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Due to circumstances within our control, the March/April issue was delayed. Hence this double issue for May/June. In compliance with requests received over the last several years, we are taking the occasion of our fifteenth anniversary to reprint several past Hoof articles. Some, we feel, are even more timely now. Entire contents authored by Anton Szandor La Vey.

Special Note for Loners...

A pickup truck was stopped at a traffic signal in front of the grounds of a mental hospital. A patient, peering through the high fence, called out to the driver, "Hey, what's that stuff you're carrying in the back of your truck?" The driver yelled back, "Manure--to put on my strawberries." The patient's reply was, "I put sugar and cream on mine and they call me crazy!"

Just as surely as magic becomes science, so does madness often become normalcy. Until it does, however, the harmlessly eccentric or daringly different will remain outcasts. Now, many erstwhile bizarre life-styles have come out of the closet, but only because their proponents have banded together in formidable identity groups. The traditional "rugged individualist" has it no better than before, and in some ways, worse. The "Me" era is a misnomer; "We" would be more descriptive. It seems that individuality and non-conformity is fine, so long as one belongs to a group. A contradiction in terms? Of course. The reason I have kept the Church of Satan fragmented, is to allow full flower to the real individuals within it, while they enjoy the most enigmatic and awesome group identity possible. It takes more than just guts to be a genuine non-conformist: it takes imagination.

Today's Madness is Tomorrow's Norm (Hoof, September/October X)

I am always a little bit sad when something I like, in an exclusive way, becomes popular. Invariably, I begin my enthusiasm for whatever it is with the feeling that it would be nice if others could share my discovery. I, in fact, spend some effort espousing it, thinking that if enough people become as enthused as I, greater opportunity to partake of it will ensue. Popularity brings increased availability. This is especially desirable if one's new toy is considered taboo or relatively inaccessible.

The reason why an archetypical Satanist will eschew whatever is popular lies in his disdain for and avoidance of whatever has been programmed for others. That which has been programmed for others becomes a collective consciousness of a frequency level below that which lends itself to ready perception or projection of the will. This accounts for the thrill experienced when I see or hear something that is lost or undiscovered by the masses, yet the letdown which follows when the same thing becomes popular. I can seldom be happy doing anything that I am supposed to enjoy simply because someone else has decided that I must enjoy it. I refuse to read a book, view a film, visit a place, or meet a person, because "everybody's doing it." If everyone is doing it, I want no part of it--at least not until mass hysteria has run its course. The combined energy grouping of multitudes, unless directed towards myself, drains me of power by its imbalance of polarity. Conversely, if I wish to become like "them," I immerse myself in as

total an environment of "their" type as possible. It is not done for enjoyment nor entertainment, as a rule, but for enlightenment and identification with a certain life-style. Usually a short visit to the marketplace serves that purpose adequately.

In Huxley's strictest sense, the closer one can come to total alienation, yet not be alone, the more invincible can one be to depleting ideas and impulses (brainwashing). Then, truly, one can choose the time and place for whatever masochistic or pragmatic pursuits are in order.

I don't find popular pursuits distasteful per se, only the hysteria which accompanies them. Yet I also realize that without that very popularity, less unification of the herd would transpire, leading to chaos and loss of control. That is why I recognize a need for popular pursuits and would do nothing to discourage them. Just count me out. Of course, what I advocate can be dangerous to an individual, for one is always suspect who refuses to get with it. Closely akin to "working to have fun" is "You'd better have *our* kind of fun, or else!" The supreme irony is that a misfit's pleasure is tomorrow's popular recreation.

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We're All Going Calling On the Kaiser...

I'd like to see the Kaiser with a lily in his hand. Kaiser Bill. The First World War, the Great War, the War to end all wars. Doughboys and Gobs and Gold Star Mothers. They threw rocks at dachshunds and renamed wienersnitzel "liberty sausage." I just ate a Kaiser roll, which would have made me a dirty hun in 1917 when there was more hate towards Germans than at any time in U.S. history. But now they sell Kaiser rolls and nobody thinks anything of it. Nobody hates the Kaiser anymore. Few even know who or what he was. Just like the dirty Japs, who stabbed us in the back at Pearl Harbor and the little squint-eyed bastards killed our boys on Okinawa, the dirty yellow bellies. The stereo set they made is playing now and it sounds fine, especially as I listen to Berlioz' *Funeral and Triumphant Symphony*. Nobody gives a shit about the Unknown Soldier, and J'Accuse even showed them all rising from their graves, so majestically with their flesh in tatters. Every day is Memorial Day and every night is New Years Eve if one loves and hates well.

The trouble is that few can do either honestly, so I'll tell 'em if I can and if I can't somebody else will. What the world needs is some good Universal Hate. Tasso knew that and so did Xerxes and Milton and Shaw and H.L. Mencken. War is Peace, alright. In a world where there is listening but no hearing, looking but no seeing, reacting but no thinking, except for the puppet masters--don't weep over the living carcasses.

I am glad that I am a Satanist. I can revel in the implied Evil of a world of fools. I can say with pride, "I hate everything that is not within me" and yet treat others kindly and with a genuine conscience. I know full well the brutality and cruelty of which I am capable, so I stay away from things which anger me. Not that I am doing society any favors. On the contrary; if I were to become the fiend or berserker of which I know--if I should perform some hideous tasks, thereby calling attention to myself--then I would give cheap entertainment to others who are probably far more intrinsically vicious than myself. And I would become their slave, their jester, their release from boredom. I am too selfish for that. I could easily exterminate them, but to provide free entertainment at my own expense is not my style. Therefore, I hate well and spare myself the anguish of command performances before lobotomized heads.

It will be said by many of me, "He was a very unhappy man." The truth is, that I am a very happy man in a compulsively unhappy world, a civilization cursed by the very Devils it has demanded. If Sartre's "Hell is other people," I know it well. I still prefer the Hell of Milton, though; the one which can be a Paradise. If there is a Hell, judging from masochistic "normal" human standards and wholesale human perversity, I could not imagine a more tranquil and enjoyable place to be. I love this world. I can even tolerate its inhabitants. Like Dosteyevsky's "Underground Man," I sometimes get a little bitter because, with all my cynicism and callousness, I lack the talent to properly exploit others. When I am accused of exploitation, I am not angered by the accusation on moral grounds. Only aggravated by the accuser's lack of perception, or as it is sometimes called, stupidity.

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Working at Having Fun (Hoof, May/June VII)

Indulgence, like *logic*, is a familiar word to Satanists, who are wont to employ the term when describing our philosophy. Contrived indulgence, however, can often prove to be infinitely more depressing than abstinence. Anyone who has been trapped in a sunny Sunday afternoon traf-

fic jam knows what I mean. Lest Satanists, in their doctrinal pursuits of pleasure, fall victim to the Judeo-Christian habit of working to have fun, some enlightenment is in order.

For centuries man's guilt-free opportunities to have fun have been stringently programmed--first by existing environmental restrictions and eventually by religiously reinforced guilt. The first humans who lived by an "Early to bed and early to rise..." dictum *had to*, because they could see what they were doing much easier in the daytime. A six-day workweek was necessary simply because there was much to be done that only humans could do. A regular period of relaxation had to be assigned to a certain day of the week because that way it was easier to keep track of everyone. Loafers could be spotted more readily on Tuesday if the only day one could legitimately loaf was Sunday. If legitimate Sunday sloth appeared too indulgent, the spontaneous relaxation from weekly chores which Saturday night bestowed was ideally utilized, guilt-wise, to herd people into church on Sunday morning. Occasionally, when grumblings manifested themselves, the priests of the tribe would provide an additional holiday as a special treat.

Of course holidays had to commemorate or honor something or someone analogous with the controlling culture's *modus operandi*. Naturally-induced festivals with seasonal or agricultural bases could not be credited to the benign sovereignty of the opinion-makers. Hence suitable heroes of the Cause, days of valor, and influential groups served as inspiration.

Having been thrown the crumb of indulgence known as the holiday, man soon developed a conditioned reflex--he indulged himself. Because leisure time had to be legitimized in order to be guiltlessly utilized, man availed himself of every opportunity for sin-free fun. It takes but a few generations of such Calvinist cheer to establish a predictable behavioral trait.

Despite charming ditties like "Whistle While You Work," those who outwardly enjoy their jobs are often resented by others, whose idea of an honest day's work is one devoid of scintillation.

Most persons cannot take up happiness when they feel its presence. They must be given license to be happy and, unfortunately, to mourn or be sad. Memorial days and periods of national mourning often become little more than anguish contests.

The usual rationale given to the niceties bestowed at Christmas is that it sets aside a period during which one might exercise generosity and appreciation that has been wanting the rest of the year. Though it is generally concurred by good Christians that such goodwill should in fact be exhibited all year 'round, the Christmas season is sure to bring out such sentiments. Paradoxically, those who purr loudest that the spirit of Christmas should be perennially invoked are usually those who would not yield at all, were it not for such holidays. We are not concerned here with the hackneyed "hypocrisy" and "commericalism" charges of armchair agnostics and crypto-Satanists. The lesson to be studied is one of behavior control, whereby emotions which should be entertained with spontaneity are encapsulated into prescribed time-slots.

The results of long-term conditioning of emotional response are most apparent in the phenomenon known as "working to have fun." Those whose lives are barren clutter places of amusement and byways of pleasure, because they have been allotted certain periods during which to enjoy themselves. But not because they really want to have fun. Not having any real desire to have fun, their forced attempts at pleasure make them all the more miserable.

Unfortunately, those who truly want to indulge themselves in popular entertainments must invariably contend with the aforementioned, because of standardized fun periods. Clearly, something's got to give. Either get rid of large segments of the population, or spread things out so that any time can be fun time. Obviously neither solution is very Christian. Consequently, nobody really has any fun unless his idea of fun consists of being around people who are fighting to have fun, a predilection shared by more than might be supposed.

What does all this have to do with Satanism? As we progress further into the Satanic Age, humans will cease performing many once-necessary tasks, thereby having more time for self-indulgence. Work schedules will vary so greatly that universally established days off will be nonexistent. Places of business and entertainment centers will be open on a twenty-four hour basis, eliminating traffic bottlenecks at certain hours. No one will be obligated to pursue pleasure at times when everyone else is doing likewise. As the philosophy of Satanism spreads, so will man's capacity for guiltless self-indulgence grow.

As greater opportunities for the acquisition of one-time luxury consumer goods present themselves, "commercial" holidays, long needed to help maintain the economy, will be discarded. No purpose is served by a commercially oriented holiday if every day is commercially profitable enough. The Judeo-Christian Sabbath will lose its *raison d'etre*. Saturday and Sunday will hold no greater meaning than any other days of the week.

Large-scale sporting events, which are dependent upon vast audiences gathered together at one time, will succumb to more personal forms of competition, where audience and participants

are one. Satanism will encourage the former spectator to get into the act, rather than to sit and watch--to be an actual part of the thrill rather than a vicarious observer. New forms of leisure will be developed and promoted which can be pursued on one's own time. As more opportunity for pleasure presents itself, people will work less at having fun.

Hypothetically, when everyone is getting paid full time for doing nothing, personal accomplishment will again become desirable. The next time around, however, pride in accomplishment will not come from a sense of duty to one's earthly responsibilities. Existing survival requirements will be well taken care of, so no mere mantle of self-righteousness will serve as an incentive. Good-guy badges will have become laughable. Nor will achievement be prompted by guilt brought about by doctrines which disparage frivolity and champion austerity.

In the future Age of Satan, pride in accomplishment will emerge out of wholesale indolence, because the doer--the creator--will be set apart from his drone-like fellows. Redundant as it appears, pride in accomplishment will itself be cause for pride. Thus the achiever need not work at having fun, but will have fun in working. Sound crazy? Just look around you. Those with the greatest opportunities for indulgence are invariably those who take up the most time-consuming and involved projects. The wealthy matron who spends long hours at volunteer work does it because (a) everyone will see how wonderful she is, (b) she won't feel guilty at being so rich, and (c) *she will justify her existence as a productive human being*. In a few years she, as well as her less pecuniary human brothers and sisters, will only consider the last reason.

Satanism advocates indulgence instead of abstinence. If you "indulge" yourself solely on the premise that it is the Satanic thing to do, you are playing the same game as the Christian who hangs one on every Saturday night or battles mosquitoes at a Sunday picnic. If Satanism provides a credo by which you can thoroughly enjoy sought-for pleasure, then revel in your senses.

If, however, you indulge yourself by Satanic prescription, waiting for positive results after each carefully-programmed joy ride, forget it. You are probably quite secure in your abstinence, and to realize *that* is infinitely more Satanic than the misgivings that ill-contrived self-indulgence will produce. The apprehension you could experience after an overdose of programmed joy might even land you back in the nearest church of the other side. I have seen it happen.

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Madalyn Murray O'Hair, the indomitable atheist who deserves praise as one of the bravest women in history, has recently been disavowed by her son, William, who has seen the light and found God. Madalyn's only comment is sardonically Satanic: She is pleased William "is going to retire early and live off religious money. We (she speaks also for her other son, Jon, and William's 14-year-old daughter Robin, who lives with her) are happy when any atheist gets some of that Christian scam money." In this era where defection can mean instant acclaim and big bucks, it's easy to understand. We suspect the real, between-the-lines reason for sonnyboy's split is because he tried to get his own slick, neatly-packaged atheist church off the ground in '78 and it fizzled. Now, true to sour grapes, he has found de lord. We have seen the phenomenon occur many times with the C/S as a springboard; the ground is littered with the husks of our imitators. It just seems that there isn't a place for a "Second Church of Satan" or "Temple of Beelzebub." Being that we're an organization of and for non-joiners, our very philosophy of individual expression dooms any attempt to turn Satanism into a secular, fan-club format. On an individual basis, however, the following might prove profitable:

How to Make a Bundle as a Reformed Satanist

I am told by my aides that I receive a great deal of mail from Good Christians who want me to know that they are praying for me. Bible tracts and letters attempting to convert me to the "true faith" are also sent. In all honesty, I must reveal that I see none of these. They are relegated to banana cartons, which upon being filled, are disposed of in a humane manner. It would be simple for me to practice the type of deceit so inherent in the ministries of other faiths, and have a form letter sent to those correspondents bold enough to include a return address. The letter could read something like this:

Dear _____:

Thank you for your enlightening and inspirational letter (tract). I am deeply touched by your prayers, and because of the dire warnings and accusations you have levelled upon

me, have chosen to see the Light. You are the one person for whom I have been waiting to lead me to Jesus, when all others have failed.

I now see the folly of my actions and can perceive how I was taken in by Satan and used as a tool to destroy innocent minds and bodies. You may rest assured that I will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ from this moment on, and try to undo the damage I have caused so many misguided persons, especially the young and innocent. I can never thank you enough for saving me. I never knew about the things your brilliant message told me, but now I *know*, and it has given me new hope for the future.

I have many lost souls who, as I, need to be led to safety. Surely, your wisdom must be matched by your kindness and generosity, so perhaps you would like to help me to bring others to Jesus who have been ensnared by the Devil's lies. Your contribution would, I'm sure exceed the selfish pittances offered by those whom the Devil's greed has consumed.

Enclosed is a return envelope in which you might place your offering. I would also like a prayer included, lest I falter in my new faith. Thanking you again, I am Saved,

(signed) ASLV

Now wouldn't that letter bring a smile of satisfaction to the mouth of its recipient, knowing that he or she had redeemed me--not knowing nor caring one hoot in Hell whether or not I had been (or was about to become) either a kind, upstanding, understanding gentleman, or a reprobate sonofabitch. All that ever counted was that I *was* a "devil worshipper" and therefore "evil." Now, thanks to the recipient, I would be "saved" and therefore "good."

And just imagine, those who had assumed me to be an avaricious charlatan would actually send me sheckels while absolving me of former accusations. I'd be right back in the carny, working what used to be called the "Jesus racket." It would be so very easy.

Save any prayers for others, though. I'd rather have a kind thought from one who approves of me for the *correct* reasons than all the prayers in the world from those who don't.

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Utopia, Unity and Other Pleasant Diversions (Hoof, May/June X)

*All is chaos, but man, needing more,
imposes upon chaos an order of his own choosing
and lives as if it were true.*

--James Branch Cabell

One of the earmarks of success in any organization is a deviation by certain factions into independent organizations. Most religions succumb to sectarianism or schism in varying degrees, for dissidence is a normal social phenomenon. I have done little to discourage factionalism, believing that water seeks its own level if allowed to do so. The sectarian stratification which often ensues exhibits a wide range of attitudes toward the Church of Satan.

When asked, "What do you think of (such and such) group who call themselves Satanists?" my reply is always the same: "First tell me what they think of us." Marginal Satanic groups can result from diverse causes and conditions. Wanting to be boss is one. Some require more institutionalized activity than is readily available. Others seeking titular variety find our degree system too constraining. Some are under the misapprehension that they are unable to join the C/S unless invited or sponsored. There are many others who just want to do their own thing, as suggested in our literature. When acknowledged as inspiration and guideline, we welcome with understanding and good wishes the existence of other Satanic groups. It would be out of character to condemn one for expressing his or her ego. Conversely, if any group is outspokenly hostile towards us, while aping our tenets in thin disguise, I cannot help but evaluate its origin as either resentment or disgruntlement.

Kenneth Anger, whose creative work has been "borrowed from" and stolen on a seemingly endless basis, summed it up to me once: "They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Bullshit! It's nothing but a rip-off." Proceeding on that premise, I know we have imitators; I am aware of various esoteric and arcane groups with credos and organizational structures patterned after ours, who say only derogatory things, if any, about us. I expect no other kind of behavior and am pleasantly surprised when it is otherwise. I find my books conspicuous for their absence in the bibliographies of many writers who have obviously drawn heavily from my output. Yet what logic would there be in expecting credit? Does a thief stand in front of the

house from whence he stole a TV set, informing passersby?

Amidst all kinds of factionalism, sectarianism, stratification, and obfuscation related to the Church of Satan as an organization and Satanism as a movement, one lesson can be learned: *In unity there is weakness, in dispersion there is strength.* If this sounds like Orwellian double-think, it is. But it works. So-called unity, which develops beyond a small circle, breeds factionalism in any organization, unless overt dispersion is encouraged.

The Church of Satan is a pivotal point around which much revolves. I respect a Satanist who can recognize a natural need for a pivotal point yet maintain individuality; move in varied circles, influence those without, infiltrate, and when possible, emerge with flying colors; and eschew intramural rivalries.

Unfortunately, that is a pretty big order to fill, even among Satanists. Therefore, group activity which leads to cliquishness which leads to factionalism is bound to occur. If there is any merit that evolves from factionalism, it is the separation and isolation process it provides. Factionalists are usually so preoccupied with their own importance and dissatisfaction that they honk their horns loudly, and invariably at each other. They keep things lively, the act flashy, and the customers (the public) entertained. They provide an effective contrast to the aloof self-sufficiency of supportive and constructive Satanists, who will inhabit the Pleasure Domes I anticipated in my earliest C/S writings. The Church of Satan, often denigrated but seldom ignored, encourages stratification.

I foresee a time when the "upper" class will flourish by a sophisticated form of barter while the "lower" class will be provided for by the State, each according to his ability and needs. There will be no "middle class."

If one of the lower class displays upward-motivation with ability, he will discard his dependence upon the State and move to the higher class. Conversely, if a member of the higher class finds discomfort in the impositions made upon him by his peers and surroundings, he will welcome the order and dependent life provided the lower class.

In such a society a certain degree of strife must exist. If personal relationships cannot provide it, controlled turmoil must be made available. Lest this read like a utopian fantasy, it should be realized that strife and anguish are as essential to a utopia as does a touch of masochism prevail in the most habitual sadist. A utopia without problems would not be a true utopia, for it would lack the dilemmas and scandals that fill the void of intellectual lethargy and ineptitude.

Man is the only animal in whom the law of self-preservation is enacted after he has willingly subjected himself to the machinations of his own expendability. Control, either subtle or blatant, must exist because a large percentage of the populace demands an ordered existence. Only when order approaches enslavement will a collective grunt of dissention be produced. Dissention is a weak form of assertion. Assertion is a weak form of creation.

When people challenge me with, "What gives you the right to suggest standards for others?" my answer is, "If I don't, someone else, perhaps less qualified, will." History has proven that qualification is based largely upon acceptance. This might be considered the basis of Satanic control. Right, like water, seeks its own level. Man's consent is not necessary to the operation of Satanic Forces. It is not required. It is not even asked.

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Religion--or--The Goddess Is Made of Polyurethane Foam (Hoof, January/February X)

Sex, religion, and cosmetics are commodities that will always sell. Of the three, religion exhibits the most appalling lack of variety. One would think that the God racket could produce the diversity of merchandise that other industries concoct. No such luck. If variety is the spice of life, the bland cuisine served up by the chefs of theology is as tasteless as it is deathly. Still, like mush, it is gobbled up by the hungry.

The common threads running through virtually all forms of theism have been ascertained by countless scholars. The basics are simple: an external force, some nonsense, a scapegoat, and a human mentor. If Satanism deviates from this formula ever so slightly, a giant step has been taken. Alas, though, it seems that Satanism, with its modicum of originality, has spawned its own forms of unoriginalism.

There are many fine opportunities for the establishment of intriguing, refreshing, and gratifying new (or neglected) religions, if one wants to get into the God business. Had I not developed contemporary Satanism, in which I believe, there are other guidelines for living--founda-

tions upon which a religion could easily be built--that I could extol with dedication, if not vigor.

Dogism is an excellent base for a religion. It is the religion of most dogs--one which could, with little modification, be applied to people. The premise of Dogism is: "If you can't eat it and you can't fuck it, piss on it." At least Dogism would serve the religious needs of an egalitarian society.

Catism is more passive, but every bit as viable. It is the universal religion of all cats, large and small. Its dictum is: "Don't run when you can walk, don't walk when you can stand, don't stand when you can sit, and don't sit when you can lie down." Catism, if applied by humans, is readily adaptable to a welfare state and would meet with little resistance while appealing to vast numbers.

Phonyism is a novel and innovative religion whereby every practitioner pays homage to the Great Phony In The Sky. Phonyism is exemplified by the Pyrite Rule: "Everything is bullshit." Phonyists sustain their faith by living life to the phonyest. They wear shoes made of plastic that looks like leather. Naugahyde is sacred, and so is vinyl. Upholstery, jackets, purses, etc. are fashioned from these holy substances. Flowers are artificial. Tombstones are styro-foam. Grass is outdoor carpeting, and trees are papier-maché. Edibles are strictly kosher only if instant, pre-prepared and packaged, or dehydrated. Displays of faith are lauded which require personal attention, such as pouring supermarket scotch into Chivas Regal bottles, installing a Pinto engine in a Maserati, affixing Gucci labels to Goodwill luggage, etc.

Double-knit polyester, paint-by-number landscapes, breast implants, and the whole wonderful world of substitutes are recognized as the true substance of life. Imposing titles are assumed by the lowliest, and ornate badges of office (rhodium-plated) are flaunted by elders of the church. In lieu of daily devotions, orthodox Phonyists eschew rosary beads. They play a game of solitaire and cheat. The more affluent own pinball machines within which a sixth ball has been added and the tilt mechanism disconnected. Prerequisites for the clergy are at least ten years of practical joking, a conviction for swindling, or automobile or insurance sales experience. Special preference is given to attorneys. Religious services are held in restaurants near airports or marinas. Liturgical music is rendered on chord organs with automatic rhythm sections.

The Old God of Phonyism is made of Bakelite--hard and unyielding, yet with a twinkle (rhinestone) in his eye. The Goddess, Monsanto bless her, is injection-moulded polyurethane foam with built-in vibrating action.

You see, religions need not be repetitive and dull. It's just that those who devise and merchandise religion are invariably dull and unimaginative people, much like politicians. I won't get started on that...

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Phase One Satanism...

The first phase an occult scholar goes through consists of an energetic pursuit of phenomena such as ESP, astrology, and such "heavy" tomes as *Love Signs* and *Mastering Witchcraft*. Intense discussions and quasi-serious seminars accompany athame inscribing and moonlight vigils. Shades of *The Key of Solomon* and *Albertus Magnus*. By the time an occult scholar dares to take the plunge into Satanism he has usually had ample opportunity to ponder the mysteries of adult-rated religion. Then Phase One Satanism grips his experiential and learning faculties. After *The Satanic Bible* has been read, the prognosis is predictable: robed and hooded rituals with heavy emphasis on lust and revenge, Crowley, Enochian, Lovecraft, and so on. Phase One Satanism, like falling in love with love, often becomes a hobby rather than a means. Yet Phase One Satanism is a natural adjunct to the exhilaration which accompanies any liberating experience. Only when and if, by its persistence, it atrophies into a secular mystical discipline, does it negate one's Satanic potential. Then, instead of evolving and emerging into more sophisticated applications of a pragmatic philosophy, it becomes monastic in its prescribed devotions. The fundamentals of Satanism, in and of themselves, become as rosary beads. That is why it is so important to any fledgling Satanist to realize that a great deal of misinterpretation can be given to the dictum, "Satanism demands study, not worship." Too often "study" is presumed to mean an academic approach to myths, legends, literary allusions and arts and crafts dealing explicitly with the Devil. "Study" actually means either a formal or informal approach to all knowledge, from which can, with perception and discrimination, be distilled the precious elixir recognized as arcane knowledge.

