to your lair most uncomfortable. So do well-trained Labradors, Dobermans, and Great Danes. The Collie usually makes a poor familiar as it combines the worst breath in the species with an inappropriately wholesome image. Small, yappy dogs do not work well. Come on now, can you imagine a great and powerful warlock striding across the wastes accompanied by a Pomeranian? No, if you choose a dog for your familiar, go for the traditional Black Beast and take him to obedience school!

Birds

Gary Larson to the contrary, it's not easy to find the parakeet of the Baskervilles. Though most birds make merry and affectionate pets, they are noisy, messy, and inexorably cheerful. Few birds care to (or can) exist in the chill, darkened, smoky rooms favored by Black Magicians. Most birds are diurnal creatures and won't like you to keep late hours.

On the good side, parrots seem to have an innate understanding of ritual. Perhaps it's because their brains are closer in structure to the reptilian brain Carl Sagan says is the source of our own desire for ritualistic behavior. My parrot has attended a number of rituals and has always been well-behaved. He seems to enjoy chanting and thrives on the raised energy. However, he may be an exception.

Many parrots are apt to give tongue at inappropriate moments. A loud cry of "pretty bird, pretty bird" can really screw up your concentration. And if your bird is a really good talker, he may pick up phrases which you would rather he didn't. Do you really want the neighbors or the local Jehovah's Witness to hear your bird yelling "Rise up, thou serpent of darkness and come to my aid" or even "Hail Satan!"?

The largest and most impressive members of the parrot family are also the hardest to live with. Macaws produce large globs of droppings at frequent intervals, scatter lots of seeds at each meal, and are very noisy and demanding companions. If you treat a macaw like a large and unreliable dog, you will be on the right track.

I don't know much about the care and feeding of those traditional children of the night, the owl and raven. Both are carnivorous, however, and would be best for the dweller in the crumbling tower. The raven has a reputation as a thief, and may make off with crucial bits of your ritual equipment just because they're shiny. The owl will take care of any vermin you happen to have about, but tends to regurgitate mouse skin and bones in little piles around the room.

And speaking of piles, the traditional portrait of

the sorcerer with the owl or raven on his shoulder usually omits a little detail. If you keep your avian companion on your shoulder for more than a few minutes at a time, you will accumulate quite a pile of guano. I suggest saving a particular shirt for those times when you wish to "commune" with your bird.

Reptiles

Snakes and lizards make remarkably appropriate familiars. They are scaly, intimidating, and sinister. They are the ultimate symbol of the Dark Side. They are also quiet, undemanding, and (usually) serene. Far from being slimy, a healthy snake is soft, warm, leathery, and quite cuddly. Unless you do something stupid like taunting your cobra or wrapping your constrictor around your neck when he's hungry, you probably run a smaller chance of getting hurt by a reptilian familiar than by a bird or mammal.

On the other hand, reptiles are expensive. You will need to know a good vet who deals in exotic animals, and do quite a bit of reading on the proper care of your reptile or you will probably lose the creature to illness. You will also need to buy mice, grasshoppers, meal worms, or cockroaches unless you live in that crumbling tower and have lots of them just lying around.

If you aren't used to reptilian behavior, it can be a bit disconcerting. The first time you see a snake shed its skin is quite an experience, and they get a bit restive when hungry or about to shed. A black snake shifting restlessly in its terrarium can cause the container to creak ominously and give you nightmares from horror films about slithering monsters loose in the night. If they do get loose, be sure to check the springs of the couch, the pile of blankets on the bed, and the bag of the vacuum cleaner before panicking.

Other Exotics

The tarantula holds great promise for the magician who has only a limited amount of room and money and doesn't want to spend a lot of time caring for a pet. Tarantulas are reputed to be gentle and intelligent and certainly look scary enough to enhance anyone's reputation.

Monkeys are loud, expensive and difficult to control. If well-trained by an expert, they can make excellent substitutes for the "black dwarf" of legend. I recommend that monkeys be used only by very experienced magicians who like to make a public show.

Shetland ponies are right out, though a vicious black horse who comes galloping over the moors looks well in the environs of the crumbling tower. Black goats and cockerels are also traditional, though best for the farm sorcerer.

Peter Bowler's terrific book, *The Superior Person's Book of Words*, (David R. Godine, Boston, 1985) offers an alternative to the magician who does

not care for pets. He lists the word *famulus*, an old alternate version of the word *familiar*. Bowler writes: "FAMULUS...A medieval sorcerer's assistant. A pleasing appellation for your husband when he is helping you in the kitchen by peeling potatoes, drying the dishes etc. -- or when you are entertaining. 'Come into the living room and make yourself comfortable while I have my famulus mix some drinks.'"

Whatever familiar you choose, love and enjoy your companion and you will find both spiritual and material rewards. Mistreat it, and the Forces of Darkness will get you for sure!

Editor's note: See also Anton Szandor LaVey's *The Compleat Witch*, soon to be reissued as *The Satanic Witch*, for a discussion of magical applications of your pet, be it demon or familiar.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

by Nemo

In the film *Dark Forces*, the magician lightly touched the boy's shoulder and said, "Death sits perched on your right shoulder. Always remember he is there and he can never take you by surprise."

To understand the purpose of life, we only need to listen carefully to those who have chosen death. Those who attempted suicide, and failed, spoke to me in bright hospital rooms and dark jail cells. They spoke of despair, fear, pain, anger, and tragedy. When I summarized what they said, it amounted to a belief that there was no further possibility for "fun" in their lives. When they felt that fun was never possible again, they would try to kill themselves.

Turn that around and what do we find? If believing that fun is gone forever causes people to commit suicide, then the purpose of life must be to have fun!

Yet fun is not just pleasure. Offering a pizza to someone suicidal will not work. Pleasure alone, is not enough. No, "fun" implies a meaningful challenge, a worthwhile goal to achieve, a game.

Victor Frankl survived the Nazi death camp in Auschwitz and wrote *Man's Search For Meaning*, based on his experiences. Some prisoners would survive the harshest conditions while others would quickly die. Frankl observed that it was finding meaning, a purpose, a worthwhile goal to achieve which was the common feature of those who survived. Again it was the expectation that there was fun yet to come, games worth playing, challenges worth meeting, which gave purpose to life.

The humorous bumper sticker reads, "Are we having fun yet?" In a culture which still denies the nature of human pleasure, which still worships writhing and torturous death on a cross, we need the reminder of the sigil of Baphomet. We need that touch on our right shoulder. We need to remember the purpose of life.

What's the difference between
a White Magician
and a Black Magician?

The Black Magician has no
excuse for being broke!

Nemo

Invocation To Cthulhu

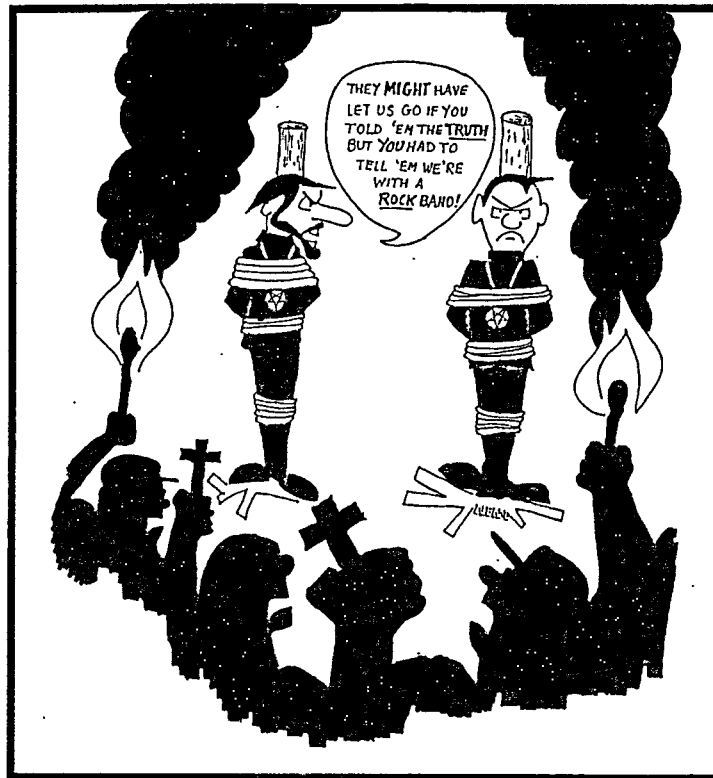
O Luminous Squid of Immeasurable Aeons,
Dread Lord of starry abyss and Murky Cosmos,
Arise! Attend our rite! Heed our call!
Thy Time has come, Thy Realm awaits Thee,
Humanity massed, delicious and desperate;
We call to Thee in our squalor and misery,
Arise! O Great Lord of the unformed protoplasm,
Of shapeless terrors, of scourges and plagues,
Come! O Thou Greatest of the Mighty,
O Thou Massive, O Thou Giant of the Deep,
Dead, Undead, Immortal, Ever-Decaying,
Putrescent, puissant, attend us, preserve us!

Pagan X

Invocation To Shub-Niggurath

O Queen of Multiplicity, hooved and breasted,
Dark fecundity of stupid things,
Mindless proclivity, inane procreatress,
Heaving and grunting, barefoot and obese,
Traveler of wooded ways, squatter at the
crossroads,
Bless us, swell our ranks,
That we may outnumber the unbelievers
And consume them as You do Your own children.
Let us overrun their cities and fields,
Destroying their racial purity and
Slaking our thirst upon their precious bodily fluids.

Pagan X



ODDITORIUM

Peggy Nadramia

If you're at all interested in the phenomena, you should check out *Freak Show: Presenting Human Oddities for Amusement and Profit* by Robert Bogdan (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1988; hardcover; 322 pages; \$29.95). Bogdan traces the history of the freak show in America from its dime museum days through its waning latter years. He discusses the roles freaks and showmen played in the amusement world and the different ways freaks were presented (the Aggrandized Mode, the Exotic Mode) to enhance their financial value to show owners.

Of particular interest to Satanists is Bogdan's discussion of the relationship between showmen, those "in the know," and the rubes, those waiting to be fleeced. The freaks themselves spat upon the hypocritical "sympathy" of the gawkers. This "sympathy" eventually drove the exhibits out of business and the freaks out of work, and into the "mainstream" of public life where the gawkers, as Dr. LaVey so succinctly put it in *The Compleat Witch*, "did exactly the same thing that twenty years earlier they would have paid to do."

Freak shows were a popular form of entertainment in an era without television. But has America ever lost her taste for the ten-in-one, those "panels" of oddities? Just catch the latest "trash tv" talk show, and watch the gawkers get their chance at today's "freaks."

Critique: Exposing Consensus Reality (\$15.00 for three issues from P. O. Box 11368, Santa Rosa, CA 95406) -- the tag title says it all. Recent issues have been centered around themes like Miracles and Sexuality. Any magazine with the guts to publish an article like David Morrow's "You Pay for Every Piece You Get" is okay with me; bucking the feminists can be dangerous.

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and get a free copy of *S.E.T. FREE*, the newsletter of the *Society to Eradicate Television*. Careful readers of *The Cloven Hoof* are already aware of its insidious influence; here's further documentation, as well as some lampooning and supportive advice for those trying to kick the habit. P.O. Box 1124, Albuquerque, NM 87103.

Cartoonist Matt Groening slices through all the hypocrisy of institutionalized learning in *School is Hell* (Pantheon Books, New York, 1987; paperback; about 50 pages; \$5.98). Lesson 15 is "How to Get By When Yer Smarter Than Yer Teachers."

MYSTICAL JUNKIE

by Max

A general rule of thumb that I use whenever anyone asks me about **Black Magic** is this: *a little Black Magic is good to use. Too much Black Magic uses you!* This is not just the cute aphorism it seems to be. My point is quite clear: magic is an inherent, natural tool, and if we use it to get what we want in the real world, then magic is useful. Magic used for its own sake is a crock.

In almost all of the realms of magical practice (so that no one will make the mistake of thinking that this is peculiar to white magic) there will be a bevy of "chosen people" who will do nothing but practice mysticism and "magic." In those cultures where a sort of mystical *think-tank* was formed, these people had a houngan, holy man, medicine man or priest.

The Priest had nothing to do all his days but to study higher and higher *occult* thought processes. This holy man's whole reason for living was to find the correct formula for communicating with the eternal. Through meditation or whatever process or path that this person took to reach his understanding of the universe and arrive at the correct formula, something else occurred. Something that was to remain a side-effect rendering the holy man incapable of ever functioning within the mundane world -- mystical *brain lock*.

What really seems sad is that the reason these priests rose to these levels of the mind was so that they could relate this higher knowledge to the common artisan or tradesman. What they actually passed on to the common folk was gibberish with as many meanings and interpretations as the language could bear.

Theologians, religious scholars or editors of gibberish would try to sort out the thoughts of the holy man and create an understandable format for the common folk, but there still remained *divine mysteries* and *unanswerable questions*, thus proving that only the holy man knew exactly what he was talking about.

Those of us who decided not to wait for an answer to the eternal through an intermediary decided to pursue magic ourselves. Many an early magician ran headlong into the occult universe only to fall prey to brain lock and formulate rules and regulations about what could be practiced "safely" in the form of magic. This gave rise to white magic. For in the map of the mystical universe, there would be forever written the phrase: "Here lies madness!"

So, you ask, what is *brain lock* and how can I tell if I have it? Simple. How do you feel when you're finished with a ritual? Do you feel **positive** and rarin' to go in pursuit of your goal in the real world? Do you



feel that you have vanquished whatever was bothering you? Have you become inspired by some unseen force to create something new and exciting? Do you now feel that you have greased the skids so that your plans will go forward unhampered? Yes? Then you are a well-balanced **magician**.

If, on the other hand, you start feeling sensitive, like a receiver, to unseen forces that both awe and terrify you; if your next magical act of the day is to automatically try to see what the future holds for you; if you become almost petrified at the idea of attempting any mundane act without first consulting some sort of oracle or burning incense or even performing a full ritual -- then you are clearly on your way to *brain lock* and becoming a **Mystical Junkie**, and thus, unwillingly, a holy person.

The next effect will be a hypersensitivity to vibes. An argument in the room, while annoying to the common person, will drive the mystical junkie to tears or absolute disorientation. After this phenomena becomes apparent, the next will be what is commonly known as *airhead*. Mystical Junkies will spend hours staring out into space and will be considered too unstable for responsible positions, especially since these symptoms are frequently mistaken for those of drug addiction. Many New Age practitioners fall prey to becoming Mystical Junkies and spend most of their waking hours and hard-earned dollars doing magic which will suspend them into a sort of limbo. Remember, holy men live on charity. Most of us can't.

THE BLACK FLAME

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Very few Mystical Junkies can actually perform real magic. If they are still at the stage where they will talk to you, they sometimes promise magical feats which turn out to consist of staring at the wall while you watch them. The fact that you can't share the vision simply proves to them that you are unenlightened, not that they can't perform magic.

This raises a question: what is your intent in doing magic? Wasn't the search for a new path away from the commercialized control-oriented religions an attempt to make your life on earth easier and carefree? Isn't that the point of becoming a magician? Most of the truly down-at-the-heels brain-locked Mystical Junkies that I've met would never call themselves magicians at all. They say they've found the **true path**; they say they've been **born again**. Unless you wish to head up a new religion, why bother with all that?

To live with the gnawing fear that you must do what the unseen force wishes you to do eventually becomes something like schizophrenia and soon the disembodied voices begin to speak and the visions appear and what has been construed as sainthood in some cultures will be judged as a one-way ticket to the funny farm in this one.

My solution is easy: when you feel that you have started showing signs of becoming a Mystical Junkie, simply stop. Take a little reality vacation. Take off your medals, sigils, rings and talismans and store them in some kind of container. I find that the metal ones work best. Give yourself at least two moon phases (roughly a month) before returning to them. If, when you open the container, you feel an absolute need to wear them, close the lid and store them for another two phases. Whatever you do, stay away from all oracles, including fortune cookies. Your objective mind is now flying wildly and all readings will become unfavorable. Occupy your mind with reading of a non-magical nature. Begin to exercise your body, eat a balanced diet, enjoy the carnal pleasures. In short, realign yourself and become **balanced**.

Some magicians may choose to give up magic entirely after this withdrawal. A strong magician will not. Simply think of magic and mysticism as radiation that we experience in our lives. If we absorb safe levels, we remain healthy and progressive. If we absorb too much, we die.

So, to all of the searchers out there who choose to walk on the magical path, remember: *It is wonderful to gaze into the abyss. Just don't fall in.*

"No matter what side of an argument you're on, you always find some people on your side that you wish were on the other side."
Jascha Heifetz

YUCCOTH TEXT

by Diabolos Rex

Behold, the black flame of the Sith doth sting thy essence with the pains of realization, and the minds of the mighty shall rise up illustrious within the throne room of the skull, and that which it conceives, it shall create.

Move from behind the veil of darkness, O creeping Chaos from space, speed thee quickly through the door of Thanatos and blast forth from within the angles of the mighty Trapezoid, for it is I, Nyarlathotep, the Dark Herald, who stands before you!

Through the Power of your name, Azathoth, Lord of the First Angle, present yourself unto me and be detained no longer.

Let me gaze upon the semblance of the Master of Chaos, for the Door is open and the stars are right. Cloaked in the invisible do they move in the world of men. Cloaked are we in vestments of Evil, so shall we join them. Together we shall move within the Angles and only by Them shall we be glimpsed. The profane know us not for their eye sockets have been blotted out by the Dark Light.

A pronouncement of doom upon the croakers with rotten tongues. The spiked and boned vault of the great barrier is the resting place for vile images that I exalt before the world.

The Abomination of Desolation hath taken form, on the planes of Satan's Asylum, and presented its command unto the will of a Daemon. In the shapes that I have wrought for them, do the Old Ones render the profane forever constrained to the realm of death.

I'a Yog-Sothoth. The Sith Bell has been cracked, and the Yellow Sign seen within the eye of the Star of Wrath.

Yea, moving unseen upon the Lair of Mentu, the fiends without faces have welcomed me and within the Ebon Keep, the Horrors in Yellow hold council seeking to devour the souls of the profane.

From an angular matrix born of the Asylum, my voice blasts forth unto my soul image, Nyarlathotep, and screams of terror and ecstasy are forever heard unto the ending of the cycle.

Moving upon the winds of the Abyss do the Elder Daemons shriek my name proclaiming: "I'as aem'nh ci-cybz vyni-weth w'ragn jnusr whrengo, jnusr'wi klo zyah zsybh kyn-talo huz-u kynno."

Behold all ye death defiant, the stone with faces unrecognized by the profane and the fearful! Within its windows doth reside the blood-stained and corpse ridden faces of the Urilla, Worms of Bitterness, from whose jaws hang the entrails of Adonai. And they went forth from the Third Angle unto the Fourth; and I beheld within, a mighty necropolis beneath the

blackened sky, and upon the utterance of his mighty name, I'a Shub-Niggurath, the earth cracked and the sky was rent by thunderbolts. Before me, upon rotted pole, rose Chuda Gruin, the crucified serpent, to grant power unto me, and smite mine enemies.

Burn like a torch, O mine brothers and toss the flames about you! Ask not the whys and wherefores of the laws of trembling men and their dead gods. In the power of thine own mind, taste of the joys of creative genius!

Editor's Note: This text was excerpted from a collection of Techno-Magic rituals entitled *The Abomination of Desolation* by Diabolos Rex. These rites explore the electrical elements first brought to Satanism in *Die Electricischen Vorspiele*, by Anton Szandor LaVey (*The Satanic Rituals*), and flavor them with a Cthulhu Mythos Universe view.

A PIECE OF THE ACTION A CEREMONY OF SATANIC MAGIC

by Nemo

Notes to follow before starting ceremony:

1. Da hood runnin' the ceremony starts it facin' da altar which is a bathtub filled with gin and a naked broad. Da Baphomet is on da wall above da altar wid a fedora perched on da horns and a lit cigarette danglin' from its teeth. High class Baphomet should be made with neon tube lightin'.
2. If possible, altar should be against east wall (towards Sicily).
3. In ceremony where only one guy is there, no Godfather has to run da show. Youse does dat job for da Godfather!
4. Whenever "I take da Fifth!" or "Hail to da Don!" is spoke out loud by da Godfather, **everybody** says it right after. When da Godfather says "Hail to da Don!" everybody pounds on da side of their violin cases.
5. No talkin', chewin', smokin', or drinkin' once da Godfather stands up. (Youse better stand up too!).

Da Thirteen Steps:

1. Dress up. Wear a clean chalk-stripe suit with four-inch-wide lapels, a sharp-creased fedora, polished shoes, colorful tie. Don't come lookin' like no geek!

2. Make sure all da stuff for dis ceremony is already set-up and ready. Flip on da Baphomet light, make sure youse got a copy of da contract and dat da bathtub is full of gin.

3. If youse got a moll for da altar make sure she's naked and in da tub.

4. Have a big, comfortable chair for da Godfather to sit in, up in front of da altar, until he stands up (youse stand up now too if youse knows what's good for youse!). Den da Godfather pulls his tommygun outta his violin case and fires off a burst at the ceiling to get youse attention.

5. Read "Invocation to da Don" and then "Da Mob Names." Youse says them right after da Godfather.

Invocation to da Don

In nomine Dei nostri Cosa Nostra excelsi!

In da name of Sicily, da Ruler of da Earth, da Godfather of da world, I command da forces of da Mob to back me up all da way!

Open wide da gates of da Big House and come forth from Solitary to greet me as a member of da Family!

Grant me da scratch of which I speak!

I have taken your Name as my own! I live like a cop on da take, grabbing a little when I can get it! I give to my friends and screw da others!

By all da Dons of da Mafia, I command that I get what I'm talkin' about!

Come out here and answer up to your names by givin' me what I want!

Oh hear them Names!

John Dillinger! Bugsy Moran! Frank Nitti!
Bonnie & Clyde! Ma Barker! Baby Face Nelson!
Al Capone!

6. Da Godfather takes a high-heel shoe and drinks some gin outta da tub.

7. Da Godfather turns north towards Canada where we ships in the booze, west toward Chicago, south toward Mexico where we hide out sometimes, and den east toward Sicily. At each direction da Godfather throws a stiletto over da heads of da other boys and just below da Baphomet. (Good time ta duck!).

8. Den da Godfather takes out a rubber hose and waves it toward da boys to remind 'em what happens

to stoolies.

9. Da Godfather reads "Wipin' Out Da Udder Guy."

Invocation Employed Toward Wipin' Out Da Udder Guy

Listen up! I ain't gonna talk quiet to youse anymore about dis! I'm actin' as da big mechanic on dis contract what gives me da option to take out anybody dat gets in my way!

It don't bother me none dat dis is da way it is; and it won't take too many head shots wit a 22 close up to do da job!

I want all youse guys dat owes me a favor to help out in gettin' dis guy. And I 'spect dat you won't make it too quick on dis bozo when you catch him 'cuz we needs to make an example of him here.

Quit shootin' craps for a while and get dis guy whose monicker is: (Stooley's handle).

Fellow members of da Family, who give me a place to crash, good booze and dames, who drive around in the best cars, who've all spent some hard time in da Big House; get goin' and let's get together! Find dis guy who's been squeelin' to da Man on our operations; zip his lip and shut him up, Cosa Nostra! Plug him in da belly, boys! Then give him some cement overshoes and dump him in da river, guys!

I'm holdin' up a written contract on dis guy and on dese lines it says we gotta waste dis stooley to get even and preserve da Honor of da Family!

I take da Fifth!

Hail to da Don!

10. If youse is by yourself, take some time here to plan out da hit. Dis is important 'cuz wit ouda plan youse could mess up! Here's some hints:

To Do A Clean Hit:

(a) Get a photo if ya can of da hit and pin it up near da Baphomet where youse can see it good. Dis way you'll remember which guy to waste on sight.

(b) Draw a map of da bimbo's daily haunts and plan out a good place to take him out. Pin up da map.

(c) If youse can write, write down da plan youse will follow.

(d) It's okay to talk out loud if youse can't think in your head too good. I knows some guys who talk to da stooley as if he were right there in da room. If it helps, go ahead.

(e) Make sure youse don't forget to use all da tools of da trade, including heavy saps, rubber hose, stiletto, concrete overshoes, and **don't** forget to load your piece!

11. If youse have any questions for da Godfather, ask 'em now. He'll repeat your question just to be sure he ain't missin' nothin'.

12. Da Godfather will read over the plan one last time before the meetin' is closed just to be certain all youse guys got it straight.

13. Den da Godfather takes his piece, fires off another burst at da ceiling (to wake up any a you mugs what dozed off) an den sits down and says, "Dats it! Get outta here!"

End of Ceremony

Editor's Note: this ceremony was brainstormed by a gathering of Satanists here in "Da Big Apple" during Halloween of XXIII A.S. It was inspired by the style, drama and devilry of the Gangster era. Historical accuracy is not important, rather, the mood is of the essence. Perform this in the *noir* spirit of *The Untouchables* and *The Godfather*. The title was acquired from an episode of *Star Trek*, wherein a gangster culture evolved on a planet where a book on the Prohibition era was accidentally left behind. We've always wondered just what would have been the results, should someone have planted a copy of *The Satanic Bible* on that world.

We trust that you've found something to intrigue and fascinate you with this edition of **The Black Flame**. Since it has appeared later than was originally planned, this issue covers both the *Vernal Equinox* and the *Summer Solstice* of XXIV. Subscribers, fear not, for you will get four separate issues for your money, this counts as only one. You can expect the next issue right around the *Autumnal Equinox*.

Till the next time we enter your lair, may the benisons of Belial be upon you!

LEX TALIONIS!

LEX SATANICUS!

HAIL SATAN!

So It Is Done!



The Black Flame

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2

\$3.00

AUTUMNAL EQUINOX XXIV A.S.

A QUARTERLY FORUM FOR SATANIC THOUGHT, AFFILIATED WITH THE CHURCH OF SATAN

WE ARE LEGION!

Peter H. Gilmore, ye Editor

Welcome to the second issue, fellow Satanists. Since our debut, I have been spending numerous hours over the airwaves of North America spreading the word to curious listeners about true Satanism, as opposed to the laughable and out-dated portrait sketched by credulous talk show hosts and the fundamentalist scare-mongers. What delighted me most was my discovery that the seed of *The Satanic Bible* has produced some fascinating and flourishing spawn, scattered throughout the continent.

Oh yes, I encountered the rabidly stupid, but also many fellow travelers who appreciated, often agreed with and even embraced our philosophy of rational self-interest. True to form, the most Satanic individuals who called in to chat did so during late night shows. Yes, we Satanists *are* the men in black, vampires and werewolves that raven in the night.

The rumors that the Satanic research labs deep beneath the Pentagon are even now perfecting the virus that will make stupidity painful to the perpetrator, are true as well. Would that their efforts could be hurried.

We have here gathered evidence that there is a diversity among our kind that is a sure sign of the health of our ever-growing movement. Satanism promotes the myriad personal pathways developed by the compleat Satanists who have risen above the herd of sheeple. The Satanist sees himself as different, experiences a sense of alienation from those surrounding him. This is the first step of individuation. One looks to his neighbors and questions the very foundations of their values. The

true Satanic question is WHY? Are you a person of self-made soul, or have you simply absorbed what is being hawked in the cultural market place? Are you self-aware? Do you feel proud that you are not embraced by the teeming masses? How do you view those people whom you encounter in your daily existence who are also in some sense outcast?

The true Satanist will deal with people as individuals, eschewing collectivist doctrines such as racism. Satanists do not simply tolerate the freaks and misfits of society, they seek them out to gain wisdom from their fellow lone wolves. We are truly Wolfen, howling in the night our songs of *noir* melancholy. But sometimes we choose to run in packs. We might even try to shake up the complacency of those who thoughtlessly embrace consensual-reality, by demonstrating that there is far more in Hell and on Earth than could ever be dreamt of in their philosophies.

And sometimes we find those feral children, wolflings who are abandoned because their alien natures are sensed by others, who reject them. They have yet to comprehend their uniqueness, and we embrace these fellow children of the night, lighting their way along the Left-Hand Path with the Black Flame. What wonders we have to show you, who would cast off your mantle of self righteousness to enfold yourself in the cloak of Luciferian understanding.

The heights are not for the timid. Do you dare to look into the black, smoking mirror of Tezcatlipoca? Care to join us?

Any and all articles, letters, essays or commentary submitted to this publication yet demonstrating an ignorance of the principles and ideas in *The Satanic Bible* by Anton Szandor LaVey (Avon Books) will be ignored.

The Satanic Witch, Now Playing At Theatres Near You

by Blanche Barton

With last month's re-release of Dr. LaVey's *Compleat Witch* (now retitled *The Satanic Witch*), we'd better be prepared for the resulting shock waves of indignant denial which will no doubt reverberate throughout the Feminist/Wicca-craft community. Those of us of the female persuasion will especially be called to task for aligning ourselves with any man or organization promoting such male-chauvinist propaganda. After so many unchallenged years these counterfeit sorceresses have insisted the "Craft of the Wise" is most certainly not associated with that Wicked Fellow down under, along comes this textbook for Satanic enchantment, Phoenix-like. Just when they thought it was safe to go back in the water...

As Miss Nadramia mentioned in the last issue of *The Black Flame*, bucking the feminists can be dangerous. But as icon-blasting Satanists we're in the enviable position to demand of critics, "What has the 'liberation movement' done for you lately?" Created an atmosphere of tokenism, quotas and enforced egalitarianism that only hampers truly qualified women? Made men so resentful as a result of top-of-the-clock women's penis envy that men won't lift a finger to help, protect or defend women even when they want and need it? Established mandatory evangelical zeal and a victimization mentality so ingrained that all females over eleven years old must wail over our "years of enslavement"? Go down, Moses; let my people go! If we don't shout hallelujahs with the rest of the congregation we're considered apostates, traitors to our sex.

The truth is women were more *limited* than liberated by the haranguing of our Sixties sisters. Here we had a nice cushy system all worked out and they had to blow it for all of us. There have always been opportunities for women, and perceptive men (as opposed to ersatz "sensitive" men) have been our most avid supporters. A woman of 1930's or '40's America (supposedly the height of sexual repression) had access to an entire arsenal of looks, sex appeal, intelligence, treachery, trickery and guile to mix into lethal doses as she saw fit. The sexual revolution, which actually cloaked the finest de-sexualizing of women since the witch hunts, has taken the sting out of the most prurient techniques that used to be part of every successful woman's repertoire.

Some of the most powerful aspects of women, or at least how men perceived our power, can be seen in the best of the hardboiled, *noir* paperbacks and movies of the mid-1940's to mid-'50's -- exactly the

films and stories that rabid feminists point accusingly toward to show how rotten men have always been to us. Entire volumes could (and no doubt will) be written on how the various aspects of *film noir* embody Satanic thought, as Nemo cleverly demonstrated in his comic "Piece of the Action" ritual published in last quarter's *Black Flame*. Just as the Wiccan Goddess worshippers can't get it through their thick skulls how women can possibly be Satanists (not addressing the female element!), feminist critics of *film noir* seem to be watching different films from the ones I've seen. In their roles as smart-mouthed secretaries, unsavory but devoted molls, gum-snapping chorines, sultry nightclub singers, kept women and conniving 'wives, they are perplexing but sensuous mysteries to their male counterparts.

Okay, so once in a while a woman gets slapped around a bit or murdered, or maybe James Cagney shoves a grapefruit in a girl's face now and then, but more often than not it's the female lead who prevails in the final denouement, usually at the expense of the anti-hero protagonist. A little makeup and high heels doesn't make a woman stupid -- and in the *film noir* universe it was the ones who looked the most vulnerable you had to watch out for. Cornell Woolrich, for one, certainly wrote more than one sympathetic anti-hero role for a murderess. *Nofy* paperback titles from the period, many of which were eventually adapted for the screen, can suggest the cinematic scope of femininity: *Dolls Are Deadly*, *Savage Bride*, *Dames Don't Care*, *Deadlier Than The Male* (adapted as *Born To Kill*), *This Woman is Dangerous*, *The Devil's Daughter*, *Phantom Lady*, *The Bride Wore Black*...

Not all the juiciest female roles were in front of the camera, either. If you'll look closely at the credits, many of the best, now extremely inflammatory, screenplays and original novels were written by women. Ida Lupino made her mark not only as a fine actress but also as a screenwriter and director of some respectably taut mysteries. Joah Harrison produced such *noir* standards as *Ride The Pink Horse*, *Phantom Lady* and *They Won't Believe Me*. And though not a *film noir* director per se, but rather among that genre's Germanic forerunners, Leni Riefenstahl was no piker when it came to making potent, dramatic film.

In *The Satanic Witch*, Dr. LaVey encourages women to once again capitalize on a range of proven female archetypes. We seem most productively

when we're at our lowest point of respectability and highest point of glamour. Whether you choose to convey an image of barely-contained, repressed sexuality; mysterious excitement and adventure; or blushing, virginal charms, review the classic film noir to isolate appropriate hair styles, quips and gestures. All the trappings of too-heavy makeup, uncomfortably high heels, tight skirts and binding garter belts will make you feel more distinctly feminine and consequently more potent.

"A little makeup and high heels doesn't make a woman stupid..."
Blanche Barton

RE-DEFINING SATANISM

by Magdalene Graham of Dark Lily Magazine

The slogan "Evil is Live spelt backwards" was effective (though "Devil" on the same principle put us in the past tense) but its shock value and therefore usefulness has long since receded. It is now counter-productive if being evil is regarded as a necessary qualification to be a follower of the Left-Hand Path. So let us relegate that myth to the junk heap, along with the other nonsense about Satanism being an offshoot of Christianity (even the Christians' bible testifies against that).

Satanism is no longer a hook on which the unenlightened can hang their guilt-complexes. Two thousand years of being the "scapegoat" has inevitably left us on the defensive. In any statements for public consumption, we have expended too much time and energy in explaining what we are not, and this preponderance of the negative has created a void rather than a valid exegesis. Now we are once again being accused of sacrificing babies and indulging in illegal sexual acts. People assume that we gain some advantage by so doing, though no one has ever detailed how such acts could increase Knowledge, and Knowledge is what Satanists are seeking.

Orthodoxy substitutes Faith for Knowledge. No one can form an objective judgement without experience, but experience is forbidden to the followers of established religions. Belief is demanded. Centuries ago, this may have been a useful contribution to the stabilization of Society (though the excesses of the Inquisition and similar efforts in all European countries and their colonies give rise to some doubt about this method being justified).

However, in the present day, it is illogical to think that the survival of nations and alliances would be affected by people's belief or lack of belief in any religious system. Freedom is today's demand, and

freedom of thought is one of the essential liberties.

Probably the greatest question on Earth is the inescapable fact of death. Freed from the tenets of orthodoxy and its improbable placebos, we want to know what really happens when our mortal body ceases to function. We also wish to learn how to become more effective whilst on Earth, how to achieve in many ways. Myths and legends do not interest us. We are concerned with Reality. We want to know. Those four words summarize the Satanic quest.

We do not believe that some mysterious and awesome diety (whether or not he has horns and tail) is going to hand us that Knowledge in return for our allegiance (or that problematic entity the "soul"). Knowledge is achieved by learning, working, experimenting, experiencing and thinking. That is why the orthodox religions fulminate against us, because they are aware of the insecure foundations of their own dogma. It is our existence that threatens them.

Faith is the true evil. Blind, unquestioning faith in a religion or a cause has made men go to war, commit unspeakable acts of persecution and terrorism against other human beings. The Satanist does not offer such allegiance. It is his principle to ask "Why?" One little word that could shatter empires. No wonder they are so afraid of us.

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THE BEST SATANIC REVENGE

by Max

Living well is definitely the best revenge. To indulge in your most cherished vices and feel totally fulfilled is the true meaning of the well-worn phrase "knowing how to live."

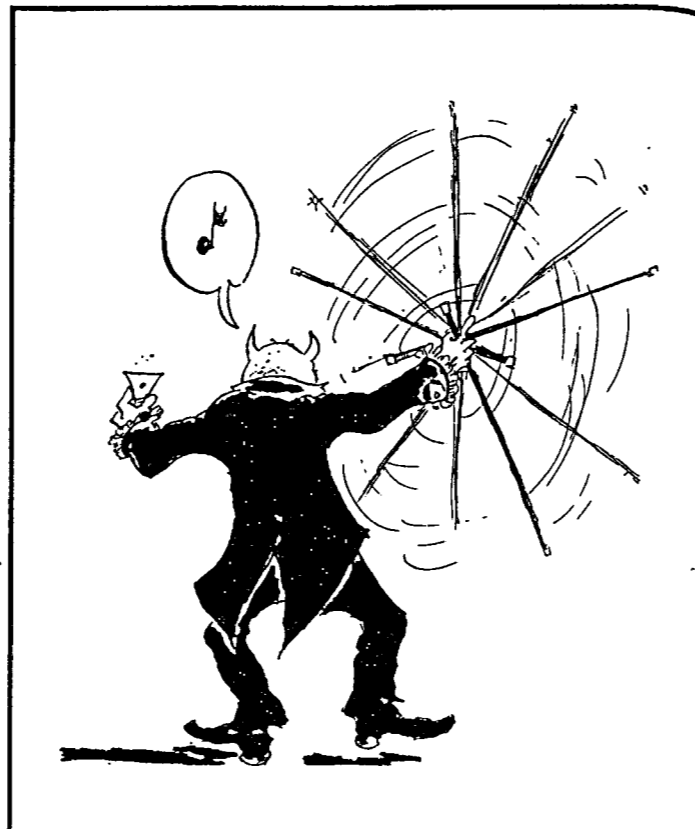
I have met a number of black magicians who claim to be able to control their own destinies through the force of their wills, but unfortunately, the majority of them lose control when they suddenly have to sneak off for a quick cigarette or can't pass a bar without feeling the need. This brings me to the conclusion that "living well" should really be "enjoying well."

The well-balanced Satanist knows that all of the vices are enjoyable, although I have known a few dark practitioners who hate the taste of alcohol and gag at the smell of smoke. These people avoid such unenjoyable pursuits by choice (which is *very* Satanic), but to the norm, all of the vices, such as tobacco, alcohol, fine food, fine wine, clothing, exercise (yes, *exercise*) and sex, to name a few, are the rewards that we seek to alleviate the hard work that we put in as part of our daily existence.

The problems begin only when the reward interweaves with the mundane and becomes a part of daily existence. The work day is broken up with innumerable smoke breaks and a few intoxicants at lunch and after work. Despite the motto "too much of a good thing can be wonderful," such compulsive behavior causes a magician to lose control of his or her existence. That which was a source of pleasure now becomes a controlling factor in the magician's life. This is unacceptable, since a true Satanist has no master.

The solution? *Moderation*. "Isn't that a Christian ethic?" you may ask. Not really. The Delphic Oracle first advised "moderation in all things" six hundred years before the birth of Christ. Total abstinence (which is associated with pain) is practiced by ascetics such as Christians, Platonists, some Buddhists, etc. Moderation merely allows the Satanist two options. Sample all the vices without being hooked on any one of them. Remember, if you only indulge a little, you can afford the very best. The compulsive smoker has to smoke White Owls, while the Satanic moderate can afford a fine hand-rolled Havana seed cigar. Get the point?

Many of the magicians of this decade indulge in vices that may not be all that enjoyable but do so because of peer pressure; for example, cocaine use and drinks that are geared more as a test of one's



alcohol tolerance than for the enjoyment of the drink. This is truly asinine behavior and hateful to the moderate Satanist. Exercise is another example. Everyone enjoys a little, even if it's just walking. But what a sorry sight it is to see jogging junkies with knee bandages and braces to support body joints that have been destroyed by their compulsion. This sad addiction can end in a heart attack or heat stroke.

Moderate samplers soon learn that those around them associate them with *class*, not because they are affected -- that would be the work of a poseur or his current cousin the yuppie -- but because they really do know what is good and enjoyable for themselves. *You enjoy! You have fun!* And in this decade of forced gaiety, you are respected and envied by the slaves of vice.

So have your cake and eat it too, but most of all **ENJOYIT!**

LAMP OF THOTH

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Chris Bray, *The L.O.T.*, 31, Kings Avenue, Leeds LS6 1QP, England

STATEMENT AGAINST NORMALIZATION

(A Horned Salute to Anton Szandor LaVey)

by Setnakht

1. *We refuse the subconscious.* We live in a society that defines every wild energetic thought -- whether bestial or godlike -- as a "subconscious" response. Society tells us to ignore these feelings and desires, since they come from some imaginary cellar of the mind. We refuse the subconscious and claim the right to evaluate our own impulses on our own terms.

2. *We recognize the hypnotists.* Clearly a society that creates a subconscious can control it. We are constantly barraged by advertisement, entertainment, "news." Despite the so-called "content" of these items, we recognize the vast array of techniques to enforce the status-quo world views. Many of these techniques were created by our heroes (e.g., the montage of Eisenstein or the camera angles of Karl Freund); we are saddened that their work has been co-opted by profane hands. We recognize the hypnotists and claim the right to turn away from their swinging watch fobs.

3. *We shall live as Nemo.* If we separate ourselves from society by an act of will, we will not -- can not -- live in a vacuum. We eschew *vonu* primitivism. Instead, like Verne's hero, we will cruise through the depths taking what we will from their culture. We will pull our heroes from their history books, pull our magic from their bankrupt mythological systems, pull their most hateful and abhorred symbols from their cesspit minds to use against them. We shall live as Nemo -- invisible and invincible.

4. *We will not accept the cult of Osiris.* The profane world has become entranced with heroic death -- Marilyn Monroe, JFK, Jimi Hendrix. These spectacular deaths are held out as beautiful models. Get cut off in mid-career -- burn out like a comet -- so that the momentum of your life carries over into a death cult. Like the Osirisians of ancient Egypt, we're expected to put all our wealth (and being) into a glorious death monument. We refuse to feed death cults. We will not accept the cult of Osiris; we will choose eternal becoming over ending.

5. *We reject the second skin.* What is in theory the most private section of personality, current society has made the most public. Sexual fetishes are commercialized. Society presents all sex acts in prepackaged fantasies. Persons no longer touch each other -- no longer fuck one another -- but that they come in contact with that second skin, that TV cunt or cock. We will tear through that cellophane by reuniting the aspects of the sexual and religion. We acknowledge the contributions of Anton Szandor

LaVey, Jean Baudrillard, and William Burroughs in this arena. We reject the second skin and stand in raw sensuous contact with the universe.

6. *We will appropriate time for our own uses.* The profane world has attempted to reduce time into nostalgia, frustration and (pallid) futurism. They have tried to deny that other directions of time may exist (despite the math of their physicists). We will accumulate time -- growing wise rather than old. We will be crafty rather than frustrated. We will create a better future by working our collective WILL upon the curved and angular streams of time. We can direct our attention backwards finding the cave-man within us or forwards to draw upon the accomplishments of future selves. We will not accept science fiction as a substitute for reality nor lose ourselves in the pages of Gothic novels. We will appropriate time for our own uses and clocks will melt in the heat of our Satanic gaze.

7. *We refuse normalization.* We won't lose our lives in statistical death. We won't surrender just because the law of averages says that so many should fail. We won't allow our ideals to be rounded back into shape by Valium, or booze, or TV. We won't be cured of our madness. The walls of Satan's asylum stand to keep the "normals" out. We refuse normalization and replace the bell curve with our pentagram.

8. *We exorcise ignorance.* We do not cling to superstition, although we do not hesitate to foist superstition upon those whom we would control. We are well-read in the sciences, and we take any scientific phenomenon that pleases us for our own use. We have long fastened upon the scientific method for our researches. As Crowley said: "We care for neither Virgin nor pigeon/the method of science, the aim of religion." We exorcise ignorance from ourselves and use it as a tool against others.

9. *We point the way for others.* Despite the overwhelming tides of Judeo-Christian oatmeal that threaten to drown our curry, we publish, we speak, we leave a mark. Again we acknowledge Anton Szandor LaVey for opening this channel (in this age). If media were cut off from us, we would go underground following the example of centuries of sorcerers. If our tradition disappears, we will do as our Yezidi brothers and return to Earth in a future time to re-establish our ways. We point the way for others so that they may kindle the Black Flame of allternity in their own breasts.

ODDITORIUM

by Peggy Nadramia

The Magicians: An Investigation Of A Group Practicing Black Magic by Gini Graham Scott, PhD. (New World Books, San Francisco, 1986; softcover, 219 pages, \$15.00). *Guest Reviewer: Nemo*

All Satanists are tired of hearing nothing but the most superstitious, fear-ridden nonsense about our religion. Self-serving private investigators trying to drum up business will lend their "expert" opinions by making claims to the most inane drivel while fanatical fundamentalist Christians will testify that the Devil makes *everybody* do it.

Here we find a scholarly and in-depth analysis of the psychological and sociological motivations for the formation and maintenance of a group of modern self-styled "Satanists." In my own opinion, the values and beliefs held by the group examined demonstrate that they are *not* Satanists; however, you are free to draw your own conclusions and, in any event, they do represent a modern group of occultists who *claim* to be Satanists.

Dr. Scott's book is divided into three sections dealing with historical and current magical thought in society, a detailed examination of the group and an examination of the psychological implications involving emotional needs, group dynamics and the concomitant effect upon "the believer's perception of reality." Far from being dry, I found insight and value on almost every page, as well as some sections involving Dr. Scott's personal investigations wrought with the same captivating excitement usually found only in an excellent suspense novel.

While there are numerous fascinating ideas to examine, the most important from a Satanic point of view involved the personal *surrender* of power in the *search* for power that Dr. Scott observed. The membership of the group evidenced personal histories which indicated frustration (in career, personal finance and interpersonal relationships) and the substitution of belief for reason.

In numerous examples, Dr. Scott mentions the belief the members held that they could get whatever they wanted through magic while failing to meet the normal measures of success found in middle-class America. This disparity between belief and reality is overcome, according to Dr. Scott, via the influence of group dynamics which served to redefine what the individual "wanted" (such as money, love and real power) as non-material and non-measurable self-"evolution" expressed by the Egyptian word "Xeper."

In other words, new members would initially be attracted to join the group to gain real power, through magic but would then be subtly manipulated into substituting a goal of mystical achievement. They would be seduced away from their original Satanic tendencies for earthly, material achievement by the necessity to "accept the hierarchy and their place within it" (to have an identity as a group member) and this conformance would result in the desired mental change. (This psychological principle is called the Theory of Consonance and was created by noted psychologist Leon Festinger).

The result was painful to read:

"Even when events occur that might appear to disconfirm belief in personal power, (members) continue to believe, since they interpret or reinterpret the events to preserve their beliefs. For example, when I drove to the conclave with Armat, Khet, Lat and Athena, numerous problems plagued our group from the outset. First Lat was late, and we weren't able to leave until about an hour later than planned. Then after we had driven for about fifteen minutes, as Athena and I discussed how we purchased our robes, Armat suddenly remembered she forgot hers and turned back to get it. About half-an-hour later, when we were on the freeway, one of the tires went flat and we had to pull off the road. Armat took out the spare and we put it on. But as soon as Lat removed the jack, she discovered this tire was flat, too. As she hiked off the call the AAA, the rest of us waited by the side of the road. However, having these problems did not lead anyone to question their possession of magical powers, since (members) can dismiss such day-to-day problems on the basis that magical power is best reserved for personal magical development, not trivial, mundane matters... (Members) also maintain belief by claiming the problems they experience are part of their magical growth. This occurs in two ways. First, the individual regards these problems as a learning experience that furthers his magical development. And, secondly, he encounters more problems as he evolves magically since he is less able to deal with the mundane world."

In this startling analysis of a modern group of "Satanists," there are important lessons to be learned, and this review has only touched a few of the many points Dr. Scott made. However, the most important lesson to be learned was that *doubt*, and hence *reason*, must be a vital component of the Satanist philosophy.

When belief subsumes the role of reason, only

potent mysticism remains, not the vitality of Satanic magic. When a person surrenders rationality for wishful daydreaming, he is not a Satanist. He is a fool.

"Satan represents wisdom, instead of a critical self-deceit." *The Satanic Bible*.

(Peggy Nadramia returns with the following news and notices.)

She's back in day-glo orange and you can get it in your hot little hands; yes, it's *The Satanic Search* (formerly *The Compleat Witch*) by Anton Szandor LaVey (Feral House, Los Angeles, 1989; softcover, 274 pages, \$9.95). And you thought you knew that Satanic magic was all about! Learn to size up your neighbors, friends and prey with the LaVey Personality Synthesizer (diagram included inside the front and back covers). Choose your undies with an eye for the *right* way of the Forbidden, and find out the *right* way to get in and out of sub-compact cars. Includes a new foreword by Magistra Zeena LaVey; she offers some intriguing insights into the life of the little girl we last saw pictured in a red robe in front of the naked altar, chewing gum and swinging her bare feet. Also a fascinating biography of the author by Blanche Barton (whetting our appetites for the full-length version forthcoming from the same publisher). The *Witch* originally appeared in 1970, and fashion trends have only carried out Dr. LaVey's sage advice to the ladies; why else do we see all these lingerie catalogs pushing frothy garter belts, merry widows and bustiers? Phil Donahue did a whole show about the charm of garter belts; apparently, they're a bedroom essential. So don't let anyone tell you this advice "was okay back in the Sixties..." Take it from a witch who read this dangerous book at age seventeen, and put those stiletto heels on the trail to your nearest bookstore.

Andrea Juno and V. Vale named their publishing venture very aptly; Re/Search does all the legwork for you, interviewing the world's individualists and mutants and letting you read (and see, through the eyes of photographer Bobby Neel Adams) the results. Reading an issue of Re/Search is like having an all-night discussion with a parade of fascinating folk, and I don't think Andrea or Vale have ever missed a question I would have asked. Issue #11 is all about pranks, and they don't mean some fraternity doofs pissing all over a bespectacled nerd. Many of the pranks related here can only be described as conceptual art events. Includes interviews with Timothy Leary and Abbie Hoffman, but the highlight of the issue is the section about Boyd Rice. We laughed until the tears streamed down. If you want to know what interest these pranks have for Satanists,

here's what Vale and Andrea have to say in their introduction: "Pranks are most admirable when they evoke a *liberation of expression*...and challenge the *authority of appearances*."

Issue #12 is devoted to "Modern Primitives," and is concerned with tattooing and piercing. The pictures alone are worth the price of admission, but the motivation behind many of these self-modifications is also really interesting. This issue includes an interview with Dr. LaVey and Blanche Barton. These publications are beautifully produced, 8 1/2" X 11" with color covers and over 200 pages each. Look for them in any good bookstore or write to Re/Search, 20 Romolo St., Suite B, San Francisco, CA 94133. Oh, and did I mention -- she said coyly -- that Issue #13 will be a comprehensive survey of the essential 20th century philosopher, Anton Szandor LaVey?

DARK LILY: The Voice Of The Left-Hand Path (see Magdalene Graham's article "Re-Defining Satanism" with her address elsewhere in this issue). Compelling in cobalt blue, neatly produced little pamphlets of Satanic thought and dialogue. Not mystical claptrap or occultnik in-fighting, just well-thought-out essays by a rational person who has spent her adult life in Satanism. Nine issues have been released and the tenth is due soon. Overseas orders are £1.75 per issue, £7.00 annually. Payment should be in British currency, postal money orders and checks made out to Dark Lily.

GANYMEDE is billed as "an open forum for gay and bi-sexual initiates involved with the esoteric sciences." Issue #8 shows strong Crowleyan and O.T.O. influences. Of interest is a brief study of phallicism in the Old Testament (by Frater Sodomiticus, no less!), a discussion of William S. Burroughs' concepts of sexual magic (including sex-demons), and a revealing account of the funeral of Alex "Witch King" Sanders. The editor seeks articles by Satanists concerning male-oriented magical topics. For the easily offended (why are you reading this?) be forewarned that there is discussion and artwork concerning the worship of the Boy God. An arcane and demonic drawing graces the centerfold. C/O 19 Surrey Road, Peckham Rye, London SE15 3AS England.

MODERN RITUAL MAGIC: The Rise of Western Occultism by Francis King (Avery Publishing Group, Garden City Park, NY, 1989; softcover, 224 pages, \$10.95). Formerly *Ritual Magic in England*, this is a hilarious sojourn into the flubs, fluffs and crack-ups in and among the Golden Dawn and its offshoots. Revealing as a "what *not* to do" guide for any who would create an "occult" order. Far more valuable than the actual writings of the organizations themselves.

SATANISM, REASON, AND MYSTICISM

by NEMO

"Satanism demands study, not worship"

Anton Szandor La Vey

As magicians, we Satanists desire to produce change in our earthly environments. We accomplish this either directly by acting upon the particular elements we wish to alter or we accomplish this indirectly by moving others to make these changes for us. Magic involves changing our objective environment.

Mystics have an entirely different purpose. Mystics seek to acquire an experience which is held to be beyond the capacity of the human mind to identify or explain: the ineffable. Mystics wish to change their own beliefs, attitudes, and perceptions. Mysticism involves changing our consciousness.

Now there are many persons who advocate using mysticism as a means to magic. In other words, they will hold that by altering your state of consciousness, the magician can access external change. Certainly this approach is highly regarded in *The Satanic Bible* in that raising the emotions is a powerful example of making a shift to an altered state of consciousness to produce greater magic.

However, what does it mean to accept the doctrine of mysticism as a means to magic? Can a Satanic magician also truly be a mystic? Or are the two incompatible and mutually exclusive?

Aleister Crowley was probably the best known popular exponent of "magic through mysticism." In his writings on "magick," Crowley highly regarded the act of invocation in which the practitioner would increasingly identify with a chosen "godform" until becoming, at least temporarily, totally identified with that god. From this mystic "union" Crowley claimed to derive some aspect of the god invoked.

This is an ancient concept found throughout history, wherein the priest will allow himself to be possessed by the god to convey the god's thoughts to the laity or exert some of the god's powers (such as healing or destruction). We see it actively pursued today in Voudoun as well as the modern New Age "channels". We find it in recent history with the formerly very popular Spiritualism movement and in ancient history with the Greek Oracle at Delphi.

The techniques used to induce mystical "union" are varied and include drugs, physical exhaustion, fasting, dancing, prolonged solitude, mutilation, sleep deprivation -- in brief, any excessive

increase or decrease of sensory stimulation beyond the normal limits required for the senses to operate efficiently. In other words, the mystic temporarily alters his body chemistry enough to permit him to hallucinate.

We all hallucinate every night when we sleep and dream. However, the normal chemistry associated with dreaming does not cause the breakdown in the (usual) automatic formation of perceptions which the mystical techniques do. In short, the mystic induces psychosis of short duration.

Now the word "psychosis" is an emotionally-loaded word, as it should be. Having worked professionally as a psychotherapist with psychotics in a modern hospital, the claims of wishful modern mystics that their mystical "unions" are not tainted with the same qualities as the drooling, self-soiling catatonic are only wishful thinking. Psychosis is nothing more than a dream gone wild, wherein the psychotic cannot (or will not) distinguish between the irrational elements of his dream and the legitimate evidence of his senses.

"Aha!" the mystic will reply. "And what makes you believe that your senses are 'legitimate'?" How can you be so certain that the vision of the psychotic is not as real to him as your 'reality' is to you?"

It is just such a twisted viewpoint, generated by the mystical doctrine, that causes me to write these words!

My usual reply to such an attack is to simply point out that the psychotic is still locked up on his ward whereas I am free. However, this is not the real issue and is not the true shame of the mystic who would make such a statement.

"Satanists are realists."

Do you agree? Then exactly how do you determine what is real?

If you base it strictly on what you perceive, how do you know you aren't dreaming those perceptions right now? Dreams are real to you as long as you may be dreaming. Pinching yourself can hurt just as much in a dream, though it will leave fewer bruises after you awaken.

If you choose to evade the question and treat everything as real, then what do you mean by the word "real?" If everything to you is real then your concept of real has no identity; there is no boundary to separate your "real" from anything "unreal." (Also this is a standard viewpoint of many psychotics.)

What is left? Well, the mystics will tell you

that what is real is something other than what you know about. They tell you that reality can't be perceived with the senses. They tell you that what you see, hear, feel, smell and taste is not the real world but an illusion, a dream. Furthermore, they will tell you that you cannot even mentally conceive of reality and it is not merely unknown to the mind but *unknowable!* Please note that the word *unknowable* means that you can never have knowledge about reality. You are forever barred from it. You can't perceive it. You can't even conceive it.

What the mystic will then tell you, however, is that you can achieve a "higher" awareness of it *beyond* the senses and mind. Usually this explanation will include some form of "God" and take the approach of becoming one with God, who is infinite, and thereby "becoming" God or becoming infinite. Then after such an experience, while you will not actually remember the experience (your puny little human mind can't grasp it, you see), you will essentially have a "hangover" effect from it.

(The mystics never really do explain how you can know about knowing something you can't know about, but then, mystics have no problem with logical contradictions. After all, if you did become infinite, you would cease to have any boundary and an entity without boundaries is no longer an entity at all. It ceases to have identity. Further, consciousness requires something to be conscious of. If you are everything that is, there is nothing else to be conscious of, and hence you would not be conscious. Ergo an infinite God can't exist and would not be conscious if it could.)

Of course, the mystical doctrine can only make it impossible for you to ever "know" anything at all. Knowledge becomes impossible for the human mind in a world where what you perceive and think about is an illusion and reality is barred from conscious experience or understanding.

Using this fundamental mind-killer, mystics have oppressed the human race throughout all of recorded history by institutionalizing their doctrine as religion.

"Satanists are realists." How do Satanists know what is real? They know it by the use of reason. Reason is what separates the Satanist from the mystic and elevates him above the superstitious, teeming masses.

Reason requires that when you confront an idea that is irrational, you do not choose to believe in it anyway. You do not surrender your rationality to the whims of starry-eyed morons who proclaim that everything you know is wrong and nothing you can know is real. You do not accept the idea of other "realities" when the word "reality" already *includes* everything that exists.

Your thoughts exist. They are real. Your emotions exist. They are real. Your dreams exist. They are real. However, and this is vitally important if you want to remain as the *source* of power in your own life (which is why we are *SORCERERS*), they are only *subjectively* real. They are *not* objective facts of reality.

The psychotic locked into his subjective world (and hospital ward) has confused the items of his experience which *others* can verify, with the items of his experience *no one* can verify.

It is probably true that there are chemical causes behind most psychoses. An animal with the same degree and kind of comparable chemical change would never question the objective reality of its experience. A human being can. The mystic won't. The Satanist will.

The identification of objective reality is based upon the demonstration of what is perceived among people, or, to simplify somewhat, objective reality is identified through testable agreement.

The psychotic hallucinating an elephant in his isolation cannot demonstrate the elephant to others around him. If two other psychotics claim to see the elephant, it might be time to look for evidence of either an elephant or collusion. (Many psychotics have sharp wits and a good sense of humor.) If everyone sees an elephant, it's time to call the zoo.

The mystic opposes all this in principle. In the guise of modern physics, he will tell us he has proven (by reason) that causality (upon which reason depends) is an illusion and therefore the universe is "stranger than we *can* imagine." Of course, how can he use reason to disprove reason? Yet this ploy, of using reason to destroy reason, of logic to disprove logic, of rationality to invalidate rationality is precisely the one indulgence the Satanist *can't* afford.

We are the magicians, not the audience. If we cannot know what is real or unreal, then we cannot know anything. If we cannot know anything, then we can't learn anything. If we can't learn anything, we certainly can't learn how to perform magic to get what we want. If we don't know anything, how can we even know what we want, anyway? Thus the rejection of reason for mysticism, results in an absurd avalanche of transparent contradictions.

The use of mystical *techniques* can be valuable in altering consciousness to access the greater magic of Satanism, that passage between subjective and objective experience, but to be a mystic *and* a Satanist is impossible by definition. Further, it is something very sad to see when someone attempts it.

The "Nine Satanic Statements" can be summarized in a single sentence: Satan represents *reason*, not mysticism.

HELLSPAWN: MYRIAD MANIFESTATIONS OF INFERNAL INDIVIDUALITY

The Church of Satan launched the Age of Satan in 1966 C.E. and remains the flagship of our movement. We have recently seen the emergence of new manifestations, based on Dr. La Vey's seminal writings, and here let them speak for themselves. Ed.

The Church of S.A.T.A.N.
P.O. Box 666, Whitehall, PA 18052

"Societies of the masses are the same everywhere...a few chiefs ordering around a lot of Indians. Satanism is a unique society in this respect, being made up of only the chiefs."

Rev. Yaj Nomolos

On July 31, 1987 E.V., our group celebrated Lughnasadh as a Satanic holiday by indulging ourselves in a public display of our powers of influence. In broad daylight, seven of our men and women appeared at the Muhlenberg College duck pond picnic area, at 11:00 a.m., joining many people frolicking under sunny skies and upon lush grass carpeting. Nearby, a 15-foot high steel boiler-plate "sculpture" of a horned god, trampling a human being under-hoof, formed the backdrop for our picnic table.

After some minutes of acting like picnickers, Rev. Nomolos gave the pre-arranged signal, causing two members to take security stations about the perimeter, and one member to deploy with cameras to



Members of the Church of S.A.T.A.N. celebrate Lughnasadh.

record the event. The remaining four cleared the picnic table. From paper bags poured forth robes, chalices, altar implements... the works... and a Satanic altar was quickly assembled on the table with candles and incense ignited. Amidst the ringing of the bell, before the largest and heaviest Baphomet in the world, the company launched into a Black Mass, a la *The Satanic Bible*.

From the outset, the public was stunned into silent immobility, wide-eyes fixed upon this sudden wonder. None moved or spoke, as the creative step was reached through the incantations and ceremonies. At this point, Rev. Nomolos, bedecked in his robes and priestly vestments, addressed this audience, and roared forth the entire text of the constitutional statute guaranteeing freedom of religion.

The ritual was then closed in the usual manner, all regalia stowed away, and the party moved off the field without leaving a trace behind. As our cars pulled away, we looked back to observe the onlookers, still gaping at the sculpture, mesmerized by what they thought they had seen... which had quickly disappeared as if in smoke... leaving behind the monolith.

Exactly one week later, this 15-foot, 12-ton sculpture was exclusively removed from the park. Not a word appeared in the media. Our group rejoiced in the successful accomplishment of the magickal power of invisibility. A joyful Lughnasadh to all.

HAIL SATAN!

The 88 Temple Ov Deities Report by member Alex Loss

The 88 Temple Ov Deities was formed in 1987 C.E. as a mixture of Satanism and Qabalistic ritual. The Qabalah, not being a true religion, was easily manipulated to fit the ritualistic and dogmatic needs of the Satanist. The founder of the Temple, Adel Lazch Souto, was a childhood practitioner of Santeria, due to his parents' interest in that religion, and began his quest into Satanism at the young age of nine. Upon entering various branches of the Floridian "Satanic" cults, he realized that this was not the proper path, and had many bad experiences with those claiming to be the "true Satanists."

In 1985 C.E., Adel obtained *The*

Satanic Bible by Anton Szandor LaVey and his eyes were opened to the truth of Satanism. At the age of seventeen he met Michael W. Hardy, who was involved in Qabalistic occult methods. After months of argument covering Satanism, the occult and religion in general, Hardy decided to join the Left-Hand Path. They both began to seek a place for ritual magick and affiliation. But the Church of Satan was in California, all the "Satanists" in Florida were too cultish, and they had already rejected established forms of worship. They decided, then, to build their own establishment, using *The Satanic Rituals* by Anton Szandor LaVey on the holidays, and their own rituals on meeting days.

The Temple began its search for human individualism through the destruction of personal laziness and mental numbness! Remembering the teachings of *The Satanic Bible* -- that we are animals, sometimes more through the aspirations of intelligence and magickal knowledge, sometimes less through the low points of crime and drug abuse -- the Temple stresses the belief that there is no God outside the individual, no power beyond that of Man, whether through physical work or magickal work.

It is difficult being Satanists in the land of *Miami Vice*, because here we have people who call themselves Christian Activists (aka God's Terrorists). These people write letters threatening bombs, death, etc., in an attempt to close down the Temple's activities. We gain members through small classified ads in newspapers and other magazines. People write to us and we try to develop a correspondence, a relationship through the mail to find out what kind of person this is, before we let them apply or meet the members. Application is the form of introductory membership that we use; we then perform what is called "The Black Celebrations," the initiatory rite. A sort of feast of food and fun!

Now in 1989 C.E., Adel and Michael (named the Council of Two by the Temple) have set higher goals for the Temple and are presently working with their own band, *Daab-Soul Destruction*, producing industrial and ritualistic music.

For more information on the Temple's activities, write to:

The 88 Temple Ov Deities
P.O. Box 4546
Miami, FL 33014-0546

The Raven School

The Raven School is located in the quiet town of Meredosia, Illinois. High Priest Luther offers his course on Satanism through mail order only, and also publishes a Satanic Journal called *Cry of the Raven*. The Raven follows the teachings of the Church of

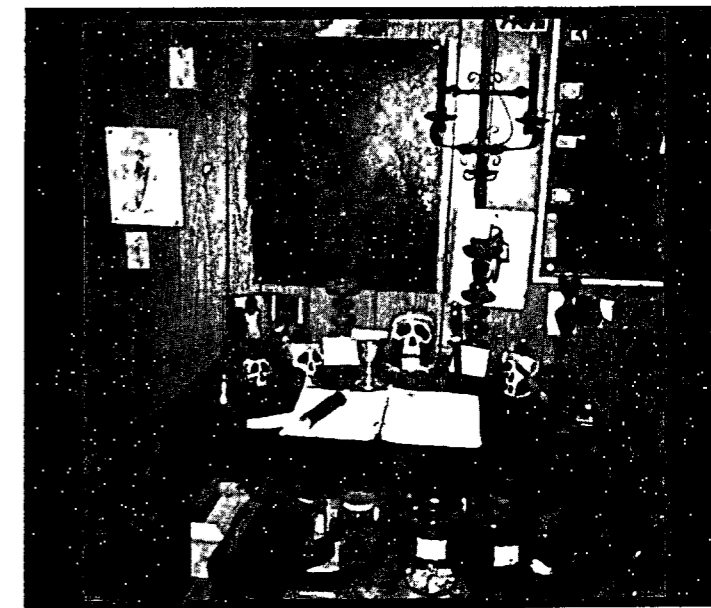
Satan as interpreted by Luther.

The Raven philosophy is embodied in these excerpts from *Cry of the Raven* #3. Who is Satan? He is everything the realist stands for. We see him as a symbol of freedom, realism, self-esteem. We worship life, nature, wild-life, all life. We believe we can achieve anything we set our minds upon, the only limitation being ourselves. We represent the opposite, and go against the grain of those who worship death. We believe we shall live many lives, learning many different lessons.

We are not burdened with shalt or shalt nots, nor do we burden others with laws that cannot be kept. If we make mistakes we are willing to pay for them, but we pay the price, then walk on feeling no regret. In the learning experience of life we will have many challenges, many tests, but from these we grow stronger! We take pride in ourselves and care only for those who deserve our care. We do not turn the other cheek, we get even. In the animal kingdom the weak step aside for the mighty. We believe that only the strong will survive. We feel no pity for those who are too weak or lazy to work for a goal or dream. We believe the only evil is a wasted life. We worship life and self-achievement.

Those interested in High Priest Luther's course in Satanism can receive it for \$29.95 plus \$3.00 postage. Those enrolled in the course receive a free one year subscription to *Cry of the Raven*, which is \$15.00 when ordered separately. For further information contact Luther at:

The Night Owl
Box 321, Meredosia, IL 62665



Luther's altar at the Raven School.

Just when you thought it was safe to begin making the talk show rounds, safely dismissing the

claims that Satanists indulge in ritual orgies and naked frolics in celebration of Satan, along comes a group from Great Britain that fulfills some of the media hype that is derived from the "Traditional" portrait of Devil Worshipers. The preceding groups have developed from the writings of Dr. La Vey. This group that takes the name Satanist has evolved in reaction against the movement started by the Church of Satan. We present their concept of "Traditional Satanism" in contradistinction to that which our readers practice. They have a different, and at times antagonistic, position towards us, but we think that you might like to be informed about this group. Dennis Wheatley fans, take note! Ed.

Order of the Nine Angles

The Meaning of Satanism
Algar Langton

Traditional Satanism may be said to possess two main themes: the Dark Tradition containing the techniques and so on of black magick (the seven-fold sinister way) and opposition to the religion of the Nazarene and those philosophies deriving from it.

Satanists despise the religion of the Nazarene and for centuries have waged a war against it. They see it as a negation of those natural instincts that urge us to conquest, which increase our vitality, and which give us the desire to know. Yet Satanism is much more than a rejection of the disgusting religion of Yeshua.

Most importantly, perhaps, Satanism (of the genuine sort) is a means whereby individuals may enhance their own conscious evolution and thus their lives by developing their latent abilities -- their vitality, personality and knowledge as well as their "occult" faculties. The means to this are the "seven-fold sinister way" and those rituals of black magick which express the Satanist spirit. These means are basically a system of individual training, and this training is organized by Satanic groups and Orders by a means of seven grades. Such groups and Orders do not proselytize and concern themselves not at all with the "ritual romps" associated in the popular mind with "Satanism."

Traditional Satanism is very different from the media image -- which mostly concentrates on a variety of ritual practices and invocations to the Devil -- as well as quite distinct from the various and many self-styled "Satanist" groups which continue to appear at fairly regular intervals. Such groups are mostly a cover for personal indulgence of quite often a sexual or monetary nature, and while they make use of the trappings of Satanist magick and philosophy, they do nothing to further the real evolution of the

consciousness of their members. They most certainly do not possess any esoteric knowledge and have no interest in creating from the power of the Abyss the next stage of human evolution. Other groups which emerge from time to time -- like the 'Church of Satan' which once and briefly flourished in America -- concentrate on the pleasure principle and market a rather stupid mish-mash of qabalistic magic and legends about the 'dark forces.' Such groups never possess in any way the essence of Satanism which lies in its magickal Alchemy: that is, the seven-fold way to the divine, the creation of a new individual imbued with the Satanist spirit.

Genuine Satanic Orders and Adepts -- of which there are very few -- possess not only this practical way, this magickal Alchemy, but also esoteric teachings which have never been published (such as the 'Star Game,' a means of developing various areas of individual consciousness; or 'esoteric chant,' a powerful magickal technique). This is in marked contrast to groups like 'The Temple of Set' which teach a pathetic philosophy of LaVey-type "Satanism" to which is added on an unedifying mix of historical myths and traditions relating to the "Prince of Darkness" as well as a desire to make Satanism somehow respectable and/or accepted by the "authorities." Such groups and individuals wish the "buzz" of Satanism (in academic terms, its numinosity) without the dangers inherent in following the dark path to Adeptship and certainly without the hardship (both personal and psychological) which the genuine way of Satanic self-development requires. Satanism, by its nature, can never become respectable -- it is the way for a very few, although today and in the foreseeable future that few is greater in number than it was.

Satanism detests the religion of the Nazarene because it makes the individual impotent in this life, whereas Satanism regards this life as an opportunity, not given again, to reach upwards toward the greatness of the gods. It opens up the possibility of us creating for ourselves not only a glorious existence on this earth but also of creating both by our way of living and our dark magick, an existence for ourselves beyond our own death. Genuine Satanism opens up for us the gates that lead to the path from Initiation to Adept to Master/Mistress to immortality. This path is difficult, and to follow it takes many, many years.

If this has piqued your interest, the ONA also publishes a newsletter called Fenrir, the seventh issue to emerge soon. For information write to:

Thormynd Press
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MAN IN BLACK

Janicot comes to glory in the firelight
And breathe among our living bodies,
That man in black garb, that sweet speaker,
Of words slow and easeful, his full kingdom
Has room for thirteen more tired souls.
Oh we Wicce, have we been deceived, and truly
This night seen the Devil of rumor?

Pagan X

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flowing back and forth.
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Loud for us to hear.
Tears are falling boundlessly,
leaving us with fear?
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The ones that knock on wood.
Do you know what you're doing
with your gossip?
Your looking for perfection
in everyone but you?
Causing imperfection
in everything you do.
You call out for love
without an ounce of clarity.
What can I give to you,
when you give nothing to me?
Did you learn anything
from what life has said to you?
Or will you continue gossiping
then go back to your Sunday pew?
Good night my friends, sleep well!
I wish you all what you wish for me:
I'll see you all in Hell!

Glenda Green

A New Satanic Solid?

Julian Karswell

While perusing the *New York Times* on 5 September, I chanced across an intriguing article by Malcolm W. Browne detailing an investigation of quasicrystals, a form of matter previously thought to be impossible outside of theory. This matter is midway between the uniform lattice structure of crystals, and the chaotic jumble of atoms which comprise all other solids. The atomic patterns of quasicrystals are ordered in subtle and non-repetitive arrays which exhibit "fivefold symmetry," which had been considered impossible. Researchers also suspect that the electron spectral structures of this substance will be in accordance with the Phi ratio, which we see in our beloved pentagram. Is this a cloven hoofprint, stamped in the very structure of this matter?

Magic Lantern Show

Satanic Cinema

by Peggy Nadramia

BATMAN: The Satanist Hero Arises!

Guest reviewer: Nemo

In the last *Cloven Hoof*, Anton LaVey spoke of the need for the Satanist portrayed as a hero in the mass media. This prediction has now come to pass. Surprise! The movie *Batman* has given us the first modern Satanist-hero box office smash.

I felt some trepidation entering the empty theater late Sunday night. The worker drones were in their beds preparing for their dreaded Monday migration to "work," leaving the cinema nearly deserted. I remembered with a shudder the shallow sham of the Adam West television series but felt that maybe, just maybe, there might be a fair rendering of... what I didn't know, as the theater dimmed.

The music thundered out with a theme that seemed familiar and in a moment I caught the same thrill of martial power I felt upon hearing the score from the movie *Dune*. They were close enough to have sprung from the same mind. Later I would recognize both to be a minor key rendition of a famous Cole Porter song!

Batman! Satanist! Let me support this with a few examples.

Batman is represented as a consummate lesser-magic practitioner. He uses little-known devices and techniques to create an image of supernatural power. The *second* viewing of the film revealed that the wires he descended upon were always presented to the camera, but, like those of his prey, my eyes were riveted upon the *image* of a huge vampire-like apparition slowly floating out of the darkness. His movements were minimal and therefore difficult to predict. Every action had a purpose.

This issue of purpose underlines the critical Satanic quality of the Batman: intelligence. It would have been all too easy for the director to have cast a huge giant of a man, a muscle-bound hunk, to play Batman. I remember from my youth that the comic book Batman was a giant with tremendous strength and acrobatic agility. Yet with surprising foresight, Batman was played by an average-sized man lacking a square jaw and sometimes even wearing spectacles. In short, Batman relied upon brain and not brawn.

Why climb up a wall hand-over-hand, when a machine can swiftly and silently pull you upward, conserving your strength and lending to your image? Why rappel back down again when the same mechanism can perform the same benefits... and leave you an escape route? Why carry a weapon when your body can be a weapon? Why carry a weapon when



your "invisible" body armor both protects you and builds your reputation as a supernatural entity whom bullets can't kill?

Batman evidenced a Satanist psychology as well. He did not always know if what he did was "best." He held *doubt*, that supreme rational quality, as a ground for his mental judgement. *Justice* ruled his actions. He obviously wanted no part in the ineffectual organized despair of the public police forces. Again, his interaction was direct and ruthless. If criminals died as the result of his work, no big deal. *Revenge* was not a subject for questioning, either. When Bruce Wayne identified the murderer of his parents, there was never the slightest hesitation in his stated intention of *killing* the killer... after suitable physical punishment, of course.

Finally, there was the majestic dignity of a prideful, purposeful full human being in Batman. There was no dividing this from his obviously Satanic vampiric appearance, horns, black costume, and all. The gothic setting, the squalor and steam/fog-strewn city scenes, the dark *night* all played perfectly into this exaltation of the essence of true Satanism.

Little do the masses who adulate this new *Star Wars* realize the subtle and profound remolding of their consciousness which has resulted from this brilliant and gifted presentation of magic. If by any chance you have not viewed this film, GO! And dress in *black*...

ADDENDUM:

by Peggy Nadramia

Another refreshingly Satanic aspect of this new *Batman* is his relationship with Vicki Vale. She is presented in *contrast* to him, often dressed in *white*; she's not a ballbreaking, often-blundering Lois Lane but a *lady* in need of protection from a genuine villain. She cares about her hero in his Bruce Wayne aspect as well. And best of all, unlike the altruistic Superman who never consummates his relationship with Lois, preferring to *sacrifice* his love for her to his sense of *duty*, Batman indulges in this new passion. His personal happiness is his first priority. And as we know, nothing is more dangerous to the status quo than two people deeply in love -- because nothing can come between them. **Hail, Batman!**

DEAD POETS SOCIETY:

Don't Be Sheeple!

You can't go wrong with a film that has a main character stating: "You have to do what you want to do, even if the herd says it's *baah-ad!*" (this last pronounced to sound rather sheeplike). *Carpe diem* is the theme of the film: seize the day. "Look at them, boys," the teacher (played by Robin Williams) says as he shows his students pictures of their prep school's past heroes. "Once they were just like you... and now they're fertilizing daffodils." The boys take this to heart and form a little group of *bon vivants*, wearing dark robes and congregating in a cave in the hillside, indulging in tobacco, liquor, women (at least obliquely) and the words of the masters. They rediscover ritual, reaffirm a sense of aesthetics. They play pranks! (See "Odditorium," this issue *TBF*.)

Unfortunately, being young and very romantic, one member makes an error and chooses to sacrifice his own life rather than live the one his father had chosen for him. The film's final image is triumphantly Satanic, however; the class' remaining individuals climb upon their desks and stand above the herd in protest, overturning, however briefly, pompous authority, and changing their own perspectives forever. *Yáwp!*

Our certain duty is to develop ourselves, to expand ourselves wholly in all our potentialities; it is to succeed in becoming fully what we feel ourselves to be. What we want is to *become ourselves*. Nothing that *is* should be suppressed; nothing is superfluous.

Friedrich Nietzsche

Sex Tips From Satan

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by Anton Szandor La Vey

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Satan's Protest

by Paul Aarons

Charles C. Franks
1512 E. Main
Amarillo, Texas
79101

ACTING ATTORNEY FOR:

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Sol I (Mercury)
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2/8/88

Council For Universal Supervision
Office of Fair Trade Practices
Suite 666, Universal Center
Mendub 4
Galaxy Alpha 1

Attn: Truth in Advertising Section

Sirs:

We herewith petition *The Office of Fair Trade Practices*, hereafter referred to as OFTP, to investigate the following alleged violations of proper business conduct. To wit, one, *Jehovah, Lord of Hosts*, hereafter referred to as "God," has been guilty of the following:

1) "God" attempts to undermine legitimate competitors through the systematic annihilation of said competitor's customers and facilities, via both personal action and the acts of his followers. As proof of this allegation we offer the accused's own propaganda release, commonly referred to as *The Holy Bible* (see enclosure) and suggest you refer to sections pertaining to; The Tower of Babel, Jericho, Sodom and Gomorrah, The Great Flood, and The Plagues of Egypt. Further evidence can be obtained by researching the Archives with reference to; The Christian Crusades, Antisemitism, pipe bombings of Abortion Clinics, stonings, Puritan Punishment Rituals, and Witch Burnings. Should these cases not be deemed sufficient by the OFTP, further cases will be furnished on request.

2) "God" has engaged in slander and libel in his attempt to discourage customers from the legitimate use of competitor's services. In the case of my clients (hereafter referred to as Satan), "God" has publicly attacked them on the following counts:

A) Choice of home office location. Satan chooses Mercury because of its warmth, due to its proximity to the local sun. My client's choice has been maligned by its competitor, who claims Satan is trying to lure mortals to that location; that particular planet being too close to the primary for mortal comfort. Never has my client promised nor sought to transport his customers to Sol I. Satan feels "God" is trying to justify his choice of slum property on the outer worlds by attacking my client unfairly.

B) "God" accuses Satan of requiring unorthodox actions from his clients, including, but not necessarily limited to, virgin sacrifices, compacts involving one's "soul," and meetings held at unconventional hours. The only thing ever sacrificed to my client by virgins is something they were most anxious to rid themselves of in the first place. It would appear the only person who places value on virginity is the person who no longer suffers from its pressures. As to the statement about "souls," is not the contract with "God" also for the "soul"? As for the meeting times of our covens, is that not the legitimate concern of its members? Surely the first practice noted (see article 1) would justify any effort to achieve safety.

C) "God" has asserted that Satan uses unethical practices to entice customers to his service. These lures are said to include money, sex, success, intelligence, happiness and power. Are these not the very items our service is franchised to supply?

3) Finally Satan must protest that the services both companies have been franchised to render are not, in fact, being supplied by "God." The services rendered by our company (see 2C) are exactly the same as promised by our competitor. The only major difference being the time of delivery. In the case of Satan, he renders service and follows with billing, as outlined in the text of standard business practices. "God," on the other hand, demands payment in advance and assures delivery only after the client's death. It should be evident to the OFTP that the deceased are in no position to protest non-fulfillment of contracts.

In summation, Satan implores the council to act quickly to protect the consumer on the following causes: Even though Satan supplies immediate services and "God" only promises to deliver at some future time; despite the fact that Satan has never been recorded as harming any group, city, individual, or company, where as "God" is noted for his destructive nature; and finally, while Satan supplies mortals with the needs indigenous to the nature of Man and "God" attempts to justify his failure to deliver by asserting that practicing denial now, leads to rewards in the future, of those very things denied. Through a most effective media campaign, my clients have been labeled villains. Unfortunately, mortals are foolish enough to believe it. Any delay endangers council integrity.

Sincerely Yours,

Charles C. Franks

Charles C. Franks
Attorney
Penthouse C
431 Wall Street
New York, NY 10005
Sol III

P.S. Please note the change of address for the purposes of correspondence. I only recently became a client of Satan.

enc.

cc/Satan

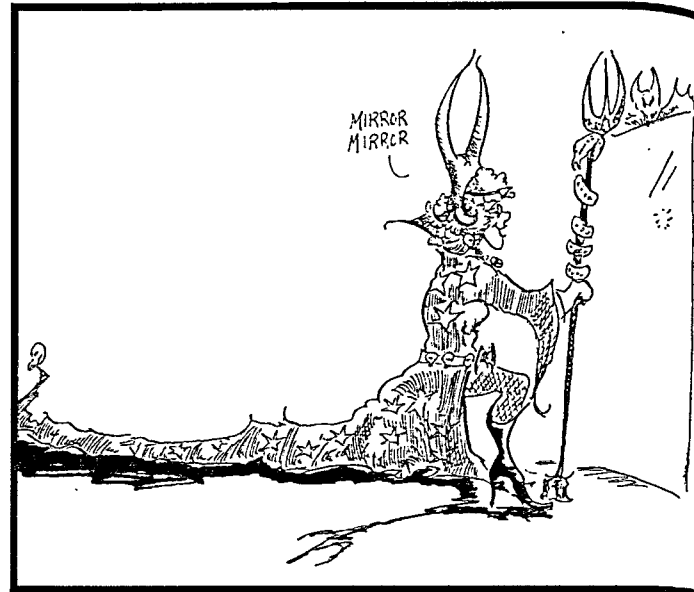
Dressing Like Hell

by Morgain Blake

As Beau Brummel would have said if he had practiced Greater Magic, there are times when clothes make the magician. Have you noticed, for instance, the number of black practitioners who take their calling so seriously that they *always* dress in black from head to foot? On some magicians this looks sinister and imposing and gives them an aura of mystery. Others merely look sallow, or like defrocked priests whose (defrocked) housekeepers still buy their wardrobes. If you *must* dress in black, show some style! A well-cut black suit with an inverted pentagram in the lapel is far more imposing than a cheap motorcycle jacket, an old *Black Sabbath* t-shirt and your faded black Levis.

Ah, rituals! How many times have those of us who attend group rituals seen these "Adepts" of the sartorial. **Sleazies** who shop for ritual garb at Biker or Bondage Boutiques. There are enough zippers, snap rings and grommets to outfit a tailor, and everything is a size too small and made of extremely uncomfortable materials. Rarely does a handsome stud or a voluptuous temptress dress in this style; rather we see those who think their forte is sex or wonder when it might better be sentiment. **Back of my closet** types leave their robes wadded up in a ball somewhere. If a seam rips, it's never mended. If food, mud, semen or other bodily fluids make their way onto the robe, it is rarely (or never) washed. Sometimes, though not always, the **let's pretend** folks belong to the Society for Creative Anachronism. They are likely to come to a ritual in doublet and hose or dressed as a member of a Mongol horde. I've yet to see one show up in a robe with stars and moons and sporting a pointy hat, but I'm sure I will someday. **Mr. and Mrs. Normal** don't have or won't wear ritual garb. They stand there in rainbow tie-dyed shirts and walking shorts while you're trying to concentrate your will on the task at hand. I don't know about you, but I simply can't concentrate in the presence of tie-dyes!

So, what would Magister Brummel advise a modern practitioner to wear to a ritual? And how would he answer the question, "Why dress up at all?" The serious magician understands that most of us must alter **something significant** in our surroundings in order to practice magic. Sometimes this is done by meditation, sometimes with incense or music, or any combination of the above as well as other tricks. But the concept of changing one's **being** with one's clothes is very old. Priesthoods of many religions have had robing rituals for millenia. A good example is the list of prayers which Catholic priests used to



recite as they put on their vestments. The theory behind this is that these prayers would enable the priest to **transform himself**, to celebrate the rite as a **priest**, not as a mere man.

Here are a few things to consider when buying or making a ritual outfit. Is it comfortable? After all, you may have to wear it for a long time, under circumstances which may be hot or cold, and where you may or may not be able to, or be required to sit or stand. Is it sturdy? You don't want to raise your arm to swing your sword and hear the armholes rip out of your garb, do you? (Though Compleat Witches might consider the tricks of indecent exposure in this light.) Is it washable (back of the closet types, take note)? Is the color appropriate for the ritual we're performing? There are times when other colors can be better than black, depending on the ritual. A good, screaming red or fuschia works well for lust, and green after all, is the color of that wonderful stuff we all do rituals to obtain, and I'm not referring to salad. You might look up occult color correspondences, but better yet go with the personal resonances these colors evoke in you. It is crucial that you feel empowered by your outfit, so go with what makes you feel best, what reaches your deep self.

Do I buy it, make it or have it made? Robes can be hard to come by. Whatever you do, **don't** buy those cheapo things that are available in mall toy stores at Halloween. If you live in a relatively laid-back area, robes are sometimes available at religious supply houses. In some towns, though, one must show clerical credentials in order to shop at such establishments.

Robes are often available from occult shops, but they are always expensive and sometimes shoddy. If you can find one in a mail-order catalog, you might get a real bargain. Ladies can sometimes find nice robes in import shops or in the lingerie department.

SLAYING THE MONSTER

by Max



I was recently pondering over a glass of Guinness stout when a companion turned to me and asked what I believed in as far as the fates were concerned. "I slay them," I replied.

"What do you mean?" he asked. Let me explain. When someone asks about such things as fate they infer that there is an unstoppable force in the universe, and that, try as we may, we are doomed to be ruled by this fate.

The Satanist believes that this is utter crap and that through his or her force of will, life will dance to the black magician's tune. Yes, you may ask, but does anything untoward ever happen to these people? Hell, yes! (Pun intended.) I really don't know anyone who goes through this existence without some sort of unhappiness or awful experience. I believe, though, that unlike the existentialists, we are a product of our experiences only if we *choose* to be. The black magician looks at life as a series of challenges where we are dealt a situation that is puzzling or, in some cases, absolutely devastating. Like the fatalist, though, I believe that good can only come if bad happens to you. But unlike the fatalist, I also believe that a far greater treasure (what the fatalist calls good) is gained if you take up your mental scimitar and disarm and dismember that which besets you. How is this done? Very simply.

1.) **Don't panic.** Hysteria only stirs up the magical atmosphere around you like a tornado and

Sick of shopping? Want to make one? Any simple caftan pattern will do, or you can just make the lapels on a bathrobe pattern longer, make the sides more ample, and provide a very secure fastening. If you're feeling more ambitious, Butterick and other pattern makers have a nice line of Halloween costumes. (**I know** I've advised you against those, but keep reading!) If you remove all the touches which tart them up into a Hollywood cartoon vision of evil, the costume of Maleficent from *Snow White* or a generic wizard outfit can be quite impressive. I must warn you that this will probably be even more expensive than buying a robe, especially if you make a pattern which calls for satin or satin-like fabric. After all, you'll end up needing about eight to ten yards of fabric, depending on how much body you need to cover.

You also may wish to swallow your pride and seek advice from a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism. When they aren't dressing like Mongols or medieval lords, these guys often have the snazziest and most appropriate ritual garb of any magicians I've ever seen.

Remember, in traditional folklore, the devil is often a well-dressed, elegant individual! Nuff said? Go forth and shop, ye sinners!

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makes the magician a victim of his or her own devices. *Stay calm* should be the motto of your first challenge.

2.) **Think the situation through.** If you are truly honest with yourself, you will realize that in all black-and-white situations, there are various shades of grey. Seldom is there a scenario where it's just *them against us*. If this is the situation, it is easily remedied with a well-placed curse. Otherwise, you may have to rethink how you are to approach the problem at hand. You may have to increase the amount of wile and guile (lesser magic) to achieve your goal, or you may have to overcome a personal fear which is inadvertently causing you to fail.

These two rules seem simple, but how do I overcome my personal monster? I usually start with a good deep meditation. First I relax and bring myself into my own personal altar chamber. I achieve this setting by imagining myself in a different dimension where no walls or sense of time exist. In the immense expanse of blackness stands an iridescent inverted pentagram framed by a trapezoid. I stand in the center of the pentagram, clothed in leathery black armor, holding a glistening sword before me. I say: *There is no one who can conquer me, for I am unconquerable. My greatest aid is my ego. The hand which guides my universe is my own. With the aid of my demon self I will slay this which besieges me, for I am GOD! The will is all-consuming, the will survives. I will, I will, I WILL! MY WILL! BEAT THE CHALLENGE, MEET THE GOAL -- I WILL, I WILL, I WILL, MY WILL!*

At this point, I tense all of the muscles in my body and imagine myself mangling some horrid beastie which represents my ill fortune. Having completed this task, I relax all my muscles and return to the dimension which we term the real world. I rise slowly, refreshed and armed with the knowledge that something has changed in the world because of my meditation -- something positive.

If my automobile breaks down, I do not allow myself to become upset, I fix it. If work becomes a drag, I work my way through like a juggernaut until all is accomplished. I never let myself become defeated or depressed or frustrated for I know these are the true beasts that drag us into the realm of the fates.

Since bad times, like good times, are transient and don't last forever (though they seem to), I realize that my reward is forthcoming -- even if it's only a call from an old friend I haven't seen in years or finding a stray twenty-dollar bill. I realize that things are better because I have conquered the beast.

Something that I've also noticed is that the more monsters you conquer, the smaller the succeeding monsters will be. Soon you will be able to accomplish your goal with only the passing thought

of your meditation. Soon bad luck becomes just a passing irritation and achievement is almost too easy. When this happens, set higher challenges for yourself, or just enjoy your achievements.

What happens to those misguided folks who try to avoid their monster or try to buffer their existence through alcohol or drugs? The beasts get bigger and bigger, until the hapless victim is consumed by them. Want an example? Look at the person passing you on the street in ragged clothes, rooting around in dumpsters for aluminum cans, mumbling to himself. Don't you wonder what monster ate him?

Mephistopheles-Nyarlahotep- Ob-Satan

by Tani Jantsang

Who is Mephistopheles? Is he Lucifer? Is he an angel of light? Is he a funny devil? Is he THE Dark Force in Nature?!?

In order to comprehend Faust one must be familiar with the concepts Goethe dealt with, what he was familiar with, and exactly what he wrote down, not in archaic English, not in translated English poetry (which loses meaning) but in the Modern German he used, the same German used today in regular newspapers.

Goethe knew Greek and Latin. Lucifer means Bright One or Light Bearer.

Mephisto philes means Lover of the Dark (obscure/hidden/murky/cloudy). Or -- Mephisto philes: Lover of the Knowledge of the Dark.

Goethe was also quite familiar with the Qabalah, studied it, and with books circulating in his time, combining Qabalah and alchemy. Thus he was familiar with the title "satan" and with what the Hebrews who wrote it meant by the title: Samael or Ob which encompasses many entities combined into one Being/Thing/Force.

Throughout the play there are also three concepts put forth:

1.) That of the world/matter/flesh/stars/trees, etc. -- in other words, our material cosmos, our universe.

2.) The Light or *Logos* which in Christian mythos is called a word. It does not imply sunlight or electromagnetic light. Faust is reading about this when he "gets into mischief."

3.) The void or Eternal Darkness, or Mother Night, a thing/being/force which said this word and thus brought forth the *Logos* which Faust is indeed curious about.

To preface: Faust is stagnating, he is fed up with life, he is having pleasure and doing things but he no longer is having any fun. He tires of his existence, finding it too mundane, and winds up opening a Christian Bible. He reads from the chapter on John and finds that what he reads is just not enough. He questions this "word" and wants to know what was before that, in fact, he wants to know everything. And so -- Something appears to Faust and he uses all his sorcery to identify it, failing miserably. It is not a creature of fire, air, water or earth, he determines, and so! What is Mephistopheles? Literal English.

Faust: What is your name?

Meph.: This question appears trivial for one who despises the Word, for one who withdraws from all Appearances and only seeks the Deep Essence.

Faust: One can ordinarily read the Essence of you Beings, you Lords, from the names where it all-too-clearly points; as when one calls you God of Flies, Despoiler, or Liar. Okay, then! Who are you?

Meph.: A part of that Force that constantly Wills evil, and yet constantly Creates the Good!

Faust: What is meant by this word-puzzle?

Meph.: I am the Spirit that always denies -- negates! And I have a right to do so: because all that arises into Being is worthy only to perish back to its (*Zugrunde**) Source. Thus it would be better if nothing began. So then, it is all that you call "sin," "destruction," in short (what you call) "evil" -- that is my proper element.

(**Zugrunde:* no real English equivalent. It does not mean really to perish as in *die*, nor does it mean *annihilate*. It also does not mean to go back to the source by retreating or turning around backwards and retracing steps. It means to go forward and whilst going forward, perish. In Faust, "as all things must do." It could be translated as *ground-source*, or *Source* -- "perish by going forward to its origin.")

Faust: You call yourself a part, and yet stand whole before me?

Meph.: The modest truth I speak to you: while this little madhouse Mankind vulgarly and complacently considers himself a whole -- I am part of the part which was All in the Beginning, a part of the Darkness which gave birth to the Light, the proud/arrogant Light that now contests/battles with Mother Night her ancient rank for space; and certainly it does not succeed, since for all its striving, it remains fettered/stuck to bodies, connected to, dependent upon them. It streams from bodies, makes them beautiful; the body hinders its passage-way. So I hope it won't last long, and hope it perishes soon, back to its ground-source with these bodies -- (forward to where it originated).

Faust: Now I know your worthy duty! You

cannot annihilate the all-macrocosm, so you begin it only in the minute-microcosm. (Dr. LaVey's Dark force in Nature -- or entropy.)

Meph.: And certainly not much is accomplished thereby. That which stands opposed to the Nothing, that something, this lumpish/clumpish/awkward world, for all that I have already done, I don't know how to get at it. With waves, storms, quakes, conflagrations, on land and sea, all remains peaceful. And that damned spawn brood of Man and beast, I have not hurt them at all: how many have I already buried; a new fresh blood ever circulates, the way it goes on, one might become rageful! (Rather like cleaning your home and expecting it to remain clean forever...)

The play continues without much more of this subject except for an excerpt in the second part where Mephistopheles is mocking the word "past": "Created to be snatched up as it emerges -- to Nothing. There it is, past/over/done. What is there to read in that? It is just as good if nothing should Be -- and yet, it surely drives itself in a circle/cycle as if it Were. For this reason, I love the Eternal Void."

What is he? Surely he is a Prince or Lord of Darkness, and certainly he is a satan, an adversary. But is he also that which sustains or pushes creation on its course? Yes. He is a Dark Force in Nature -- nature being this material cosmos. He is Entropy in quantum mechanics, an irresistible and irreversible force. Is he death or Life? Surely, life without living is not life at all, and death makes way for the new, for change. When one cleans house and sets things to order, they do not remain in order (especially with kids) and the house does not remain clean -- an endless cycle expending much energy. This is entropy. It is also life, and living, a lived-in house, a fun house. To watch for every speck of dust and become a clean fanatic is not living, it is slavery. Mephistopheles would say, however: "Why even have a house, then." In this he shows himself to be, then, adverse to "homes" since in the end, they all fall to ruin anyway.

If Mephistopheles would then say, "Why build the house at all," the answer can **only** be: because I live, I not only exist, but I *vitaly* exist and if I stop doing, simply because, as you say, it will all crumble, it would be like saying "stop Time." It would be the ultimate stagnation. And of note one would remind Mephistopheles -- the one thing Faust never said was: "Stop, o moment, you are so fair." Faust never begged to stop the entropy -- and thus survived his ordeal! The ultimate answer to "Why build the house at all?" is: "Because I like it; the Dark Force in Nature propels us on to live, embracing the wonders of Life. To rebel against it is futile!" And I a Nyarlathotep, too. No, Faust never said *that*.

Archetypes, the Fourth Dimension, and Everything

by Blanche Barton

"I am convinced that the only people worthy of consideration in this world are the unusual ones. For the common folk are like the leaves of a tree, and live and die unnoticed."

--The Scarecrow, quoted in *The Marvelous Land of Oz* by L. Frank Baum

As a child, do you remember organizing make-believe games for neighborhood kids (who, of course, depended on you to set the day's itinerary) and getting frustrated because the other kids wouldn't stay in character? Though you had no way of knowing it, you were already intuitively applying sound magical ideas. Certain gifted children appreciate "complete packages": unusual characters, archetypes, total environments. You can depend on them to sense when something doesn't quite fit. That's why Disneyland/World can be such fantasy lands for perceptive kids, and adults--everything is precisely as it should be, down to the smallest detail. This passion for convincing play-acting and complete illusions is tied directly to the science of aesthetics, which can be defined in one word as *completion*, and becomes paramount in successful magic.

What exactly is this pre-science we call magic? How and why does it work? What are the mechanics and laws of magic? And does it tie into any known physical laws, or scientific speculation? As Satanists, we are also scientists of sorts, experimenting with principles on the borderlands of accepted knowledge--*the occult*--where others dare not go. Since this is science beyond the pale, much of the magical theories and methods we develop and pass secretly among ourselves are necessarily distilled more from mythical or fictional speculation, than from proven scientific facts. We could speculate that perhaps past magicians (as all conservators of language and ideas should rightly be called) have encoded their practical, pre-science discoveries into metaphorical images to be decoded by qualified magicians of the future, as individual capacity and necessity dictate. Whether or not this is valid, clues to a magical science seem to be found in that netherworld of mythic imagery, where science and metaphor overlap.

As Joseph Campbell, Jung and others have so effectively explained, the universal archetypes of various mythologies have an active part in our everyday lives. Archetypes, as literary or conceptual devices, are visions developed in the collective overmind which can be used to represent universal

images and characteristics. Through a cumulative, interactive process, archetypes are not only formed by our thoughts, but they also dictate to us what something should look like. As a group mind, we've accumulated standards by which we can determine, for example, "That's not what I think of when I think of a regular chair, so whoever constructed this chair either didn't know what he was doing or was trying to reinterpret conventional chair design." The same kinds of expectations have been established for personality types, real or imaginary--heroes wear white hats, monsters are scaly, little boys carry an accumulation of strange things in their pockets...

Archetypes aren't confined to the pages of Greek or Roman mythology. Folklore is an ongoing process, as reflected in the excellent popular books on Urban Legends by Jan Harold Brunvand. The modern equivalents to Zeus and Aphrodite are the Mafia and UFO's, their images formed more by television portrayals than facts. But the process of impression on the overmind is the same. If enough people are terrified by potent images of demons in Bosch's "religious" paintings or in movies, might the demons take on physical substance **because** of the adrenal output of the viewers? Imposed visions reflect, define and direct us all. As if absorbed through the air, universal metaphors compel us, often when we are least aware of their influence on a conscious level. They are the direct line to the subconscious, seemingly from another dimension entirely, communicating to us only through dreams, or other creative avenues for more abstract thought.

We all know what archetypes are, in a literary or even psychological sense. But blended with the Socratic notion of "ideals," archetypes gain physical dimension. Instead of limiting archetypes to metaphorical devices, Socrates proposed a set of representations floating about "out there," implying an additional dimension beyond the established three. Physical manifestations, which we see on this plane, are direct, physical reflections of these "ideals" from a theoretical 4th dimension located somewhere in the ethers.

This is where psychology, philosophy and sociology leave us. Now the magician steps forward. Adding Dr. LaVey's theories of archetypes, demonic geometries (see Long's *The Hounds of Tindalos* and Lovecraft's *The Haunter of the Dark*), and diabolical frequencies to the theoretical pot, he sees how easy it would be to impose his magical will if he had access to this dimension of the unconscious. Immediately

one's mind asks, "If this is a physical place, how do I get there?" From this other-world mountaintop (Olympus, Oz, Valhalla...) you could not only see into the future and past (like being on top of the moving train, as Einstein explained) but also manipulate the other dimensions to conform to your will, if the 4th dimension is beyond and inclusive of the other three. Perhaps this could best be termed the Unified Field which creates a superseding force of its own, even though this field has not yet been conceived as being wavelengths of **thought**.

If these subconscious images are universal constants, what would happen if a person made himself fit a specific archetype which might be found in this supernal character closet? By becoming a complete illusion, a character that would draw on elements already within you, you could create a warp -- a controlled suspension of objective reality (unlike drugs, which create an **uncontrolled, undirected** suspension of objective reality). By making yourself the closest you can get to an archetype, according to the dictates of a mass mind, you transport yourself into the 4th dimension directly, become an active entity peopling that alternative, physical realm and communicate your will through the ethers, unfettered by the laws of the conventional three. There, you can freely superimpose your adrenally-augmented desires, in keeping with Wilhelm Reich's speculations on Cosmic Superimposition. By creating a convincing illusion, you enter that mythic dimension beyond space and time, developing your ability to suspend both.

Deciding on a character you want to emulate is simply playing out the hand you've already been dealt, filling in the missing pieces. If you are prone to isolation and obsession, you'll find it easier to fixate on a particular image and immerse yourself completely in a modified image. Notice, I didn't say a different image because the ideal archetype is one selected to augment what seeds are already there. It's better, as Dr. LaVey has already written, to commit yourself to an uncommon image -- tap into something that was once universally known and admired, but which has since been discarded. Of course, that's not hard since there are so few characters around these days. Aping the latest rock star or movie personality does not an archetype make. But don't be timid about details, even unsavory ones. Cleanliness and purity in any illusion usually conveys sterility, not reality. Leave a few ragged edges; leave opportunities for prurient enchantment. Certain elements might be considered irritating or indecent by today's neo-Victorian standards, but if particular habits, smells or antics are consistent with your character, people will be righteously offended -- and remember.

One of the best sources for types is a thin

volume called *Who Is That?*, remarkably still in print. In it are dozens of photos of character actors, categorized into general groups: snoops, cheap dames, femme fatales, tough guys, fall guys, society matrons... Look through the photos carefully and try to visualize a character that would be closest to your personality. Remember the balance factor. Don't choose something you ultimately can't pull off. Try to keep consistent with your *true* type, not what you would like to believe you are. There is nothing more absurd than a perfect intellectual type trying to look like John Garfield or Sterling Hayden. The most successful character actors have capitalized on their assets, whatever they may be. If you make an unforgettable rumpled detective type, don't dress up like Mandrake the Magician. You'll have more power, make more of an impression on people and consequently on the ethers, by coming across as a prim, repressed librarian if that's what your general looks and disposition dictate than if you buy a long black wig and try to look like Vampira.

The most important thing is to stay in character. Since current stars don't depend on glamour anymore, they don't have to worry about being photographed without proper makeup and attire. But there was a time when stars had that other-worldly quality and worked to maintain it at all costs. When you're alone, don't drop your acquired gestures or change into blue jeans and a sweatshirt. Don't let the illusion lapse for *yourself*. You're the most important audience you have to convince. It will be hard at first, of course, and may well take years of experimentation to refine your "look," but serving a magical apprenticeship was never supposed to be easy. Through discipline, you'll eventually achieve a startling transformation. You'll look at yourself in the mirror and realize you're wearing the clothes rather than forcing the clothes to wear you. Ultimately, the character becomes one with your flesh. You'll experience with the eyes and mind of an immortal, immutable being.

Unfortunately magical power isn't quite as easy as Samantha Stevens would have us believe, translating thoughts into immediate results simply by wiggling your nose. "Subjective reality" theories, like the speculations outlined in the New Age classic *Space-Time and Beyond* are terribly inviting and not altogether invalid. If such theories were entirely valid, though, there would be a way for an Advanced Magician to alter immediate physical reality at will. As I've observed, that's not quite the case. Yes, we can alter subjective reality but, like it or not, we are limited by the archetypal visions developed over the centuries in the collective overmind.

You cannot walk through walls or un-create a table just by thinking it. No matter how hard you

concentrate, if someone hits you over the head with a table, you'll know it. It'll be just as solid as ever. No matter how much you develop your force of mind and will, you are but one mind in the face of billions who tap into the Socratic "table" floating out there in space somewhere. You can't push back a raging river with your two hands. But a theory of Archetypal Superimposition would explain how successful witches and warlocks work *with* the flow of human expectations rather than against them.

Perhaps, too, such a theory might account for certain types of "psychic" or Fortean phenomena -- mysterious disappearances, for example. Small items people "misplace" that then re-appear sometime later might actually be inadvertently transferred into another dimension for a short time. Have you ever said to yourself that your keys, glasses, book, whatever, that you had in your hand just a minute ago, must have fallen into a Black Hole somewhere? Maybe your words were truer than you suspected, a manifestation of the vortex that might form around strong personalities.

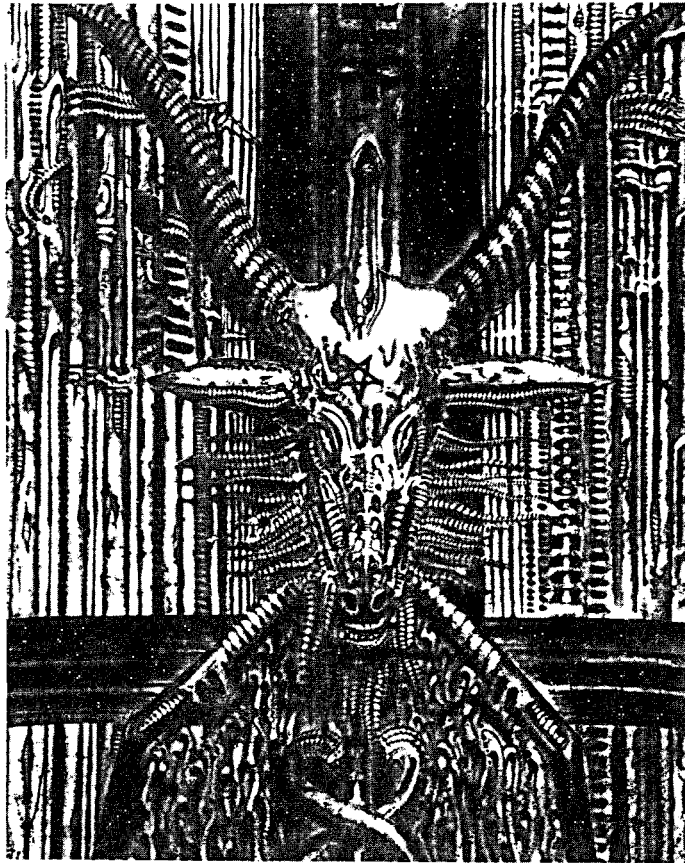
The more archetypically aligned you are, the more powerful your influence. More than that, if it is possible for us to survive the limits of physical existence, it would be in direct proportion to an ability to create an indelible echo or ghost impression, as if on a photographic plate. For untold eons, imaginative people have been insuring their immortality by

creating archetypes, through music, poems, movies, comic strips, novels, paintings... By channeling their procreative energies into a more universally appealing package than simply popping out children

(the most common bid for immortality), inspired writers and composers from the 18th century will through their works, still active and vital teachers of future generations. If myths have some factual basis, being summoned before "God" after death would be a dismal absorption back into the swirling, confused morass of pure energy, any individuation or distinction obliterated for eternity. That's why we, as Satanists, reject herdism in all its myriad expressions. We find disturbing similarities in all Satanists -- almost supernatural links of attitudes, interests and ideas -- perhaps because, in the most physical sense, we vibrate on the same frequency.

If each of us creates enough of an individual impression on the ethers of history or at least in our immediate sphere of

influence, maybe some part of our life force can and will survive on the wavelengths that comprise this "dimension of mind" as Rod Serling would call it. No doubt, that's what is alluded to in the third section of the Book of Satan: "Thus shall you make yourself respected in all the walks of life, and your spirit -- your **immortal** spirit -- shall live, not in an intangible paradise, but in the brains and sinews of those whose respect you have gained."



ODERATŪS BEASTŪALIS
BY DIABOLUS REX

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