

The "CLOVEN" "HOOF"



XXIII Anno Satanas Copyright © 1988 C.E. by the Church of
Satan, P.O. Box 210082 San Francisco, Ca 94121 U.S.A.

Vol. XXI, #3
125th Issue

THE HORNS OF DILEMMA Anton Szandor LaVey

"Confound and confuse 'til the stars be numbered." Perhaps this simple picture can be used as an example: a young boy coming home from school clutching a copy of The Satanic Bible in one hand and an LP of Al Jolson numbers in the other. How can a parent appropriately react to such a situation? An insurmountable problem becomes uncomfortably clear. The parent can't condemn the child for enthusiasm for Jolson's songs but can condemn him for his interest in The Satanic Bible. Yet, what if the child sees the two as inseparably linked? To the media-saturated public they're irresolvable. But how does a parent calmly explain that to a militantly-Satanic 13-year-old?

We are living in a new land of opportunity. As Satanists, we know one of the keys to success is an unflinching belief that there are no rules. Anyone who's ever succeeded has gone on that premise, not buying established procedures, business or otherwise. The nay-sayers are inevitably left behind amid shouts of "it cannot be done", "should not be done", claims that something won't received distribution, won't receive acclaim, will never be accepted by the public.... There are so many books to be written with Satanic themes, so many movies to be made--in the motion picture industry alone, the streets are again paved with gold. Experts will tell you, you can't have the Satanists win, they can't be the good guys. Why not? What rules are there that say that you can't? It's simply a given that it can't be done--it's one of those unwritten laws that says that all Satanists must advocate evil and must perform evil acts. Of course, that's what the new cottage industry, to bolster the multi-billion dollar support system for Christianity, has been provided with--the presumption that Satanists are evil for evil's sake and that through unmitigated evil acts the Devil's favorites receive all kinds of benefits. It ain't necessarily so. And because it ain't necessarily so, the dilemma should be exploited. It's a disservice not only to commerce, to the economy, but to individual initiative not to exploit these cracks in the established belief system.

If a person writes a screenplay wherein the protagonist, who happens to be a Satanist, has admirable and heroic qualities, and all of the most vile, slimy, malicious, insensitively stupid traits are possessed by the so-called "good" people, there's no rule against that. Yet anyone will say "You could never get such a film distributed." Possibly not. But I believe so. I believe that if it's different, if it's packaged and if it's there, someone will grab it and exploit it simply on the strength that it is untoward, that it hasn't been done before. It's just desperation on the part of those whose vested interests depend upon established standards that someone might take the ball and run with it--to a new playing field--that keeps such movies off the screens. We must realize that these prevailing dilemmas, these terrors that exist in the minds of the

status quo are the only obstacles that keep new avenues from emerging on the scene.

The same elements of dilemma are presented and maintained in the musical world. It's assumed that generic popular music is rock--classic rock, quality rock, old-time rock, punk rock, acid rock, Rock of Ages rock--anything as long as it's "rock" to the point where it's become the generic. The only alternative to "Satanic rock" are outfits like "Stryper" who obviously are making no headway whatsoever. They're just different sizes of the same style shoe. Our Satanic objective is to confound, confuse, to create dilemma--to set up a revisionist type of music that is basically a return to the old classical format, the disciplined, the romantic era of music, in which music has form, it has melody, it has harmony, it has rhythmic structure that can be grasped, that can indelibly impress itself upon the mind through the ears of the listener. If this kind of music is brought back under the banner of Satanism, and it's suitably packaged, no matter how outrageously, someone, somewhere is going to exploit it, on the merits of its strengths, of its very form, of its cohesiveness, of its discipline, of its emotional impact and effect upon the listener. It cannot help but avalanche, overwhelming whatever form the generic called "rock" has presented so far. Rock has had its day. There's very little variation one way or the other. The only way music can change is in a 180° direction to discipline, form, melody, harmony, lyricism, romanticism..."Bombastic".

That's why bombastic music, which has dynamics and produces a gut reaction, is bound to overwhelm the current generic rock scene. Of course we're talking about billions of dollars in vested interests. There's going to be extreme pressure to curtail the new generic--"bombastic music"--as there has been in the recent past. A December 1st Rolling Stone article titled "Skinhead Nation" provides thinly disguised, fear-filled wailing in its dire warning. Along with reprehensible misquotes and misrepresentations, the writer makes snide references to the new Skinhead music being "reductive, bombastic and self-conscious" with "slower tempos and more conventional melody," "simple put-it-together-along, catchy and monotonous" (?? What could be more monotonous than the linear cruise control of rock?). Bombastic is not going to be made easily available through the "experts" in musical retailing, merchandising, wholesaling. Obviously there's too much money being made already on the established formula. The new form of music is going to have to be produced as a labor of love, a packaging enterprise, irrespective of the money that can be made off of it. Once the engramatic idea, the emotional impact of this kind of music has been indelibly etched in the mind of the listeners, it cannot help but be exploited. Those who support generic rock will drop it like a hot potato and scurry to this new musical form as soon as it's made acceptable.

Again, we will have presented the establishment with a dilemma. Of course we have to force the card--to back them against the wall and make damn sure in a filibustering sense that they know this is Satanic music. One way we can filibuster is by entering the established arena with something else that's outrageous enough or different enough to create a time slot, and then halfway through an interview or talk show, present this horrible additive of Satanism. A person going on a television show to plug a book on gaining weight for health might inject a few leading comments or be wearing a lapel pin with a Satanic symbol the meaning of which might be questioned by the interviewer. Upon the revelation that the writer is also a Satanist of course the remainder of the interview would be compulsively directed towards Satanism. They could no longer ignore the issue. The show would be sharply divided into two distinct subjects. That's how we can create dilemma.

The rest is easy. On one hand hysterics and experts will be screeching, "How can I protect my children from Satanism?" while, on another channel, the audience has already heard from Satanists that Satanism advocates listening to Rudy Vallee and Russ Columbo, Bizet, Rimsky-Korsakov, Sousa, Liszt, reading James Fenimore Cooper, Jack London, Mark Twain, Horatio Alger, and supporting Walt Disney.

Browning, Kipling, Romantic poets and writers of the heroic school, and certain contemporary writers like W. Somerset Maugham and Ben Hecht may not be considered Satanic until it is forced upon the listener or viewer that they are Satanic. Then when there's the inevitable challenge, "Well these writers aren't Satanic," it's our turn to take umbrage--we can be the offended party. We can be the ones to start bashing (symbolically, of course). If enough public Satanists are tough, vocal and potentially dangerous--not mealy-mouthed, ivory-tower scholars--then it becomes a case of the 250-pound canary--when it sings, you listen.

That's where force and clout have to be waiting in the wings. As a reactionary or revisionist movement, when our long fuse burns out, that's the time to swing into action. Dilemmas reach an impasse only when your detractor is forced up against the wall and can't squirm away. As a result, once others say, "Well, that's not real Satanism, you're not real Satanists--you're just religious Satanists. The real Satanists are out killing babies and sacrificing cats,"--that's our cue to start knocking heads. We have to be prepared to say "God damn it, you rotten sons of bitches! Don't tell me what Satanism is. I'm a 'real' Satanist and I'm proud of it. You're trying to tell me Rudy Vallee isn't Satanic music when I like Rudy Vallee!" and then proceed to smash a chair over their head (or nose). Then they'll listen. That's the only way they'll listen, anyone who is still trying to make money off anti-Satanic swill--when we stop defending ourselves and start being offensive.

That's why the ideal type of front-line warrior for our present cabal, for our new world view must be that strange combination of berserker and poet. He must have the ultimate sense of justice, Lex Talionis indelibly bred into him, while also possessing the articulation, the convictions, the ideals and the awareness of what must be done. These two elements of force and direction must be inseparable. Of warfare and intellect. One without the other is only productive on either a directionless or paper level. We've seen enough of what paper-pushers can do and the effects they have by way of dialogue in written communication. The pen may still be mightier than the sword, but a broadsword can do much damage to a computer keyboard. What we have are people that can get out there and, to use the cliché, charismatically effect people in direct confrontations, in personal interchange, in public arenas. It's also why the new type of superwoman as well as the superman must be one of Charlie's girls raised to the ninth power, not just simply some strung-out, latter-day hippie or a dingaling that may have come from a promising background but got lost somewhere along the way on Haight Street. They have to be women that can out-woman the polyester droolers in studio audiences, out-woman the kind of women who would shrink and cringe at what they have to say, out-woman the non-women, or half women or partial women, that can't quite make up their minds whether they're women or some kind of injection-molded plastic creations of a consumer society. In this way, the Satanists themselves become dilemmas, integrating factors that are supposed to be irreconcilable, and presenting alternatives that are supposed to be irresolvable. That's the strongest, and most dangerous power the Devil has. Now's the time to use that Satanic power to blast the last bastions of the weak-minded and soulless hordes.

Confessions of a Diabolic Fortune Teller, or How to Be a Legitimate Phony
Lawrence of New Orleans, III

I practice prophecy for profit in an unpretentious little shop in the French Quarter for both tourists and locals. They all go away satisfied. Even it it means, like the Dime-a-Dance racket, they are left wanting more, so have to buy another ticket. It's amazing how the crystal ball turns cloudy just when it gets interesting.

Although my nickname (Larry) means "a fake" in carny lingo, my act is on the level. I am, after all, helping others. If they knew how to think for themselves, they wouldn't be coming to me in the first place. "Heaven forbid" that they should be responsible for their own actions. And since it's my opinion they pay for, I don't always sugar-coat the advice, or tell them only what they want to hear. Most of them come back.

I don't wear a turban or a gold earring (often to their disappointment), but I let them know my mother was a Hungarian gypsy. This is only a half-truth. She was an aristocrat. She did, however, read the cards, which got me interested as a child. I imply it was hereditary.

To begin, I pick up the Tarot deck and, borrowing Joan Blondell's line from the movie, Nightmare Alley, I say, "These are the o-oldest cards in the world." Usually, this gets them hooked. Sometimes a wiseass skeptic will ask, "Is this shit for real?" I then smile knowingly and whisper as if taking him into my confidence, "If it weren't, do you really suppose I would tell you so?" While he is still figuring this out, I hasten to assure him that I am using the powers of my mind, along with the cards, at all times. Which indeed I do! It is an exciting mental challenge to face a total stranger every ten minutes, and tell him all about himself. What is more, to be right!

What kind of people come to me? A bored housewife wants someone to tell her it's okay to cheat on her husband (she's already doing it). Sometimes I think they are just bragging about their exploits!...A guilt-ridden homosexual in the closet needs a sympathetic ear (a priest would disapprove)...A businessman may want to know if he should invest, or a gambler if he will win the lottery. I give them "odds". The weatherman tells you there's a ten percent chance of rain. I predict a ninety percent chance of hitting the jackpot. If they lose, I merely claim that was the small risk I was referring to. My system never fails.

How do I do it? The secret is simple. What my customers want is magic and mystery. What they get is common horse-sense in occult trappings, logic, couched in esoteric terms. My "gift" of intuition is a combination of gut-level feelings and playing a good hunch. The more educated the guess, the more accurate the prediction.

Of course there is always good old-fashioned serendipity. Lucky co-incidence, if you will. I once told a woman, "You must have Scorpio rising because you have such deep, sexy eyes." She couldn't dream I was flattering her. "Tell me, were you born near sunset?"

"You're marvelous!" she gasped. "Why, yes, that's absolutely right. I was born just a few miles from there!" (A small Louisiana town.)

I nodded sagely.

Common Enemies Blanche Barton

"Not in celebration of Halloween", Geraldo Rivera aired his much-publicized two-hour special on Satanism. The caustic reviews (and subsequent broken nose which was, of course, completely unrelated) might keep another man down, but it seems to have had little effect on Rivera. The show, widely criticized for being ridiculously biased, purposely inflammatory, uninformative, and abysmally boring was also the highest-rated two hour documentary in the history of television.

True to form, Rivera was all promo and no substance. He trotted out bloody pictures (far less grisly than he originally intended) of supposed Satanic killings, clucked over the "breeders" (women no one would want to have sex with in the first place), appealed to the audience's instinctive protectiveness with pictures of innocent children who have "disclosed" molestations (presumably by Satanists), and even went to the bottom of the barrel, dredging up the accusations of cattle mutilations (!) which were put to rest by Burton Wolfe, and the subsequent Rommel report in the late 1970's. All the "experts" were present and accounted for: Ted Gunderson, Maury Terry, Father James LeBar, Big Tom Wedge.... All of them were apparently judged by the Geraldo people to be more qualified to speak on Satanism than Zeena LaVey, since they kept turning her mike down whenever she tried to break in to say anything. Obviously her comments didn't fit into the scheduled program. Certain people, Arthur Lyons or Dr. Lee Coleman being prime examples, were conspicuous for their absence. But with all those other Satanic experts front and center (many of them included and discredited in Lyons' book), we wouldn't want to confuse the audience with the truth.

I ~~failed~~, as did we all, at the one-sided reporting and general shoddiness of the whole proceedings. But we've seen it all before. And we know the effects, despite the intentions of the righteous host, are largely positive. A wave of membership inquiries follows every show, no matter how absurd the accusations are. The Satanic Bible sales continue to increase as those few among the millions of viewers who might have something above a moron-level intelligence get the idea we're getting a bum rap and visit their bookstores to look for something a bit more authentic. As evangelists on Christian network radio and cable shows across the nation speak out against the horrible Black Pope, we know it only piques prurient interest in Satanism, and genuine alignment, to a fever pitch. I guess it's an example of the adage, "It doesn't matter what you print as long as you spell the name right."

Zeena LaVey was seated next to the charismatic leader of the "Temple of Set," which has been described as New Age or Christian Satanism. Since its formation in the mid-70's, we have periodically received inquiries asking about any affiliation the Temple of Set has with the Church of Satan. There is none. It is simply a rip-off group that has been riding on our coat-tails for years. Such is the price of success.

The millennium fast approaches. The pace quickens. While the Christians sense their true apocalypse overwhelming them, the end of their era, 1989 promises to be a year of fruition and intensity for Satanists. The work of Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan gains wider and more recognized influence as we usher in the year 2000. We trust you'll have a salacious Solstice season and a productive, indulgent New Year.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The phenomenal expansion of the Church of Satan in the past year, though predictable, has necessitated suspension of the Cloven Hoof as an across-the-board, regularly-scheduled, "house organ." The accompanying issue is the last of a format which has, over many years, served many purposes. The Cloven Hoof has been a forum for Anton LaVey's brand of elucidation and/or vitriol when other media sources dared not utter such unadulterated stuff for fear for their very existence. It has provided a link with the fountainhead of contemporary Satanism for those who feel isolated from Satanic thought. It has served as a think tank, inspiration, progenitor. Regardless of its initial distribution, the Cloven Hoof has been duplicated and recycled in many forms by as many outlets. It has also been parasitically sucked dry by academicians hiding behind their accreditation--not to mention copycat "Satanic" outfits whose total survival depends upon being plugged into the Church of Satan.

Now, as the Book says, we've steadied our steps. We have increasingly effective avenues of influence. Dissemination of information can be placed, by overt or covert means, in a secular society by controlled mainstream methods. We've simply reached a point where the Cloven Hoof in its past format is limiting to our development. It's time to move on. An increase in Satanic books and periodicals will produce a steady flow of material from Anton LaVey and others, which formerly could only be aired in the Cloven Hoof newsletter. Surely, an entire magazine is forthcoming.

"What of the membership?" it will be asked. Fear not; communiques will be sent, as deemed appropriate, to those within our Order. Information will be disbursed where, when, and to whom needed. The Church of Satan as an active cabal must maintain contact with its productive leadership and its supportive disciples. Send no more \$\$ for subscriptions. At the risk of being accused of being non-money-oriented, we will be sending further communications to appropriate people at no extra cost. The remainder of your subscription will be applied toward our new bulletin format. Donations are always welcome and appreciated more than ever, as there is more than ever to get done. Those aligned or affiliated groups and organizations should continue to forward their newsletters in order that they may receive pertinent communiques from us. We trust this will become a more efficient, personalized and satisfying method of communication for all concerned.

Upcoming Releases:

The Satanic Witch (formerly titled The Compleat Witch) by Anton Szandor LaVey, with an introduction by Zeena LaVey, will be available in Spring, 1989.

Anton LaVey: The Secret Life of a Satanist by Blanche Barton will be available in Fall, 1989.

Re/Search #13: Anton LaVey--a comprehensive book-length study of Anton LaVey's life and mind through extensive interviews, photographs, book lists, music lists, and hit lists. Scheduled for publication in Fall, 1989.

Rants and Other Incendiary Tracts--a grab bag of Satanic invocations, including "Misanthrophia" by Anton LaVey. Released December, 1988.

The Demonic Revolution by Nikolas Schreck, available Fall, 1989.

The In Sounds From Way Out by Boyd Rice

And, last but not least, The Satanic Papers by Anton LaVey--a compilation of the best of the Cloven Hoof.