

The CLOVEN hoof

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Rhythm, Cadence, and Meter: The Foundation of Invocation by Anton Szander LaVey

As Satanists, who presumably have dabbled in some manner of occult teachings before affiliating with the C/S, you've probably been exposed to the chants and litanies of whitelight groups and/or publications. You know-- the "drawing down the moon" variety. Well, it always beats me how anyone can get worked up enough over those things to cause much of anything to happen, least of all something resembling ceremonial magic. What I mean is, a litany from a modern "witches spell book" is pretty peurile stuff compared to available material from the *Satanic Bible*, *Satanic Rituals*, or any of the many gut-reaction verses from the likes of Robert E. Howard et al. And it's not really the words that make the

difference-- it's the meter. In other words, it's the beat that counts. Without a good steady rhythmic flow, better forget it! It's the basis of mantras, voodoo chants, and the most effective Latin Masses of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and like it or not, it achieves the desired results. How long do you think rock and roll could have lasted without the beat? All whitelight "chants" and "litanies" are wishy-washy, gutless drivel completely suited to the kind of creeps who join hands and recite them. Naturally, these are the good folk who make it clear that their "craft" has nothing to do with the Devil. They're right. The Devil has *always* had the best tunes. So whether your ritual is loud or soft, heavy metal or easy listening, make sure it's rhythmic, with a sense of dynamics. The late Jayne Mansfield once stated that Satanism was Kahlil Gibran with *balls*, and that pretty well sums it up. The proper words with effective rhythm and dynamics add up to success. Words can be beautiful, but if they're strung together wrong, they'll mean and accomplish nothing. Yet they can be seemingly meaningless, but have a great cadence, and move all manner of things to action ("If the words sound queer, and funny to your ear-- a little bit jumbled and jivey; sing... 'mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey'..."). The study of the power of certain words and their placement is of much benefit to a Satanic magician. One of the apocryphal books of the Nine Unknown Men is on the mastery of General Semantics and no, Virginia, that is not the name of a submissive army officer. I suspect the reason my detractors never quite make it beyond the wannabee stage is because they ain't got no natural rhythm. Magically speaking, just when they think they have it all together, they trip on their own feet. Perhaps that's the secret of why some people are just naturally what are termed fuck ups.

There are several reasons why the C/S does not, nor never has, divulged its membership figures. If an inordinately large membership figure is published, it constitutes a threat to rabid evangelicals and gives them a greater platform from which to collect moneys at our expense. We are not that charitable. On the other hand, if we provide a miniscule membership figure, our detractors will consider us no threat whatsoever and subsequently create needless minor problems, which nevertheless require remedial action. In keeping with the Satanic adage, "Let no standard of measurement be deified", we deny the sort of convenient comparison game which provides predictability. Lack of predictability is certainly one of our (or anyone's) greatest weapons. The divulging of membership figures is but a major contribution to predictability and convenient comparisons. It's nobody's business how many members of the C/S are out there. In fact, the isolated, but dedicated Satanist is the unbreakable link, the eternal Underground Man. Divided we stand, united we fall. Statistics precede categorization and prove nothing. It's been eloquently said that there are three kinds of lies: Lies, Damned Lies, and Statistics. One thing is evident concerning our scope: we have been around two decades and no member is dropped from our roster unless he or she specifically requests so, or we terminate a membership for obvious reasons. It may be added that during our existence very few have either left the organization voluntarily, or been excommunicated.

Notes From a Dumb Blonde... by Miss Jeanette Kohler

I am not a liberated female. I don't scream or make obscene gestures if a man whistles at me from a passing car. I don't become irate if a waiter calls me a "girl." I am not offended if a man opens a door for me, picks up a package I've dropped, or offers to carry a heavy bag of groceries for me. He doesn't think I'm a weak invalid when I accept his gallantry--it isn't necessary for me to spend 10 minutes explaining to him that I have a gorgeous mind too. To confess, I have grown to believe that "Women's Lib" is one more sanctified cause which had created too much pain for both sexes over the past 20 years to be worth all the marches and fanfare.

I admit, it isn't easy being anti-liberated while most women are still battling for their rights. All around me, hardened warriors are indoctrinating their daughters to the fight. The same dismal songs continue: women are sexual slaves, women are kept down, men are immature, selfish, insensitive warmongers who would like to keep us barefoot and pregnant. To combat male-dominated religion, various Wiccan groups have been established to worship "the Goddess," that most pristine image of womanhood who is (as we have all been told and told again) antithetical to the "Christian devil." These are the myths the Women's Movement established as bedrock truths so that now years later, these opinions stand as unchallenged facts.

Frankly, I'm tired of mulling over the relative inadequacies of men, and the unquestionable virtues of the female species. There are only so many times you can sigh the acceptable cliches of commiseration before your own moaning grows tedious. I don't want to "share my feelings" anymore.

It shows how insidious the poison has become when the phrase "Women's Movement" isn't even used anymore, yet both men and women are made slaves to the implanted expectations. What clothes we wear, how we address one another, how we interact emotionally, sexually, are all strictly dictated by an all-encompassing ether of "liberation." Men must watch their step, women must be bold and demanding whether they feel it or not. If we were living in a fascist regime, the rules could not be more effectively enforced. There are no more questions to be asked or placards to paint. We have proven how equal we are; we have our rights. Now all we can do is stand back and respect each other immensely for our fortitude and individuality.

Women who look like women (complete with painted face and luscious curves), who enjoy being objects of lust, who want to use their powers of attraction to pull instead of push, aren't considered harlots or vamps in this liberated age. Much worse, they are judged to be misguided and pitifully unaware. In short, stupid. Now what was that dumb blonde stereotype that men are believed to foist on us?

Homewreckers used to be buxom wenches next door luring husbands from their happy homes with a blush, a whisper, and a well-turned ankle. Now women who hold that title dress in blue jeans or sensible business suits. They sit behind desks or, better yet, on the floor in a big circle. They form Women's Support Groups, Health Centers, and advise women to up-root their children, tear apart their families, and move to Minnesota to prove themselves independent. Now homewreckers are Family Counselors or well-meaning, concerned friends--but they still cause the same kind of pain and disruption to healthy relationships.

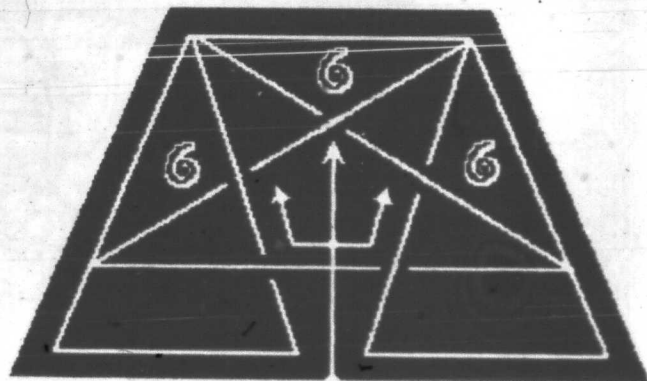
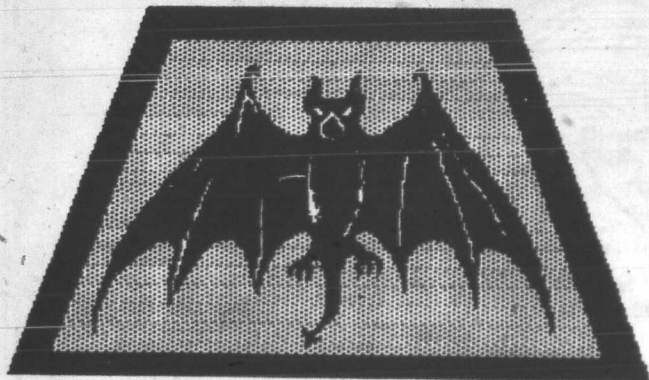
Now women are separate from men--we have our own voice in politics, business, and the networks that make the world go round. Now we feel fulfilled and satisfied. Do we? Still there is the frustration and anger, not induced by men but by our "sisters." The Great Liberation has only encouraged the very kind of exploitation it claimed to battle. Fed by insecurities, we are still induced to look, dress, speak, think in ways that measure up to the standards--but they are women's standards instead of men's. All women are appraised by the sanctimonious few, demanding we all adhere to and defend their tenets, no matter our shape or predispositions, or we are traitors, outcasts, thrown to confusion and doubt. As Satanists, our natural role is the Accuser and Other. We are singularly qualified to expose "the lie that even intelligent persons accept as fact..." We are confronted with yet another sacred delusion. Women have been betrayed. I will continue my struggle to free myself from the bonds of "liberation." Tonight's meeting of The Women's Tribunal for the Study of Economic and Political Repression will have to start without me--I have to do my nails.

The Order of the Trapezoid

What is the "Order of the Trapezoid?" This is a question frequently asked. Outside of a passing reference on page 189 of *The Satanic Bible*, nothing more is mentioned by way of explanation. Quite simply, the Order of the Trapezoid was the name of the founding body -- the original Magic Circle-- of the Church of Satan. Loosely formed in 1957 as an eclectic group of savants who met in a strange black house, it soon gained cohesion and by the mid-1960's achieved a reputation as the only thing of it's kind extant. It's name was taken from the geometric configuration of the most formidable shape in nature; the epitome of Mortensen's "dominant mass." Its insignia consisted of a perfect trapezoid enclosing the inverted pentagram of the Costa Rican diabolist sect, *Los Hermanos Diablo*; two points thrust upwards in defiance of heaven, with the lower point broken open and split outwards, allowing the "evil" to enter freely. The Order of the Trapezoid augmented this opening by placing an upwards thrust pitchfork inside, its tines corresponding to the configuration of the pentagon formed inside the entire symbol. The triple six occupied the spaces between the upper points of the pentagram. The whole symbol, when displayed for any other than secret ritual purposes, was covered by a identically sized trapezoid bearing the likeness of a bat-winged demon, designed to perfectly fill the area. These are the amulets being worn in photographs prior to the formal inauguration of the Church of Satan.

When the Church of Satan was declared on 30 April, 1966 (the Year One), it was only natural that those already established members would constitute its governing body. Hence, The Order of the Trapezoid became the official guiding force behind the organization. With the publication of *The Satanic Bible*, intrigue ensued concerning the "Order of the Trapezoid" and speculation arose as to its exact origins and functions. As was to be expected, all manner of things surfaced bearing a new buzzword: "trapezoid". Despite copyright restrictions and first usage, no less than a half-dozen parasitic occult-oriented groups have attempted to appropriate the name, much in the manner of the various "Churches" of Satan. Musical groups using the name abound, and ad agencies have had a field day promoting "trapezoidal" wares. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the Order of the Trapezoid has certainly arrived.

What are the current purposes and directions of the Order of the Trapezoid? Primarily, as an acceptable-sounding "cover" for the Church of Satan, in non-secular situations where the Dreaded Name might be counterproductive. For all practical purposes, the Order of the Trapezoid *IS* the Church of Satan. Those members of its original group have the unique distinction of comprising our earliest and most influential supporters.



Those contemplating the purchase of merchandise from the Church of Satan should heed the current price listings prior to submitting orders. Price increases went into effect as of 1 January XX A.S. While there has been an increase across the board, we feel that the costs are quite in line with other such merchandise of similar quality, and quite reasonable as these items are unavailable elsewhere. Please update your merchandise description listing to reflect the following:

The Cloven Hoof (Subscription)	\$20.00 per year
2" Diameter Baphomet Medallion - Available in Jet Black and Spectral White	\$50.00
1-1/2" Diameter Baphomet Medallion - chrome alloy, etched in black	\$25.00
<u>The Satanic Bible</u> <u>The Satanic Rituals</u>	\$ 6.00 each
<u>The Compleat Witch: Or What To Do When Virtue Fails</u> NOW SIGNED BY THE AUTHOR	\$50.00
The Satanic Mass (Stereo LP)	\$15.00
Alter Plaque (Baphomet)	\$50.00

ALL ITEMS INCLUDE POSTAGE AND HANDLING. WHEN MAILED TO AN ADDRESS OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES, ADD \$2.00 FOR EACH ITEM ORDERED: US CURRENCY OR EQUIVALENT MONEY ORDER ONLY.

Our best wishes for a Happy Waspurgis (April 30th). And, since this is the first opportunity we've had to say it, we wish you all a prosperous and healthy year XX. Two decades have come and gone, yet we remain strong, forceful and inviolate, despite the ramblings of our detractors. As we said ten years ago, and it still holds true, "the first ninety-nine years are the toughest!"

¿ NOV SHMOZ KAPOP?

