

# The CLOVEN hoof

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Entire contents by Anton Szandor La Vey

So this is the "Year of the Bible," according to White House writ. If clutching religiosity continues at its present rate, what may we expect next? Perhaps a new coin will be minted to replace the Susan B. Anthony. Like a Jesus H. Christ worth 39¢, a convenient replacement for the quarter and perfect for vending machines, parking meters, and arcade games. Can you imagine His glowing mug in every pocket and purse, with "In God We Trust" stamped on the lapel of the shroud? That way, everyone will be forced to carry a religious medal or get a parking ticket. In fact, why not dispense altogether with portraits of presidents on currency and replace them with biblical figures. Mary could replace George Washington, and Joseph could easily fit into Lincoln's spot. God Almighty could nicely bump Ben Franklin's big C-note oval, complete with long white beard and sandals. The silly buildings on the green side of the bill might be replaced by charming scenes from the Bible, like the Garden, the Mount, etc. Those awful Satanic symbols on the back of the dollar bill

would be the first to go, replaced by some nice dead fishies. Come to think of it, prayer in the schools is much too tame. Enforced hymn-singing is more like it, with high grades going to the kid with the most strident voice. \*\*\* Always remember, there is nothing quite like nothing. Or, put another way, nothing succeeds like seed suckers. \*\*\* If you're wondering why you didn't get the Nov/Dec CH on time, it's because I was lazy, so I seized the opportunity to practice "avoidism" (see last year's July/Aug issue). I have been spending a lot of time teaching an owl and a parrot to sing a duet of that grand old song, "Who." When I finish training them, I figure on sending them out on the road and making lots of money. I accompany them on the synthesizer with helicopter noises. A lot of people wonder what I do all day long, when I'm not being High Priest of the Church of Satan. "Are you a computer programmer, well digger, mattress demonstrator, fry cook, fashion model, dental assistant, or what?" they ask. Mostly, I'm a sorcerer--have been longer than I can remember. I don't just stand around casting spells, though; but I make a lot of things happen. Yes, I employ ritual magic, but not much of your standard Gothic variety. More like activities which wouldn't be recognized as such. I'll give you an example. You know how the Indians used to dance to make things happen? They had a dance for every important thing--a rain dance, sun dance, war dance, fertility dance, etc. You could say that their dances were their magical weapon, just as some film makers use their cameras, or writers, their typewriters. It's not just using those tools, though--it's *how* they are used. So don't get the idea that everybody who employs a device, does so as a magical implement. Most *don't*. I use music a lot, as many know. Sort of like "a tune for every occasion." I also utilize stagecrafting or create total environments. That way, the mountain can come to Mohammed, or in this case yours truly. If you think I'm full of horseshit, think about how emotionally and intellectually convincing a movie set, wax museum or theme park can be. Magical tools are very much like sex and the weather--always in abundance, but not necessarily utilized. \*\*\* Digital watches have been around for some time. I own a couple, as everyone else, but have an inability to tolerate them for longer than a few days at a time. It seems digital watches throw me off my scheduled activities, so I only wear them when I wish to allow my biological time clock to take over, this being indigenous to the existential mode of the time readout. In short, if you only want to know where you *are*, digital timepieces are wonderful. If you want to know at a glance where you have *been* and where you're *going*, as well, a watch with a face and hands is best, alarms notwithstanding. A magical consideration is the more personal connotation of a watch with a "face" which "tells" by its appearance (expression) what you wish to know--and relative to past experience. But now we're getting into one of my pet topics, the living aspects of supposedly non-living or inanimate objects. \*\*\* It's interesting how many applications we receive from people who are heavily involved in "marital arts" and claim expertise in same. One can't help but wonder if their prowess at karate is only exceeded by their ability to spell. Also, those self-proclaimed high priests and priestesses who have been practicing the "Santanic" or Satonic" religion all of their lives. We even had one correspondent who wanted to enlist our aid, so he might re-establish a new Third Reich, invoking his previous incarnation and lifelong subject of intense study, "Adolph Hitler." Wasn't that the guy who started the big hotel chain? You'd be surprised how many "Satin" worshippers there are out there. My advice to all these types who wish to be super people is to at least learn to spell your "thing" properly first. Otherwise you are no more highly evolved than the sender of this message of holiday cheer: "Let us rejoice that this One born in the manger now sits at the right hand of God. If you'll only give Him a chance. He has a better life to offer you than a fallin' Angel." Amen.

RENEWALS: If address label reads 1/XVIII or 2/XVIII, send \$10 (\$15 couples). ¿NOV SHMOZ KAPO?