

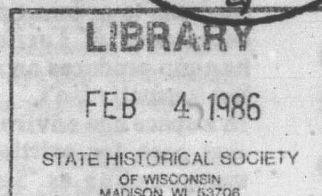
The "CLOVEN" "HOOF"

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DON'T RECYCLE YOUR BRAIN
ANTON SZANDOR LA VEY



All this bullshit about the "hidden potential of the human mind" which "only uses a fraction of its capability" does not appeal to my conceits. I know damned well that a mind can only retain so much data--no more or less than its quota of input. And what you see is what you get, insofar as another's obvious ability to retrieve data which has been learned or experienced. Some terrific test passers are mental pygmies with just enough room in their brains for whatever information is required to get a high score. A year later, they've forgotten whatever they learned to pass that test. But they can pass their new one just fine.

I am not so conceited as to think that whatever I experience or learn will be added to some vast storehouse of knowledge inside my head--an infinite memory bank. I know that whatever new stuff that goes in, must boot some old stuff out. That's why I'm very selfish and conservative about processing new data. I don't want my cherished trivia, much of it unique, to be displaced by thoughts which might be less gratifying or valuable.

It's hard to be selective concerning what is jettisoned from one's mind to make room for new thoughts. I know that my mental inventory is not as well catalogued as I'd like, though I have definite priorities as to what I'd most prefer to retain. The only trick or device I've found to regulate what stays and what's tossed out is by a principle I call "augmentive." Any new data I feel worthy of allowing entry, I try to directly relate to a favorite set of engrams--sort of like more of the same, only different. The closeness or sympathy of the new data to some cherished old data, will then "attach" itself to it. Then, whatever other old data which is erased will most likely be expendable anyway.

I refuse to partake of trendy or pop input. Not so much because it usually replaces valued old information, but because it will "mediocritize" me. It will dilute my special kind of knowledge bank (which has allowed me to remain unique) to a sort of common knowledge catchall. It will render me more adaptable to the common denominators of the herd, but much less adaptive as a role model to others. Rather than being possessed of data which gives me social distinction, I will be able to discuss the same movies, plays, singers, TV shows and stars, current events, sports, etc. as everyone else. Thus, I won't look like everyone else, but the moment I open my mouth, I'll sound like them. Then I would be a swell fellow, jes folks, and invited places as an ornament what talks. I would be a bald-headed, Mephistophelean-bearded dumb blonde. At least now I am not much like everyone else, and I know it's largely due to the principle I've just outlined. I may be accused of many things, but I have never been accused of being "average."

I want to keep certain data so firmly etched in my brain, that I have made a habit out of the self-discipline required to avoid almost all contemporary things which do not actually serve as either augmentive or labor-saving to old ones. So convinced am I of this principle that it borders on paranoia--probably the most militant discipline to which I adhere. It is not simply "anything to be different." It is, rather, a formula which retains what I already have, as few others do--what seems to be the most valuable commodity in the world today: a strong, unique, personal and lasting identity.

Many attempts have already been made to incorporate Satanism into Christianity. As predicted in The Satanic Bible, Christians have pragmatically embraced decidedly Satanic principles in order to keep their tired and lackluster old show on the road. But how many of you are able to spot the invisible reweaving job being attempted in the form of injecting corny Christianity into purportedly Satanic style? Every time you experience an example of the "conflict between the forces of good and evil", you're drawn into a not-so-subtle attempt to perpetuate the Christian notion of theologically absolute (and acceptable) "good" and "evil." However attractively the "forces of evil" are presented (Darth Vader, the intellectually redeemed Vulcans, etc.) they all must either succumb to or join hands with the Good Guys, i.e. the Christians. Another example is an acceptance of Lucifer, but a repugnance towards Satan. What strange theological hangup produces an acceptance of one and rejection of the other? It should be obvious. But it usually isn't.

In a space age environment, space age equivalents of existing things are necessary. And that goes for existing theology. So pay close attention to signs of Christian style masquerading as "Satanic". Joining forces in "brotherly unity" with real Satanists is exactly what the enemy wants. It keeps their rotten old scow afloat a while longer. Real Satanists want no part of any sagas regaling of "good" and "evil" in combat. We know that polarities must exist in everything, but we also know the motivation behind forcing the cards of pop culture during times of stressed vested interests. Like it or not, dungeons and dragons are NOT Satanic. The concept is Christian through and through, while capitalizing on Satanic trappings. How many other popular pursuits and trends can you think of, dear kiddies, that are really sneaky little feats of Christianity "passing" as "Satanic"? Think about it.

ASLV

Have You Checked the Children? The Myth of the Secret Satanist
Reverend Eugene Orlando, III*

As a Priest of the Church of Satan, I have always taken my responsibility to educate the public quite seriously. Misconceptions about Satanists abound and hardly a week goes by that I am not confronted by someone; wide-eyed and pensive, filled with questions, a news article dangling from their hand. I'm sure you know the story by now: a secret organization of Satanists exists. No one knows who they are, but they inhabit virtually every state in the U.S. Their rituals are not fully understood, however, one thing is for certain, they commit heinous crimes in the name of Satan. Evil for evil's sake. Orgies are commonplace and rituals always end with human sacrifice. Adults and children are sacrificed to Satan and some of the children are forced to plunge the knife into the helpless victim.

We are talking about "real" Satanists, now, not the ones from The Church of Satan. It's important to make the distinction because as anyone who can read knows, The Satanic Bible speaks out specifically against the taking of human life, except symbolically of course. Who are these "secret" Satanists, anyway, and how do they get away with it so cleanly? No bodies, in fact no evidence, whatsoever. Only the words of the surviving victims, all little children who have been carefully "coached" to remember what happened. Oh yes, there may be the hastily scrawled "666," "Satin Rules," or the inverted pentagram--the artist sometimes forgetting how to draw it correctly. But how can the police, forensic investigators, and other experts, with all their state of the art equipment, be so ineffectual and not be able to find anything?

The answer is simple enough. What we have here is an "urban legend." Urban legend is the name folkloreists use to describe a contemporary popular story. Usually orally transmitted, an urban legend may be picked up by the news media and further popularized. We all know the ones about the person who finds a mouse in his Coke bottle. These legends are always reported as real life experiences having happened in our town or one nearby. The "victim" may even be a friend of a friend. Urban legends reflect the fears and anxieties of our time.

In the last few years we have had several urban legends involving modern day Satanists: Satanic messages encoded backwards on popular rock recordings; and who can forget the cattle mutilations? Again the work of Satanic "cultists." Major conglomerates weren't immune from Satanic involvement either; McDonald's donating a sizable share of its earnings to The Church of Satan; the logo of Proctor and Gamble having been Satanically inspired; the ensuing nationwide boycotts by concerned Christians.

Other popular legends appeal to the same myth-needs that we see here. Not quite Satanic, but close, is the legend of the Halloween Poisoner. You know that story, too. Every year hundreds of children are poisoned by psychotic individuals who choose to "trick" rather than "treat." A recent article in Psychology Today provided a sharply contrasting story. A careful study of all the Halloween poisonings over the past 22 years revealed that not one death or serious injury was caused by a Halloween Poisoner. Further investigation showed that tampered treats were almost always the work of the victim himself. A child who "finds" a needle or razor blade in his apple stands to be rewarded with a great deal of attention from parents and peers.

With the popularization of modern causes, television evangelism, media attention focusing on child abuse, and missing children decorating every milk carton you see, it isn't difficult to figure out why Satanists have again been targeted for urban legend. (At various times it was believed that Gypsies all stole children and Jews drank the blood of unbaptized babies.) Sensational news articles describing the horrors some poor child has suffered at the hands of secret Satanists are seldom followed with the true story a few weeks later when the same child has completely lost credibility by including his social workers, attorneys, and trial judge as among the "Satanists" who tortured him. Retractions simply don't sell. Often it's the parents who describe in bloody detail how the child was forced to participate in Satanic ceremonies with the poor victim placidly nodding in agreement. Questioned alone, the same child may quickly lose his programming, while others, basking in their new-found attention, add such absurdities to their stories that they simply cannot be believed by any rationally-thinking person.

As more urban legends provide smoke screens for the real horrors of modern life, it becomes apparent that some of the victims must be children. The perpetrators are not Satanic, though, and never were. The accusing finger must point to the real child abusers: the parents and authorities; those people who because of weak egos, tunnel vision, and religious fanaticism allow these witch hunts to continue.

A Consideration of the Perfect Harmony of the Incomparable Baphomet Sigil

Reverend David Stein, III*

The rivetting compleatness of the emblem signifying Satan and his Church is unequalled in its effectiveness. Many have tried to improve or modify the Sigil over the years. Amusing, isn't it. When all they needed to do was look in the mirror for the object needing improvement or modification. Those who have tried to alter the Sigil always end up with inferior shields, which are perfect for the inferior "witches" or EX-Satanists, who certainly need to be shielded.

Everyone enjoys luster and gloss, whether it be object, eye, or amulet. My glamor-conscious mother used to shine all the chrome in the house whenever unexpected guests were about to stop by. Few fathom the depth of the power of a reflective surface. And we have the Sigil. Even when the Baphomet is reproduced in flat tones, its polish and shimmer is evident. One can smell the shine and taste the sound of the gong and drum. Satanists might know a little bit more about the facets and symbolism involved in the design, and yet it loses none of its generative abilities. You know what it will do to non-Satanists, whether they know what it represents or not. It is time for them to know.

Imagine the perfect tool. Perhaps that's why so many have attempted to steal the Sigil of Satan for their own uses. They have been reminded and will be taught that the Devil will have his due. Even the "white witches" want to get into the act. There is a store on the East Coast of the US, run by "wiccan," that is "just dying" to merchandise the Baphomet and other COS items. And if you see the zombies on Christian TV, you might notice that they consistently show something with the Sigil of Satan on it when

hysterically relating the dangerous power of "Satanism." (Sour grapes.) They know, and we know, that their screechings would get no results or money out of their zombie hordes were they to show the demeaning cross while discussing the Prince of Darkness.

I love the Sigil and the sound of clashing swords, beating hearts, or serene pan-flute music it can bring. I love its glossy glossing capabilities. I love the leap in time and space it can bring. The Sigil of Satan is the emblem of the stamping ground of Satan. It is the gem in the crown of The Church of Satan and its valiant individual members. It is a sacred symbol. No one else deserves to wear it or use it.

Maybe you can laugh like I do when I see some of the glassy pseudo-Baphomet sigils around these days. Everything from the "shields" of ludicrous "temples of Egyptron insults" to the reversed-star computer generated patterns on the boob tube. They all try like heaven, and like heaven end up with nothing. The only temple of Beelzebub, Mantus, Pluto, Set, Melek Taus, etc. is The Church of Satan. The only reliable, genuine and honest network is the web of the membership of The Church of Satan, whose sign is the Sigil of The Goat of a Thousand Young.

"All Satanists Look Alike To Me..."

Blanche Barton

There will come a time, I imagine, when the term "Satanist" is regarded not only as an ideological apposition but almost an ethnic label, as "Jewish" is now. As has been said, "Satanists are born, not made." (If you doubt, how many times have you heard from people after their first reading of The Satanic Bible: "I've felt that way all my life but never knew anyone else felt the same!") The likes, dislikes, and attitudes which are common to almost all Satanists are so universal among us that it seems perhaps a genetic predisposition leads us down the same Left-Hand Path. No matter what ethnic or economic situation we might have been born into, our true nature comes out sooner or later. We gather somehow with strikingly similar ideals and goals, under the outstretched wings of The Church of Satan.

A fellow Satanist recently related an example illustrating this unusual genetic tendency. On the branch of an olive tree he saw dozens of flies clustered, following whatever engrams they were destined to follow as flies. All of them were flying up and down, taking off vertically, landing again, repeating the process innumerable times. All of them, that is, save one inspired soul who was suddenly possessed to take flight in a wide arc, flying quite freely for a few treasured moments before returning to his branch. There were one or two others who ventured off the prescribed flight pattern, while the vast majority continued up and down, up and down.

What could have possessed this outstanding fly? What was in his tightly-organized genetic code which allowed him this freedom the others obviously had no inkling of? And what of your own deviant programming? Why is it that conforming literally becomes a poison in your system, as if your biochemical makeup is different from the norm? Are we carriers of an aberrant gene which can communicate a certain incessantly questioning mind and an indomitable spirit to our children? So it seems, considering the many children of Satanists who are now coming forth as Satanists in their own right—not because it has been shoved down their throats but because they choose to be Satanists.

Nature provides variations in genetic encoding in hopes of developing a better strain. Some changes weaken, others strengthen. When natural processes hit upon something that will strengthen the breed, natural selection guarantees this aberration will survive. If we are indeed the next evolution of the human race, possessors of that rare genetic information which will create a stronger, more resilient creature for all our tomorrows, it emboldens us to protect that which sets us apart. For the ideals and attitudes we have cannot be dissipated in deference to the majority. We are the survivors.

Due to dwindling supply of The Compleat Witch, price must now be increased to \$100. If you want a copy of this most blasphemous book, advocating true women's liberation in this age, order one now. When these are gone...