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The Black

Volume 1, Number 1 A Quarterly Forum for

HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO!

This publication is a forum for discussing issues of interest to contemporary Satanists. For those encountering this philosophy for the first time, I point you to Anton Szandor LaVey's *The Satanic Bible*. This volume will give you a working knowledge of Satanism as it was embodied for the first time in 1966 C.E. with the founding of the **Church of Satan**, thus beginning the year I of the Age of Satan. Since then, a full-fledged movement has begun, embracing individuals from all walks of life who hold in common their refusal to be part of the herd of humanity.

Satanists hold themselves as their own highest value, seeing themselves as their own God. Satanists reject the concept of an external, supernatural parent figure and take the responsibility for their own lives into their own hands, whether they succeed or fail in their endeavors.

The watchword of Satanism is **Indulgence**. We assert that life is to be lived for one's own pleasure. Ah, but pleasure, as well as pain, is in the eye of the experimenter. Satanists practice our Indulgence in accordance with the laws of society (the "Rules of the House") and firmly believe that we should not infringe on anyone else's right to his own Indulgence, a "live-and-let-live" attitude. Satanists have no desire to convert anyone, as we see all people as individuals who have every right to believe whatever they wish, so long as they also do not try to force *their* beliefs and values on Satanists.

We also view the facts of nature and acknowledge that people are not all equal. We see the populace as stratified, with a small percentage

any and all articles, letters, essays or comments demonstrating an ignorance of the principles of Satanism.
Anton Szandor LaVey (Av)

THE DEVIL IN DAYLIGHT

by Max

Mark hung his head. He was depressed, and with good reason. Someone had just trashed his car and scratched *Devil Worshipper* on the hood with a sharp object. This, of course, was one of many nasty incidents which have happened to him, including telephone threats and harassment at work. Mark is a college instructor.

I looked carefully at Mark. His hairstyle and beard could be construed as "late flower-child." A pentagram supported by a short chain hung well above the neckline of a t-shirt which sported the slogan "Proud to be Pagan" in large letters.

A thought came to me: "The only person who couldn't possibly spot this guy as a witch would be a blind man!" Of course, with the exotic oils he wore, even the blind man couldn't be ruled out.

This illustrated something I've noticed within the last decade: the occult community doesn't know how to hide in plain sight! The occult community doesn't know how to remain *occult*!

So here are a few pointers on how to ameliorate this situation. To start, give some thought to your behavior and appearance at work and in your social life. Then look over this list to see which of these occult types fits you.

FULL MOON: this particular type of practitioner is generally self-employed (craftsperson, writer, artist, landscaper, occult supplies retailer) in a profession where looking odd or ominous can be beneficial (tattoo artist, motorcycle customizer, bodyguard, skip tracer or reposessor) or works in a faceless profession (attendant at a self-serve gas station, garbage collector). The FULL MOON generally wears his or her particular sigil out in the open and dresses as outrageously as possible. The look doesn't end with the clothes and the jewelry; grooming completes the picture. Outrageously long hair, a shaved head or even a strange, brightly-dyed hairstyle will do the trick. If someone should ask a FULL MOON if he or she is into the occult and the practitioner does not wish to respond, the typical way of hiding is simply to say "I'm into leather!" or "I'm punk!"

THREE QUARTER: these are sometimes known as **TEASERS**. This type will generally have a fringe job with a little more social interaction (waiter, mailman, boutique retailer, bookseller) and will wear just enough jewelry (strange earring, odd rings, but never a sigil) or wear an open statement on a t-shirt (pentagram, baphomet or the name of some popular occult store) and upon being confronted with the possibility of practising the black arts will calmly reply, "Why no, what makes you think that?" If the

questioner is a current practitioner of magic, then the **THREE QUARTER** may "come clean." Otherwise the sigil on the shirt is explained away as representing a rock band and the occult shop was just something that a friend had bought as a joke. I've known some teasers to carry a cross just to confuse people even more.

HALF-MOON or ECCENTRIC: this particular practitioner comes into the realm of LaVey's *Cook's Lady* type. He/She will generally keep a number of cats and give them the classic names of familiar spirits (Grimalkin, Pyewacket) or name them after ancient deities (Isis, Aphrodite). The jobs held by these types (secretary, general retailer, technician, nurse, repairman, programmer) will be a little more mainstream and the HALF-MOON will only give the secret away by keeping a strange icon on his or her desk or by wearing a bit of occult jewelry in keeping with an odd "Annie Hall" taste in clothing. The general consensus is that the HALF-MOON is inherently strange and if one is found reading *The Golden Bough* or *The Healing Powers of Herbs* friends or coworkers will write him or her off with "Nah, just weird!" Some of the New Age people fall under this heading.

QUARTER-MOON or PUZZLER: This practitioner will keep magical practice at such a secretive level that he or she will join only a small magical group or a national one where public appearances are unnecessary. Their jobs will be under the watchful eye of some authority (manager of a restaurant, highbrow retail, computer sales rep, electronics person who will be scrutinized for government clearance) and will keep a sigil and any occult reading in progress well out of sight. All of their occult ritual equipment will be functional tools and their altar will be a dresser. Only a small group of friends will know of the QUARTER-MOON's activities. When interacting by mail with any of the other practitioners, the QUARTER-MOON will generally give a post office box number.

NEW MOON or CLANDESTINE: A practitioner who will never give him or herself away for fear that career standing (doctor, lawyer, public official) will collapse with the revelation of his or her secret beliefs. This practitioner orders books and supplies only by mail and practices alone. The only time someone finds out about a NEW MOON is after death or through a government probe.

Now, there are those who absolutely refuse to be pigeonholed by society and you'll have a NEW MOON doctor who will openly read the *Grimoireum Verum* or a HALF MOON who will decide to wear an occult ring on every finger. This is when lesser or common magic is needed. The Black Art of the sidestep or psyche-out may be common practice to the



THREE QUARTER MOON, but should definitely be learned by all. A few of the better tricks are:

THE REVERSAL: this ploy is used when you have a hard-to-discourage nosy schmuck who is intent on unmasking you. After the tenth time you say "No!" you calmly turn to your inquisitor and say, "You know, I've been noticing that you have an unnatural interest in *Devil Worship* stuff. You seem to know an awful lot about it. (In a confiding tone...) You can be truthful with me. I won't tell anyone. You practice Devil Worship, don't you? Come on, be truthful. You're one of those Devil people, aren't you?" Mr. Nosy is beginning to back away, so now you can become louder. "Look, I mean if you're really a Devil Worshipper, you can tell me. I'll keep the secret, don't worry." By this time, people should be listening in to the conversation and this is when, at your loudest, you almost yell, "Look, I believe in religious freedom. I just hope that you aren't killing newborn babies!" If the idiot hasn't taken off running by now, you may add the final knife by asking the people who are eavesdropping, "Excuse me, do you people really mind that this guy is a practising Devil Worshipper?" Then quickly turn to the beleaguered fool and say, "See! These people understand. Just so you're not doing any of those Satanic child molestations anymore."

it, won't know what to do with it. A wise old Mage gave some sage advice when he said, "Occult means secret, so unless someone has a vested interest, they really don't want to know that you're dying, you've come out of the closet, you're born again, or that you practice magic." I couldn't agree with him more.

RECOGNIZING PSEUDO-SATANISM

by Clinton Smith

They're out there!

They sometimes wear pentagrams. They sometimes wear black. They often claim to be Satanists.

You may have seen them on the television talk shows or in film "documentaries" on Satanism.

No, I'm not talking about the sickos trying to blame Satanism for their sociopathic crimes. I'm not discussing religious cults who *seem* to be championing the cause of ego survival. I'm not referring to the philosophical fellow-travelers of Objectivism or other Libertarian groups.

I'm talking about sheep in *wolves'* clothing. I'm referring to cult groups who *claim* to be Satanists but *act* just like the most dedicated Christian fanatics! I am talking about White Light Mystics who use Satanic trappings.

They are out there and they are *dangerous!*

How are they dangerous?

Well, in my own case it cost me almost three precious years of my life before I finally saw through the sham of one organization and began to undo the *damage* it caused to my life.

Yes, I said *damage!*

Satanism is the only religion in the world to champion the cause of the *ego*. The ceremonies and dogma of Satanism all act to reinforce this ego-strengthening intention. This is what distinguishes Satanism from every other philosophy and religion in the world.

What do the pseudo-Satanists do? They parody these unique elements. They will use many of the same words that we use and they will even perform "Satanic" magical ceremonies and rituals. It is especially insidious when they claim (as one such group does) to be carrying on the work of the original Church of Satan, implying that the C.O.S. died somewhere back there in the past or something.

In and of itself these acts of mimicry seem innocent enough. The problem is one of "doublespeak" and what it can do to damage the healthy growth of the individual's ego.

Pseudo-Satanic groups do **not** champion the cause of the ego. In fact, they are generally altruistic.

They do **not** champion individual autonomy. Instead they commonly advocate the existence of external, objective gods to be worshipped and to be obeyed, even if this requires martyr-like behavior.

For example, in the group which had fooled me for so long, there was a requirement for the "higher-ranking" member to be willing to go public and give interviews on television, radio, etc. **whether or not this public statement would harm the individual in his private life!** In other words, they expected the member to be a martyr for their religion. Hardly Satanic.

By now you should begin to see the danger.

The power and freedom of becoming a strong individual in a world of dull and obedient mediocrity is slowly and carefully undercut by such groups. The words of *The Satanic Bible* become twisted and distorted until they no longer *have* useful meaning! The Satanism of the ego becomes warped into the pseudo-Satanism of the mystic slave!

You can easily identify pseudo-Satanism by checking the way they test reality, the way they set goals and how they use authority.

The pseudo-Satanists don't want to check on their beliefs in the harsh glare of reality. They want to spin their gossamer web of megalomaniacal ideas across the whole of existence without ever testing to see if there is even one small grain of truth therein. They subtly or overtly dodge the rational questions a Satanist will ask with a call to "faith" or by a claim to some way of knowing which is "higher" than the rational mind. So the abandonment of reality-checking is one sure sign that the group you are with is pseudo-Satanic.

Second is the lack of clear-cut goals and/or a means to achieve them. This is what is referred to, in most MBA programs, as a "goal and mission statement." Pseudo-Satanism has no goal. The group to whom I'd belonged substituted mystical "buzzwords" for intentions (as well as mystical insight for reason). As a result, I kept finding myself given apparent goal statements which, upon careful deciphering, proved to be only word salad.

One final test of the authenticity of any Satanic versus pseudo-Satanic group is the question of authority versus reason. White Light occult groups have traditionally followed a very militaristic ranking system with degrees and honorific titles. As Satanists, we understand that the use of a title is simply the use of Lesser Magic to manipulate the slave to obey. The early Church of Satan gave out many titles so that these could be used with *non-Satanists!* ("Wow! You mean you're a Satanic Priest!").

Resorting to a title or occult "ranking" to avoid answering a question is a sure sign that you are

dealing with the pseudo-Satanist, and not the authentic item. The pseudo-Satanists use their titles to control other members, not the outside, non-Satanic community. This is a simple reflection of the fact that those who cannot make it in the real world outside will tend to try and create their own little kingdoms to rule within a closed community of true believers.

And it is this cut-off from the outside world that truly makes pseudo-Satanism dangerous. *Nothing* could be more dangerous for the individual than to cut himself off from knowing and responding to the *realities* of life. The pseudo-Satanists do precisely that. Beware!

CHOOSING A FAMILIAR

by Morgain Blake

Why should a Satanist have a familiar?

1. Keeping a familiar is an ancient sorcerous tradition, now sadly fallen into decline.
2. A suitable familiar is a great enhancement to one's image as a Black Magician.
3. A well trained familiar can be a great source of psychic energy.
4. Familiars make good company if you live in the dark, crumbling tower on the moors which all Black Magicians aspire to own.
5. These days, Satanists need all the friends we can get.

Unless you are a really hot wizard, it is not likely that you will actually summon up a small, misshapen, leathery-skinned creature willing to live on table scraps in a dark corner of your tower. The modern sorcerer usually resorts to the pet shop or animal rescue society. Here are a few useful tips for choosing your first familiar.

Shop around. Don't buy the first sinister-looking beast you see. A little forethought can save you from living with a sick creature or one which is incompatible with your lifestyle.

If you are buying from a pet shop, consider these points. Is it clean? Is it reputable? Above all, *is it noisy?* A noisy pet shop is a happy pet shop. Happy healthy birds make a lot of noise, and so do happy healthy puppies and kittens. What is the shop's policy on livestock returns? Are their supplies (cages, beds, aquaria, chains, muzzles, etc.) reasonably priced, or would you be better off buying them from a large wholesaler or mail-order house *before* you

Then there's the question of breed. The more lupine members of the dog clan make excellent familiars. Huskies, Shepherds, *et al.* growl impressively and can make unwelcome guests to your lair most uncomfortable. So do well-trained Labradors, Dobermans, and Great Danes. The Collie usually makes a poor familiar as it combines the worst breath in the species with a inappropriately wholesome image. Small, yappy dogs do not work well. Come on now, can you imagine a great and powerful warlock striding across the wastes accompanied by a Pomeranian? No, if you choose a dog for your familiar, go for the traditional Black Beast and take him to obedience school!

Birds

Gary Larson to the contrary, it's not easy to find the parakeet of the Baskervilles. Though most birds make merry and affectionate pets, they are noisy, messy, and inexorably cheerful. Few birds care to (or can) exist in the chill, darkened, smoky rooms favored by Black Magicians. Most birds are diurnal creatures and won't like you to keep late hours.

On the good side, parrots seem to have an innate understanding of ritual. Perhaps it's because their brains are closer in structure to the reptilian brain Carl Sagan says is the source of our own desire for ritualistic behavior. My parrot has attended a number of rituals and has always been well-behaved. He seems to enjoy chanting and thrives on the raised energy. However, he may be an exception.

Many parrots are apt to give tongue at inappropriate moments. A loud cry of "pretty bird, pretty bird" can really screw up your concentration. And if your bird is a really good talker, he may pick up phrases which you would rather he didn't. Do you really want the neighbors or the local Jehovah's Witness to hear your bird yelling "Rise up, thou serpent of darkness and come to my aid" or even "Hail Satan!"?

The largest and most impressive members of the parrot family are also the hardest to live with. Macaws produce large globs of droppings at frequent intervals, scatter lots of seeds at each meal, and are very noisy and demanding companions. If you treat a macaw like a large and unreliable dog, you will be on the right track.

I don't know much about the care and feeding of those traditional children of the night, the owl and raven. Both are carnivorous, however, and would be best for the dweller in the crumbling tower. The raven has a reputation as a thief, and may make off with crucial bits of your ritual equipment just because they're shiny. The owl will take care of any vermin you happen to have about, but tends to regurgitate mouse skin and bones in little piles around the room.

And speaking of piles, the traditional portrait of

the sorcerer with the owl or raven on his shoulder usually omits a little detail. If you keep your avian companion on your shoulder for more than a few minutes at a time, you will accumulate quite a pile of guano. I suggest saving a particular shirt for those times when you wish to "commune" with your bird.

Reptiles

Snakes and lizards make remarkably appropriate familiars. They are scaly, intimidating, and sinister. They are the ultimate symbol of the Dark Side. They are also quiet, undemanding, and (usually) serene. Far from being slimy, a healthy snake is soft, warm, leathery, and quite cuddly. Unless you do something stupid like taunting your cobra or wrapping your constrictor around your neck when he's hungry, you probably run a smaller chance of getting hurt by a reptilian familiar than by a bird or mammal.

On the other hand, reptiles are expensive. You will need to know a good vet who deals in exotic animals, and do quite a bit of reading on the proper care of your reptile or you will probably lose the creature to illness. You will also need to buy mice, grasshoppers, meal worms, or cockroaches unless you live in that crumbling tower and have lots of them just lying around.

If you aren't used to reptilian behavior, it can be a bit disconcerting. The first time you see a snake shed its skin is quite an experience, and they get a bit restive when hungry or about to shed. A black snake shifting restlessly in its terrarium can cause the container to creak ominously and give you nightmares from horror films about slithering monsters loose in the night. If they do get loose, be sure to check the springs of the couch, the pile of blankets on the bed, and the bag of the vacuum cleaner before panicking.

Other Exotics

The tarantula holds great promise for the magician who has only a limited amount of room and money and doesn't want to spend a lot of time caring for a pet. Tarantulas are reputed to be gentle and intelligent and certainly look scary enough to enhance anyone's reputation.

Monkeys are loud, expensive and difficult to control. If well-trained by an expert, they can make excellent substitutes for the "black dwarf" of legend. I recommend that monkeys be used only by very experienced magicians who like to make a public show.

Shetland ponies are right out, though a vicious black horse who comes galloping over the moors looks well in the environs of the crumbling tower. Black goats and cockerels are also traditional, though best for the farm sorcerer.

Peter Bowler's terrific book, *The Superior Person's Book of Words*, (David R. Godine, Boston, 1985) offers an alternative to the magician who does

not care for pets. He lists the word *famulus*, an old alternate version of the word *familiar*. Bowler writes: "FAMULUS...A medieval sorcerer's assistant. A pleasing appellation for your husband when he is helping you in the kitchen by peeling potatoes, drying the dishes etc. -- or when you are entertaining. 'Come into the living room and make yourself comfortable while I have my famulus mix some drinks.'"

Whatever familiar you choose, love and enjoy your companion and you will find both spiritual and material rewards. Mistreat it, and the Forces of Darkness will get you for sure!

Editor's note: See also Anton Szandor LaVey's *The Compleat Witch*, soon to be reissued as *The Satanic Witch*, for a discussion of magical applications of your pet, be it demon or familiar.

Invocation To Cthulhu

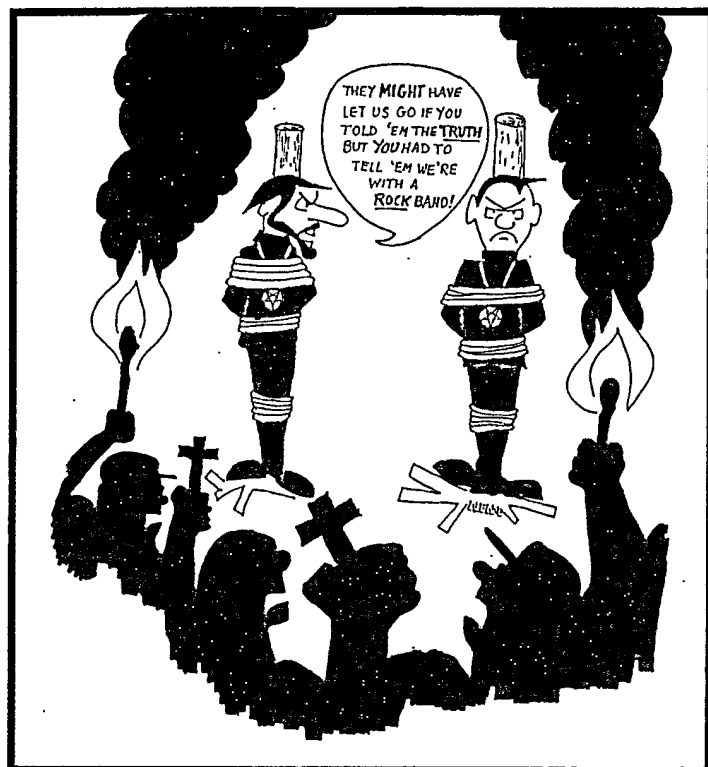
O Luminous Squid of Immeasurable Aeons,
Dread Lord of starry abyss and Murky Cosmos,
Arise! Attend our rite! Heed our call!
Thy Time has come, Thy Realm awaits Thee,
Humanity massed, delicious and desperate;
We call to Thee in our squalor and misery,
Arise! O Great Lord of the unformed protoplasm,
Of shapeless terrors, of scourges and plagues,
Come! O Thou Greatest of the Mighty,
O Thou Massive, O Thou Giant of the Deep,
Dead, Undead, Immortal, Ever-Decaying,
Putrescent, puissant, attend us, preserve us!

Pagan X

Invocation To Shub-Niggurath

O Queen of Multiplicity, hooved and breasted,
Dark fecundity of stupid things,
Mindless proclivity, inane procreatrix,
Heaving and grunting, barefoot and obese,
Traveler of wooded ways, squatter at the
crossroads,
Bless us, swell our ranks,
That we may outnumber the unbelievers
And consume them as You do Your own children.
Let us overrun their cities and fields,
Destroying their racial purity and
Slaking our thirst upon their precious bodily fluids.

Pagan X



ODDITORIUM

Peggy Nadramia

If you're at all interested in the phenomena, you should check out *Freak Show: Presenting Human Oddities for Amusement and Profit* by Robert Bogdan (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1988; hardcover; 322 pages; \$29.95). Bogdan traces the history of the freak show in America from its dime museum days through its waning latter years. He discusses the roles freaks and showmen played in the amusement world and the different ways freaks were presented (the Aggrandized Mode, the Exotic Mode) to enhance their financial value to show owners.

Of particular interest to Satanists is Bogdan's discussion of the relationship between showmen, those "in the know," and the rubes, those waiting to be fleeced. The freaks themselves spat upon the hypocritical "sympathy" of the gawkers. This "sympathy" eventually drove the exhibits out of business and the freaks out of work, and into the "mainstream" of public life where the gawkers, as Dr. LaVey so succinctly put it in *The Compleat Witch*, "did exactly the same thing that twenty years earlier they would have paid to do."

Freak shows were a popular form of entertainment in an era without television. But has America ever lost her taste for the ten-in-one, those "panels" of oddities? Just catch the latest "trash tv" talk show, and watch the gawkers get their chance at today's "freaks."

Critique: Exposing Consensus Reality (\$15.00 for three issues from P. O. Box 11368, Santa Rosa, CA 95406) -- the tag title says it all. Recent issues have been centered around themes like Miracles and Sexuality. Any magazine with the guts to publish an article like David Morrow's "You Pay for Every Piece You Get" is okay with me; bucking the feminists can be dangerous.

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and get a free copy of *S.E.T. FREE*, the newsletter of the *Society to Eradicate Television*. Careful readers of *The Cloven Hoof* are already aware of its insidious influence; here's further documentation, as well as some lampooning and supportive advice for those trying to kick the habit. P.O. Box 1124, Albuquerque, NM 87103.

Cartoonist Matt Groening slices through all the hypocrisy of institutionalized learning in *School is Hell* (Pantheon Books, New York, 1987; paperback; about 50 pages; \$5.98). Lesson 15 is "How to Get By When Yer Smarter Than Yer Teachers."

MYSTICAL JUNKIE

by Max

A general rule of thumb that I use whenever anyone asks me about **Black Magic** is this: *a little Black Magic is good to use. Too much Black Magic uses you!* This is not just the cute aphorism it seems to be. My point is quite clear: magic is an inherent natural tool, and if we use it to get what we want in the real world, then magic is useful. Magic used for its own sake is a crock.

In almost all of the realms of magical practice (so that no one will make the mistake of thinking that this is peculiar to white magic) there will be a bevy of "chosen people" who will do nothing but practice mysticism and "magic." In those cultures where a sort of mystical *think-tank* was formed, these people had a hounagan, holy man, medicine man or priest.

The Priest had nothing to do all his days but to study higher and higher *occult* thought processes. This holy man's whole reason for living was to find the correct formula for communicating with the eternal. Through meditation or whatever process or path that this person took to reach his understanding of the universe and arrive at the correct formula, something else occurred. Something that was to remain a side-effect rendering the holy man incapable of ever functioning within the mundane world -- mystical *brain lock*.

What really seems sad is that the reason these priests rose to these levels of the mind was so that they could relate this higher knowledge to the common artisan or tradesman. What they actually passed on to the common folk was gibberish with as many meanings and interpretations as the language could bear.

Theologians, religious scholars or editors of gibberish would try to sort out the thoughts of the holy man and create an understandable format for the common folk, but there still remained *divine mysteries* and *unanswerable questions*, thus proving that only the holy man knew exactly what he was talking about.

Those of us who decided not to wait for an answer to the eternal through an intermediary decided to pursue magic ourselves. Many an early magician ran headlong into the occult universe only to fall prey to brain lock and formulate rules and regulations about what could be practiced "safely" in the form of magic. This gave rise to white magic. For in the map of the mystical universe, there would be forever written the phrase: "Here lies madness!"

So, you ask, what is *brain lock* and how can I tell if I have it? Simple. How do you feel when you're finished with a ritual? Do you feel **positive** and rarin' to go in pursuit of your goal in the real world? Do you

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Address all correspondence to:

THE BLACK FLAME
P.O. Box 499
Radio City Station,
New York, NY 10101

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Very few Mystical Junkies can actually perform real magic. If they are still at the stage where they will talk to you, they sometimes promise magical feats which turn out to consist of staring at the wall while you watch them. The fact that you can't share the vision simply proves to them that you are unenlightened, not that they can't perform magic.

This raises a question: what is your intent in doing magic? Wasn't the search for a new path away from the commercialized control-oriented religions an attempt to make your life on earth easier and carefree? Isn't that the point of becoming a magician? Most of the truly down-at-the-heels brain-locked Mystical Junkies that I've met would never call themselves magicians at all. They say they've found the **true path**; they say they've been **born again**. Unless you wish to head up a new religion, why bother with all that?

To live with the gnawing fear that you must do what the unseen force wishes you to do eventually becomes something like schizophrenia and soon the disembodied voices begin to speak and the visions appear and what has been construed as sainthood in some cultures will be judged as a one-way ticket to the funny farm in this one.

My solution is easy: when you feel that you have started showing signs of becoming a Mystical Junkie, simply stop. Take a little reality vacation. Take off your medals, sigils, rings and talismans and store them in some kind of container. I find that the metal ones work best. Give yourself at least two moon phases (roughly a month) before returning to them. If, when you open the container, you feel an absolute need to wear them, close the lid and store them for another two phases. Whatever you do, stay away from all oracles, including fortune cookies. Your objective mind is now flying wildly and all readings will become unfavorable. Occupy your mind with reading of a non-magical nature. Begin to exercise your body, eat a balanced diet, enjoy the carnal pleasures. In short, realign yourself and become **balanced**.

Some magicians may choose to give up magic entirely after this withdrawal. A strong magician will not. Simply think of magic and mysticism as radiation that we experience in our lives. If we absorb safe levels, we remain healthy and progressive. If we absorb too much, we die.

So, to all of the searchers out there who choose to walk on the magical path, remember: *It is wonderful to gaze into the abyss. Just don't fall in.*

"No matter what side of an argument you're on, you always find some people on your side that you wish were on the other side."

Jascha Heifetz

YUGCOOTH TEXT

by Diabolos Rex

Behold, the black flame of the Sith doth sting thy essence with the pains of realization, and the minds of the mighty shall rise up illustrious within the throne room of the skull, and that which it conceives, it shall create.

Move from behind the veil of darkness, O creeping Chaos from space, speed thee quickly through the door of Thanatos and blast forth from within the angles of the mighty Trapezoid, for it is I, Nyarlathotep, the Dark Herald, who stands before you!

Through the Power of your name, Azathoth, Lord of the First Angle, present yourself unto me and be detained no longer.

Let me gaze upon the semblance of the Master of Chaos, for the Door is open and the stars are right. Cloaked in the invisible do they move in the world of men. Cloaked are we in vestments of Evil, so shall we join them. Together we shall move within the Angles and only by Them shall we be glimpsed. The profane know us not for their eye sockets have been blotted out by the Dark Light.

A pronouncement of doom upon the croakers with rotten tongues. The spiked and boned vault of the great barrier is the resting place for vile images that I exalt before the world.

The Abomination of Desolation hath taken form on the planes of Satan's Asylum, and presented its command unto the will of a Daemon. In the shapes that I have wrought for them, do the Old Ones render the profane forever constrained to the realm of death.

I'a Yog-Sothoth. The Sith Bell has been cracked, and the Yellow Sign seen within the eye of the Star of Wrath.

Yea, moving unseen upon the Lair of Mentu, the fiends without faces have welcomed me and within the Ebon Keep, the Horrors in Yellow hold council seeking to devour the souls of the profane.

From an angular matrix born of the Asylum, my voice blasts forth unto my soul image, Nyarlathotep, and screams of terror and ecstasy are forever heard unto the ending of the cycle.

Moving upon the winds of the Abyss do the Elder Daemons shriek my name proclaiming: "I'as aem'nh ci-cybz vyni-weth w'ragn jnurf whrengo. jnurf'wi klo zyah zsybh kyn-talo huz-u kyno."

Behold all ye death defiant, the stone with faces unrecognized by the profane and the fearful! Within its windows doth reside the blood-stained and corpse ridden faces of the Urilla, Worms of Bitterness, from whose jaws hang the entrails of Adonai. And they went forth from the Third Angle unto the Fourth; and I beheld within, a mighty necropolis beneath the

blackened sky, and upon the utterance of his mighty name, I'a Shub-Niggurath, the earth cracked and the sky was rent by thunderbolts. Before me, upon rotted pole, rose Chuda Gruin, the crucified serpent, to grant power unto me, and smite mine enemies.

Burn like a torch, O mine brothers and toss the flames about you! Ask not the whys and wherefores of the laws of trembling men and their dead gods. In the power of thine own mind, taste of the joys of creative genius!

Editor's Note: This text was excerpted from a collection of Techno-Magic rituals entitled *The Abomination of Desolation* by Diabolos Rex. These rites explore the electrical elements first brought to Satanism in *Die Elektrischen Vorspiele*, by Anton Szandor LaVey (*The Satanic Rituals*), and flavor them with a Cthulhu Mythos Universe view.

A PIECE OF THE ACTION A CEREMONY OF SATANIC MAGIC

by Nemo

Notes to follow before starting ceremony:

1. Da hood runnin' the ceremony starts it facin' da altar which is a bathtub filled with gin and a naked broad. Da Baphomet is on da wall above da altar wid a fedora perched on da horns and a lit cigarette danglin' from its teeth. High class Baphomet should be made with neon tube lightin'.
2. If possible, altar should be against east wall (towards Sicily).
3. In ceremony where only one guy is there, no Godfather has to run da show. Youse does dat job for da Godfather!
4. Whenever "I take da Fifth!" or "Hail to da Don!" is spoke out loud by da Godfather, **everybody** says it right after. When da Godfather says "Hail to da Don!" everybody pounds on da side of their violin cases.
5. No talkin', chewin', smokin', or drinkin' once da Godfather stands up. (Youse better stand up too!).

Da Thirteen Steps:

1. Dress up. Wear a clean chalk-stripe suit with four-inch-wide lapels, a sharp-creased fedora, polished shoes, colorful tie. Don't come lookin' like no geek!

to stoolies.

9. Da Godfather reads "Wipin' Out Da Udder Guy."

Invocation Employed Toward Wipin' Out Da Udder Guy

Listen up! I ain't gonna talk quiet to youse anymore about dis! I'm actin' as da big mechanic on dis contract what gives me da option to take out anybody dat gets in my way!

It don't bother me none dat dis is da way it is; and 'it won't take too many head shots wit a 22 close up to do da job!

I want all youse guys dat owes me a favor to help out in gettin' dis guy. And I 'spect dat you won't make it too quick on dis bozo when you catch him 'cuz we needs to make an example of him here.

Quit shootin' craps for a while and get dis guy whose monicker is: (Stooley's handle).

Fellow members of da Family, who give me a place to crash, good booze and dames, who drive around in the best cars, who've all spent some hard time in da Big House; get goin' and let's get together! Find dis guy who's been squeelin' to da Man on our operations; zip his lip and shut him up, Cosa Nostra! Plug him in da belly, boys! Then give him some cement overshoes and dump him in da river, guys!

I'm holdin' up a written contract on dis guy and on dese lines it says we gotta waste dis stooley to get even and preserve da Honor of da Family!

I take da Fifth!

Hail to da Don!

10. If youse is by yourself, take some time here to plan out da hit. Dis is important 'cuz wit ouda plan youse could mess up! Here's some hints:

To Do A Clean Hit:

(a) Get a photo if ya can of da hit and pin it up near da Baphomet where youse can see it good. Dis way you'll remember which guy to waste on sight.

(b) Draw a map of da bimbo's daily haunts and plan out a good place to take him out. Pin up da map.

(c) If youse can write, write down da plan youse will follow.

(d) It's okay to talk out loud if youse can't think in your head too good. I knows some guys who talk to da stooley as if he were right there in da room. If it helps, go ahead.

(e) Make sure youse don't forget to use all da tools of da trade, including heavy saps, rubber hose, stiletto, concrete overshoes, and **don't** forget to load your piece!

11. If youse have any questions for da Godfather, ask 'em now. He'll repeat your question just to be sure he ain't missin' nothin'.

12. Da Godfather will read over the plan one last time before the meetin' is closed just to be certain all youse guys got it straight.

13. Den da Godfather takes his piece, fires off another burst at da ceiling (to wake up any a youse mugs what dozed off) an den sits down and says, "Dats it! Get outta here!"

End of Ceremony

Editor's Note: this ceremony was brainstormed by a gathering of Satanists here in "Da Big Apple" during Halloween of XXIII A.S. It was inspired by the style, drama and deviltry of the Gangster era. Historical accuracy is not important, rather, the mood is of the essence. Perform this in the *noir* spirit of *The Untouchables* and *The Godfather*. The title was acquired from an episode of *Star Trek*, wherein a gangster culture evolved on a planet where a book on the Prohibition era was accidentally left behind. We've always wondered just what would have been the results, should someone have planted a copy of *The Satanic Bible* on that world.

We trust that you've found something to intrigue and fascinate you with this edition of **The Black Flame**. Since it has appeared later than was originally planned, this issue covers both the *Vernal Equinox* and the *Summer Solstice* of XXIV. Subscribers, fear not, for you will get four separate issues for your money, this counts as only one. You can expect the next issue right around the *Autumnal Equinox*.

Till the next time we enter your lair, may the benisons of Belial be upon you!

LEX TALIONIS!

LEX SATANICUS!

HAIL SATAN!

So It Is Done!



The Black

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2 \$3.00
A QUARTERLY FORUM FOR SATANIC THOUGHT, A

WE ARE L

Peter H. Gilmore,

Welcome to the second issue, fellow Satanists. Since our debut, I have been spending numerous hours over the airwaves of North America spreading the word to curious listeners about true Satanism, as opposed to the laughable and out-dated portrait sketched by credulous talk show hosts and the fundamentalist scare-mongers. What delighted me most was my discovery that the seed of *The Satanic Bible* has produced some fascinating and flourishing spawn, scattered throughout the continent.

Oh yes, I encountered the rabidly stupid, but also many fellow travelers who appreciated, often agreed with and even embraced our philosophy of rational self-interest. True to form, the most Satanic individuals who called in to chat did so during late night shows. Yes, we Satanists *are* the men in black, vampires and werewolves that raven in the night.

The rumors that the Satanic research labs deep beneath the Pentagon are even now perfecting the virus that will make stupidity painful to the perpetrator, are true as well. Would that their efforts could be hurried.

We have here gathered evidence that there is a diversity among our kind that is a sure sign of the health of our ever-growing movement. Satanism promotes the myriad personal pathways developed by the compleat Satanists who have risen above the herd of sheeple. The Satanist sees himself as different, experiences a sense of alienation from those surrounding him. This is the first step of individuation. One looks to his neighbors and questions the very foundations of their values. The

Any and all articles, letters, essays or comments demonstrating an ignorance of the principles of Satanism will be summarily rejected.
Anton Szandor LaVey (Avon)