

The CLOVEN hoof

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love become homogenized into a sort of soap opera mediocrity. And the talents, techniques--what-ever you wish to call them--which lead to enhanced sensuality in *all* of life's experiences are retarded. Hence, music, art, literature, drama, foods, colors, sounds, pastimes, sports, drugs, and personalities must *assail* to be appreciated. The irony of all this, of course, is how my personal formula for development of sensuality by beginning *after* sex, has enabled me to find intense sexual enjoyment in far more subtle means than average. *** In *The Compleat Witch* I explain my "Salad Dressing Test," and I have found similar results in an ice cream study. Hardly any flavors of ice cream are available without "things" mixed into them, thus defeating the very "cream" part of ice cream. I think public demand for obstacles in ice cream is quite telling. In days when people had to work much harder at work, they worked far less at leisure activities. Now that most work habits have made the fine art of goldbricking an integral part of one's job, effort and strife must surface in other forms. During economic crises, working any harder at one's job seldom fattens a pay envelope, but the effects of generations of conditioned work-ethic morality will not cease overnight. The Good Life beckons with one hand, while the other cracks the whip of traditional conscience. A reward system is nonexistent, so why knock one's self out--especially when those with the most money seem to work least. Most people, being the masochists they are (and increasingly so), need obstacles in their lives. Proof of this is in a willingness to accept doomsday and millennial hype, coupled with a reluctance for easy-going tranquility. That's why it is hard to buy ice cream without hard or chewy bits to break its smoothness. The few people who still insist on creamy ice cream, without impediments to its smoothness, are those who require the least problems in their lives. That is why I am quite fond of nuts (aside from being one myself), yet am intolerant of them when they break up the texture of cakes, candies, or lobster Newburg. *** One of the nicest pleasures in life is still available, without cost or taxation. It is the opportunity to *avoid*. Here's how it is done: You know how pleasant it is to know you must do something like wake up and go to work, then turn off the alarm, roll over, and go back to sleep. Great pleasure is gained by avoiding getting up, but you would soon lose your job if you did it too often. The trick is to practice avoiding things that won't cause problems by their avoidance. The "hand in the vise" principle is the best preparation. That is where one guy sees another with his hand clamped tightly in a vise and asks, "Why is your hand in the vise?", to which the other replies, "Because it feels so good when I take it out." In order to extract the most pleasure from avoiding something, you must temporarily convince yourself of an important responsibility you will be avoiding. For example: plan on seeing a friend whom you have neglected (or so you think) for a long time. Even though that person has no inkling of your proposed attention, *you* must make definite plans with yourself to see him or her at a specific date and time. Otherwise, you won't be able to avoid it at the last minute and breathe a sigh of relief. Don't waste your time trying to avoid stupid things like pouring paint on your friend's shoes, which is the sort of activity there would be little likelihood of your ever planning anyway. Choose things instead that can convincingly convey a sense of responsibility to you. If you are basically a responsible person, sudden but harmless avoidance is certainly a relaxing and indulgent pastime. ***

MESSAGES AND ERUDITION: WZZ452, *Kitsch* is almost always pretentious. In our diplomatic dealings with others, we dare not laugh; *Kitsch* as an art form allows us to laugh at what is supposed to be taken seriously. Even if the object is supposed to be funny (bathroom or home bar gag items, for example) it is self-consciously so--and therefore pretentious. We see a sort of kitsch kosmos around us most of the time--a world made ludicrous by the passionate intensity of its inconsequential inhabitants. Maybe *that* is what makes the Devil laugh. SZZ624, We stopped mutilating cattle in 1976, when we started raising herpes spores. You have us confused with the Communists. **RENEWALS:** If adv. label reads 7/XVII or 8/XVII send \$10/\$15 cpls. ¿NOV SHMOZ KAPO?

Entire contents by Anton Szandor La Vey

A beautiful woman payed me a compliment the other day. She said I was not very sensual because of my dirty attitude towards sex. I replied that, yes, I was extremely sensual, and it was *because* of my dirty attitude towards sex. I further explained that it is akin to many magical disciplines: Tantric, Kundalini, Khlisti, Atavism, etc., to exercise and purge "the fire within," that the most acute reception and fullest enjoyment of all other sensual experiences may be attained. To most, the sexual experience is not only the main realm of sensuality, but the only training ground for it. Presumably, if you are "sensuous" in sexual matters you are a sensual person. Not so. Unfortunately, when romance and sex are too closely linked (as they are bound to be in the Western world) the wonderful extremes of animal lust/idyllic